

"Little Stories for Bedtime"

by Thornton W. Burgess



THE PLUNGERS MAKE HOME IN GREEN FOREST

IT WAS very hard for Peter Rabbit to believe what Jerry Muskrat had told him about the harmlessness of Plunger the Osprey, better known as Plunger the Fish Hawk. Peter wouldn't have believed it if he hadn't seen for himself how Jerry had no fear whatever of Plunger. You see, it was very, very hard indeed to believe that there could be any member of the Hawk family, at least any large member like Plunger, who was not to be feared by all of the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest. But Peter remembered the mistake that had been made in regard to Ol' Mistah Buzzard, how for a long time he had been needlessly feared, and this made it a little easier to think that possibly Jerry Muskrat might be right in regard to Plunger the Fish Hawk.

Of course, Peter hurried to tell Danny Meadow Mouse and all his other friends what he had learned at the Smiling Pool. Each was as doubtful as Peter had been, but each hoped



"I Think It Is Quite an Affair," Said He.

that it was true. After this they all watched Plunger whenever they had a chance, and not once did anyone see him try to catch any of the little meadow and forest people. In fact, he never seemed to notice them at all. He always flew straight from the Green Forest across the Green Meadows to the Big River and back. Often when he was returning from the Big River they would see something shining in his great claws. It was a fish. So it came about that after a while no one feared Plunger the Fish Hawk. He was the fish in the Smiling Pool and the Big River. Presently, from where no one knew, appeared Mrs. Plunger, and it soon became very clear that they had decided to make their home in the Green Forest. They made no secret about it. They didn't seem to

care who knew where it was. Peter saw them carrying sticks and once or twice flying from the Big River with water weeds. Peter knew what that meant. It meant that they were building a nest. Right away Peter's curiosity got the best of him. He wanted to see that nest. He wondered if it was like Redtail's. The first chance he got he went over to see. He had watched Plunger and Mrs. Plunger so often that he knew just about where to look for their nest.

He found it quite as easily as he had expected to, for it was only a little way in from the edge of the Green Forest, beside the Laughing Brook as it makes its laughing way to the Smiling Pool. It was in a partly dead tree, a mass of sticks, and weeds and dead rushes, not at all neat. Indeed, Peter thought it was a very clumsy affair, though he didn't say so when Plunger spied him and asked him what he thought of their new home. Peter was very polite.

"I think it is quite an affair," said he. "It isn't as big as I had thought it might be, but I don't doubt it is very comfortable."

"This is only the beginning," chuckled Plunger. "It is good enough for this year, but next year we will make it bigger, and the year after that we will make it still bigger."

Peter opened his eyes wide. "Oh, you mean that you will use this same nest year after year?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied Plunger. "Why not?"

"I don't know any reason why you shouldn't," confessed Peter. "I've always wondered why most birds seem to prefer a new house every year. I never could see why an old house, repaired if necessary, isn't just as good as a new one."

"It is better when it is treated as we treat it," declared Plunger. "We just make it bigger and more comfortable each year. You see, Mrs. Plunger and I are great lovers of home. Where do you live?"

"Over in the dear Old Brier Patch," replied Peter.

"Ever intend to move?" asked Plunger.

"Certainly not!" replied Peter. "It is the best place in all the Great World."

Plunger chuckled. "You've got the right idea, Peter Rabbit," said he. "Mrs. Plunger and I feel the same way about our home. We've found a place we like and we have begun house-keeping in a small way. As long as no one bothers us we'll keep right on living here year after year and making our home bigger and better. Can you guess why?"

"Why?" asked Peter.

"Because it is home, and in all the Great World there is no place like home," replied Plunger.

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HILLS AND VALLEYS

By Douglas Malloch.

THE world is hills and valleys, and plains.

There's sorrow and rejoicing, our losses and our gains.

I never knew a country that didn't have the two—

A little bit of valley you had to travel through.

But now and then a mountain that you could climb and see

The river far below you, up where you want to be.

I never knew a lifetime that hadn't joy and care.

But had its hills and valley, about an even share.

The shadows in the valleys, I've walked 'em like the rest,

But I have seen the mountains, the mountains at their best.

The sun was on the summits, the stars were on the peaks,

And earth was far below me, and heaven almost here.

The time she said she loved me I stood upon the height,

The time she up and left me I walked the vales of night.

I know I'll never journey as high as that again,

Or walk the sort of valley I had to travel then.

