

Descendants of Evangeline's Clan on Move



Line's camp were driven out of Canada by the British. The descendants of that band, pictured here, were brought from their homes in southwest Louisiana to a 90,000-acre tract of marsh below New Orleans by a fur syndicate, as trappers. Only the intervention of a United States marshal and forty deputies averted a massacre when residents of the marsh, feeling themselves cheated of a livelihood, rose up in arms against the invaders and protested with weapons and fire. The Cajans, as they are now called, were mobilized by marshals and gladly went to their homes 200 miles distant. They are shown preparing to depart.

LIKE their ancestral Acadians, more than 150 years ago, most famed of whom was Evangeline, these trappers and their families are gathered, awaiting transportation away from the scenes of their livelihood. The circumstances, however, are quite different. Evange-

BEDTIME STORY
By THORNTON W. BURGESS

REDDY FOX QUARRELS FOOLISHLY

AS REDDY FOX sat glaring up at Terror the Goshawk, whose arrival from the Far North had spoiled Reddy's hunting in the Green Forest, he grew angrier and angrier. He grew so angry that presently he walked over until he was almost under Terror the Goshawk. "What right have you down here in the Green Forest?" he snarled. "The same right you have, Reddy Fox," retorted Terror.

"It's no such thing," snapped Reddy. "You haven't the same right here I have. You belong up in the



"Huh!" Retorted Reddy Fox. "Talk is cheap."

Far North, while I live here all year round. Why don't you stay where you belong?" "Since when have you owned the Green Forest?" replied Terror. "I would have you know, Reddy Fox, that I go where I please. I have found very good hunting here these last few days, and I think I shall stay the rest of the winter. What are you going to do about it?"

That question was too much for Reddy Fox. If Terror had been a four-legged person like himself there might have been ways to make things most uncomfortable for him. As it was, there wasn't a single thing Reddy could do, and he knew it.

"You're a great, big bully and coward," snarled Reddy. You know it is an easy matter to call people you hate bad names. Terror merely chuckled. It was a hateful chuckle and made Reddy angrier than ever. "So I'm a cow-

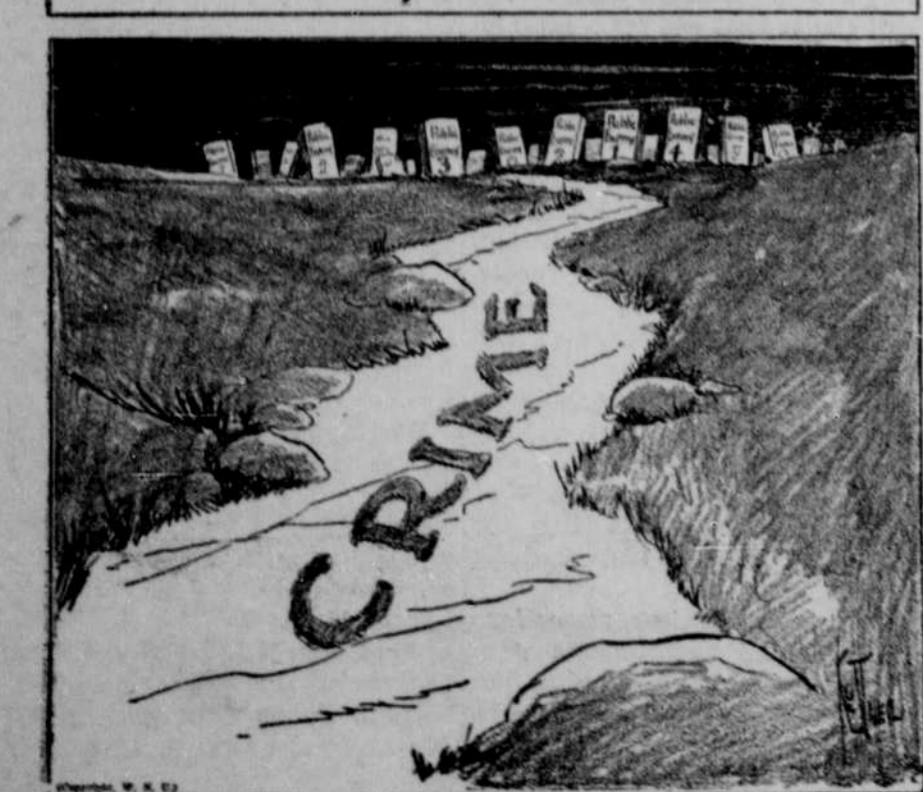
ard, am I?" said Terror. "Think again, Reddy; think again. It is you who are a coward, not I. I fear nothing and no one. Just to settle the question I dare you to go up to Farmer Brown's and steal a chicken from his henhouse while he is about." "That's a silly dare," snarled Reddy. "You are daring me to do something you don't dare do yourself. You know well enough you'll keep away from that henyard as long as Farmer Brown is about." "Is that so?" snapped Terror, and the feathers on the top of his head began to rise in anger. "I never dare anybody to do what I don't dare do myself." "Huh!" retorted Reddy Fox. "Talk is cheap." He said this with an unpleasant sneer. Terror's fierce eyes blazed with rage. "I never boast," he declared. "I dare you to go to Farmer Brown's henyard right now and prove who is the coward." Reddy Fox couldn't very well back out. He tried to think of an excuse, but for the life of him he couldn't. "All right," said he, "I'll take your dare."

