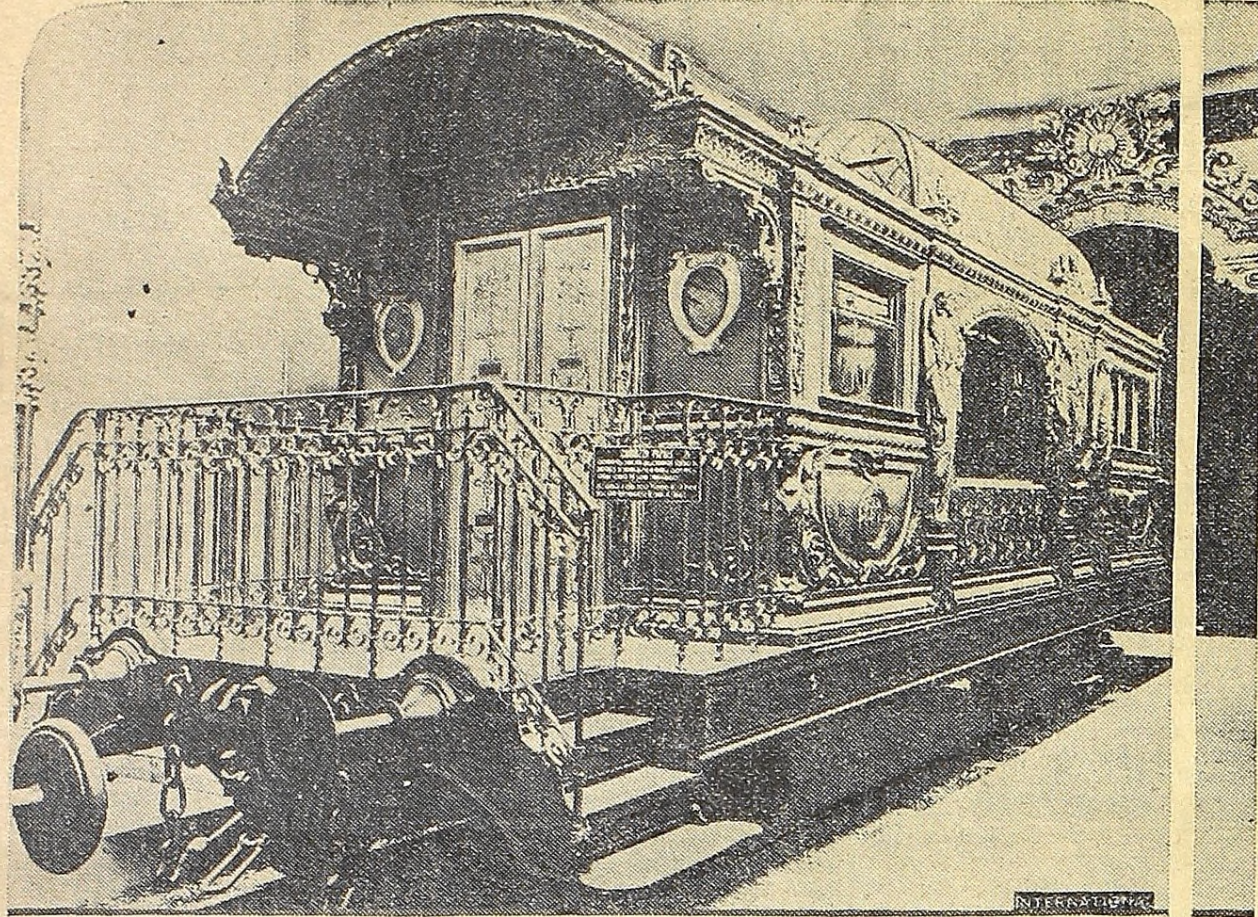


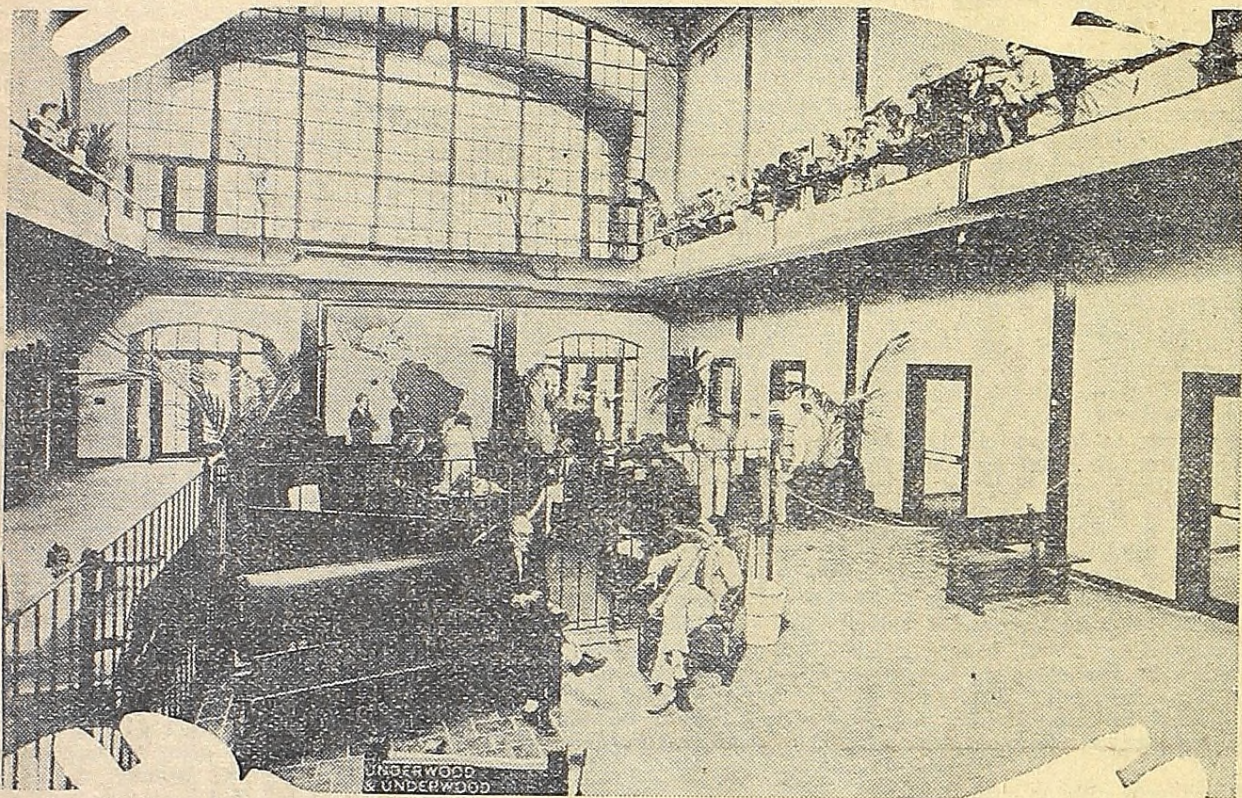


Fine Car in Which Pope Will Travel From Rome



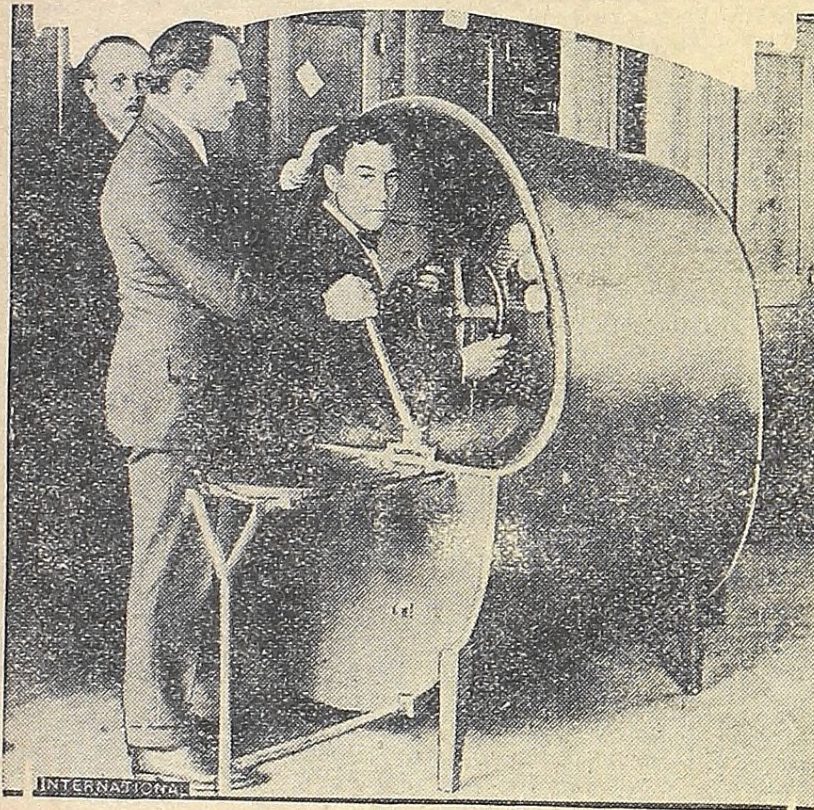
This splendid railway coach, richly ornamented with pure gold, after many years of disuse is being prepared for the pope's first rail journey from the Vatican. The car was captured from the Vatican when Italian soldiers marched into Rome in 1870 and since then has reposed in the war museum in the Castle of St. Angelo. It bears the insignia of Pope Pius IX.

