

Bedtime Story

By Thornton W. Burgess

HANDSOME, HAPPY CHICOREE

"DID you ever see a happier fellow than my cousin, Chicoree?" demanded Linnet the Purple Finch of Peter Rabbit, as they watched Chicoree coming toward them. "I'll venture to say that he has been having such a good time that he hasn't even thought of building a nest, and here half the people in the Old Orchard have grown families. I've got a nest and eggs myself, but that madcap is just roaming about having a good time. Isn't that so, Chicoree?"



"Quite True, but What of It?" Said Chicoree.

ree, perching very near to where Linnet was sitting.

"Isn't it true that you haven't even begun thinking about a nest?" demanded Linnet.

"Quite true, but what of it?" said Chicoree. "There's time enough to think about nest-building and household cares later. Meanwhile Mrs. Goldfinch and I are making the most of this beautiful season to roam about and have a good time. For one thing, we like thistle-down to line our nests, and there isn't any thistle-down yet. Then there is no sense in raising a family until there is plenty of the right kind of food, and you know we Goldfinches live mostly on seed. Just as soon as the children are big enough to hunt their own food they need seeds, so there is no sense in trying to raise a family until they can find plenty of seeds when needed. How do you like my summer suit, Peter?"

"It's beautiful," cried Peter. "That black cap certainly is very smart and becoming."

Chicoree cocked his head on one side the better to show off that black cap. The rest of his head and his whole body were bright yellow. His wings were black with two white bars on each. His tail also was black with some white

on it. In size he was a trifle smaller than Linnet and altogether one of the smartest dressed of all the little people who wear feathers. It was a joy just to look at him. If Peter had known anything about canaries, which of course he didn't, because canaries are always kept in cages, he would have understood how Chicoree is often called the Wild Canary.

"I suppose," said Peter, "it sounds foolish of me to ask if you are a member of the same family as Linnet."

"Very foolish, Peter, very foolish," laughed Chicoree. "We belong to the same family, and a mighty fine family it is. Now I must go over to the Old Pasture to see how the thistles are coming on."

Away he flew, calling "Chic-oree, per-chic-oree, chic-oree!" As he flew he rose and fell in the air in much the same way Yellow-Wing the Flicker does.

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THROUGH a WOMAN'S EYES

By JEAN NEWTON

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

"THERE was once a time when the sun used to shine brighter than it appears to do this latter half of the Nineteenth century; when the zest of life was certainly keener; when tavern wines seemed to be delicious, and tavern dinners the perfection of cookery; when the perusal of novels was productive of immense delight, and the monthly advent of magazine day was hailed as an exciting holiday; when to know Thompson, who had written a magazine article, was an honor and a privilege; and to see Brown, the author of the last romance, in the flesh, and actually walking in the park with his umbrella and Mrs. Brown, was an advent remarkable, and to the end of life to be perfectly well remembered; when the women of this world were a thousand times more beautiful than those of the present time; and those of the theaters especially so ravishing and angelic that to see them was to set the heart in motion, and to see them again was to struggle for half an hour previously at the door of the pit."

That plaint about "the good old days" seemed too delightful not to lift bodily out of the Victorian novel where we found it!

Note the complaint that wines are not what they used to be—the complaint dated a half century or so before Prohibition! And food and novels and women—and the sun! It did not shine so brightly it seems, seventy-five years ago, as in "the good old days" before that!

Sure enough—the ancient Greeks complained about "the good old days" and also about their preposterous younger generation! So apparently our modern existence is not the only stepchild of the universe!

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Mother's Cook Book

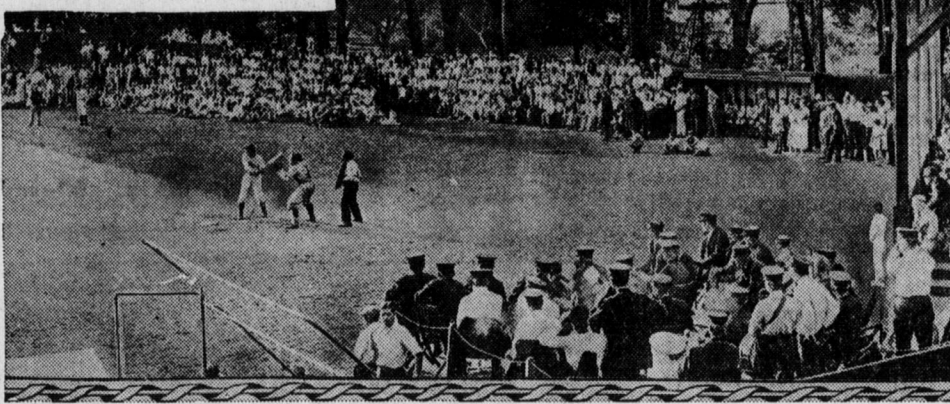
UNUSUAL DISHES

WE ALL like to serve occasionally something a bit different and out of the ordinary, but for the daily diet the common foods simply served we enjoy the best.

