

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

SAMMY AND BLACKY BOTH TALK AT ONCE

Two tongues at once are one too many. And better 'twere there were not any.

WHICH means that when two people try to talk at the same time it is very unpleasant for themselves and even more unpleasant for others who may have to listen to them. When Blacky the Crow came flying out from deep in the Green Forest so excited that he was cawing at the top of his voice Sammy Jay had at once flown to meet him. Now, Sammy was just as excited, and he was screaming at the top of his lungs. You see,



Of Course, All the Little People Within Hearing Hurried Over to Find Out What It All Meant.

he knew that Blacky had found the stranger who had so excited him. Now perhaps the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows would believe him and no longer think him crazy.

But they didn't! No, sir, they didn't! Instead they thought that Blacky the Crow had gone crazy, too. Never was there heard a worse racket than Sammy and Blacky made as they each tried to talk louder and faster than the other. Neither was listening to what the other was saying, which in itself was very impolite, even if they were cousins. Worse still, each kept interrupting the other, and, you know, there is nothing more impolite than to interrupt when another is speaking. But neither seemed to mind in the least. Each kept right on talking and growing more and more excited.

Of course, all the little people within hearing hurried over to find out what it all meant. But they couldn't understand at all what Sammy and Blacky were talking about. You see, Sammy and Blacky interrupted each other so often that all that those who were listening could make out was that there was a great big stranger in the Green Forest, a stranger who wore a black fur and was as big as Farmer Brown's boy. Now, none of the little people knew of any one as big as Farmer Brown's boy unless it was another boy or a man. But Sammy and Blacky said that the stranger was not a man. So all their neighbors shook their heads sadly and said: "They're crazy," and then again shook their heads sadly. "Too bad," said Jimmy Skunk. "I always thought Blacky was smart, very smart, but there certainly is something the matter with him now."

MOPSY



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said Unc Billy Possum. "Something's wrong with both Br'er Jay and Br'er Crow. They're foolish in their haids."

"Do you suppose it's catching?" asked Bobby Coon. "You know, Sammy Jay had it first and now Blacky has it."

"What's all this fuss about?" demanded a new voice. It was Peter Rabbit's. He was all out of breath, he had hurried so. You see, he had been way up in the Old Orchard, when he heard the screaming of Sammy and Blacky and he had started right away, for, you know, Peter would feel dreadful to miss anything that was going on.

"Nothing, only Blacky the Crow is just as crazy as his cousin, Sammy Jay," replied Jimmy Skunk. "Blacky says he has seen the same stranger in the Green Forest that upset Sammy so. Just listen to those two birds! Did you ever hear anything like it? I'm going home." With that Jimmy Skunk turned his back in disgust and started up the crooked Little Path that comes down the hill.

Bobby Coon and Unc Billy Possum started for their homes, and Danny Meadow Mouse began to run along one of his little paths to get as far as possible from such a noise. But Peter Rabbit suddenly sat up with his eyes popping right out of his head. He had just remembered the strange tracks he had seen in the snow deep in the Green Forest just at the end of winter. Could it be that they were made by the stranger who had so excited Sammy Jay and Blacky the Crow?

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THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR HAND

By Leicester K. Davis

There are a surprising number of people in this world who have far better than average mental equipment and yet have difficulty in getting anywhere simply because they haven't the concentration essential to completed accomplishment.

Such individuals, unfortunately, are always conceiving really brilliant ideas which are practical in every way. But, somehow or other, they are able to carry them just so far and no farther. Indications of this deficiency are always found in the fourth finger and its telltale characteristics.

The Finger of Unstable Mentality.

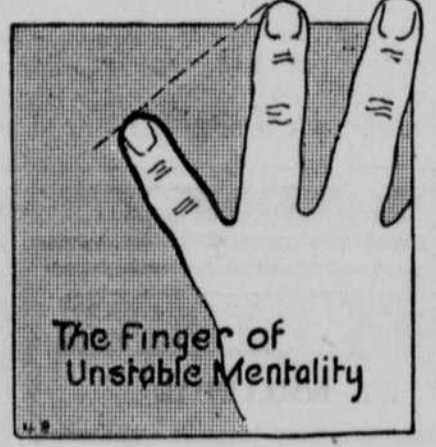
Several distinct characteristics

Unafraid and Unstung—Yet



TO TEST his philosophy of handling bees, "Be kind to them and you won't get stung," cried Julian Joubert, of Enumclaw, Wash., who for 40 years has been closely associated with them, dumped a tray over his head and let them swarm in and out of his ears, over his face and body, with a nary a mishap. His tiny daughter, Sally, is quite as fearless as is her father.

mark the fourth finger of this type: (1) Shortness, (2) straightness, (3) fullness, (4) pronounced taper. Such a finger is usually well but not over fleshed. The points are smooth, combining with the taper to give the finger a somewhat peglike appearance. The nail tip is gracefully



rounded, with full oval nail, symmetrically set. With fingers pressed together the tip is found usually falling midway of the length of the third finger. With hand extended wide the finger stands far away from the third finger. Under backward pressure the entire finger is found to be overflexible.

