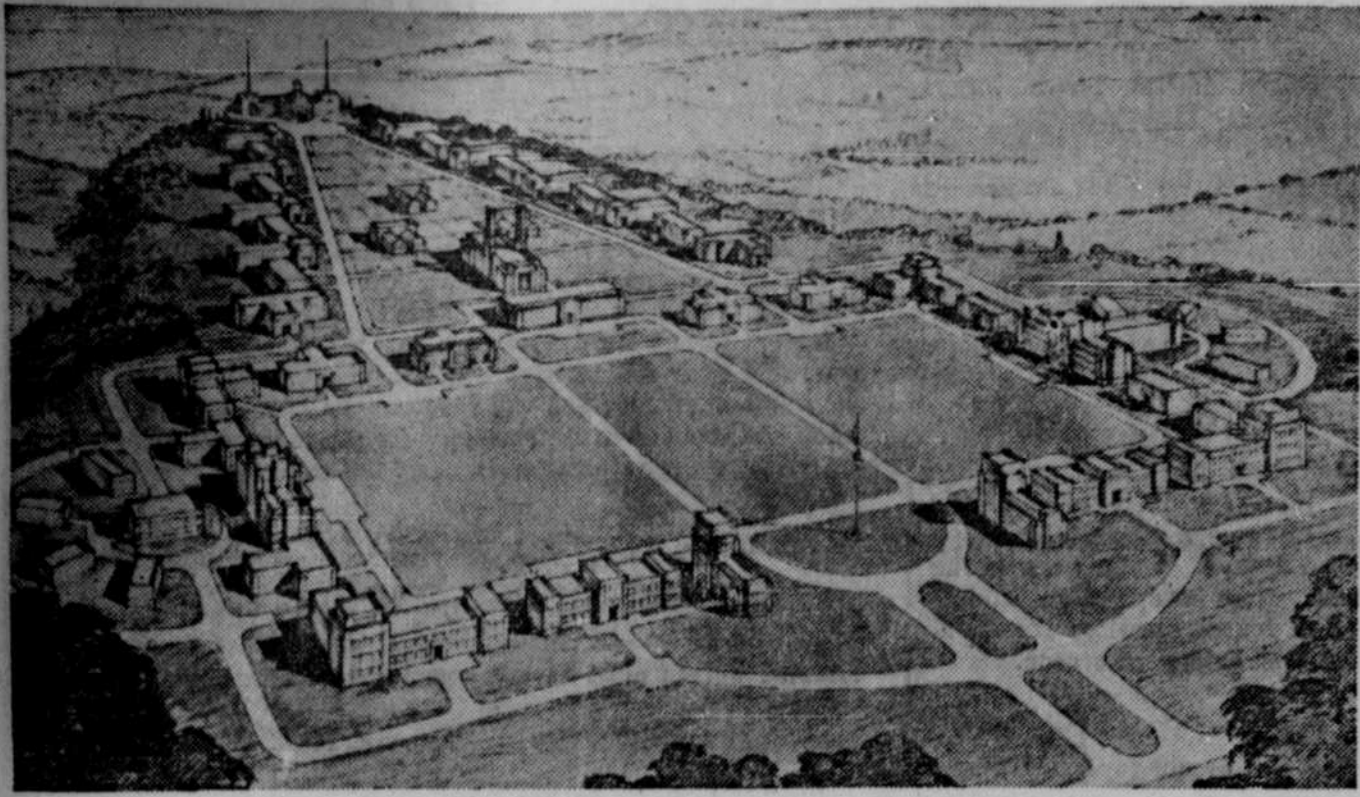


Research Center for Agriculture Department



HERE is a sketch of the buildings of the huge national research center for the Department of Agriculture at Berwyn Heights, Maryland, on which work has been started. Nine thousand acres of land will go into the immense "Nature and Farm Study" which is planned to be the largest of its kind in the world. One thousand of the acres will be used in an experimental low-cost housing project.

