

# BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

## HOW OL' MISTAH BUZZARD WARMS HIS TOES

OFTEN and often had Peter Rabbit wondered how Ol' Mistah Buzzard and all his other feathered friends who had flown away to the far away South at the first hint that Jack Frost was on his way to the Green Meadows spent the long winter. It seemed to Peter that the South must be a very wonderful and very strange place. He was not at all sure that he would like it. It must be very nice not to have to worry about finding enough to eat, and yet—well, Peter did have lots of fun in the snow. It seemed to him that all those little people



"That Thing Out of Which the Smoke Comes Would Be One of Ol' Mistah Buzzard's Toe Warmers."

who went away certainly missed a great deal. Now, Winsome Bluebird had returned from that far away South with the good news that Mistress Spring was not far behind, and Winsome had promised to tell him all the news of Ol' Mistah Buzzard and the other friends.

"You see," began Winsome, "Ol' Mistah Buzzard was born and brought up in the South, where it is always warm, and he just can't stand cold weather. No, sir, he can't stand cold weather. Why, weather that you and I would call comfortable will make him shiver and shake. That is why he wasn't ready to come up with me. Now, I come ahead of Mistress Spring, but Ol' Mistah Buzzard won't start until he is sure that Mistress Spring has been here some time, and he will be sure not to have cold feet."

"Cold feet!" cried Peter. "Who ever heard of such a thing! Why, I run around on the snow and ice all winter long and I never have cold feet!"

"Well, Ol' Mistah Buzzard does," replied Winsome Bluebird. "Yes, sir, he is always complaining about cold feet. You know, he hasn't any shoes or stockings like you, Peter, so between his bare feet and his bald head he has, or thinks he has, a great deal to worry about every time there is a cool day, and they sometimes have cool days even way down South. Then you will always find Ol' Mistah Buzzard warming his toes."

Peter scratched his head in a funny way. "If you please, Winsome, how does he warm his toes?" asked Peter. "I never see him warming his toes when he is up here. He's always sailing round and round way up in the blue, blue sky or else sit-

ting on a dead tree in the Green Forest. I've never heard him complain of cold feet or seen him try to warm his toes."

"Of course, you haven't!" replied Winsome. "He doesn't have cold feet then, because it's summer time. It's just as you say, if you don't see him up in the blue, blue sky you are sure to find him on that old dead tree. But down South it is different. If you want to see him there and he isn't way up in the blue, blue sky trying to get nearer to Mr. Sun so as to warm his bald head, why you just look for him on a toe-warmer."

Peter's eyes seemed to fairly pop out with curiosity. "What's a toe-warmer?" he demanded. "I never heard of such a thing. What does it look like?"

Winsome Bluebird chuckled softly. "Have you ever been up by Farmer Brown's house?" he asked. Peter nodded.

"Then you've seen that thing on the roof out of which smoke comes sometimes comes," continued Winsome. Again Peter nodded. "Well," continued Winsome, "if Farmer Brown's house was down South that thing out of which smoke comes would be one of Ol' Mistah Buzzard's toe-warmers."

Peter looked sharply at Winsome to see if he really meant what he said. "Doesn't anybody live in those houses down South?" he asked suspiciously.

"Of course," replied Winsome. "If they didn't how could Mistah Buzzard warm his toes?"

"And he isn't afraid?" persisted Peter, as if it was very hard to believe.

"Afraid!" cried Winsome. "Why, he hasn't anything to be afraid of. Mr. Buzzard is thought a great deal of, a very great deal of, in the South, and no one would hurt him

## THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR HAND

By Leicester K. Davis

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The Psychic Finger of Brilliance

CREATIVE ability is one of Destiny's most valuable gifts.

The skilled and helpfully minded palmist may often stimulate latent creative ability to constructive activities along worthwhile lines which the fortunate possessor has been indolent in following. Analyze the third finger with a view to explaining, broadly at least, the possible outlets for the creative urge as indicated by its conformation as a type.

