

Jimmy Walker Now Is a "Country Gentleman"



JAMES J. WALKER, former mayor of New York, is now living the life of a country gentleman in England. Our illustration shows "The Thatch," in Surrey, built by Mrs. Walker's mother, where he and his wife reside; and Jimmy himself with Jock, his pet Scotty.

QUESTION BOX by ED WYNN, The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn:

A friend of mine whom I haven't seen for three years came into my office yesterday. I always thought he was tall, but yesterday he looked short to me. He told me he had just gotten married. Could that have anything to do with him looking shorter than before?

Sincerely, I. GLASS.

Answer: That is the whole story in a nutshell. He used to be tall, but since he married he probably settled down.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I have just been convicted and sentenced to jail for twenty years. I understand a prisoner has his choice of jobs when he is sent to prison. Twenty years is a long time. Can you tell me what position I should pick out?

Yours truly, A. ITZTUFF.

Answer: When the warden asks you what you want to do tell him you want to be a sailor.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

Can you tell me why a giraffe's neck is so long?

Yours truly, ARCH OLOGIST.

Answer: My dear chap, the reason a giraffe's neck is so long is merely because its head is so far away from its body.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I am troubled with insomnia. I can't seem to sleep at night. It worries me very much. What remedy do you suggest to stop me worrying?

Sincerely, IKE ANTSLEEP.

Answer: Jump on a train and go to Virginia, get some of that corn whisky they make down there, take three drinks of it and you won't care a rap if you sleep or not.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I own a cafe which only does a small business. I can't afford a cabaret and do not know how to entertain my customers. Can you suggest any way of me giving my cus-

tomers some enjoyment while dining? Yours truly, E. TINGPLACE.

Answer: Serve them some waffles and alphabet soup and they can make up their own cross-word puzzles.

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Velvet Wrap



Upholstery fringe in a smoky beige tone forms the flattering color on this matching wrap of velvet. Full sleeves, held in at the wrist, accentuate the fitted line of the wrap.

Mother's Cook Book

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS

CHICKEN is a meat which nearly every one likes and we serve it as often as the purse will allow. For variety:

Chicken Alabama.

Arrange the pieces of chicken in a baking pan as for fricassee. Add water and a little butter and cook in a moderate oven, basting every fifteen minutes for an hour. Add a tablespoonful of chopped onion, a teaspoonful of salt and pepper to taste. Cook another half hour, basting often. Serve with hominy and sweet potato croquettes.

Entree of Giblets.

Cook thoroughly the hearts, livers and gizzards of several chickens; chop fine and thicken the broth, add seasonings, onion juice, lemon juice, some tabasco sauce. Put into ramekins and cover with buttered crumbs; bake ten minutes and serve when the crumbs are brown. Veal may be added to extend the quantity of this dish without losing any of its attractiveness.

Shrimp Tardo.

Take one can of shrimps, one cupful each of cooked rice and thick cream, one tablespoonful each of melted butter and grated onion, three-fourths of a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce and one-third of a cupful of tomato catsup. Melt the butter, fry the onion, add the shrimps, rice, sauce and catsup. Bake twenty minutes.

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no recourse but the poor "bits" which fall to the lot of a "has been."

If Vanity's name is woman, it is becoming hyphenated with Common Sense. And men who are going to adopt it had better follow suit with the latter, too.

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Highest Priced Beef of the Year



THE highest priced beef in the United States this year is the good-looking steer which is pictured above. It is the grand champion of the Ak-Sar-Ben Live Stock show, world's largest 4-H baby beef show, conducted at Omaha. At the auction sale which followed the Ak-Sar-Ben show, this steer, a white-faced Hereford, sold for \$1.05 a pound, bringing its proud owner, Mervin Aegerter of Seward, Neb., the remarkable price of \$1,143. The purchaser, George Brandeis, is a prominent merchant of Omaha and made the top bid after spirited bidding against Edward Cudaby, Jr., of Chicago, president of the Cudaby packing company. Aegerter is shown in the picture with Mr. Brandeis.

