

This Makes Duck Shooting Look Very Easy



JOHN B. COWIESON, nationally known wild duck tamer, has a way with him, as may be judged from this picture of him and some friends on Lost Lake, Florida. Most of the birds are mallards, and with John are about as tame as chickens.

Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by JEAN NEWTON

THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

FROM the Balkans comes news of a peasant girl who hanged herself because she was not the prettiest girl in the world.

Her name was Angjelija Nukitch, and she lived near the village of Rasnik, Croatia. She was regarded as the most beautiful girl in her district, and some one told her she was the prettiest girl in the world. It seems then that a neighbor returned from a journey and told Angjelija that in so nearby a place as Zagreb, the capital of Croatia, there were prettier girls than she.

So Angjelija went to the barn and hanged herself, writing in a note that she did not want to live in a world that contained prettier girls.

Incredible, did you say, that anyone should be unwilling to live just because she could not be the prettiest girl in the world?

Not at all. People are always wanting to die for some reason that seems perfectly absurd to the rest of us. After all, death might be considered preferable to living in misery. And don't the majority of us live in misery—or its equivalent in perhaps milder terms—because of something we want with an intensity that would seem to most people, if they knew it, absolutely incomprehensible?

It's that wanting so hard that is the trouble. It is like living your life attached to an opera glass—seeing only one thing, many times magnified, to the exclusion of everything else. It distorts values and throws everything out of balance. A thing that need really have no important bearing on our leading useful, happy lives becomes like a malignant growth on the healthy tissue of life—whether it is something you are sure is important or just some silly thing that some one else wants, like being the prettiest girl in the world.

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THE BURDEN OF TOMORROW

By ANNE CAMPBELL

THE future may be dark with certain sorrow, But I will walk a valiant way. I will not take the burden of tomorrow Upon my heart today.

I will not lift a sack of phantom troubles From a remembered year, And bear their bogus weight. Like silver bubbles They soon would disappear.

I am content today! Why should I borrow From Fate I cannot stay? I will not take the burden of tomorrow Upon my heart today.

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Shirred Wings



Shirred wings and a bustle effect are here gracefully interpreted in a brocaded lame taffeta. Shaded tulips in orange and blue with green leaves form an all-over pattern on a cream colored background.

turkey or other fowl. After stuffing place in a roaster and brown. During the baking baste every fifteen minutes with orange juice and lemon juice. Add two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice to a cupful of orange juice while basting. Use the liquid in the pan also for basting. The fruit juice enhances the flavor, making it more tender. Prepare and bake a plain sponge cake in a square tin. When cool cut into rounds with a cookie cutter and cover with any creamy frosting. Roll in tinted coconut. Decorate with halves of nuts, sliced dates arranged in designs or with bits of maraschino cherries or candied fruit.

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Early Telephone Switchboards

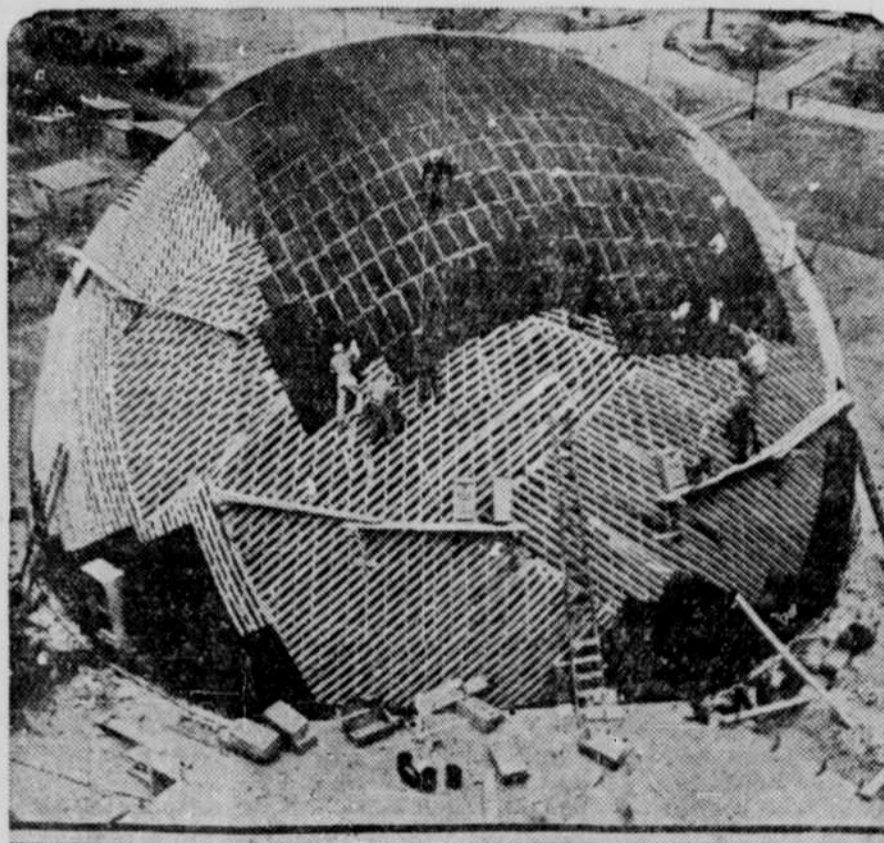
The first intercommunication of telephone lines by means of a switchboard occurred at Boston in 1877. In 1878 the first commercial switchboard was installed in New Haven, Conn., with 21 subscribers.