WITTY KITTY
By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM



"The girl chum says it is noticed that the guy who is so generous that he 'will give you the shirt off his back' never goes so far as to perform this act of self-sacrifice in public."

The End of the Crooked Trail



TO MY CHILD

By ANNE CAMPBELL

SOMETIME in years to come, when the strong sea of life is threatening, with you afraid,

I hope that courage comes with thoughts of me. And you recall the hope that ever made a green place in the desert of our lives. We have made much of little and been gay. When your own disillusionment arrives, Remember love that sweetened every day.

I wish I could build love into a wall so thick and high you never would be caught in life's swift eddies. . . . If you hear a call From a far place, it will express this thought: There was no road too difficult to take; There was no task too hard for your dear sake. Copyright.—WNU Service.

Brains Must Help Brain
The brain alone is helpless, unless it is assisted by certain ductless glands, two in particular—the thyroid and adrenal glands, according to an authority. The thyroid gland excretes thyroxin, which stimulates activity, particularly of the brain, and causes the hormones to circulate, while the adrenal glands, the brains of the sympathetic system, control the emotions, it is explained.

Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by JEAN NEWTON

LIFE AFTER NINETY

AN EMINENT French inventor, interviewed on his ninetieth birthday, commented that life is too short. Life, he felt, should be longer. "There are so many interesting things to be done," he said, "so much to learn."

Don't we find it thrilling, one of our readers wants to know, that a man of ninety should be so untiring as still to feel that life is too short? Since this man is an inventor, perhaps he will have an idea for prolonging our lives—and wouldn't that be great!

Sorry to be so perverse, but not for me. From a detached viewpoint, going on indefinitely after ninety holds few charms for me.

And this nonagenarian who is not only willing but eager to go on taking it strikes me as rather exceptional. It may be his luck in what he chose as his life-work. Inventing can make the hours fly, so perhaps it can make ninety years seem as nothing. More usually, men and women who reach that age are not "untired."

As for the things to be learned, I should say that what we cannot learn and do before we reach ninety, we are not very likely to learn afterward.

If such powers are to be given to scientists, I should say try to prolong youth—rather than prolong life after ninety. By youth, I do not mean childhood, but the years of power—power of body and mind

QUESTION BOX
by ED WYNN, The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn: I am a girl twenty-three years old and have lived all my life in the country, and I have just made up my mind to move to the city. I am a pretty good cook and that is why I am writing to you. What I want to know is: Do many city people "keep" cooks?

Truly yours,
MARMA LADE.

