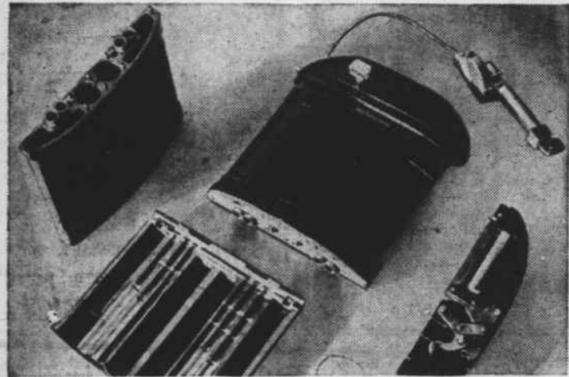
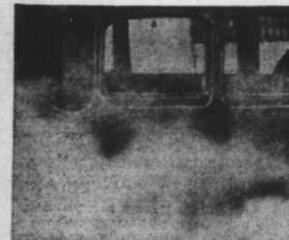


1—It looks innocent enough, but this drab-looking satchel is really a bag of tricks! Everything is under control in the above photo, but inside is the elaborate catalin mechanism shown below, providing compartments for gas, blank cartridges and other weapons that work automatically when the bag gets in the wrong hands. One firm claims to have reduced its insurance rates by adopting the bag for bank messengers.



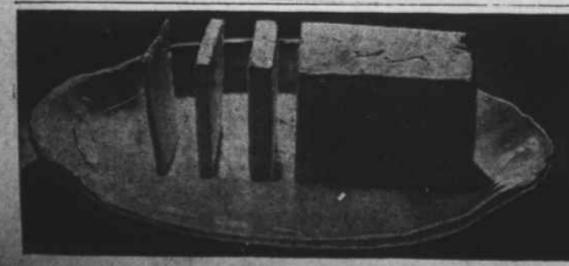
2—At right you see the bag "in action" after being snatched from the hands of a bank messenger. This pulls a trigger which starts a mechanism setting off four shots spaced a second apart, which sound as if they come from a .45 caliber pistol. Taken by surprise when confronted with this devilish instrument, the bandit is already astonished, non-plussed and almost ready to drop the bag and run. The noise is attracting attention and a policeman is approaching at rapid stride from the nearby corner. The genius who invented this bag will certainly be unpopular with bandits!



3—Next surprise is a cloud of dense, yellow, harmless smoke. So the thief, beaten, drops his belching loot and runs for dear life. It just isn't worth the effort!



**MOPSY**



Here is a graphic presentation of the costs represented in manufacture of a pound of butter for wholesale marketing, according to figures offered by the American Butter Institute. The large portion at the right indicates the price paid the farmer for cream used in the manufacture of a pound of butter, or 79.8 per cent of the total wholesale price. Reading from right to left the other slices illustrate the 10 per cent of the wholesale price represented in costs of labor, selling and administration and miscellaneous expenses; the 8.8 per cent for buying and transportation expenditures and finally, the 1.4 per cent that is the manufacturer's profit exclusive of taxes. Institute officials claim the sale of cream for butter-making of the farmer one of the best means of receiving the greatest return on his investment.

**by Thornton W. Burgess**

**PETER RABBIT WATCHES BUSY BEE**

Busy Bee, as all can see, is just as busy as can be. To and fro she doth go Where the sweetest flowers grow. Works all day without play Treasures sweet to put away. Busy Bee, I pray teach me Pleasure in my work to see.

NOW, Peter Rabbit had known Bumble Bee and Bumble's cousin, Busy Bee, ever since he was big enough to remember anything. He was forever running across one or the other of them in the sweet clover patch, and always he was very respectful and polite, for he knew quite as much as he



"Good morning, Busy Bee," said Peter politely.

He cared to about the sharp little lances they carried. But though he had known them so long he really knew very little about them. He knew that Bumble was always rumbling and grumbling and making a great fuss about everything that he did, and was very proud of his handsome black and yellow suit, but he suspected that Bumble did a whole lot of pretending and really wasn't such a hard worker after all. He knew that Busy Bee always seemed in a hurry, didn't seem to mind in the least that she was very plainly dressed, and when she was busiest always seemed happier. Anyway, she did a great deal of humming, then. And this was all that Peter knew about Bumble and Busy Bee.

