

HOME STORIES

by Thornton W. Burgess

PETER HAS HARD WORK TO BELIEVE HIS EYES

THE very morning that Jimmy Skunk had decided to go see for himself the stranger of whom Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow and Unc' Billy Possum told such strange stories Peter Rabbit had made up his mind that he just had to see for himself what was going on. He had not been into the deepest part of the Green Forest since the time when he had found the strange tracks in the snow. The truth is Peter had been afraid to go. But now his curiosity had been aroused so by what Sammy Jay and Blacky

often that it took him longer than ever to reach the pond of Paddy the Beaver deep in the Green Forest. Not once had Peter seen or heard anything to make him afraid, and by the time he reached Paddy's pond he had begun to feel very brave and bold. In fact he had almost begun to doubt if there was any such stranger as Sammy had described.

Then all of a sudden, right on the shore of Paddy's pond, Peter saw a sight that made him quite gasp for breath. Yes, sir, it quite took Peter's breath away. What was it? Why, it was the meeting between Jimmy Skunk and the big stranger Sammy Jay had told about. He was very big, quite as big as Farmer Brown's boy, was the stranger and he wore a black fur coat just as Sammy had said. And there were the great big claws, the terrible claws, the most awful claws that Peter had ever dreamed of. As soon as he saw them Peter knew for sure that this stranger was the one who had made the big, strange tracks he had found in the snow in the deepest part of the Green Forest at the very last of winter. And now here was the great stranger with the terrible claws walking straight toward Jimmy Skunk and Jimmy didn't seem to know it. In fact Jimmy was resting and he looked very much as if he were going to take a nap. Peter wanted to shout and warn Jimmy. Then he thought of thumping. But he didn't do either. The fact is Peter didn't quite dare to.

But there was no need, for just then the stranger stepped on a stick and it broke with a snap. Jimmy Skunk turned about. Of course Peter expected to see Jimmy run as fast as ever he could. "Jimmy seldom hurries, but he will this time," thought Peter.

But Peter was wrong. Jimmy did nothing of the kind. For a minute he just stared and stared. The big black stranger kept right on coming. Then, instead of running, Jimmy went forward to meet him. Yes, sir, Jimmy Skunk just marched straight toward the stranger with his head and tail held high. The big black stranger stopped and eyed Jimmy a bit doubtfully. Then he stood up on his hind legs and he was as tall as Farmer Brown's boy. This made Jimmy stop for a minute. Never had he seen any one but Farmer Brown's boy himself who could stand like that. But it wouldn't do to let this stranger think that just because he was big and had cruel looking claws he could scare everybody, and so Jimmy once more marched forward. You know he really has a great deal of confidence in that little bag of scent he always carries with him. The stranger growled. Jimmy kept right on. Then what do you think happened? Why that great, big stranger began to back away! Peter Rabbit could hardly believe his own eyes.

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So Peter had started off by himself the Crow had said that he couldn't keep away any longer. First he looked for his cousin, Jumper the Hare. Jumper had not been afraid when Peter had told him about those strange tracks, and he felt sure that Jumper would not be afraid now. But Jumper was nowhere to be found. In fact, Peter had not seen him for some time, not since Sammy Jay had first come screaming out of the Green Forest with his story of the big stranger with the terrible claws.

So Peter started off by himself. His heart went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, and he sat up to look and listen 'so

ANIMAL CRACKERS

By WARREN GOODRICH



"Stick 'em up!" WNU Service.

Seattle's Russian Orthodox Church



Towering over several buildings and housetops are the awe-inspiring seven spirals of the new Russian Orthodox church which is being built in Seattle. It is said to be the only one of its architectural design on the Coast. When the church is completed there is expected to be a continuous flow of visiting artists to paint and draw the artistic building. This church is being erected by the pastor himself along with several other members of the church. The pastor is the Rev. M. Danilchik, who came from southern Russia.

