

ADVENTURE STORIES

by Thornton W. Burgess

PETER FORGETS ABOUT THE STRANGE TRACKS

Kick your heels and jump and dance! Hop and skip and gayly prance! Sister South Wind's come to stay, And Mistress Spring is on the way!

EVERYBODY said that Peter Rabbit and Jumper the Hare had gone crazy. Of course, it wasn't true. They weren't really crazy, even if they did act so. People always say that Jumper the Hare is mad at this time of the year, but it isn't so unless trying to show how happy and full of joy you feel is madness. That was the trouble with Jumper and Peter this time. They



They Hopped and Skipped and Jumped and Did All Sorts of Foolish Things.

were so full of joy that they just had to do something, and because they couldn't sing and shout—for you know they have no voices for singing and shouting—they just had to do something to show how glad and happy they were, and so, in the moonlight, when they thought no one saw them, they hopped and skipped and jumped and danced, and did all sorts of foolish things.

But other people did see them. Jimmy Skunk saw them and said, "How silly!" Bobby Coon, poking his head out of his hollow tree to see if the last bit of snow had disappeared, yawned sleepily and said, "How foolish!"

But Peter and Jumper didn't know this, and they wouldn't have cared much anyway. They didn't have room for anything but the joy that filled their hearts, and that joy was because they knew that Mistress Spring was on the way, and she always brings the glad time, the happy time, the merry time, when the very air is full of joy and love, and it is, oh, so good to be alive! They knew that she was on the way because Sister South Wind had arrived and told them so, for Sister South Wind had come to prepare the way for her, to melt the snow and ice, and to whisper to all the trees which had slept the long winter through that it was time to wake.

Very Summery



Bright field flowers are primly arranged around the dull blue velvet crown of this attractive Breton sailor. The brim is of natural colored straw braid. Matching velvet streamers tie over the back of the hair.

So they forgot everything else in the joy of this good news. Peter forgot all his trouble because his friends and neighbors wouldn't believe the story he had told them of the strange great tracks he had found deep in the Green Forest. In fact, he forgot all about those tracks himself. There was too much else to think about. The Green Forest and the Green Meadows, and the Laughing Brook and the Smiling Pool would soon be waking up, and Peter just had to be on hand to greet each of the sleepers, who had spent the long, hard, cold winter warmly tucked in bed, and knowing nothing about Jack Frost, or rough Brother North Wind, or how hard it had been sometimes to get something to eat.

So Peter hopped and skipped and danced in the moonlight with Jumper the Hare, and was happy. "No more days of hunting and hunting to find something to eat!" he cried, as he foolishly tried to jump over his own shadow. "No more racing around to keep from freezing to death!" And then, just because he didn't have to, Peter raced faster and harder than ever. You know, it is a lot easier to do things when you don't have to. It is fun then.

"Just the same," added Peter, "I wouldn't sleep all winter the way Johnny Chuck does, and Grandfather Frog and Striped Chipmunk and a lot of others for anything. Think of what they miss! It's worth it even if we do have hard times once in a while. And it's going to be such fun to see all the sleepers wake up! Yes, sir, I'm glad I don't sleep

New Jersey Becomes Goat Conscious



In an effort to make the state forget cows, prominent New Jersey clubwomen have taken the erstwhile lowly goat under their collective wing at Pine Brook and are grooming the can-loving animals to replace the bovine as state milk-producers. Here you see Mrs. Channing Gilson at one of the founts of supply.

through the winter, but I'm gladder still that Mistress Spring is on the way.

"Hippity-hoppity, skippity-skoppity, I couldn't keep still if I would! Skippity-skoppity, hippity-hoppity, I'm glad there's no reason I should." © T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

First Aid to the Ailing House

By Roger B. Whitman

ODD JOBS ON FURNITURE

THE usual varnish finish of a table top turns white under a hot dish when alcohol or other liquids are spilled on it. These white marks are damage to the varnish. If the varnish is damaged through the wood, the only remedy is to scrape it out and to refinish. But more usually a white mark is only on the surface. The treatment for taking it out depends somewhat on the kind of varnish used in the finish; but one or another of the following will probably succeed—a little of a liquid being applied lightly with a cloth; turpentine; linseed oil; spirits of camphor. Another method is to rub lightly with finely powdered pumicestone and any light oil, applied with the finger-tip. Cigar ash can be used in place of the pumicestone.