Answer: They do not. But most people engage another as soon as one leaves.

Dear Mr. Wynn: I know a man living right here in New York who is a millionaire, yet he has been wearing the same suit for the past seven years and looks as if he is broke. I once asked him why he, with all his money, didn't buy a new suit, and he said everybody in New York

knew he could afford a new suit, and as long as everybody knew him he couldn't see what difference it made. Last month a friend of mine saw him in Philadelphia (where he doesn't know a soul) and he had on the same suit. How do you figure that out?

Sincerely,

IZZIE X. ENTRICK.

Answer: He said everybody knows him in New York and they know he can afford better clothes, so it doesn't make any difference how he dresses. He probably figures that when he is in Philadelphia he can dress the same way because nobody knows him, so it doesn't make any difference how he dresses.

Dear Mr. Wynn: It isn't that I am opposed to a person playing cards for money, but I would like you to settle an argument between my wife and me. The question is, "Can an honest man play poker?"

Sincerely,
JACK O'DIAMONDS.

Answer: Of course he can, but he won't win.

Dear Mr. Wynn: I saw a man with both his hands bandaged and I asked him how it happened. He didn't answer me. I later found out the reason he didn't answer me was because he was deaf and dumb. I also heard his hands were bandaged because every joint in his fingers is broken. How do you account for an accident like that?

Sincerely,
DINAH MITE.

Answer: He is deaf and dumb, the joints of his fingers are broken; very simple: he most likely broke them by cracking jokes on his fingers.

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Fascinating Tunic Dress



Striking in material and motif is this fascinating new tunic dress. The fabric is navy blue taffeta with white polka dots. The suit is closely fitted at the hip and skirt, and cut with deep raglan sleeves, which are turned back at three-quarter length to form deep cuffs. Really stunning is the wide ruching which is made of self material, cut on the bias and fringed at the edges. Three rows are used on the tunic, another row forms the Pierrot collar, and the same ruching is used on the navy blue straw hat. A blue velvet bow is caught in the neck ruff, and a velvet ribbon carelessly knotted forms the belt. Navy blue suede was selected for bag and gloves, and matching kid for the pumps.

Snow Plows Liberate Stalled Trains

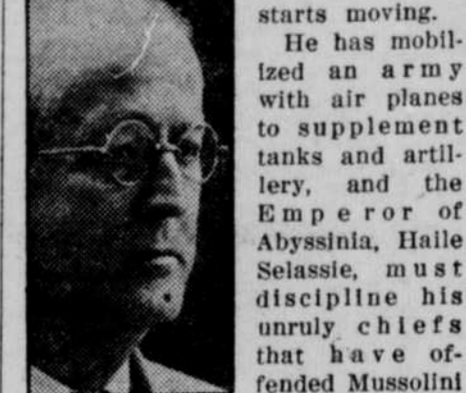


FOUR rotary snow plows were at work on Cumbres Pass, Colo., 10,915 feet above sea level, clearing the way for three Denver and Rio Grande Western trains barricaded by immense snow drifts. Eighteen passengers were marooned in the cars. High biting winds, icy tracks, steep grades, all made it exceptionally difficult to clear the way. It took 72 hours to liberate the trains.

BRISBANE
THIS WEEK

Mussolini Warlike
Supreme Court Power
All Happy There
Learning How to Spend

Mussolini has found the opportunity to show the world what it means when modern "Rome" starts moving.



Arthur Brisbane African colonies, or so much the worse for Ethiopian Selassie, who believes that he is the direct descendant of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

Maybe he is, but he will encounter a problem that King Solomon's wisdom could not solve for him when he meets Mussolini's airplanes.

If wise, Selassie will pay the indemnity that Mussolini demands. As a practical business man, Mussolini always asks a little soothing cash. He got some from Greece. Also, Selassie must salute the Italian flag, which costs nothing. Mexico would not do that.

