

### Ancient Sumerian Statues Shown in Chicago

THESE Sumerian statues 5,000 years old, exhibiting considerable artistic competence, have been placed in the museum of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago. They are part of a hoard of sacred images without parallel among known Babylonian works of art, and were discovered by the Iraq expedition of the Oriental Institute, under the field di-

rectorship of Prof. Henri Frankfort at Tell Asmar and Khafaje, with-

in 25 miles of Bagdad, Iraq. Renovation of the shrine of the god of Abu, Lord of Fertility, at Tell Asmar, some time between 3000 and 2800 B. C., saved a large number of the statues. Because they had been consecrated they could not be thrown away or sold, and so they were buried under the floor of the shrine, to remain until the expedition found them.



### We're Going to the Circus!

By ANNE CAMPBELL

WE'RE going to the circus! We'll sit in the front row. We'll take in the concessions, and see the Wild West show. It's to oblige the children! That's what we always say, But grown-ups are all happy When it is Circus day!

I thought I loved the circus, When, as a small town girl, I watched the glittering parade, The gilded, motley whirl; But circuses afforded Only a little joy Compared with this enchantment, Shared with my girl and boy.

We're going to the circus! We'll take the neighborhood, There's Pat and Phil and Barry, And Dick, if he is good, And as I buy them pennants, And share their childish zest, I'll know that youth is lovely, But growing old is best!

### Mother's Cook Book

VARIOUS GOOD THINGS

A SALAD may be made from so many different food combinations that one need never be at a loss for one. An apple, a few dates, a slice of mild onion, will make a most tasty combination. A slice of tomato, topped with chopped onion and celery, or chopped cucumber and onion, a bit of chopped green pepper and any dressing at hand will make another.

Arrange alternate slices of orange and tomato on lettuce. Sprinkle with finely chopped celery and serve with french dressing.

**Coffee Souffle.** Scald one cupful of milk with one tablespoonful of coffee and strain. Add four and one-half tablespoonfuls of tapioca, a dash of salt, and cook until the tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Now add one-third of a cupful of sugar, cool, add three beaten egg yolks and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into a greased baking dish and bake in hot water in a moderate oven for one hour. Serve with:

**Honeymoon Divinity.** Boil one cupful of honey, two cupfuls of sugar, one half cupful of orange juice until it forms a soft ball in cold water, or when it reaches 240 F. on the candy thermometer. Remove from the fire and pour over two stiffly beaten egg whites. Beat until thick, add two cupfuls of chopped raisins and

20 marshmallows shredded. Cut into squares before it hardens.

**Crab Mornay.** Pour three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice over one-half pound of crab meat. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add the crab meat, one teaspoonful of salt, two chopped red peppers and a dash of white pepper. Cook for 20 minutes.

### PAPA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is a nomad?" "Mexican jumping bean."

### WOOL STREET DRESS



This charming street dress of blue wool has an unusual color combination destined to be popular this season. The leather belt is of darker blue and the blouse peeking out is of red silk. The blue Milan straw hat is to match.

### BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

#### DANNY CROSSES THE LAUGHING BROOK

Look long enough and hard enough. You'll always find a way. To reach the place or get the thing You're hoping that you may.

DANNY MEADOW MOUSE peeped out from under the tangle of matted grass back toward the Smiling Pool. Plunger the Osprey was rising higher and higher in the air and there was nothing in his great claws. It was clear that he had failed to catch the Big Pickereel.

"I'm glad of it," muttered Danny, which, when you think of it, was rather funny, for the Big Pickereel had been watching for Danny himself and would have liked nothing better than to have snapped his big jaws on him. But Danny knew so well what it felt like to be hunted that though he was rather glad that the Big Pickereel had been given a

#### YOUNGEST SKIPPER



Jimmie Carpenter, Jr., two-and-one-half years old, wanted to be an engineer on a Union Pacific freight train when he watched building materials being brought to the Boulder dam site. But he has changed his mind, because his father owns a boat. So now he's Boulder lake's youngest navigator.

**Come for Beechnuts** The red-headed woodpecker is abundant in Indiana only when beechnuts are plentiful.

fright, he was also glad that he had escaped.

Of Billy Mink, Snapper the Turtle and the Big Pickereel he could see nothing at all and rightly guessed



Then He Scampered Across and Gave a Tiny Sigh of Thankfulness.

that all were hiding. Reddy Fox was sitting on the opposite bank, looking up at Plunger the Osprey in the most provoking way. "They've forgotten about poor little me," thought Danny and his heart stopped pit-patting quite so fast. "The thing for me to do is to keep going while the going is good. I've got to get across to the other side but I don't dare swim across the Smiling Pool. The Laughing Brook comes in right here and if I keep on following along the bank perhaps I will find a place where I can cross it without having

#### Do You Know—



That until the invention of matches, fire-making in the American colonies was quite a laborious task. The Indian produced fire by twirling a stick held firmly against a piece of wood. To give the stick a rapid motion he wrapped a bow-string about it and then drew the bow swiftly to and fro. The white settlers' method was the striking together of flint and steel.

to swim. It isn't the water but the things in the water I fear." Danny shuddered as he thought of the Big Pickereel.

