

OUR FAMILY CORNER

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

Screen Star Builds Miniature Doll House

THE doll house of Colleen Moore, screen star, is a fairy castle of incomparable beauty—a work of love which has made the world's most exquisite and costly toy a veritable shrine to the little god of miniature. Created by a score of famous artisans over a period of nine years and at a cost of \$425,000, the enchanted capital of fairyland soon is to be booked on a world tour for millions to see. Proceeds from exhibitions throughout the United States and abroad will be donated to hospitals for crippled children. By this means more than \$1,000,000 will



be realized from showings which will require a three-year schedule of bookings in every city in the United States and all foreign capitals. Constructed of aluminum and copper with fantastic angles and sky-sweeping turrets and steeples, no semblance of architectural convention is found in this giant abode of little people. Resting on the summit of a rugged precipice, the castle, which is nine feet wide and nine feet long, rises fourteen feet into the air and weighs approximately 6,000 pounds. The house, excepting rivets, contains more than 200,000 pieces, being a mechanical marvel of unprecedented intricacy, yet practicability. Equipped throughout with mechanical wonders in miniature, the house boasts of a solid golden cathedral organ fifteen inches high, which plays through an elaborate electrical system via remote control. Miss Moore's famous doll house also has the world's smallest electric light bulbs, each being the size of a grain of wheat and imbedded in sockets with the circumference of pinheads, in a golden chandelier, strung with glittering, pear-shaped diamonds. The doll house, wired with an electrical system requiring months of labor and experimentation, is controlled with a series of transformers and switches for each room. All lighting, with the exception of floodlighting in the gardens, is indirect, with more than 400 small-watt bulbs being utilized in the system. Water tanks on turrets and in the dungeons of the castle feed five fountains in the kitchen, garden and bathrooms. The tanks, on emptying, play beautiful chiming in the steeples every ten minutes automatically. Operated by electricity, a magic feathered nightingale perches on a lavender glass tree in the Garden of Aladdin and sings full-throated, joyful tunes. The doll's house contains eleven rooms, Aladdin's Magic garden and Noah's entrance hall. The furnishings throughout the house represent years of effort in collecting in every part of the world. They are in scale an inch to the foot and are probably the most priceless in existence. Photograph shows the prince's bedroom in Colleen Moore's doll house.

Bedtime Story

by Thornton W. Burgess

WHAT DANNY MEADOW MOUSE DID

TO GRANDFATHER FROG, watching from the safety of the Smiling Pool, it seemed that Danny Meadow Mouse hadn't the least chance in the world. There he was at the bank of the Smiling Pool with water in front of him and Reddy Fox creeping up right behind him. To try to run back would be to run right into Reddy's mouth.



So Danny Swam With All His Might for the Other Bank of the Smiling Pool.

There wasn't a place for Danny to hide.

"I told Danny he was foolish to come over here," muttered Grandfather Frog. "I'm rather fond of the little fellow, and I hate to think that I shall never see him again."

Grandfather Frog saw Reddy start to spring on Danny Meadow Mouse and closed his big, goggle eyes so that he would not see the dreadful end of Danny. He expected to hear Danny's last despairing squeak, but instead he heard a splash. Grandfather Frog's big goggle eyes flew open, and then he gave a grunt of surprise. On the bank where Danny had been a second before was Reddy Fox, and if ever there was an angry and disappointed fox, that one was Reddy. And there in the Smiling Pool itself was Danny Meadow Mouse swimming straight out toward the middle as if he were quite as much at home in the water as his big cousin Jerry Muskrat himself.

From the way he was headed it was quite clear that Danny intended to swim across the Smiling Pool to the other bank. "Chugurum!" exclaimed Grandfather Frog. "Chugurum! Bravo, Danny Meadow Mouse! Bravo!"

Danny made no reply. He was too busy. He couldn't waste his breath talking. Besides, he was afraid he would swallow some water and choke. So he kept right on swimming as hard as ever he could. The truth is, Danny was in a hurry to reach the other bank. While he wasn't afraid of the water, he was afraid of certain folks who live in the water. He knew that Snapper, the great, big Snapping Turtle lives in the Smiling Pool, and that nothing would make him happier than a fat meadow mouse for his dinner. Then Danny couldn't help but think of Billy Mink. If Billy Mink should happen along, well, Danny didn't like to think of it. You see, Billy Mink is also fond of fat meadow mice.

