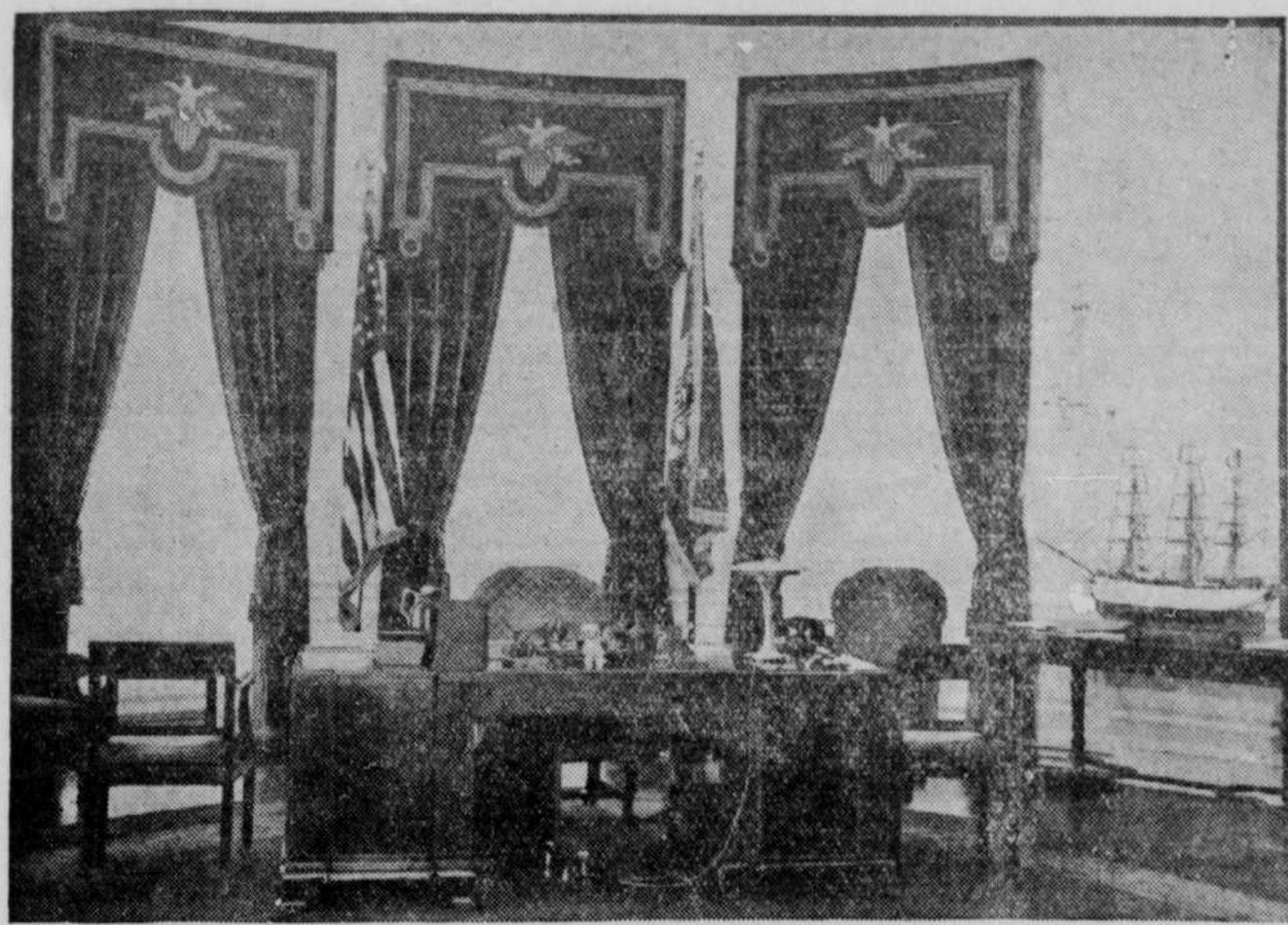


### President's Office Has Been Reconditioned



The reconditioning of the executive offices of the White House, designed to provide more space for the nation's Chief Executive and his immediate official family, is finished. This is a view of the President's own office. It is richly furnished to produce a dignified effect, and conspicuously noted in the fittings are Old Glory and the President's own flag, both behind his desk-chair, and his ship model.

