

# Giving Wife Proper Attention

By JEAN NEWTON

"GIVE your wife as much attention during your married life as you did while you were courting her. You'll find smooth marital sailing throughout life if you do."

"Always try to make your wife happy. Don't let her get downhearted. Wives, as a rule, are gentle, kind and sympathetic. If men would be the same, they would hold the affection of their wives and it would grow stronger as the years go on."

"I have been on the bench long enough to know from cases that pass before me that little spats and tiffs often lead needlessly to the courts, where a little kindness and affection might have sufficed."

So said a Supreme court judge in

White Plains, N. Y., the other day.

But kindness and affection, one is impelled to say, require thought. And thought sometimes requires sacrifice. Unless of course one is the rare person with natural genius for that sort of thing.

Being kind and affectionate would frequently conflict with what one wants to do at the particular moment—because it implies thinking of some one else even before thinking of ourselves! It might even involve giving up a game of golf because one's wife might happen to be lonely without one's companionship. Of course the man who could rise to such heights would have a wife who would gladly throw herself on his funeral pyre.

But why sacrifice a game of golf for anything so far removed?

This judge is only telling us again what we heard so often: Treat your wife as you did when you were courting her. Why, when you were courting her you had an object—she was quite properly the business on hand. But now you've got her. Whoever heard of being diverted from today's business in hand by some one you can take for granted?

In defense of this judge, however, who again told us these things which sound so easy and are yet so very difficult, it must be added that he gave point to his words in a most spectacular way. In the midst of a trial he halted the court proceedings to go out and telephone his wife, because the day was their forty-second wedding anniversary. "I want to keep trouble out of my own household," he shyly said, as he practiced what he preached!

Well, it's just one of those people with a genius for these things. And he's lucky. He never had to complain, doubtless, that he wasn't understood at home. And he won't have to wait for his reward in heaven. He has doubtless been getting it for the last forty-two years.

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# The Children's Corner

Edited by DOROTHY EDMONDS

**FIRE PLACE CANDY BOX**

DRAW OBLONG 6" X 3" AND FOLD ON DASH LINES AT FOLDINGS AT

DASH LINES - COLOR BRICKS RED, WITH BLACK MARKINGS - AND IRONS ARE BLACK, LOGS BROWN, AND FLAMES YELLOW WITH RED TIPS AND SPARKS. CUT AND FOLD ON DASH LINES, PASTE LAPS AND TIE RIBBON HANDLE.

IF TOP OF BOX IS DESIRED USE THIS AT A

AND IRONS PATTERN

## Jogalong Tales

### CHAPTER 6

BESIDE the pond grew many yellow honeysuckle vines and the blossoms filled the air with their fragrance. Hovering over a small cluster was a tiny bird.

The boy was very much interested. He had never before seen one so small. As he looked at it, it suddenly disappeared as if by magic.

"It's gone, Mr. Jogalong," he said.

"No, it hasn't," replied Mr. Jogalong. "There it is on the top blossoms."

Sure enough the small creature was standing before the blossoms on the topmost part of the bush, its wings still whirring around and around, and from time to time sticking its long tongue deep into the blossoms.

"He's gone again," said the boy. "Oh, I wish I could see him go. He must wear a magic coat or something the way he disappears from sight. And listen! What a strange sound he makes. Is he singing?"

"Singing? Good gracious, no. He doesn't know the first thing about singing. He is making that hum with his wings. It's the hum that gives him his last name. His first name comes from his ruby throat. His last name

comes from the sound he makes with his wings."

"Well, I should be able to guess when you have told me," said the boy, laughing. "Mr. Ruby-Throat Humming Bird, of course."

All at once the bird disappeared again. They looked around and there above a tiny gray cup in an old, old tree, hovered Mr. Ruby-Throat as proud as any king. Inside the cup were two of the tiniest birds anyone could imagine. They were no bigger than tumble bugs! They were as snug as any birds or bugs could be in their tiny gray cup castle made of soft down and covered with lichens, which Mr. and Mrs. Ruby-Throat had taken from the branches of dead trees to make their home invisible.

"Do you hear anything, Boy?" asked Jogalong, rather sadly.