One question may surprise you concerning Supreme court decisions setting aside laws passed by the congress and signed by the President, on the ground that congress, in passing the law, had exceeded its constitutional authority. This is the question: Are those Supreme court decisions in themselves unconstitutional?

When the Supreme court, sometimes by a narrow margin of five to four, declares a law unconstitutional and void, is it exceeding its constitutional authority?

Where in the Constitution of the United States do you find authority for the Supreme court power to overrule congress and the President in the making of laws? This absence of authority is no accident. Those that wrote the Constitution, after long arguing, disputing and many concessions, knew, presumably, what they wanted the Constitution to say. And they did not want it to give the Supreme court the power to veto laws, that it now assumes and exercises.

In London, John Puckering, fifty-eight, apparently dead, was revived after five minutes. Meanwhile, he had gone to heaven. He saw interesting things, came back to tell of them. Souls, evidently, travel more rapidly than light, which takes 900,000,000 years to get outside of the universe as we know it, going 186,000 miles a second. Mr. Puckering says heaven is filled with a "happy crowd."

There were no children. "All were dressed as on earth." No moths in heaven, of course; no depression, either.

Mayor LaGuardia, consulting with President Roosevelt about loans for New York city improvements, again proves that we have at last learned to spend money. Something over \$1,100,000,000 would be the preliminary total, for tunnels, highways, public schools, a \$150,000,000 housing program, \$232,000,000 to bring a better water supply from the Delaware, extension of Park avenue as a broad highway above the tracks of the New York Central north to the Bronx, elimination of slums and the slum character from the East river shores.

From Ireland comes Jack Doyle, via Mayfair, London, 6 feet 4, handsome face, nice smile, big muscles, telling the truth about himself, whatever the damage to his modesty: "I am not like the usual low-brow fighter. I'll go up and up and up to the very top."

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., head of General Motors, announces that 30,000 employees, under the company's saving and investment plan, will have \$11,000,000 cash divided among them. The employee who saves \$25 a month, the maximum, \$300 a year, gets back his \$300, plus \$321.50 contributed by the company, including \$114 for interest. It is rather difficult to persuade men to "arise, ye prisoners of starvation," and "throw off their chains," when one of the chains is attached to an \$11,000,000 melon.

Germany plans an army of 400,000 men, small compared with the Kaiser's army. But the real fighting machine hereafter will be located in the air, and, besides, German recruits for the 400,000 army will serve only one year, instead of four giving a rapid turn-over of trained fighters. At the end of five years Germany will have 2,000,000 men trained to fight. It is likely, however, that whatever is going to happen will happen long before five years are up.

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JUST RIGHT FOR
WEAR IN KITCHEN

PATTERN 9846 would make a delightful present for some member of your family—that is, if you don't decide to keep it yourself, after it is finished. The apron, made especially to fit the frock, is cut amply full for protection, and boasts a convenient patch pocket and slenderizing half-belted waistline. The frock has a disarmingly demure ruffle to emphasize its nice square neckline, and cunning puffed sleeves to set off pretty arms. Vertical tucks at the waistline keep it trim, yet provide comfortable fullness in bodice and skirt. Both the apron and the frock are included in one pattern. Pattern 9846 may be ordered only in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 4 1/2



yards 36-inch fabric and 3/4 yards contrasting. SEND FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly our NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER and SIZE. Complete, diagrammed sew chart included. Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighteenth Street, New York.

Smiles

OH! OH!

Husband—Dinner isn't ready? Wife—No, I've been shopping all day. "Looking for something for nothing, I suppose." "That is putting it a bit severe. Was trying to get you a present."

Elimination

"Have you decided on the distribution of political jobs in Crimson Gulch?" "Not yet," answered Cactus Joe. "We won't make any appointments until the contestants quit shootin' at one another. Then there won't be so many candidates."

Puzzled

"How is your boy Josh getting long at college?" "He has us puzzled," said Farmer Jortossel. "He's a football player and also a female impersonator in the dramatic club. We don't know whether to treat him like a rough-neck or a lady."