The more Peter thought about what Bumble had said to him the more he wondered if it was true that Busy Bee was such a hard worker, and at last he made up his mind to find out. The first thing to do was to find Busy herself. Peter remembered what he had learned when he was hunting for Bumble and wasted no time looking for the brightest flowers, but went straight to the sweetest flowers, which happened to be in his sweet clover patch. There he found Busy and she seemed to be very hard at work taking something from the heart of each flower she visited.

"Good morning, Busy Bee," said Peter politely. "Morning, Buz-z-z, buz-z-z! Too much to do to talk. Buz-z-z, buz-z-z, buz-z-z!" replied Busy Bee, flying to the next flower. Peter followed. "What do you work so hard for?" he asked.

"Buz-z-z, buz-z-z!" was all the reply he got as Busy Bee hurried to another flower.

"I shouldn't think there would be any fun in working all the time," said Peter. "Tell me, Busy Bee, is it true that you do work all the time?"

"Buz-z-z, buz-z-z!" was all the reply Peter got.

Then Peter started in to count the flowers that Busy visited, but she went from flower to flower so fast that he soon grew tired of that. Then while he was looking somewhere else for a minute she disappeared. Peter was sure that he had his head turned only a wee little minute, but when he looked for her she was nowhere to be seen. He didn't know just what to do. To tell the truth, he felt rather foolish. Finally he decided that as long as he was at the sweet clover patch he might as well fill his stomach and straightway began to eat. He had almost forgotten about Busy Bee when, as he started to nibble a clover blossom, there was a sharp "Buz-z-z, buz-z-z!" close to one of his long ears. Busy Bee was back again and Peter didn't eat that particular blossom. No, sir, he didn't. He left it for Busy because she seemed to want it and he knew it is best to let Busy have what she wants.

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

**Chic Attire**



Betty Furness of the films wears a black roba-wool suit with interesting glove stitching. The slim skirt is topped with a hip-length collarless jacket, softened at the neckline by a white waffle crepe scarf. The hat is of black velvet with a ribbon tie under the chin. Flowing veil and black suede accessories complete the costume.

**Rugs, Draperies For Sunlit Room**

By BETTY WELLS  
"This will be the first time I've bought everything new and I'm worried to death for fear I'll make mistakes," writes M. F. "I enclose a diagram of the living room and a sample of wall paper. In nice weather the sun is in the room all day so I think reds would seem too warm. Since the walls are in this tan paper with a little dull green in it, I want a friendly color for contrast and was thinking of getting an olive green broadloom rug (size 12 by 15). Would this do? What then for draperies? Must they be solid because walls are figured, or should I reverse the colors, using a fabric with a green ground and brown figures or leaves? If the upholstered furniture were any other color besides brown or green, would I have too many colors in the one room? Would it be all right to have a contrasting color for the smaller rug on the sun porch or should that be the same as in the living room? Also would you treat all those windows in the porch separately or would that look over-stuffed? There is a space of just six inches between each window. I will be so grateful for any help you can give me."  
We would like very much your idea of dull green broadloom for the floor. For draperies, though, we'd be inclined to favor a plain fabric of about the same tone of warm tan as the ground color in your wall paper.

© By Betty Wells.—WNU Service.

**SLICING BUTTER COSTS**

Here is a graphic presentation of the costs represented in manufacture of a pound of butter for wholesale marketing, according to figures offered by the American Butter Institute. The large portion at the right indicates the price paid the farmer for cream used in the manufacture of a pound of butter, or 79.8 per cent of the total wholesale price. Reading from right to left the other slices illustrate the 10 per cent of the wholesale price represented in costs of labor, selling and administration and miscellaneous expenses; the 8.8 per cent for buying and transportation expenditures and finally, the 1.4 per cent that is the manufacturer's profit exclusive of taxes. Institute officials claim the sale of cream for butter-making of the farmer one of the best means of receiving the greatest return on his investment.



