

How the "Loveable Waif" Won the Pet Leopard's Spot —and Many Millions



They're changing guard at Duck Ingham Palace—Christopher Robin went down with Alice. Alice is marrying one of the guard. "A soldier's life is terrible hard," says Alice.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Tyson, Who Searched Far and Wide For an Ideal Son to Adopt. They Named Him Christopher, After "Christopher Robin" in A. A. Milne's Poem, "Buckingham Palace," an Excerpt From Which is Shown at Left.

Then He Was Christened in Robes Like Those of the Spanish Infanta

INFANTE, MARGVERITE



This Famous Painting by Velasquez Shows the Spanish Infanta, Margaret. Baby Christopher Tyson's Christening Robe Was Copied After the Garment Worn By this Daughter of Spanish Royalty.



Informal Photo of Mrs. Tyson Fondling the Leopard Cub She Adored Before Baby Christopher's Advent.

TODAY little Christopher Gilbert Tyson is one of the luckiest children in the world. A few months ago he was merely a plaintive-looking, lovable mite in a big, hospital-like room of white beds and blue-frocked nurses—a room through which, from time to time, handsome men and lovely, sweet-smelling women passed. Sometimes the women paused at Christopher's bed and picked him up.

One day a woman, younger and more charming than the rest, walked toward Christopher's cot. He wasn't of course, Christopher then—he hadn't been named at all—but maybe in some dim, infant way he sensed that in the person of this youthful, fashionably powdered matron lurked his destiny.

Anyway, he smiled his winsomest, loveliest smile. When Mrs. John L. Tyson—for that was the visitor's name—entered the ward her eyes were fixed, discouraged. It had been a long search, through scores of orphan asylums and institutions for infants of all kinds. She wanted to adopt a son, but she had rather definite ideas about the

kind of a son she wanted to take the imposing Tyson name and share the imposing Tyson millions.

Then she saw a curly tow-head, a high-hearted smile and a pair of violet eyes. That's the one," she said quite firmly, and walked straight toward the swaddled youngster who was about to become Christopher Tyson.

Mrs. Tyson, twenty-one and married two years, was Miss Natalie Emlen Hutchinson, granddaughter of E. T. Stotesbury, millionaire Philadelphia banker. Her whole family is notably "blue book," while she varies her brilliant social activities between New York, Philadelphia and Europe. Her wedding in 1927 was the outstanding affair of the season.

Of course, there was rejoicing in the Tyson household when baby Christopher—named after Christopher Robin in A. A. Milne's poem, "Buckingham Palace"—was made son and heir. Mrs. Tyson had always longed for a boy just like him. For baby's christening gown she had a garment fashioned by the nuns in a Belgian convent—a christening robe which was an exact replica of the one worn by a Spanish in-

fanta once painted by Velasquez. Thus an unknown little boy, whose parentage and antecedents are known only to Mr. and Mrs. Tyson and the officials of the institution from which he came, was decked out in regal splendor to assume a name that connotes wealth and pride.

When Christopher entered the Tyson household he superseded a strange pet, taking the place in the affections of the master and mistress which had been held by a leopard cub! Mrs. Tyson always has loved pets. Of course, a baby boy is the ideal object upon which to lavish affection, in her estimation, but before he came she used to sleep in the same room with a young leopard straight from the African jungles. The beast died and Mrs. Tyson was so grief-stricken that her husband promptly bought her another one.

Christopher's advent of course made it necessary to dispose of the savage-looking feline. The leopard was getting older every day and reverting

Here's Another Little Poor Boy Adopted By a Rich Mother—Mrs. Joseph Boyer, of Detroit. In This Photo He Is Seen to Be Gazing Wanderingly At the Leopard Whose Place in the Affections of Mrs. Tyson Was Won by Infant Christopher.

more and more from bouncing ball of kittenish fur to a haughty and ferocious jungle queen. It wouldn't do to have a child in the house and the leopard too. So the leopard was presented to the zoo.

So now Christopher reigns supreme—with only a dog and cat remaining to keep his company. Both of the animals, says Mrs. Tyson, are extremely jealous. Especially does "Sugar Plum," the dog, resent the intrusion of the small stranger. "He just hates Christopher," the young society leader explains. "His barks of jealousy are heard whenever Christopher comes on the scene."

