

SCENTED "GAS"
Fastidious motorists can now fill the tanks of their cars with scented petrol. A process has been developed whereby it is possible to perfume petrol, and it may soon be a delight to trail a motorist as the exhaust pipe of his car emits violet, lilac, or possibly attar of roses. A patent has been granted for a process which eliminates the unpleasant smells from the exhaust gases of internal-combustion engines. These gases can be given an agreeable odor by adding to each gallon of petrol four grammes of an artificial musk compound, which it is claimed has the property of resisting combustion in the engines of motor cars and converting the unpleasant smell of exhausted gas and half-burned oil into a delightful odor.—London Tit-Bits.

Doctors Know!

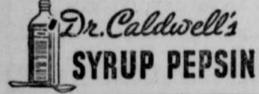
... and they use liquid laxatives

You'd use a liquid, too, if you knew how much better it makes you feel. A liquid laxative can always be taken in the right amount. You can gradually reduce the dose. Reduced dosage is the secret of real and safe relief from constipation.

Just ask your own doctor about this. Ask your druggist how popular liquid laxatives have become. The right liquid laxative gives the right kind of help—and the right amount of help. When the dose is repeated, instead of more each time, you take less. Until the bowels are moving regularly and thoroughly without aid.

People who have experienced this comfort, never return to any form of help that can't be regulated! The liquid laxative generally used is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It contains senna and cascara, and these are natural laxatives that form no habit. It relieves a condition of biliousness or sluggishness without upset.

To relieve your occasional upsets safely and comfortably, try Syrup Pepsin. The druggist has it.



Feminine Ambition
"Have you any ambition besides wanting to look beautiful?"
"Oh, yes—I want to be told I do."

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
Quick, Safe Relief For Eyes Irritated By Exposure To Sun, Wind and Dust

And Unregretted
The miser dies that fools and lawyers may live.

CHAPPED LIPS
To quickly relieve chapping, roughness, cracking, apply soothing, cooling Mentholatum.

Conversation Faults
Most of the faults of conversation are committed not by those who talk little but by those who talk too much.—Emily Post.

CREOMULSION
Your own druggist is authorized to cheerfully refund your money on the spot if you are not relieved by Creomulsion.

ITCHING TOES
Burning, sore, cracked, soon relieved, and healing aided with safe, soothing Resinol.

HELP KIDNEYS
If your kidneys function badly and you have a lame, aching back, with attacks of dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, swollen feet and ankles, rheumatic pains... use Doan's Pills.

DOAN'S PILLS

Yellow Tiber Overflows Its Banks



RECORD-BREAKING rains in the mountains of central Italy recently caused the yellow Tiber to overflow its banks, the river reaching its highest point in many years. This view was taken at Rome during the flood, which caused much distress.

BEDTIME STORY
By THORNTON W. BURGESS

HORNS THAT REALLY ARE NOT HORNS

"IF YOU are so fond of the cold, I don't see what you leave the Far North at all for," said Peter Rabbit to Snowflake the Snow Bunting.

"Because, Peter," replied Snowflake, twittering merrily, "like everybody else I have to eat in order to live. When you see me down here you may know that the snow up North is so deep that it has covered all the seeds. I hope I will not have to go any farther south than this, but if some morning you wake



It was Wanderer the Horned Lark, up and find the snow so deep that all the weeds are buried, don't expect to find me."

"That's what I'd call good, sound common sense," said another voice, and a bird very near Snowflake's size, and who at first glance seemed to be dressed almost wholly in soft chocolate brown, alighted on the snow and began to run around in search of seeds. It was Wanderer, the Horned Lark. Peter had known him ever since his first winter, yet did not feel really acquainted, for Wanderer seldom stayed long enough for a real acquaintance.

Now, as Wanderer reached up to pick seeds from a weed top, Peter had a good look at him. The first thing he noticed was what looked like two little horns above and behind the eyes. It is from these that Wanderer gets the name of Horned Lark. Of course, they are not really horns at all, but little tufts of black feathers. His forehead, a line over each eye, and his throat were yellow. There was a black mark from each corner of his bill curving downward and almost joining a black crescent shaped band across the breast. Beneath this he was solid white with dusty spots showing here and there. His back was brown in places, having almost a pinkish tinge. His tail was black, showing a little white along the edges when he flew. Altogether he was a handsome little fellow.

