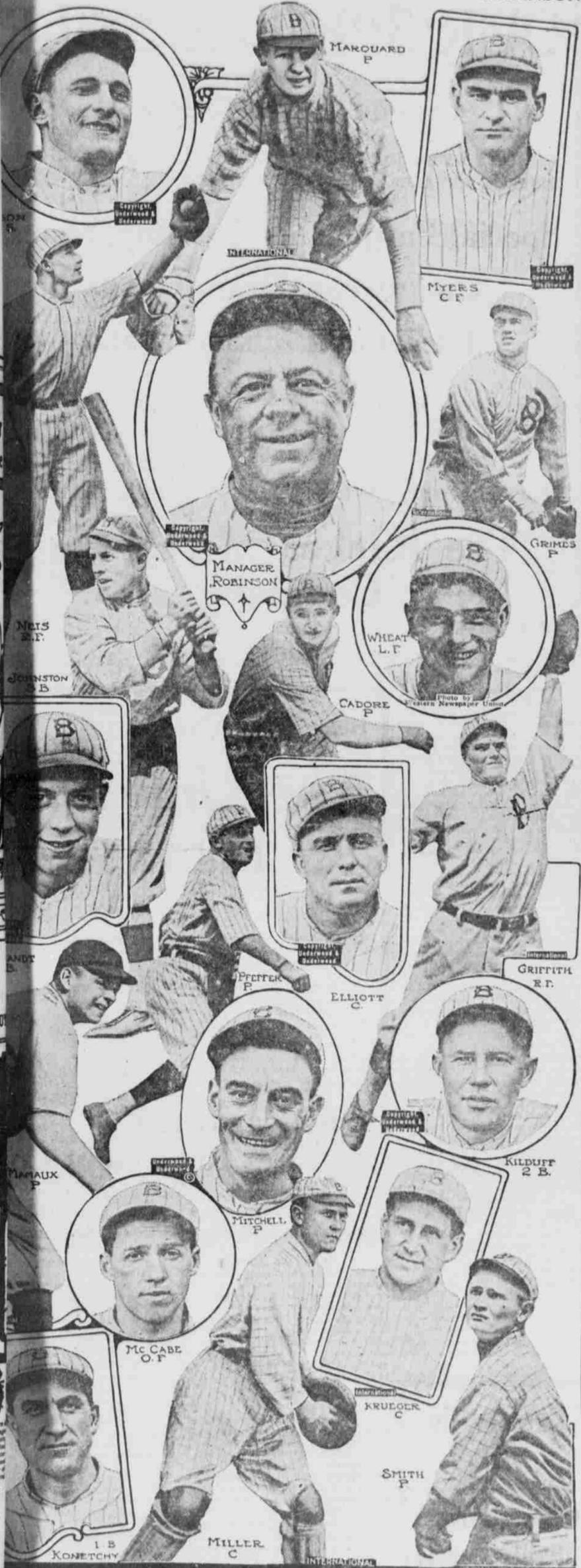


BROOKLYN DODGERS WIN SECOND NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP UNDER GUIDING HAND OF ROBINSON



DOCUMENTS FOUND
 One of the documents is a contract signed by John Robinson, leader of the Pilgrims, declared to be the only signature of Robinson which has been preserved, and this discovery may lead to the identification of other writings by him.
 The second document is a letter written by William Bradford a short time before his departure from Holland. He was afterward governor of Massachusetts Bay colony.
 The third paper Dr. Eekhof discovered is the last will of Bridget White,

John Robinson's wife, and contains a considerable quantity of interesting information about Robinson's household. Dr. Eekhof has added to his work the facsimiles of the three documents.
Kentucky's Infant Prodigy.
 Louisville, Ky.—Earl Manley, aged seven years, is getting his first taste of school, yet he has entered the fifth grade. At the age of three he had read several books. He is the youngest fifth grader Kentucky has ever had.