### Albania's Royal Family in National Dress



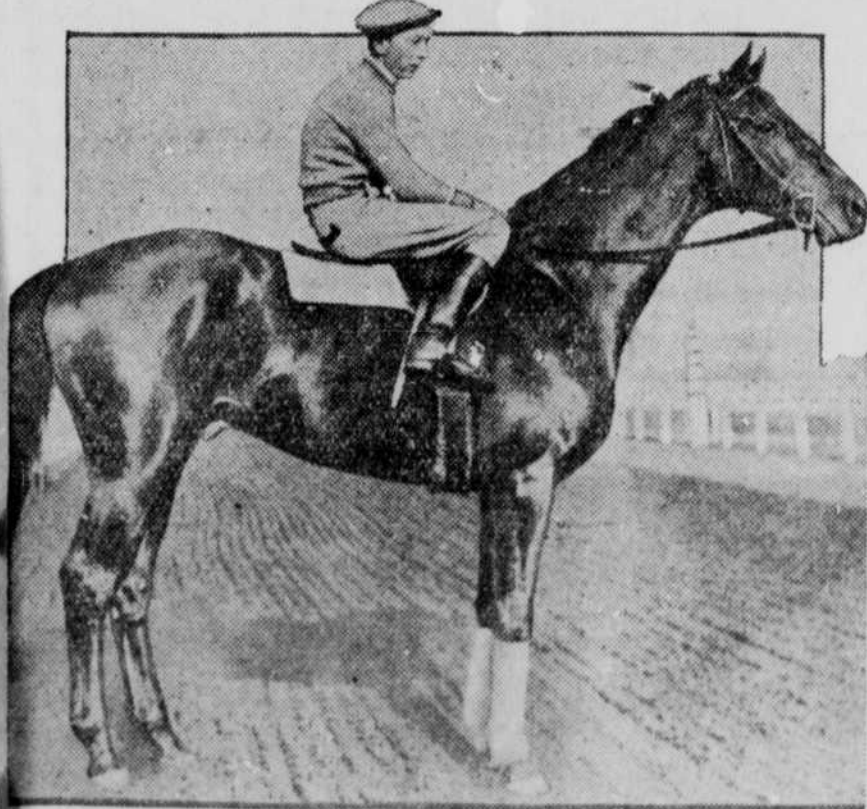
Here are Achmed Zogu, king of Albania (center), and his family in the picturesque national dress. Left to right: Princess Rubie; Princess Senie; Prince Husen, nephew to the king; mother of Prince Essad; the king's mother, Sadie; Achmed Zogu, the king; Princess Adile; Myzejen and Madjide, both princesses. All the princesses are sisters of the king, who is not married and lives at his castle in Tirana with his mother and his six sisters.

### Captures Laurels With Her Lambs



Katherine Sheldon of Oneonta, N. Y., is shown with her lambs that won top honors at the International Live Stock show in Chicago. This is the third time her lambs have won the first prize.

### Twenty Grand Prepares for Comeback



Twenty Grand, one of America's greatest thoroughbreds, is being prepared for a comeback after several years of retirement. He will try for the \$100,000 handicap at the new Santa Anita track near Los Angeles on February 23. Mrs. Payne Whitney is his owner.

### RED FEATHER

By R. H. WILKINSON  
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

EVERY fall during the past ten years I have driven up to Orion Oldway's place in Littlebrook to spend a week gunning for upland game.

Orion is a friend of long standing. He lives on a farm, alone, the place is a mile or two out of the village, and there are no inhabitants nearby.

The bounds of Orion's farm are widely extended, and there is considerable cover for birds.

The hunting is good, and Orion is a congenial companion. And he serves equally well as a guide, for during the summer months he acquaints himself with the feeding grounds of the birds which the law permits us to kill, and there is no delay in finding the largest coveys.

Orion is now an old man. Two years ago he laid aside his gun and said he would hunt no more, complaining that his sight was poor and his hand trembled. Yet he still accompanies me on my expeditions into the woods, and seems to share my delight in the business.

This fall I arrived as usual at Orion's place on the eve of the opening day, and spent a pleasant evening with the old man before his open fire.

With me as usual was Chris, my English setter, a well-broken and well-educated bird dog, companion of many a hunt, a true and loyal friend.