"Spirit of Radio"



In a costume that well befits her title, Miss Elmina Humphreys of Southampton, England, posed after being chosen as "The Spirit of Radio" in a contest that had many entries. Elmina is nineteen years old.

FIRST AID TO THE AILING HOUSE

By Roger B. Whitman

RELATIVE HUMIDITY

WITH the coming in of air conditioning, and the use of humidifiers, the term "relative humidity" is used to indicate the percentage of moisture in the air. This term is explained as showing the quantity of moisture in the air compared to the limit that the air can hold. For a comparison, a sponge picks up moisture and continues to pick it up until it is saturated; beyond that, any more water causes a drip.

The amount of water vapor that air can take up depends on temperature. The warmer the air, the more vapor it can hold; the greater will be the quantity of water vapor needed to saturate it.

Relative humidity is the amount of water vapor actually in the air, compared to the amount of water vapor that would be needed for saturation. Air that is fully saturated, and that can take up no more vapor without forming a drip or a mist, is said to be 100 per cent humidified.

The relative humidity of a body of air depends on the temperature of the air. Consider a room in which the air at a temperature of 40 degrees contains a certain quantity of water vapor. If the temperature of the air is then raised to, say, 60 or 70 degrees, with no more water vapor added, the relative humidity will be less, for at the higher temperature, the air has a greater capacity for absorbing water.

Now suppose that the air in a room is at 70 degrees, and contains a quantity of water vapor, but not enough for saturation. Coming into contact with cold window glass, the air will be chilled and will lose its capacity to hold water vapor. The excess above the relative humidity of 100 per cent, which is saturation, will be squeezed out, so to speak,

MANNERS OF THE MOMENT

By JEAN

WE HAVE a dreadful time, every once in a while, trying to remember all the first names of all the children in families where we visit only about once a year. It infuriates the parents when we call little Dicky, Bill or little Marjorie, Helen. They seem to think we aren't impressed with the offspring, which is far from the case. We are usually terribly impressed and somewhat terrified.

For a while we wrote down all the names of these children—once-removed in a note book. But then we lost the note book. So now we have discovered a new system. When confronted with the child we smile pleasantly and start right in



You Are Supposed to Remember All the Names of All Your Friends' and Cousins' Children.

with our conversation. "So you're in school now, aren't you?" we say. And then, "I bet you haven't learned to spell your own name, have you?" And nine times out of ten we get the answer that saves us.

The only trouble is that it doesn't work with children that are too old or too young. With them we just have to stay mum until we hear their mother ordering them about.

WNU Service.



"A good memory is something to be proud of," says sagacious Sue, "but there come times in one's life where he wishes to forget."

and will appear as drops on the glass. The effect is condensation. © By Roger B. Whitman WNU Service.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB



HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"White Prairie Death"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

You know, boys and girls, this Adventurers' Club of ours shows signs of spreading all over the cockeyed world. Just a few weeks ago we enrolled a native boy from Java, and today here comes one from Sweetwater, way up in British Columbia.

Bill Simpson is his name, and he is a homesteader in a country where farmhouses are few and far between. But in 1908 Bill was doing his homesteading in Saskatchewan, and up there, at that time you were lucky if you saw a farmhouse in ten miles of travel.

That's the section Bill is going to tell us about today. He's going to tell us the story of the horse that knew more than a man. And Bill has the genuine eye-witness lowdown on that story, too. You see, Bill was the man.

It was just a few days before Christmas. Bill and his closest neighbor—a fellow named Barney—had driven into town, a distance of forty miles, to lay in a supply of groceries. It's hard to imagine a place that's forty miles away from the nearest grocery store. But it's a fact, nevertheless. And Bill and Barney drove that forty miles, not over roads, but on a rough trail over the virgin prairie—a winding route picked out by the horse himself, as he skirted around wet places and alkali spots, trying to find where the going was easiest.

Caught in a Prairie Blizzard.