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

THE THREE WATCHERS

WHEN Paddy the Beaver slapped the water with his broad tail, making a noise like a pistol shot, Lightfoot the Deer understood that this was meant as a warning of danger. He was on his feet instantly with eyes, ears and nose seeking the cause of Paddy's warning. After a moment or two Lightfoot stole softly up to the top of a little ridge some distance back from Paddy's



Paddy Watched the Hunter.

pond, but from the top of which he could see the whole of the pond. There he hid among some close-growing young hemlock trees. It wasn't long before he saw a hunter with a terrible gun come down to the shore of the pond.

Now the hunter had heard Paddy slap the water with his broad tail. Of course, there would have been something very wrong with his ears had he failed to hear it. "Confound that beaver," muttered the hunter crossly. "If there was a deer anywhere around this pond he probably is on his way now. I'll have a look around and see if there are any signs."

So the hunter kept on to the edge of Paddy's pond and then began to walk around it, studying the ground as he walked. Presently he found the footprints of Lightfoot in the mud where Lightfoot had gone down to the pond to drink.

"I thought as much," muttered the hunter. "Those tracks were made last night. That deer probably was lying down somewhere near here, and I might have got a shot but for that pesky beaver. I'll just look the land over and then I think I'll wait here a while. If that deer isn't too badly scared he may come back."

So the hunter went all around the pond, looking into all likely hiding places. He found where Lightfoot had been lying, and he knew that in all probability Lightfoot had been there when Paddy gave the danger signal. "It's no use for me to try to follow him," thought the hunter. "It is too dry for me to

track him. He may not be so badly scared after all. I'll just find a good place and wait."

So the hunter found an old log behind some small hemlock trees and there sat down. He could see all around Paddy's pond. He sat perfectly still. He was a clever hunter, and he knew that so long as he did not move he was not likely to be noticed by any sharp eyes that might come that way. What he didn't know was that Lightfoot had been watching him all the time, and was even then standing where he could see him. And another thing he didn't know was that Paddy the Beaver had come out of his house and, swimming under water, had reached a hiding place on the opposite shore, from which he too had seen the hunter sit down on the log.

So the hunter watched for Lightfoot and Lightfoot and Paddy watched the hunter.

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Butter Champion

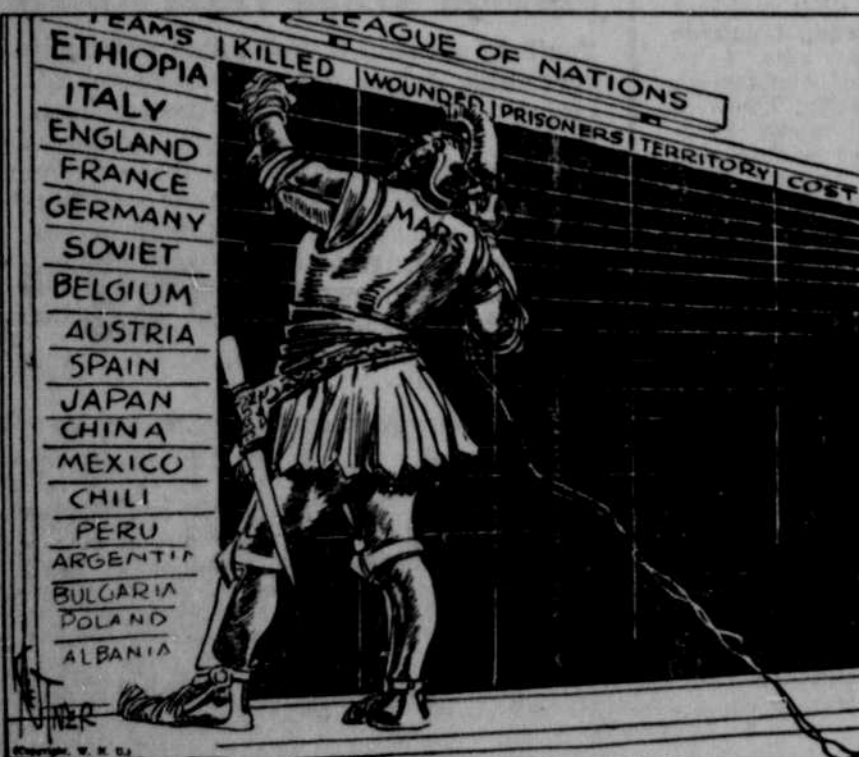


Champion buttermaker of a champion buttermaker state is Albert Camp of Clark's Grove, Minn. He has romped off with four champion ships in Minnesota this year. His butter scored an average of 94.46 during the twelve months.

