

"Buz-z-z" Hum the Bees in the Bonnets of Christmas Shoppers

How would you like for just one afternoon to be able to read the hearts and minds of your fellow travelers? Would this vale of tears? Wouldn't it be a joy, for instance, to wander about through one of the big department stores during this fever of holiday shopping, and standing beside this or that purchaser be able to understand just what was going on in his or her mind, just what sentiment lay back of his or her actions? Yes? Well, my friend, the fairy queen waves her hand and off we go.

That pompous looking woman in sealskins who raises her eyebrows so superciliously, as the usually haughty appearing clerk displays that beautiful lace collar—let's edge a bit closer and intercept her thought waves "Bzzz," they are running on. "I wonder if that poor clerk is as tired as I am. How my feet ache! I'd like to slump over on the counter like that little stock girl is doing. What a bore to have to keep up this everlasting pose. There's Mrs. Wellington-Jones with her new daughter-in-law. And here come the Wallace-Emersons right to this counter! How do you do, Mrs. Emerson!—\$14.98 did she say? Ho hum, the \$12 one would do every whit as well and \$3 will go quite a way toward the washwoman's Christmas basket.

"Poor thing, I must put in a turkey no matter if they are high. I don't care if Point de Venice is more dignified. I always did rather like those dainty net ruffles. No, I don't care if Mrs. Emerson is taking that real flet at \$29.99. It's none of my business and she can afford to. Her husband's income is twice what John's is. What a wonderful complexion that little stock girl has. And it's real, too, what's more. Poor little thing, she does look tired, and how sweetly she smiled back at me —" And handing out \$12 and wishing the clerk behind the counter "a merry Christmas," she sails on, kind of heart and thoughtful of others under her haughty exterior.

A Side Trip to "Gents' Furnishings"

Let's stop over here. That little golden-haired miss with the feather turban and raccoon coat. She's looking at silk scarfs over in the "Gents' Furnishings." Isn't she the mean little thing! And she looks as meek as Moses! She is straining every nerve to find out whether the pleasant blonde back of the counter is of the bleached variety like herself. The hypocritical mix has just \$8.-40 in her purse, \$2 of which she must keep for expenses during the week, and yet she is asking that poor girl who has been on her feet all day to take down box after box of scarfs that cost from \$20 upward.

In fact, she hasn't the remotest idea of buying a scarf at all. She's wondering if Bob is going to give her a diamond for Christmas and whether it wouldn't have been wiser after all to be a little nicer to Bill and sort of let Bob see he needn't

be so dead sure. "Oh, well," she is saying, "of course if ya don't want to look 't see if ya ain't got just what I want, cha ain't got to!" And away she struts to repeat the program at other counters.

See her glare at those two curly haired little chaps she has bumped into. Let's follow them to the toy department. Why, they're stopping at the stocking department. "Gee," dark-haired one is thinking, "wouldn't the kid be sprised if he knew I bought that jack-knife for him! Gosh, I'm glad we earned that extra dollar shoveling walks! A pair of stockings for mother and some handkerchiefs for Dad." Any through the light curly head similar thoughts are running, mingled with a problem in anything but simple arithmetic which has to do with stretching a given amount of money far enough to cover a trip to the movies.

Wonder if that woman is as cross as she looks. My, see her scowl as that other shopper crowds by! Come up nearer and find out what mental operation is going on within her. "Oh dear," she sighs, "it's getting dreadfully late. Wonder if the children are all right! Aren't the store decorations pretty and isn't Christmas lovely! I shouldn't have spent quite so much. I s'pose, but, oh, dear Christmas only comes once a year and Will and the kiddies do enjoy things so. I can make it up by being more economical in the kitchen. Ouch! My elbow! That poor woman is in as big a hurry as myself. I didn't mean to look so cross when she bumped me."

What a splendid looking creature that clerk over there is! Apollo down from Olympus to study us mortals at close range. Notice the grace of his every motion. We must make an excuse to stop at his counter. "They ain't nothin' no better made," the godlike one is gurgling to the sweet young thing at the counter.

What's the Matter, Anyway?

This elevator operator looks pleasant. "Yes, ma'am, violinas second aisle to the right." "No, madame, books on the first floor." How surprised "Madame" would be if she knew as we do that the suave smiling woman in black, who is operating the lever is boiling within as she thinks, "What's the matter with the pests? Can't they read? Wonder she wouldn't look at the floor directory! It's big enough! Poor boob, more money than brains!"

And so it goes all over the store and all over the world. Oh, fairy, wave your wand again. The old saws are all true as true can be. "All is not gold that glitters;" "appearances are deceitful;" "Beauty is only skin deep;" "Kipling was right about the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady;" "Kind hearts are more than coronets" after all; and there's more truth than poetry in that bit of vahnacular which says, "You can't sometimes most always tell."

Here He Is, Girls! The New Screen Star



Richard Cromwell, hitherto unknown Los Angeles art student, who has splashed upon the cinematic cyclorama in his first picture (and he won the part by chance).