It was cozy sitting there in the tiny living room.

The fire burned cheerily and gave off a welcoming warmth; the night outside had a bite in it.

Chris lay full length on the hearth, stirring now and then with fitful dreams.

Orion and I swapped yarns of former days, and I questioned him regarding the prospects of tomorrow's hunt.

"You're not to be disappointed," he told me. "There's plenty of partridge about, and a flock or two of quail. And there's pheasant, too."

"I'd like to get a crack at him," I grinned. "Pheasants are scarce this year, in most places."

"Yep, there's pheasant. They're a tame lot, them birds. Been coming up to the barnyard and eatin' with the hens. Up to a month ago, that is. Seems like they know when it's nearin' time for the law to come off. There's one big cock, especially. Old Red Feather, I call him. He's tamer than the rest. Most eats out of my hand. Biggest pheasant I ever see."

"I'd like to get a crack at him," I grinned. "Pheasants are scarce this year, in most places."

Orion was up ahead of me the next morning.

He had bacon and eggs on frying and coffee boiling when I came into the kitchen.

Chris was there, too, rapping his tail on the floor, looking at me with a glad eagerness in his eyes.

We were on our way within a half hour's time.

The morning was beautiful with a bracing quality in the air, and a sharpness that sent the blood tingling through your veins.

Orion led the way down the cart path behind the barn, presently turning off and cutting across a frost-white field.

The sun had burned its way through the early morning clouds; red lanes from it streaked across the fields, transforming the frost-locked world into a fairland of dancing crystals.

Chris ranged and quartered ahead of us, joyful for the liberty that was his. I filled my lungs with that bling air, and was glad to be a part of it all.

Presently Chris slowed in his mad galloping, darted quickly to the right and into a patch of dead grass.

I came up on him rapidly, saw that he was crouching, moving cautiously ahead with belly almost to the ground perceived that the wagging of his tail was suddenly stilled, that the dog himself had stopped, frozen into a point.

I spoke to him quietly, came up behind him, and there was suddenly the whirl of wings, and a covey of quail rose into the air and flung themselves against the sun.

The double gun leaped to my shoulder; there was the report of it, and a bird came tumbling down end over end.

First kill of the day. First miss, too! Orion grinned and nodded. "Good work," he said. "The sun was in your eye. Them birds is knowin' critters."

We hunted till noon; paused on the banks of Little Brook itself to eat our lunch.

There were three quail and a grouse in my pockets. It had been a glorious hunt; the thrill of it was still in my blood. I looked at Orion.

"I'd think you'd still like to hunt; carry a gun, anyway. Might bring down a bird."

Orion wagged his head. "Got kinda fed up on killin' them birds," he admitted, with a hint of guilt in his tones.

"They're knowin' critters. Sort

o' like to know they're around. Be kinda lonesome, too. Guess you won't kill 'em all."

I laughed. "Well, I won't kill them all on you, Orion," I said chidingly. "Leave a few for company."

"Sure," the old man agreed. "Sure. You do all the shootin' you've a mind to. Guess you won't kill 'em all."

That afternoon netted us another grouse. On the day following I shot a brace of quail, and on the third added a squirrel to my score.

But the week was going fast, and the hunting seemed not as good as Orion had promised.

I was anxious to do some pheasant shooting, and spoke to Orion about the matter.

"Why, sure," he said. "Sure thing. We'll go after them pheasants tomorrow and get some, too."

"Maybe," I smiled, "you can get me a shot at old Red Feather. Say I'd like to bring back a big fellow like that."

And so, on the next day, Orion took us down to the pheasant cover, and it wasn't long before Chris struck a trail and pointed.

A pair of birds broke from the thick underbrush and I swung on the cock and brought him down.

"Good work," Orion applauded. "Good shootin'."

"Should have got 'em both," I said ruefully.

Orion had marked down the second bird and we turned in that direction, but failed to flush him again.

Nor did I get another bird on that day or the next, and was somewhat disappointed.

Orion seemed aggrieved that the gunning had proved poorer than he anticipated; promised that on the last day he'd take me to a spot he knew where birds were sure to be.

And surprisingly enough he did this. Before noon on that day I had added three more quail and another partridge to my kill.

We started home after mid-afternoon. I was satisfied with the day's work but still had in mind to bring down another pheasant.