It was over that sort of a road that Bill and Barney started back for home. They planned to drive twenty miles, spend the night at the homestead of a man they knew along the way, and drive the other twenty miles on the following day. They had covered sixteen of those first twenty miles when a blizzard broke over their heads.

A prairie blizzard is a thing you can't fight. The snow comes pelting down with such force that it is impossible to face and travel against it. You've just got to travel in the direction in which the wind is blowing. The snow comes down so thick that you can hardly see two feet ahead of you. And that's the sort of storm that Bill and Barney were up against.

"The temperature dropped," says Bill, "until the sleigh runners screamed as they passed over the cold snow. The wind rose, driving snow particles at us with stinging force. The cold penetrated our bodies, and before we had gone half a mile we were performing the craziest-looking acrobatics you ever saw in an effort to keep warm."

"For a mile or so after the storm broke we were able to keep the horse headed along the trail. But every vestige of the trail was soon obliterated and we had to trust to luck as we headed for our destination. It began to



The Horse Stopped at a Huge Mound of Snow.

dawn on us then that, though it was only a few more miles to the homestead of our friend, we would probably never find it in that blizzard—that we would drive on and on until we froze to death.

"Even then we were not far from freezing. Barney, who was superstitious, kept crying over and over again, 'Oh, me poor mother, I'll never see her again. The storm devils will get me,' and many times in the next couple hours I felt myself becoming numb and drowsy. I just wanted to take a short nap—just a short nap. That's what I was telling myself. But I knew in my heart that if I ever lay down I would never wake up again."

Beat Barney to Save His Life.

So Bill forced himself to beat his arms about and rub his face with snow to keep himself awake. After one of those sleepy attacks of his he turned to speak to Barney—and found him peacefully asleep in the bottom of the sleigh box. He had to beat him unmercifully with a black-snake whip before he could get him awake again. "And as I beat him," he says, "the exertion brought with it a feeling of warmth that may have saved my own life."

By that time Bill had lost his bearings and even his sense of direction. He gave the horse a free rein, trusting in his instinct instead. On they went. The snow, by that time, was falling in such a dense curtain that it was impossible to see even as far as the horse's head. There isn't a man in the world who wouldn't have been lost in such a storm. But the horse showed no hesitancy. He plodded on.

Then, all at once he began to slow down. A few paces farther on he came to a stop before what looked like a huge mound of snow. Had he, too, lost his sense of direction? Bill shouted, "Get up!" at him. The horse didn't budge. Bill was about to take the whip when the thought came to him to investigate that mound of snow.

Luckily the Horse Kept His Bearings.

He climbed down from the wagon. The mound was round and strangely shaped—a snow-pile. Bill thrust his hand into it—and then realized that the horse knew things that he didn't. That mound was a snow-covered pile of straw that had been left there by threshers in the fall.

"I pulled the wagon up into the shelter of the pile," says Bill, "and was preparing to pull out some of the straw to make a fire, when I saw what looked like a star off toward the horizon. But I knew there was no possibility of seeing a star through such a storm and realized to my unbounded joy that it must be a light gleaming in the house of our friend with whom we planned to spend the night."

Bill headed the horse toward that light and drove him on. It was the house all right, but they were coming up to it from the opposite direction from which they should have approached it. "We had almost passed it," says Bill, "and if we had, we would have gone on to our deaths in the howling wind and deepening snow. The only thing that saved us from doing so was—the horse."

Bill and Barney spent the night at that homestead, and went on home the next morning after the storm was over. In later years, Bill never passed that place without remembering his battle with the elements—and the horse that kept his bearings when Bill and Barney had both lost theirs.

