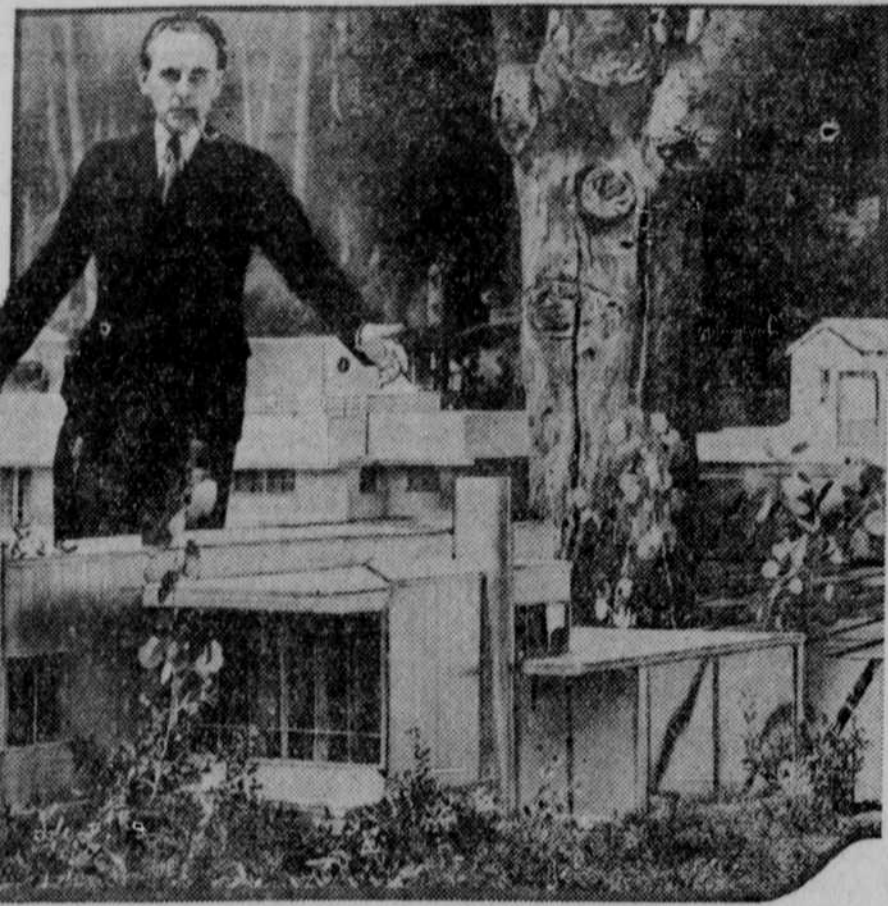


House That Breathes to Keep Itself Cool

THIS model of a house that breathes through its walls to keep cool won first prize in the better housing display at the San Diego exposition. With it is the inventor, R. J. Neutra, Los Angeles architect. The house is of steel with exposed portions coated with aluminum. Air channels run through the walls, and when the heat of the sun warms them it starts a cooling draft.



Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by JEAN NEWTON

A HUSBAND WHO BOUGHT WIFE'S CLOTHES

THERE is fresh evidence to prove that George Washington was a brave man. It appears now that he picked his wife's dresses! And that, says the history professor who makes the revelation, is proof that he was the bravest man of his day.

There is more. Not only did the first President pick his wife's dresses, but Martha liked them. And that, many a wife would say, showed Martha brave—to manage to like dresses which a man picked for her.

But that, we suggest, depends on the man. There have been husbands, you know, who not only would trouble to notice their wives' clothes, but who actually understood women's clothes. Oh, not many, I know. But they have existed. There have even been men who could—and would—go shopping with their wives, with actual benefit to the aforesaid women. Of course, they have been few and far

between. But when they exist, they are the last word in business. They are all that is charming and delightful.

Imagine—to have a husband who not only notices what you wear but remarks intelligently on it. Imagine his having not only clothes intelligence, but good taste. Imagine his having sufficient interest to go with you to buy your clothes, or—miracle of miracles—to buy them for you!

Such a man, such a husband, we now for the first time find George Washington to have been. It is not too much to say that in the light of this new information about the great soldier and statesman, new history books should be written. For it is one thing to be a great general, a fine gentleman, an engineer and a literary figure, even a first President. But a husband who could choose his wife's clothes—and have her like them—well, now, indeed, George Washington stands alone in the hearts of his country women.