A dent in wood is actually the crushing of the wood fibers. To take out a dent, cover with several sheets of blotting paper wet with water, and press with a fairly hot iron; the steam will swell the fibers and bring them back to their original positions. A nick or a break caused by the chipping off or gouging out of some of the wood can be filled with shellac in stick form, which can be

had in all of the various wood colors and shades. Stick shellac looks like sealing wax. To apply it, a screwdriver blade is heated hot enough to melt off some of the shellac, which is then pressed into the break in the wood. When it has hardened, it can be cut off and made level with a razor blade or by rubbing with fine sandpaper.

Loose chair rungs can be made tight through the use of thin and small slips of steel made for the purpose, and usually to be had at a hardware store. The loose end of the rung is pulled out, a slip of steel of the right size is placed against it, and the two are forced back into the hole. Having fine teeth, the slip binds the rung tightly into place.

When a chair has loosened all over, due to exposure to dry air, it is best to take it completely apart and to put it together again with plenty of glue. The parts should then be tightly bound with heavy cord until the glue is thoroughly dry.

Squeaks in a wood bedstead are due to the loosening of the glued joints. To cure the squeaks, the joints should be taken apart and reglued.

A split in a table top, also caused by drying out, can be brought together by exposure to damp air; sometimes by laying damp cloths on both sides of the split. When a split has closed, small pieces of flat metal, to be had at a hardware store, should be screwed on the under side, to prevent the split from reopening.

MANNERS OF THE MOMENT

By JEAN

SEVEN O'CLOCK CALLER

SOME people have a knack for dropping in to say hello just as you're ready to have dinner. It might be very nice if you were still living on the farm, where all you had to do when someone dropped in was to go out and slaughter another chicken. But when you've got just two chops for two people, pot luck is hardly luck any more.

Personally we'd like to see the modern hostess develop a more flexible nature. It wouldn't hurt to put the chops in the icebox and serve up an omelette. But most modern hostesses don't think of that. And anyhow, sometimes they don't even have eggs.

In that case there are only two ways to handle the seven o'clock caller. One is to sit him out. And the other is to tell him the truth. We can't see why it would hurt anyone's feelings if you said to him, "Sorry, old top, but I have only two chops tonight, so I can't ask you to stay. But how about eating with us tomorrow night?" If that procedure makes you feel like a cad, then turn off the fires on your stove and sit the caller out. It's the only possible way of keeping the chops in the family.

THE GREAT PHILOSOPHERS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE great philosophers may think they stand on rostrums, write with ink, And lead mankind with theories— And yet I greatly doubt if these Are great philosophers at all. They are too great, they are too tall A truth to fashion or to find Simple enough to serve mankind.

The sphere they live in is as far From where we live as star from star. They move in orbits, often we In circles they can never see. They understand the human race, But not the people of a place. They never hear, so far apart, The beating of a single heart.

The great philosophers indeed Are not the ones who write and read But rather those who think and pray, Man near, and God not far away. They stand beside the bier of grief, Have less of learning, more belief, And do not "think" a thing is so— Know what they live, live what they know.

THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR HAND

By Leicester K. Davis



MOST of us have "the blues" at times. But the normal mind soon clears them away. This is not true, however, of some unfortunate, who seem always and quite unaccountably depressed. In a world that is filled with so much about which to be cheerful and happy, these mournful souls see only that which should be so.

Destiny, for some unfathomable reason, seems to have singled them out for unhappiness, brooding and gloom which they hardly deserve. And destiny has marked them with the finger of Saturn now to be described.

The Melancholy Finger of Saturn. Fortunately you will not come upon many second fingers of this type. But when you do, you will recognize its peculiarities at a glance. The outstanding characteristic is the twisted and distorted appearance of the finger from root to nail tip. This and excessive length and leanness, which add emphasis to the large and knotty knuckles.

The first joint usually inclines sharply toward the forefinger, the second joint just as sharply away from it, while the nail tip turns again toward the forefinger. The nail is long, narrow, often convex and deeply ridged and rather deeply set.

Individuals with this unusual type of second finger are rarely understood, even by those with whom they are most closely associated. They crave sympathy, which they deserve but which is too often withheld. If encouraged, the real abilities so often lying latent within them may be loosed in surprising accomplishments despite the handicap which destiny has imposed.

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Poor Lo's Revival.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF. —Despite the blessings of civilization which we have bestowed upon them, including diseases, whisky, soda pop, and \$2 overalls, the American Indians are increasing.

This should give our red brothers cause for worry. Suppose they got so numerous that we gave this country back to them?