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Blacker Than Coal

To most of us coal seems to be the limit of blackness, but there is one substance that is much blacker; silica black. It is formed of coal crushed to a fine powder and mixed with pulverized silica. This compound is heated in a vacuum at a temperature of 600 degrees Fahrenheit, and when the gas and other products have been driven off the residue is found to be much blacker than coal, says a writer in London Bits Magazine. Silica black has many uses—paints, shoe polishes, insecticides and fume absorbers usually contain a certain proportion of it. Its value lies largely in the fact that it mixes easily with oil, the color is permanent, and it resists acids and chemicals.

Glaciers Worldwide

A roll call of glacial giants would bring up the names of Pamir glacier, in the Himalayas, possibly 100 miles long; Hubbard glacier, in Alaska, 90 miles long and in places 10 miles wide; and the ice cap of Svalbard, Spitzbergen. The method of a glacier's growth is more spectacular than the mighty oaks from little acorns contrast. For the huge ice-rivers are merely overgrown colonies of snowflakes which have become compact granular ice. Glaciers flourish virtually on the equator, wherever peaks are high enough. The very tip-top of Africa, Mount Kilimanjaro (19,710 feet) in Tanganyika, is girdled with no less than ten glaciers, although it is volcanic.

Cutwork That Is Anything but Work



"Cutwork without bars?" Exactly—and that's the very reason this lovely Wild Rose design for doilies or buffet set is so easy to do. So encouraging, too, for the beginner who'd like to try her hand at it. Aren't they life-like—these roses? Delicate shades of pink would be most realistic, of course, but the pattern is no less lovely if worked in thread to match your linen. A refreshment table set with these would be most tempting! In pattern 5503 you will find a transfer pattern of a doilie 11 by 17½ inches and one and one reverse doilie 6 by 9 inches; material requirements; illustrations of all stitches used; color suggestions.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

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But Look It is not necessary to light a candle to see the sun.—Sydney.

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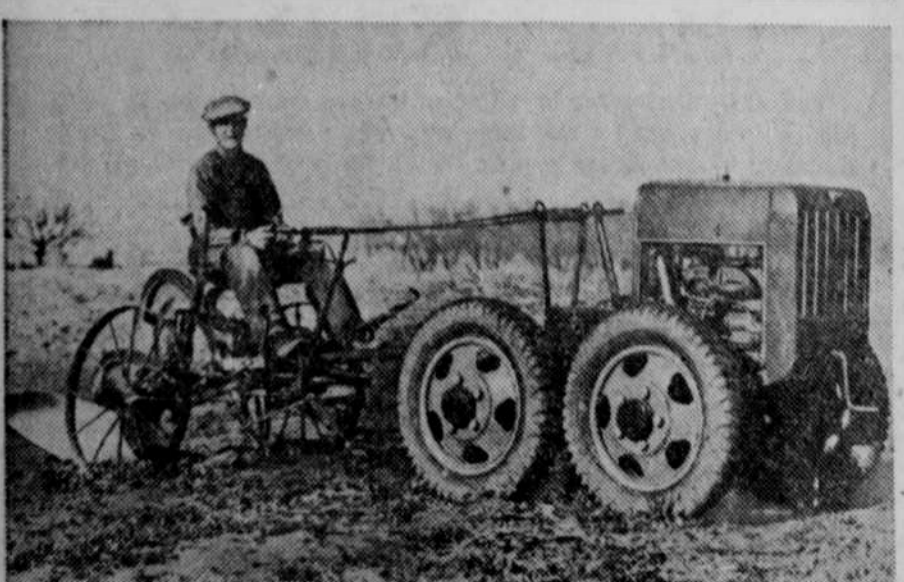
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He Drives His Tractor Like a Horse



Bert Bonham is here seen demonstrating for Latter Day Saint officials at Salt Lake City, Utah, the gasoline farm steed he has invented and which is driven as one would drive a horse. "It's all in that little iron box behind the motor," says Bert's brother and co-inventor, Bond. When Bonham pulled on the reins the machine halted. When he released them it moved forward. A hard pull set the rig moving backward and a jerk on one rein turned the machine. The brothers experimented