And so I have my sorrow, but sometimes I rejoice;

I'm up upon a mountain, and then I hear her voice.

There's gladness on the hilltop, there's sorrow down below,

For life is hills and valleys, and women make it so.

But sometimes I imagine, and lots of times I pray,

She yet will come returnin', the way she went away,

And I shall take her to me, forget about the past,

And we shall live forever among the hills, at last.

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KITTY McKAY

By Nina Wilcox Putnam



The girl friend says she can't see why fellows wear these loud golf hose, unless they think it's a sort of sex appeal.

(© 1932, Bell Syndicate.)—WNU Service.

Mother's Cook Book

APPETIZING DISHES

THE French masters of the culinary art have applied their skill to all the simple foods with results that delight the epicure. These may help the housewife to introduce variety into her menu, using just the everyday things.

Scrambled Eggs Taruffe.

Simmer two cupfuls of canned tomatoes to which two teaspoonfuls of sugar has been added. Fry a slice of onion in four tablespoonfuls of butter. Remove the onion, season the tomatoes with salt and pepper, and add six eggs lightly beaten. Cook until the eggs are creamy.

Omelette Pont Neuf.

Beat separately the yolks and whites of three eggs, add three tablespoonfuls of milk, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, one tablespoonful of powdered sugar and a little salt. Put one-half teaspoonful of butter in an omelette pan and when melted pour in the mixture; cook, fold and serve on a hot platter.

Roquefort Dressing.

This is a delightful departure from the ordinary and is delicious on firm head lettuce, quartered or cut into eighths. Mix six tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, a dash of cayenne and sugar and one-fourth cupful of crumbled Roquefort cheese. Beat until smooth. Chill and serve.

Spicy Salad Dressing.

Mix together one-half cupful of vinegar (get the grapefruit vinegar if possible), add two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one-half cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, a dash of paprika, one teaspoonful of minced onion, two tablespoonfuls of minced celery and two tablespoonfuls of minced sweet pepper. Chill for several hours, then beat thoroughly and serve with lettuce in a bowl that has been rubbed with a clove of garlic.

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Spring Trench Coat



The military motif, prominent in this spring's styles, is seen in this trench coat. It is of the new lightweight black velveteen, with lapels and cuffs of stitched suede flaring in attractive manner.



"It is human nature for women to hide their imperfections," says catty Katrinka, "but it isn't the style."

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YOUR HOME and YOU

By BETSY CALLISTER

SORTING THE WASH

SORTING clothes after they come up from the laundry is often a bugbear to the housewife. The task can be robbed of something of its annoyance by a little forethought. If there are various members of the family whose stockings and other underclothing have similar appearance they should be plainly marked, either with the name written indelibly in some inconspicuous place or by an initial that will make identity sure. It is a good idea to have stockings lettered or numbered so that at a glance you can tell how to sort them in pairs. The various members of the family can also have a certain color to use in making a few stitches on the hem of a stocking. In this way you can tell that all the stockings marked in blue belong to one, all the green are Alice's and those in yellow are Betty's.

It is a good plan to have individuality in washcloths, so that if several persons use the same lavatory or bathroom there is no chance of their washcloths becoming confused. It is possible to buy washcloths with large initials in the center. Sometimes there are individual preferences in washcloths. Then it is easy to know that those of one sort are Jane's, while those of another sort are Alice's and still others are Betty's. There is also distinction in having bath and hand towels marked individually. Then there is no danger of using the wrong towel when it is placed on the wrong towel rack. It is possible to get both bath and hand towels with a colored line in the border that will answer this purpose.

Some housewives find it a good plan to have special sheets for every bed in the house. In fact, in some families sheets are regarded in the light of individual property, and are marked with the initials of the person on whose bed they are to be used. Then sheets are always returned to the room from which they came, and place is made for them on a closet shelf or in bureau drawer, so that there is never any necessity for a linen closet for surplus bedding.

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Water Held in Fallen Leaves Stops Erosion

The blanket of leaves from one year's leaf fall in the forest may weigh more than a ton an acre, says the United States Department of Agriculture. Federal forest service investigators find that a heavy litter is capable of holding vast amounts of water and slowing up the run-off which with-out the protecting blanket would quickly erode the soil.