Miami Has a Luxurious Air Terminal



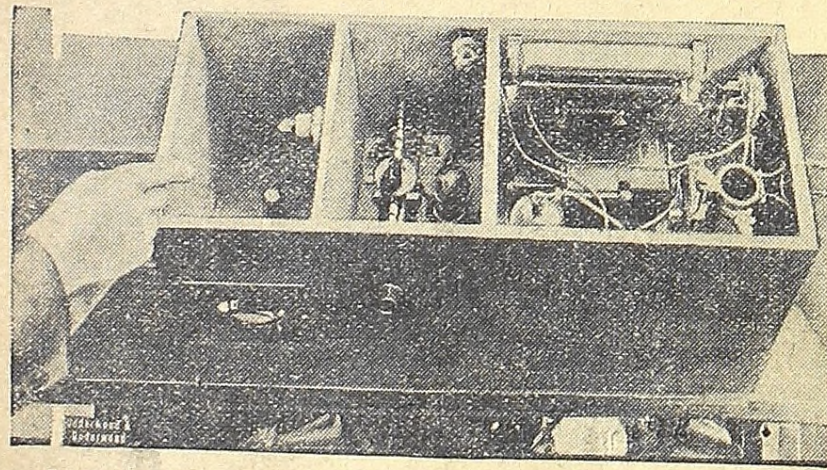
Interior view of the only passenger air terminal of its kind in America—the luxurious station and customs office of the Pan American Airways in Miami, photographed while passengers of the daily Havana air limited were going through the usual customs inspection. Tea was served as the baggage was inspected.

Machine to Train Flyers



M. Burton, pilot instructor of the Farman Flying school, at Paris, manipulating the control which makes the "plane" lurch, theoretically, and Mr. Clarence M. Young, director of aeronautics in Washington, D. C., seated in the new machine which is used abroad in the instruction of flying students. The student, supposed to be seated where Mr. Young is, adjusts this lurching of the plane in the control cabin. In this manner students are taught to fly in foggy weather.

