

by Thornton W. Burgess

SAMMY JAY TELLS PETER RABBIT HE IS SORRY

When you've done a thing that's wrong just go and say you're sorry. Don't let an untruth drag along—just go and say you're sorry. There's nothing else will clear the way. And brighter make the passing day when you have done or said or thought a thing more unkind than you ought than just to say you're sorry.

YOU remember how Peter Rabbit could find no one to believe him when he told about the great, strange tracks which he had found in the snow deep in the Green Forest at the very end of winter. Of course you do. And you remember how Sammy Jay had made fun of



"They'll Just Think That We All Three Are Crazy."

Peter and teased him until Peter would hardly put his head outside of the dear Old Briar Patch. Now Sammy was learning just how Peter had felt. To be sure, it was nothing new to Sammy to have people doubt what he said. Usually he wouldn't have minded in the least. But now he had such wonderful news—news of a big, black stranger who had come to live in the Green Forest—and it was dreadful to have everybody smile and whisper to one another. "He's crazy."

It was just as bad when Blacky the Crow saw the stranger and tried to tell about him, for no one believed Blacky, and every one thought him crazy, too. But all of a sudden Peter Rabbit remembered those great tracks he had tried so hard to forget, and right away he was as excited as Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow. When Sammy told about the great claws Peter fairly shouted.

"It's the stranger who made those tracks, just as sure as I'm alive!" he cried. "Now, perhaps you still think I had bad dreams, Sammy Jay, when I told you about those strange tracks!"

Sammy looked at Peter and hung

his head for "just a minute. "I'm sorry, Peter," said he, "for all the mean things I said and for not believing your story. I truly am. I know just how you felt when you had great news and no one would believe it. No one but my cousin, Blacky the Crow, believes me now unless it is you. Do you, Peter?"

"Of course, I do!" replied Peter promptly. "Didn't I see the tracks? Do you believe that now, Sammy Jay?"

Sammy nodded. "Yes," he replied. "I believe it. But nobody else will excepting Blacky. They just think we all three are crazy."

"But who is the stranger?" persisted Peter.

"Don't know," replied Sammy. "Never have seen any one like him. Why don't you go ask him where he comes from and who he is. Peter?"

"Oh!" cried Peter. "I don't dare. Sammy? You can fly and I can't. You haven't anything to be afraid of. If I could fly I'd go."

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MANNERS OF THE MOMENT

By JEAN

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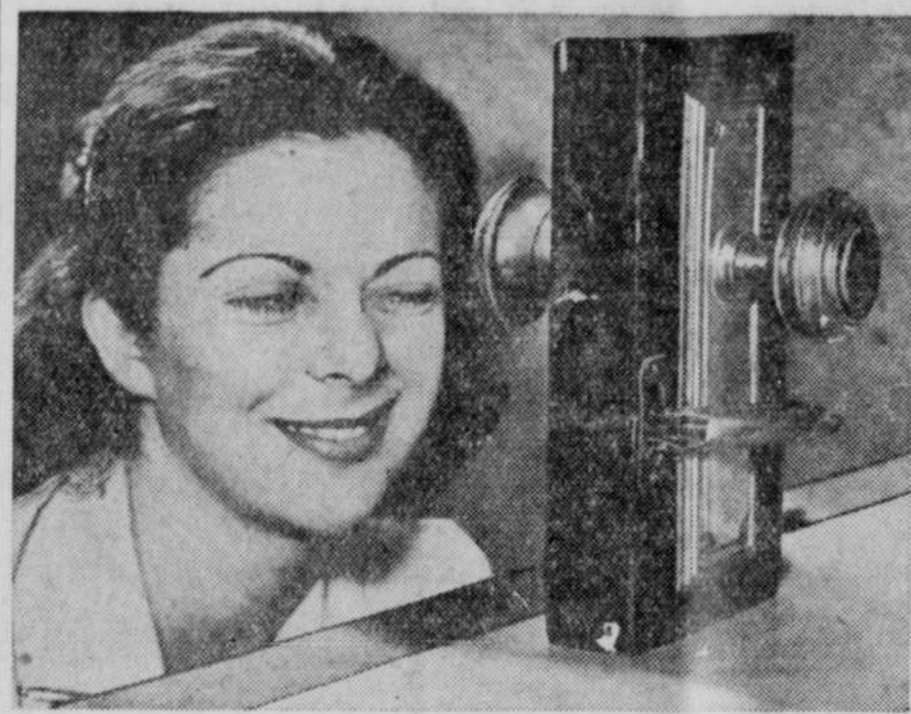
WE FEEL that there are too many baffled and forlorn looking husbands waiting at department store entrances for wives who never appear.

