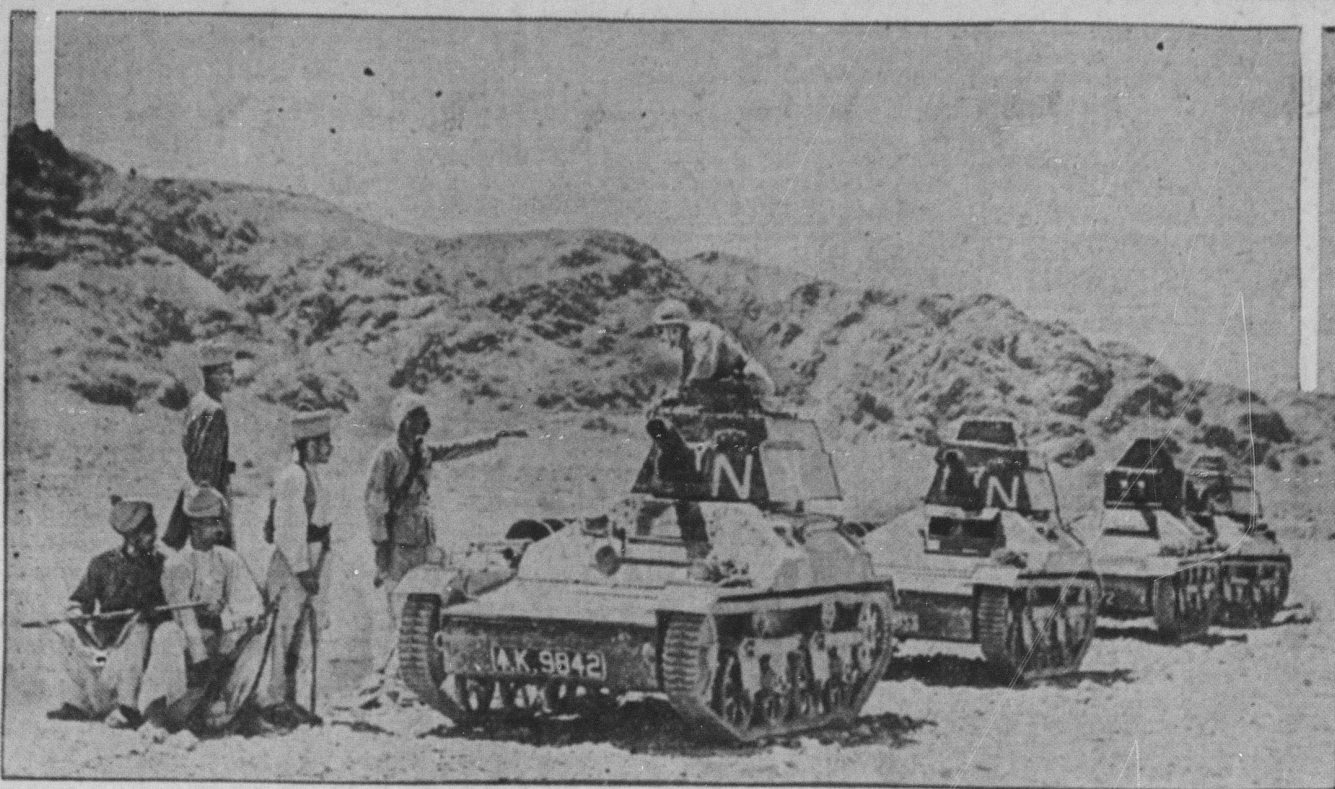


British Tanks Patrol the Khyber Pass



ALWAYS the famous Khyber pass, which connects India with Afghanistan, is carefully guarded by the British. In our illustration a section of the British Second Light Tank company is seen patrolling that region. The officer is asking information from Afridi tribesmen of the Khyber Khassadar force who guard the road through the pass.

