

Reaction of Tots to Prying Eye of Camera



THIS picture was taken at a recent baby party given at the Massachusetts Osteopathic hospital in Boston. Left to right, Bruce MacDonald, one year and a half old, refuses to pose and covers up, while Bobby Werner, six months, is entirely indifferent. Katherine McMillan, twenty months, is about to give way to tears, while Jane Batt, eleven months, merely snaps her fingers.

MARRIAGE

By ANNE CAMPBELL

ABOVE the din of the children, Above the sweeping and dusting, Above the ugly and sordid, Like a white bird thrusting Into the heavenly blue, There rides the thought of you!

Above the worry and planning, Above the day's endless labor, Above the ceaseless adjustment, Like a shining saber Cleaving the clouds that will form Is your love, true and warm!

Above the monotonous hours, Above the wreck of our dreaming, Above the illness and sorrow, Like a bright star gleaming, Shines ever constant and true, Your love for me, my love for you!

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MINUTE MAKE-UPS

By V. V.



It's difficult to curl those back locks every morning, but did you ever try winding them around a cold curling iron, gripping the ends firmly and twisting the iron upward? Slip the iron out and if your permanent is still at all tractable the curls will stay in place.

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BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

War? Who Knows? Strange Hanging How Old Is Graft? What Are Life and Death?

Lloyd George says there will be no war "this time," but some in Europe do not agree. Mussolini wants France and England to join him in an agreement to suppress any outbreak affecting them.

France is said to have moved troops for defense to the German frontier, although it is hard to guess what those troops could do. If Germany declared war it would be with planes dropping explosives and poison gas on Paris. No nation at war will sit in trenches for four or five years, now that flying is real.

Britain, going a long way around, wisely, sends a suave statesman, Captain Eden, to Moscow to see Stalin of Russia. The talk, not published, may have been like this:

If England agrees to help you fight Japan, will you help against Germany, in case of need?

A British naval officer cut the throat of a shipmate. In England they hang you for that. When hanging time came, Mrs. Violet Vandereist, prosperous widow, opposed to the death penalty, hired two planes to fly back and forth above the gallows, trailing banners reading, "Stop the death sentence."

While airplanes flew overhead, trucks drove back and forth before the jail, with loud speakers bellowing "Abide With Me."

The man that "killed his comrade sleeping," or however he did it, did not "abide." He went through the trap.

Graft and dishonesty are old, as old as human need and cunning. A papyrus written 1,200 years before Christ tells of three men tried for robbing a royal tomb. Egyptian kings were descended from the gods; to rob their tombs was sacrilege, the punishment death.

A dishonest jeweler, putting base metal in a supposedly "pure gold" crown for King Hiero, was exposed by the great Archimedes, who thought out a method in his bath, and started the word "eureka" down through the ages.

Michael Angelo, building St. Peter's at Rome, complained to the pope of the materials furnished by contractors, reminding his holiness that he, Michael Angelo, would make no profit from St. Peter's except "benefit to my soul," and urged the pope to punish the grafters. There is even graft now in this modern, enlightened republic.

What is life? What is death? What are we?

An English gentleman "dies"; doctors pronounce him dead. He returns to life, says he has been in heaven, tells what he saw—a dull account, clothing the same as we wear here. How far, how fast, did his spirit travel while he was "dead"?

What does the soul do while the body is supposedly dead? Does it go away and come back, or just wait around inside the body? What is death? Some say it is only a "belief," and there is no such thing.

In New York's American Museum of Natural History is shown a drawing of the largest land mammal that ever lived, named Baluchitherium. This huge animal, which vanished from earth 25,000,000 years ago, stood 17 feet 9 inches high at the shoulder, was as big as two big elephants, weighing 20,000 pounds or more. It was not as big as a dinosaur, but the dinosaur laid eggs and was no mammal. A food problem might be solved if the "big-gest mammal" could be brought back and raised by cattlemen. It ate 500 pounds of food a day; that must be considered.

Sir John Simon, returning from an unsatisfactory talk with Hitler, reports "certain divergencies" of opinion. That is going pretty far for a British statesman. There is a bigger fly than that in the ointment: Sir John learns from Hitler that Germany "already has a larger air force than that of Great Britain." Britain thought Germany had only half as many planes. A wise statesman gets his fighting airplanes ready before he starts to fight.

