

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

A LOVING MATE BUT POOR HOUSEKEEPER

"IT'S TIME for my dust bath," said Mourner the Dove to Peter Rabbit, as the latter sat thinking over what Mourner had just told him about eating gravel as an aid to digestion. "There is a dusty spot over in the Long Lane where I take a dust bath every day," continued Mourner.



"Now, if you will excuse us, we must be getting back home."

him save that she did not have so beautiful a neck. While they thoroughly dusted themselves they chatted with Peter.

"I see you on the ground so much that I've often wondered if you build your nest on the ground," said Peter.

"No," replied Mourner, "Mrs. Dove builds in a tree, but usually not far above the ground. Now, if you'll excuse us we must get back home. Mrs. Dove has two eggs to sit on, and while she is sitting, I like to be close at hand to keep her company and make love to her."

The Doves shook the loose dust from their feathers and flew away. Peter watched to see where they went, but lost sight of them behind some trees, so decided to run up to the Old Orchard. There he found Jenny and Mr. Wren as busy as ever feeding that growing family of theirs. Jenny wouldn't stop an instant to gossip. Peter was so brimful of what he had found out about Mr. and Mrs. Dove that he just had to tell some one. He heard Kitty the Catbird among the bushes along the Old Stone Wall, so hurried over to look for him. As soon as he found him, Peter began to tell what he had learned about Mourner the Dove.

"That's no news, Peter," interrupted Kitty. "I know all about Mourner and his wife. They are very nice people, though I must say that Mrs. Dove is one of the poorest housekeepers I know of. I take it you never have seen her nest."

Peter shook his head. "No," said

ne, "I haven't. What is it like?" Kitty the Catbird laughed. "It's about the poorest apology for a nest I know of," said he. "It is made of little sticks and mighty few of them. How they hold together is more than I can understand. I guess it is a good thing that Mrs. Dove doesn't lay more than two eggs, and it's a wonder to me that those two stay in the nest. Listen! there's Mourner's voice now. For one happy he certainly does have the mournfullest sounding voice. To hear him you'd think he was sorrowful instead of happy. It always makes me feel sad to hear him."

THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

WHO SNUBBED YOU TODAY?

"WHY didn't you say good-morning to that lady?" "Because she snubbed me. I may be a newcomer, but I don't want anyone around this hotel badly enough to risk being snubbed. I'm thankful to say I'm quite self-sufficient and shall enjoy my short vacation keeping strictly to myself!" "Snubbed you? You must be mistaken, my dear," said the older woman to the young friend to whom she had recommended this summer resort, "she would never snub anybody. She's a very fine woman."

"Why, not only did she make no answer when I greeted her the first morning, but the very next day she walked all the way around the porch to avoid passing me!"

At that moment, the woman in question came suddenly out of a side door to the porch on which they were sitting. In a most friendly manner she said "Good morning!" and stopped by their chairs. "I noticed at the table," she said, "that you have a visitor!" The introductions over, she turned. "Oh, I must get my knitting—I see I left it when I went in to get these glasses which I cannot be without for a moment—I'm so near-sighted."

The secret of the snub—near-sightedness. And so very often an apparent snub will be found to resolve itself into that, absent-mindedness, or, at worst, carelessness! In fact, most snubs have their origin in the mind of the person snubbed. And usually that person is, as was this girl at the summer hotel, a newcomer, one who in some way feels herself to be on trial, one who lacks assurance. It has been said that it is when we mistrust ourselves that we are most likely to mistrust the bearing of others toward us.

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Do You Know—



That the wood not including wood fuel used annually by the United States, if nailed together, would make an Atlantic City boardwalk reaching from the earth to the moon. In lumberman's language, this would total about 53,000,000,000 feet (square feet one inch thick).