BEDTIME STORY FOR CHILDREN

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

JENNY WREN'S BIG COUSIN

PETER RABBIT never will forget his surprise when Jenny Wren asked him one morning if he had seen anything of her big cousin. Peter hesitated. As a matter of fact he couldn't think of any big cousin of Jenny Wren. All the cousins Peter knew anything about were very near Jenny's own size.

Now Jenny Wren is one of the most impatient small persons in the world. "Well, well, well, Peter, have you lost your tongue?" she chattered. "Can't you answer a simple question without taking all day about it? Have you seen anything of my big cousin?"

"You needn't be so cross about it if I am slow," replied Peter. "I'm just



"I saw him only yesterday on the edge of the Old Pasture."

trying to think who your big cousin is. I guess, to be quite honest, I don't know him."

"Don't know him! Don't know him!" sputtered Jenny. "Of course you know him. You can't help but know him. I mean Brownie the Thrasher."

In his surprise, Peter fairly jumped right off the ground. "What's that?" he exclaimed. "Since when was Brownie the Thrasher related to the Wren family?"

"Ever since there have been any Wrens and Thrashers," retorted Jenny. "Brownie belongs to one branch of the family and I belong to another, and that makes him my second cousin. It certainly is surprising how little some folks know."

"But I have always supposed he belonged to the Thrush family," protested Peter. "He certainly looks like a Thrush."

"Looking like one doesn't make him one," snapped Jenny. "By this time you ought to have learned that you never can judge anybody just by looks. It always makes me provoked to hear Brownie called the Brown Thrush. There isn't a drop of Thrush blood in him. But you haven't answered my question yet, Peter Rabbit; I want to know if he's here yet."

"Yes," said Peter. "I saw him yesterday on the edge of the Old Pas-

ture. He was fussing about in the bushes and on the ground and jerking that long tail of his up and down and sidewise as if he didn't know what to do with it. I've never seen anybody twitch his tail around the way he does."

Jenny Wren giggled. "That's just like him," said she. "It is because he thrashes his tail around so much that he is called the Thrasher. I suppose he was wearing his new spring suit."

"I don't know whether or not it was new, but it was mighty good looking," replied Peter. "I just love that beautiful reddish brown of his back, wings and tail, and it certainly does set off his white and buff waistcoat with its dark streaks and spots. You must admit that anyone seeing him dressed so like the Thrushes is to be excused for thinking him a Thrush."

© T. W. Burgess—WNU Service.

QUESTION BOX
By ED WYNN...
The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I am a poor woman and sell doughnuts for a living. I charge three cents apiece for the doughnuts. One man says he will buy a dozen doughnuts every day if I will take off one cent from the price of each doughnut, for the hole. I can't afford to sell them cheaper than three cents and would like him for a customer. What shall I do?

Sincerely,
OLIVE OYLE.

Answer—The next time you see him tell him you have decided to give him one cent for each hole when he returns the holes.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I am in love with a young lady and I thought she loved me too. Last night I called at her house and her sister told me my girl was not at home. I happened to look on the rack in the hall and I saw my girl's hat hanging there, so I knew she was home. I never want to see her again. Am I right?

Sincerely,
BOB O. LINK.

Answer—You are acting silly. Because you saw her hat in the hall you say she must have been home. In that case, if you saw your girl's stockings in the wash you'd swear she was in the laundry.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

My father told me that a "window" and a "widow" were just the same. How can that be?

Yours truly,
FRANK LEE SPEAKING.

Answer—Your father's advice is very good. He means that when you get near either of them, you want to look out.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

A girl friend of mine was married yesterday and of course I went to the wedding. Some relatives brought their baby to the wedding and all during the ceremony the baby cried. It seemed to spoil the whole thing. I expect to be married very shortly and I want to know how I can keep the guests from bringing babies to the wedding. What shall I do?

Sincerely,
N. GAGED.

Answer—When you have your wedding invitations printed just have printed in one corner of the invitations—"No Babies Expected."

