

SMAMMY'S STORY

SAMMY JAY TOO EXCITED TO TALK STRAIGHT

SAMMY JAY was excited. Everybody who heard him knew that, and everybody who was anywhere near heard him. They would have had to be stone deaf not to have. Sammy is just like some people—when he gets just a little excited he begins to talk in a loud voice. The more excited he gets the louder he talks. By and by, when he gets very much excited, he screams. That is what he was doing this beautiful spring morning, screaming as no one ever had heard him scream



"What's Got Into You, Sammy Jay?" Demanded Peter.

before. Indeed, he was so excited that his tongue couldn't go fast enough and tripped over his words and mixed things up so that no one could make out what he was trying to say.

He came flying out of the Green Forest, flying as fast as he could make his wings go, and screaming at the top of his lungs. He saw Jimmy Skunk coming down the Lone Little Path and flew to meet him.

"He's a stranger and he's black!" screamed Sammy.

"Who's a stranger and who's black?" asked Jimmy.

"And he's got great, big claws in his mouth!" continued Sammy.

Jimmy Skunk stopped short and stared very hard at Sammy Jay.

"Say that again," said he.

But just then Sammy caught sight of Peter Rabbit down by his dear Old Briar Patch. "Oh, I must tell Peter!" he screamed. "Peter! Peter Rabbit! He's there! He's bigger than Farmer Brown's boy and he walks!" And all the time he was screaming this long before he was anywhere near the Old Briar Patch.

Jimmy Skunk was still staring after him and scratching his head in a puzzled kind of way, when along came Uncle Billy Possum.

Uncle Billy grinned as he looked over toward the Old Briar Patch.

"Mistah Jaybird's done gone crazy," said he. "He's done gone crazy in his haid. Whoever heard of anybody with great big claws in his mouth?"

Now, Peter could make no more sense of what Sammy was saying

than could Jimmy Skunk and Uncle Billy Possum.

"Who walks, Sammy Jay? Don't you people walk? What's got into you, Sammy Jay?" demanded Peter.

But Sammy couldn't keep still long enough to answer questions, and off he flew toward the Smiling Pool in search of Billy Mink and Jerry Muskrat and Grandfather Frog, and as he flew he still screamed in the same excited way, and Peter heard something about "long teeth" and "big feet," all of which was very perplexing, and, of course, made Peter very, very curious. He straightway started to hunt up Jimmy Skunk to see if Jimmy knew what it meant, and half way down the Lone Little Path he met Jimmy. With him was Uncle Billy Possum.

Peter's eyes were very wide open with wonder, and the first thing he said was: "What's the matter with Sammy Jay?"

Jimmy Skunk grinned and Uncle Billy shook his head sadly, though Uncle Peter had looked sharply he would have seen a twinkle in Uncle Billy's eyes.

"Poor Sammy Jay," said Uncle Billy in the mournful tones. "Poor Sammy Jay. He's foolish in his haid, Peter. He's foolish in his haid."

"Oh!" cried Peter. "Do you really think so, Uncle Billy? I thought he was just terribly excited."

Uncle Billy winked at Jimmy Skunk as he said: "Ah don't now about the excitement, Br'er Rabbit, but when people talk about great big claws in somebody's mouth, Ah cert'nly think there is something the matter. If you ask me, Ah think Br'er Jay done gone crazy."

"Poor Sammy Jay," said Peter to himself, as he hopped away to find out what other people thought. "Poor Sammy Jay! I guess Uncle Billy must be right and he really is crazy. He can't talk straight, so he must be crazy." And all the rest of that day Peter told everyone he met that Sammy Jay had gone crazy.

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THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR HAND

By Leicester K. Davis

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The Finger of Mediocre Mentality

WITHOUT adequate mental power, the reflective and creative processes of the mind cannot effectively function.

Whenever analyzing the fingers for preliminary determination of fundamental mental qualities, always bear in mind that the fourth finger invariably indicates the amount and kind of force that lies behind them, for this factor has a vitally important bearing upon the correctness of your deductions.

Finger of Mediocre Mentality.