Mother's Cook Book

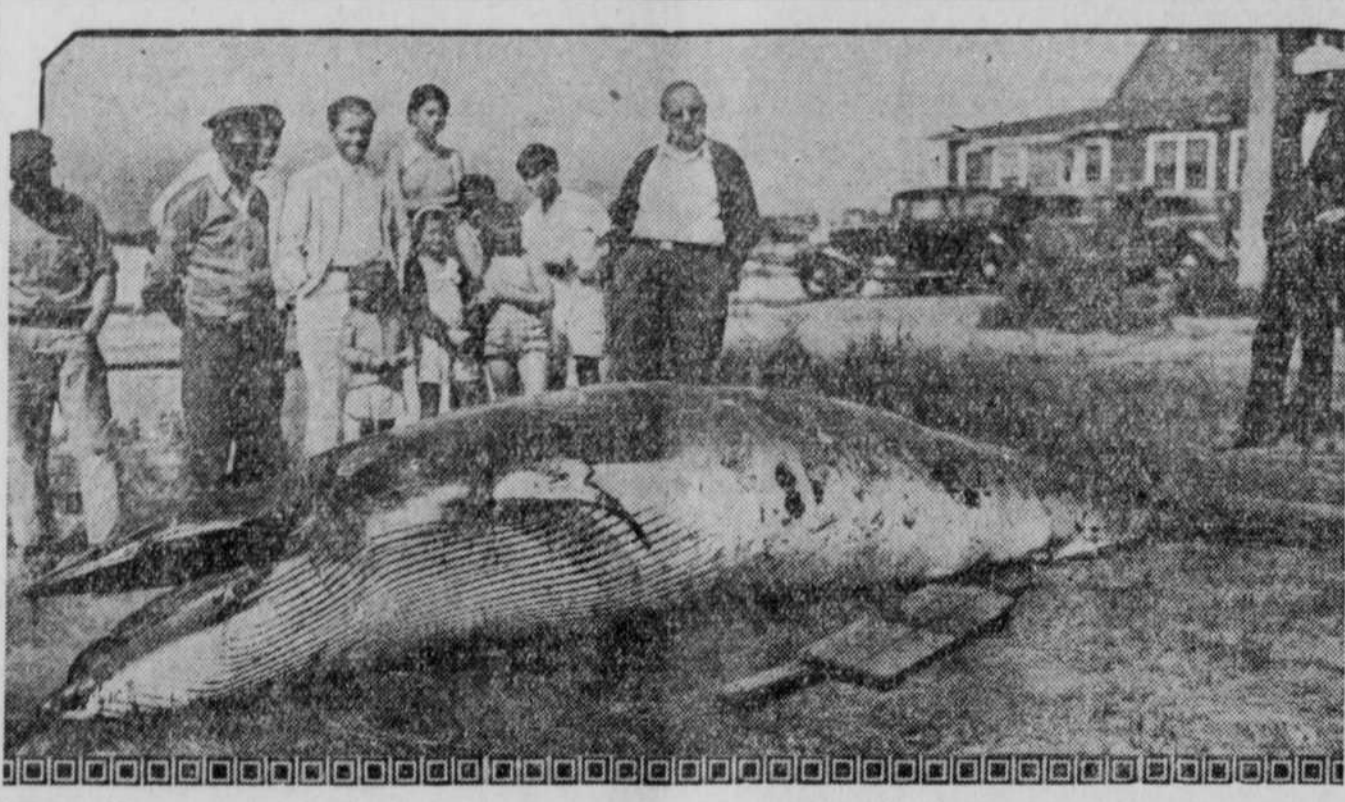
NOW IS THE TIME

NOW is the time when each fruit comes into the market to have at hand a few of the delectable recipes which have waited for them. While the fresh berries are plentiful prepare them for the winter when jellies, jams and preserves of all kinds are so much enjoyed.

Spiced Rhubarb. Put into the preserving kettle six cupsful of rhubarb peeled and cut into small pieces, one cupful of seeded raisins, one cupful of apple vinegar, four cupfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-half spoonful of cloves. Bring slowly to the boiling point and let simmer until of the consistency of marmalade. Put into glasses and seal with paraffin. If the vinegar is very strong dilute it with water.

English Gooseberry Pie. Line the side only of a deep pie dish with rich paste. Fill with one

Whale Harpooned and Shot Off Long Island



THIS fourteen-foot whale was harpooned and then shot, by five fishermen who encountered the huge mammal ten miles off Fire Island inlet, Long Island. After destroying the monster the fishermen hauled their great catch into Lindenhurst.

PAPA KNOWS—



"Pop what is sentiment?" "Damp sponge." © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

quart of ripe gooseberries which have been stemmed and cleaned, pour boiling water over the berries and drain and cool. Add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter and one-third cupful of currant jelly. Moisten the edge of the pie with cold water and spread a top crust with a few perforations in the center. Flute the rim and bake forty minutes. Serve turned upside down on a platter. Serve with hard sauce.

