Congress Keeps the Printing Presses Busy

OUR congressmen are a loquacious lot, and their speeches, delivered on the floor and "extended" in the Record, together with the thousands of bills they introduce, keep the great government printing office exceedingly busy. The men in this picture are working on the Congressional Record, and as the session proceeds their labor grows heavier.

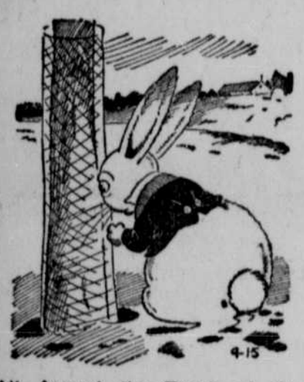
BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

FARMER BROWN FOOLS PETER RABBIT

WHEN the snow is deep Peter Rabbit really has to work for a living. Perhaps this is a good thing. If he didn't he might grow too fat to keep out of the way of Reddy Fox. There are times when Peter has to eat whatever he can, and very often there isn't much of anything for him but the bark of young trees. It is at such times that Peter gets into mischief, for there is no bark he likes better than that of young fruit trees.

Now you know what happens when the bark is taken off all the



All Around the Trunk of That Young Tree Was Wire Netting.

way around the trunk of a tree. That tree dies. It dies for the simple reason that it is up the inner layer of bark that the life-giving sap travels in the spring and summer. Of course when a strip of bark has been taken off all the way around near the base of a tree the sap cannot go up and the tree must die.

Not far from the Old Orchard Farmer Brown had set out a young orchard. Peter knew all about that young orchard, for he had visited it many times in summer. Then there had been plenty of green clover and other green things to eat, and Peter had never been so much as tempted to sample the bark of these young trees. But now things were very different, and it was seldom that Peter knew what it was to have a full stomach. He kept thinking of that young orchard. He knew that if he were wise he would keep away from there. But the more he thought of it the more it seemed to him that he just must have some of that tender young bark. So just at dusk one evening Peter started for the young orchard.

He got there in safety and his eyes sparkled as he hopped over to the nearest young tree. But when he reached it Peter had a dreadful disappointment. All around the trunk of that young tree was wire netting. Peter couldn't get even a nibble of that bark. He tried the next tree with no better results. Then he hurried from tree to tree, but not a taste of bark could he get. You see, Farmer Brown knew all about Peter's liking for the bark of young trees, and he had been wise enough to protect his young fruit trees.

Peter didn't give up until he had visited every tree. Then, too disappointed for words, he turned and hopped lipperty-lipperty-lip over to the Old Orchard. As he passed a certain big apple tree he was startled by a voice.

"What's the matter, Peter," said the voice. "You don't look happy."

©. T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

Use of Hydrogen

In 1766 an eccentric English millionaire named Henry Cavendish poured some acid on a piece of iron. A gas bubbled off, which he gave the name hydrogen, says the Chicago Tribune. Cavendish might justifiably have felt rather pleased with himself at this accomplishment, especially had he been able to foresee the delightful uses to which industrial chemists and engineers are putting his discovery.

HIS MOTHER

By ANNE CAMPBELL

ONCE, just as if she knew the years ran fast,
His mother took his baby hand in hers,
And in the attic way, where paint was fresh,
She laid his hand. . . . Now, stealing through the firs
The vagrant sunbeams come, and on the wall
They trace that print of childhood first of all.

He is a man, and seldom does he go
Back to the home his father's father planned;
But once he told me, in a quiet way,
Of that remembered imprint of his hand.
"To think it is still there, and mother dead!
And yet her love surrounds me still," he said.

Copyright.—WNU Service

Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by JEAN NEWTON

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE"

THESE words with which Hamlet spoke aloud were pointed to recently by Prof. William Lyon Phelps as among the most important words in all literature:

"To be or not to be"—they mean to be really alive, or merely a human machine; to be living fully and richly with satisfaction, or to be just not dead; they point to the difference between life and existence.

I remember during the terrible post-war period in England when the poorest working man was subject to heavy taxes, discussing with a mill worker the question of wages and the cost of living. These people were getting along on so little compared to the same kind of workers in America, that I gasped at what he told me of his earnings. "How can you support a family," I asked; "how can you live that way?" "Well, ma'am," came the smiling, cheerful response, "you wouldn't call it living, exactly; it's more like lingerin'; but we've got to help the country now!"

That man was subsequently promoted to a position which provided him and his family with a better life. But he stood there, smiling, cheerful, uncomplaining, patriotic in his poverty, I felt that in spite of what he said, here was a man who was living. He was fighting great odds, he knew what he was fighting for—he was "helping the country."

So the test of whether people are living or merely existing is not necessarily in the worldly success or in the comfort or luxury they enjoy. In fact it is perhaps among women of the "luxury class" that we should find the largest number who would not like to apply to themselves the question, "Am I really living?"

