

Italians Strip for Action in Somaliland



ITALIAN troops are still being sent to the Abyssinian frontier, though the prospect of war has lessened. Here are seen some of them in Italian Somaliland dressed in the minimum of uniform and wearing their new tropical helmets, for the climate is exceedingly warm there.

BEDTIME STORY
By THORNTON W. BURGESS

DANNY OVERHEARS SOME TALK

LITTLE by little the shakes left Danny Meadow Mouse. Not that Danny was no longer afraid. No, indeed! He was very much afraid. He still couldn't see anything for him but to starve or else furnish Billy Mink with a dinner, and of course he didn't want to do either of these things. Certainly not. But having had time to think a little he realized that for the time being he was quite safe. Billy Mink couldn't get at him because



"What Are You Watching for Here?" Continued Hooty.

that knothole through which he had squeezed into that hollow log was too small for Billy to get even his head in. Had it been Shadow the Weasel instead of Billy Mink—well, it isn't pleasant to think what might have happened in that case. You know, Shadow is much smaller than Billy Mink.

So after awhile Danny stopped shaking. He began to wonder just where Billy Mink was. Billy hadn't made a sound for some time. He could shut his eyes and picture Billy hiding just within good jumping distance of that knothole. That ought to have been enough. But it

wasn't. He wanted to know where Billy was. He stole a little nearer the knothole so as to peek out. He was very quiet about it. Yes, indeed, he was very quiet about it. He didn't make the faintest sound.

Just as he got near enough to see out in the moonlight a little he heard a voice. It set that poor little heart of his to going pit-a-pat. It was the voice of Hooty the Owl, and you know there is no one of whom Danny has greater fear than Hooty the Owl. From the sound Danny knew that Hooty was in the top of a tree very close by.

"Now, how did he know that I am here?" thought Danny. "Seems as if everybody I fear knows I am somewhere around and is looking for me."

Of course this wasn't so, but it is no wonder Danny felt so after all he had been through. Hooty was



"The best thing about modern portrait photography," says Polly, "is that if the darn thing looks like you it can be easily changed."

Do You Know—



That the familiar barber pole, striped with red and white bands curling about it, symbolizes the ancient function of the barber—blood letting and tooth pulling, the red stripes typifying blood and the white, bandages.

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talking in a low tone. He was talking to Mrs. Hooty. It didn't take Danny long to find that out. Danny listened. He listened with all his might.

"I've been all over the Green Meadows and didn't see a sign of Danny Meadow Mouse," said Hooty. Danny would have laughed at that had it not been for the memory of Billy Mink hiding somewhere just outside.

"What are you watching for here?" continued Hooty. "No one lives around here."

"Sh!" warned Mrs. Hooty. "It may be true that no one lives around here but unless my eyes are crossed and my ears are no longer to be trusted, I both caught a glimpse of and heard some one over near that old log just as I arrived a few minutes ago. When eyes and ears tell me the same thing I take notice. Some one is hiding right down there and I'm going to stay right here, until I find out who it is."

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MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

FOR THE CHEESE LOVER

WITH the numerous varieties of cheese on the market—to name them would take a column space, with a word about their composition—one may have something different for every day in the year.

A most tasty dish to serve when something a bit more nourishing than the plain scalloped eggs is required is a few tablespoonfuls of creamy cheese added to the hot eggs; stir until well mixed.

Serve the sweet, juicy early cabbage cooked whole, with the hard

center removed, then cut into pie-shaped pieces on a chop plate; serve with a white sauce to which a cupful of finely minced cheese has been added. Be sure the cheese is well melted before serving. This makes a most tasty and attractive as well as a nourishing dish.

The cheese supper dish has been given so often that it seems as if every one should have the recipe, yet here it is again for those who have never seen it:

Cheese Supper Dish.
Spread stale bread with butter and place in a shallow baking dish as many slices as will be needed. Cover each slice thickly with finely minced rich cheese and when enough is prepared pour over a custard mixture, using two eggs and a pint of milk with salt to season. Bake in the oven at a low heat. The dish will be like a fluffy omelet, most attractive and appetizing. Serve hot.