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TWO-FOOTED MEN

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

TWO-FISTED men have gone their way, Unwanted in this softer day. But what I'd like to see again At least is some two-footed men. For many men I come across Have one foot that's a total loss. For many men each day I've seen Who stand upon one foot and lean.

Some seek to lean upon a "class" To bring "equality" to pass, Some lean upon the promises Of Townsend talking through his fez, Some lean upon the President, Some lean upon the "goverment," Although they own the whole machine And tax one foot so one can lean.

Yet all the men who have pulled through Stood not on one foot but on two. Not one success I ever saw Leaned on some bureau or some law. That's why I claim we need again A nation of two-footed men. (That's not the worst that I have seen: For some, alas, sit down and lean.)

© Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

Tucks for the Coed



Tucks, tucks, tucks! There are 85 of them, to be exact, in this simple, fine-cutting dress of Stroock's woolen. It is just the thing for the college girl to wear, from her first class right through to the afternoon date at the campus tea room.

erly followed by the preposition 'to'. Thus do not say 'I prefer to talk than to dance,' but 'I prefer talking to dancing.'

Francis K. Ball says: "Use 'to' (not 'than') after 'prefer': 1. She prefers California to Florida. 2. We preferred walking to riding."

How is Your Spelling They say that not one person in a hundred can spell the following words correctly: picnicking, dissipate, inoculate, kimono, consensus, eczema, inferred, repellent, interfered, supersede, rarefy, liquefy, hypocrisy, vilify, irrelevant, sacrilegious, indispensible, ecstasy, and exhilarate.—The De Laval Monthly.

Floyd Gibbons'

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"What's in a Name?"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

YOU know, boys and girls, when old Bill Shakespeare asked, "What's in a name?" he didn't seem to think that names made very much difference. But I guess Bill could find plenty of people to give him an argument on that subject. One of them is John T. Smith of Ozone Park, N. Y.

John Smith isn't such an unusual name, when you come to think of it. Nor was John such an unusual sort of fellow. At the time this story opens—around April 1, 1935—he was working as a plumber's helper for a large concern.

One day, while threading a piece of pipe, John cut his finger. That isn't an unusual occurrence, either. But add those things all up together, and they'll give you the strangest doggone predicament that ever a man got into.

John paid no attention to his cut finger, but two or three days later it had begun to swell a bit. His foreman took a look at it and told him he'd better report it to the company doctor.

The doctor was pretty busy. He looked at John's finger, asked him his name, and told him to get the necessary papers from his boss and report at the hospital. "I'll notify the hospital you're coming," he told John. "Be there at eleven o'clock."

Sent to Hospital for Small Operation.

John got the necessary papers from his boss and showed up at the hospital on the dot of eleven. He had had an infected finger before, and knew pretty well what was done about it. They froze the finger, slit it open with a lance, bandaged it and sent you on home. But it seemed to John that this hospital took a lot more trouble over a sore finger.

A nurse took John's name and said, "Oh yes, we're expecting you." She told him to take a seat in the waiting room, and there John waited for an hour. Then the nurse came back and took him upstairs, opened a door and led him into a room. A few minutes later another nurse



"All I've got is an infected finger."

came in with a bed jacket. "Take your clothes off and get into bed," she told him.

Well sir, it began to look to John as if someone had made a mistake. "Do you know what's the matter with me?" he asked the nurse. "Of course we do," the nurse replied. "Well then what's all this fuss about?" John wanted to know. "Oh, we do things right in this hospital," she said. And with that she left the room.

John was ready to agree with the nurse. Here was a big, luxurious, private room, a swell looking nurse, and all kinds of service, over nothing but a sore finger. Do things right in that hospital? You're doggone tootin they did. John undressed and got into bed. By that time it was three o'clock, and the boss would be wondering where he was. When the nurse came in again he asked her how long he'd be kept there. "Why," said the nurse, "YOU'RE GOING TO STAY HERE OVER NIGHT."

They Wouldn't Listen to John.

"I thought she was kidding me," says John, "but I found out different. In a few minutes in came a doctor with a third nurse. The nurse jabbed a needle into one of John's fingers, but it wasn't the sore finger. John tried to tell her she had the wrong one, but she snapped, 'I know what I'm doing,' and John shut up. After a while he said, 'Say, do you know what's the matter with me?' The doctor said yes. The nurse paid no attention at all. She thrust another needle into his arm and shot in some sort of drug. The drug made John feel tired. He wanted to go to sleep, but by that time he was pretty sure something was wrong. He was beginning to get scared.

The drug dulled John's brain, but he fought off the drowsiness that was coming over him. Two more nurses came in with an orderly who was pushing a table on wheels. They put John on the table and wheeled him off to an operating room. John roused himself from the stupor the drug had put him and once more he asked, "Are you sure you know what's the matter with me?"

"But my voice was weak," John says, "and they paid no attention to me. I began to feel sick as well as weak. I could see all sorts of instruments laid out on the tables around me. The orderly wheeled my table under a big flood light. The nurses began getting ready a lot of bandages. Then I knew something was wrong. They were going to perform some sort of a BIG OPERATION."