You will never have the slightest difficulty in recognizing this type, for it cannot possibly be confused with other types. You will be immediately impressed by its short ungainly structure.

The fourth finger thus classified is thick and usually overfleshed, particularly on its under side. The

With Equal Weight

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

NOT only Atlas bore the earth upon his shoulders. Also we have some small world of some small worth

For our responsibility. Not burdened only are the great. For others have them, each and all;

Yes, problems press with equal weight Upon the mighty and the small.

Our own small world our own small way

Each on his aching shoulder bears.

They little understand it, they Concerned alone with large affairs.

Some little duty takes our time.

Some little worry takes our sleep.

Some little slope we have to climb.

Some little family to keep.

I have my world, and you have yours,

The little often larger than

Some other at his ease endures.

And quite forgets the little man.

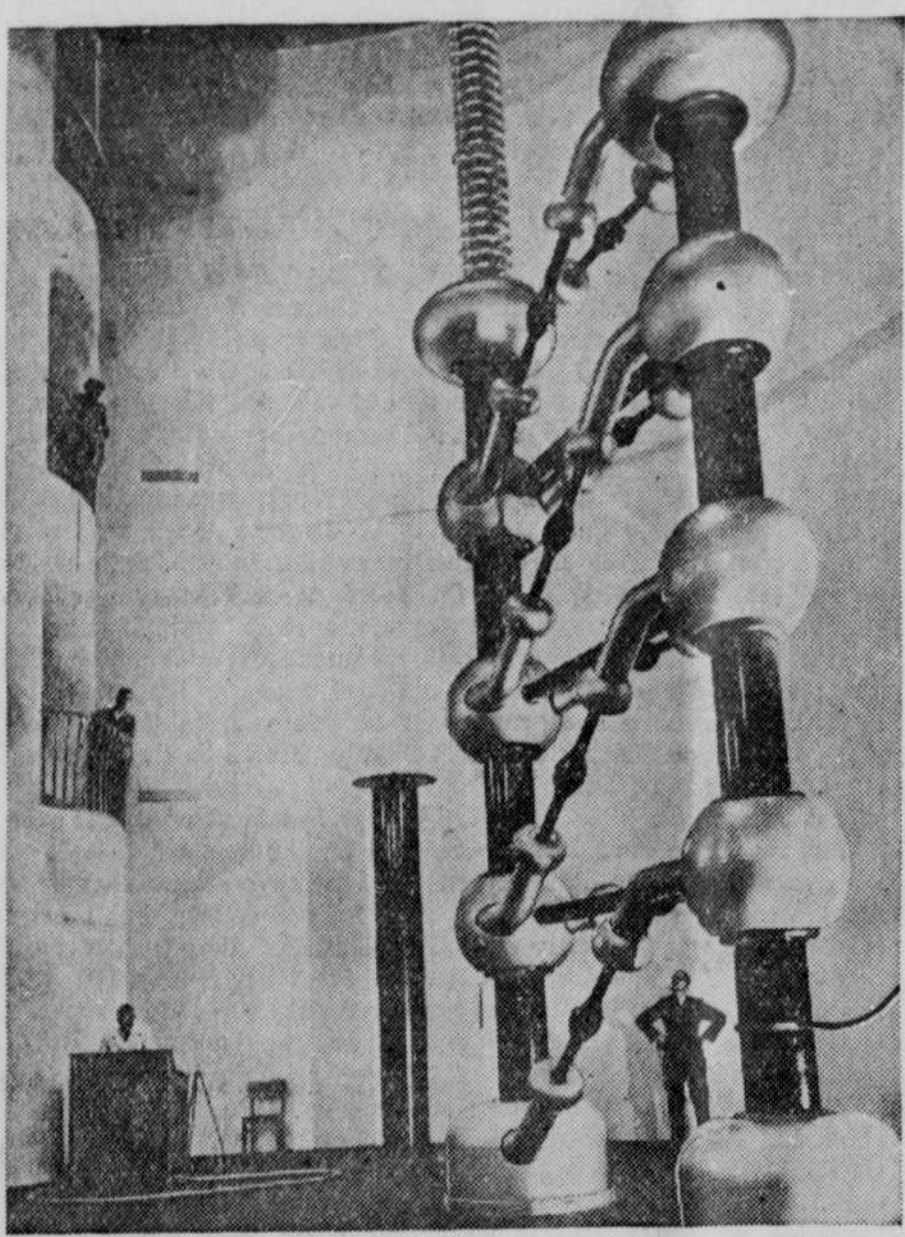
The little burden may be great.