Cheese Roll.
To one cake of cream cheese softened with cream add one cupful of good American cheese grated, a dash of red pepper, one-half cupful of chopped stuffed olives. Make into a roll and decorate with thin slices of stuffed olives. Serve on a dainty plate with a cheese knife.

In choosing cheese for cookery be sure that you buy a rich one that will melt without becoming stringy. Overcooking will make most cheese stringy, so great care should be used when heat is applied. To test cheese for richness take a bit in the mouth and press it with the tongue to the roof of the mouth. If it melts easily you may be sure it is well ripened and rich cheese.

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QUESTION BOX
by ED WYNN, The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn:
A friend of mine, who just came from Los Angeles, in an automobile, said he saw part of a railroad track under water when he was coming through Idaho. He said he heard a train whistle and he realized it was up to him to save the train so he waved a "clothes-pin" and when the engineer saw it he stopped the train. Sounds like applesauce to me, don't it to you?
Yours truly,
B. HAYVE.

Answer: I understand your friend thoroughly. The railroad track was under water, he waved a "clothes-pin" and the engineer stopped the train. Very simple—"clothes-pin" means a wash out on the line.

Dear Mr. Wynn:
I am the mother of a very bad boy ten years of age. Yesterday his daddy gave him 10c to spend. He went out and bought 10c worth of nails. Can you tell me what he bought the nails for?
Yours truly,
VINNIE GAR.

Answer: Yes, for 10c.

Dear Mr. Wynn:
We had an argument at our house last night about young men getting married. Some of the folks said that most of the boys who

marry when they are very, very young, are usually dark haired. Is that true?
Yours truly,
JENNY RAYTOR.

Answer: It is not true. You will find that boys who marry when they are extremely young are generally all light headed.

Dear Mr. Wynn:
One of my neighbors has a son who is now about twenty-two years of age. For the past ten years he has been a lazy, shiftless boy. He ran away from home three weeks ago and yesterday his father got a letter from him saying he was in the movies and getting a salary of \$2,000 a week. Can you imagine it?
Sincerely,
HEEZA BUM.

Answer: I can imagine it but I don't believe it.

Dear Mr. Wynn:
I know a man who told me he was going to get married just for the fun of it. He did get married but got a divorce a year and a half later. What was the idea of that?
Truly yours,
AL. E. MONEE.

Answer: He told you he got married for the fun of it. He got married and then got a divorce. That's where the fun comes in.
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Crash Jacket



Natural colored crash makes an interesting open-front jacket with flaring box pleats in the back. It also trims the V back neckline of the short sleeved dress of navy wool crepe. The navy felt hat is banded with pigskin.

THROUGH A Woman's Eyes
By JEAN NEWTON

THE DESERTED BRIDE WAS LUCKY

A BRIDE finds herself stranded in Pittsburgh with a five-dollar bill.

Married in New York, she was on her way with her husband to his parents' home in Missouri when they stopped over in Pittsburgh. They had been married four days.

As the time drew near for leaving Pittsburgh, the man told her he was going out for a few minutes, and tucked a five-dollar bill into her purse. But he never came back.

One of our readers sends us the press announcement with words of shock and outrage. "How awful for the poor girl," she writes. Her thoughts are all of pity for the deserted bride having lost her husband on her honeymoon.

My reaction, however, would be one of rejoicing. I should be inclined to congratulate the deserted bride for losing the man so quickly and so easily.

Naturally, her position is unpleasant and unenviable. That what should be the happiest time in a

woman's life should turn out in disappointment and disillusionment is very regrettable.

But one is impelled to think how much worse it might have been, the girl's initial mistake being what it was. Having chosen unwisely, or let us say having been deceived in her man, what better luck than to have him tire after four days? Had he waited four years, how much more deeply would it have engraved itself upon her life.

No, I can't be sorry that man left her so soon. I think the deserted bride was lucky.

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Upon Your Prayers
By ANNE CAMPBELL

NOW in the turmoil of day, Weary and fevered with cares, I turn to my comfort and stay, Leaning upon your prayers.

Often, surrounded by noise, Hampered by worldly affairs, I can taste of the spirit's joys, Leaning upon your prayers.