As soon as he had quite recovered his breath he started on, darting from one hiding place to another, here a bunch of grass, there a big mullein leaf, yonder a piece of bark, and again a pile of sticks. He never stopped out in the open. No indeed. That would have been the very worst kind of Meadow Mouse folly!

Now the water in the Laughing Brook ran swiftly in places, leaped in merry little falls, or seemingly rested in quiet pools, but for a long, long way it offered no crossing-place for a tired little Meadow Mouse who was afraid to swim because of hungry fish who might be watching. Though he rested often, Danny grew more and more tired.

All afternoon he traveled and he was getting just a little discouraged and almost a little hopeless when just as the Black Shadows came creeping silently through the Green Forest he came to a bridge. It was only an old log which had fallen across the Laughing Brook, but for Danny it was a real bridge. He looked this way, that way and the other way. He listened with both ears. Then he scampered across and gave a tiny sigh of thankfulness. He was on the home side at last.

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### QUESTION BOX

by ED WYNN, The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn: While walking along the railroad tracks I happened to look to one side and there I saw three men sleeping on piles of coal, which had been taken from freight cars the day before. What do you make out of that?

Yours truly, N. GINER. Answer: They were probably laying in their winter coal.

Dear Mr. Wynn: I've been invited to go swimming in a body of water where I heard there were a lot of sharks. Rather than be called a coward I have decided to accept the invitation. Can you tell me what to do if a shark grabs me by the leg?

Yours truly, IKE N. FLOAT. Answer: By all means let him have it. Never argue with a shark.

Dear Mr. Wynn: I asked a woman where her brother was and she said he was out West mining. I asked her what

he was mining and she said "mining his own business." Don't you think she was fresh?

Yours truly, BUDA PEST. Answer: If her statement is true, her brother is one of the world's wonders.

Dear Mr. Wynn: Please explain what is meant by "The Minimum Wage"?

Truly yours, CAL. S. THENNICKS. Answer: The minimum wage is the money you get for "going" to work. If you want more money, why then of course, you have to work after you get to where you are "going."

Dear Mr. Wynn: I visited a night club in New York, and the thing that puzzled me was how they tell the guests from the waiters, as they both wear evening clothes?

Truly yours, HERR TONNICK. Answer: That is very simple. The waiters stay sober.

### MINUTE MAKE-UPS

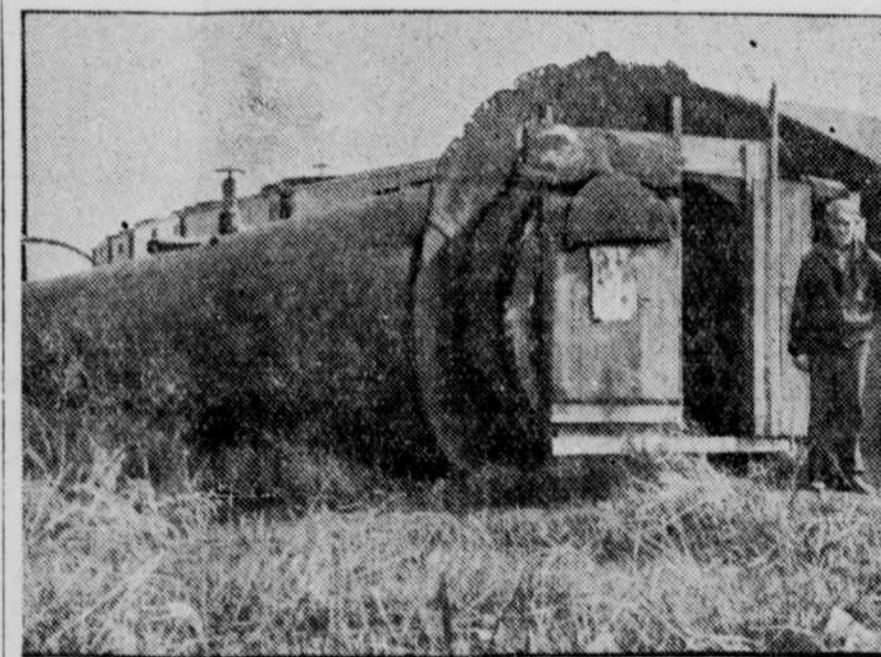
By V. V.



Liquid powder must be applied properly if it is to give that smooth, well-powdered look. Use a small sponge—not your fingers—and put it on smoothly and evenly, never letting it accumulate in dribbles or become spotty and thin on your neck. It's a grand foundation for your evening make-up.