We were passing then over the crest of the hill. To the right of us I saw a swale that seemed to hold good promise, and turned that way with a view of sending Chris inside of it, myself skirting the edge where the walking was less difficult.

But Orion, sensing my purpose, made hasty protest. "There's nothing there," he said. "Feed's played out! You'll find no birds down there."

I glanced at him doubtfully, would have followed along over the hill, taking heed to his words, had not Chris suddenly frozen to a point on the very edge of this swale, in plain view.

"Look there!" I said, and started hurriedly down the hill.

Orion followed close on my heels; we came upon the dog together, and I spoke a low command and waited. Chris lifted a forefoot and set it down as if treading on eggs.

He repeated the movement, and suddenly there was a roar.

A huge cock pheasant rose above the swale, fighting with madly beating wings to gain speed and altitude. It was a perfect shot.

The double gun leaped to my shoulder. And in the moment I would have pressed the trigger something jostled my arm and the shot went wild.

The pheasant scoured out of range before I could regain my balance.

It was Orion. He had fallen against me. There was on his face a rueful expression.

"Sho," he said. "Sho, I'm right sorry, about that. I musta tripped. You'd o' got that bird. Big one he was, too."

I saw his look of dismay, and my flash of anger cooled.

"Forget it," I said. "I'd probably have missed anyhow."

And then suddenly a thought flashed into my mind. "Say," I asked, "was that old Red Feather?"

Orion nodded and turned away, and started up the hill. And after a moment I followed, grinning behind his back, remembering his remark that day as we lunched by the brook: "You do all the shootin' you're a mind to. Guess you won't kill 'em all." And I wondered, too, if the gunning was really as poor this fall on Orion's farm as it appeared to be.

**Japan's Doll Theater**  
The doll theater has been a major amusement in Japan for 300 years. It possesses a thousand ballad-dramas, written in collaboration by 200 playwrights. Almost life-size, each doll is handled by three men who, dressed in black, hold it in their hands. Thus all movements have a precision and spontaneity which is not obtained by cord manipulation. The dolls move their eyes, mouths and eyebrows, smoke, and "play" musical instruments with the orchestra.

**Thimble Sized**  
Young meadow mice are born blind, deaf, toothless and hairless, weighing a fraction of an ounce and small enough to fit into a thimble. They grow rapidly and are weaned in 12 days. In a few weeks these young adults breed, producing a litter at about monthly intervals until winter sets in, when they generally cease breeding because of the scarcity of food.



### JUST IN TIME

The aerodrome was crowded with spectators who had come to witness the finish of the big air race. Great was their astonishment when the winning aeroplane landed and an unknown airman stepped out.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" said an official, coming forward to greet him. "You've broken the record for the race. How did you do it?"

The airman wiped his perspiring brow.

"To tell you the truth," he modestly explained, "I think luck had a lot to do with it. I didn't find out until five minutes ago how to stop the engine.—Answers.

### Complete Replacement

Blinks—I'll soon have a new car. Jinks—You're lucky.

Blinks—Hardly. You see I'm simply kept busy replacing the worn-out parts on the old one, and a couple more bumps and it will even have the streamline effect.

### A Respectful Skeptic

"Do you believe George Washington always told the uncompromising truth?"

"No, sir," answered Senator Sorghum, with emphasis. "To hold such an opinion would be to cast aspersions on his indisputable attainments as a statesman and a diplomat."

### ANTICIPATED



Mis Wife—I'm glad you've bought a new car, but I haven't a thing to wear and I'd be ashamed to be seen in it with those old rags.

Titus Tightwad—I thought of that so I bought a closed car. You can draw the curtains.

### The Merry Minstrels

"You know Joe, the great base runner who went lame?"

"Yes, I know Joe, the great base runner who went lame. What about Joe, the great base runner who went lame?"

"He got a job as an ump."

"How is he now?"

"Now he's going blind."

### Proclivities

"We are told of the right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

"Those are the very words," answered Senator Sorghum. "But they don't apply to persons who can't enjoy themselves unless they are playing rough with machine guns."

### Reminder

"So you enjoy talking over the radio?"

"Very much," answered Senator Sorghum. "I have a positive affection for a microphone. It's appearance reminds me of earlier oratory, as it suggests the facial expression of some of my dumbest listeners."