Death Bides With Tornado in Southwest



More than 20 are dead and 130 injured as a result of a series of tornadoes which have swept the Southwest. The picture shows the demolition of buildings on a farm near Bethany, Oklahoma, where storm took heavy toll in life and property.

Glad It's Over



Marion Roberts, who was the sweetheart of Jack "Legs" Diamond, is back with her mother now. She is through hero-worshipping the King of Underworld muscle-men now. She's simply sorry for him—and for herself.

Pleads for India at London Conference



Setting a sensational precedent for a high-caste Hindu woman by appearing before strange men without the veil, the Begum Shah Nawaz (above), daughter of Sir Muhammad Shafi, influential Punjabi delegate, pleaded the case of modern Indian womanhood before the India Round Table Conference in London.

Pack Up Your Troubles and Hie to the Country for a Taste of Real Christmas

Christmas belongs to the country. Its ownership is granted by unwritten law, and no one who has considered, with all gravity, this statement, will dispute it long. Of course one can enjoy Christmas in whatever clime he happens to be (all things being equal), but he can't revel in it, he can't get the glorified outdoorness of it anywhere except in the country. Somewhere, sometime, every person has spent this holiday time in the country. If he hasn't, right now he should mark the 25th of December down in his diary, and this year, next, or the year after, steal back to old Aunt Mary's for one taste of a snowbound Christmas.

Becky, the rooster, rouses him at early dawn. And he must heed his early greeting, or the day will not be started right. He probably will steal down the narrow, winding old back stairs, lest he wake the household. But there will be no need. Aunt Mary will be there before him, bustling round the low celled brown washed kitchen. (He probably will get the jona that it was she who wakened the rooster.) He has hoped to do a mile, or so before breakfast. Not time enough, Aunt Mary avers, but, with a twinkle in her eyes, she suggests that chopping wood always aggravates one's appetite—and the corn muffins are not quite done.

Whetting His Appetite

He tackles the woodpile, and gets four sticks done in longer time than it takes him to sell his most obstinate customer. However, he finds that the country isn't so cold as he had supposed, and starts to shed his mackinaw, when one of his young cousins calls him to breakfast. After breakfast, this active youngster offers to share his bobbed with him, and the man finds that coasting is something one grows away from rather than outgrows.

His glasses bother him a bit, and he shoves them into his pocket. Struck by the horrible thought that he might have a spill, roll on them and break them, he is appalled, but he decides to take a chance and trust to the skill of his pilot.

The morning passes quickly. What with watching the hired man milk the cows, rub down the horses and his own puffing efforts to pitch hay to the horses, the man decides that the roaring fire in the "settin' room" and a good book have charm. But who can read with a talkative circle of cousins, aunts, uncles and maids drifting back and forth from kitchen to parlor, and in and out of the long rambling rooms? So he talks, and listens, listens and talks and lets the roaring yule log toast his benumbed toes. A pervasive odor of spice and browning pastry envelops the room, the log snaps its welcome, and outside a tiny flurry of snow makes the inside all the more alluring.

And that dinner! The man wonders what Christmas will be like

when all the Aunt Marys in the world are gone. Surely no one can cook like his. It is a rather comfortable feeling to think that he can enjoy a good cigar after dinner, rather than find his discontented way to the nearest theater, just for the sake of doing something on Christmas afternoon. One can smoke in the city, and this is Christmas in the country.

"Jingle Bells"

Somebody mentions a sleigh ride. Bundled in furs, heads swathed in woolen caps, they slide into the open sleigh. Not the Sunday-go-to-meeting one, but the work sleigh. And off they go to the merry tinkle of rusty bells. (The bells do get rusty on the best of farms). Over the sparkling white blanket, up hills and down long rolling slopes, jumping at every thank-you-ma'am. While the horses are plodding up a long steep pitch, some get out and walk, and at a time like that who can resist peering one's favorite relative with a snowball?

When night comes, the living room is cleared for action. And this means that a real old fashioned country dance is imminent. The neighbors are invited for the occasion, and the old deacon plays the fiddle, with his wife at the organ and his hearty son "calling" off. "Fisher's Hornpipe," "Money Musk," "Portland Fancy" and the ever popular quadrille follow one another swiftly and merrily. One, placid waltz, "The Blue Danube," must satisfy the younger people. No fox trot nor conversational walk there! Like all regular dances, there is an intermission when refreshments are served. Doughnuts, cider that has been carefully guarded against the occasion, apples and popcorn balls. Food fit for a king!

When the last bell has tinkled out of hearing, the living room put back in order and the last cup washed, one takes his tin candle holder and by the candle's fitful flame seeks his feather couch. What luxury to sink into the nest of down! Wonder if Aunt Mary got these feathers from that cross old gander who made bathing in the mill pond such a precarious venture? Well, no matter, it beat his own mattress. The country's the place to enjoy Christmas, no place like it. Sleep seems so delicious! And down in the living room the last spark of that valiant old log winks its goodnight.

MY FAVORITE TREE

Some people like the rugged oak. Which grows so straight and tall; Some like the maple tree because It's gorgeous in the fall.

Some like the pine and some the And some the apple tree; But just about this time each year, The Christmas tree suits me!