The great be little, after all.

At least they bear with equal weight Upon the mighty and the small.

© Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

It's Not From a Horror Movie



Berlin.—No fantastic setting for a "Frankenstein" cinema is this weird scene. The group of scientists gathered about the diabolic contraption are engaged in the smashing of the atom, to harness the tremendous power within it. The 50-foot machine uses 3,000,000 volts of electricity, and is housed in a windowless tower 135 feet high. Prof. Peter Debye is conducting the experiments in the Emperor Wilhelm institute of physics.

GRAPHIC GOLF

By BEST BALL



POSITION OF RIGHT ARM

KEEP your eye on the golfer who is overanxious to kill the ball and you no doubt will see him flap the right arm around so that at the top of the stroke it is almost straight out from the trunk of the body. From such a position it is very easy to make the mistake of coming onto the ball from the outside in, i.e., cutting across the ball and adding a slice. Furthermore such an extreme movement adds an unnecessary tension to this arm which it could very well do without. The proper method is to keep the right arm comfortably close to the right side. Tommy Armour for example keeps his right elbow tucked in close but possesses freedom of action nevertheless. Armour's is more or less of an extreme position, most of the players allow the right arm a trifle more freedom after the manner of Bobby Jones above. On the longer shots the Atlanta wizard's elbow is raised moderately and on the first stages of the downstroke, drops abruptly nearer the side. The cock of the wrists is in no manner disturbed by this motion and their power is saved to be utilized later on. The abrupt dropping of the right arm insures a swinging path from the inside, close to the body and brings the clubhead onto the ball straight along the line of flight.

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The Ginseng Plant

The ginseng plant is ten to twenty inches tall with a single stem from a spindle shaped root that is often branched. From the top of the stem three compound leaves radiate, each composed of five leaflets radiating from the top of the petiole. The two leaflets next to the petiole are much smaller than the others. From between the leaves rises a cluster of small whitish flowers followed by berries that are bright red when ripe. The roots require six to ten years to become full size. The Chinese provide the market as they believe them to be important in the cure of many diseases.

Love, Honor and Obey



JOE JAY

what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Western Hoteliers.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. —They have mighty fine hotels in this town. I've stayed at several of them and friends of mine have been put out of some of the others.

And once I enjoyed a fire scare here when the alarm, at 3:30 a. m., brought to the lobby

a swarm of moving picture actors without any make-up on and not much else.

This was in the era of the silent films, but you wouldn't have dreamed it to hear the remarks of an hysterical lady

star when she discovered that her chow had been forgotten. The current

husband also was temporarily missing but she was comparatively calm about that. She probably figured a husband could be picked up almost

any time whereas darling little Ming Poo had a long pedigree and represented quite a financial investment and anyhow was a permanent fixture in her life.

Through the strike here, the traveling public seemed to make out. Maybe visitors followed the old southern custom—stop with kinfolks.

Think, though, how great would have been the suffering had the strike occurred during prohibition days when transient guests might have perished of thirst without

bright uniforms lads to bring them first-aid packages in the handy hip-pocket sizes! Bellhops qualified as lifesavers those times.

Humans in the Raw. AS I behold vast numbers of fellow beings strolling the beaches, yes, and the public thoroughfares too, while wearing as few clothes as possible—and it seems to be possible to wear very few indeed—I don't know whether to admire them for their courage or sympathize with them in their suffering or deplore their inability to realize that they'd be easier on the eye if they'd quit trying to emulate the raw oyster—which never has been pretty to look upon and, generally speaking, is an acquired taste anyhow.