"Do all your family have those funny little horns?" asked Peter. "No," replied Wanderer promptly. "Mrs. Lark does not have them." "I think they are very becoming," said Peter politely.

"Thank you," replied Wanderer. "I am inclined to agree with you." Just then Peter discovered something that he hadn't noticed before. "My goodness," he exclaimed, "what a long claw you have on each hind toe!" It was true. Each hind claw was about twice as long as any other claw. Peter couldn't see any special use for these, and was just about to ask more about them when Wanderer suddenly spied a flock of his relatives some distance away and flew over to join them. Probably this saved him some embarrassment, for it was doubtful if he himself knew why Old Mother Nature had given him those long hind claws.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

The House Awakes!

By ANNE CAMPBELL

THE house awakes with Dickie, whose bare feet come pattering across the sunny hall. And then the other children's voices fall across the quiet rooms; and on our street a dozen houses, filled with children, rise and dust the sleep out of their drowsy eyes.

When off to school the happy children go, The house sinks in a sleep as deep as Death, And does not wake till the returning breath Of children make its staring windows glow. And down our street a dozen houses shout, And wake to happiness when school is out!

Copyright.—WNU Service.

PAPA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is the horizon?" "Greener field." © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

The Fancy Figure Skater



Do You Know—



That the slash in men's coat sleeves is a relic of the days when men settled their differences with the sword. To prevent melord's elaborate sleeve from being in the way on such occasions his cuffs were originally slashed so that they could be turned back.

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MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

HOW TO SERVE OYSTERS

HERE are some old ways of serving oysters that may never have been brought to the attention of the present generation:

Fricassee Oysters. Prepare 50 oysters, pour water over them in a sieve and look over carefully for any broken shell. Save the liquid and add to it enough milk to make one pint. Put two teaspoons of butter and two of flour into a sauce pan, and the oyster liquor and milk and stir until smooth and thick, adding one teaspoon of salt, a few dashes of pepper. The above, with the oysters added, will be creamed oysters. For the fricassee add the yolks of two eggs lightly beaten and a teaspoon of finely minced parsley. Serve on squares of buttered toast.

Oysters Fried in Oil. Drain 25 fat oysters, lift each carefully by the muscular, hard part, place on a board and dry well with a soft cloth. Dust with salt and cayenne. Beat two eggs without separating and add to them two tablespoons of hot water. Put on a board a quart of dry bread crumbs—do not use cracker crumbs. Dip the oysters into the crumbs, then into the egg and again into the crumbs. Use the fingers, as sticking a fork into the oyster spoils the flavor. After all are covered arrange them, without touching, on a board. Have the fat hot, using any kind of sweet fat; place the oysters in a wire basket and fry, six at a time, until brown. They should be brown in two minutes. Over-cooking will toughen the oyster. Drain

QUESTION BOX by ED WYNN, The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn: I live in an apartment house and there is a rumor about a married couple, in the same building. The rumor is that the husband beats his wife up every morning. Do you believe this? Yours truly, I. WONDER.

Answer: I know the people you refer to and it is a fact that the husband beats his wife up every morning. He gets up at 6:00 a. m. and she doesn't get up till 7:00.

posed to me. He swears that if I marry him he will treat me like an "angel." What shall I do? Yours truly, L. M. KICKIDE.

Answer: Always beware of the man who calls you an "angel," or the man who says he will treat you like an "angel." Go to any art gallery and look at a painting of an "angel." You will immediately see all the clothes he intends buying you.

Dear Mr. Wynn: I am a scientist. At present I am experimenting with "flies." I am trying to solve the big problem of the century; that is: "Should Flies Marry?"

This is my sixth year on the subject, and my greatest difficulty is to keep the flies over the winter months. Last winter I put a fly in a cuckoo clock to rest, but it woke the fly up every hour and the poor thing died from the lack of sleep. Can you tell me the best place to keep a fly so it can rest peacefully? Yours truly, WILL U. HELPMEE.

