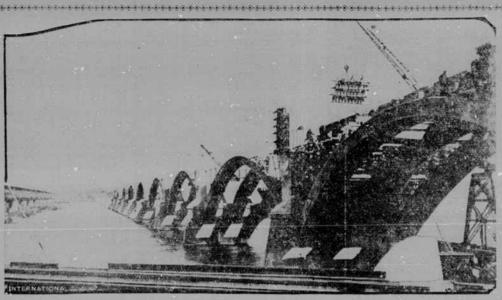
New Bridge Will Be Longest of Its Kind in the World



is progressing rapidly on the multiple-aren traffic bridge, already more than half finished, which cross the Susquehanna river from Wrightsville, Pa., to Columbia, Pa., and will be the longest structure of its kind in the world. The bridge, which will cost more than \$3,000,000, will be 6,550 feet long. It will be dedicated on Thanksgiving day as a meniorial to soldiers and sailors from York and Lancaster counties who served in all wars. The old bridge, which is shorter by nearly a quarter of a mile than the new bridge, may be seen at the left,

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Everybody Enjoys the Picnic By M. K. THOMSON, Ph. D.

PICNICKING is fast becoming a na-I tional pastine. The automobile is aiding the movement materially. On Similarys and national holidays picule grounds be at a great premium. It is one of the chief delights of many families to discover new and more seclided places that are suitable for a start.

Obviously plenicking is attractive primarily because it brings us out of doors. In modern sedentary life which coops a man in a shop or office or fac-tory or classroom the picnic is a god-send. It challenges the primitive in us and we welcome with open arms the opportunity of getting back to nature.

Of course if we had to go back to nature in the same literal sense as did our great ancestors we would not like it so well. We are too sophisticated for that. The picnic is ideal in that it affords relaxation without taxing our unaided resources. If we had to depend upon what food we could gather with our bare bands from an unfriendly environment, it would cense to be a pastime.

Pienicking appeals to us because it is a pleasant illusion. It gives us the feeling of living a primitive life with none of the awful phases of such a

fife. It is a happy combination of the primitive and the modern.

After a nice long drive in the com-try among the very elements of earth and sky and air from which we define our nourishment it is only logical that we should enjoy a good meal. So me take our well-stocked basher of sandtake our web-stocked basics of sand-wiches and fried chicken and porato salad, or we broil steak under some friendly shade along a brook with limple waters. And what an appe-

pienie lunch has its attractions for the housewife in eliminating dish washing for one heavy ment at any

Then there are free and friendly associations. Every one is in a happy frame of mind. No pessimist everwent on a picule or remained at one for long. All in all the picule is a whole some pastime and well deserves its

(by McClure Newspaper Syndicate,)

SIX CYLINDER..... SENTENCES

By DR. JOHN W. HOLLAND

It takes as much patriotism to live for one's country as to die for it.

A traitor to the flag is one who sacrifices the common weal

to his personal weal.

Patriotism for our country may
easily descend to hate-riotism toward other countries. They who forget to honor their

protectors soon have no honor worth protecting. Patriotism is as a sort of religion with good men, and a plous palayer in the mouths

of scoundrels.

Patriots are the lighted torches who illuminate the pathways of liberty.

The Welcome Chicken Sandwich

on buttered white bread, cut very thin.

Chicken and Pecan Sandwich.

By Hugh Hutton, (Author of Nutty Natural History) 800000000000000000000000

THE GUATEMALAN GUUT

DUE to the prohibition of malted

milks in Yucatan, the export dairy business of Guatemala would have falled if some enterprising Guat had not thought of domesticating the

wild goot. The goots, being intensely angered at anything purple, were put in a field of purple cows. Having a peanut head, the goot rushes at the cow and butts. When the cows have had enough, the field hands drive out

the goods and collect the penaut but-

the goots and collect the pen ut butter, which is balled and shipped in
large quantities to this country.

As we said before, the head is a
peanut, as is the body. The feet are
also peanuts, after having been
shucked and split. The tail and horn
are cloves, the neck and legs toothpicks, and popcorn too young to be
popped do for the ears.

(@ Metropolitan Newspaper Service.)

Iris Adapts Itself

From the study of geographical dis-tribution of the iris, it appears that

the two centers of original location are central and southern Europe, and

the Orient, especially China. For the most part, however, the exotic species are thoroughly at home on the Amer-

ican continent and in certain sections have established themselves as freely

The virtue which we appreciate, we

as any native plant.

to some extent appropriate.

So things are planned from cradle to the grave.

Sunshine and shadow, storm and stress and pain.

There are defeats which all who live must brave

Substitute the property of the policy of minered celery, one tablespoonful of minered parsies and enough mayonnaise to moisten. Spread on buttered white bread, cut very thin.

And griefs cainst which the stoutest doors are vain
Given friends a few and love and peace of mind
The humblest man has all the great shall find.

-Edgar Guest.

O F ALL sandwiches, those made of chicken are usually considered the most delectable. Chicken com-bines well with other foods as it is so delicately flavored.

Plain Chicken Sandwich.

Cut cold roast chicken into thick slices, tay on sliced bread that has been spread with creamed butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover with another slice of buttered

Chicken and Celery Sandwich, To one cupful of chopped, cooked chicken add one bard cooked egg,



"Bluebeard, as ' u nys Flapper Fannie, understand it," sliced peaches."

Chop fine one cupful of cooked chicken and one-fourth of a cupful of nuts, add one-half cupful of celery teaspoonful of mineed green pepper and vinegar to moisten. Spread on bread, cover with a lettuce leaf and another slice of bread. (5) 1930, Western Newsmaner Union.) Mix with any cut into thin slices. Mix with any good salad dressing and spread on (©, 1939, Western Newspaper Unica.)

