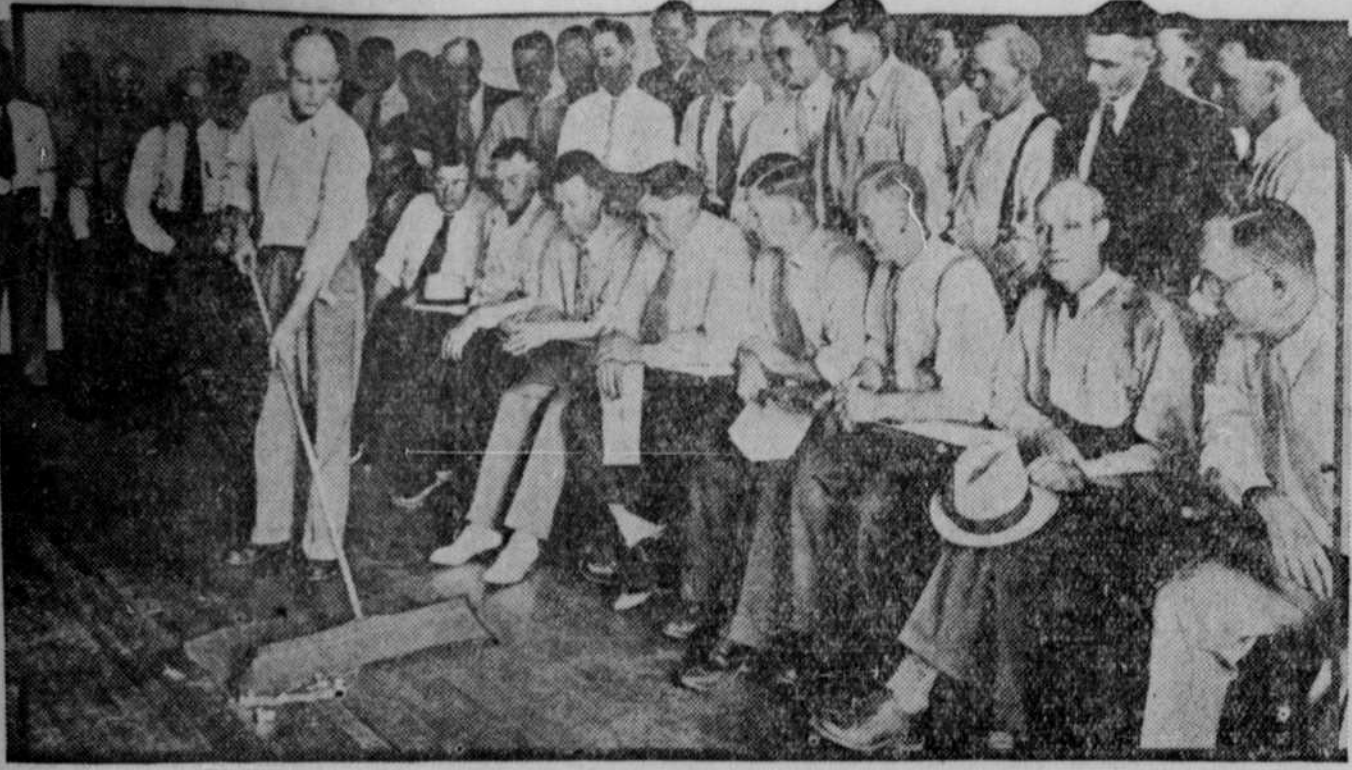


Learning How a Janitor Should Push a Broom



CENTRAL Teachers' college, at Mt. Pleasant, Mich., has brought forth something new—a janitors institute. The first one is being held this summer and the pupils are taught, by example and lecture, all the duties of the janitor. The photograph shows a class being instructed in the proper use of the broom.

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

LIGHTFOOT WATCHES AND WAITS

THERE had been a great change in Lightfoot the Deer. Peter Rabbit had noticed it. Sammy Jay had noticed it. So had Blacky the Crow. All three of them understood it. They understood it perfectly. They knew that Lightfoot was watching and waiting for the day which would bring into the Green Forest the hunters with terrible guns seeking to kill him.