New Lighting System for Schools



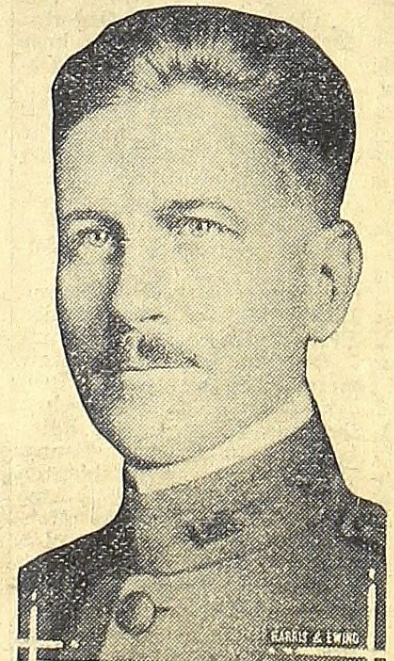
Interior of the new automatic lighting system instrument which has been installed in a school in Schenectady, N. Y. The finger points to the marvelous "electric eye" or light-sensitive photo-electric cell which operates the device, automatically turning on the electric lights when daylight is insufficient.

JOINS PYLE WALKERS



Phil Granville, Canadian walking champion who is an entrant in the C. C. Pyle coast to coast running race which started from the Atlantic seaboard. Some of the most prominent runners in the country are entered in the race.

ASSISTANT WAR HEAD



Patrick J. Hurley of Tulsa, Okla., who has been named assistant secretary of war by President Hoover. He succeeds Col. C. C. Robbins of Iowa.

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT—

SHIRLEY looked at her new friend with softly shining eyes. "I sometimes wonder if I deserve so much happiness. Just think, Alice, Ted has the lot completely paid for and has made three payments on our new bungalow. Isn't it wonderful to be engaged?"

Alice regarded her tolerantly. "If a four-room cottage in a new subdivision satisfies you it is very nice. For myself, I have ambitions. You haven't met any of my friends yet. Harold writes poetry."

Shirley turned quite pink with indignation. "Poetry doesn't pay as well as plumbing. Ted is getting along splendidly. He has put in all the plumbing in the new house himself evenings. You ought to see my sink; double drainboards and set 36 inches from the floor instead of the usual 29. There is a shower over the tub, too."

Alice rubbed at her already glistening nails. "You seem very domestic," she drawled. "I like to go to dances evenings. What do you think of my new ring?"

Silently Shirley stared at the large diamond, fully four times as large as the tiny, perfect jewel Ted had so proudly presented her with. "It is beautiful," she said at last, "but it must have cost a great deal."

"But naturally," Alice practiced this phrase, one heard at a theater, "Harold wishes me to have only the best. Don't you think he is awfully handsome?"

"Yes," Shirley agreed with a mental reservation that she hardly understood herself. Harold puzzled her. Tall and slim with black varnished hair brushed to a snake-like smoothness he did not fit in with the rest of them. His clothes, too, were not those of their crowd. Ted had a good, \$45-suit that fitted him nicely but it wasn't in the same class with Harold's. Ted disliked Harold and had even asked his sweetheart to drop Alice.

"Alice has lost her head over society. For a laundry sorter to talk about living at an apartment hotel and being near for theaters and dances is a scream. Money doesn't come that easy. What will she do when she is old and needs a home? Better go easy on that sort of stuff, Shirley. We're ordinary folks and we want to get ahead while we're young enough to work and plan for the future. Alice spends every cent she has to try to dress up to Harold."

Shirley, thinking over this speech, had to admit that Ted was right. "Harold wants you to come with us to see the circus parade," said Alice. "Isn't it lucky the boss is such a good fellow? I never worked anywhere before that I got two hours off for it. I wish it fell on a Saturday, though. Then we could spend the whole afternoon running around."

"Oh, no, I can't," Shirley answered quickly.

Alice scowled. "And, why not?"

"Why—that is—I just can't."

"You've been acting awful snippy lately. I know Ted doesn't like me and you're letting him run you. Afraid he'll break off with you, I suppose."

"I am not. Ted loves me."

"Maybe; it's plain he doesn't trust you, though. I think he's jealous of Harold's good looks."

"No," Shirley spoke without much enthusiasm. A girl doesn't like the implication that she isn't trusted.