HIC CHILDREN'S COPILER & DOROTHY EDMONES

Savory Chicken Sandwich. Take one third cupful each of minced chicken, broiled bacon and celery, one

THE HOUSE THAT WALKED |

One grand wide-awake morning the House across the street woke up, rubbed his eyes till they shone brightly (people called them windows), winked his eyelids up and down (peo-ple were in the labit of calling THEM awnings), brushed his teeth (which were foolishly called front steps), and yawned with his wide-open front porch mouth. Then feeling that he looked really very smart for the morn-ing hours, he saun-



ing hours, he sauntered down the street, trying out his feet, carefully, for they were cramped. Any-body's would be if they had to be criss-crossed under him all night long.

The House swayed sedately with his chimneys tilted at a jaunty angle. Sparrows flew angrily around him for he was scattering straw out of their nest, but he paid not the slightest nt-tention to them. He was used to their chattering. So occupied was he in smiling at a tall slender apartment house who stood at the corner, that he crossed the street right over a traf-

A PUZZLE

tic policeman who was signaling frantienly with two hands and one foot for him to stop. The poor policeman was obliged to walk along under the house with his head bumping around in the cellar. His voice was utterly nauffled, too, though he was shouting himself hourse. The House paid no

attention to him.

He was so intent upon watching beautiful clouds in the sky and sniffing the clear air that he walked straight over a horse and cart (filled with bananas), a herd of cattle, a blue nutomobile with a red top and a red track with a blue top. These were jumbled together and pulled along un-der the House, up one street and down another.

Pretty soon the House came to the market district. The smell of new painting attracted him and he started straight for a warehouse which was being painted red, his favorite color. In his hurry he strode over stalls of chickens, parsnips, geese, watermelons, cheeses, fish, Italian fruit venders, but-



ter, tomatoes, customers of all kinds and a bunch of balloons, all of which he scooped up pell-mell under him. Oh, such a hubbub and wailing and

screaming and shouting! Such a shoving and pushing and kicking and rushing! Under the House the geese were stuck fight in a barrel of butter and a rooster was in the cheese. Some customers were draped with spinach, some were unclinching stubborn lob-sters from their persons and one litgirl was trying to eat tomato and hold on 16 a watermelon at the same time. The bunch of balloons became loosened and floated around The bananas fell from their stalks and my, what a slipping took place!

Then it was that a quiet little boy who had been running along thinking while the others were shouting, ran up to the feet of the House and tickled them. He tickled them with all his might till the House shook, ro ing, first one way and then the other.
Still the quiet little boy did not stop
tickling. At last the House could tickling. At last the House could stand it no longer. He lay down in a meadow on his side and laughed and laughed. All the people saw their chance to escape and dashed out from under. First ran the traffic policeman with his hat crushed on one side and two freekles rubbed of his side and two freckles rubbed off his nose. Then ran the horse and cart, the cart before the horse; then the customers running pell-mell to the

GREEDY ISLAND

In my airplane to Greedy Isle, I went one afternoor

"Tis many thousand miles away, Afar beyond the moon; And there I found the queerest tribe Of boys and girls, I ween,

Of boys and girls, I ween, They really are quite different, From any you have seen. This country is most beautiful,

As fair as our own land; The streets are broad and cleanly kept, The buildings tall and grand; But all these funny children In this Isle I did see, Have eyes right in the very place Their "tummies" ought to be.

I noticed when their Mothers called For them to come to meals, They answered—tumbling with a rush, With greedy grunts and squeals;

They pushed and crowded right and left, Each scrambling for a place.

And not one paused a moment,

Nor bowed his head in grace.

They never waised to be served. When once they had a sent, But reached for things, and without

Began at once to eat.

Not one used a knife or fork.
But dived into his food,
With hands and fingers all unwashed I'm sure you'd think them rude.

And when they'd stuffed their little selves

Till they could eat no more There yet would be upon their plates

Enough for three or four; These greedy little children Wanted all that they could see, Their "tummies" ought to be!

—Margaret Wheeler Ross.

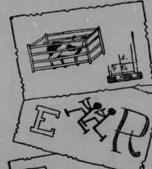
right and to the left followed by the rooster, the geese and the cattle were well fed with fresh vegetables.
The fruit venders tried to carry off the remains of their nibbled fruit and vegetables. The red automobile chugged out with the truck's red top and the truck appeared with the au-tomobile's blue top, but the drivers were going too fast to notice the dif-

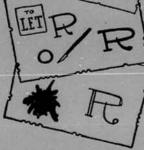
terence. Last of all the quiet little boy ran home carrying several lovely balloons which he certainly deserved. As for the House—he lay on his side quaking and laughing, then stood up and shook himself, glad enough to go back to his own lot out his feet. go back to his own lot, curl his feet up under him and stay where he be-longed. He never did know what had tickled his feet, but he was under the impression that it was extra large Scotch thistles.

FASHION SHOW STAGED BY DEAF MUTES



unusual fashion show was staged by the deaf mutes of Gallaudet an unusual taismon show was staged by the deal indies of Gallauder college in Washington. The girls in this photograph designed and made their own dresses. In the picture left to right; Emma Theoline Corneliussen, of Minnesota; May Ruth Koehn, of Kansas; Kathryn Beryl Buster, of Kansas; Alice Ruth Campbell, of Oregon, and Florence Lucinda Bridges, of Alabama.





Here are some articles to be found upon the desk of any boy and girl. What are they?

—Harvey Penke -Harvey Peake.