The boy listened. "Why, that's my mother calling. She always calls like that for me to come to supper, you know. You must come with me, Mr. Jogalong." The boy was about to reach up and take the Jogalong's hand to lead him politely home with him, but Mr. Jogalong had disappeared quite as mysteriously as the Hummer.

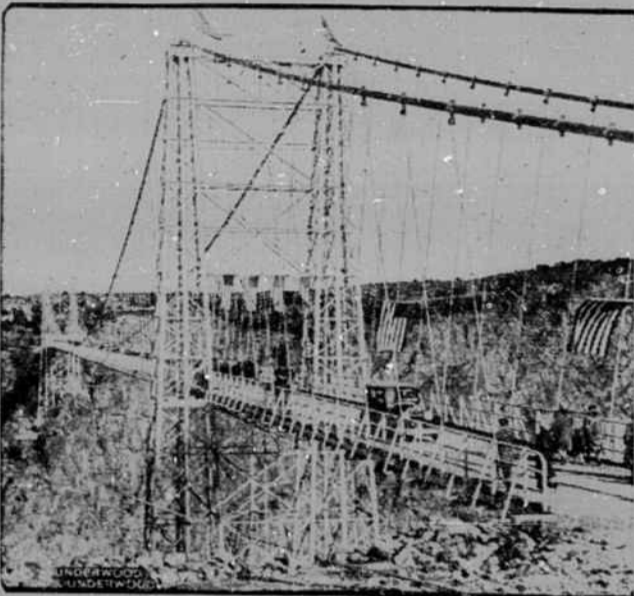
"Oh, dear," sighed the boy. "I did want to see so many other things, and I haven't the faintest idea how to get home alone."

But suddenly he took a look around him. Why, there he was in his very own back yard! And, strangely enough, there he had been all the time, for the Land of Wonders, boys and girls, is everywhere. As Mr. Jogalong would say, "It's everything in the point of view. And if you want to enter the Land of Wonders, just stand still and look around."



A RIVAL  
(Copyright.)—WNU Service.

## World's Highest Bridge Now Open



The new suspension bridge at the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas river, Colorado, the highest bridge in the world, is now open to motorists. It is 1,033 feet above the chasm floor, and is an approach to several of the new additions to the National Park of Colorado.

## Superstitious Sue

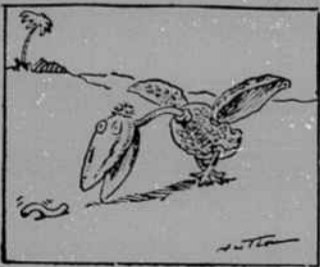


BROTHER BILL SAYS—  
For Pete's sake, Sis, never sit in a rocking chair while playing cards for it is a one-way ticket for bad luck.  
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WNU Service.

## THE ALGERIAN NOODLEBIRD

By Hugh Hutton.  
(Author of Nutty Natural History.)

THIS rare avian can often be seen quite far north in this country on warm summer evenings flying around a lamp post catching the bar flies. It is related to the falcon, but has the good sense not to associate with it. When angered, it utters a peculiar



hissing noise like a pop bottle in search of food.

Here you see it pursuing a frightened noodle across the desert, helped by its peanut half-shell wings and short clove legs. Its neck is another dried noodle, the body a short, stubby peanut, and the head (which is all mouth) a split almond. The eyes are rice, and the topknot a sand bur. Chewing gum sticks things together.

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"The proprietor of a junk shop has nothing on a divorce lawyer," says Cynical Sue. "He extracts an income from scraps, too."  
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# The Problem of Feeding the Family

By NELLIE MAXWELL

Life is grand, and so are its environments of Past and Future. Would the face of nature be so serene and beautiful if man's destiny were not equally so?—Thoreau.

THE tragic thing about the depression in business and thousands out of work or with a very limited income, was that the women who should know how to feed their families on whole some food at small cost, didn't seem to know how, or did not care.

A 15-cent soup bone with a bit of meat on it will, when covered with cold water, using at least six quarts of water, make a fine, wholesome and tasty meal. Simmer the bone for three or four hours at a very low heat, then add a few carrots, an onion or two all cut fine, a turnip, a bit of cabbage and a few potatoes. Add the vegeta-

bles that take longest to cook and the potatoes last. With good bread, with or without butter, this will make a meal for a family of six or eight. Adding more vegetables will make the stew go farther.

