for Little Lad

PATTERN 2068

Just the Thing

ILLUSTRATED CURRENT NEWS, FASHION, HOUSEHOLD and ENTERTAINMENT for the JUNIORS

Tea Party at the Zoo in Detroit



EDTIME STORY BBY, THORNTON W. BURGESS

PETER DISCOVERS SNOWFLAKE

INE WEAKNESS

HAIR BALBAM

CH YOU

Be Sure They Properly, Cleanse the Blood

ROUGH BROTHER NORTH WIND hurried up one big cloud after another, and late in the afternoon white, feathery flakes came drifting out of the sky. Peter Rabbit sat tight is the dear Old Briar Patch. All night he remained squatting just inside the entrance to an old hole Johnny Chuck's graudfather had dug a long time ago in the middle of the dear Old Briar Patch. Some time before

Wind worked as hard to blow away the clouds as he had to bring them. When jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun began his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky he looked down on a world of white. It seemd as if every little snowflake twinkled back at every Jolly Little Sunbeam. It was all very lively, and Peter Rabbit rejoiced as he scampered forth in quest of his brenkfast.

He started first for the weedy field where the day before he had found Daity the Tree Sparrow and Slaty the Junco. They were there before him, not seeming to mind the snow in the least and having the very best of good times, as they picked seeds from the tops of the weeds which showed above the snow.

a little patch of this same rusty brown. The inner tail feathers were black, and the outer half of the long wing feathers were black. Otherwise he was dressed add in white. It was Snowflake and Snow Bunting, Peter knew him instantly. He knew that there was no other small bird who is so largely white. Peter had his usual question ready.

tion ready.

"Are you going to spend the winter here. Snowflake?" he cried.

Snowflake was so busy getting his breakfast that he did not reply at once. Peter noticed that instead of hopping he walked or ran. Presently he paused long enough to reply to Peter's question. "If the snow has come to stay all winter, perhaps I'll stay," said he. "I can't understand how folks can be contented where there is no snow and ice. You don't catch me going way down South. Why, when the nesting season comes around I follow Jack Frost clear up to where he spends the summer. I nest way up spends the summer. I nest way up on the shore of the Polar Sea, but, of course, you don't know where that is, Peter Rabbit."

Peter confessed that he didn't,

A. T. W. Burgess — WNU Service.

KAY

By ANNE CAMPBELL

IF YOU meet a young girl with a spirit that shines Like a heavenly light from her brave eyes of gray,

The lift of your heart will be on That is Kayl

She is like a small boat that bobs over the wave,

So sure that the storm will not sweep her away. The faith of her fathers has power to save,

Says Kay ! Perhaps she has troubles, but no-

They're locked in her heart, and her laughter is gay. "The world is no better for know-Says Kay!

She's true and warm-hearted; she's happy, and sure

That the sun's never far from the clouds of today,

And her friendship is golden and it will endure! . ? . That's Kay!

MOTHER'S various flavors, binds them into a

HINTS FOR HOMEMAKERS

TRY adding a bit of grated lemon rind with the usual sen-

A lemon rind with the usual sea-sonings for pumpkin ple; it gives an added flavor.

In every well-furnished kitchen one should find accurate scales and measuring utensils, a pair of shears to be used only in the prepa-ration of food; and since the su-cess of a dish depends upon tim-ing its cooking or baking, a reliable clock.

pleked seeds from the tops of the weeds which showed above the mow.

At once Peter discovered that they were not alone. Quite as busy seeding seeds as were Dotty and Slaty was a bird just a little bigger. The top of his head and back were a rusty brown and on his back were streaks of black. Back of each eye and on each shoulder was

Our National Refrain

dous whole and enriches the emble. The bodice of the two-piec dress is finished at the waistline When starting out for a day of with a stitched band of the mate shopping buy or carry a small pack. rial. Capes are the rage this season

UESTION BOX

by ED WYNN, The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn: I am a girl fourteen years of age. going to school. I falled in my Eng-lish test because in one sentence I had the three words HE AND PRUNES. Can you tell me what is wrong in placing these three words together? Yours truly