"Then be yourself and come with us. What are you going to do with the two hours? Hang around this place?"

And Shirley found herself accompanying the two. She had pinned on a cluster of flowers, given by Ted.

Harold cast a displeased glance at the decoration. "Any need for that?" he drawled.

Shirley shrugged. "It's going to stay there, though."

The three were now walking up the street, the distant band quickened movements.

A short man with an odd scar across the left cheek slipped through the crowd and whispered to Harold, then vanished.

Harold wheeled about. "Say, girls, I'm frightfully sorry. I've got to hurry to help out a friend who is lurching at Hotel Ritzmore and who has forgotten his billfold. It will take all my ready money and I'll have none left to treat. Miss Shirley, will you do me an immense favor?"

"What is it?" she asked, instinctively disliking the way his eyes shifted from her direct regard.

"It's to take this," he brought out from his pocket an emerald ring, square and exquisitely cut, "and run into the pawnshop on the corner and get as much as hell give you. I'll take Alice with me and we'll meet you in the lobby of the hotel."

The girl stared at him in amazement. Although she had weakly permitted Alice to drug her along when she did not wish to offend Ted by accompanying her, she did not lack spirit and this proposal didn't sound good to her. "Most certainly not. What should I know about pawning jewels?"

Harold frowned at the clear tones that carried several feet and brought some surprised glances at them. "No need of shouting. Really, Alice, your friend does not show much courtesy. I thought you would enjoy going to the hotel and," he glanced severely at Shirley, "I had planned to take both you girls in there for a bite after the parade. Of course, though, the plan

must be given up now as I have to hurry away."

"I'll do it, Harold," cried Alice eagerly. "I don't mind it a bit. As Shirley is too fine to go into a pawnshop she can wait in a doorway for me and we'll meet you at the hotel."

Harold pressed the glittering ring into her hand and vanished in the crowd.

"You did your best to spoil the day, Shirley. I'm afraid Harold is disappointed in you."

"I don't care, I—oh, Alice, there is Ted, now."

Alice went on her errand and Ted beamed as he saw Shirley.

"I hope you won't mind, Ted, they really insisted upon my joining them. Couldn't we make four now?"

The brightness had faded from Ted's face as he followed Shirley's glance and saw Alice. "No, we could not," he said curtly. "I don't like Harold. I think he's making a fool of Alice."

"We were going to get a bite at the Ritzmore," pleaded Shirley, dazzled at the thought of the hotel.

"It doesn't sound good to me. Perhaps I'd better be on my way and leave you to your grand friends."

"No, let's go by ourselves. I'll tell Alice; there she is."

Alice was angry and showed it. "After Harold made such a point of having you come I think you are downright shabby."

Ted drew Shirley's hand through his arm. "After all, Alice, she happens to be my girl, not Harold's. We'll walk with you to the hotel, though."

Harold was waiting outside for them.

As Shirley started to explain her change of plans an officer joined them.

"Which girl pawned an emerald ring just now?"

Alice grew very white. Harold, however, looked bored.

"She did," he said, indicating Shirley.

"I did not."

Alice started to speak, but Harold's eyes deterred her and she stood mute.

"Which one was it, Ike?" demanded the officer, motioning in two plainclothes men to detain Harold.

"This one," Ike looked at Alice. "I noticed she wasn't wearing flowers. The other one has quite a bunch of them and some ribbon, too."

"What difference does it make?" quavered Alice, bursting into tears.

"The difference is that the ring was stolen from Mrs. Jerrold's handbag about an hour ago. Sam, the dip, got it and passed it on to this fellow, Slick Dick is his name. Come along to the judge."

Alice drew off her engagement ring.

"Wouldn't you take this and let me go? I hadn't any idea that ring was stolen, please."

The officer glanced at it contemptuously. "It's against the law to try to bribe an officer but, girlie, look at it. Pure glass. He handed you a boner all right. Come on and tell it to the judge."

