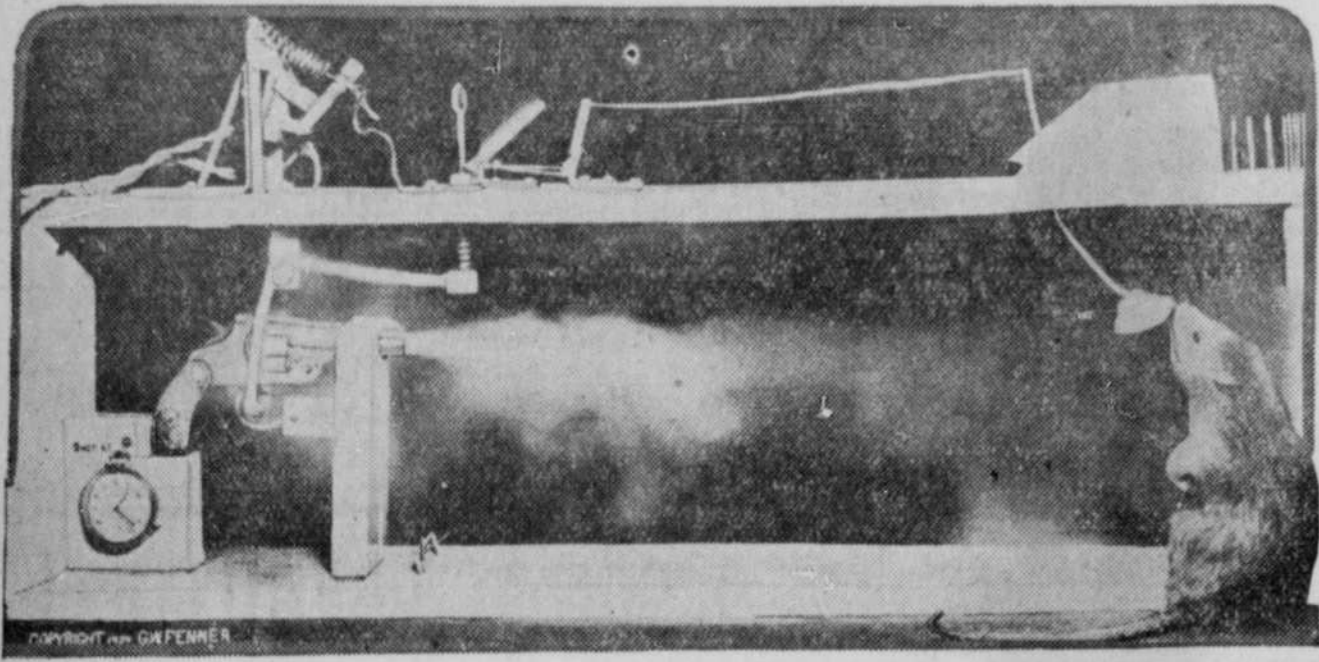


### Rat Shoots Self and Records Fatal Event



THIS is the "Rube Goldberg" contraption rigged up by George W. Fenner of Syracuse, N. Y., a photographer, whereby a rat killed itself as it took bait that fired a gun, at the same time photographing the event. At one end of the novel trap the bait was suspended from a wire. Pulling the bait released a catch which dropped a hammer operated by a spring. This tripped the trigger of the revolver. The shot not only killed the rat but cut a piece of string, releasing a spring, which set off the flashlight. A watch close to the revolver showed the time of the death of the rat and the taking of the picture.

## QUESTION BOX

by ED WYNN, The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn:  
Why do so many people buy their milk from a milkman? Why don't they get it directly from the cow? The milkman puts water in it, while a cow gives pure milk.  
Yours truly,  
CARRIE PALE.

Answer: It is true that a cow gives pure milk, but the difference between a cow and a milkman is that a cow doesn't give credit.

Dear Mr. Wynn:  
I have been keeping company with a young man for over two years. I've done everything to get him to propose to me. Last night he called at my home and during the conversation I came right out and asked him if he ever thought of getting married. He said: "The girl I marry must be able to raise a family, take care of a house, cook and so on." I am willing to take care of his house, raise a family, and I'll cook, too, but what does he mean by saying so on?  
Truly yours,  
I. WANTHIM.