### Shipshape

"Are you going to assist in steering the ship of state?"

"I'll be ready to give a hand, if requested," said Senator Sorghum. "But all the ship of state seems to desire from me at present is to refrain from attempts at back-seat driving."

### Evolution Two Ways

"Do you believe in evolution?"

"Forward and backward," answered Senator Sorghum. "Although I'll never believe it's as easy to make a man out of a monkey as it is for a man to make a monkey out of himself."

### Going to Extremes

"Our cook is terribly temperamental."

"So's ours. We never know whether it'll be angel cake or devil's food."

### Ouch!

Pompous Man—They told me that if I didn't quit reading dime novels I wouldn't amount to anything.

Cheerful Puncturer—Well, why didn't you quit?

### Tailored Frock for Little Lady

**Pattern 2041**  
This is the type of simple but smart dress which any little girl would love. Almost every detail that goes into the making of a well-bred little girl's dress is to be found here. The double collar is "just right," the long, slightly full sleeves, with their narrow cuffs are very practical for cool weather, or if you prefer, the frock may be made with little puffed short sleeves such as all girls adore. The tailored effect is carried out very well by means of the closed pleats running all the way from the



cunning half-yoke and opening near the hem. Notice the belt, tying in a bow in the back! And a word to mothers—it's very simple to make!

Pattern 2041 is available only in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12. Size 10 takes 3 3/4 yards 36 inch fabric and 1/4 yard contrasting. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address and style number. Be SURE TO STATE size.

Address orders to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 243 West Seventeenth Street, New York City.

### MIXED

At a political gathering an orator waxed indignant and exclaimed: "To ridicule the idea is to follow the example of the camel, which buries its head in the sand when an enemy approaches."

The rival speaker rose and retorted: "Surely the gentleman, in giving utterance to this remark, must have meant to refer to the ostrich, which, in those circumstances, has a habit of putting its eye through a needle."—Ludlow Advertiser.

### Speed Regulation

"Has Crimson Gulch any speed regulations?"

"Yes," answered Cactus Joe. "When a suspicious stranger looms up we warn him to keep goin' and get out of town as fast as possible."

### POOR INVESTMENT



The Nature Lover—You ought to put a few bird houses in your trees.

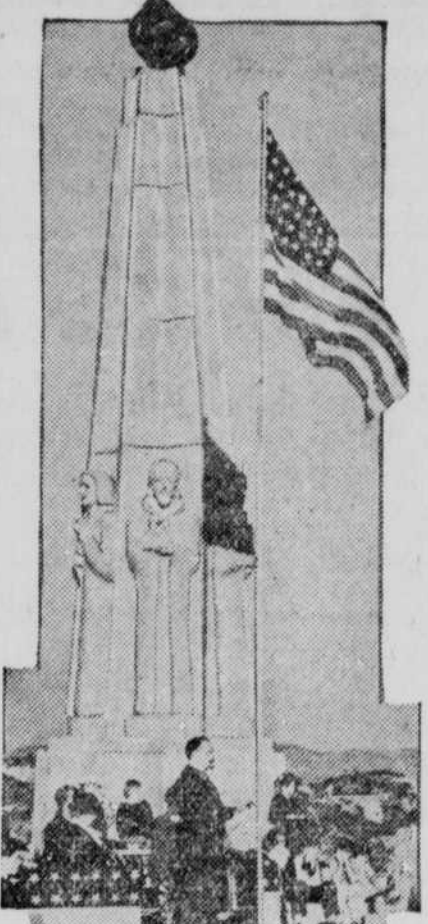
Titus Canby—Bird houses? What nonsense! How'd a man go about it to collect the rent?

### Personal Viewpoint

"What are you going to do about the coming election?"

"Not much, I'm afraid," said Senator Sorghum. "The question in my mind is what the coming election is going to do about me."

### ASTRONOMERS' STATUE



Before a crowd of more than 2,000 people, this impressive 40-foot astronomer's statue was unveiled and dedicated on the grounds of the Griffith park planetarium at Los Angeles. Of molded concrete in material, the statue resembles an angular shaft, is six pointed and bears the figures of six of the world's most famous astronomers—Hipparchus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Copernicus and Herschel.

### BAY STATE GOVERNOR



James H. Curley, three times mayor of Boston was elected governor of Massachusetts.