Eve's Epigrams

Some Women can get anything out of their Husbands but some can't find anything about which to quarrel.

Another World's Series



YOUTH AND THE MODEL "T"

By ANNE CAMPBELL

A PUFF and a squeak, and it's plain to see, My daughter is having company! They all pile out of a Model "T"!

It's covered with paint of a lurid hue— Red and yellow and purple, too, And the windshield is strange to the adult view!

But the fifteen-year-olds who all are gay as if pulled in a chariot By six white steeds on a movie lot!

It wheezes and makes a peculiar noise

That is drowned by the laughter of the boys Who call for the girls in this weird-est of toys!

And I laugh, as I think I would rather be Eddie and Jack with that Model "T"!

Than the wealthiest magnate of history!

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QUESTION BOX

by ED WYNN, The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I go with a crowd of boys and girls and once a week we meet and those who can sing do so, while others just tell jokes and stories. I tell jokes. There is one girl in the crowd who doesn't like me and every time I tell a joke she always says: "That joke is 40 years old." How can I cure her?

Truly yours,
JOE KING.

Answer: The next time you tell a joke and she says: "That joke is 40 years old," you say to her: "And you remember it all this time?" That'll cure her.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

A friend of mine was invited to a party at a young lady's apartment, and he went. During the eve-

ning he told the young lady, quite frankly, that he did not like her apartment. The young lady had my friend arrested and he was charged with assault. How did the judge figure out an assault charge?

Yours truly,
Y. SHOODHE.

Answer: The judge probably figured as long as your friend had said nasty things about the young lady's apartment he was guilty of "knocking her flat."

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I am president of a debating society, and on next Saturday we are to debate the following subject, "Who Do the Silliest Things," Men or Women?" It would help us considerably if you would tell me the silliest things you ever saw a man do. Will you tell me?

Yours truly,

OPHELIA SORESPOT.
Answer: The silliest thing I ever saw a man do was one day in the post office. I saw this man wait around for two hours and the minute he saw the postal clerk turn his back he pushed four letters into the box, without stamps, thinking he was saving the postage.

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Fringe Comes Back



Black silk fringe forms the tiered effect of the skirt and emphasizes the reversed shawl line of the bodice in the dress of black silk crepe. Large clips of brilliants are fastened at each side of the neck.

Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by JEAN NEWTON

ONE PATH TO CHARM THAT IS EASY TO ACHIEVE

I HAVE been reading an article about how dancing improves posture and carriage.

It is advised that we start in early childhood the training that brings about good posture and a graceful carriage. We are told of the rhythms which many schools are now teaching in the kindergarten, how proper breathing helps the importance of good physical condition and always that paramount matter of example—letting the children see good posture and graceful walking so that they will imitate it.

As I read this it came to me that not enough has been said about the carriage of our women. We hear a good deal about our bad voices, how unfavorably they compare with the voices of women of other countries, how important is a good speaking voice in a woman. But of a woman's walk, which is no less important than her voice in the impression she creates, in any hope she may cherish for that elusive quality of charm—it seems that far too little notice is taken, or expressed.

If we observe the walk of the average woman from the viewpoint of grace and charm, we must be struck with horror; so few women except those who are in some way athletic walk in a way which is satisfying to the eye. So few women have that stride from the hip that means freedom and poise in walking; so few have animation in their walk, so few, so very few, have rhythm.

No woman can have poise with a mincing little hop of a walk. No woman can have charm who waddles from side to side, no woman can have beauty who seems to be dragging one foot after another.

And this is one thing, this matter of a woman's walk, which any one can learn without a teacher which has no mysterious technique and requires absolutely no expense. Any woman can walk well by just thinking about it!

Some of the paths toward charm are straight and narrow and difficult of attainment. But there is one path to charm which is accessible to all of us who have normal physical build. The attainment of good carriage, of a graceful walk, is comparatively easy—and cheap. You need only think, when you are

standing or walking, of how you are standing or walking, think about it until the carriage improved by your own sensitiveness has become natural!