**Manx Milkman Making His Rounds.**

**Legends and Oddities That Make The Isle of Man Very Attractive**

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

MANXMEN (natives of the Isle of Man) travel all over the world and sometimes settle in out-of-the-way places, but they never seem to forget their little island, which lies almost midway between England, Scotland, and northern Ireland, set like a jewel in the Irish sea.

Tradition says the island came into existence when a legendary hero, Finn MacCool, hurled handfuls of Irish earth at some giant enemy; but, though reluctant to doubt this story, we shall be nearer the mark perhaps if we believe the geologists who tell us that it was once attached to the neighboring mainlands and is geologically akin to the English lake district.

The stories of the early inhabitants are just as strange as those concerning Finn MacCool. One hears, for instance, that fairies made their kingdom in Man, and that St. Patrick, fresh from triumphs in Ireland, came to Christianize the island and turn out the snakes.

But even when one leaves the legends and turns the pages of island history, the truth is exciting and romantic enough. The Celtic inhabitants were at different times ruled by Irish, Scandinavian, Scottish, and English kings.

When the island passed to Edward I of England, he and his successors presented the little kingdom to various favorites until in 1405 it came into possession of the great house of Stanley. This famous Lancashire family ruled in Man up to 1736, when the lordship passed to the duke of Athol.

Twenty-nine years later the island was sold to the British Crown. Fortunately, however, all the old laws and customs were preserved, so that today the island, which is only 30 miles long and 12 broad, still possesses its own law courts and its own legislative bodies, though enactments, of course, are subject to the approval of the British government.

**Flag With Three Legs.**

The first thing that strikes you during a voyage to the island is the fact that your ship is flying a red flag bearing the Three Legs of Man. This is the ancient emblem of the island, which decorates the hilt of the Thirteenth-century sword of state and in addition is seen almost everywhere.

It seems certain that this emblem is of Sicilian origin, for many Sicilian vases in the British museum bear a similar design. The only difference is that in the Manx version the feet are booted and spurred and a curious motto states: "Whichever way you may throw me, I shall fall on my feet."

Castletown, though deprived of its former importance, still retains an air of aloof grandeur. The inhabitants rather look down upon those who live in less favored places. There is an atmosphere of peace about the place, for the "trippers," who in summer turn the other towns into perpetual playgrounds, are satisfied to see the castle and then pass on.

Most of the town, built on Castle-town bay, is grouped around Castle Rushen. The streets are so old and narrow that sometimes the inhabitants, after nearly being annihilated by a motorbus, remark pathetically, "Why, there isn't room to swing a cat here!" All the same, they are proud of their old houses and would not have it otherwise.

One large square, facing the castle, is remarkable for its monuments. In the center stands a lofty column, erected, so a tablet explains, as a memorial to Col. Cornelius Smelt, a former lieutenant governor of the island. One wonders why there is no statue on the top, until some kind passer-by explains that insufficient money was forthcoming to complete the memorial.

**Clock With Only One Hand.**

This seems odd, but odder yet is the time-keeping apparatus displayed. First, there is an old sundial, which, so it is said, can be used to tell the time by either the sun or the moon.

But strangest of all is a large clock presented by Good Queen Bess. At first glance it looks very imposing and useful, but then one discovers there is something seri-

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**Stories Briefly Told**

Playwright (explaining new script)—Now for the end of the second act I've got a really swell idea. The hero has been captured by bandits . . . they are trying to hang him on a tree-trunk, but nobody can find a rope. At this stage the orchestra begins to play "The Lost Chord."  
Floorwalker (at 1 a. m. to burglar in his house)—Silverware? Yes, sir. Step this way.  
Mrs. Murphy (concluding an argument)—Every time I look at you, Mrs. Patrick, I feel I'm doing the government out of the entertainment tax.

**"Miser" Paine**

J. H. Paine was a composer and critic who was a friend of Frank Chickering's. It was generally supposed that Paine was poor. His name is associated with an experience which befell his benefactor, Chickering. To the latter Paine entrusted a package wrapped in a bandana handkerchief. Assuming that the content was manuscripts, Chickering placed the package in a safe. Seventeen years later the "improvised" friend died. In the presence of Paine's legal representatives, the package was opened. It contained over \$400,000 worth of bonds and currency.



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