Answer: When he says you must be able to take care of the house, cook and so on, he simply means you must be able to sew on buttons.

Dear Mr. Wynn:  
I am a young man just twenty years old. I have a good position and earn good wages. I want to get married, but I am afraid of having trouble because I'd rather play golf than eat. Is it possible to find a wife who will stand for that?  
Truly yours,  
N. THERUFF.

Answer: A man who would rather play golf than eat should marry a girl who would rather play bridge than cook.

Dear Mr. Wynn:  
I am twenty-seven years of age

and a traveling salesman. I am madly in love with a girl who lives in Harrisburg, and feel the same about a girl who lives in Albany. Can a man love two girls?  
Yours truly,  
ISELL KETCHUP.

Answer: Sure, as they live in different cities you're perfectly safe.

Dear Mr. Wynn:  
I am giving a luncheon and the honored guest is to be the governor of our state. When at the table, being the hostess, should I sit on the governor's right hand?  
Truly yours,  
MRS. DICK SHONARY.

Answer: By no means do that. The governor probably eats with his right hand. Sit on a chair.

Dear Mr. Wynn:  
I have read a great deal about vaccination. Some folks say it will always save a person's life while others say just the opposite. I think it will save life, don't you?  
Sincerely,  
C. RUM.

Answer: I can't see how they can guarantee it will always save life. For instance, I know a boy eight years old who got vaccinated and four days later he was run over by an automobile and killed.  
© the Associated Newspapers.  
WNU Service.

### For Cool Weather



Hand knitted angora wool in rust and bright yellow makes a set consisting of old-fashioned tam-o'-shanter, scarf and tiny muff.

**Sunday Crime Costly**  
Sunday was so sacred in medieval England that even crime committed on Sunday was more expensive and a Sunday burglary would be fined twice that of one committed on a week day.

of all kinds, especially chicken, make most delightful sauces.

#### Sauce Piquant.

To one cupful of brown sauce prepared with any good beef stock add one-half tablespoonful of chopped onion, one tablespoonful each of chopped caper and pickle with a dash of cayenne and a tablespoonful of vinegar.

The varieties of sauces depend entirely upon the resources of the cook, they may be three or four, or legion.  
© Western Newspaper Union.

## THROUGH a WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

COME OUT OF THE HEN COOP!

A MAN in Camden, N. J., is suing his wife to let him out of a hen coop! Or that is what it amounts to. What he is actually suing for is the return of the title to his home, since it is his signing that over to her which resulted in his having to live with the chickens. No sooner had he transferred the house to her, he says, than she put him out of it and made him live in the hen coop.

How, you might ask, can any woman make any man live in a hen coop? We forgot to state that the husband in question is a seventy-eight-year-old preacher, and the woman he married thirty-five. Incidentally, a younger man is involved whom he is suing for alienation of affections.  
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

But even at seventy-eight, you will insist, a man can come out of a hen coop and assert his rights to his own house. "And a man who at that age had ambition enough to marry a young wife," said the first woman to whom I put this unique case, "you'd think he'd have spunk enough to see that no one put him out of his own house. If he was so helpless as that, what he wanted was a nurse, and not a wife. Why didn't he hire one instead of marrying her? Then she couldn't have put him out!"

History would indicate that old men before have had the "ambition" to marry young wives, and while they have not all landed in the hen coop, frequently that has seemed to be the end of their "ambition."

Whatever the merits of the accusation of this elderly minister that his young wife made him live in the hen coop, there is something in the thought of my friend that for a man who remains helpless in such a situation it would be more rational to hire a nurse than to take unto himself a young wife.  
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

### Ice-Cold Milk for Byrd Expedition



One of the several exclusive pictures to arrive in America shortly before the end of the Antarctic winter near the South pole is this amusing one of two of the cows taken south by Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, shown out on the ice for a bit of exercise. Heavy blankets protect the cows from the 60-degree-below-zero weather.



### SOMETHING NICE

Hubby—The bank has returned that check.  
Wife—Isn't that splendid! What can we buy with it this time?—Answers (London).

**Up-to-Date**  
"That Miss Blonde is much older than I thought," remarked a young man to his friend in the boarding house.  
"What makes you think that?" asked his friend.  
"Well," he replied, "I asked her if she had read Homer's 'Iliad,' and she said she read it when it first came out."—Stray Stories.

