Surrender Quickly When You Face This Armored Car

"HOLD up your hands and cry 'Kamerad,' or I'll shoot!" cries a boyish voice, as you approach the house. Coming down the path you see a miniature armored car, moving rapidly toward you. The only occupant, a little boy in military uniform, tries to look his fiercest as he looks at you from behind the formidable machine-gun which is pointed threateningly at you.

Perhaps you hesitated a trifle too long in obeying the command—the little soldier's hand gives a turn to the gun-crank in front of him and with a vicious "Ra-ta-ta-ta" the gun begins to spit imaginary bullets in your direction.

Some day this kiddie may operate a "sure enough" armored car against the enemies of his country

The little boy is glowing with excitement and pleasure. He has vanquished the enemy who refused to surrender and with a joyful "Hurrah!" he runs his armored car to the other side of the house in quest of other enemies.

The armored car shown in the picture is mounted on a tricycle frame and carries a big gun in front and a few smaller guns on each side. A spring snapping over cogs produces a noise like that of a machine-gun, when the crank is turned. Toys of a martial character are always extremely popular with boys and the great war, naturally, has increased the interest of the kiddies.

And the Mountains Arose and Cried "57 Varieties!"

AS one travels through the countryside of Southern California, impressed with the grandeur of the scenery and marveling at the wonderful sweeps of mountain and valley, a number looms up like a nightmare on a distant hillside—a familiar and dread number that 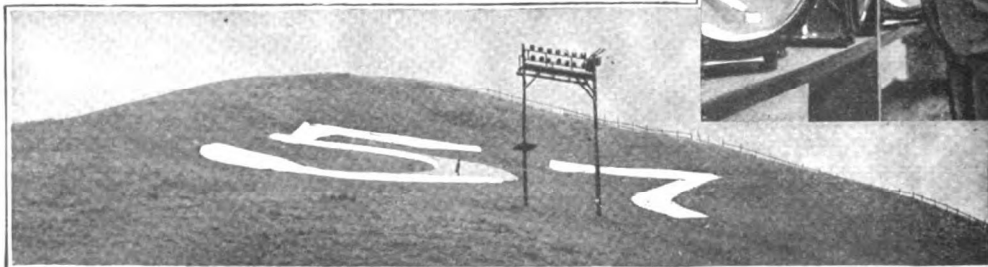recalls stifling street-cars and crowded subways. t glares white on the side of a distant mountain. At night the haunting number stands out in ghostly radiance on a ground of velvety black.

What are we vaporing about? Merely the magical, well advertised Number "57." It has been sunk in immense concrete figures on a California mountain side. A battery of electric lamps illuminate it at night. This immense sign can be seen ten miles away. There are "57's" throughout Southern California, and they tell their story at all times but still are blotches upon the landscape.

Do you see that dot on the "5"? It's a man. And the frame between the "5" and the "7"? That supports a battery of lamps to light up the numerals and so make night hideous