And Did the Doctor Laugh Then!

"I looked for the doctors." There were three of them, talking together in a corner. That was where I made my last desperate effort. I was almost passing out from the effect of the drugs I had been given, but I managed to raise one arm and motion one of the doctors over.

"That doctor was the only one who would listen to me, and thank God he did, for another nurse was coming over with the ether and in another minute I would have been unconscious. I said, 'Doctor, are you sure you know what's the matter with me? Are you sure you've got the right man? What's all this fuss about Anyway? All I've got is an infected finger.'"

Well sir, the doctor lifted the sheet that they'd thrown over John and took a good look at him. Then he started to laugh. But it wasn't any laughing matter to John. He had almost gone through an operation he didn't need!

John never did find out what they were going to do to him. Maybe they were only going to take an arm or a leg off. Then, on the other hand, they might have been going to do something really serious. But what he does know is that his name got him into that jam. There are just too doggone many John Smiths in the world, and our John Smith had almost got himself cut open on account of another John Smith's ailment.

When the doctors got through laughing they told one of the nurses to dress John's finger. Then they put him back to bed. They told him he'd have to stay there all night because of the drug they'd shot into his arm. But as soon as the nurse was out of the room, John put on his clothes and beat it out of the hospital.

There were too many John Smiths in the world to take any chances. Any minute they might bring another one in, and then they were liable to have John down in the operating room again, sharpening up the knives and breaking out the ether.

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Eagle Favored Salt Beef

While washing her clothes at the side of a river in Amassia, South Antolia, a woman was horrified to see her month-old baby snatched from the river bank by an eagle, which carried the child to a neighboring hill. Hearing the mother's screams villagers climbed the hill and found the tot unharmed. Apparently the huge bird had spared the child's life because it preferred a favorite Turkish delicacy, salt beef with a generous dash of garlic, which the mother had wrapped in the little one's clothing.

Danish Lottery

The Danish Legation says that Det Kongelige Kasselotteri (the Royal Class Lottery) was founded in 1753. It is a Government institution and the profit of it enters the exchequer like the other government revenues. Controlled by the state are Landbrugslotteriet, founded by royal concession in 1907, and Almindeligt Dansk Vare-og Industrierlotteri, founded by royal concession in 1886. The profit of the latter is distributed among certain institutions and associations with humanitarian and cultural objects.

Bit of String and But One Square

Luxurious lace of undreamed of beauty is this for tea or dinner table! A crochet hook, some string and the clearly stated directions of this easy-to-remember pattern are all you need to get started. Though the finished piece gives



Pattern 5845.

the effect of two squares, it takes but one 5 1/2 inch "key" square, repeated, to give this rich effect. Here's loveliness with durability for years to come whether your choice is a cloth, spread, scarf, buffet set or other accessory. In pattern 5845 you will find complete instructions for making the square shown; an illustration of it and of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Cuba Independent

On May 31 of 1936 a new treaty between the United States and Cuba was ratified. This treaty superseded that of May 22, 1903, and abandoned the right of the United States to intervene in the internal affairs of Cuba under the so-called Platt amendment.

Under the authority of this treaty the United States had intervened on five occasions. The republic of Cuba is therefore completely independent of the United States.

HOW LONG CAN A THREE-QUARTER WIFE HOLD HER HUSBAND?

YOU have to work at marriage to make a success of it. Men may be selfish, unsympathetic, but that's the way they're made and you might as well realize it. When your back aches and your nerves scream, don't take it out on your husband. He can't possibly know how you feel.

For three generations one woman has told another how to get "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife, take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

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GET RID OF PIMPLES

New Remedy Uses Magnesia to Clear Skin. Firms and Smooths Complexion—Makes Skin Look Years Younger.

Get rid of ugly, pimply skin with this extraordinary new remedy, Denton's Facial Magnesia works miracles in clearing up a spotty, roughened complexion. Even the first few treatments make a noticeable difference. The ugly spots gradually wipe away, big pores grow smaller, the texture of the skin itself becomes firmer. Before you know it friends are complimenting you on your complexion.

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Here is your chance to try out Denton's Facial Magnesia at a liberal saving. We will send you a full 6 oz. bottle of Denton's, plus a regular size box of famous Milnesia Waters (the original Milk of Magnesia tablets), both for only 60c! Cash in on this remarkable offer. Send 60c in cash or stamps today.

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Good News!



BULLETIN
JAP WARS
U.S. TAX INCREASE
HAPPY BIRTHDAY
WINTER THREATS
BUMPER CROP PREDICTED IN U.S. CORN BELT

THE RIGHT WORD

By W. Curtis Nicholson

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CONCERNING "PREFER"

THIS verb should not be followed by "than." It probably takes an object, which is followed by "to." One should not say, "I prefer to see than to go," and of course one would not say, "I prefer to see to going," and yet the second "to" is a part of the construction. Therefore, if we use "going" after "to," we should use a similar type of word after "prefer." The corresponding words are "seeing" and "going." Correct: I prefer seeing him here to going to his home.

Frank H. Vizetelly says: "The act or thing preferred should never be followed by 'than.' 'Prefer' is prop-