PAPA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is a gallop?" "Quadruped leaps." © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

Dome for a New Planetarium



WHEN the Hayden planetarium of the American Museum of Natural History in New York is completed it will have architectural features never before used. The workmen are seen here putting the outer covering on the dome.

A Lady Short

By WILLIAM DE LISLE
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
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THEY both behaved splendidly. Nobody in the room could guess that the introduction was not that of two strangers.

He wondered as he drank his soup what could have brought her to this house; what she could possibly have in common with fat, vulgar Mrs. Bowman, their hostess. He eyed her askance, and thought of the first time they had been sent in to dinner together, fifteen months before. Then she had been friendly; now she scorned him. Well, he would scorn her, too. He would show her how little he cared.

"I heard some one say this morning that you were engaged," he said, turning to her. "May I congratulate you?"

She shot him a hostile glance. "It is not true. Once is enough—" She broke off; then continued frigidly. "My fortunate escape from what would undoubtedly have been an unhappy marriage naturally prejudices me against matrimony."

There was a silence. Finally he said reproachfully: "You haven't asked after Aunt Laura."

"How is Miss Glendon?" "Very well, thank you. She's never had another attack since that one. Strange, isn't it? If she hadn't been ill we wouldn't have quarreled, and we'd have been married by now. . . ."

Aunt Laura lived alone on her beautiful place in Maine in close proximity to some splendid trout fishing and a good golf course. When she heard of the engagement she wrote and asked them down for a visit. They jumped at it.

But the rain, the confinement, and the prolonged tete-a-tete got on their nerves. What led to the explosion neither could say now, but the engagement terminated at precisely three-thirty. Shortly afterward he had been sent abroad by his firm, had now just returned, and had never seen nor heard of her till Mrs. Bowman introduced them before dinner.

"Perhaps," she said presently, "I ought to congratulate you." "It would be premature," he confessed. "Though I must admit an announcement is not far off."

"How nice!" The conversation lapsed again. Their eyes met. He said hastily, "Have you dined here before?"

"No." "How did Mrs. Bowman manage to rope you in?"

A faint flush dyed her cheeks. "If it comes to that, how did Mr. Bowman rope you in?"

"He's one of our best clients. But I had no idea"—his voice dropped to a whisper—"I would meet a gang like this. 'I repeat—how did Mrs. Bowman ever get you to come?'"

"I happened to have no other engagement."

"Well, of course, it's none of my business. Let's change the subject. How's your austere guardian, Mr. Hopkins?"

She flushed. "He is abroad," she said, turning slightly away from him.

For a moment neither of them spoke. Then, "Do you know," he said suddenly, "that your Mr. Hopkins had a lot to do with our engagement going on the rocks?"

She was genuinely surprised. "How could he?"

"You remember I saw him the day before we went to Aunt Laura's? Well, he implied that I was after your money. That was really what started it. I began the visit in a bad temper. . . ."

But she had risen. He watched her going out with the other woman—a swan among a brood of waddling geese. And again he wondered what she could be doing in that house. He moved toward Mr. Bowman.

"Mr. Bowman," he began, "the girl I took in—Miss Dodd—"

"Say, I'm sorry about that," Mr. Bowman interrupted. "It's the wife's fault. She got you mixed up with Mr. Goetz and gave him your lady, Miss Miller. Then we were a lady short, so she called in Miss Dodd, our governess."

"Governess! Miss Dodd? Why I used to know Miss Dodd very well. An heiress—"

"Not any more. From what I heard her guardian gambled most of her money away, then skipped to Europe. Left her without a dime."

In the living room she was sitting apart. He went straight up to her.

"I've heard," he added. "I mean about Hopkins. Why didn't you tell me?"

She looked up in surprise. "You didn't know. . . .? But I see now you didn't—" She stopped, her lips quivering. Gently, he led her out on the terrace.

"Don't pity me!" she cried suddenly, sharply. "I don't want your pity. I wish I hadn't come out here. Why did you bring me?"

"I wanted to apologize for my attitude," he told her. "I was lying at dinner when I pretended I didn't care. And, of course, it's all nonsense about Miss Tobin. I want you to give me another chance, Ellen."

For an instant she stood still, while he searched her eyes for an ancient sign. He found it. Then he took her in his arms.

Smartness This Pajama Keynote

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There is no reason why pajamas should not be as smart as anything else a woman wears—and every reason why they should. Here are some that are as carefully designed as a suit. Look at the way that girly business mounts in a becoming V in the front and ties in a clever bow in the back, emphasizing the slender lines of the waist. Those tiny revers are exactly the finish it needs at the neck, and the well-cut trousers are both comfortable and good looking. It is, of course, a two-piece model, nice to make in a neatly patterned cotton or a plain or figured flannel or challis.