You've seen them. Those faithful husbands who have been told to "Meet me at 5:30 at the entrance to Taylor and Crockett's." Faithfully they wait, until the doors have been locked and the "Store Closed" sign hung out. And even then, they continue to wait, peering hopefully through the glass pane of the door, expecting, no doubt, to see a wife emerge from a bolt of cretonne in the foyer.

Now, of course, if they were at their ordinary best, they'd realize that no woman is going to hang around a department store after the salesgirls have left. They'd see that there was no sense in waiting, and go off and have a sandwich. But somehow men never seem to be their brightest in department store foyers.

So we think that probably the only thing for them to do is to give up

Even Winchell Would Be Foiled



Miss Bobbe Joyce is seen demonstrating the futility of trying to see through a peepless keyhole and key guard, one of the 500 gadgets which went on public view during the annual convention of the National Inventors' congress in New York. The ingenious device, which serves as a key lock as well as blocking the opening, operates on the simple principle that you can't see through something when there is nothing through which you can see.

the practice entirely. A husband should always meet his wife in a place where the atmosphere tends



Picture of a Husband Looking for His Wife.

to sharpen his mental processes. Then maybe he'll be able to figure out by himself what to do if his wife doesn't show up.

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THE DRY AND THE WET

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

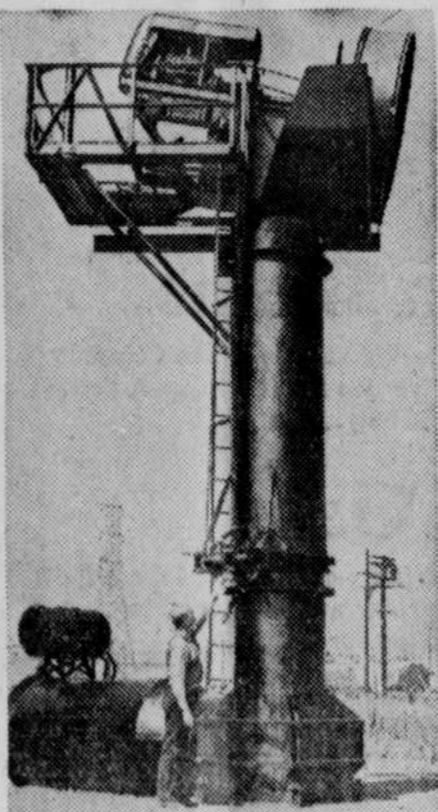
I RECKON the sun never shines for no one. Not ever the whole of the year. There must be some rainin', But why the complainin' Because a few troubles appear? I reckon there never was anyone yet But hadn't seen some of the dry and the wet.

I reckon the rose knows the weather, and knows It needs just a little of both, The sun in its season, The rain for some reason, If roses would git any growth, I reckon a rose in that garden'd die That hadn't seen some of the wet and the dry.

I reckon that man has some sort of a plan For growin', the same as a flow'r, Some day with its sorrow, Some pleasure tomorrow, To help him to grow ev'ry hour, I reckon no rose and no man I have met Who hadn't seen some of the dry and the wet.

© Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service

To Fight Frost



Ten acres of orchard can be protected from frost with use of this improved hot air heater, developed by a Los Angeles inventor, G. W. Grable. The machine, standing 30 feet high, has a rotating blower unit mounted on a central standard, surrounded by a blue leading from a smokeless oil burning boiler. Oscillating to cover any desired orchard area, the device keeps the air in motion.

"two adjectives, a noun and an adjective, or any two or more parts of speech are abnormally associated" to function as one adjective. The dictionary gives these examples: down-stairs room; dark-brown hair; well-known man; knee-deep snow; free-trade doctrines.

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MOPSY



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What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Cures for Communism.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—A certain rich man out here—rich but indulgent—got a letter from his heir, a sophomore at one of the big eastern colleges.

The lad announced he had been converted to communism and was contributing to the cause. So what about it?

The old man wrote back:

"Son, you have a perfect right to follow the dictates of your conscience. But as a consistent communist you naturally would not continue to live on the ill-gotten gains of a wicked money-grabber. Today I am cutting off your somewhat generous allowance. You will also vacate the luxurious apartment you now occupy because I'm not paying the rent of same any longer. So go ahead, my boy, and commune freely—with my blessings! But from date that'll be about all from this end of the line."