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Do You Know—

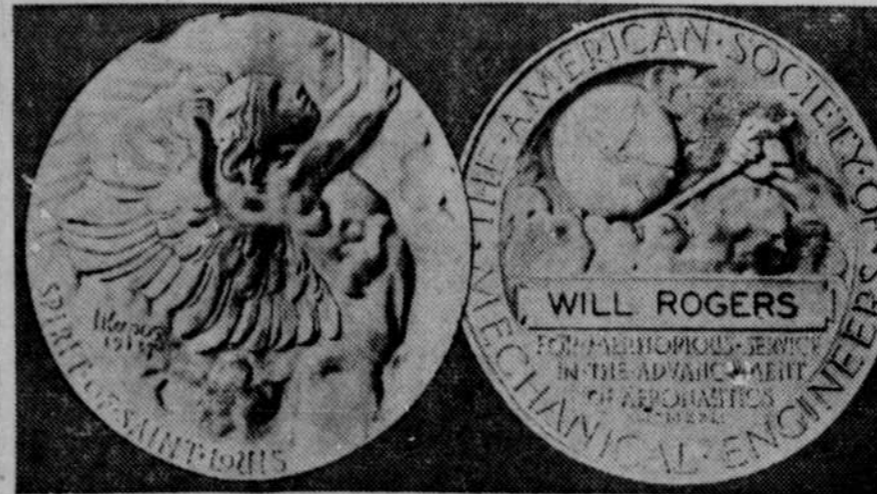


That the month of June owes its name to Junius, which some derive from Juno and others from Juniores, the lower branch of the Roman legislature? Among the early Romans June was considered the lucky month for marrying.

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Egyptians Taxed the Rich
The ancient Egyptians taxed the rich back in 700 B. C.

Will Rogers Medal Goes to His Widow



THIS "Spirit of St. Louis" aeronautical medal, voted to the late Will Rogers by the American Society of Mechanical Engineers before his death, was accepted by James H. Doolittle, noted flyer, and delivered by him to Mrs. Rogers at Santa Monica, Calif.

The Rendezvous

By CAROLINE OSBORN
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service.

CELIA BROWN slipped into the seat at the small table she invariably chose at the Daffodil. As usual she waited a few moments before raising her eyes to the corner near the window where she would find the young man.

Celia always thought of him as "the young man" because she did not know his name and he was obviously very young—oh, much younger than she.

Celia was forty. She had never had a romance in her life nor held a baby in her arms. She had long been a columnist on a metropolitan daily and now and then wrote little human stories with strong heart interest what appeared in a corner of her paper. She also contributed articles regularly for the woman's page on the care and feeding of infants.

She lived alone in a tiny bedroom, bath and kitchenette apartment away up town and left the office every day at the same hour to come to the attractive luncheon room she had discovered tucked away in a side street.

It was here that Celia had first seen the young man. He was about six and twenty she thought, broad-shouldered, blond and blue-eyed. He had attracted her attention from the day she beheld him seated at the table in the corner consuming sandwiches and drinking large cups of coffee. His eyes were particularly noticeable since they rarely left her face while she occupied herself busily with her modest meal. After the third day of his rather glamorous presence at the same table Celia had found herself looking at him. Apparently he had contracted a similar habit. "The rendezvous," was what she secretly called it.

Today, on meeting those steady blue eyes, Celia was conscious of an unfamiliar fluttering in the region of her heart, color rushed to her cheeks, something quivered in her throat.

Was he admiring her, she wondered? Was he falling for her, too? In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love—but they are nothing compared to the verdant hopes that may suddenly, with very little encouragement, blossom in the heart of a maiden of forty.

Wild fancies flitted through the newspaper woman's active brain as she sat there nervously turning over a bit of omelet. Never before had a man looked at her like this. Suppose he should speak to her—to her, Celia Brown, a respectable spinster, with a record at the office for never falling austerly and unbending dignity.

Perhaps she was about to enter into a beautiful romance—at last! Timidly she raised her eyes and met those of the handsome young man. His gaze encountered hers across the empty dishes and he smiled boyishly.