Already we are indebted to these original inhabitants for quinine, cocaine, cotton, chocolate, tobacco, corn, beans, squashes, pumpkins, grapefruit, huckleberries and hundreds of other remedial drugs or foodstuffs. Moreover, an eminent authority says the curative methods of the old medicine man had values which in many respects excelled that the white man has produced and suggests our scientists might well adopt certain aspects of the aborigine's plan.

What if we did that very thing and then, by the way of exchange, invited the tribesmen to take over such trifling problems as an unbalanced budget, our European debts, sit-down strikes and the younger generation?

Cleaning Up the Stage. HAVING lost their licenses, fourteen burlesque houses in New York won't ever get them back if the officials keep their word about it.

With this example to go by, authorities might next try the idea of cleaning up the legitimate stage there — the spawning place and breeding ground of shows in which filthy lines and filthier scenes are freely offered to pop-eyed audiences recruited from what we call our best families. Poisoning the moral atmosphere of the theater appears to be the favorite sport of a new school of dramatists who, when they were little boys, had their mouths washed out with soap for using dirty words, yet never got over the habit.

The Fate of Beauty Queens. JUST as the weather gets warm so the contestants won't catch anything worse than sunburn, that outbreak of annual monotony known as the beauty contest will stir the populace to heights of the utmost indifference. There will be no dress rehearsals beforehand. With beauty contests, it's the other way around.

And then when Miss Cherokee Stripp or Miss Clear View has been hailed as America's prize package of loveliness, she will, if she runs true to form, put her clothes back on and catch the next train for California with the intention of starring in the movies.

On arrival, she will be pained to note that none of the studio heads is waiting at the station to sign her up; also that practically all the starring jobs are being held by young ladies who, in addition to good looks, have that desirable little thing called personality. And next fall she'll be dealing 'em off the arm in a Hollywood hashery.

International Slickers.

RUMORS persist that the United States, Great Britain and France are preparing for eventual agreements on monetary stabilization, tariff and trade adjustments, price-fixing of essential commodities—and, believe it or not, brethren and sistren—a settlement of the defaulted foreign debts owed to us.

Maybe it's significant—or, if you want to be broadminded and charitable about it, merely a coincidence—that every dispatch from European sources on this matter lists the debts last. And, verily I say unto you, that's exactly when and where they will come—last.

A Sense of Humor.

DAMON RUNYON, who being wise, should know better, reopens the issue of whether many people have a sense of humor. This provokes somebody to inquire what is humor, anyhow?

I stand by this definition: Humor is tragedy standing on its head with its pants torn.

Lots of folks think a sense of humor is predicated on the ability to laugh at other folks, which is wrong. A real sense of humor is based on our ability to laugh at ourselves. You have to say, not as Puck did, "What fools these mortals be," but, "What fools we mortals be."

That's why few women have a true sense of humor. Usually a woman, even a witty woman, takes herself so seriously, she can never regard herself unseriously.

Dressed for the Occasion



"HI THERE, Mrs. Astorbilt, where are you going in that lovely summer gown?"

"Not very far, Miss Junior Deb, just down to the store to buy material for a play suit like yours."

"Well, Ma-mah, if you must copy my style, you couldn't find a better model because these shorts really fit, and the whole thing is a tailored job."

A Stylist Speaks. "May I as Susie Sew-Your-Own interrupt you two with the latest word from my class in dress design? You, Sis, are a pre-vee of Miss America in proper sports wear while Ma-mah is modern to the minute with her raised waistline and filled bodice. I, in this morning frock, have what the book calls classic simplicity. Be that as it may, I couldn't get along without it, because it's so cool and comfortable."

Everybody's Happy. "Thanks for the approval, Susie. Your clever dress would be a bright spot in anybody's kitchen, and now that you've got the swing of this sewing business there will be no stopping you. But even so, I must admit I'm a proud mother. You can go just as far as you like with this new hobby."

"Gee, Ma-mah, isn't it swell to be on such friendly terms with Fashion? I think good old Sew-Your-Own deserves most of the credit for arranging the introduction. Spring means so much more when one's clothes look the part."

"You're quite right, dear, but now let's run along. We have work to do."

The Patterns. Pattern 1270 comes in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust.) Size 16 requires 5 1/2 yards of 39 inch material.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Nous engageames dans la vallee. (F.) We entered into (penetrated) the valley.

La dette n'est pas seulement un inconvenient, mais elle est une calamite. (F.) Debt is not only an inconvenience, but it is a calamity.

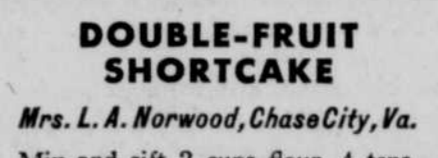
Bella donna. (It.) A pretty woman.