Golden Coconut Shortcake. Allow two slices of sponge cake

Baseball Is Revived at Its Birthplace

THE first game of baseball was played at Cooperstown, N. Y., in 1839 on a diamond laid out by Col. Abner Doubleday who invented the game that soon became the great national pastime. Recently Doubleday field, named for him, was rededicated with much ceremony, and a ball game was played by local talent before a large gathering.



for each serving. Prepare orange sauce by using one cupful of orange juice thickened with corn starch, adding a bit of sugar and butter. Cover each slice of the cake with the sauce in sandwich fashion, cover with thinly sliced oranges and top with freshly grated and sweetened coconut.

Stuffed Tomato Salad.

Scoop out the centers of six ripe, even sized tomatoes. Chop the centers and add one cupful of cooked rice, one-half cupful of diced celery, four tablespoonfuls of cheese grated, one hard cooked egg, two tablespoonfuls of pimiento and one small onion, all minced; season with salt, a little lemon juice and any other desired seasoning. Fill the tomato cups and chill. Serve on lettuce with salad dressing.

Pot of Gold Dessert.

Mix one-half cupful of sugar with one-fourth cupful of cornstarch, add a bit of salt and a cupful of rich milk, one cupful of orange juice and when cooked until smooth and thick in a double boiler add two tablespoonfuls of butter and the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Let cook until smooth. Serve molded in individual molds, with whipped cream.

Maple Junket.

Dissolve one junket tablet in a tablespoonful of cold water, add to a pint of lukewarm milk a little almond flavoring and a half cupful of maple sirup. Serve with the top of the sherbet glasses sprinkled with grated maple sugar or sprinkled with finely shredded almonds.

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Question Box

By ED WYNN

The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn: I met a friend of mine today I haven't seen in years. He told me his father died on the "scaffold." He didn't seem ashamed to tell me about it, that's what got my goat. Can you account for a fellow who will go around and say a thing like that about his father, without blushing?

Sincerely, I. D. CLAIRE.

Answer: Because your friend told you his father died on the "scaffold" it doesn't necessarily mean he was hanged for murder. He might have been a bricklayer and, if so, probably fell.

Dear Mr. Wynn: Do you believe in the old saying: "It's the deeds that count, not the words"?

Yours truly, ROSIE CHEEKS.

Answer: Not when I'm sending a telegram.

Dear Mr. Wynn: I am secretary of a little social club. We needed some money, so we decided to raffle off a piano. We had 2,000 tickets printed to sell at a dollar apiece. A day after they were all sold, our club rooms caught



"If we made a careful check," says putting Prudence, "probably we would find that golf has broken more hundreds than the would-be players have."

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Sometimes I Wake—

By ANNE CAMPBELL

SOMETIMES I wake and tremble in the dark, Thinking of you, across the miles of night.

Your lamp of life burns with a feeble spark, I do not know when on a winged flight You will be through with living's sweet delight.

But this I know: when in the distant blue, Your soul shines out, a new and lovely star, On such a night as this my thoughts of you Will come and linger near you where you are. The light of your pure spirit will reach far.

Just as it finds me now, to lay a hand Upon my consciousness with you apart; Speaking of love while midnight angels stand— Dark sentinels who, with their woolf art, Lay hands of black foreboding on my heart.

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fire and the piano was burned to ashes. We are in a quandary what to do. What can you suggest?

Sincerely, C. SHARP.

Answer: Very simple. Hold the raffle just as you had intended and instead of finding out who won the piano, you'll find out who lost the piano.

Dear Mr. Wynn: An uncle of mine told me his daughter, who is seven years of age, has a pet "clam" with which she plays. He even tried to make me believe that the "clam" would get in bed, at night and cuddle up along side of his daughter's neck and sleep. It sounds silly to me. Do you believe it?

Sincerely, C. FOOD.

Answer: Of course, I believe it. In the first place, the girl is seven years of age. That means she is quite small, being small she must have a tiny neck. The reason the clam cuddles up by her neck is very plain. It probably is a "Little Neck Clam."

Dear Mr. Wynn: I have not been well and don't feel strong enough to work. In fact, I haven't worked a day in the past six months. Can you advise me what to do that will make it possible for me to work?

Sincerely, M. PLOYMENT.