I. FLUNKED. Answer: Your teacher was right in giving you a bad mark for con-necting the three words HE AND PRUNES. The first book of Engish tells us that "prunes" is a noun and should only be used in board-ing houses, while the word "AND," ing houses, while the word "AND,"
unlike an advert, is a conjunction.
In your example you have used the
conjunction "AND" to conjunct the
word "prunes," which is a noun,
with the word "HE." The word
"HE" is a personal pronoun at all
times, except when used for laughing purposes, like HE-HE-HE.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I am a little girl nine years of age. I go to Sunday school every

e of your favorite candy. Whe eling ready to drop with fatigu-it a piece of candy and see ho-fickly you are pepped up. It will two away that exhausted feeling

Sunday. I have some lessons to do for next Sunday; one question I

"With the Greatest of Ease"



Through JEAN NEWTON A WOMAN'S EYES

THE MAN IS NO FOOL

"DEAR Jean Newton.

"The more I observe the stupidity of men the more I wonthat any intelligent woman Id care about being attractive to them. The way men pick their women-it's just lucky that every mother's son of them isn't ruined

"The attraction for men in a pretty face is easy enough to understand. Their enslavement to looks in their contacts with women is so taken for granted that every mother of a grown son prays that the girl who gets him have something ore substantial than the beauty that is only skin deep.

"But what is the quality that runs looks a close second in landing the men? From my observation it is just a laugh. A silly laugh, a foolish laugh, a laugh with nothing of humor or sense behind it-any kind of a laugh. A girl who laughs is 'jolly'-never mind what she is laughing at. And she will be popular with the boys-and she will have a choice of husbands denied her serious minded sister who has no bursts of hilarity without sense."

There is much to be' said, my dear reader, for laughter. Beauty fades. Material wealth is often

transient. But the ability to laugh has helped turn many a bad corner in life when there was nothing else to fall back on.

To my mind laughter, to be intelligent, need not always be justified by something excruciatingly humor-ous. The laughter of a young girl exhibitated with the joy of living, for instance, is neither empty nor stupid. And the girl who can carry over into later life something of that urge and ability to laugh, may have a stronger weapon in the fight for happiness—and the happiness of those about her—than many of us with apparently more substantial qualities.

Speaking of people who are very careful about when they laugh, I must quote Thackeray's line that "A woman without a laugh in her is the greatest bore in existencefor a good laugh is sunshine in the

No, dear reader, don't let some innoying experience with foolish hilarity blind you to the joyful and healing qualities of laughter. The man is no fool who is drawn by the ability to laugh.

To my mind, one of the best resolutions we can make for the new year is to overlook no opportunity to laugh.

were called.

@ Bell Syndicate. - WNU Service.

Capes Are the Rage



can't answer. Will you answer it for me? The question is, "What did Noah say when he heard the storm approach?"

Sincerely, IMA KIDD. Answer: Everybody should know those famous words. When Noah heard the storm approach he put his hands behind his ears and he said: "Ark! Ark!"

6, the Associated Newspapers. , WNU Service.

Mincing Lane, London The name of Minding Lane, Lon don, is derived from the "mynches," as the nuns of St. Helena, Bishops gate, who owned property there,

o You Know-



a very ingenious contri-

vance. Its shape is such that

when the nostrils are closed

not a drop of water can enter. Each nostril is provided

with muscles which close it

hermetically at the owner's

Husband-If a man steals, no mat-

ter what, he will live to regret it. Wife (coyly)-You used to steal kisses from me before we were married. Husband-Well, you heard what I

THE CAD AT EVE

It's no wonder this young lady

whether to stand the way she

looks puzzled-she probably doesn't

is and let us see the front of her

snug wool bloomer dress, with its

unusual closing and its inset of pleats

for spirited striding, or to turn

around so that we may admire that

important "back interest" produced

by the long smartly stitched pleat.

Clever mothers will make up a plen-

tiful supply of those trim little white

collars and cuffs, for they know that

nothing looks prettier on bright wool

dresses. The bloomers, and long

sleeves for those who prefer them,

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TO STATE SIZE.

Not an Admirer

"Your husband loves horses, doesn't

"No," replied young Mrs. Torkins. "But he is always going to the races."

"Yes. But the way he talks about the horses after he gets home is something dreadful." — Washington Star.

Needs Practice "What's the idea of all the noise

at this hour of the night?" "I need practice on my trombone. I've been letting it slide lately."

Maybe He Likes It

"Why do you call your old car Sunshine?"

"Because I spend most of my day under it."





of "the daring young man on the flying tra mouse who performs his act on a trapeze he of an English buildog. Their home is in Londo