When she saw the smile Celia rose and fled. Her heart was beating tumultuously. She was very pale as she paid her check at the desk and hurried from the demoralizing atmosphere of the "Daffodil." Of course now he would speak to her. That would be the next step in her wonderful adventure. That is, if she ever went back. Would she dare go back? That was an unanswered question.

All afternoon she banged the typewriter and tried to quell the thrilling warmth that pervaded her soul. He was so handsome, so virile and so intelligent looking!

On Saturday, after she had checked up on the sad, tear-compelling feature stories she had written for Mother's day, this coming Sunday, she left the office early and went home. Celia was glad of tomorrow's respite from work, for she never went to the luncheon room on Sunday. It was devoted to visiting her friends and relatives, usually lurching up in Westchester with a prosperous aunt.

She would have time in the interval to plan a course of action to meet or repel any further advances of the handsome stranger.

But awakening on Sunday at the late hour of a holiday morning she found her problem awaiting her. A smart ring at the bell of the tiny apartment brought her out of bed to open the door to a diminutive messenger boy, his freckled face hidden behind a huge uncovered basket of dewy daffodils tied with a gauzy yellow ribbon.

"For me?" asked Celia incredulously, and shut the door quickly as she took the gift, but not before the sharp eyes of the child had observed her confused look of pleasure and consternation.

There was a note attached to a tall stem. She tore it open with cold trembling fingers and gazed at the firm script.

"Dear Lady of the Daffodil: Will you graciously accept this offering from one whose mother you so greatly resemble that it has been a joy just to sit and look at you? My beloved mother is gone but in her memory it comforts me to send these flowers to you who might be my own mother returned to life."

"HER SON."

PALACE HOUSES THOUSANDS

Some 3,000 of the 32,000 people of Split, one of the seaports of Yugoslavia, live within the walls of the Diocletian palace, which covers nearly nine acres and is one of the largest private residences ever built. Travelers who visit Split spend most of their time outdoors, so they can enjoy the brilliant sunshine.



I'M SOLD

It always works

Just do what hospitals do, and the doctors insist on. Use a good liquid laxative, and aid Nature to restore clocklike regularity without strain or ill effect.

A liquid can always be taken in gradually reduced doses. Reduced dosage is the real secret of relief from constipation.

Ask a doctor about this. Ask your druggist how very popular Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has become. It gives the right kind of help, and right amount of help. Taking a little less each time, gives the bowels a chance to act of their own accord, until they are moving regularly and thoroughly without any help at all.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin contains senna and cascara—both natural laxatives that form no habit. The action is gentle, but sure. It will relieve any sluggishness or bilious condition due to constipation without upset.

All Burdened

Chains of some kind are hung on everyone.

COMMON COLDS
Relieve the distressing symptoms by applying Menthoholam in nostrils and rubbing on chest.
MENTHOLATUM Gives COMFORT Daily
If you prefer nose drops, or throat spray, call for the NEW MENTHOLATUM LIQUID in handy bottle with dropper

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists, Hiseox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Cleanse Internally and feel the difference!
Why let constipation hold you back? Feel your best, look your best—cleanse internally the easy tea-cup way. GARFIELD TEA is not a miracle worker but a week of this "Internal treatment" will astonish you. Begin tonight.
BROOKLYN, N. Y. (At your drug store)
GARFIELD TEA

WNU-U 46-35

Quick, Complete Pleasant ELIMINATION

Let's be frank. There's only one way for your body to rid itself of the waste matters that cause acidity, gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts—your intestines must function. To make them move quickly, pleasantly, completely, without griping. Thousands of physicians recommend Milnesia Wafers. (Dentists recommend Milnesia wafers as an efficient remedy for mouth acidity.)

These mint flavored candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesia. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesia. Chewed thoroughly in accordance with the directions on the bottle or tin, then swallowed, they correct acidity, bad breath, flatulence, at their source and at the same time enable quick, complete, pleasant elimination.

Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 20 and 48 wafers, at 35c and 60c respectively, or in convenient tins containing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approximately an adult dose of milk of magnesia. All good drug stores carry them. Start using these delicious, effective wafers today.

Professional samples sent free to registered physicians or dentists if request is made on professional letter head.

SELECT PRODUCTS, Incorporated 4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.

MILNESIA WAFERS
The Original MILK OF MAGNESIA WAFERS