To be really living we must have that feeling of something coming of our life to make it worthwhile, that feeling of a gardener who sees the flowers bloom under his hands—of the mother who sees her children growing up, of every person whose living means something to somebody else.

There are people about whom we think first not so much of how they do or produce, as how they enjoy. They cannot help being of use in the world, for happiness radiates, and like the sun, sheds its light on others.

When we get into the rut of routine so that we are too busy to appreciate life, when we get so preoccupied with the details of living and forget even to enjoy, that is the time when we need to ask ourselves, "Am I really living?"

©. Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

DANCE FROCK

A long separate scarf which ties in a bow adds charm to this classical dance frock. The waistline, high in front, slopes to the back where a jeweled clip accents the fanshaped fullness of the skirt. American beauty chiffon is the material.

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

A Baby Grows Up
Senate's Good News
Five Little Girls
$4,880,000,000

Fifty-three years ago a good American mother, weak but happy, received in her arms a small baby, with pink face and little hair. That baby now lives in the White House, face bronzed by ocean air, hair thick at fifty-three years of age.

The baby has grown to be Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States.

One hundred and twenty-five million Americans are grateful to his mother, who, happily, has lived to see her son move up, from the cradle in which she first placed him, to the earth's most important place among men.

Congratulations and thanks, first of all, to President Roosevelt's mother; good wishes, congratulations, and a long life to President Roosevelt.

The people of the United States are to be congratulated that by the decision of the senate they will not be pushed into the back door of the League of Nations through the World court.

Mr. Hull, secretary of state, wanted the United States to go into the World court and submit important matters affecting this country to foreign judges appointed by nations that have swindled this country out of ten thousand million dollars. Why, in heaven's name?

Those marvelous Canadian babies, the Dionne quintuplets, eight months old, are healthy, happy, each one a separate little lady of intense individuality. All pretty, all intelligent, with good foreheads, well-shaped heads. What a wonderful family! It seems almost a pity that they cannot remain babies, now, and above, through all eternity.

The house of representatives, 329 to 78, gives the President four thousand eight hundred and eighty million dollars, to be spent in accordance with his best judgment to fight depression and unemployment.

In early days the little, "small change" eighty million dollars, tacked on at the end of the large figure, would have astounded the country, for in those days millions were respectable units. Now our government unit is the billion—one thousand millions. When will the trillion start its career? The printing press could bring it.

Not content with being reduced from a great empire to a small "backyard" by the last Hapsburg, Austria thinks it wants another emperor and Prince Starhemberg will say when little Prince Otto shall mount the throne. That will mean unhappiness, eventually for the young prince, and a good actor spoiled for Hollywood.

Gen. William Mitchell, commander of all our flying force in the big war, knows more about national defense than anybody in this country. He writes to a friend seventy years old, as follows:

"During your lifetime have come the electric telegraph and telephone, the gasoline engine with its accompaniment of automotive vehicles, the airplane and submarine. The world is now only one-sixth as large as when you appeared. If this development goes on, it is difficult to say what may take place in the next seventy years. Will the biological supremacy of the yellow races dominate, or will the military supremacy, so far, of the white race be able to maintain our culture and standards? The world is growing so small and so increasingly populated that one or the other will undoubtedly become master."

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, whose father collected pictures and other works of art, has decided to sell six pictures. The price asked is said to be $1,500,000. The older J. P. Morgan evidently bought good pictures. Two of the six pictures, already sold to the Metropolitan museum, are a portrait of "Anne of Austria," by Peter Paul Rubens and an altar piece by Filippo Lippi. Nobody knows how much was paid originally for either picture.

A rare ten-dollar gold piece, that sold at auction for $530, might offer a suggestion for government profit. At that rate, our $8,000,000,000 worth of gold could be changed into $400,000,000,000 worth, nearly all profit. Who could contradict the government if it said that was the value?

Col. Roscoe Turner, who does all sorts of things with airplanes, plans a real flight around the earth, 25,000 miles, following the equator all the way, starting at Panama.

This will be the first real "around the world" flight, the others having been flights around the northern end of the world, a flight that grows smaller as you go farther north. Equatorial heat will not bother Colonel Turner. In a plane you can pick out the altitude and the temperature that you want.

©. King Features Syndicate, Inc.
WNU Service.

DESIGN HAS ALL THE BEST POINTS OF HOUSE DRESS

PATTERN 9083

Believe it or not, there's a four-point plan of convenience and flattery included in this neatly styled house dress. Let's add them up. First: the bodice may be worn with the contrasting rever, as shown in the larger sketch, or it may button all the way up to a smart point. Second: the sleeves boast little inverted pleats, jaunty to look at and very comfortable when working. Third: the slenderizing line sweeping down the middle front of the frock ends in another inverted pleat to give the slim skirt adequate fullness. And finally, the patch pockets with their important buttons are both useful and chic!