Will our women ever learn to prepare for a rainy day? It is hard to get any encouragement from a woman who is sick, penniless and discouraged to study how to feed her family wisely on little. It seems a hopeless endeavor. A person must first be well nourished to be taught anything that counts.

Our schools are the best in the world, and our youth have opportunities that if used will settle all these questions. The food question is one

to be studied and worked out by the women of the house; the men are busy earning the wherewithal to buy it. Our girls need more training in marketing and shopping, for too many use hard-earned money in riotous spending. No two families can follow the same rule in spending the income, for happily we all have our likes and dislikes and enjoy expressing our own individuality. As each housewife has her own problem to solve she will find much inspiration from others as well as in reading. The up-to-date woman is always looking to improve the condition of her own household.

This is the time when all good women should come to the aid of their own and their neighbors' problems.

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A RIVAL  
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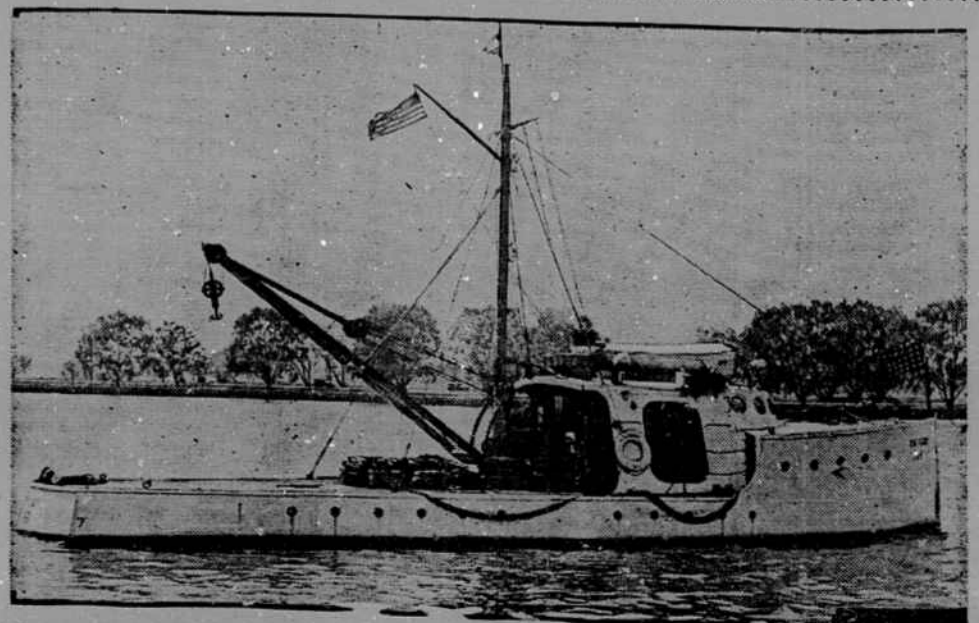
## Air Is Heavy Substance

Air, one of the lightest substances, has been suggested by scientists as a great weight capable of shaking the earth's crust.

## Never Closed

The human mind should be like a good hotel—open the year round.—William Lyon Phelps in the American Magazine.

## No Rivets Used in Army's First Seaplane Retriever



The army's first seaplane retriever, intended to act as a rescue ship to aircraft which may require assistance after alighting upon the waters, is in Washington for inspection by government officials. An odd feature of the craft is that it was constructed by welding, without the use of rivets. It has a speed of 12 knots per hour.

## PRONOUNCING OUR WORDS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

I DO not blame my Frenchman friend.  
Or German friend, or Swiss,  
Or anyone who must contend  
With such a tongue as this.  
On his mistakes I've never pounced  
And yet my friend I hope'll  
Not think that people is pronounced  
Pe-ople.

The English tongue to which they turn  
Is hard to understand;  
I honor those who try to learn  
The language of our land.  
They struggle with it day by day,  
It isn't easy, is it?  
And yet I hope they will not say  
Ex-quis-ite.

Girls say their language is a scream;  
Our words are much the same.  
Now why should any Frenchman dream  
That a-l-m is ain?  
Why give a lover, after all,  
So little chance, or no chance?  
Except, of course, the ones who call  
It ro-mance.

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