Baked Peaches. Select large, ripe peaches for baking. Peel, cut into halves and remove stones from the peaches. In the cavity place a seeded raisin, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of butter and a sprinkle of mace. Bake slowly in a moderate oven until the peaches are soft. Serve on rounds of sponge cake with sweetened cream.

Question Box

By ED WYNN
The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn: I read in the newspapers that a well-known shoemaker was arrested for bigamy. He has two wives. The verdict is that he must give one some money and live with the other. Which wife do you think he'll live with, his first or second wife?

Yours truly,
MARY WONCE.
Answer: If he is a shoemaker, as you say, and if he is a good shoemaker, he will stick to his last.

Dear Mr. Wynn: The other day I was laid flat on my back by an attack of "peritonitis." Now I am unable to work. What shall I do?

Sincerely,
N. VALID.
Answer: Report to the government at once that you have been attacked by "peritonitis." Something should be done to teach a lesson to these foreigners.

Dear Mr. Wynn: I live in a little town in which



"The disadvantages of twin beds," says sleepless Sue, "is that a woman doesn't always have something at hand to throw at a snoring husband."

Thank God for a Friend Like You

By ANNE CAMPBELL

THANK God for a friend like you in bitter days! Your handclasp is firm and true, And staunch your ways.

Though shadows are bleak upon The morning skies, I glimpse the first hint of dawn Deep in your eye.

Thank God for a friend like you! In joy or pain, A bird soars into the blue! I dream again!

Hope arches a rainbow high In the day's design! Thank God, as time marches by, You're a friend of mine!

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is situated the state insane asylum. They have a tower on the main building with a large clock in it, but the clock is always one or two hours too early or too late. Do you think it is proper to have a clock that isn't right in a state institution?

Yours truly,
I. M. KNUTTY.
Answer: It is perfectly proper in the case you mention. The reason they have that clock in the insane asylum is because it is not right.

Dear Mr. Wynn: I am a girl eighteen years of age and a boy of the same age is going to call on me tomorrow night. I guess I'm a little too old-fashioned for these modern boys. What I want to know is this: If he kisses me shall I scream for my family?

HOPE HEESGOOD.
Answer: Not unless you want him to kiss them, too.

Dear Mr. Wynn: My uncle, a man about forty years of age, has a habit I cannot understand. Every night just before he gets into his bed he puts some money under his pillow. Can you tell me why?

Sincerely,
AL E. GATOR.
Answer: That is very simple. He puts money under his pillow so he feels that he has something to fall back on.

Dear Mr. Wynn: Can you tell me what became of the little fellow who used to sell papers at Forty-second and Broadway? I mean the little fellow with one eye named Charley.

Truly yours,
FULLER PRUNES.
Answer: Tell me the name of his other eye and I will try to find him for you.

Our National Art Exposition



WITTY KITTY

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM



The girl chum says the world would be better off if autograph hunters were as persistent as all that in a better cause.

Gingham for School



Gingham seems to be the thing for young misses to wear to school this year. Carmensita Johnson, a featured young player of the screen, is seen wearing a charming gingham dress which she wears during the four hours she must attend school daily while working on a picture.

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

The Steamship Fire No Shooting Santa Claus You Need Not Read Billions and Billions

Officers of the Morro Castle suggest that "Reds" set fire to the ship. Perhaps they did; "Reds" are notoriously wicked. On the other hand, "Reds" might be a convenient and profitable excuse.

Havana reports 26 Cubans arrested for plotting to destroy the life of Mr. Caffery, United States ambassador to Cuba. Of course, they were "Reds." This seems to be the "Reds'" busy season.

But, when you read about "wicked Reds" setting fire to the Morro Castle for the pleasure of burning people, remember that while nothing may be too wicked for "wicked Reds," it is also the fact that owners of the Morro Castle would be free from all damage suits if it could be proved that the ship was set on fire.

A distinguished gentleman, former cabinet member, asked what he thought about this fall's elections, replied, "As you know well, you can't shoot Santa Claus," meaning that President Roosevelt is the national Santa Claus.

Maine's election indicates that "shots" aimed at "Santa Claus" will be few for the present. The Republican state of Maine re-elected a Democratic governor and also went wet by a big vote. And Maine was the first dry state—with a prohibition law passed 80 years ago, in 1854.