**Not Worth It**  
Mazie (showing photograph)—This is my new boy friend—he's in the lost property office.  
Madge—Hm! I shouldn't trouble to reclaim him if I were you.—London Answers.

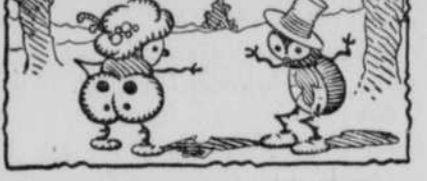
**Truth in Advertising**  
First Salesman—I'm from New York and I manufacture Persian rugs. Where do you come from and what is your specialty?  
Second Salesman—I'm from New York, too. I make genuine antiques.

**And Weren't Playing**  
Dentist—Have you seen any small boys ring my bell and run away?  
Policeman—They weren't small boys—they were grown-ups!—Humorist.

**Preparedness**  
"Why did you engage that man as cashier? He squints, has a crooked nose and outstanding ears."  
"Of course. He will be so easy to identify if he ever absconds."—Hummel (Hamburg).

**No Inspiration**  
"So Algy isn't writing for a living now?"  
"No," his father refuses to send him another cent.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### BUG REPARTEE



Bug—But you're a ladybug.  
Ladybug—Well, I wish you were a gentleman bug!

**A True Trader**  
"Have you any objection to government ownership?"  
"None at all," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "I'd rather enjoy getting the government into the market so that I can sell to it when values are high and buy back when they go down."

### SHE KNEW COOKS



Fortune Teller—A dark lady will visit you for a day.  
Female Patron—It must be the new cook I just engaged.

**Keeps His Word**  
Tenant—I'm sorry I can't pay my rent this week.  
Landlord—But you said that last week and the week before.  
Tenant—Yes, and didn't I keep my word?

**Sad Parting**  
Wife (after tiff)—You brute! I'm going to get the baby and go to mother's.  
Husband—Yes, and I'm going to get the jewelry and go to uncle's.

### Charming Design, and "Tubs" Well

PATTERN 9937  
Here is a design that was born to make laundresses happy. One can see them with the mind's eye smiling "friendly-like" at it every time it is tubbed. The little sash will be untied, and first they will iron the ruffles. After that it will be plain sailing—or should we say ironing? In our concentration upon laundresses, we have forgotten to mention the proud possessors of the frock who will one and all adore it because, in the first place, it was



so easy to make—and ever afterward so smart and becoming to wear.

Pattern 9937 may be ordered only in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 36 inch fabric.

Complete diagrammed sew chart included.  
Send FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYLE NUMBER and SIZE.  
Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighth Street, New York, N. Y.

### A REGULAR TRADE

Prison Governor (to released convict)—I'm sorry. I find we have kept you here a week too long.  
Convict—That's all right, sir. Knock it off next time.—Louisville Times.

**Leadership**  
"You are accused of being a political boss of Crimston Gulch," said the reformer.  
"The reputation for power is the basis of leadership," answered Cactus Joe. "What you refer to as an accusation I regard as one of my credentials."

**Speech**  
"What do you expect to say when congress meets?"  
"I'm sure only of one thing," answered Senator Sorghum. "I am being trained to great discretion. But I am sure there will be no objection to my saying 'present' when the roll is called."

**The Test**  
"Life seems to be just a grindstone!"  
"And whether it grinds you down or polishes you depends on the sort of stuff you're made of."—Pathfinder Magazine.

**Not Like Europeans**  
First Politician—Why are you so sure there is no life on Mars?  
Second Politician—Well, for one thing, they never have asked the United States for a loan!

**Force of Habit**  
Corporal—The new recruit used to be a clerk.  
Sergeant—How do you know?  
Corporal—Every time he stands at ease he tries to put his rifle behind his ear.—Fredericton Gleamer.

## BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

### JENNY WREN TELLS WHO THE STRANGER IS

THE longer Peter Rabbit stared at the stranger in the Old Orchard, the more he realized how mistaken he had been in thinking that he was dressed all in black. Now that Peter was so near he could see that the stranger was speckled all over with tiny light spots. Underneath he was dark brownish-gray. His wings and tail were the same



"He is Speckles the Starling and He Isn't Really an American at All."

color, with little touches of buff. His rather large bill was yellow.