THE DAYS THAT USED TO BE

By ANNE CAMPBELL

THE happy days that used to be trail green paths of allure. The little home that sheltered me—A nest warm and secure—Sends up its smoke against the sky Of memory. . . . Once more I see the golden sun climb high Above my cottage door.

There never were such dawns as those—

So fragrant and so clean; The dew that sparkled on the rose, The morning silver sheen, Shed over all of us the grace Of the beginning day . . . It was the early morning face Of God that turned our way.

So simple were the hours we spent, So tranquil were our days, It is small wonder that content Adorned our humble ways. And something of that beauty clings To bless us still, and blind The present to the happy Springs That we have left behind.

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Through A WOMAN'S EYES by JEAN NEWTON

VANITY, THY NAME IS—?

"VANITY, thy name is woman!" There are men the author of that quotation did not know. One of them, a motion picture actor, killed himself the other day because he had got too old to play romantic parts.

There were other circumstances contributing to his despondency, of course. There had been illness and financial loss. But the man's best friend at the time of his death said it was the prospect of playing "bit" parts with others in the romantic roles that was the real cause of his giving up. "His chief pride," it was said, "was his unswerving faith in himself as 'the perfect lover'—and when he could no longer be that he did not care to live."

It is a tragedy that we used to connect with women, that desperate battle with the years, that inability to grow old gracefully. Particularly women on the stage, whose survival in their profession was thought to depend on their physical charms, were assumed to live in dread of the creeping up of inevitable time. And yet today we see more and more popular actresses outwitting that enemy. They do it by the simple process of going along with time, instead of trying to fight it. Mary Pickford grows up sweet sixteen parts and gives up in pictures; such a still glamorously beautiful actress as Judith Anderson plays the modern mother of a grown son. Even on the stage a woman can be forty-five and still beautiful; she can be sixty and still interesting; but she cannot, as a former generation allowed Sarah Bernhardt, play acceptably a part that is half her age. And she has discovered that

her alternative need not be oblivion. It may be the modern demand for realism that has led actresses—as well as women in private life—to adapt themselves more frankly to the dictates of the years, to try to use them for whatever their advantages, rather than be defeated by them. Whatever the reason, it is uncommon today to find a woman who does not know when to leave the ingenue role for ones in character. So we are spared many of the ghastly exhibitions that were familiar when women thought they had to remain young or die.

And if these were tragic on the part of women, how much more pitiable to find a man who tries to hang on to youth and physical glamor, how much more—at the risk of sounding hard—inexcusable! In every day life, of course, most of us find it distasteful for a man to put much weight on his physical attractiveness. And on the stage there are so many character parts that a man can play, it should be far easier than for a woman to make the transition from romantic roles before he finds himself dropped, with

BEDTIME STORY By THORNTON W. BURGESS

A WONDERFUL SWIMMER

IN THE moonlight on the bank of the Big River Peter Rabbit sat gossipping with Honker the Goose. Suddenly they were interrupted by a wild, strange cry from the middle of the Big River. It was like crazy laughter. Peter jumped at the sound, but Honker merely chuckled.

"It's Dippy the Loon," said Honker. "He spends the summer in the Far North not far from us and started south just before we did."

"I wish he would come in here so that I could get a good look at him and make his acquaintance," said Peter.

"He may, but I doubt it," replied Honker. "You know Dippy practically lives on the water and rarely comes ashore. He's about the most awkward fellow on land of anyone I know of."

"Why should he be any more awkward on land than you?" asked Peter.

"Because," replied Honker, "Old Mother Nature has given him very short legs and has placed them so far back on his body that he can't keep his balance to walk and has to use his wings and bill to help him over the ground. On shore he is about the most helpless thing you ever have seen. On water he is altogether another fellow. He's just as much at home under water as on top. My, how that fellow can dive! When he sees the flash of a gun he will get under water before the shot can reach him. That's where he has the advantage of us geese. You know, we can't dive."