For a gentleman who ordinarily bundles himself in heavy garments clear up to his Adam's apple, this warm weather strip-act entails a lot of preliminary torture. At first our gallant exhibitionist resembles a forked stalk of celery bleached out in the cellar. Soon he is one large red blot on the landscape, with fat water blisters spangling his brow until he looks as if he were wearing a chaplet of Malaga grapes. In the next stage he peels like the wallpaper on an Ohio valley parlor after flood time.

Destructive Hired Help.

SOMEbody found a stained glass window in an English church dating back to 685 A. D., but still intact. And from the ruins of a Roman villa, they've dug out a marble figure of Apollo—the one the mineral water was named after—in a perfect state although 2,000 years old.

These discoveries are especially interesting to this family as tending to show that hired help isn't what it must have been in the ancient time.

We once had a maid of the real old Viking stock who, with the best intentions on earth, broke everything she laid finger on. Moreover, she could stand flatfooted in the middle of a large room and cause treasured articles of vertu, such as souvenirs of the St. Louis World's fair and the china urn I won for superior spelling back in 1904 at the Elks' carnival to leap to the floor and be smashed to atoms. She didn't have to touch them or even go near them. I think she did it by animal magnetism or capillary attraction or something of that nature.

The first time we saw the Winged Victory, Mrs. Cobb and I decided it must have been an ancestor of Helga who tried to dust it—with the disastrous results familiar to all lovers of classic statuary.

The Reaping Season.

CERTAIN crops may not have done so well, due to weather conditions, or, as some die-hard Republicans would probably contend, because of New Deal control. But, on the other hand, hasn't it been a splendid ripening season for sit-downs, walk-outs, shut-ups, lock-outs and picket lines?

It makes me think of the little story the late Myra Kelly used to tell of the time when she was a public school teacher on New York's East Side. She was questioning her class of primary-grade pupils, touching on the callings of their respective parents. She came to one tiny sad-eyed little girl, shabby and thin and shy.

"Rosie," she asked, "at what does your father work?"

"Mein poppa he don't never work, Teacher," said Rosie.

"Doesn't he do anything at all?"

"Oh, yessum."

"Well, what does he do?"

"He strikes."

IRVIN S. COBB. ©—WNU Service.

Sew, Sew, Sew-Your-Own



TO MAKE you the girl of his dreams (and to keep him always dreaming), that's the happy ambition behind these newest creations by Sew-Your-Own. One of these frocks to enhance your beauty, and an evening to spend in that romantic lane of Moonlight and Roses—isn't it quite likely that you will become the girl of his dreams?

Luncheon for Two.

When he takes you out to luncheon you should be the very essence of chic. A two piece like the one at the left will bring the sort of eye-compliments you like, and you'll find it a great boon to comfort if the date is to be soon. You will probably want it made of the season's hit material, sheer crepe. The vestee is smart in a contrasting color.

When It's Dancing.

He'll be very Scotch about giving away dances when he sees you in your copy of the frock in the

Uncle Phil Says:

He Doesn't Expect Help Usually the man who is in a position to say, "My friends would do anything for me," is the man who doesn't need it.

"Angels can do no more," means that angels will not waste time and energy on something that is futile.

Make it your business to know how to do things for people and they will pay you well. That is the surest means of making one's way in the world.

Culture consists in liking the best things in art and literature and not pretending to.

The Other Way Around

Instead of motorists decreasing accidents these days, accidents are decreasing motorists.

Experience is a dear (expensive) teacher, and she ought to be; for she teaches the most valuable thing in life—common sense.

In his enjoyment of nature, can anyone become "sophisticated"?

Quotations

I can't conceive of a democracy carrying on except as we put more and more into the job of education—and get more for what we put in.—Fred Engelhardt.

Personal habits make a man's principles.—E. W. Howe.

The world does not owe every man a living. The world is a place in which every man can make a living, but to make it he must first fit himself and then fight.—Bernard M. Baruch.

Recreation for the bulk of the people has come to be an accepted part of the national pattern of our lives.—Henry Woodburn Chase.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO

5¢ PLUG

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

By Fred Neher



FRED NEHER. Copyright 1937, by Fred Neher. "Yer just like all women, Maw . . . always askin' fer money!!"