Peter Rabbit Had Noticed It.

dered about where he pleased, careless of who saw him. He had even visited Farmer Brown's garden in broad daylight. He had joined Farmer Brown's cows in the Old Pasture and grazed with them contentedly. He had been free of fear. But now Lightfoot was like another creature. He didn't seem at all the same animal. It was rarely that he moved about much until

after the Black Shadows had crept out from the Purple Hills. It was then that he fed and visited his favorite drinking place at the Laughing Brook. But from the time the first Jolly Little Sunbeam came creeping through the Green Forest at the beginning of day until the Black Shadows chased them out at the beginning of night, Lightfoot remained hidden in thickets or behind tangles of fallen trees in the depths of the Green Forest. Sometimes he would lie for hours in his hiding place. Sometimes he would stand motionless for the longest time, his big ears cocked forward to catch every little sound, his great, soft eyes watching for the least little movement among the trees, his delicate nose testing every Merry Little Breeze that came his

way for the dreaded scent of man. When he moved about he took the greatest care to move silently. Every few steps he stopped to look, listen and test the air. The snapping of a twig would set him to trembling with fear and suspicion.

Lightfoot was watching and waiting for the coming of the most dreadful thing that can come into the lives of the people of the Green Forest, the coming of the hunters with terrible guns. Sometimes he wished they would come. It would be easier to know what to do. Nothing, you know, is harder than watching and waiting as Lightfoot was doing. He lost his appetite. He could no longer sleep peacefully, but continually awoke with fright. Each day he became more anxious. No sooner was one day ended than he would begin to dread the coming of another day. It was very beautiful in the Green Forest, but Lightfoot saw none of the beauty. Fear destroyed all beauty for Lightfoot.

QUESTION BOX

by ED WYNN, The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn: I have a little son who was eight years of age last Wednesday. I asked him what he would like for a birthday present. He asked for a Bible and I gave him one. Since that time he has pestered me with one question till I'm nearly frantic. He keeps asking me to show him what a miracle is. What can I do to demonstrate fully, to him, just what a miracle is? Yours truly, G. RUSELEM.

Answer: As he is so annoying with his persistency the best thing to do is this: The next time he asks you what a miracle is, ask him to turn around. The minute he does, give him a swift kick, then ask him if he felt the kick. When he

says yes, say to him: "Well if you hadn't, that would have been a miracle."

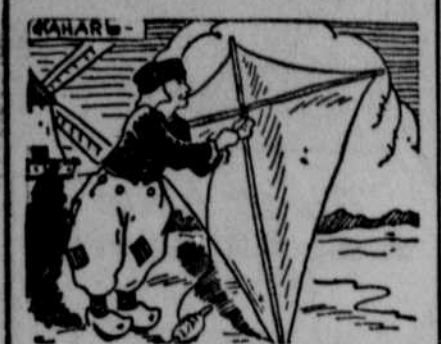
Dear Mr. Wynn: I am a boy ten years old. I have a rich uncle, but he is very stingy with his money. My birthday is next December, and I asked him to get me a bicycle for a birthday present, and he said it would cost too much money. Then I asked him to buy me a tricycle and he said that would cost too much money, too; then he said I should leave the present to him. What do you think he will get me? Yours truly, G. HEEESTITE.

Answer: In-as-much as he says a bicycle or a tricycle will cost too much, I guess he intends waiting till December and get you an icicle.

Dear Mr. Wynn: I live ten miles away from the nearest city to my farm. My wife is sick and I guess I'll hafta drive to the city for a doktor. I don't know as there is one in the whole town, but if there is do you think I will find a Fizizician in the drug store? Yours truly, CY DERREN KRACKERS.

Answer: The way you spell Fizizician, I guess you'll find him in the soda fountain. Associated Newspapers. WNU Service.