In France three persons "sterilized" at their own request by "a mysterious Austrian doctor" because they did not want to have children have been arrested.

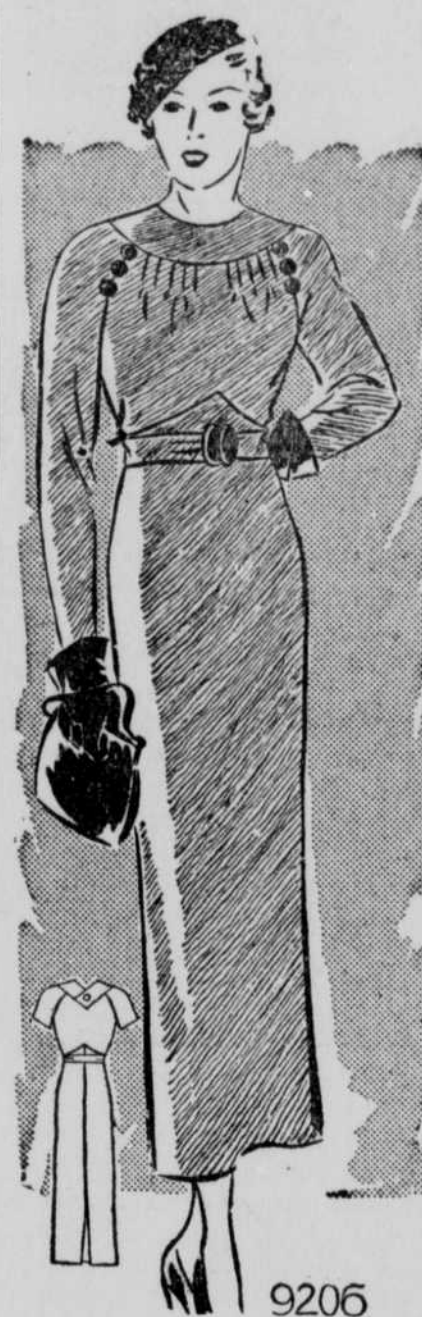
France, striving for more population, believes that "sterilization" can be overdone.

The mysterious Austrian performed 15 operations on men and women before disappearing.

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IDEAL FROCK FOR AFTERNOON WEAR

PATTERN 9206



9206

Something different in the way of smartness is this youthful afternoon dress. Its yoke, round in front and buttoning into a chic triangle at the back, points the way to shoulder width, which every style-conscious woman knows is most important this season. The smart bodice is tucked at the yoke-line for flattering fullness. Then, too, the skirt—coming to a nice point above the waistline, back and front—boasts a slimming back seam and kickpleat for extra "back interest." This design would be particularly lovely in metal flecked crepe, either silk or wool. Short sleeves are included with the pattern.

Pattern 9206 may be ordered only in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 3 yards 39 inch fabric. SEND FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER and SIZE.

Complete, diagrammed Sew Chart included. Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighth Street, New York.

Smiles

PROFESSIONAL

"Play poker with a dentist? No, sir."

"Why not?"

"He's too blamed expert at drawing and filling."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

He Knew His Business

Tourist—What's Niagara? What a lovely cataract!

Hotel Keeper—You are an artist. I can see.

Tourist—No, an oculist.—Moustique (Charleroi).

Commercial Candor

Customer—How do you sell this limburger?

Grocer—I often wonder myself, ma'am.

Knew Dad's Handiwork

Lulu—What's the matter with the car now? It won't run.

Kenneth—I know. I guess dad's been fixin' it again.

WNU—U 15—35

Fine For Digestion

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

THE PERFECT GUM

Fine For Teeth

QUESTION BOX

by ED WYNN, The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn: I heard a woman tell another that her husband reminded her of a furnace. What do you think she meant by that?

Truly yours, ROSE Z. PESEY.

Answer: She simply means that he smokes all day and goes out at night.

Dear Mr. Wynn: I heard two men discussing animals. One said that while in India he saw a "man eating tiger." The other said that once while in Boston he saw a "man eating rabbit." Do you believe that?

Yours truly, IKE KANTSEBIT.

Answer: Well, it's possible.

Dear Mr. Wynn: I am a girl eighteen years of age and for the first time in my life I went "slumming" last night. I felt hungry and went into a cheap restaurant and was surprised to see

men eating with their knives. Can you tell me why people eat with their knives?

Sincerely, I. PHEEL FINE.

Answer: Merely to sharpen their appetites.

Dear Mr. Wynn: I am a girl seven years of age and go to school. Our teacher says that Robinson Crusoe was an acrobat. She's talking through her hat, ain't she?

Yours truly, ANNA MILLS.

Answer: My dear child, she is most likely referring to the second chapter in the story of Robinson Crusoe where it says: "When Robinson finished his day's work he sat down on his chest."

Dear Mr. Wynn: I heard my folks say as how fish gives yuh brains. If what they say is true, what kind of them there fish shall I eat?

Yours truly, ALF. ALFA

Answer: Judging by your letter, I suggest a whale.

Dear Mr. Wynn: Today I saw a policeman walk up to a dog, shoot and kill him. Do you think the dog was mad?

Yours truly, P. DESTRIAN.

Answer: I don't think the dog was pleased.

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Mother's Cook Book

A SYMPHONY OF SALADS

IS THERE ever any salad more appetizing and attractive than nice fresh shrimp? Take two cupsful of cooked shrimp—fresh, if possible, canned will do—add one cupful of finely cut tender celery, one-third cupful of sliced olives (the stuffed ones), one-third of a cupful of french dressing, let stand to season, adding salt and cayenne. Then when serving add mayonnaise and serve on lettuce.

Who doesn't like the tender and delicious chicken salad?

Chicken Salad.

Cut the light meat of chicken into cubes. For each quart of the finely



"To lend your ear," says knowing Nora, "too often means being talked into lending your purse."

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Makes "Three Dimensional" Films



MONSIEUR LOUIS LUMIERE, French savant, one of the pioneers in the cinema field, is shown with the apparatus of his latest invention—"three dimensional films." The camera takes two impressions to produce the effect of relief. The spectator wears a pair of special glasses. One lense with yellowish tint and the other with blue tint.

French Hat for Spring



Large black plect felt calotte trimmed with a Scotch feather knife. Modeled by Roxane.

Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by JEAN NEWTON

THE BOY SAID A MOUTHFUL

THE king of Yugoslavia was asked what he wanted for Christmas.

"A motor cycle," he answered promptly.

"But, Peter," said his grandmother, "you can't have that—you're much too young to ride a motor-cycle!"

"But I am the king!" said Peter.

"What's the use of being king if I can't have what I want?"

We will not envy the king's grandmother the job of enlightening him.

The question reminds us of similar ones, asked by adults old enough to know better.

"What's the use of being boss, when I'm not free to do as I please?"

"What's the use of my position, when it only complicates life for me?"

"What's the use of success, when it does not bring me happiness?"

Did his grandmother tell the boy king that his mistake was neither an original nor an unusual one? Did she tell him that of all the people in the world who are least likely to be able to do as they please and have what they really want are the kings, the bosses, the men and women who have success or a position of power? Did she tell him that the one great return that all these people have in common is responsibility—that responsibility is incompatible with freedom? In short, did she tell him "there's nothing in it?"

To "What's the use of being

king?" did she answer, "the privilege of working hard, of worrying much, of subordinating personal desires, and—perhaps—of serving a little?" Did she reveal the disillusioning fact that one of the chief privileges of power, as of success, is the unceasing struggle to hold that possession? That happens to be more true of kings today than it used to be. But it is a law of nature that the top of any heap is the place where you have to guard against falling.

What's the use of being on top if you can't have what you want? Boy, "you said a mouthful!"

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Do You Know—



That dice were so popular with the ancient Germans that they would often hazard their wealth and even their liberty upon the turn of the "bones." He who lost submitted to servitude and allowed himself to be bound and sold in the market place.

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PAPA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is a sausage?"

"Bridge of sighs."

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Lost in the Woods



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