—Mary F. K. Hutchinson, in the December St. Nicholas.

native labor was employed in the construction. On a bronze tablet in the entrance hall are the names of all the men who had a part in the building, names of the members of the school board, and others. Some of the furnishing is copied from antiques in Mr. Young's home. As the school is to be a center of community life, the assembly hall is equipped with a moving picture screen and pictures are shown twice weekly. All conveniences are afforded including two swimming pools. A teachers' house, beautifully equipped and of the same style of architecture, adjoins the school building.

Air Ace Weds Boston Beauty



Lieut. Thomas H. Robbins, crack Navy flier, with his bride, formerly Barbara Little, after marriage in Boston.

Ideal Costume For Street Wear



Particularly smart is this coat of brown leader cloth, trimmed with mink fur. Slightly fitted, with wrap-over front, it features a wide-standing collar and shaped cuffs. It is eminently suitable for street wear.

Remarks Arouse Storm At N. Carolina College



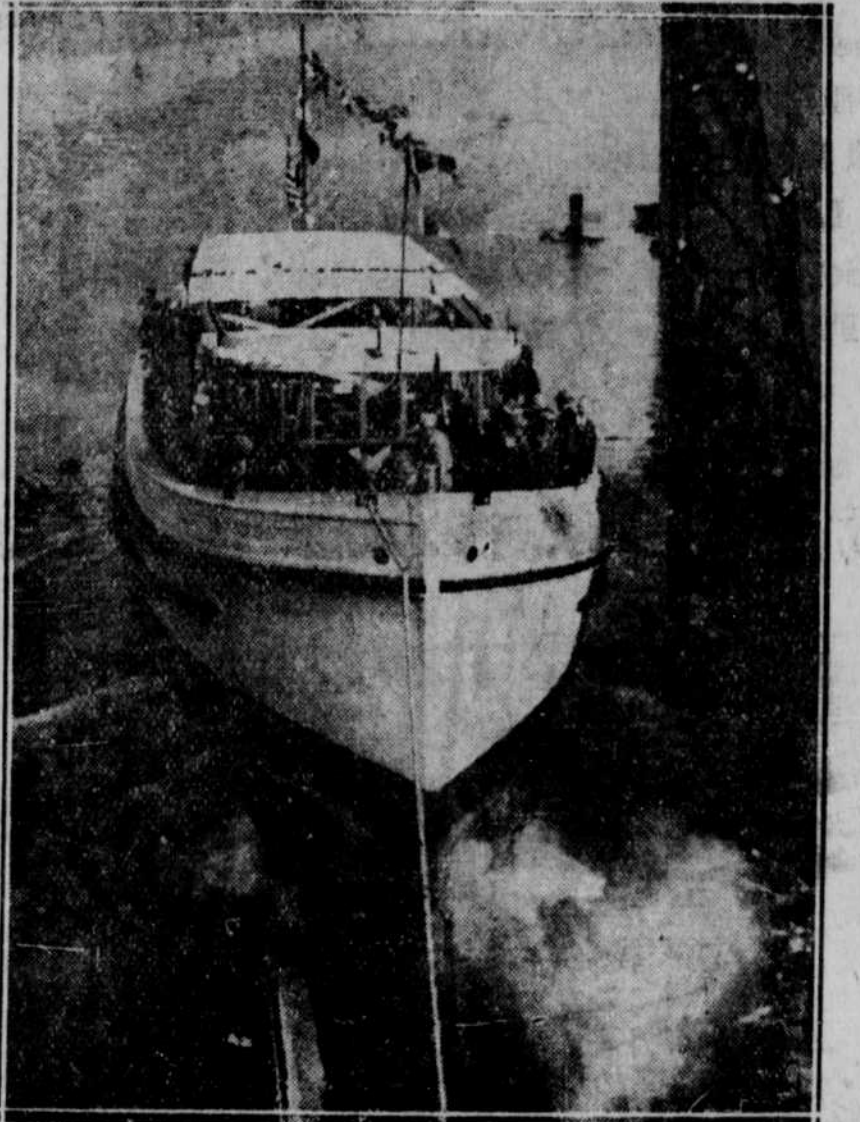
Milton A. Abernethy, junior classman at North Carolina State College, wrote of the school: "The game of cheating at North Carolina State College is not equalled by any other sport." For these remarks he was tried by the Student Council and ordered suspended for two years. He appealed to the Student-Faculty Court and was acquitted of misrepresenting conditions.

Train Robbery Like This



BANDITS GET OVER \$150,000. This is how robbers held up a Southern Pacific passenger train near Berkeley, Cal., and cleaned out the mail car.

Menace to "Hub" Crookdom!



Boston's latest police beat, the Stephen J. O'Meara, going down the ways at the Neponset, Mass., shipyards.

Case Heads Board of Huge Bank Merger



J. Herbert Case, chairman of the board of directors of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, has been selected as board chairman of the new billion-dollar bank merger, which includes the Bank of the United States, Manufacturers Trust Company, Public National Bank and Trust Company and the International Trust Company. The new company will be the fourth largest in the United States.