Do You Know—

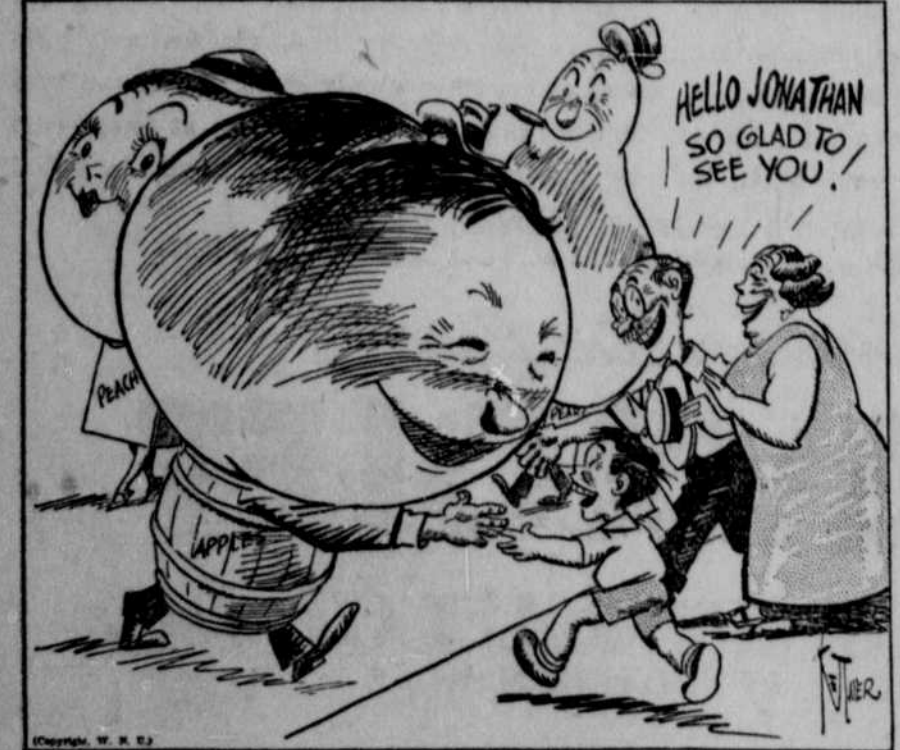


That Amsterdam, Holland, is the only city in the world which has satisfactorily solved the housing problem? It has no slums, all the tenements having been razed and modern apartment houses erected in their stead, with apartments which rent for as low as \$10 a month. McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service.



"It's just like one of those kind of wives," says soliloquizing Elizabeth, "to know the answers to all the questions but never what's trumps." Ball Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Comin' to Town



Growth of Live Oak Tree. Records show the average growth of a live oak in a seven-year period is 17.3 inches in circumference.

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

DESSERTS AND THINGS

A DESSERT does not need to be either elaborate in its preparation or expensive in cost to be appetizing. Many of the simplest of desserts are the most popular.

Two-Two Dessert. Take the juice of two lemons, the finely mashed pulp of two bananas and two cupfuls of sugar. Add a quart of thin cream, a pinch of salt and freeze.

Duchess Cream. This delightful dessert serves fifteen, so it may be cut into half for the ordinary family. Cook six tablespoonfuls of tapioca in boiling

water until clear, cool, add a little salt, one cupful of sugar, the juice from a can of pineapple, the juice of two oranges and two lemons. Cook until thick. Cool, then add the pineapple, one cupful of finely broken nuts and a pint of whipping cream beaten stiff.

Dainty Dessert. Cut, with scissors dipped into cold water, one pound of marshmallows, add one cupful of cut pecan meats, or almonds if preferred; add enough whipped cream to make a mixture to stand up well. Serve in sherbet glasses with a spoonful or two of orange and pineapple juice poured over each. Top with a maraschino cherry. Western Newspaper Union.

Wedge-Shaped Panel



Plaided with dark green, the natural cashmere of this costume is cut effectively with a wedge-shaped panel in the front of the skirt, using the plaid on the diagonal. The scarf is dark green and all the buttons are wood and crystal-clear composition.