So Danny swam with a: his might for the other bank of the Smiling Pool. There were some little holes in that bank where he would feel quite safe. As for Reddy Fox, he looked both foolish and angry. You see, Reddy had felt absolutely sure of that Meadow Mouse dinner. As it was, he wouldn't even get a frog dinner, for, at the warning of Reddy the Blackbird, all the young frogs along the edge of the Smiling Pool had dived for safety.

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Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by JEAN NEWTON

MEN AND WOMEN

A MAN is seldom more manly than when he is what you call unmanly—then his emotion is championship, pity, and courage; the instinctive desire to cherish those who are innocent and unhappy, and defend those who are tender and weak.

Those words bring to my mind the case of a man who let his "manliness" stand in the way of his happiness. It was a question of forgiving his wife for a fault that had humiliated him, that had caused him to lose face with his friends. The man wanted to forgive and forget, but he had his "self-respect"—he thought it wouldn't be "manly." So he sacrificed the happiness of himself and the woman who loved him.

And don't we women have the same fault? We do not call it "manliness"—it is "pride" or "self-respect" on whose altar we make sacrifices.

It may be a woman friend with whom there is a rift. You miss her companionship, you feel she misses yours. The difference after all is not irreparable. But there is that question of "self-respect" in making the first move. What a man might call his "manliness" deters you from "running after" her.

A Small Bible
One of the smallest Bibles in the world was printed at Glasgow in 1801. Without the cover it measures 1 1/4 by 1 1/4 inches, and is seven-sixteenths of an inch thick. It contains 570 pages and many illustrations.

YOU AND I TOGETHER

By ANNE CAMPBELL

YOU and I together
Have shared adversity,
Our faith has tumbled mountains
Of care into the sea.
We've faced small tribulations
With laughter in each heart;
But what has life to offer
For you and me, apart?

You and I together
Are strong to conquer Fate,
But separate, how stony
The path to heaven's gate!
I do not fear life's sorrows,
But I should miss the start,
And never reach the hilltop,
With you and me, apart!

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PAPA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is a pyramid?"
"First open shop job."
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QUESTION BOX

by ED WYNN, The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I am a man twenty-four years of age and extremely bashful. I am madly in love with a girl my own age and would like to marry her, but I am too bashful to even broach the subject. I will never get over my bashfulness, and do not know what to do. Can you give me an idea that will help me?

Yours truly,
O. B. OGOSE

Answer: The next time you call on her get the conversation switched around to the different kinds of

drinks there are in the world. Then each of you take turns asking each other which drink you prefer. Now you're all set. When she asks you: "Do you like tea?" turn to her and say: "Yes, but I like the next letter better."

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I am a boy eleven years old and in the sixth grade in public school. I have to write a story about the most unusual animal in the world. Please tell me what it is and why, will you?

Yours truly,
I. HATEORITE

Answer: The most unusual animal in the whole world is "a man," because a man is the only animal that can be "skinned" more than once.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I am a young and rather attractive looking blond girl. I am in love and go with a handsome boy about my own age. He is a professional baseball player. My mother says it is wrong for me to go with a baseball player, as he is in a wicked business. Is this true?

Sincerely,
A. FOUL

Answer: Tell your mother baseball is not wicked. If she looks in the Bible she will read: "Rebecca took a pitcher to the well."
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Do You Know—



That the strange superstition of touching wood to avert evil comes down to us from the Druids. In touching wood you are praying to the tree gods, as the Druids used to do, begging them to give you happiness and preserve you from bad luck.
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Parisians Take Their Tea in a Stable



A JEWEL tea shop has been set up in a stable on a farm situated near the Bois de Boulogne in Paris that is proving quite popular with the ladies of the smart set. A large pane of glass in all that separates the tea drinkers, who seem to prefer the fresh milk to the tea, from the stables and if they wish they may try their hand at milking the cows.