Mrs. Tyson, before her marriage was interested in art and in dancing. Her grace and ability made her a favored performer in amateur theatricals and benefit performances. As a debutante she was the star of many Junior League affairs, and had she cared for a professional career, a number of producers would have been willing to give her a stellar role in musical comedy.

At the well-known Charity Ball at the Philadelphia Academy of Music a few years ago Mrs. Tyson—then Miss Hutchinson—"stopped the show" with her solo adagio turn. When rumors were going the rounds that she was thinking of using her talent in a serious way she announced her engagement to Mr. Tyson. Their wedding was a dazzling spectacle.

Soon after she adopted little Chris-

pher, thereby gratifying a yearning she had had since girlhood, people whispered that the Tysons were considering the adoption of several other children.

"But—'Heavens, no!' exclaimed the foster father when he heard what was suggested. 'One is enough. We're going to lavish on Christopher every care, give him every advantage. But we aren't going to adopt any more. Never in the wide, wide world. I am sorry that such a rumor got about, for

it is sure to cause us to be deluged with requests to take other children, and we have absolutely no such intention."

Meanwhile the pet leopard, who surrendered his place, albeit unwillingly, to Christopher, is pacing her cage in the Philadelphia Zoo. Perhaps she is consumed with jealous fury and has revenge in her heart. Or it may be that the jungle feline is only deeply hurt and lonely.

Whatever You Do—Do It Hard



ROY L. GRAY

Chosen Two Years Ago As the "Average American Citizen."

PITHY PARAGRAPHS

"My experience as the 'average American' has given me a broader view of life.

"About success—whatever you do, do hard.

"Make people like you.

"Money is the least important part of the successful life.

"A person's greatest chance at happiness is in doing the thing he likes to do, regardless of the salary or fame.

—Roy Gray."

IT was just two years ago in November that Roy L. Gray, of Fort Madison, Iowa, was named the Average American and after two years of world wide publicity, he appears unchanged.

Mr. Gray was chosen as the Average American citizen after months of search by magazines and newspapers in this country. The selection of an average man came shortly after Fort Madison's selection as the Average American city.

He was chosen as the average man because he lived on the average street

Says the "Average American Citizen"

whether or not he considered it an honor to have been selected as the average man.

"Some writers have suggested that I should resent the fact that I was named 'average.' I do not. I was proud of the distinction and would not take a good deal for the experience it has brought me."

Mr. Gray's wife stated two years ago that her husband was above the average as a husband and father, and today she stated that she still believes this.

The ABC's of General Knowledge

Our Ten Best Motion Picture Customers

Based on the Total Number of Linear Feet of Film Purchased by These Foreign Countries During 1928.

Sources: Motion Picture Division, Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, and the Film Daily.

Chart By FRELING FOSTER

Australia Is the Largest Foreign User of American Movies—and Has Been for Several Years!

Country	Linear Feet
Australia	25,400,562
Argentina	20,161,142
Brazil	16,464,410
United Kingdom	12,699,349
Germany	11,219,271
Canada	8,814,462
Mexico	8,662,988
Spain	8,240,266
France	7,932,717
Japan	6,227,656

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By CLARE MURRAY—Girl Poet-Artist

Phantom (On the Riverbank)



"And I stalked a spectre all that night."

HER voice was so cool when she answered me
Over the telephone.
One would never have known
From a word or a tone
That she lied. But I saw her, I saw...

(Bitter rain and wind cutting raw)...
That evening she wasn't alone.
She stepped from a cab before me
And he bowed as he helped her alight.
And, laughing, they passed from my sight
Under a blue-lit dome.
The word that she murmured,
"Home,"
I heard.

I was beaten into my brain.
My eyesight blurred,
And my heart drained white,
And I stalked a spectre all that night
Like a madman in the rain.

I fought the phantom.
At dawn it fled.
What if the full-blown rose is dead?
The dove has flown.
My heart is shed.
The music of life is a monotone.

But many a night, awake, I've lain
And heard the bitter and blinding rain...
It seems to me that its teardrops lave
The dark wild highlands that hold
Love's grave.