

Tercennial of the First Passion Play



THREE hundred years ago, in 1634, the pious peasants of Oberammergau, a little village in the Bavarian Alps of southern Germany, gave the first presentation of the Passion Play. This was in fulfillment of a vow made the previous year for relief from the plague that had devastated Europe following the Thirty Years war. For three centuries the folk of Oberammergau have kept the vow and the performance this summer marks the tercentennial of the play. Oberammergau is prepared to take care of a great throng.

This illustration shows, above, the scene of the Last Supper; and below, left to right, Alois Lang, woodcarver, who portrays Christ, and Anni Rutz, an office worker, who has the part of the Virgin Mary.

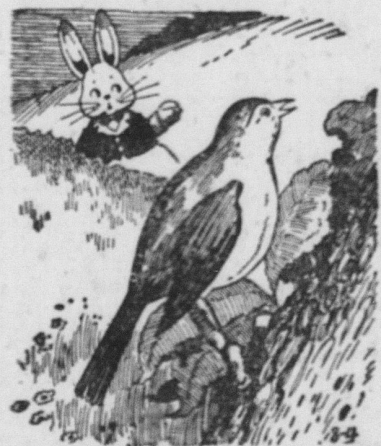


BEDTIME STORY FOR CHILDREN

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

AN ALL-DAY SONGSTER

OVER in a maple tree on the edge of Farmer Brown's dooryard lived Redeye the Vireo and his little mate, Peter Rabbit knew that they had a nest there, because Jenny Wren had told him so. He would have guessed it anyway, because Redeye spent so much time in that tree. No matter what hour of the day Peter visited the



Redeye Was a Little Fellow of About the Size of One of the Warblers.

Old Orchard, he heard Redeye singing over in the maple tree. He thought to himself that if song is an expression of happiness, Redeye must be the happiest of all birds.

Redeye was a little fellow of about the size of one of the Warblers and quite as modestly dressed as any of Peter's acquaintances. The crown of his head was gray with a little blackish border. Underneath he was white. For the rest, he was dressed in light olive green. The first time he came down near enough for Peter to see him well, Peter understood why he is called Redeye. His eyes were red. Yes, sir, his eyes were red, and this fact alone was enough to distinguish him from any other members of his family.

But it wasn't often that Redeye came down so near the ground that Peter could see his eyes. He preferred to spend most of his time in the tree tops, and Peter only got glimpses of him now and then. But if he didn't see him often, it was less often that he failed to hear him. "I don't see when Redeye finds time to eat," declared Peter as he listened to the seemingly unending song in the maple tree.

"Redeye believes in singing while he works," said Jenny Wren. "For my part, I should think he'd wear his throat out. Just listening to him makes my own throat sore. When other birds sing they don't do anything else, but Redeye sings all the time he is hunt-

ing his meals, and only stops long enough to swallow a worm or a bug when he finds it. Just as soon as it is down he begins to sing again while he hunts for another. I must say for the Redeyes that they are mighty good nest builders. Have you seen their nest over in that maple tree, Peter?"

Peter shook his head. "You probably couldn't see it anyway," declared Jenny Wren. "It is high up, and those leaves are so thick that they hide it. It's a regular little basket fastened in a fork near the end of a branch, and it is woven almost as nicely as is the nest of Goldy the Oriole."

"What's it made of?" asked Peter. "Strips of bark, plant down, spider's web, grass, and pieces of paper," replied Jenny. "That's a funny thing about Redeye—he dearly loves a piece of paper in his nest. He's as fussy about having a scrap of paper as Cresty the Flycatcher is about having a piece of snakeskin. I had just a peep into the nest a few days ago, and unless I am greatly mistaken, Sally Sly the Cowbird has greatly imposed on the Redeyes: I am certain I saw one of her eggs in their nest."

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"Tell a woman she doesn't look well," says catty Katie, "and she will try a new hat before she will a doctor."

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Mother's Cook Book

DAINTY DESSERTS

THERE is no dessert which so appeals to the appetite as ices or other frozen dishes, during the warm days. Here are half a dozen that will be appreciated by both the children and their elders:

Three Fruits Ice.
Put three cupfuls of cold water, three cupfuls of sugar and the grated rind of one orange and one lemon into a saucepan. Add one tablespoonful of gelatin dissolved in one cupful of boiling water. Simmer five minutes. Cut the pulp of three oranges, three grapefruit and three lemons into small pieces and add to the sirup when cold. Stir in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, freeze and serve with the neat course.