THROUGH A Woman's Eyes

By JEAN NEWTON

THE "OFF TIMES" IN MARRIAGE ARE DANGEROUS TIMES

"I'll bet she's sorry she made those statements!" The remark was in reference to a sensational murder trial that for some time held first page space in newspapers all over the country. A woman's husband was on trial for murder and she was on the witness stand. His attorneys had tried through her testimony to prove that they were very happily married and now she was being cross-examined. Suddenly the prosecutor whipped out a piece of paper which contained statements furnishing unquestionable evidence of "marital rift." They were statements that she did not wish to back up, with which she did not agree, and which were damaging to her and her husband.

band. And it was suggested by an observer that they were probably made during one of those "off" periods which take place between the most happily married.

The matter is interesting to all married women for the thought it brings up about those "off times." They are times that are fraught with danger. And the danger is not only in writing down something that will be damaging long after it is regretted, but the danger of saying something that will be remembered by others long after it is forgotten by the husband or wife involved. It is a fault more common to women than men to speak impulsively at such a time, to express the dissatisfaction of the moment without thought to the fact that it makes a permanent impression.

My advice to the woman who finds herself irresistibly tempted to such unwise wisdom is to have a special lock for the door of her most inaccessible room, to which she can go at such dangerous times until the agitation of the incident and its rash impulses have safely passed. Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

THE FAMILY REUNION

By ANNE CAMPBELL

THE family reunion will be held again this year. Once more we will renew the melow friendships, tried and dear. Almost a hundred years ago, this homestead was a dream. A plan told in the candleglow that made young glances gleam.

If these brick walls could speak, they'd tell a tale of love grown old; A cycle of warm hearts that blessed its hospitable fold. A hundred years, a hundred souls that gather once again To testify to far-flung goals, and happy wives and men.

The family reunion! Heaven throws blue skies above! The day is touched with gold that is so sound about with love. And for each guest assembled here, there are too many more That are so far and yet so near, upon a trackless shore.

God bless the family! Make strong its deep, abiding ties. Love that is tended keeps the warmth and beauty that we prize; And even sunset skies are red with cheer in winter weather. When good friends gather, comforted, around a fire together! Copyright.—WNU Service.

Most Constant Unit of Time The rotation of the earth is the most constant unit of time that man has discovered.

WILL ROGERS

Greatly Loved American Born Nov. 4, 1879—Died Aug. 16, 1935

Will Rogers, Oklahoma cowboy whose homely philosophy endeared him to the hearts of millions, is dead. The wreckage of the plane in which he and Wiley Post, famous flier, were seeking new adventures was found where it had fallen about 15 miles south of Point Barrow, Alaska, northernmost white settlement in America.

Thus ended in tragedy the career of the ranch hand who had made millions laugh—probably the greatest and best known comedian of his day. His intense interest in aviation caused him to undertake the hazardous flight with Post over the wilds of the Far North. For many years he had traveled the skyways, and in his newspaper column had been one of commercial aviation's strongest supporters. That flying should have caused his death is one of fate's grim ironies.

Rogers' career reads almost like fiction. He was born at Ologah in Indian territory, November 4, 1879. He attended the Willie Hassell school at Neosho, Mo., and also the Kemper Military academy at Boonville for a short time. From that humble beginning he rose to become the intimate companion of the great men of the world.

His stage career began in vaudeville at the old Hammerstein roof garden in New York in 1905. At first his act was purely a routine of rope tricks, and he is still consid-



Will Rogers

ered one of the world's rope experts. Finally he began to insert homely observations on current events into his act, and enthusiastic audiences begged for more.

Rogers began to receive national recognition when he was engaged by Ziegfeld for the Follies and the Night Frolics in 1914. The ever present chewing gum, his crooked grin, and the lock of hair which dangled in his eyes were known to everyone. Whether he talked to audiences of thousands, to Presidents and cabinet ministers, or to a group of ranch hands he still had the manner of the Oklahoma cowboy sitting on a corral fence and commenting on the weather and the affairs of the nation.

It was through his writings, however, that he was best known and loved. His daily newspaper feature was read by millions, and his weekly column carried by the nation's largest dailies and also syndicated to weeklies by Western Newspaper Union carried his observations into the majority of American homes. No matter how busy he might be, or what affairs were pressing he always took time to prepare his column himself. A motion picture might be in the making, with expenses of hundreds of dollars each minute going on, but Rogers never failed his newspaper readers. Each day he would retire to some corner of the set, and while directors fumed and producers wailed, he turned out his regular stint.