New York's Supreme court, Appellate division, decides that it is not necessary to be able to read or write in order to vote, a sound decision. Abraham Lincoln's mother couldn't read. She would have voted wisely. Shakespeare's mother probably couldn't read, his wife and daughter certainly could not.

More important, the ballot is given to the ordinary citizen not to let him show how learned a person he is, but to let him put dishonest rascals and incompetent geese out of office.

It isn't necessary to know how to read or write in order to know that you have been badly governed and are hard up.

The government will refund one thousand seven hundred and seventy-four million dollars' worth of government debts, and refloater that it will pay only 3 1/2 per cent interest. Why issue more flat bonds when plain flat money would be exactly as good? Neither is worth more than the paper it is printed on, except for the government's signature.

During the 12 years for which the new government debt obligations will run taxpayers will have to pay in interest unnecessarily \$92,151,215, or, compounding the interest, \$838,509,361.

Furthermore, the government will have to refinance this year altogether \$5,369,086,400 of indebtedness and will presumably issue flat bonds bearing at least 3 1/2 per cent interest. This foolishness will cost United States taxpayers in the 12 years following the issue \$2,093,943,696. Two thousand ninety-three million dollars!

Why insist on issuing flat bonds when you can just as well issue flat money?

The mother of Thomas J. Mooney, sentenced to life imprisonment in San Quentin prison, but to be released if Upton Sinclair is elected governor, died recently. Now it is proposed to take her body, embalmed, of course, out to San Quentin prison, that her son may look once more upon her face. The warden does not think he can "permit" such a thing. He ought to permit it.

On Long Island the mother of three children took poison, as many mothers do, unfortunately. This suicide was unusual because the mother, after taking poison, stood on her front porch screaming that she was sorry she had taken it. It was too late. She was dead when her husband arrived.

Matthew Woll, vice president of the American Federation of Labor, considered by those that ordinarily think little of labor leaders, "an absolutely honest and very able man," says capital and labor should join to control the Reds. They might buy a mouse trap, pay in fifty-fifty, but after they got the Red mouse in the trap it would go on squealing about the prisoners of starvation.

That little mouse has not had so much fun before in all its life, or at least not since Lenin died.

Greeley said, "Go West, young man." Wall Street young men and old are going north to Toronto, where they find a new gold rush most profitable. It is not a rush to reach remote mines, only a rush to the Toronto Stock exchange, where new gold and silver stocks are pouring out every minute and "Wall Street houses" disgusted with their own cold, cruel country, are opening branch offices rapidly.

Makes Its Wearer Feel "Just Right"

PATTERN 1502



There's always one frock in your wardrobe that is the big favorite—you wear it time and again because it is most becoming, it's "just right," and you feel really stunning in it. So it is with the model sketched today. Here are lines and details that flatter every type of figure—graceful capes over the shoulders, a surplice bodice line, and youthful waistline treatment that makes for a more slender appearance because cleverly placed seamings replace a belt. The sash, from side seams, ties in back in a graceful bow. Choose a dainty printed silk or sheer—and make this your favorite!

Pattern 1502 is available in sizes 16, 18, 20, 24, 28, 32, 36, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 takes 3 3/4 yards 39-inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

Address orders to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 243 West Seventeenth Street, New York City.

Smiles

As the doorkeeper ran down the club steps to open the car door, he tripped and rolled down the last four steps.

"For heaven's sake, be careful," cried the manager. "They'll think you're a member."—Exchange.

You Glisten, Anyway
"So he said I was a polished gentleman, did he?"
"Well, yes. It meant the same thing."
"Ah! What was the exact word?"
"He said you were a slippery fellow."—Pearson's Weekly.

Close Tongue
Florist—Want to say it with flowers? About three dozen roses, say?
Cyril—How about six—I don't want to say too much!

Postal Rate
King Arthur—How much'll you take for this suit of armor, Lance?
Lancelot—Three cents an ounce, Art.—It's first-class mail.

Navajos to Have Modern Homes



ADOBE buildings with steam heating, watertight roofing and steel window frames in the modern manner will be features of the new capital on the Navajo Indian reservation in Arizona. The building of the Navajo capital is being financed by a Public Works administration allotment of \$500,000. The photograph shows what one of the dwelling units will look like when finished.



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