Fruit Potpourri.
Cut one and one-half cupfuls of orange into small pieces discarding all the membrane, but reserving the juice. Mix with one cupful of sliced peaches, three tablespoonfuls of pineapple pulp and arrange in glasses. Add one-third of a cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of crushed pineapple, mix well and garnish with a maraschino cherry.

Banana Cream for Cake Filling.
Cream one-fourth of a pound of butter, add gradually one and one-fourth cupfuls of powdered sugar and one-half cupful of banana pulp. Mix well and use as cake filling or pudding

sauce for cooked rice or cottage pudding. Add any flavoring desired.

Simple Fruit Salad.
Take two cupfuls of orange sections, one-half cupful of peeled and halved grapes, two tablespoonfuls of grape juice and serve with french dressing.

Fruit Ice.
Rub three peeled bananas through a sieve, add the strained juice of three oranges and three lemons, two cupfuls of sugar, three cupfuls of water and a pinch of salt. Freeze. Add thin cream instead of the water and one will have a delightful cream.

Milk Sherbet, Three of a Kind.
Mix the juice of three oranges and three lemons with the mashed pulp of three bananas, add three cupfuls of sugar and three cupfuls each of milk and cream. Stir until the sugar is dissolved and freeze.

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QUESTION BOX

By ED WYNN... The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn:
Apropos of the milk question, one thing has always bothered me. Could you possibly tell me why "cream" is always more expensive than "milk"?

Yours truly,
SUE PERRIN TENDANT.

Answer:—The reason cream is more expensive than milk is simply because it is harder for the cows to sit on little bottles.

Dear Mr. Wynn:
When I was in England, last summer, I was simply fascinated by the uniformed policemen in London. What struck my fancy most were the hats they wore. Every hat I saw had a chin strap on it. What I want to know is this, do they wear those chin straps to keep their hats on?

Truly yours,
SIM PILTON.

Answer:—Don't be silly, of course not. Those chin straps are for the policemen to rest their jaws on after answering foolish questions.

Dear Mr. Wynn:
I bought a horse from a man who told me the horse could beat anything

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"Flipper" Likes His Milk and Water



"FLIPPER," two months old baby seal, was rescued at Long Beach, Calif., by Carl Johnson, nineteen-year-old school boy. Flipper, who was marooned on a float, climbed on Johnson's back, was safely brought to shore and after several weeks of being fed two quarts of milk every day from a bottle, has become strong and very much attached to his young master. He follows him around like a puppy and both enjoy swimming together.

The Blacksmith's Daughter

By ALINE CAMPBELL

HOW many times she watched him, as a child, Shaping a heavy shoe. The forge was hot . . . the summer morning mild. . . . The anvil's ring was true.

And now that she is older, she knows well, As he has turned the steel, So had he cast her heart—a sounding bell— That makes him her ideal.

The years have touched him lightly. . . . They betoken, As evening colors blend, She is, as she was then—with faith unbroken— His daughter and his friend!

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Wide-Ribbed Jersey



Here is an attractive suit of gray wide-ribbed jersey that will appeal to many women. The leather buttons and leath-like belt are navy blue.

In his class. The first race I put him in, he lost. Can you account for that?

Yours truly,
I. M. MORVICH.

Answer:—He was out of his class.

Dear Mr. Wynn:
I noticed a great number of young boys selling newspapers on the streets. One lad I saw could not have been more than ten years of age and he was carrying about fifty newspapers. Wouldn't you think they would make the poor little fellow tired?

Sincerely,
HUGH MANNY TAHRIAN.

Answer:—Not necessarily. He probably doesn't read them.

Dear Mr. Wynn:
My boss is going to give me a day off next week. I would like to go some place, but I haven't any clothes to wear. What shall I do?

Truly yours,
TY PRYTER.

Answer:—If you really haven't any clothes to wear, spend the day at Coney Island.

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Just a Little Smile



NOT TAKING CHANCES

"You'll have to send for another doctor," said the one who had been called, after a glance at the patient. "Am I so ill as that?" gasped the sufferer.

"I don't just know how ill you are," replied the man of medicine; "but I know you're the lawyer who cross-examined me when I appeared as an expert witness. My conscience won't let me kill you, and I'll be hanged if I want to cure you. Good day."—Border Cities Star.