In studying the protective value of leaf litter and the result of its removal by fire or other agency, investigators found that the 1930 fall of dry leaves, gathered up on a half acre of pine-oak forest at the Bent Creek experimental forest near Asheville, N. C., weighed 1,300 pounds, oven dry weight. Accumulated dry leaves and litter on the tract previous to the first clean-up weighed five and one-half tons to the acre, dry weight. From two to three years are required for decomposition of the litter, and a heavy blanket of leaves is thus normally present on the area. As a consequence of removal of the ground cover for this study, erosion set in on the area, although the rainfall was unusually slight.

Modern Maiden's Hands Larger Than Ancestors'

The hands of the women of today are they larger than the hands of their grandmothers? There is no exposition of old-style costume, says the *Matin of Paris*, which does not reveal, at least by the diminutive gloves, the exquisite smallness of our feminine predecessors, both living and extinct. Few women of this generation, moreover, are able to wear the wedding rings, the other rings or bracelets of their ancestors.

One is able to conclude, certainly, that these souvenirs of the past were chosen in accordance with the fashion and requirement, and not merely curious legacies left to us as something most precious and most rare.

It would be only honesty, rather, to avow that the activity of modern women has done away with much of the delicate slenderness of former times. The hand which controls the flying machine and which wields the racket and the oar cannot, of course, remain as small and graceful as the one which had but to hold a handkerchief of lace.

Spoil-Sports

You will find them wherever you go. There is no escaping them. They rejoice in their unpleasantness. They cannot enjoy what is going on, and they won't let anyone else have any enjoyment if they can help it.

What is one to do with such impossible people?

Sending them to Coventry is a very good way, but these unpleasant individuals have a knack of being impervious to snubs and cold shoulders. Turn your back upon them, and round they come on the other side.

I am inclined to think that the best method is to ignore them. If you keep it up long enough, and prevent these spoil-sports getting their way, they give in eventually. In the long run, they cannot stand it. And they turn elsewhere to work off their little nuisances.

It is a pity these people cannot see how objectionable they are.—London Answers.

Birds That Cannot Walk

Humming birds, swifts, swallows and martins cannot walk or hop on a horizontal surface, says *Pathfinder Magazine*. Of these the humming birds are the most helpless on the ground. Swifts, swallows and martins have small, weak feet, which are adapted only to perching and to clinging to perpendicular surfaces. These birds pass much of their time on the wing, and it has been suggested that some of the swifts may pass the entire night on the wing at great heights. They seldom, if ever, alight on the ground and they capture insects for food, scoop water from ponds and lakes for drink, and pluck twigs from trees and gather other material for their nests, all while on the wing.

Korean Bills of Fare

Rice is the chief starchy food used in Korea. Bread is unknown on Korean bills of fare, but unlike China, potatoes are eaten to a small extent as a side dish. Tea and rice water are the chief beverages. Coffee and chocolate are never used and it is only within the last few years that milk has been consumed.

Pork, beef, and chicken are important meats and fish is one of the most important articles of diet. Seaweed is also a staple and this with the abundant fish provided, prevents the Korean from ever being a victim of goiter.

One Saving Grace

The mistress was looking over the new maid's references before engaging her.

"Do you think you will settle down here?" she asked, after a while. "Remember, you've left a good many situations."

The girl smiled confidently. "Yes, ma'am," she replied. "But I didn't leave any of them voluntarily."

—London Tit-Bits.

Spinsters Never Aged

A philanthropist has endowed a home for aged spinsters. The idea is worthy, but where could one find a spinster willing to admit such a silly affliction as age?—Fort Wayne News-Sentinel.

LANDSCAPE MEETING AT FOREST TANNERS

The agricultural extension service, in cooperation with Forest Tanner will conduct a landscape demonstration at his home, corner of Allegheny and Howard streets, during the year. Plans for the landscaping of the home have been prepared by Prof. A. O. Rasmussen, extension ornamental horticulturist of State

College, and this (Friday) morning, at 9 o'clock, the shrubbery will be planted. A meeting will be held at this time, at which anyone interested in planting of shrubbery or care of lawns is cordially invited to attend. Prof. Rasmussen will explain various types of shrubbery planted, best methods of planting and care of same.

—Subscribe for the Watchman.

Looking Ahead

Spring is here, but the "Big Spring Drive," promised from Washington, has not materialized.

The Promised Land is not in sight.

But acute and experienced observers like Colonel Ayers, of Cleveland, are hopeful, and the scientific analysis of conditions made by the Standard Statistics Company indicate that the present sluggishness means only a further postponement of business revival.

Great corporations are preparing for this revival in the face of the current depression. They look ahead.

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