Over the clang of the street, The moon of your love for me fares, And life is made suddenly sweet, Leaning upon your prayers.

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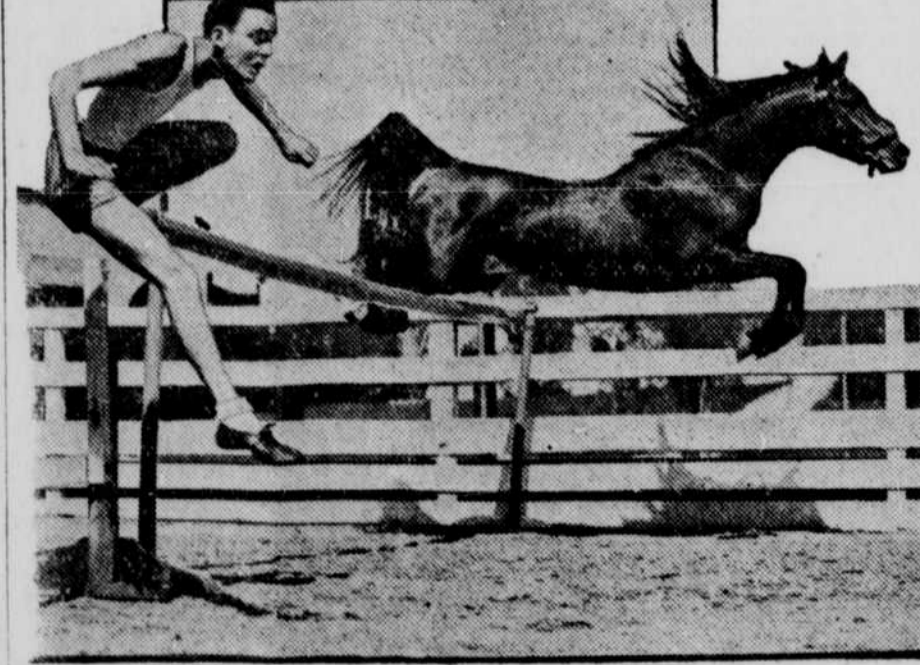
MINUTE MAKE-UPS
By V. V.



When you remove mascara—and you should remove it before retiring—take a damp piece of cotton and with eyes open rub it gently upward on the upper lashes. Then rub the lower lashes downward. This keeps it from smearing over your eyes. Finish by oiling the lashes so that the drying effect of the mascara is counteracted.

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Hurdler Has an Arabian Pacemaker

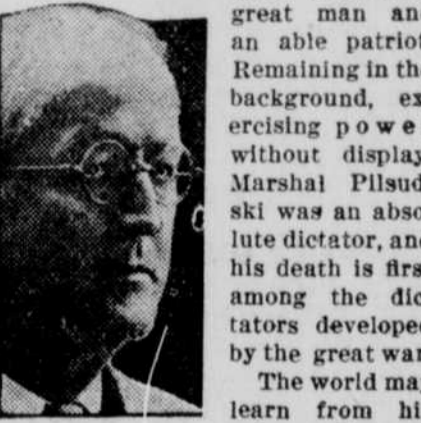


WHEN a horse works out with track athletes, that's news. The Loyola University of Los Angeles track team visited the Kellogg Arabian Horse Ranch of Animal Husbandry at Pomona, Calif., and under the direction of the coach received a stiff work-out with some of the fastest Arabian horses in preparation for the coming season. Here is Bob Farr taking a hurdle, with "Ralet," champion Arabian horse, pacing him.

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

The First One Goes Looks Like War Don't Stumble 400 Men, 400 Mice

The death of Marshal Pilsudski, ruling power of Poland, takes from that country a great man and an able patriot.



Arthur Brisbane expects when other dictators depart, one by one.

What will be the destiny of Poland, with her strongest man gone? What, at a later time, will happen in Italy, Germany, Russia, Turkey, as each loses the dictator that now takes the place of self-government and independent public thought?

Italy calls out her "fourth class" fighting reserves and has 950,000 men ready to crush the king of Ethiopia, if crushing becomes "necessary." Note Mussolini warns other countries not to meddle and not to help Ethiopia. That looks a little like war.