St. Paul's is the largest Protestant church in the world. Its dome is one of the most beautiful. The church embodies architectural ideas of many periods, because it is not the product of a generation, or even a century. True, Sir Christopher Wren is credited with the structure as it stands today, but he embodied many features of the famous "Old St. Paul's," razed in the great London fire of 1693. Wren did not wish the restoration to be after the "Gothick Rudeness of the old Design." But he was compelled to modify his own plans to a considerable extent. Said he, of the balustrade added over his veto: "Ladies think nothing well without an edging."
 Travelers are apt to pass by an inscription on the south porch pediment, "Resurgam" (I shall rise again) as a religious reference to the resurrection. When the architect was surveying the ruins he wished to mark the center of the projected dome. He asked a workman to hand him a stone. The workman chanced to pick up a chip from an old tomb bearing the inscription, which Sir Christopher adopted.
 The motto was appropriate. Some historians believe the cramped Ludgate Hill site originally was that of a Roman shrine of Diana. A Christian church is known to have been built there in the early seventh century. It

Today's Geography

Little Journeys to Places Figuring in World Events

Prepared by The National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C., for Department of Interior, Bureau of Education.

CAIRO: ANCIENT CAPITAL ATTAINS NEW POLITICAL IMPORTANCE

Egypt's capital attains new political importance as the administration seat of the more liberal home rule granted the ancient empire by Great Britain. Cairo, "Queen of the Nile Valley," the "Paris of the Levant," or "the diamond stud on the handle of the fan of the Delta," as your imagination prefers, has about the population of Boston, a record of disorders that makes bolshevism a nouveau-anarchy, and a picturesqueness all its own.

From the citadel ramparts the visitor receives the best introduction to Cairo, that unforgettable view—the ancient city at his feet, a vast panorama of houses and palaces and hovels, flecked with cupolas, minarets and towers; the island-dotted river and the verdant Nile valley ever widening toward the north, yellow cliffs to the east, and beyond them the desert. The sea of sand suggests illimitable space until the faint outlines of the pyramids against the horizon turn one's thoughts from space to time.

Descend to the streets of Cairo and encounter bedlam. "City of the Arabian Nights," perhaps, but certainly the days loose a thousand and one noises. There are the rattle of carts, cries of the water bearers, moaning of camels, braying of donkeys, whirring of taxicabs, jangling of coins in the open bazaars, continual shouts from pilots of this traffic medley, such as "thy foot, sir" or "to thy left, Oh chief," all in the native tongue, of course.

Gorgeous colors of every hue and shade assault the eye—a post-impressionist fanfare of prehistoric color schemes. The poorer the Egyptian the more ragged; the more rags the more colors. Then again the Arabs denote their families and dynasties by turbans of distinctive colors. To tell a prophet's son from a priest of today, or one dervish order from another, or any of the countless dynasties and sects apart, requires a study of turban lore as complicated as the numerous insignia worn by American soldiers returned from France.

The richer women, attended by servants, may be seen in carriages, faces veiled to their eyes, eye lashes and lids, fingers and exposed toes darkened with henna, and bedecked with earrings, anklets, beads and bracelets. Poorer women go afoot, also veiled, garbed in plain robes highly suggestive of "Mother Hubbards."

In the street crowds, too, are the beggars whose hoboisms serve the purpose of the monkeys of our organ grinders; snake charmers, vendors of the ubiquitous scarabs and tiny graven images, and the Berberine head boys.

ST. PAUL'S: A CHURCH WITH A STORY

Since post-war building needs already have robbed London of many historic churches and threaten the existence of others, those that remain will be enhanced in historic value. One of those which will stand, barring some natural calamity, is St. Paul's cathedral. This famous church, like the English constitution, represents a growth of centuries rather than a definite period of construction. Indeed, a request for funds "to complete St. Paul's" was made during the war, and England's esteem for the historic edifice was shown by the continuation of restoration work throughout the war despite the interruption to practically all other building.

Still fresh in public memory is the notable service of consecration attended by royalty and distinguished Americans then in London, held in St. Paul's April 20, 1917, to commemorate the entry of the United States into the war.

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was burned two decades after William the Conqueror came to England. From the ruins emerged "Old St. Paul's." Fire destroyed that building, too, but it was restored on an even more pretentious scale.

At the "Old St. Paul's" John Wycliffe faced the charge of heresy, Tyndale's New Testament was burned, Wolsey heard the reading of the papal condemnation of Luther, and under "Powe's Cross," now marked by a memorial, heretics were forced to recant and witches to confess.

KIEV: THE MART AND THE SHRINE OF RUSSIA

Kiev, which became a battle center once more during the Pole-Bolshevik fighting, already has changed hands ten times in three years with its occupation by the Poles earlier this year.

