

Reindeer at Last Reach End of Five-Year Trek



WHAT can happen in this great world in a period of five years? Among the great achievements we can list that of Andrew Bahr of Seattle. Five years ago he took an assignment to drive 3,000 reindeer across the Great Arctic Circle. Bahr, although not a young man, took this great task at the instance of the king of England, through a commercial trading company, who believed it a good idea to provide meat for the Mackenzie district of Canada, where there was a scarcity of food. In 1929 a herd of 3,000 reindeer was turned over to this herder and for five years he

has plodded 1,200 miles across the Arctic circle and has at last reached his goal. Camping for months waiting for a river to freeze over, weathering Arctic blizzards, camping for the breeding season and a thousand other obstacles have befrosted this great hero, but he has delivered, not only his original herd, but increase for the five years of over 10 per cent and incidentally there were two children born on the stormy passage, and are husky individuals. The Andrew Bahr feat will go down in history as one of the great feats of man.

QUESTION BOX by ED WYNN, The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn: I am keeping company with a young lady. Last night I called on her to tell her I loved her. She didn't answer me. I told her I had bought the engagement ring. Still she said nothing. She acted as if she didn't hear me. When I said the engagement ring had two large diamonds and an extra large emerald, she heard me. How do you account for these actions on her part? Sincerely,
AL. KOHOL.

Answer: As your sweetheart didn't hear you till you mentioned the diamonds and the emerald, it is quite evident that she is STONE deaf.

Dear Mr. Wynn: My friend told me his uncle just

returned from a trip abroad and while in England the king gave him a royal title. I asked him what it was and he said his title was "Saturday." What does that mean? Yours truly,
O. SHUN.

Answer: Judging by his title "Saturday," I guess that means "Knight of the Bath."

Dear Mr. Wynn: I am simply crazy over John McCormack. He sings beautifully. I am studying voice, too. I am from Ireland. I hear John McCormack is from Ireland, too. If this is true, could you tell me what part? Yours truly,
DORA MENFA.

Answer: All of him.

Dear Mr. Wynn: Last night, accidentally, of course, I tumbled into a woman and nearly knocked her over. I apologized, but she called me a "bum." I told her that I was not a bum but in fact a well-known dentist. She then said if I really was a dentist that she was sure I was a bum. What could she have meant by saying a dentist and a bum are the same thing? Truly yours,
PAYNE LESSEX TRACKSHUN.

Answer: Because they live from land to mouth.

MINUTE MAKE-UPS By V. V.



One of the newest de luxe fashions is the wearing of natural flowers. A necklace of orchids—natural—is startling and becoming, especially if you use a powder foundation over your neck so that the delicate color complements your skin. Copyright by Public Ledger, Inc. WNU Service.

Bedtime Story by Thornton W. Burgess

AN UNEXPECTED DANGER

DANNY MEADOW MOUSE, swimming across the Smiling Pool to escape from Reddy Fox, was worried enough as he thought of how helpless he would be should Billy Mink or Snapper, the big Snapping Turtle, discover him before he reached the other bank. But Danny would have been still more worried had he known of a certain big Pickerel, which you know is a kind of fish, who was making his home in the Smiling Pool.

Now the Big Pickerel lived very largely on the minnows and other little fish of the Smiling Pool, but he was always ready for anything

in the direction of it. Now if he had hurried in the first place, this story might have had a very different ending. But the Big Pickerel had had a good breakfast, and he was only mildly interested. So he swam rather slowly. Danny Meadow Mouse was almost across the Smiling Pool before the Big Pickerel saw him. When the Big Pickerel did see him he quite forgot that he had had a good breakfast. It was seldom that he had the chance to dine on a fat meadow mouse, and he could think of nothing in the world that would taste better. If he had moved slowly before, now he shot forward like an arrow. Grandfather Frog saw him and tried to warn Danny, but Danny was already swimming as fast as he could, and all the warnings in the world couldn't have made him swim any faster. The Big Pickerel's great jaws, each of which had ever so many sharp teeth, were actually opening to seize Danny. Just as Danny's feet touched bottom. Just as Danny scrambled out on the bank, those great jaws closed with a wicked snap, almost on the end of Danny's funny, short tail. There was a great splash, for the Big Pickerel had rushed so that he



Just as Danny Scrambled Out On the Bank, Those Great Jaws Closed With a Wicked Snap.

else that might be good to eat. He had been some distance away from where Danny dived into the water, but he had heard the splash Danny made. It was different from the splashes made by the young frogs, and the Big Pickerel knew the difference. He would have been very glad to get one of the young frogs. In fact, he could have told what had become of a good many young frogs which had disappeared very mysteriously. But he had paid no attention to the splashes of the young frogs when they had dived into the water at the warning of Redwing the Blackbird. You see, he knew all about frogs, and he knew that they had dived right down to the bottom and hidden in the mud. But this other splash interested him, and he began to move along

Do You Know—



That the bulldog was originally called the butcher's hound, because it was employed to catch and detain cattle, seizing them by the nose or lip until they could be reached. © McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service.