He could swim clear across this river if he wanted to. And he can swim so fast under water that he can catch fish. It is because his legs have been placed so far back that he can swim so fast. His feet are nothing but big paddles. Another funny thing is that he can sink right down in the water when he wants to, with nothing but his head out. I envy him that. It would be a lot easier for us geese to escape the hunters if we could sink down that way."

"Has he got a bill like yours?" asked Peter innocently.

"How do you suppose he would hold on to a slippery fish if he had a bill like mine?" demanded Honker. "His bill is stout, straight and sharp-pointed. He is pretty nearly as big as I and his back, wings, tail and neck are black, with bluish or greenish appearance in the sun. His back and wings are spotted with white and there are streaks of white on his throat and on the sides of his neck. On his breast and below he is all white. You certainly ought to get acquainted with Dippy, Peter."

"I'd like to," replied Peter, "but I guess I'll have to be content to know him just by his voice. It's about as crazy sounding as the voice of Old Man Coyote and that is saying a great deal."

Seeing that Honker was very tired, Peter bade him good night and left him in peace on the sandy bar in the Big River.

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Lei Is a Mix-Up

The Hawaiian lei is usually made of flowers, feathers, paper, seeds or shells, but occasionally pods, corks, vegetables, match boxes, candy, etc., are employed.

Do You Know—



That reindeer meat is now being served in dining cars on trains in parts of the northwest. Scarcely a generation ago, the reindeer was imported into Alaska. Now that territory has 350,000 animals descendants from the original herd.

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WITTY KITTY

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM



The girl chum says if people feared exposure to the sun as they do exposure to ridicule, there would be no cases of sunburn.

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The Nurse and Nursery of Europe



"A person who turns to the paper for the weather report," says ironic Irene, "can't have much faith in their forecasts."

GIRLIGAGS



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BRISBANE THIS WEEK

A Flying Vanderbilt Communists and Tailors Was EPIC; Now It's EPIA In and Out of Who's Who

The original Commodore Vanderbilt, who ran a little boat from Staten Island to the mainland, then became the country's biggest railroad man and head of the New York Central, would be interested to know that his great-grandson, William K. Vanderbilt, according to Mr. Maury Paul, has built a big airplane for his personal travel. His branch of the Vanderbilt family will be independent of railroads, even yachts, except for ocean crossings.

Mr. West of the Junior National Chamber of Commerce says one million five hundred thousand Communists are plotting to overthrow this government.

The famous "seven tailors of Tooley street," beginning their exordium, "We, the people of England," also planned to change things, but they did not. Mr. West's one million five hundred thousand Communists will not overthrow anything, either. Besides, there are not one million five hundred thousand. The number of real enrolled Communists in this country is under thirty thousand, and there are perhaps one hundred thousand pale pink Communists.

If there were one million five hundred thousand there would still be about one hundred and twenty-two million Americans of a different color, determined to change this government in their way, if at all, and do it slowly.

Have you heard about "EPIA"? It is a new arrangement of letters invented by Harry L. Hopkins, administrator of federal emergency relief for President Roosevelt, and it means "End Poverty in America." Your mind hops back to Mr. Upton Sinclair's "EPIC," which meant "End Poverty in California," until the election ended "epic."

Mr. Hopkins is a powerful man, of strong will, great energy, and nobody will "pooh-pooh" his plan to abolish American poverty. He would spend public billions on "sub-sistence homesteads" and rural rehabilitation programs, move families from poor lands to good lands, where they might prosper; lend government billions to buy tools, equipment homesteads, buy live stock, etc.

The new British "Who's Who" gives Hitler two lines. Frances Perkins is not in the book, although Greta Garbo is in, and Upton Sinclair, with a full account of his "EPIC."

Those left out must console themselves with the fact that Leonardo da Vinci, in all his writing, did not mention Christopher Columbus, and the duke of St. Simon, in his long memoirs, makes only one little mention of Voltaire, merely because "he was the son of my father's notary."

Washington says the President, in a financial imitation of Hamlet, asks himself just now: "To spend, or not to spend." If he proceeds with the full program of relief, supplying jobs and food, he must ask congress for more billions, perhaps nine of them, \$9,000,000,000.