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### Smoke Stack His "Home, Sweet Home"



HERE is a man, unemployed, who lives in a huge smoke stack, the relic of an ocean liner, in Portland, Ore. He boarded up both ends of it and put a door on one end—thus giving him a room 600 feet long.

### BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

#### Watch Your Eye-Lens Frightened to Death All Possess Language Eating Bark and Earth

Important news for life insurance companies. A tendency to old age or early death is inherited, according to Dr. Felix Bernstein of Columbia university, who talked to the National Academy of Science in Chicago. A scientist can tell how old you are physically, by examining the lens of your eye. It always shows signs of hardening before fifty; the extent of the hardening decides how old you are. The rest of your body—brain, heart and all the rest—grows old about as rapidly as the eye-lens does. Leaving out accidents and attacks by disease germs, there is a sort of "pre-destination" in the length of life.

Two brothers, fifteen and ten years of age, with a young friend, were going to an entertainment last Christmas night. George Bond and Carl McMurty of Poplar Bluff, Mo., thought it would be amusing to frighten the children by running after them, telling them, "You will never live to get there."

The two older boys "got there." The little ten-year-old boy, James Ainley, dropped dead of fright as the men pursued them. A sensible jury decided that the two men shall spend six months in jail and pay \$100 fine for their "joke." The jury might well have made it ten years, for it was stupid manslaughter. There is nothing more brutal, cruel or more completely worthy of a genuine "yahoo" than frightening children.

Secretary of Interior Ickes, who also possesses the gift of forcible speech, calls Senator Long "a ranting demagogue," describes, more gently, one other well known broadcaster, and rebukes, without mentioning his name, Doctor Townsend, whom he accuses of arousing false hopes in the "underprivileged."

Senator Huey Long, his language never failing him, able to speak his mind freely in the senate, addressing that august body, describes the secretary of interior as "Lord High Chamberlain Ickes, the chinch-bug of Chicago."

Secretary of Agriculture Wallace he called the "Lord Destroyer, the ignoramus of Iowa."

We complain of our depression with good cause. We might find queer consolation in reading about miserable inhabitants of Formosa, property of Japan, inhabited chiefly by Chinese, who made up 80 per cent of the sufferers and victims in the recent earthquake.

In Formosa, men, women and children have been stripping the bark from elm trees and eating it and they may be seen on barren fields, pulling up wild grass by the roots, washing and eating the roots, as well as the grass itself. Many have died from eating bran mixed with earth and water, the earth causing death by intestinal stoppage.

These poor creatures have a real depression, with no rich government to pour out billions for jobs, relief, dote, etc.

The American Philosophical society, gathered in Philadelphia, learns from Doctor Stiphe, director of the Lowell observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., that to people on the planet Mars, if any are there, our earth is a blue planet.

If those Martians will continue watching us, until some European or Asiatic country sends a few thousand planes in our direction, they will see this corner of the earth a deeper and darker blue than ever. What a lesson we shall learn some day if we continue with our eyes shut!

Some boys in high school, and bigger boys in colleges, recently organized a "strike" to express their horror of war.

War is horrible; it should be, and eventually will be, unnecessary. But there is some good in all evil, and young students and others should reflect on past wars and what modern civilization owes to them.

Germany wants colonies, and is embarrassed by the fact that this would mean taking in a great many black ladies and gentlemen that by no stretch of the imagination could be called "Aryans." The German government announces that, while it could not admit negroes to German citizenship, as Britain does in her colonies, black colonial negroes would be "Schutzbefohlene," with every right except the right to adopt Aryan strut.

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### JUST THE THING FOR AFTERNOON

PATTERN 9248



The little peplum always gives a youthful air—but it's what's above the peplum that is the real news of this frock. The irregular yoke, the softening bits of shirring and the perky little collar make it one of the most-to-be-admired afternoon dresses of the season. Because of its softness of line—the little details which Paris terms "dressmaker"—it is a dress becoming to most anybody. It really would be stunning in a sheer, finely woven cotton—as a printed batiste or handkerchief linen. In silk, any soft printed or solid pastel crepe. It's a dress that is really easy to make—the peplum may be omitted, of course.

Pattern 9248 may be ordered only in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 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 Eighteenth Street, New York.

### Smiles

#### WHAT'S IN A NAME

Recruiting Officer—What's your name?  
Applicant—Solomon Isaac O'Brien Gollman.  
Recruiting Officer—What's the O'Brien for?  
Applicant—For protection.

**Extended the Limit**  
Government Examiner—How did you come to mark this man's paper 101 per cent? Don't you know that nothing can be more perfect than 100 per cent?

New Assistant—Yes, but this man answered one question we didn't ask.—Pathfinder Magazine.

**Disastrous Ending**  
Tom—An' just as he was about to save her from the burning building—  
Jill—Did he save her? Did he save her?  
Tom (disgusted)—I donno, the darn film caught fire and burned up.

### When the Circus Comes to Town



**Fine For Digestion**

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM**

**Fine For Teeth**