had almost stranded himself in the shallow water. For a minute Grandfather Frog couldn't see what had happened. Then he saw the Big Pickerel dart back into deep water, and with a sigh of relief saw Danny Meadow Mouse pop into one of the holes in the bank of the Smiling Pool. © T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

AU GRATIN DISHES

AU GRATIN signifies, in French, a dish baked with a coating of bread crumbs. Such dishes are particularly good to serve for luncheon, as they are easily prepared and quickly served. However, they may make a chief dish for dinner, or for a part of a company dinner. The main part of the dish, whether fish, meat or vegetable, is usually mixed with a white sauce. To these dishes one may add cheese, chopped hard-egg, peppers, red or green, mushrooms and parsley. When the food is all cooked, the buttered crumbs longer cooking the crumbs are added ten minutes before removing from the oven.

Epicurean Finnan Haddie. Soak a three-pound haddie in warm water or milk to cover, for an hour. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes to separate the flakes; there should be two cups; cook one tablespoon of chopped onion in one-fourth of a cup of butter five minutes, stirring constantly. Add one teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of paprika, a few grains of cayenne in four tablespoons are used for a topping and the dish is simply heated for ten or fifteen minutes to brown the crumbs. When the food is used that needs

THE BUTTERFLY By ANNE CAMPBELL

I HAD been in the kitchen half the day, cleaning the cupboard, making the room fair. When hands are busy, hours fly away. And it was noon before I was aware. Weary before the open door I stood, Looking at my own patch of homely green. When I was joined in my brief solitude By a brown butterfly, with golden sheen. I was transported on its gauzy wings Far from the sordid tasks of everyday. Intangible but high imaginings Captured thoughts and bore me far away. There was my early home, the open door. The locust tree, the garden rich in blooms; The sunlight on the whitely scrubbed pine floor. And heaven lending peace to little rooms. From toil there is escape. The drab cocoon Of ordinary day cannot hold fast The thoughts that soar like butterflies in June. And find their way to God's blue lanes at last. Copyright.—WNU Service.

spoons of flour, stir until well blended, then add, stirring carefully two cups of milk. Bring to the boiling point, add the fish. Put into a greased baking dish and cover with crumbs. Brown and serve.

PAPA KNOWS



"Pop, what is a panorama?" "Owl's-eye view." © Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

Believe White Men Are Ghosts

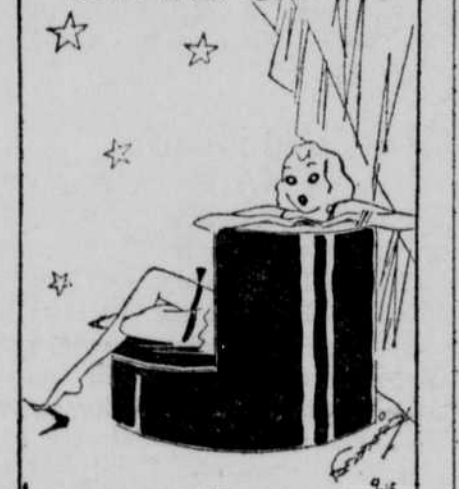
Primitive natives in Australia believe that white men are ghosts of dead natives.

Protecting Cables Damage to cables laid on the sea bottom by the trawls of deep-sea fishermen has long been a serious and costly problem to cable companies. One such company has been spending an average of \$250,000 a year in repairing its cables. Now a "sea-plow" has been perfected which, towed along behind a cable-laying steamer, will bury a cable 18 inches below the ocean bed out of reach of all grappling devices and other fishing equipment. In a recent test 100 miles off the southwest coast of Ireland, the cable steamer Lord Kelvin, plowed under 20 miles of cable in this way and scores of attempts with grappling hooks dragged over the sea floor failed to reach the cable.



Tying her luxurious scarf of Russian sables, the young lady is almost a replica of pre-war style. Yet her tailored, braided-trimmed suit, and shiny straw sailor, not to mention her furs, are strictly 1935.

GIRLIGAGS



"Men soon find out after marriage," says Reno Ritz, "that the women clothed in mystery have charge accounts, too." © Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

TO START CHILD ON RIGHT PATH

Sense of Obligation Ought to Be Planted Early.

If the sense of obligation is not planted in a child's heart early it is almost impossible to set the "outlook" later—instead of the "inlook." There is such a thing as making the child too receptive, which is to say the habitual receiving of favors without a thought of any return on his part or even an urge to do something without first receiving a benefit.

I believe that the whole tendency of child-raising in this country for the past quarter century has been to accent the child as a "receiver" in his formative years. Then when he is adult we wonder why the pampered and well-provided-for youngster feels no sense of responsibility to his family or any sense of appreciation.

Even outside of the home he receives constant benefits that it never occurs to him to appreciate—education, for instance.

True, children have a right to education. But, after all, when we look back on the hundreds of years when the matter of schooling, the very simplest, was a scramble, it might be borne in on children that opportunity to learn is something to be thankful for, and the only compensation asked is good citizenship.

We must always approach any philosophy of growth from the standpoint of very simple things in childhood.