Pattern 9083 may be ordered only in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36 inch fabric and ¾ yard contrasting.

SEND FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYLE NUMBER and SIZE.

Complete, diagrammed sew chart included.

Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

QUESTION BOX

by ED WYNN, The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I have been going with a young girl for about one year. We were always together until she graduated from high school about six months ago and secured a position. Now she passes me right by. If I talk to her she won't answer me. What can the answer be?

Sincerely,
G. OGRAPHY.

Answer: You say she was all right when you went to school together but now that she is working she won't answer you. Quite simple. She must be employed as a telegraph operator.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I am a young man, but am always in ill health. It may be the climate here in New York. I will go to any town you may suggest that is very healthful.

Yours truly,
D. PRESSED.

Answer: The healthiest town I know of is Crum City, Wyo. This town is so healthy they had to kill two people last week, just to start a cemetery.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I am a young man eighteen years of age. Because of my health I have to quit work a great deal, thereby losing a lot of money. I am out of employment at present but have two positions offered to me. One job is for $12 a week and one for $17.50 a week. Which job shall I take?

Yours truly,
P. KULIER.

Answer: By all means take the job for $12.00 a week because when you are sick and have to quit your job you will not be losing as much money as you would if you were getting $17.50 a week.

©. the Associated Newspapers.
WNU Service.

WITTY KITTY

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

The girl chum says that, as far as she can find out, no woman has ever made a practice of reading herself to sleep with a cook book.

WNU Service.

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

HOME-MADE CANDIES

A PIECE of home-made candy is always a welcome addition to any meal.

Date Nut Roll.

Boil one cupful of evaporated milk with two and one-half cups of sugar to the soft ball stage. Add one package of dates sliced and stir well into the mixture, cooking for a few minutes; now add two cups of nuts chopped. Cool, turn out on a buttered platter and knead until creamy and stiff. Shape neatly into a roll, wrap in a damp cloth, place in a covered container and keep cold until ready to slice.

Maple Fudge.

Boil together one cup of granulated sugar and maple sugar, one tablespoon of corn sirup, a few grains of salt, one-half cup of water and when the mixture is a thick sirup add one-half cup of evaporated milk. Stir and cook until it tests for the soft ball. Let stand to cool. When the candy is cool enough to hold the hand on the bottom of the pan it is ready to stir. At the first sign of stiffening turn into a buttered pan; it will be smooth and glossy; when cool enough cut into squares.

Chocolate Filling.

Melt four squares of chocolate, add to two well beaten yolks of eggs and one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk and one tablespoon of butter. Cook, stirring constantly and boil for one minute, remove from the fire, add the melted chocolate and a teaspoon of vanila; beat until thick. Add chopped, seedless raisins and nuts if desired. This makes an icing which will remain soft and has a beautiful gloss.

Pralines.

Boil together one-half cup of cream, one and seven-eighths cups of powdered sugar and one cup of maple sirup. When tried in cold water and a soft ball is formed remove and beat until creamy, adding two cups of pecan meats and drop from a teaspoon on a buttered paper or pour into small gem pans.

©. Western Newspaper Union.

Where Copper Is Produced

Copper, in metallic form, occurs either alone or in connection with chemical combinations of the same metal, in many parts of the world, notably in Peru, Chile, Alaska, parts of southern Australia, Siberia, Cornwall, Germany, and most in the United States, says a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer. Native copper is found crystallized in cubes and in modifications of this form. Sometimes it forms a nucleus with first a layer of red oxide and then a second layer of carbonate of copper around it. The Butte district of Montana is the largest copper producing region in the world.

Here's a Record Shipment From Japan

THE Shohie Maru from Yokohama arrived at San Francisco the other day with a record shipment of two hundred tubs of goldfish from Japan, designated for distribution to cities all over the United States. On the trip across the Pacific the temperature of the water in the tubs had to be maintained at a uniform degree.

Star Salesman

SMILES

OH! OH!

Mother (from upstairs)—Please, Tommy, turn off the radio. That lady announcer with the rasping voice ought to be kept off the air!

Tommy—But, Mother, it's Mrs. Jones to see you.

Hard Boiled?

Bingo—In Russia children are brought up by the state.

Stingo—Well, it would take an act of congress to do anything with mine.

Every Time

Wife—Man is the stately ship; woman the little tugboat at its side.

Hubby—Sure; it's the ship that always gets torpedoed, not the tug.

Sausage, Too

Teacher—Who can name the beast that supplies us with ham? All right, Freddy?

Freddy—It's the butcher.

No Fair!

Registrar—Have you been married before, madam? And, if so, to whom?

Film Star—What's the big idea? Memory test?—London Humorist.