### The Psychic Finger of Brilliance.

Here is a type of third finger which, unless your analysis is made with thoroughness, may be confused with the Inventive type discussed in Lesson 39. The reason for this is that it leans toward the fourth finger much after the fashion of the Inventive type. In the Psychic Finger of Brilliance this characteristic is far more pronounced, however, and with the hand extended wide, the entire finger is found to lie much closer to the fourth finger. The Psychic type of third finger, despite its tilt toward the fourth finger, is usually quite straight. Its length is marked, and its tip is always even with and sometimes well above the tip of the second finger. The entire finger is rather bony in structure, with knuckles somewhat knobby and the spaces between them bound in or "corsetted." The nail is usually long and somewhat pear-shaped, and is always well set. Under backward pressure, a peculiar resilient tension is felt.

## MOPSY



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## Love, Honor and Obey



JOE JAY

## Duchess' Old Home Is Museum



Baltimore, Md.—While Edward, duke of Windsor, and his bride, the former Wallis Warfield of this city, honeymoon at Wasserleoburg castle in Austria, throngs of the curious daily visit her girlhood home here, a museum now that "Wally" has stolen the headlines. These miniatures, one of the exhibits, show her being received by the late King George V and Queen Mary.

for the world. So every house has a toe-warmer for him, which is very nice for him. And you won't see him back here until it is so warm that he forgets all about cold feet," concluded Winsome Bluebird.

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## THERE'S A GOOD ROAD

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH (Suggested by the hotel barber at Uhrichsville, Ohio.)

THERE'S a good road north, and a good road south, and a good road east or west, There's a train at noon that'll leave here soon, If you like the railroad best. So when someone says that there's something wrong With the town, the way it's run, Then I don't see why he don't say good-by, And go hunt for a better one.

If he says back home where he used to live That the town was simply great, Well, I'd go back there if I had the fare, And if not, I'd flip a freight. Or he's heard some town is a right good town, That it's got this whole place beat; Well, it can't be far if he's got a car, If he ain't, he's got two feet.

So if someone thinks that the town's no good, I think he's a fool to stay, If he don't like what this here town has got, Then here's all I got to say; "There ain't a man that'll hold you here If you like some new place best; North or south of town not a bridge is down, There's a good road east or west."

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## MANNERS OF THE MOMENT

By JEAN

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WINDOW shopping in mixed company is tricky business. It usually ends in a fight. When a girl window shops the man somehow gets a feeling she is trying to work him for things. Why he should we can't imagine. But that's the way men are.

And when a man window shops, it's even worse. He picks such horrible looking displays. He'll stop, sometimes for hours, in front of a



Window shopping is likely to end in a fight.

lease-has-expired sale of dirty looking ties. It gets very tiresome.

The most sensible thing for a couple to do is to agree before going out which windows they can both enjoy. They might be able to find common ground in travel bureau windows and book stores, for instance. Or in bakeries and type-writers. Once agreed, they must both promise faithfully not to linger in front of any irrelevant windows.

But if they can't agree on any windows at all, they'd better take their walk in the park or start a serious study of the skyline.

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### Mink Is Bloodthirsty Animal

The mink often feigns death when captured. It is one of the most bloodthirsty, as well as courageous of small animals, hissing its defiance, fighting to the last. It will kill for the sheer lust of blood, one mink massacring up to 50 unlucky chickens in a single night. Its chief hunting area, however, is the water. The mink is a marvelous swimmer and diver, feeding on fish and frogs.

## Summer Afternoon



Full of dash is this gay ensemble for wear in town or at the country club on a summer afternoon. The shirred coat of emerald green silk crepe is worn over a field flower print dress. The smart straw sailor and calfskin belt match the dress. Composition buttons of the dress are in the shape of bumble-bees, making the whole outfit a "honey."

### Artists Feel Deeply

Some hold that the great artist in words or in paint should feel deeply. Fra Angelico wept bitterly when painting the agony of his Savior; when Dickens was busy writing he would often splinter his nib in the paper with anger against the abuses he was exposing.

# What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

Comfort in Traveling.

LATELY, on a cross-country latory prow, two of us invaded one of the remotest corners of the desert.

Until our car broke down we crawled along some of the roughest backways in creation, then escaped on what by quaint irony was called an accommodation train over a side-spur of a prehistoric railway line.

When we hit concrete high roads and a i r - conditioned fliers, I caught myself saying our forefathers put up with plenty of misery in order to move about. And then I realized that what we had endured did not date back to former generations. So soon have we grown accustomed to luxury with speed we forget that most of America, fifteen years ago, lacked what we now accept as common traveling comfort.

Why, less than two decades ago, for my sins, I rode on a certain jerk-water railroad in the deep South. The last work done on its tracks was in 1894 by General Sherman—he tore 'em up.

I made the mistake of trying to shave while en route. When I got through, I looked like one of those German student duels.

But, nowadays, even those who use homemade trailers seem almost happy at times.

Diplomatic Busybodies. WHO'LL be the next member of our diplomatic corps to open his mouth and put his foot in it clear up to his hip-joint?

It has been nearly two months now since our ambassador to Germany had a bad dream and before nurse could quiet him was proclaiming that a certain billionaire was willing to put up one of his loose billions to buy a dictatorship for this country. He failed to furnish the name and address. Maybe they got left out of the nightmare.

Hardly had paregoric wooed this distinguished sufferer back to hush-a-bye-land when our new representative in the Philippines began demanding that, when it came to drinking official toasts, his name must come higher up on the wine list or he wouldn't be responsible for the consequences. However, the excitement subsided before he could summon the Pacific fleet to bombard Manila. There's a rumor that Washington sent him word he needn't worry about being appropriately saluted—there'd be a nationwide Bronx cheer awaiting him on his return home.

Since then there's been a lull and the American public is getting impatient. We do so love a free show and especially when it's amateur night.

### Hard-Bitten Females.

TOURING about over certain Western states where open gambling either is by law permitted, or by custom winked at, I noticed this: Generally speaking, the feminine patrons are the steadiest drinkers, the most persistent gamblers, the most reckless betters of all. And frequently their manners are the rudest and their faces the grimmest—determined seemingly to disavow the theory that their sex is the gentler sex.

On the other hand, the men patrons—descended, many of them, from old gun fighters, old prospectors, old path-finders—grow increasingly docile and subdued, absorbing less than their share of the hard liquor—maybe because they fear there won't be enough left for mama and the girls—and risking their dimes where the gallant ladies plunge with dollars.

Sometimes a fellow, watching the modern procession from the protection of the sidelines, gets to longing for the bygone days when, as Kipling might have put it and, in fact, almost did, a woman was only a woman, but a good cigar was ten cents.

### These Candid Cameras.

ONCE a citizen had a right to object to the publication of a flashlight view showing him beating his wife or exhibiting his appendicitis scar or taking out his upper or something.

That was before they began printing magazines for those who've abandoned the old-fashioned habit of reading and writing. And it's doing glamorous movie queens no real good when these betraying close-ups prove that maybe the glamor is only paint-deep.

Thus the last strongholds of our one-time personal liberty crumble. I used to think a passport picture was about the frankest thing we had in the line of intimate likenesses, excepting, of course, the x-ray.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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## Smart and Comfortable



YOU can stay on the cool side this summer and still bask in the sunshine of flattery if you'll look to Sew-Your-Own for your inspiration. Witness today's trio of smart fashions: do they not fairly take you by the hand?

For Sheer Comfort The model portraying the cool poise of a well groomed cosmopolitan, above center, can be yours, Milady, with very little tadoo: Choose a beauteous dark ground sheer for this stylish frock.

Personal Item No. 1. This cleverly designed slip is, in a way, like the lovely flower born to blush unseen for it knows its place and keeps it. Because of superb styling, this slip offers new chic to the meticulous woman. It has a wide shadow proof panel, and smooth fashionable lines that make for a well turned out appearance.

Sweet 'n' Tart. As wholesome and becoming as her sultan, is this exciting new dress for Miss Junior Deb or her kid sis. It is young enough to please its youthful client, and pretty enough to satisfy the most fastidious mother. Noteworthy is

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WHY DOES HARRY SAY MY NEW LIPSTICK IS LIKE A PE-KO JAR RING? I KNOW! IT GOES ON EASILY AND COMES OFF EASIER.

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LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher

BALL PARK GATE NO 6 "You're sure this guy is batting .926?!"