Exactly four hours after the arrival by air mail of this ultimatum, the hard-hearted parent got back a rush telegram stating that the young man had been thinking things over and had decided not to take up the new doctrine.

The Art of Listening.

WE HAD a party at which there appeared what I may call the dumb poets—Sam Hoffenstein and Ogden Nash. At the studios where they're both turning out epics, there's a rule that neither shall burst forth into poetry while he's under contract—no thumbing of the harp, no sounding of the lute. Cinema's gain is creation's loss.

Maybe that explains why they made such good listeners the other night. And isn't a good listener a boon! I don't mind being interrupted, provided the interrupter chooses the right subject. Mute and rapt, I can harken for hours on hours if someone is talking about me, say, or even reading from my published works. But these two minnesingers only broke in to ask that the pickled shrimp be passed or gently to suggest that another little drink or two wouldn't do any harm.

Ogden Nash has attained the highest peak of distinction attainable for a writer. His chief imitator has an imitator who is bringing up his oldest boy to be an imitator.

Resurrecting Old Words.

WHEN a word gets fashionable—especially a new word which some wordsmith thought up right out of his head—it gets too doggone fashionable. The same applies to old words which have been disinterred from their forgotten tombs in the dictionary.

I seem to see grave robbers prowling through the unabridged, starting in at "aard-vark," which is an animal formerly common only to Africa but now frequently found in cross-word puzzles; and working on through to "zythum," a very strong beer drunk by ancient tribes. I guess those old-timers imbibed copiously of the brew and then named it. It doesn't sound like the sort of word a dead sober party deliberately would make up.

Do you remember the run "intrigued" had? I never got so sick of a word in my life. And then along came "provocative," and it turned out to be a pest. People went around just looking for a chance to work "provocative" into the conversation. The only way to lick 'em was to pretend to be deaf and dumb.

And now the reigning favorite is "allergic." Folks spout it everywhere, whether they know what it means or not. I don't mind saying I'm getting awfully allergic to "allergic." There must be many others like me.

Campaign Books.

LET us not cavil too much because high pressure salesmen, working on commission, have been unloading upon the faithful, at fancy prices, the gift book put out by Washington headquarters to pay off campaign debts. In fact, 15 cents' worth would cover practically all the cavil I personally have used up in this connection.

The result tends to prove the gratifying fact that, while more Democrats may not necessarily have learned how to read and write, obviously more of us have got money than formerly was the case when the Republicans were in power.

Besides, think of what the strain would have been upon the poor postman if the national committee had been stuck with all this bulk literature and congressmen had started franking copies out to their constituents with Uncle Sam paying the freight. To give you a further idea about this franking privilege, I may state that it was named for Frank, Jesse's brother—and you'll remember how careless those James boys were with the United States mails!

IRVIN S. COBB.

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Three Maids A-Sewing Go



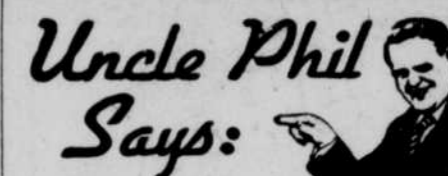
LITTLE lady, it's time to say adieu, so long, good-by to that flimsy but faithful friend—your summer wardrobe. But don't fret, Milady, Sew-Your-Own is right on the job with sparkling new fashions for you; fashions that will make you forget the past and be remembered in the future. So let's not tarry; let's choose the style that's got the most sock for our particular figure and join this group that's going a-sewing!

Stadium Model.

Picture yourself in the trim-waisted little model at the left, if you would have an optimistic viewpoint and a head start on style this season. There's nothing younger than this topper with its dainty collar and cuffs, its snappy row of buttons and fetching pelum. The way it takes to the weightier fall fabrics is news, and equally intriguing is this fact: it's easy to sew!

Young 'n' Pretty.

Long slender lines of the princess variety make this the lucky number for your first autumn days. Of course you see it's a style to cut in at least two fabrics because it boasts utility plus beauty. If you're going to school you'll want it in acetate jersey or light-weight wool. Neat contour!



Uncle Phil Says:

Closely Related

Belief and conduct act and react upon each other. People with pleasant dispositions ought to "speak their minds" oftener.

A glad-eye a day keeps the elderly gay.

When you wonder how some people get by, it may be because they do not care whether they do or not.