Answer: Ginger ale is very good for your strength, but you must take it right away. Go to any drug store and take six bottles of ginger

For Early Fall



With a slight cowl at the throat, six gold buttons and a hammered gold belt, this distinctive street frock of celanese jersey will be ideal for the first cool days of autumn.

WITTY KITTY

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM



The girl chum says picking out her speed boat for next season was easy in comparison with the ordeal in store—picking out her first spring hat.

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ale, run out of the place without paying for them and let a policeman catch you. When the policeman tells the judge that you took six bottles of ginger ale without paying for them, I guarantee that you will work hard, very hard, for the next six months.

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They're Coming Home



A Few Little Smiles

SCORE ONE FOR HUBBY

Young Wife (looking in the window of a jeweler's)—George I'd love that bracelet.

The Husband—I can't afford to buy it for you, dear.

"But if you could, you would, wouldn't you?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Why?"

"It isn't good enough, dear."

"Oh, you darling."

Overstudy

"A man must be a student all his days to hold a position like yours," remarked the admiring constituent.

"That is very true," answered Senator Sorghum, "and, like a student, I get so weary of hard lessons that I am going to organize a movement to include a sports page in the Congressional Record." — Washington Star.

Immune to 'Em Now

"Your daughter is very modern. Isn't she?" remarked the visitor.

"Yes," sighed the mother; "I have reached the point now where I doubt if I could even be shocked by a live wire, no matter what the voltage was."

Dining to Discard

"Society," said Miss Cayenne, "reminds me of a minstrel show."

"Where they say 'Gentlemen, be seated?'"

"Yes. Only they say, 'Ladies, be seated.' And then the 'music' starts!"

His Idea

Sunday School Teacher—Why was it that David said he would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord?

Bright Boy—So he could go outside if he didn't like the sermon.—Pathfinder Magazine.

THE BRUTE



Mrs. Smith—My club has asked us to take part in the pageant of the '60s that they're giving.

Mr. Smith—What do they want us to do, impersonate the Civil war?

Charity Begins at Home

Newsboy—Sir, my beautiful sister is dying of starvation. Will you buy the rest of my papers?

Gent—No, but I'll take your sister out to dinner.

Just a Vacuum

Frosh (knocking at senior's door)—You told me to call you in time for your first class, but I didn't wake up myself. It's ten o'clock now, your class is over, and you can sleep as long as you want.

Even Up

Dorothy—It must be quite three years since I saw you last. I hardly knew you, you have aged so!

Doreen—Well, I wouldn't have known you either, except for that dress.

Too Much to Expect

Wife—Will you love me if I get fat?

Husband—No. I promised for better or worse—not thick or thin.—London Answers.

Easily Satisfied

"But I couldn't give you enough work to keep you occupied."

"Missus, you'd be surprised wot a little it takes to keep me occupied."—Sydney Bulletin.

Why Not?

Wife—I can't afford an operation now.

Hubby—No, you'll just have to talk about the old one for another year.

For Morning or Afternoon Wear

Pattern 1795

Here's the latest in feminine chic for morning or afternoon wear. Ruffles to accent the smart line of the yoke are irresistibly flattering, and the sleeves have puffed-up charm. A white yoke to top a sprightly silk or cotton print would be ever so lovely. The cost of pattern and fabric is so nominal that you could make this frock without imposing on your budget. A perfect model, too, for the beginner because of its utter simplicity—the front and back are without waistline seams and the yoke is just



1795

no trouble at all to set in place. The sleeves may be omitted.

Pattern 1795 is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32. Size 16 takes 3 3/4 yards 36-inch fabric and five-eighths yard contrasting. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly your name, address and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

Address orders to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 243 West Seventh Street, New York.

JUST PRACTICING

"But I've been told that you have proposed to three other girls quite recently," said the maid.

"Oh, mere rehearsals in view of proposing to you, dear," said the man.

CROWDING HIM



Customer—Are your eggs fresh?

Walter—I don't know, sir. I've only been here a month, sir.

Third Ingredient Prof. Albert Einstein gave recently what he considered the best formula for success in life. I should say the formula is a equals x plus y plus z, x being work and y being play.

"And what is z?" inquired the interviewer.

"That," he answered, "is keeping your mouth shut."

Who's Afraid?

These cigars make me feel like the Three Little Pigs' straw house.

"Wyzzo?"

"One puff and I'm all in."

Kidnaped Pup Back, Ransom Paid



MRS. FRANCES RUDGINSKY of Winthrop, Mass., shown with her pet terrier, "Kid Boots Ace," with whom she was reunited after she had paid ransom money to Chicago crooks who kidnaped the dog last February. Maybe "Kid Boots Ace" wasn't glad to be home again, too!

ENJOY
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
THE PERFECT GUM
5¢
AND WORTH IT!