Mother of Russian cities, also the Jerusalem of Russia, Kiev did not live in the past, even before its recent kaleidoscopic adventures, though it was sufficiently significant a thousand years ago to give its name to a three-century period of Russian history.

Both the Wall street and the Plymouth Rock of Russia, each February found thousands of merchants crowding its fair to contract for merchandise and produce, especially beet sugar, and other seasons found hundreds of thousands of pilgrims thronging its unique shrine, the Convent of the Caves.

Few cities offer such an agglomeration of the old and the new. Kiev lies upon the muddy Dnieper, the Ohio river of Russia, formerly carrier of some \$50,000,000 worth of freight annually for the 14,000,000 people within its basin. Near its site Prince Vladimir herded his people, for wholesale baptism, after he had forsaken his pagan gods and thousand wives for Christianity.

Russians embraced the new religion with all the fervor with which they had offered human sacrifices to the abandoned idol, Perun. While Vladimir held political sway at Kiev there came a lowly monk, Anthony, who took up his abode in a cave. Other devout men followed his example. Archaeologists since have recognized in these caves the homes of dwellers of the stone age.

The caves constitute but one feature of the famous monastery which, with its streets of churches, cells, inns and schools, is a small city in itself. Among the mummies that formerly lay in open coffins, enveloped in costly robes, was that of Nestor, the Russian Herodotus, whose chronicles are responsible for the tradition that Kiev was founded by three brothers in the ninth century.

From the "Cave Town" quarter of the city one emerges suddenly into the Podol, or trading quarter, suggesting a New England factory city, with its mills and shops, for paper, machinery, tobacco, chemicals and hardware. Kiev not only was the chief seat of the Russian beet sugar trade, but also dealt heavily in timber, live stock and grain. Its recent growth has been rapid. In 1880 it had less than 200,000 people, and in 1911 more than 500,000.

Oldest of the better known cities of Russia, Kiev gave Russia her first Christian church, first library, first Christian school, and today it boasts the oldest cathedral of the former empire, that of St. Sophia. Therein is the so-called "Virgin of the Unbreakable Wall." Because the figure resisted the vandal frenzy of the Tatars when they smashed other priceless treasures of the church.

Kiev is the seat of government of the new republic of Ukraine. It is 624 miles southwest of Moscow and 270 miles north of Odessa.

EARTHQUAKE PLAYED PING-PONG WITH MAN-OF-WAR

Earthquakes play queer pranks. Recent seismic disturbances in Italy have attracted renewed attention to this phenomenon, and recall an amazing incident in the annals of the American navy in which a United States man-of-war was carried on the crest of a tidal wave three miles up the coast, two miles inland, and set down, entirely unharmed, within a hundred feet of the Andes.

This thrilling incident is recounted in a communication to the National Geographic society by one of the participants, Rear Admiral L. G. Billings, U. S. N., retired, as follows:

"In 1868 I was attached to the U. S. S. Waterlee, then on duty in the South Pacific—one of a class of boats built at the close of the Civil war to ascend the narrow, tortuous rivers of the South; she was termed a 'double enter,' having a rudder at each end, and was quite flat-bottomed, a conformation which, while it did not add to her sea-going worthiness, enabled her to carry a large battery and crew, and eventually saved our lives in the catastrophe which was soon to come upon us.

"August, 1868, found us quietly at anchor off the pretty Peruvian town of Arica, whither we had towed the old United States storeship Fredonia to escape the ravages of yellow fever, then desolating Callao and Lima.

"It was August 8 that the awful calamity came upon us, like a storm from a cloudless sky, overwhelming us all in one common ruin.

"I was sitting in the cabin with our commanding officer, about 4 p. m., when we were startled by a violent trembling of the ship, similar to the effect produced by letting go the anchor. Knowing it could not be that, we ran on deck. Looking shoreward, our attention was instantly arrested by a great cloud of dust rapidly approaching from the southeast, while a terrible rumbling grew in intensity,

and before our astonished eyes the hills seemed to nod, and the ground swayed like the short, choppy waves of a troubled sea.

"The clouds enveloped Arica. Instantly through its impenetrable veil arose the cries for help, the crash of falling houses and the thousand mingled noises of a great calamity, while the ship was shaken as if grasped by a giant hand; then the cloud passed on.