DROPS THE GIRLS OF GLOBE

American Observer Frank in His Findings.

GERTRUDE BAILEY, in the New York World-Telegram.

"German girls are the most beautiful, Japanese girls are witty, Chinese girls look pretty at a distance, but not close up; English women are distinctly athletic; French women still use too much perfume, and the seams in their dresses are seldom straight. Russian women are intriguing without looking nice, I can be sure that the American girl has had a bath."

Thus genial Ernest Gann, whose alertness to feminine modes and manners got him a job as director of movie tests for two companies, summed up his impressions of women of different countries.

Flip epithets about women everywhere tripped off the tongue of this twenty-four-year-old man of the world who might have been on his way to George Pierce Baker's dramatic class if he had not explained that he went through that years ago. "Why, at fourteen I had already produced a movie—just a one-reeler, 'Sweet Sixteen'—but I thought it was great art and the country called it a riot," he said.

What this happy-go-lucky blond youth learned about women in one trip around the world points to the average American girl as the "best groomed, but too concerned about getting thin" (he married an American girl whom "he is trying to fatten up").

His great disappointment, after spending \$362 (part of which he borrowed) and eleven months on freighters, motor cycles, and on foot, was that he didn't even get a peek at a harem. "All I could tell about Moorish women was that they were fat and dumpy," he said.

"European men were always asking me to get them a date with an American girl. After all, it is no novelty to the American man to be told to go to h—l, but European men don't know what to make of her impudence and frankness.

"French 'chic' I found applied to international women, and not to the average French woman, who wears enough white make-up and bright lipstick to make one sick," he commented.

"English women do not wear any make-up and look frightful, but German women can wear no make-up and look beautiful.

"I saw almost as many peroxide blonds in Madrid as in Hollywood, and in East Africa a tattooed girl of the 'Berber' tribe had her snapshot with the Foreign Legion posted alongside photographs of Garbo, Dietrich and Robert Montgomery.

"You can't compare the peasants of Italy and Spain with American women any more than you could a Chinese coolie. Those who can afford to fix themselves up are very charming."

Belgian women he described as "tremendous."

"My ambition! To be chief of police in Bagdad. Aside from that I would like to produce movie shorts with a plot and an O'Henry twist on the end, finish the book I'm writing and illustrating about a taxi driver, and to make a movie of a jungle tribe in Ceylon, if I can ever find one," he said.

Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

Page Gertrude Stein

I was speaking of the husband of a friend. "He is hard to talk to," I said. "I never can think of anything to say to him."

"Why don't you just say the same things over and over, like you do at home?" piped up little sister.—The Parents' Magazine.

"Made My Car Look New Again!"

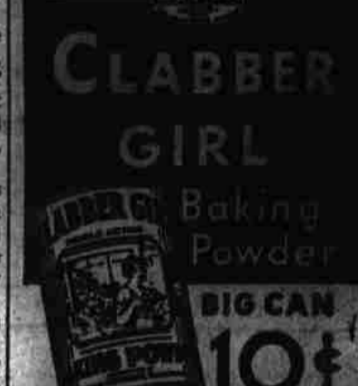


You'll marvel too, at how beautiful your car looks after you Simonis it. But Simonising does more than just bring back the lustre and beauty your car had when new. It makes the finish stay beautiful. Dust and dirt wipe off of a Simonised car with a dry cloth, and the finish sparkles as bright as ever. So always insist on Simonis and Simonis Kleener for your car.

Simonising a car is easy! The new improved Simonis Kleener quickly restores the lustre. Simonis gives the finish lasting beauty and protection.



For perfect BAKING RESULTS



ITCHING... anywhere on the body—also burning irritated skin—soothed and helped by Resinol

Do You Need A Tonic?

Mrs. W. E. Lowrey of 120 Washington St., Cambridge, W. Va., said: "I would like to say, it was a great effort for me to stop on the first day of my 'tonic' week. My appetite at that time was very poor, too. After taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I began to feel refreshed and stronger, and in a very short time I was restored to full health with improved appetite."
New size, tablets 10 cts., liquid \$1.00. Large size, tabs. or liquid, \$1.35. All druggists.