Peter hurried back to Jenny Wren, and, it must be confessed, he looked sheepish. "You were right, Jenny Wren. He isn't black at all," confessed Peter.

"Of course I was right. I usually am," retorted Jenny. "He isn't black, he isn't even related to the Blackbird family, and he hasn't any business in this country, anyway."

### Do You Know—



That our common house cat is probably a descendant of the North-African "gloved" or "Caffre" cat still found wild in the Nile valley and which was made a domestic animal by the Egyptians about Thirteen centuries B. C. From the earliest ages cats have been the objects of superstition and in Egypt they are held in the highest reverence.  
© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate  
WNU Service.

He's a foreigner. That's what he is, a foreigner."  
"But you haven't told me who he is," protested Peter.

"He is Speckles the Starling and he isn't really an American at all," replied Jenny. "He comes from across the ocean the same as Bully the English Sparrow. Thank goodness he hasn't such a quarrelsome disposition as Bully. Just the same, the rest of us would be better satisfied if he were not here. He has taken possession of one of the old houses of Yellow Wing the Flicker, and that means one less house for birds who really belong here. If his family increases at the rate Bully's family does, I'm afraid some of us will be crowded out of the Old Orchard. Did you notice that yellow bill of his?"

Peter nodded. "I certainly did," he said. "I couldn't very well help noticing it."

"Well, there's a funny thing about that bill," replied Jenny. "In winter it turns almost black. Most of us wear a different colored suit in winter, but our bills remain the same."

"He seems to be pretty well fixed here, and I don't see but what the thing for the rest of the birds to do is to make the best of the matter," said Peter. "What I want to know is, whether or not he is of any use?"

"I guess he must be of some good," admitted Jenny Wren rather grudgingly. "I've seen him picking up worms and grubs, but he likes grain, and I have a suspicion that if his family becomes very numerous, and I suspect it will, they will eat more of Farmer Brown's grain than they will pay for by the worms and bugs they destroy. Hello! There's Dandy the Waxwing and his friends."

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.



"At the pace we are going," says observing Olivia, "marriage will never more be a success until we can make the license clerk's office and the divorce court in the same trip."  
WNU Service.

### A Hole in the Hedge

By ANNE CAMPBELL

OUR hedge was so lovely a few years ago, Unbroken and straight, with its clipped edge just so. But now it is not so precise to the view. There's a hole in the hedge where our baby runs through!

There's a gap in the green made by small eager hands. Like a small open door with a welcome it stands.

And I like our hedge better than when it was new. Since it spreads a green path where our baby runs through!

Copyright.—WNU Service

## MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

### SAUCES FOR FISH AND MEATS

AN APPROPRIATE sauce to accompany any dish of whatever nature makes often a most ordinary one unusual. The common practice of using tomato in everything, good as it is, should not be overdone. A good tomato sauce used on a meat loaf or a dish of fish is always enjoyed; however, there are many other equally good sauces which are seldom used.

Perhaps it is a form of laziness, this too common tomato sauce, for one may open a can of tomato soup, heat it, add a dash of this and that, and have a good sauce. As one travels over the country, meals become more and more afflicted with tomato in the salad, in the soup, in the sandwich, as a sauce on fish and meat, all good, but why overdo a good thing until we dislike the sound of the name? The two sauces which are always enjoyed and may be varied indefinitely are white and brown sauce—we even use these in the preparation of ubiquitous tomato sauce.

#### Brown Sauce.

When preparing a brown sauce which with its flavor and color adds much to most meat dishes, the flour is browned; it will be necessary to add more of it for thickening, as browning destroys a part of the thickening property, by dextrinizing the starch—that is, changing it to a form of sugar. Add liquid desired—a cupful to the usual two tablespoonfuls of flour and the same of butter, makes a fairly thick sauce; when browned flour is used add an extra tablespoonful. Broths

### WITTY KITTY

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM



The girl chum says an optimist is a person who reaches for his hat when a speaker says "in conclusion."  
WNU Service.

**Gowns of Presidents' Wives**  
The Smithsonian institution has a collection of historic gowns worn by the First Ladies of the Land from the Washington administration down to the Roosevelt term.

### Just Charge It



THAT WOULD BE NICE ON ONE OF MY BUREAUS

## The Leader

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM