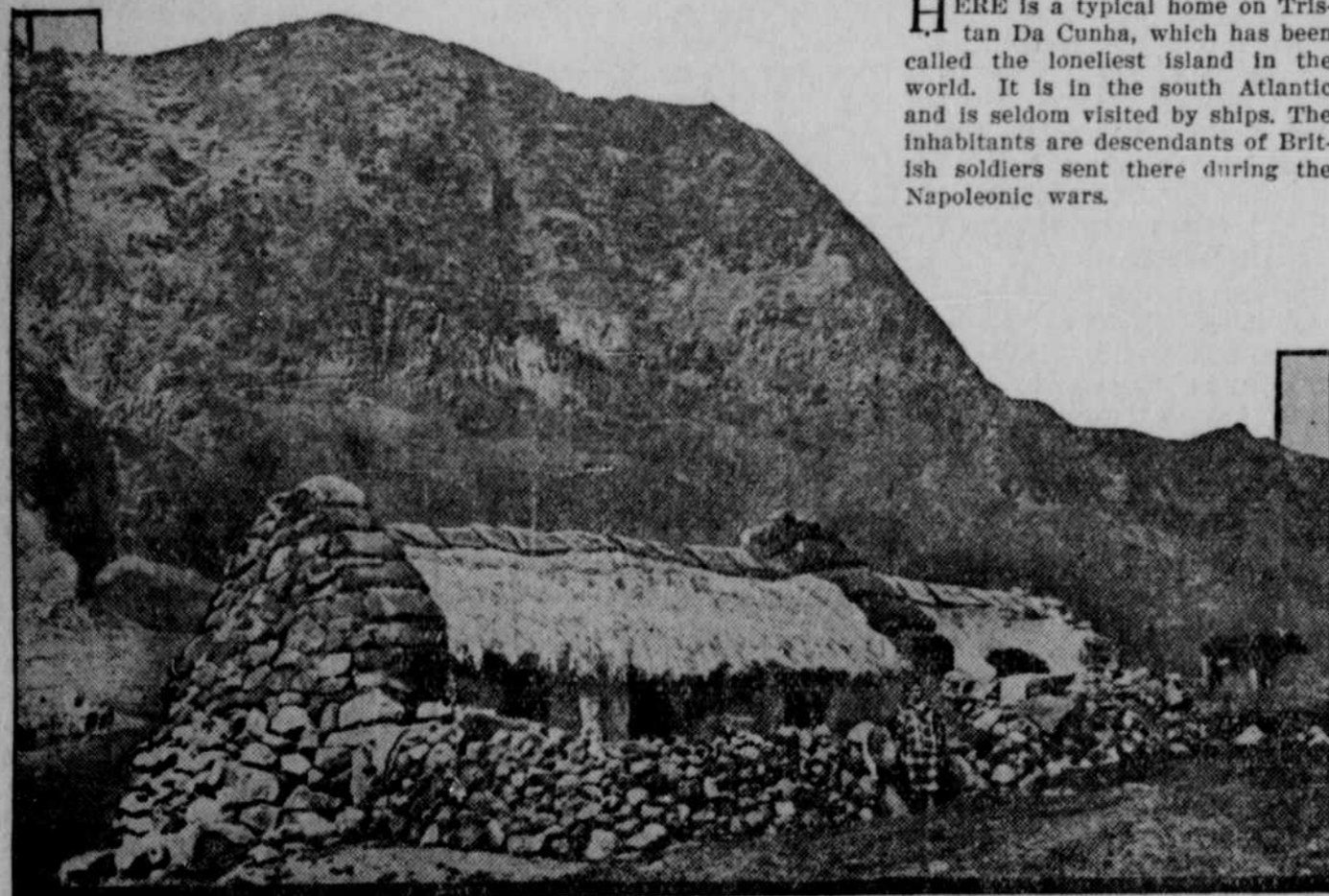


Home, Sweet Home on the "Loneliest Island"



HERE is a typical home on Tristan Da Cunha, which has been called the loneliest island in the world. It is in the south Atlantic and is seldom visited by ships. The inhabitants are descendants of British soldiers sent there during the Napoleonic wars.

THROUGH A Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

A NEW SLANT ON BEING DULL

ONE of our friends writes to us about the type of woman who is always so sure of herself, so extremely positive in her opinions.

And our correspondent refers to this quality as characteristic of a certain profession which I shall not name here because of the obvious injustice of the charge.

We all know the type, of course, to which the reference is made; the person who never offers an opinion, but seems, when she speaks, to be issuing the last word on the subject. It is the type who is never questioning, never doubtful, always absolutely final and positive. And the subject in question makes little difference. She seems as our reader suggests, to "know it all."

There is, of course, no type more irritating, more dampening, so to speak, to the enjoyment of conversation in any group of which they are a part.

But it is appalling to attribute such a quality to any one group or profession. The woman who has that unfortunate quality would have it were she lawyer, doctor, or housewife.

Not long ago I was reading a little essay on the quality of dullness which so perfectly described the mental attitude brought up by our reader, that I am going to quote it here:

"There is a quality in certain people which is above all advice, exposure or correction. Only let a man or woman have dullness sufficient, and they need bow to no extant authority. A dullard recognizes no betters; a dullard can't see that he is in the wrong; a dullard has no scruples of conscience, no doubts of pleasing or succeeding, or doing right; no qualms for other people's feelings, no respect but for the fool himself."

That may be pretty strong, but I think it is far more fair to attribute the overbearing and overpositive to the simple quality of being dull than to attribute it to the effect of any one profession.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Gibson Girl Hat



Gibson girl sailor and bowknot scarf to match, worn by Patti Pickens, of the singing Pickens Sisters of the radio. The crown, what there is of it, is navy blue straw; the taffeta checked in gray, white and red. It was designed by G. Howard Hodge.

Mother's Cook Book

A FEW DESSERTS

THERE is nothing that goes to the spot with the ordinary individual like fresh hot ginger bread, right from the oven. Serve it with cream cheese, apple sauce, or topped with whipped cream, and it is always a welcome dessert. The following is an old recipe which is always good:

Hot Water Ginger Bread.

Beat one egg, add one cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of sweet melted fat, one cupful of good dark molasses and three cupfuls of flour with a tablespoonful of ginger. Mix and stir well, then add a cupful of boiling water to which a teaspoonful of soda has been added, stir until smooth, then pour into a good-sized dripping pan and bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven. Cut while hot with a fork or two, so that it will not be soggy.

Frozen Boston Pudding.

Break into bits or grate a half-pound of brown bread a day old, pour over one pint of boiling hot cream and let it stand until cool. Prepare a rich boiled custard, using a pint of milk, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a few grains of salt. Cook until the custard coats the spoon. Cool and freeze, serve unmolded on a platter covered with macaroon crumbs.

Frangipani Pie.

Roll out three circles of nice pastry and cut with a plate for the pattern. Bake on baking sheet and put together with crushed strawberries mixed with sugar and whipped cream. Top with the cream and halved berries.

Coffee Junket.

Crush one junket tablet and dissolve in a tablespoonful of coffee infusion. Reserve half a cupful of milk from a quart of lukewarm milk which is added to the dissolved junket. Pour this milk over two tablespoonfuls of coffee, having the milk boiling hot. Let stand until well infused, strain and cool before adding to the milk. Let stand in a warm place to thicken and serve with whipped cream for topping.

© Western Newspaper Union.

Fiji Islanders Know Grief

Natives of the Fiji Islands, despite their savagery and low regard for human life, are known to die of grief, writes Anne Chadell, New York City, in Collier's Weekly. There are records of many cases in which both men and women, upon being permanently separated from their sweethearts, have developed what they call "dongal," which is nothing but love-sickness, and physically decline to the point of death.

No Substitute for Shirtwaist Frock

PATTERN 2222



You can get by this summer without many things—but NOT without that "indispensable"—The Shirtwaist Frock! And indeed, why should you even try, when a very few yards of smart striped cotton shirting and a little effort can produce the pictured result? In town, in the country, on the links, or driving your car you'll find that "action back," the answer to your prayers. The inverted skirt pleat makes for unhampered freedom and the slashed brevity of the sleeves was designed with a "heat wave" in mind. Every woman will have one shirtwaist frock—but the smart woman will make several!

Pattern 2222 is available in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 3 1/2 yards 36 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included. SEND FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address, and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE. Address orders to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 243 West Seventeenth street, New York city.

Smiles

LET IT STAND

The Editor—You say he had all the landmarks of a bum. Don't you mean earmarks?
The Reporter—Well, there was enough soil in them to make it the same thing.

Slightly Mistaken

Deacon Pinchpenny—Yes, sub, he got mad an' called me a derned old bareface scoundrel.
Colonel Bluegrass—Well, he's slightly mistaken, sub. You've got a goatee an' mustache.—Florida Times-Union.

Dairy Specialists

Jean—Do you know why Reno might be called the dairy center of the United States?
Jane—No, why?
Jean—Because that's where the cream of society goes to be separated.

WNU—U 27—35

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

BUSTER BEAR IS STARTLED

STRAIGHT toward the little pile of leaves in the Green Forest under which Danny Meadow Mouse was hiding walked Buster Bear. His little eyes, for his eyes are little compared with his great size, were fixed right on that little pile of leaves. Danny was certain that they were fixed right on his own small gray person. Why else should Buster look straight at him and walk straight toward him?

As a matter of fact, Buster didn't see him at all. Of course not. Danny

or any other Mice for that matter. They were wholly on beechnuts. He is very fond of beechnuts, is Buster Bear, and it was to look for beechnuts that he had come to that particular part of the Green Forest that particular night. You see it was the part of the Green Forest where the beech trees grow.

So Buster Bear wasn't thinking of anything but beechnuts as he walked toward that little pile of leaves and Danny Meadow Mouse. He was making a noise deep down in his throat. Danny thought he was growling and the sound would have frightened him still more only he was already as frightened as it was possible to be. Buster wasn't growling. He was talking to himself.

"There is a little pile of leaves I haven't raked over yet," he was saying. "There ought to be some nice sweet nuts among those leaves. Can't think of anything better than nice sweet beechnuts. Wish they were bigger. I certainly do wish they were bigger. It takes a lot of work to find enough to fill the stomach of such a big fellow as I am. It would be a lot easier if it were not for these pesky leaves. Seems as if nuts just dearly love to hide under leaves. Wish they grew the way berries grow. It would be a lot easier to get enough if they did. Now we'll see how many I'll find under those leaves."

By this time he was near enough to reach out a great paw with its dreadful claws. Danny saw that great paw starting toward him. With a faint little squeak of fright he scurried out from under those leaves, and because he was headed toward Buster Bear and was too frightened to know where he was going he ran straight at Buster. It was all so sudden and unexpected that for an instant it startled Buster.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.



With a faint little squeak of fright he scurried out from under those leaves.

was hidden under those leaves. Buster couldn't have seen him had he known Danny was there and tried to see him. And he didn't know he was there. A fat Meadow Mouse was the last person in the world Buster expected to find over in this part of the Green Forest. His thoughts were not on Meadow Mice

MINUTE MAKE-UPS

By V. V.



There are two diverse styles in lips. One is the vogue for dull lips and the other is the newer trend for the moist, sculptured kind. A new lipstick in an evening color gives lips a smooth, almost polished look under artificial lights.

Copyright by Public Ledger, Inc. WNU Service.

PAPA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is a mortgage?"
"Bad hangover."
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

With You I Am Content

By ANNE CAMPBELL

I HAVE been happy All summer through. On the veranda Sitting with you.

We have been nowhere. We've had no money! But we're contented. . . . Isn't it funny?

Winter is coming: No more we'll share The trees' green splendor. The summer air.

But you are near me, And my desire Is to watch with you An open fire;

Is to share with you Home's sacrament! Winter or summer, I am content!
Copyright—WNU Service.

QUESTION BOX

by ED WYNN, The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn:

A young man has been annoying me for some time because I refused to marry him. Wherever I go he follows me and asks me, time and time again, to marry him. I do not love him and have told him so. Last night he said he would never give me up and would follow me to the end of the earth. Please tell me how to get rid of him?

Sincerely,
IVY POYSEN.

Answer: Let him follow you to the end of the earth and when you get him there push him off.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

There is a certain man who passes our house every day, and I notice no matter how hard it rains he never carries an umbrella. How do you account for that?

Truly yours,
I. C. HIMM.

Answer: That is very easily accounted for. He most likely eats a lot of salt mackerel, and that keeps him dry.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I am taking an examination to join the police force. One question puzzles me. What I want to know is this: Suppose I arrest a man and while we are waiting for the patrol wagon to come, a gust of wind comes along and blows his hat down the street, should I let him run after it?

Truly yours,
T. BISKITTS.

Answer: Of course not. Don't you see if you let the prisoner run after the hat he'll keep on running and escape? What you want to do in a case like that is to let the prisoner stand on the corner and you run after the hat.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I have been wearing glasses for



"It's getting to a point," says ironic Irene, "when a mere thread will determine whether we're a nudist or not a nudist."
WNU Service.

about six months, and yesterday, through carelessness, I dropped my glasses and they broke. I must get a new pair. So what I want to know is will I have to be examined all over?

Truly yours,
I. LIDDS.

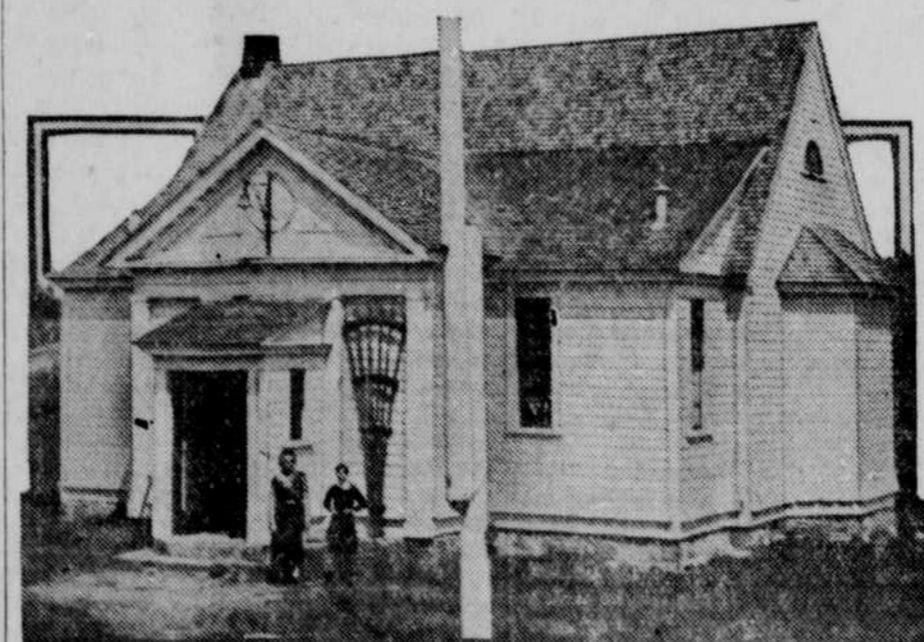
Answer: Of course not, only your eyes.
© Associated Newspapers. WNU Service.

Do You Know—



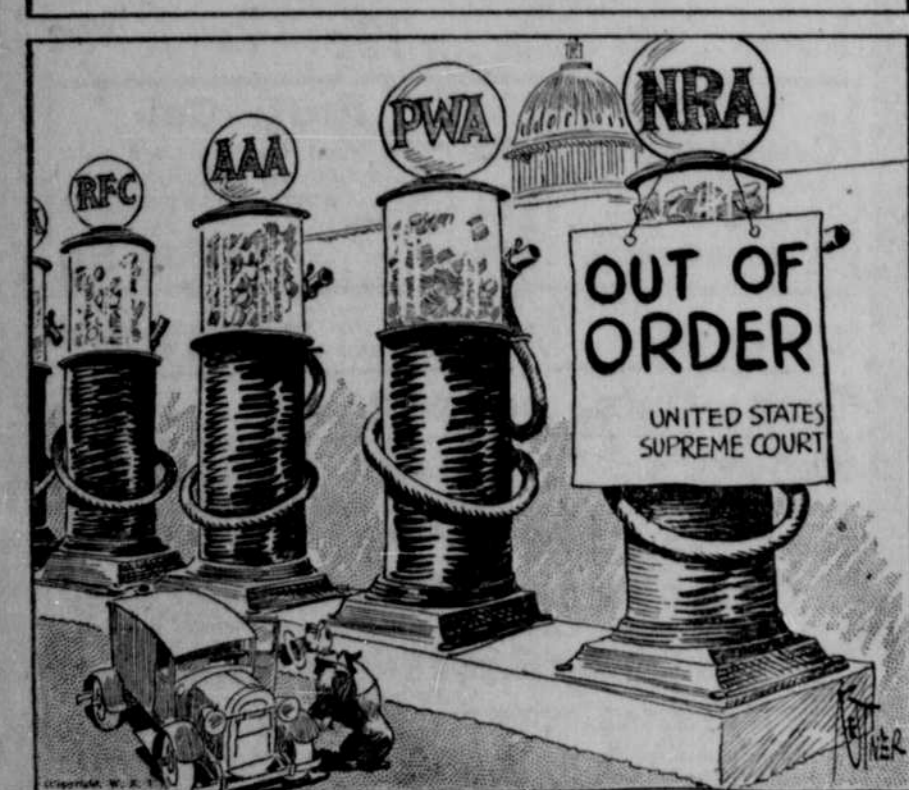
That centuries ago soap and water were looked upon as harmful and such teaching as there was on the subject strongly discounted washing. "La Civilite Nouvelle," a manual for the guidance of youth, published in 1667, warned children that "to wash in water injures the eyesight, brings on toothaches and colds and engenders pallor."
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Smallest School in the Country



THE Isle Au Haut, a community of 80 residents in Maine boasts the smallest school in the United States. The student body consists of Mary Robinson, fourteen, and Gordon Chapin, eight, who are seen in the photograph standing in front of the school building.

The New Deal Fuel Station



ENJOY
WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
QUALITY GUM