Children don't analyze. Even grown-ups don't. But this truth can be understood by the most careless—that a sense of personal effort toward others is beyond price. The small favor, a bit of helpfulness without being asked, a kind little act—these things will ever and always react favorably to the donor.

The child can be made to develop an eye in the back of his head, an eye that cannot look in the mirror at himself at all but toward other people.

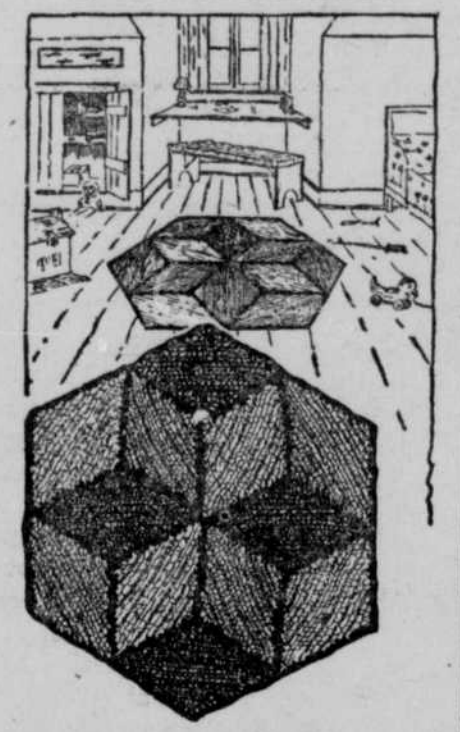
There is the little neighbor girl who lost her dog. Well, in this case your boy or girl may help to hunt from sheer interest. But how about when her Speller is lost?

Naturally it would be too much to expect to put on the child the perpetual responsibility of evening up. But this setting of self in the background for part of the time each day is such a tremendous factor in real character development that it should be at least part of every child's life. It underlies the "good act" idea of the Boy and Girl Scouts.

We cannot and will not ever produce a nation of socially conscious people as long as we give and give to our children without expecting one bit of sacrifice or helpfulness from them.—Olive Roberts Barton, the New York World-Telegram.

Crocheted Rug in "Cubes and Stars"

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



This is another rug design that our readers will recognize as taken from the "Cubes and Stars" quilt design that is possibly a hundred years old. This rug measures thirty inches and requires about two pounds of material to crochet. It is made up of 12 diamonds and slip stitched together to form a star or blocks, depending on the way the color scheme is worked out. It is always an interesting rug to study (count the cubes) and well adapted for a child's room.

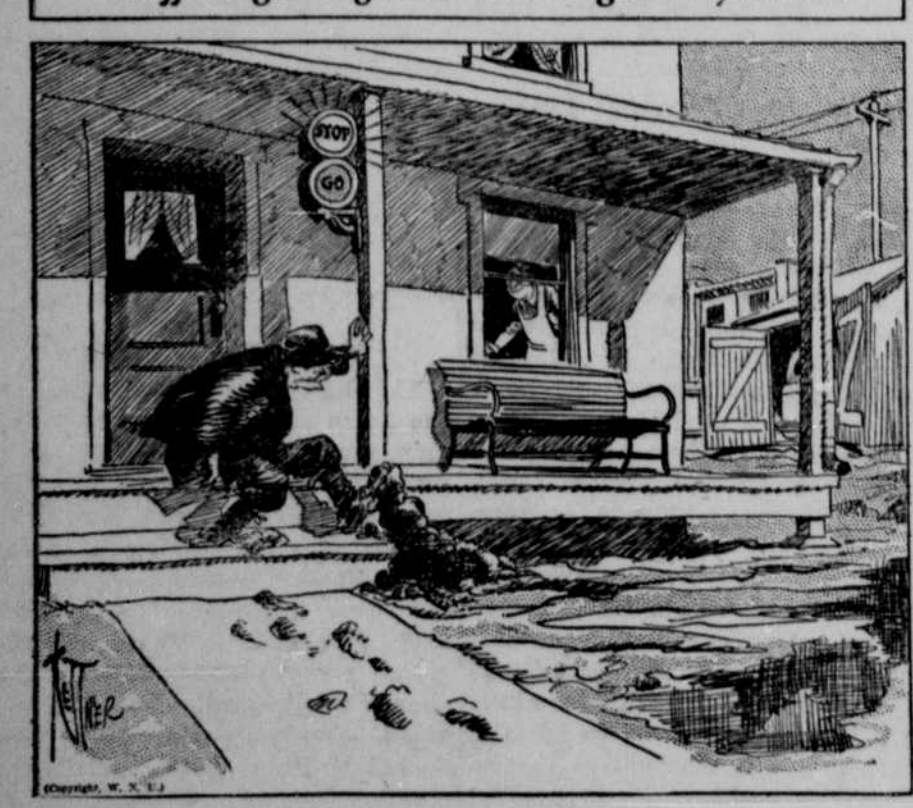
This is one of the twenty beautiful crocheted rugs shown in colors with directions in rug book No. 24. If this rug interests you send 15c to our Rug Department and get the instructions for making this rug and nineteen others.

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