The Tummy Letters

The primary teacher was helping the children to tell the difference between the letters "d" and "b."

"Johnnie, how can we tell these letters apart?" asked the instructor.

"Well," answered the lad, "one has its stomach in the front and the other has it in the back."

A Specialist

"Doctor, I want to consult you about my stomach."

"But, madam, you are mistaken, I am a doctor of philosophy."

"Goodness me! What strange diseases there are nowadays."—Vart Hem (Stockholm).

Vanishing Act

"Mamma, when the fire goes out where does it go?"

"My dear boy, I don't know. You might just as well ask me where your father goes when he goes out."—Vancouver Province.

Shifting the Blame

"Did you ever dodge any taxes?"

"No, sir," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "I can't figure out my tax returns for myself and I can't help it if I happen to employ a special expert who has his own ideas."

A Dreamer

"What is a debtor, pa?"

"A man who owes money."

"And what's a creditor?"

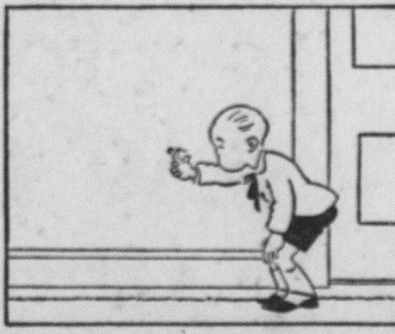
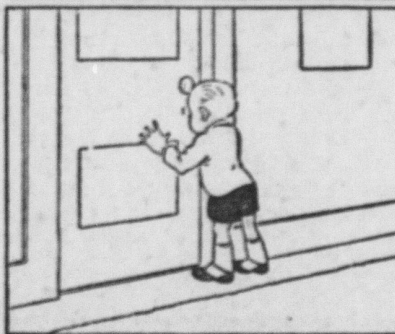
"The man who thinks he's going to get it."

Married Now

"When you were a candidate for my hand, you said I could spend all my winters in Europe."

"That was just a campaign promise."

NIBSEY



FROCK THAT MAKES PARTICULAR APPEAL TO HOUSEKEEPERS

PATTERN 1625

For smart housekeepers—this captivating frock that will give you a neat and attractive appearance during your busy daytime hours. And as for making it—there's just nothing difficult about it at all. The front and back yokes are economically cut in one, the semi-belted waistline is readily adjusted, and of course, pockets are indispensable. A tubular cotton print with either self or contrasting ruffling would be nice.



The Instructor—illustrated sewing lesson—will help you put the frock together step by step.

Pattern 1625 is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 takes 3 1/4 yards 36-inch fabric.

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

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

TRY THIS, MR. PRESIDENT

"I know how to settle this unemployment problem," said the club wag. "If we put all the men of the world on one island, and all the women on another, we'd have everybody busy in no time."

"Well, what would they be doing?"

"Why, boat-building."—Tit-Bits.

Question All Right

At a college examination a professor asked: "Does the question embarrass you?"

"Not at all, sir," replied the student. "It is quite clear; it's the answer that bothers me."—Toronto Globe.

She Knows Better

"There's really nothing wrong with you," declared the doctor, after a thorough examination.

"I'd like to see you convince my wife of that, Doc," said he. "She thinks everything is wrong with me."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cock-Eyed

The cinema manager was furious. "What's the matter?" asked his assistant. "Is anything wrong?"

"Anything wrong!" he snorted. "Why you've advertised for next week: 'Smiling Eyes—with a strong cast!'"—Stray Stories.

Judge for Yourself

"How is Morton getting on with his young wife?"

"Well, a month after the wedding a belated telegram of congratulation arrived and they refused to take it in."

New Marital Rift

"Mrs. Gaydog is getting a divorce on modern lines."

"How's that?"

"Incompatibility of political sentiments. She believes in inflation of the dollar and he doesn't."

A Puzzler

Son—Father, is the zebra a black animal with white stripes, or a white animal with black stripes?

Do YOU Know—



That April, the fourth month of our year was the second month of the ancient Romans. Authorities differ as to the origin of the name, but it is possible that April was originally Aphrillia, from Aphrodite, the Greek name of Venus.

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WRIGLEY'S GUM

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

THE PERFECT GUM

SWEETENS THE BREATH

The Standard of Quality