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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.

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SMILES

THE ONLY DRAWBACK

Blinks—Did you take an extensive tour on your vacation?

Jinks—No, but if I'd had a vacation and owned a car and had money to have financed one, I would have.

Good Explanation

Little Mae—Mother, I know why people laugh up their sleeves.

Mother—Why, dear?

Little Mae—Because that's where their funnybone is.

Exhausted the Supply

The Pacifist—You shouldn't have beaten up your neighbor even if he did injure you. You should have been patient and turned the other cheek.

The Belligerent—I did that until I ran out of cheeks.

There Isn't Any

"My wife always has the last word."

"Mine never gets to it."—London Tit-Bits.

The Traveling Judge

"Have you any fixed abode?" "No; I'm on circuit, like yourself."

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

PETER FINDS DOTTY THE TREE SPARROW

HAVING been reminded of Dotty the Tree Sparrow, Peter Rabbit was eager to find him and learn how he had fared through the summer. He was at a loss just where to look for Dotty until he remembered a certain weedy field, along one edge of which the bushes had been left growing.

So Peter hurried over to the weedy field and there, sure enough,



"Speaking of Nests, Do You Build in a Tree?" Inquired Peter.

he found Dotty and a lot of his friends. They were very busy getting their breakfast. Some were clinging to the weed stalks picking the seeds out of the tops, while others were picking up seeds from the ground. It was cold; Rough Brother North Wind was doing his best to blow up a snow storm. It

wasn't at all the kind of a day when anybody would expect to find anyone in high spirits, but Dotty was. He was even singing as Peter came up, and all about Dotty's friends and relatives were twittering as merrily as if it were the beginning of spring instead of winter.

Dotty was very nearly the size of Little Friend the Song Sparrow, and looked somewhat like him save that his breast was clear ashy-gray, all but a little dark spot in the middle, the little dot from which he has been named. He wore a chestnut cap, almost exactly like that of Chippy the Chipping Sparrow. It reminded Peter that Dotty is often called the Winter Chippy.

"Welcome back," cried Peter. "It does my heart good to see you!" "Thank you, Peter," twittered Dotty happily. "In a way, it is good to know an old friend is glad to see me."

"Well, it IS good," declared Peter very emphatically. "At best there are few enough folks about in winter, and I don't know of anyone I enjoy having for a neighbor more than I do you."

"Thank you again," cried Dotty, "and please let me return the compliment. I like cold weather. I like winter when there isn't too much ice and stormy weather. I always feel good when it is cold. That is one reason I go north to nest."

"Speaking of nests, do you build in a tree?" inquired Peter.

"Usually on or near the ground,"

Do You Know—



That the custom of strewing flowers on the graves of soldiers originated among Southern women during the Civil war. This beautiful custom gradually spread over the country and in 1868-69 Gen. John A. Logan, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., appointed the 30th of May as Decoration Day.

QUESTION BOX

by ED WYNN, The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn: A young man invited me to the Metropolitan opera house where they were singing the opera "Aida." I went with him, but the minute we got in the theater he started talking to me and never stopped the entire evening. I couldn't tell you what the opera was about, as he talked so much I only heard him. He has invited me again to go next week to the opera "Il Trovatore." Shall I accept?

Sincerely,

I. LOVEJOY.

Answer: By all means accept and go with him, especially if you have never heard HIM in "Il Trovatore."

Dear Mr. Wynn: I have 17 children and I am the father of these 17 children and I want to take my 17 children to the

circus to look at the animals, but I cannot afford to buy 17 tickets for my 17 children to look at the animals. What shall I do?

Yours truly,

I. M. SIMPLE.

Answer: Take your 17 children to the circus and ask for the manager. When he finds out that the 17 children are your children and that you are the father of the 17 children you won't have to buy tickets to go in and take a look at the animals. He'll bring the animals out to take a look at you.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

While on my vacation, at the seashore, I saw something shaking and about a mile out in the ocean. As I did not have my field glasses I could not make out exactly what it was that was shaking so in the water. My curiosity is aroused. Can you tell me what it was that kept shaking and shaking, all the time, in the ocean? I beg to remain,

Sincerely,

ALMA MOTHER.

Answer: From your description, of the way the thing you saw shaking so much and the fact that it was in the ocean, it must have been a Nervous Wreck.

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How Nome Got Its Name

The earliest maps of Alaska drawn up by United States government cartographers didn't have names for all the bays, capes and inlets. Among the spots that were nameless was a cape which jutted far out into the Bering sea. Some early official, who disliked to see a map without the proper labels, penciled across this cape the query, "Name?" A copyist, transcribing this map a little later, misread it and labeled the cape Nome. Nome it has been ever since, and when a city sprang up there it, too, became Nome.

Tuned in on the 74th Congress