When Shirley had been vouched for by Ted's employer and was permitted to go free she looked up at him: "If you hadn't given me those flowers I might have had a hard time proving I hadn't pawned the ring. The officer followed us and he knew I hadn't put the flowers on afterward."

"Harold, or rather, Slick Dick, coaxed Alice to make you her chum so that you could be blamed for what he wanted done."

Shirley touched his sleeve repentantly: "After this, Ted, I'll do as you think best. Think," she shuddered, "if you had to go home and tell mother I was in jail. We'll keep away from folks who sneer at cottages and—love, Ted."

**Asphalt Bed Reveals Glacial Age Remains**

Bones that tell what kinds of animals roamed the valley of California a hundred thousand years ago, while eastern America was buried under the great glacial ice sheet, have been discovered in an asphalt bed in Carpinteria, in the southern part of Santa Barbara county. Sealed for ages against decay in the germ-excluding bitumen, they are only now being brought to light and are finding their way to the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, where specialists studied them.

The report of these scientists published in Science tells a dramatic story in which the actors were beasts and birds now extinct, but resembling existing form and in some cases practically duplicating them. They found bones of deer, horses, rabbits and even of skunks. Beasts of prey were represented by three species of the fox-wolf group.

"For wherever the cause is there will the eagles be gathered together." This text receives startling illustration in the makeup of the group of birds whose bones were discovered in the asphalt pits. There were twenty-five specimens of one kind of eagle, fifteen of hawks and several of owls, vultures and condor-like birds.

The usually accepted theory is that herbivorous animals trying to cross the treacherous, sticky, tar-like stuff were entangled and killed and that the predatory animals and birds, coming to feast on their bodies, were in their turn caught.

In addition to the animal bones, there were many pieces of wood, pine cones and other plant remains. These tell a fantastic story of their own. At the present time there exists on the shores of Monterey bay, 200 miles to the north, a group of trees found nowhere else on earth. Of these peculiar plants, specimens of both of the pines and one of the cypresses have been found embedded in the asphalt here at this distant point, together with fragments of other plants now characteristic of the Monterey region.

FAVOR FLOWER-TRIMMED HATS; JACKET SUITS OF PRINT SILK

FLOWERS on millady's "spring bonnet?" Fashion's answer is in the affirmative, but on one condition—they must not change the silhouette of the hats they trim.

As usual, along comes the exception to the rule, namely, the first hat in this group, whose floral side-trim, as most side-trims do, follows a law unto itself when it comes to a graceful contour. Come what may, go what may, side-trims never conform to rules, their mission is simply to flatter, flatter, flatter, which they always do.



Some Flower-Trimmed Hats and Toques.

Of the half dozen flower treatments in this group, the little draped crochet straw hat at the top to the left is the only one where the flowers are not worked so as to preserve the original outline of the shape itself. Side-trims on this order, but formed of white gardenias or white violets are particularly numerous on black felt or straw shapes this season for black and white millinery are exceedingly smart.

An exquisitely dainty patterning of wee velvet flowers imparts springtime charm to the hand-sewed leghorn straw toque in the upper right corner of this group.

Colorful flower turbans and toques have been a hobby with Paris modistes this many a day. They are here, the scene on avenue and boulevard, at country club or in city park is just one print ensemble after another.

The favorite prints for early spring are those with dark backgrounds patterned with tiny motifs. These adopt modish browns or greens, blues or reds for their basic tone. Being dark, they are eminently wearable and practical at this time of the year.

Most of the ensembles are simply styled, like the model in the picture. The silk for this chic costume has a navy background and it is patterned in banana yellow. In every instance, almost, the color scheme of the costume is carried out from head to foot. Wherefore the blouse chosen to accompany the ensemble illustrated is



**Jacket Suit of Print Silk.**  
adorable worn with the new fur neckpieces. The foundations on which these turbans are worked are crushable and very light in weight. The flowers used represent a wide range of color combinations. A cap of marguerites in black, crepe and gold (see model centered to the right in the picture) is extremely chic. An evening cap made of white silk flowers and fitting very closely (model cen-