If congress says yes, and the authorities foolishly decide to issue interest-bearing "inflation" bonds, that will mean paying not \$9,000,000,000, but \$18,000,000,000, the original plus interest.

Senator Huey Long of Louisiana says he has enrolled 1,400,000 Americans in his "share-the-wealth" plan.

That seems a small figure for a plan to divide big fortunes. New York and Chicago had thriving "share-the-wealth" organizations before Senator Long started his. Some original gentlemen with share-the-wealth inclinations are in Atlanta penitentiary, some in a Colorado prison, some on Alcatraz Island, in the bay back of San Francisco.

At Tivoli, N. Y., the courtroom cheered when a jury acquitted a teacher, thirty-seven years old, for beating a thirteen-year-old boy with a rubber hose and allegedly hitting him with his fist. The man admitted using the rubber hose, but denied using his fist.

Had he admitted beating a young dog with a rubber hose, the courtroom would not have cheered.

Once, reporters tell you, Mrs. Edythe Townsend was rich, a wit, a beauty, and a lady who visited at the White House, and had aristocratic ancestors. They found her dead, suicide by gas, in a small furnished room. She was fifty-eight years old, and, police said, "ill, lonely, impoverished, despondent." Those four words wipe out all past grandeur, fine ancestry, recollections of wealth.

Senator Borah, a sincere, independent American, wants the Republican party to reorganize itself, giving it "liberals" control.

He would drive out the "reactionaries." If he did that, what and how many would he have left? © King Features Syndicate, Inc. WNU Service.

Housewife's Idea Box



To Relieve Burns and Itches

A paste made from sodium bicarbonate and water is a simple and satisfactory way of relieving a burn or a bite. Sodium bicarbonate (baking soda) is usually on every kitchen shelf.

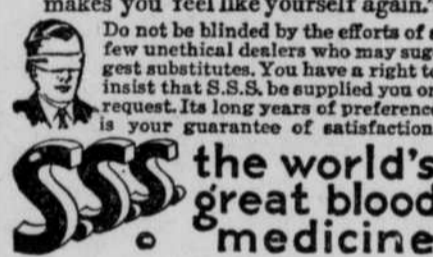
THE HOUSEWIFE. Copyright by Public Ledger, Inc. WNU Service.

Briefly Told

Affection can withstand very severe storms of vigor, but not a long frost of indifference.—Sir Walter Scott.

Appetite gone?

A simple thing, perhaps...yet a very serious one, resulting in loss of strength...body weakness...and possibly many other ills. So why not check-up and snap back to the zest of eating and well being. You will find S.S.S., a great, scientifically-tested tonic—not just a so-called tonic, but one specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemoglobin of the blood to enable you to "carry on." Do try it. Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food and good digestion...sound sleep...and renewed strength. Remember, "S.S.S." makes you feel like yourself again.



Just a Starter No man, getting rich, ever stops at the first million.

STOPPED-UP NOSTRILS due to colds. Use Mentholatum to help open the nostrils and permit freer breathing. MENTHOLATUM Gives COMFORT Daily

For Peace on Earth We have got to take the idealism out of war.—Rev. Dr. Dwight Bradley.

CREOMULSION Your own druggist is authorized to cheerfully refund you money on the spot if you are not relieved by Creomulsion. COUGHS

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR KIDNEYS!

If your kidneys are not working right and you suffer backache, dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, swollen feet and ankles; feel lame, stiff, "all tired out"—use Doan's Pills. Thousands rely upon Doan's. They are praised the country over. Get Doan's Pills today. For sale by all druggists.

DOAN'S PILLS

NIP THAT COLD

CLEANSE INTERNALLY Doctors advise: "The moment a cold sets in, eat sparingly, CLEANSE INTERNALLY." A cup of Garfield Tea will relieve constipation, help break the cold's hold. Incidentally cleans out the system, increases your resistance.—At drugstores—25c & 10c.

GARFIELD TEA

WNU—U 50-34

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Imports Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at drug-gists. Elson's Chemical Works, Patheogue, N. Y.