And Often It Burns

Everyone rakes the embers under his own cake.

As the marvels of life increase, fewer people seem capable of wonder.

Celebrations resemble each other too much. This is why they wear out with the older people.

Those who knew a man back in the old home town wonder how he succeeded in the big city. They think he's changed. He is changed. The city changes everyone.

trast is here, too, if you wish, in the collar, pocket flaps and buttons. (This is a simple eight-piece pattern.)

A Lift for You.

There's much ado about bodices this fall and unless you have a frock that carries a stylish one you won't feel right. Sew-Your-Own caters to this vogue in its new creation at the right. It is pencil slim and carefully styled to give you that chic young silhouette that distinguishes the lady of fashion. Make this handsome model of silk crepe, sheer wool or jersey and it fits for business or pleasure in town or country.

The Patterns.

Pattern 1376 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35-inch material.

Pattern 1347 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4 1/4 yards of 35 or 39-inch material. With long sleeves 5 1/2 yards plus 3/4 yard contrasting.

Pattern 1258 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material, with long sleeves, plus 4 1/2 yards of braid to finish as pictured.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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Conceited Beau Brummell

Beau Brummell (1778-1840), the master dandy of all time, was so idolized by the aristocracy of London as an arbiter of dress and manners that, eventually, he became unbearably conceited. One night he even ordered a duchess out of his house, during a reception, because her "dress was cut too low in the back." The gentleman's taste was so offended that he had to cover his eyes while she humbly backed out of the ballroom.—Collier's Weekly.

checks COLDS and FEVER first day LIQUID, TABLETS SALVE, NOSE DROPS Headache, 30 minutes. Try "Rub-My-Tiss"—World's Best Liniment

Moire Dance Frock



This adaptation of Schiaparelli's dance frock with its shorter-in-front skirt is made of jacquard moire in a lovely peach skin shade. The draped and shirred bodice and puff sleeves are good fashion points for the youthful figure. A rhinestone ornament is centered on the corded decollete.

ALUMINUM PAINT

ALUMINUM paint is coming into very general use as a priming coat on bare wood, to be finished with any kind of oil paint or of enamel. The liquid part of aluminum paint is varnish, which for satisfaction, should be of high quality; for outside work, spar varnish should be used. The aluminum is in the form of flakes of a fineness that is suited to the work. Aluminum paint should be mixed as it is used, and to make this possible, manufacturers supply it in a double can, the lower and larger part of the can containing the varnish, and the upper and smaller can, the dry aluminum powder. The proportion is about two pounds of the powder to the gallon of varnish.

When aluminum paint is applied, the metal flakes float to the top of the film of varnish. After hardening, the varnish is thus covered with a thin sheet of metal, and it is this that gives aluminum paint its usefulness as an undercoat. The life of paint depends on the firmness with which the undercoat is attached to the surface to which it is applied. The loosening of paint is due to the breaking of this bond. The ultra violet rays of the sun are destructive to the oils in paint, and are one of the causes of paint failure. With the first coat of varnish protected by its surface of aluminum, the bond is given a much longer life than when it is exposed to the destructive violet rays.

Aluminum being opaque, this paint is excellent for a first coat when a surface that is dark in color

THE RIGHT WORD

By W. Curtis Nicholson

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COMPOUNDING WORDS

MANY people have, or should have, dictionaries, but not every one has an unabridged dictionary. In the "Introductory" part of "Funk and Wagnalls' New Standard Dictionary of the English Language" is a section that begins with the title "Method of Compounding Words." This is in the unabridged edition. Those who have this edition may have overlooked reading this section; those who do not have the edition probably have not seen it. Therefore, "The Right Word" has decided to place before its readers some of the suggestions relative to the compounding of words.

First, let us consider one principle laid down by the dictionary. This is to the effect that "abnormal association of words generally indicates unification in sense, and hence compounding in form." We are told that when two words are used together as one name they become one word, if the first is not functioning as an adjective. Thus, in "brick house," "brick" is an adjective, so to speak, and tells us of what the house is made. But in "brick-yard," we are speaking of a yard where bricks are made. Here, we do not have a yard made of bricks, but we do have an entirely new name. Compounding is necessary when

Love, Honor and Obey



In the old hammock on a hot Sunday afternoon. Ah—what could be sweeter!

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By Fred Neher



"Hey, Doc, I'm sendin' ya a customer . . . I just dropped my wrench!"

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG