

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

SAMMY JAY CALMS DOWN

EVERYBODY on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest who heard Sammy Jay thought he had gone crazy. He certainly acted as if he were crazy. He couldn't sit still long enough to answer questions, but flew here and flew there, and flew everywhere, all the time screaming so fast that he mixed his words all up. It was no wonder that his neighbors thought Sammy Jay was crazy.

But he wasn't. No, sir, he wasn't. He was just excited, terribly excited. And it was all because of what



He Hunted Up Unc' Billy Possum and Asked Him What All the Fuss Was About.

he had seen deep in the Green Forest. But his little neighbors didn't know anything about this, and so they thought that something was wrong with Sammy's head, and they said to each other: "Poor Sammy Jay. Isn't it too bad? What could have happened to make him go crazy?"

Now, all this made Sammy worse than before. You know, when you try to tell a thing and people cannot understand you, you are very apt to grow impatient. Most people are, anyway. And it was so with Sammy Jay. He tried to tell what he had seen, but was so excited that his words tumbled over each other and were so mixed up that no one could understand what he was trying to tell, and this made Sammy more excited than ever, so that his talk was more mixed up than ever. Worse still, he began to lose his temper, and he quite lost it when he happened to overhear some of his neighbors say that he certainly was crazy. For the time being he quite forgot everything else and just told everybody what he thought of them, and what he told them wasn't at all nice.

Now, about this time along came Sammy's cousin, Blacky the Crow. He heard Sammy calling his neighbors bad names, and he heard the other little people saying that Sammy was crazy. He hunted up Unc' Billy Possum and asked him what all the fuss was about. Unc' Billy told him how Sammy Jay had come screaming about something he had seen deep in the Green Forest, and how nobody could make any sense of what he said. "He told us that

Rough Rider



A dyed quill shading from bright red to dark green is stuck through the upturned brim in a new version of the "Rough Riders" hat. The body of the hat is henna-red felt. The rounded crown is low.

it had great, big claws in its mouth," said Unc' Billy, grinning at the memory. "Do you wonder, Br'er Crow, that we uns think he is foolish in his haud?"

Blackie said he didn't wonder at all, and then flew away to look for Sammy Jay. He had no trouble finding him, for he had only to listen to hear Sammy's angry voice. He flew right over to where Sammy was.

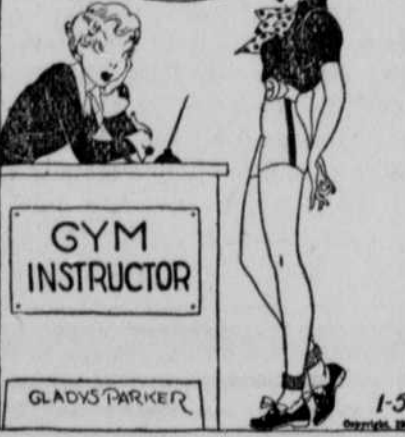
"You come over to the Lone Pine with me!" said he, sharply.

Now if there is any one in all the Green Forest or on the Green Meadows for whom Sammy Jay has respect it is for his big cousin, Blackie the Crow. You see, smart and sly and clever as Sammy Jay is, Blacky the Crow is smarter and more sly and more clever, and Sammy knows it. So when Blacky told him to come to the Lone Pine with him, Sammy went.

"Now, Sammy, tell me all about it," said Blacky, when they were

MOPSY

BUT I DON'T NEED THE EXERCISE - I WALK IN MY SLEEP!



First Aid to the Ailing House

TWO years ago a Colonial house was built in my neighborhood; small but very charming in design and appearance. It was quickly bought and occupied. The new mistress was very proud of it, and tried to keep it in its new condition. But inevitably, it began to deteriorate. One thing that greatly troubled her was the appearance of the hardware of the front door; the door knob and its plate, the push button and the knocker. When new, these were shiny brass, and weekly polishing was part of the house-mistress' schedule. After a year or so, however, she found that the metal no longer responded; that in spite of polishing it remained dull.

A glance was enough to show that the brass did not go all the way through; that it was only on the surface. The body of the hardware was steel, and was exposed as polishing took off the brass plating. The builder saved a little money for himself in using brass-plated steel instead of solid brass, although at the most it could not have been more than a dollar or two.

My advice was to replace the cheap metal with other pieces of solid brass, which could be had at any well stocked hardware store.

One disadvantage of steel hardware is that in time the paint around it becomes stained with rusty drip. With solid brass this does not occur.

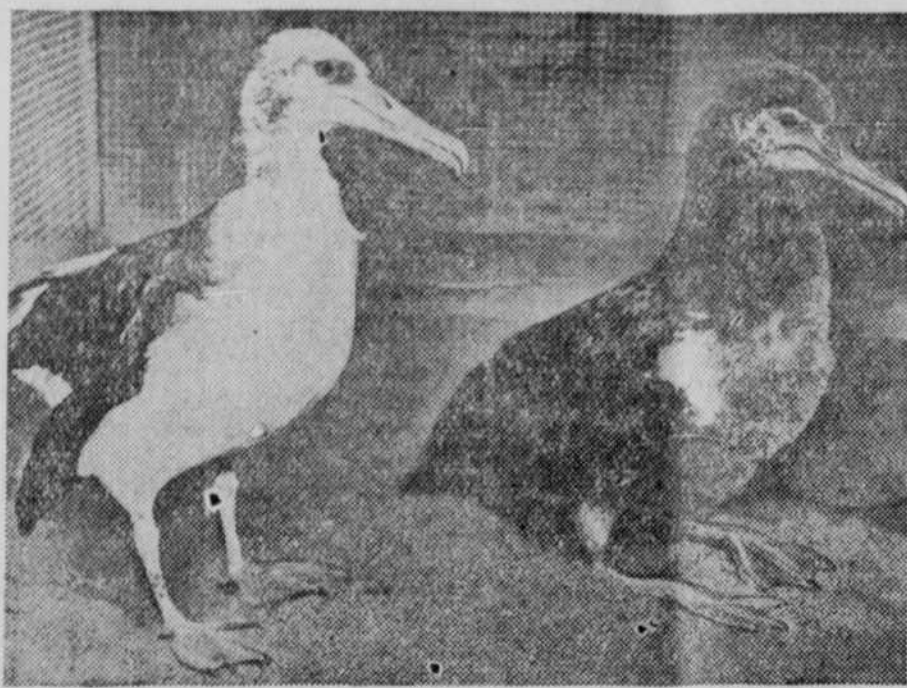
PAINT ON WINDOW SILLS

Window sills and the rest of the side trim around a window are usually finished with the same kind of paint that is used on the walls and other parts of a room. This inside paint is not intended to be exposed to weather; yet when a window is open, the window sills are no better protected than if they were outdoors. For this reason it is paint



COMPANY ALWAYS DROPS IN WHEN WE'RE HELPIN' TH' WIFE WITH TH' EVENING CHORES-

Diomedea Immutabilis—Gooneys to You



Meet Victor (left) and Herbie, three months old, and two of the looniest gooneys you ever saw. But you probably never saw a gooney before, because the queer birds are found only on tiny Midway island in the vast waste of the Pacific. But you can visit Victor and Herbie now in the Fleishacker zoo at San Francisco, and you don't even have to pronounce their scientific name—diomedea immutabilis.

comfortably seated in the Lone Pine. So Sammy began at the beginning and told his story, and this time he told it quite straight, for every time he began to get excited Blacky would fix his sharp eyes on him in a way that made Sammy feel uncomfortable, and he would at once calm down. It was a queer story Sammy told, and when he had finished Blacky the Crow looked as if he didn't believe a word of it. Poor Sammy saw this.

"You don't think I am crazy, too, do you, Cousin Blacky?" he asked. "I don't know," replied Blacky. "I really don't know what to think."

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The Merchant Marine
All the merchant vessels registered, enrolled or licensed under the laws and flag of a country constitute the merchant marine of that country.

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THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR HAND



THE fourth finger, or Finger of Mentality, indicates the quality and amount of mental force which is at the disposal of the individual. Its place among the finger elements and their indications of mind qualities represents the power of the inner self.

Familiarize yourself thoroughly with each of the types of fourth fingers which we are now to analyze, and you will be able to tell at a glance what kind of mental force its owner has at his or her command.

Finger of Normal Mentality.
The characteristics of this type are straightness, strength and moderate length. Such a fourth finger is usually smoothly knuckled, well fleshed and slightly tapered. The under side of the nail tip is rather full and moderately rounded, with the nail either square or slightly ovoided, but always well set.

With the hand extended wide, the finger stands fairly close to the third finger. Under backward pressure, moderate flexibility is felt throughout the finger. With the fingers pressed closely together, the tip falls even with or slightly below that of the third finger.

A fourth finger answering to this description indicates that its possessor has adequate mental force to carry out ideas in the manner indicated by the second finger, and through the creative outlets indicated by the third finger, the characteristics of which have been given in previous lessons.

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Jud Tunkins
Jud Tunkins says polite people have to suffer a lot from folks that ought to be ashamed of themselves, but don't realize it.

Always Beautiful

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

ZINNIA, gardenias, it's all the same to me. There isn't any difference, as far as I can see.

Hothouse flowers or ones like ours, I always think and say that anything is beautiful, is pretty in a way.

Buttercup or gutter pup, an orchestra, a bird,

Always something to be seen or something to be heard, Alleyway or valley way, a country road, a street,

Always something to be found, and always something sweet.

Silken nose or cotton clothes, it's all the same to me, There isn't any difference, as far as I can see.

Womenfolk are human folk, whatever they may wear, Whether cotton, whether silk, I never really care.

Janitors and senators, in overalls or what, Something good in all of them, the rest to be forgot.

Fellowmen, if yellow men, or white or black or red, Chilly till they find a fire, and hungry till they're fed.

Many things or penny things, it's all the same to me, There isn't any difference, as far as I can see.

All we own, however known for property or lands, All we own is in our hearts and never in our hands.

Things we love are far above whatever we possess, Things we feel, not things we have, will bring us happiness.

What we need, not much indeed, and then our loves and dreams, And life is always beautiful, or so it always seems.

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MANNERS OF THE MOMENT

By JEAN

© By The Associated Newspapers

SOME men do the most peculiar things with the best intentions. Take the gent who insists upon escorting you to the subway entrance under his umbrella. He is very polite. He holds his arm way out with the feeling that he is holding the umbrella way out. All he really does is to make it impossible for you to snuggle close to him, where it might be dry. And he has a way



A Poor Umbrella Carrier Is Worse Than None at All.

of tipping the umbrella at just the right angle so it drips down your neck. And yet he's so nice about it!

It just takes a little dissembling to manage the situation properly. You might give a big shiver which would knock his arm down a bit and thereby get you in out of the rain. You can say, "It is a storm, isn't it?" or something like that. Or you might pull your collar up tight and give him a big soft look. He's very apt to take the hint. And of course, you can always resign yourself to getting wet—which is what would have happened if he hadn't happened along.

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Floyd Gibbons'

ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Play, Fiddle, Play"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO everybody: Strike up the band, here comes a bandsman—Frank Zell of Chicago.

You know, they say that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning—but Frank Zell went him one better. Frank kept a whole doggone orchestra going while—but wait a minute. Let's not spoil the story.

This yarn takes us back to the boom year of 1929, when everybody was throwing parties. At that time Frank was a student at the University of Illinois, and he had organized a dance band composed of boys from the university. The Army-Illinois football game was played at Champaign that year and a prominent citizen of the town had issued invitations to a flock of his friends to attend a ball which was to be held in his home after the game.

Frank was engaged to furnish the music for the party. Dinner was served after the game, and a reception followed that, so the dancing didn't get started until around half past ten. A stagelike platform had been set up for the orchestra in the big ballroom on the third floor and the boys played for about half an hour.

First They Thought It Was a Joke.

And then, all of a sudden, there came sounds of shooting on the lower floors!

The crackle of gunfire in the midst of a party was strange enough, but stranger still, few of the guests paid any attention to it. The host was a man known for a certain flair for doing the unexpected to lend zest to his parties.

If this were just another stunt to give the assembled folks a thrill—well—no one wanted to be fooled by it. The orchestra played, and the dance went on. It went on for two or three minutes.

Then, suddenly, four masked men carrying pistols and shotguns burst into the ballroom.

One of the thugs shouted, "Put 'em up! This is a holdup!" There was a momentary confusion in the room. The orchestra stopped playing. Still no one seemed to be able to decide whether this was a joke or not.

But as the bandits began pushing the guests around, lining them up against a wall, it became apparent that this was no joke, but grim reality.

Up on the platform, in full view of the gangsters with their guns, Frank began to get that uneasy feeling. He felt like a clay pigeon just shot out of the trap. He had \$400 in his pocket and he slipped it out and



Just as Nero fiddled when Rome burned.

managed to "ditch" it behind one of the wings that flanked the platform. Then, the confusion of the moment over, Frank led his band into a series of dance tunes, that would take about fifteen minutes to play.

And the Band Just Played On.

So, just as Nero fiddled while Rome burned, Frank led a whole orchestra into a flock of lively music, while all around him the guests of his employer were being robbed. But he didn't do it nonchalantly as Nero did. As a matter of fact, Frank was feeling anything but nonchalant. But it gave him and his boys something to do besides sit around and feel helpless, and on top of that Frank had an idea.

The idea was that a holdup of that sort couldn't go unnoticed long. Somewhere in the big house, with many telephones, and swarming with servants, some one must have put a call through to the police. And Frank figured that if his band played those crooks might lose track of the time and be delayed a bit. So on the band played.

Meanwhile the boys in the orchestra were just as nervous as he was. Those crooks might not like the music and take a notion to start shooting.

Frank looked at the piano player, noticed that he was playing with only one hand, and asked him why. "Can't use the other one," the piano player shot back. "It's paralyzed."

But the thugs didn't seem to mind music, and his boys were getting more confident. The saxophone player slipped off his wrist watch and dropped it into his instrument, where it was concealed so thoroughly that he had to pay \$2.50 the next day to have the sax taken apart.

They played through the whole number and the thugs, far from objecting, seemed to like it. When they stopped one of them pointed his gun at the platform and uttered one word. "Mu-u-u-see!" And Frank says, "The nose of that shotgun looked like the muzzle of a one-pounder. I can assure you that we played."

The bandits, lulled by the music, were going about their work in a leisurely fashion. They seemed to be in a good mood, and no one was shot during the affair. They finished their work and started to leave.

Then Came the Police, Shooting.

As they were going down the stairs they met a single policeman coming up. The cop, like the guests, first thought it was a staged joke. He said, "All right, boys, the show's over. Let's have your gun." And the first bandit, dumfounded, handed over his revolver without a murmur.

But at that moment a whole squad of police burst in the front door. A second bandit whipped up a shotgun and fired, wounding a captain in the thumb. At almost the same moment the captain let go with a .45, and the bandit tumbled down the stairs.

He landed at the bottom at the feet of some guests who had just arrived, and there he lay in a pool of his own blood, a cynical smile on his face, while the cops looked him over to see how badly he was hurt. He died the next day at Mercy hospital in Urbana.

Two of the thugs escaped, but they were caught a few days later. When the cops had gone that night after the holdup, the host's mother came over to Frank, handed him \$20 and told him it was heroic of him to lead his band under such harrowing circumstances. "And," says Frank, "I blushed when I took it. If she could have only known it, I could have played all night—after taking one look down the barrel of that shotgun."

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The Island of Guam

The island of Guam, largest of the Mariana group, lies between latitudes 13 degrees 13 minutes and 13 degrees 39 minutes north and longitudes 144 degrees 37 minutes and 144 degrees 58 minutes east. It is about 1,500 miles east of the Philippines. Guam belongs to the United States, having been ceded by Spain at the conclusion of the Spanish-American war; this country wanted it as a naval station and a cable center. It has an area of 206 square miles and a population, in 1930, of 18,509, including a naval establishment of 1,118. A naval officer is appointed to serve as governor.

Weight of Air

The weight of air has been tested by compressing it in receptacles by the air pump, thus showing that the weight of these receptacles is increased, and conversely, by exhausting the vessels of air and proving their weight to be lessened. One hundred cubic inches of air are thus found to weigh 31 grains, and one cubic foot 536 grains, or something less than one and one-fourth ounces. This is at the surface of the earth, and at the temperature of 50 degrees Fahrenheit; heated air, or air at high elevations is lighter. Galileo first proved that air has weight by weighing a glass globe, then forcing air into it and weighing it again.

Embroidery Adds That Smart Touch

Embroidered flowers that promise to be the "life" of your frock are these that you'll want for immediate stitching. They're fun! They're easy to do! They're entirely in lazy-daisy and single stitch; the pretty floral border is a grand finisher for neckline,



sleeves, or belt. Flower clusters, gay in garden colors of wool or silk floss, may adorn a blouse, or both bodice and skirt of any desired frock. In pattern 5853 you will find a transfer pattern of a motif 9 by 9 1/4 inches, one and one reverse motif 6 1/4 by 6 1/2 inches; two and two reverse motifs 3 1/4 by 3 1/4 inches and two strips of border 2 by 15 inches; color suggestions; illustrations of all stitches used.

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.

Household Questions

Removing Tar.—Tar is easily removed from the hands and clothing with lard, followed by warm water and soap.

Washing Linoleum.—Dissolve a lump of sugar in the water when washing linoleum or oilcloth, and a brilliant polish will result.

Removing Wallpaper.—To remove wallpaper quickly, put a heaped tablespoonful of saltpetre to a gallon of water and apply freely with a whitewash brush while the water is very hot. The paper then can be stripped from the walls quite easily.

A Refreshing Drink.—Rhubarb juice makes a good beverage of pleasing tart flavor. Clarify the juice with water and add sugar to taste. It may also be combined with fruit juices.

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Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste
Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.
Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.
Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.
There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!
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