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BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Big War or Little? LaGuardia's G-Men She Took It Seriously Pretty Bluebirds

War is not coming; it is here. It may or may not be a war "setting the world on fire." Italy had an unpleasant experience in Abyssinia in the last century and wishes to repair that. It also wishes to keep Japan from gathering in Abyssinia's trade and controlling Abyssinia. Britain can understand how Italy feels, since Italy found it really necessary to gather in the Transvaal and other vast areas throughout the world.



Arthur Brisbane

Italy used to send 500,000 immigrants a year to the United States. Now they are shut out. They must go somewhere. They would considerably improve Abyssinia if they went there.

Mayors of other cities will watch New York's Mayor LaGuardia fighting racketeering and crime in general. Besides training his own police force to shoot straight and "to kill," Mayor LaGuardia will get some government "G-men." If possible, from Washington, to come and set the example.

If Mayor LaGuardia, who has an honest and energetic police commissioner, cleans up crime in New York, he will deserve a statue next to that of Hercules, who cleaned the Augean stables, and a bigger statue.

Women, before and since Heloise, have taken heart affairs more seriously than men. Margaret Jordan, an Irish girl, lonely, fell in love with a Mount Vernon, N. Y., policeman, because he came from her home town. He was married, with eight children, and after he had seen the girl for two years he decided that he must reform and see her no more. He told her about this pious resolution as he sat in his police car, and did not notice that she took his service revolver from the pocket of the car.

He learned what had happened next day when told that the girl had killed herself with his revolver. It was embarrassing for a married policeman with eight children.

At Fort George Wright, tiny bluebirds built their nest in the mouth of a big cannon, and mother bluebird laid four pretty blue eggs. Our kind-hearted heroes at the fort are

protecting the nest. Sentries do not come too near, cats are discouraged and to the orders of the day Maj. George S. Clark added these kind words, "and keep an eye on those birds."

In American churches Sunday, August 18, will be a day of prayer for peace in Africa and safety for little Ethiopia, which confronts war with powerful Italy.

That is the right United States interference in foreign affairs. The prayers will reach their destination, and the Supreme Being to whom they are addressed knows what is best, and has power to arrange matters in Ethiopia as he chooses.

To pray: "Lord, possessor of omniscience and omnipotence, we leave all in your hands," is right.

To send a million young American men, and several thousand million American dollars, to meddle in hot Africa would be wrong.

The country will welcome President Roosevelt's statement that the "four thousand million dollar works relief fund" will actually be invested in such a way as to increase the nation's capital assets. Many times four thousand million dollars could be spent advantageously, if it were really invested in wise, permanent improvements.

A financial letter from London remarks, casually, "Credit was plentiful at one-half of one per cent interest." Americans that cannot borrow anything, on securities once considered good, wonder how the British manage. The American government borrows at three and a half per cent, seven times the current English interest rate, money manufactured by itself, and thus adds one hundred per cent to taxes for interest that need not be paid at all. Queer finance, dearly beloved.

St. Louis reformers say women should not sit on high stools with their feet on a rail and drink at the bar. And reformers rejoice to hear the saloonkeepers say: "Amen."

Reformers and saloonkeepers are right. The saloon was bad enough before women moved in to make it worse, hitching up their dresses, climbing high stools, readjusting their dresses, or not readjusting them, calling for foolish drinks to show how foolish they could be.

BIDS DEFIANCE TO HOT WEATHER

PATTERN 2319



The hot weather brings us to the problem every woman of generous proportions must cope with—how to keep cool and fresh looking on those wiling days? Well—Looking Cool goes a long way, and pattern 2319, with its loose, easy cape sleeve, soft treated waistline gives you a mighty cool outlook on life. And very flattering, too, are the graceful folds of the cape that does wonders to equalize proportions. The darts over the bust and at the waistline cleverly contrive to avoid a too-fitted look at the strategic points. Pick a summery printed voile or other sheer.

Pattern 2319 is available in sizes 16, 18, 20, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 30 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.

MEATY PROBLEM

Customer—What kind of meat have you today.

Butcher—Mutton and venison. Customer—Is your mutton dear? Butcher—No, the mutton is sheep. The venison is deer.

Bargain

"Do you favor government ownership?"

"Of course," said Mr. Dustin Stax; "if I can dictate the prices at which the government buys and have a hand in financing the deal."

Fashions in Words

"What has caused you to change your mind?"

"I haven't changed my mind," answered Senator Sorghum. "I have only deferred to my fan mail and revised my rhetoric."

Safety First

Fireman—Jump into the blanket. Man—No, you might drop it. Put it on the ground first.—Pearson's Weekly.

Red Lights On

"Was it Diogenes who was looking for an honest man?"

"I don't remember, but whoever he was, I guess he is still looking."

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BEDTIME STORY By THORNTON W. BURGESS

A QUEER GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK

OVER in the Green Forest where the moonlight sifted down through the tops of the silver trees, began a queer game of hide and seek. Buster Bear was "it." Danny Meadow Mouse was hiding. Buster Bear was "it," for his stomach's sake. Danny wasn't enjoying it at all.

By the time Buster Bear had whirled around after Danny had surprised and startled him by running out from under his very paw as he started to rake over a little pile of leaves in search of beechnuts, Danny had, as you know, disappeared. He had darted behind the trunk of a big tree. For a couple of minutes Buster stood perfectly still. He was listening. He was listening for the rustle of a leaf to tell him in which direction Danny had gone. But not a leaf rustled. Buster couldn't hear the faintest sound to tell him that there was another living thing anywhere about.

"Now, where can that scamp have gone to?" muttered Buster. "He certainly hasn't gone far. He must be right around here somewhere. Probably he is hiding under some of these leaves. I'll pull over a few of them and find out."

So Buster began to rake over the leaves all about with his great claws just as he had been doing

Now, Buster Bear, as I said before, can move quickly, but he can not run around a tree trunk as fast as a little Meadow Mouse can. He soon found that out. Danny always managed to keep the trunk of that tree between them. Finally Buster Bear gave up running around that tree and sat up to think. On the other side of that tree crouched the most frightened Meadow Mouse in all the Great World, wondering what would happen next, and trembling so that he shook all over. Danny had played many games of hide and seek in his life, but never one in which he had felt so wholly helpless as he did now.

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"No matter how hot tempered either proves to be after the wedding march," says Reno Ritzl, "they will find it takes just as much coal to heat the house."

MINUTE MAKE-UPS By V. V.



The backs of the new hats will have a definite influence on your coiffure. Many of them have no back and simply perch high on the swirled curls of your head. Curls are larger, more swirled, and fill that space between the collar of the coat and the brim of the hat.

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Question Box By ED WYNN The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn:

In this morning's mail I received a circular from a plumber who claims he is selling a new kind of stove which will save half the coal I use in the stove I have now. Do you advise me to buy one of his new stoves.

Truly yours, I. M. KURIOUS.

Answer: If your plumber is telling the truth when he says the new stove saves one-half of your coal, why don't you buy two of his stoves and save all your coal?

Dear Mr. Wynn:

You are so smart and claim you know so much. Here's one for you. Answer this: Did you ever see a dog without eyes, without ears, without hair, without a nose, without a mouth and without feet?

Yours truly, VETTER N. ARIAN.

Answer: Yes, I saw a dog like that—a "hot dog."

Dear Mr. Wynn:

Last night I had an argument with my brother about different kinds of weather. My brother said that "cold" travels faster than "heat," while I insisted that "heat" travels the fastest. Who is right?

Truly yours, I. SICKLE.

Answer: You are right. "Heat" travels faster because you can't catch it, while it is very easy to catch "cold."

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I have just bought a little house in the country. It is a new house, but it is terribly damp, due, I guess,

Because You Came to Our Street

By ANNE CAMPBELL

BECAUSE you came to our street, The trees wore greener dresses, And every yard in our street Was drenched with loveliness. The birds sang sweeter songs this year.

And every child was gay. There was a joyous atmosphere Because you blessed our day.

But when you go from our street, The leaves will flutter down, The sun will set on our street; The blossoms all turn brown, The autumn rains will fall . . . The storm Will tear the nests apart, And only memory will warm Your seal upon each heart.

For we have stored on our street A thousand summer joys To comfort hearts on our street When winter gloom annoys. And always though the clouds are black, And bitter winds pursue, We will be ever gazing back With summer dreams of you! Copyright.—WNU Service.

to poor construction. What I want to know is, how can I keep water from running into my house?

Yours truly, I. O. N. MYHOWS.

Answer: Don't pay your water bill.