Few people today realize the extent of Rogers' writings. Among the books he wrote were Rogerisms—The Cowboy Philosopher on Prohibition; Rogerisms—The Cowboy Philosopher on the Peace Conference, 1919; Rogerisms—What We Laugh At; Illiterate Digest; Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President; and There's Not a Bathing Suit in Russia.

His writings were unique. Under their cloak of humor there was an underlying common-sense that came from a man raised close to the soil. He knew the people of America and his sage comments—often only a few lines—often carried more wisdom and more weight than pages by another. Although his fame was world-wide, and his income enormous, he never lost the common touch. To the end he was Will Rogers, and his line "All I know is what I read in the newspapers" became almost a trademark.

Just before he left on the fatal flight, he told correspondents that he was going to spend the winter with some of Alaska's old sourdoughs—swapping stories, hearing their tales of adventures—and finding in their association the old pioneer humor of his boyhood days. And because he was Will Rogers he would have found it just as entertaining as though he had never been the confidant of Presidents and statesmen.

Housewife's Idea Box



A Useful Hint

When you make peppermints or drop cookies you will find this hint very useful: For the mints, drop the mixture on to waxed paper instead of a plate. For the cookies, place a piece of paper on your pan. You will find it ever so much easier to remove the candy or cookies. You will save cleaning, too.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

Public Ledger, Inc.—WNU Service.

Hurricanes Found on Stars

Winds that blow at the rate of 144,000 miles per hour have been found on stars by astronomers at the Yerkes observatory, Green Bay, Wis. Finding winds at work twenty-four million miles away would seem impossible, but by means of the spectroscopic, with which they were studying starlight, the discovery was made. The winds have an effect on the light that reaches earth from the stars, and the discovery of astral winds accounts for variations in starlight that have so long puzzled scientists. Though star winds travel 1,000 times faster than earth winds they contain much less "air." Star gases are much less dense than those of the earth's atmosphere.

BOYS! GIRLS!

Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes.—Adv.

Quick Death for Lobsters

Slow death for lobsters and crabs has been barred in Germany. The Prussian minister of the Interior has ordered that these shell fish must be put into the water when it is briskly boiling, and not when it is cold. Neither are they to be "cleaned" while showing signs of life. Fish and frogs must be stunned with a wooden mallet before being cut with a knife. The penalty for ignoring the order is two weeks in jail or a fine of \$37.50.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES. Quick, Safe Relief For Eyes Irritated By Exposure To Sun, Wind and Dust.

Pensions for the Aged Blessed are the pensions for the aged. They may thus escape many indignities.

FLY-TOX Kills MOSQUITOES, FLIES-SPIDERS and OTHER INSECTS. BEST BY 10,000 TESTS. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Quick, Pleasant Successful Elimination

Let's be frank—there's only one way for your body to rid itself of the waste material that causes acidity, gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts. Your intestines must function and the way to make them move quickly, pleasantly, successfully, without griping or harsh irritants is to chew a Milnesia Wafer thoroughly, in accordance with directions on the bottle or tin, then swallow. Milnesia Wafers, pure milk of magnesia in tablet form, each equivalent to a tablespoon of liquid milk of magnesia, correct acidity, bad breath, flatulence, at their source, and enable you to have the quick, pleasant, successful elimination so necessary to abundant health. Milnesia Wafers come in bottles at 35c and 60c or in convenient tins at 20c. Recommended by thousands of physicians. All good druggists carry them. Start using these pleasant tasting effective wafers today.

WNU—U 35—35

ITCHING... anywhere on the body—also burning irritated skin—soothed and helped by Resinol.

He Kills Lions for a Living



JAY BRUCE of California, official lion hunter for the state and the only man in the world who kills lions for a living, recently put the five hundredth notch on his trusty gun. He figures that he has walked every bit of 40,000 miles while trawling varnits for the state fish and game commission since 1919. Here Bruce is seen bringing in his five hundredth varnint to Placerville.