Warning to politicians and others. Don't stumble.

In California, Herman Zeigler was putting 18 tame lions through their paces. He cracked the whip; they obeyed, jumping up on stools, sitting up on their hind legs. "Mind over matter" was beautifully demonstrated. The lions acknowledged their master.

Then, unfortunately, the lion tamer, careless, stumbled over a stool, fell; instantly the lions were upon him, forgetting their fear of him. He had stumbled and fallen—that was enough.

There are among us today, on and off the radio, some lion tamers, making the American people sit up and jump through hoops. Let them take care not to stumble.

In China a subterranean river flooded the Szechwan coal mine. Four hundred miners were drowned. Old-fashioned Chinese used to forbid, and still abhor, any mine digging, "because it disturbs the earth dragon." They will think the old earth dragon flooded the mine, ordered the unseen river to enter.

This drowning news is less exciting to the average American than it would be to have the cook announce: "There were 400 mice drowned in the sink."

The sink is near home, China is far off.

Seventy-five fighting game cocks and 35 men were seized by state troopers in a barn 15 miles out of Hamonton, N. J. Brutality in men dies slowly, but sinks to lower levels with time.

Kings of England once sat delighted around the "cockpit," betting on their favorites, reveling in the extraordinary courage of the game birds. Now cock-fighters are driven to hiding in barns, police arrest them, magistrates fine them.

Hitler continues his program on the "If you do not like it, lump it" plan.

Washington protested feebly against Germany's discrimination in debt payments against this country. Germany tells us to take what is given and be grateful, or make trade arrangements to suit Hitler. He hopes to counteract that boycott against German goods established here.

The former kaiser, reported seriously ill, is confined to his bed, ordered to avoid all effort; a hard order for the "all highest."

How such names as Hitler, Stalin, Mussolini must grate on the nerves of the aging Hohenzollern! He can sympathize with England's Henry II, who, after defeat, turned his face to the wall, muttering, "Shame on a beaten king," and died.

Mr. Morgenthau, secretary of the treasury, assures you that your American dollar is sound, which is comforting. Mr. Morgenthau knows a good deal about money.

The British do not agree with him, and some British experts consider the dollar worth about 50 cents now and expect it to go lower. They will probably be disappointed. John D. Rockefeller's I. O. U. is as good as gold, and this country is the John D. Rockefeller among nations.

A New England gathering approves birth control and sterilization of the hopelessly insane and habitually criminal, with full dissemination of birth control information. The action was not taken by any "radicals," or other queer fauna but "by the New England Conference of Methodist Churches." That makes it news.

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Picturesque for Afternoon Wear

PATTERN 9311



A little bit demure, a little bit picturesque, and a very pleasing fashion is this afternoon dress. The wide drop-shoulder yoke continues in a panel to the hem—and gives youth in doing so. The soft gathers and the tiny tucks at the waist add to the feminine, wearable quality of this gown which will grace all afternoon occasions. For wear right now it is new and right—make it in one of the melodious, color-harmony prints that will enhance your own natural coloring—when countless days arrive choose a cape-line or bonnet brim hat—stunning!

Pattern 9311 may be ordered only in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards 39 inch fabric.

SEND FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER and SIZE.

Complete, diagrammed sew chart included.

Address your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighteenth Street, New York.

Smiles

HER OWN ACCOUNT

Bank Teller—Sorry, madam, but your account is already overdrawn. Woman—Well, what if it is, young man? Can't I do as I please with my own account?

Force of Training
"I should never advise a man to marry a school teacher," said the sad-faced man to a cronie.

"Why, how's that?" he was asked. "Well, every time I do anything wrong she makes me stop it," was the reply.—Stray Stories Magazine.

Tother One
"Money, money—it's always money! Do you think I'm the goose that lays the golden eggs?"
"No, dear, not that one!"—Tit-Bits Magazine.

And a Little Kerosene
"I thought of giving my sweetheart a hundred cigars like these. Can you think of anything he would like better?"
"Yes, fifty."—Santa Fe Magazine.



PAPA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is a flotilla?" "Ships that lie." © Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

Springtime Lullaby