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MOTHER'S COOK BOOK

PICNIC GOOD THINGS

THE following are a few suggestions which may be helpful in packing the picnic hamper, or, if served in the garden or on the porch, one may elaborate on the menu:

Chicken Rouleaux.

These are a most tasty substitute for the ordinary sandwich. Prepare a light biscuit dough such as would be used for hot biscuit or shortcake. Roll out the dough one-quarter-inch thick in a sheet four inches wide and as long as convenient. Brush over with melted butter and spread with minced chicken which has been well seasoned and lightly moistened with cream. Roll up and cut into finger lengths and pinch the ends together. Place on a greased baking sheet with the flap down and bake ten to fifteen min-

utes in a hot oven. Minced ham may be used if preferred.

Raisin Drop Cakes.

Cream together one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of brown sugar, add one cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of milk, two eggs well beaten, one cupful of chopped raisins, one teaspoonful each of soda and baking powder, mixed spices to taste and four cupfuls of flour. Mix thoroughly and drop by spoonfuls on baking sheets or into small muffin pans. Add a few nuts if desired. Bake twelve minutes in a moderate oven.

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Duke Beach Guard



Here is Duke, full-blooded bulldog, owned by Kenneth Grossmiller of Dalles, Ore. Duke is trained to swim out to a drowning person, with the end of a piece of rope in his mouth and the other end attached to the shore. He also is able to tow a person hanging to his harness.

PAPA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is matrimony?" "Geometry."

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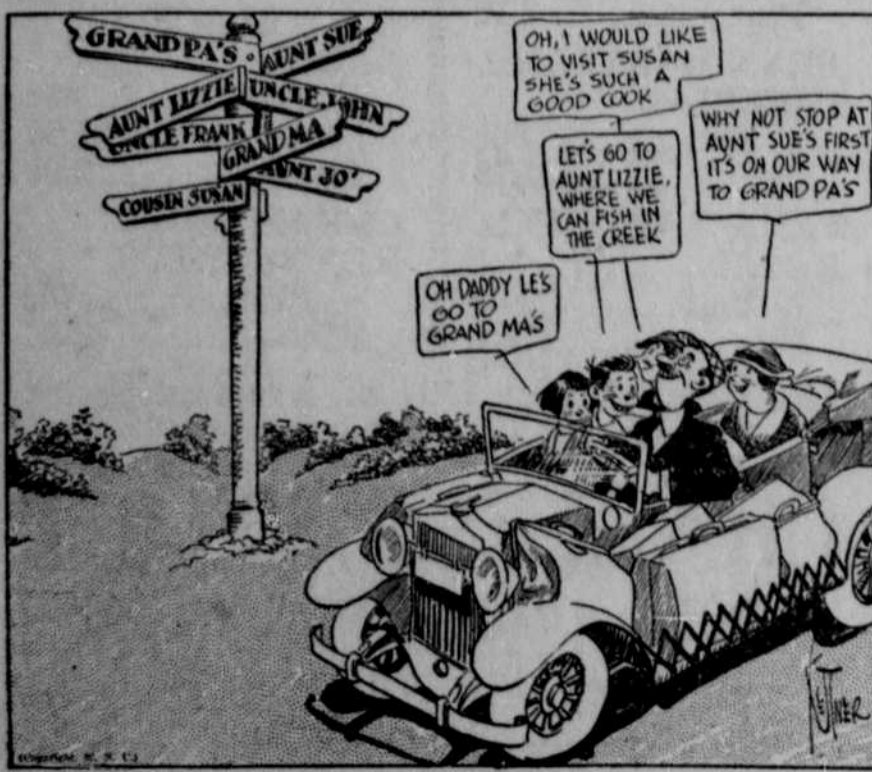
Changing the Subject "Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "you kin get a crowd to cheer mostly because it's tired o' listenin' an' wants to start a chorus of its own."

It's Muddy in Matanuska Valley, Too



MINNESOTA farmers who migrated to the government colony in Matanuska valley, Alaska, find the mud is as deep there as at their old home. Frank Bliss, construction boss for the colony, is seen with a friend trying to extricate their automobile from the mire.

We're Coming



Do You Know—



That the European cranberry, found in Canada and northern United States was the sacred plant of the ancient Druids? There is also a larger berry which is native to America.

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Advertisement for Wrigley's Spearmint Gum, featuring the fish logo and the text 'COOLING'.