Alter ego. (L.) Another self.

Enoncer une penssee. (F.) To express a thought.

Mon bonheur s'est enfui. (F.) My happiness has fled.

Prize-winning Recipes of the South



DOUBLE-FRUIT SHORTCAKE

Mrs. L. A. Norwood, Chase City, Va. Mix and sift 2 cups flour, 4 tsps. baking powder, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1 tbs. sugar together. Cut in 1/2 cup Jewel Special-Blend Shortening. Add 1 egg, beaten, and 1/4 cup milk and mix until soft dough is formed. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) in two layers. Fill and top with 3 cups strawberries, 1 cup crushed pineapple (or sliced bananas), 1 cup sugar. Top with whipped cream. Adv.

Pattern 1272 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 4 3/4 yards of 39 inch material. 2 1/2 yards of ribbon are required for the tie belt.

Pattern 1304 is for sizes 34 to 46. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 35 inch material plus 1/2 yard contrasting.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

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1. How many different recognized religious sects or denominations are there in this country?
2. Has Russia a dictator in the sense that Hitler and Mussolini rule?
3. What was the first steel vessel?
4. What did the World war cost the United States in dead, wounded, and dollars?
5. How many motion picture theaters in the world are equipped for sound pictures?
6. In what manner may foreign debts to this country be paid?

Answers

1. This country has 213.
2. The situation is not the same. Russia is not governed by a one-man dictatorship. When the chairman of the political bureau dies or resigns another is carefully chosen. The stress is on the party machine rather than on the man.
3. A Cunarder, the Servia, built in 1881.
4. In dead, 126,000; in wounded, 234,000; and in money, \$51,000,000,000.
5. Of the 60,000, more than 41,000 are so equipped, and 19,000 of them are in the United States.
6. In only three ways—in gold, goods, or services.

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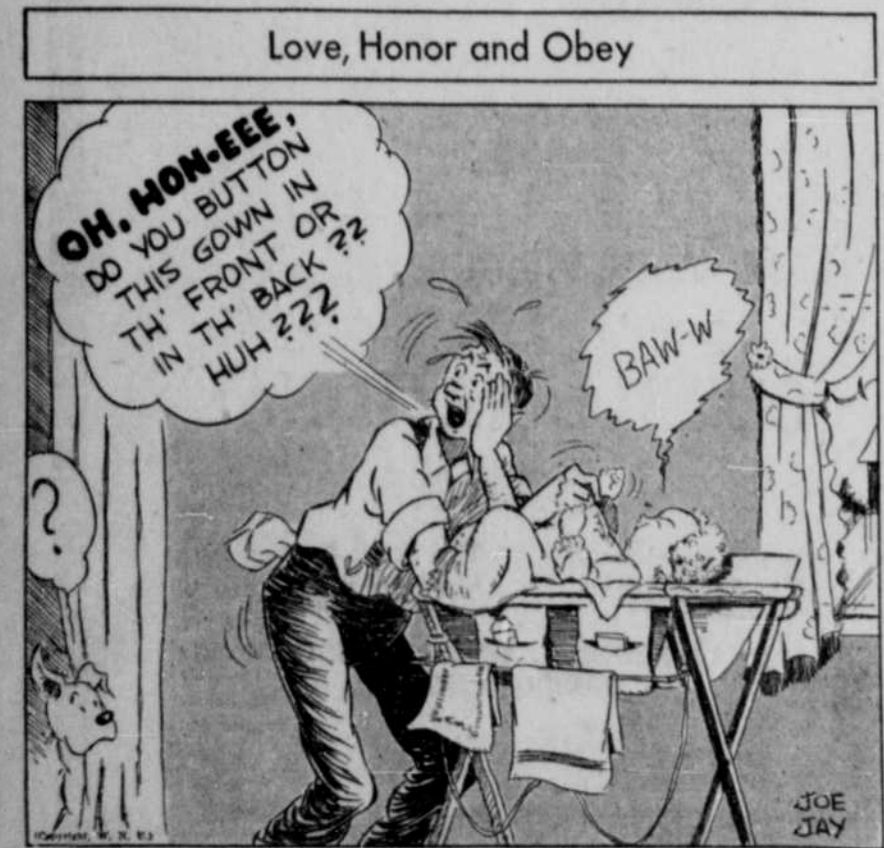
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THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I had good times when I was small. I like the child I used to be. I'm sorry years keep piling up And separating him from me.



JOE JAY