"But our troubles then commenced. We were startled by a terrible noise on shore, as of a tremendous roar of musketry, lasting several minutes. Again the trembling earth waved to and fro, and this time the sea receded until the shipping was left stranded, while as far to seaward as our vision could reach, we saw the rocky bottom of the sea, never before exposed to human gaze, with struggling fish and monsters of the deep left high and dry. The round-bottomed ships keeled over on their beam ends, while the Waterlee rested easily on her floor-like bottom; and when the returning sea, not like a wave, but rather an enormous tide, came sweeping back, rolling our unfortunate companion ships over and over, leaving some bottom up and others masses of wreckage, the Waterlee rose easily over the tossing waters, unharmed.

"From this moment the sea seemed to defy the laws of nature. Currents ran in contrary directions, and we were borne here and there with a speed we could not have equalled had we been stemming for our lives. At irregular intervals the earthquake shocks recurred, but none of them so violent or long continued as the first.

"About 8:30 p. m. the lookout hailed the deck and reported a breaker approaching. Looking seaward, we saw, first, a thin line of phosphorescent light, which loomed higher and higher until it seemed to touch the sky; its crest, crowned with the death light of phosphorescent glow, showing the sullen masses of water below.

"With a crash our gallant ship was overwhelmed and buried deep beneath a semi-solid mass of sand and water. For a breathing eternity we were submerged, groaning in every timber, the staunch old Waterlee grappled again to the surface, with her gasping crew still clinging to the life-lines—some few seriously wounded, bruised and battered; none killed; not one even missing. A miracle it seemed to us then; and as I look back through the years it seems doubly miraculous now.

"The morning sun broke on a scene of desolation seldom witnessed. We found ourselves high and dry in a little cove, or rather indentation, in the coast line. We had been carried some three miles up the coast and nearly two miles inland. The wave had carried us over the sand dunes bordering the ocean, across a valley and over the railroad track, leaving us at the foot of the sea-coast range of the Andes. On the nearly perpendicular front of the mountain our navigator discovered the marks of the tidal wave, and, by measurements, found it to have been 47 feet high, not including the comb. Had the wave carried us 200 feet farther we would inevitably have been dashed to pieces against the mountainside."

CHINA'S HOLY PLACES

China's shrines, including those in the much discussed Shantung, are described in the following communication to the National Geographic society by Frederick McCormick:

"Coteridge could not have selected a phrase more apt than 'stately pleasure dome' had he intended to call attention to the best-known form in Chinese architecture. Like so much of the wrought beauty of China, such as is still seen in parks and gardens, pagodas are the work of the Buddhist church almost exclusively.

"The most beautiful specimens are in the Yangtze valley, where pagodas are most numerous. Every important Chinese and Manchurian city is garded with them. From the walls of Peking a dozen pagodas and towers may be counted within the city, and with a good glass half a dozen famous ones may be seen rising from the surrounding plain.

"Pagodas range in height from 20 to more than 200 feet, and are of various shapes—round, square, hexagonal, octagonal, etc. They always have an odd number of stories, ranging usually from seven to nine, and sometimes possessing 11 and even 13.

"The Chinese have appropriated the pagoda as a counterpoise to evil, and used it, subject to their rules of geometry.

"At the city of Tung, in the Peking plain, a region in past years visited by earthquakes, there is a prominent pagoda which at one time had more than 1,000 bronze bells suspended from its cornices, most of which are still in place. The people have this story as to its construction: A water fowl lives underground at this place and when he shakes his tail it causes earthquakes. Geomancers located the end of his tail, and the pagoda was built on it to hold it down. At the same time this did not prevent the water fowl from winking his eye; but, as his eyelids have not been accurately located, a second pagoda has not yet been built. As a result, tremblings of the earth still occur.

"The wonder inspired in the breast of the traveler who visits China's vast remains of abandoned capitals, extensive temples ranged in successive courts and on terraces of mountains, its pagodas, p'ai-lous, bridges, and canals, is equaled by the awe inspired by the silent splendor of the tombs of China's emperors. The tombs of the kings of the 'Six Kingdoms' in Shantung, though now only earthen pyramids terraced with little fields, have the air of the pyramids of Egypt."