Answer: Nothing in the world, excepting the discovery of the North pole, will be of greater benefit to humanity than the solution of the problem, "Should Flies Marry?" I find that the importance of flies is a subject to think about. Some folks like flies, others don't. I know one man who owns a candy store and he likes flies so much that he has just engaged a blacksmith for his store. This blacksmith is supposed to "shoo the flies." On the other hand, I hear, every day, of a man named Babe Ruth who doesn't like flies. At least, it appears so, as he keeps hitting flies over the fence. Now I would like very much to help you, so after years of research work I find the best place to keep a fly, if you do not want it disturbed at all, is in a Scotchman's pocketbook.

Dear Mr. Wynn: I am a girl nineteen years of age. There is a young man who seems to be madly in love with me, but I am not sure I love him; he has pro-

Jersey and Lace



Mainbocher's most exciting contributions to the spring mode are his lace-trimmed daytime frocks. Here is one of grege Jersey and navy blue lace. It looks like a two-piece, but is in reality a one-piece dress.

Swans Mate for Life and Share Responsibilities

Swans are perfect models of conjugal conduct. They mate for life and the sexes share the domestic responsibilities, notes a writer in the New York Herald Tribune. The downy young when first hatched are not the "ugly ducklings" of popular belief, but lovely little creatures, clothed in silky, golden down and without the exaggerated neck and huge paddle-like feet of their parents. Very soon, however, these characteristics begin to appear and ungainliness replaces their natal loveliness until the grace and beauty of maturity appear.

Geese, like swans, pair for life, and the young birds remain in the company of their parents for nearly a year after they are hatched. Endowed with keen intelligence and extreme wariness, they can be depended on to maintain a fair degree of abundance as long as adequate wintering grounds are afforded them. But, above all, they, like swans, require freedom from molestation when they are at rest, so that a large measure of solitude and wide spaces are the chief requirements for their perpetuation.

Ducks, for the most part, are very different from swans and geese in their family habits. While they pair like other birds, and are not as a rule polygamous, the male in most species is not a constant husband and abandons the female and all family cares as soon as incubation of the eggs is well under way. Stiff-tailed ducks, however, are notable exceptions to this rule.



"The modern girl can be without everything else in this world," says cosmetic Connie, "except a lip stick." WNU Service.

Gold Stars' Association The Gold Star Mothers' association was organized in Washington, D. C., June 4, 1928, and incorporated January 5, 1929, in the same city.

Woman Becomes an Air Mail Pilot



MISS HELEN RITCHEY is the first woman to win the right to pin Uncle Sam's air mail wings on her left coat pocket, and has begun work as co-pilot of a mail and passenger plane. She is seen here receiving the congratulations of William E. Howes, second assistant postmaster general, as she left the Washington airport.

PERFECT FOR THE SMARTEST PARTY

PATTERN 9198 For an after-the-game dance, or an after-the-working-day dinner engagement, this lovely afternoon dress would be perfect. It's a shining hour frock, designed with an eye to the vogue for elegance in this winter's mode. A spirited double-lapot tops the bolero lines of its youthful bodice. Smart slashes at each side give a final touch of chic to its pencil-slim skirt. For a costume of unusual glamor, try chiffon-velvet with shimmering metal cloth for the bolero bolero. Satin with velvet would be a lovely choice, too. Make the sleeves with nicely pointed cuffs or



9198

In a smart three-quarter length like the small back sketch. Pattern 9198 may be ordered only in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards 39-inch fabric, and 1 1/4 yards contrasting. SEND FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYLE NUMBER and SIZE. Complete, Diagrammed Sew Chart Included. Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern department, 232 West Eighth street, New York, N. Y.

Smiles

TAKE THAT "It's going to be a real battle of wits, I tell you," said the sophomore member of the debating team. "How brave of you," said his roommate, "to go unarmed."—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

Pass Quietly, Please Man—Why, darling, I didn't make a sound when I came in late last night! Wife—Rubbish! The noise woke me. Man—Well, don't blame me. It was the four fellows carrying me who made the row.—Exchange.

Wise Old Santa Assistant—Do I understand that you have traded your herd of reindeer for a flying machine? Santa Claus—Sure, and a good trade, too. Next trip I'll have a cinch dodging the custom house inspectors.

YEAR AFTER YEAR QUALITY. Wrigley's Spearmint. 1935 1934 '33 '32

WITTY KITTY



The girl chum says it's queer that nobody has devised step-on insurance for people who buy aisle seats at the theater. WNU Service.