© The Associated Newspapers
WNU Service

Many Tongues Broadcast

Czechoslovakia believes its broadcasting stations lead the world in the number of languages broadcast. That at Prague generally makes its daily announcements in Czech and German, but every week it also uses Russian, English and French and occasionally Polish and Serb. At Bratislava the announcers speak in Russian, Slovene, Polish, Rumanian and Hungarian.

Do YOU Know—



That at the mouth of the great Amazon River, lies an island of approximately the same size as England. It is the Island of Marajo—many thousands of square miles in extent—one half of which is dense jungle the other half a vast campos or prairie.

WNU Service

AN AIRPLANE FLIES OVER

By ANNE CAMPBELL

FROM an airplane looking down Over the recumbent town, Slum and mansion, avenue, Alley, boulevard and street, Melt into an even view, In a harmony complete.

All is equal from the skies, God, whose home is Paradise, Sees his people as do we; Little folks with aims so high, Gazing heavenward to see A red airplane in the sky! Copyright—WNU Service.

cloves and one small piece of ginger root. Bring to the boiling point, let boil three minutes. Skim and turn into a hot stone pitcher, serve hot in small steins. Hot gingerbread, snappy cheese mixed with rich cream, makes a palatable luncheon with a stein of cider.

Delicious Punch.

Prepare a sirup of one cup of sugar, one-half cup of water, cook until it spins a thread; pour the sirup over three beaten egg whites and add slowly to one quart of freshly made english breakfast tea infusion which has been chilled; add this mixture to one quart of lemon flavored ice cream and mix thoroughly; turn into a freezer and freeze to a mush. Serve from a punch bowl in tall thin glasses.

Ginger Ale Cobbler.

Fill soda water glasses half full of finely crushed ice, add one slice of pineapple (the small size), then fill with ginger ale. Serve at once.

Ensemble for Beach



This beach coat in Mexican effect is of white and henna cotton and is trimmed with large wooden buttons. The hat of sombrero type is of rough straw.

Ant Army at Work

There is a South American ant which proceeds to a cocoa plantation in army formation. Each insect stands on a leaf and slowly and carefully cuts out an almost perfect circle, and back against they march in procession, each with the circle of leaf over the head like an umbrella. Back to their home, the ants masticate the leaf pieces and place them in prepared beds. A peculiar fungus soon grows up in these gardens upon which the ants feed, seemingly their only food.

Mother's Cook Book

SOME GOOD DRINKS

WHEN the weather is either unseasonably hot or too cool we need, some days, a chilling, tinkling drink and the next a hot one. A delightful drink that will appeal to nearly all tastes is the following fruit drink:

Fruit Iced Tea.

Make one cup of strong tea, using two or three teaspoons of the tea to a cupful of boiling water. Let it stand five minutes to steep, then chill. Squeeze the juice of four lemons, three oranges and add enough sugar to sweeten. Chill with plenty of ice, add a half gallon of water and serve with thin slices of orange and lemon floating on the glass.

Ginger Ale Cream.

Serve ice cream in tall glasses, fill up with ginger ale.

Chocolate Ice Cream Soda.

Into a tumbler put a small cone of ice cream, pour over this two table-spoons of chocolate sirup and fill the glass with chilled soda water drawn from a syphon.

Mulled Cider.

Put one quart of sweet cider into a saucepan. Add one small stick of cinnamon broken into pieces, one-half teaspoon of whole allspice, six whole

DADA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is imperceptible?" "Her's teeth." © Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

Dentistry for the Alligator



THIS dentist, Carl Link, would be out of luck if Pontchartrain Billy were to shut his mouth in the middle of his annual dental work. The one hundred and seventy-five-year-old patriarch of the Los Angeles Alligator farm has his valuable molars watched with more care than some humans and as a result will probably live to snap at more than one future generation of visitors.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A very dilapidated old man presented himself at a hospital for dogs and cats and asked the porter to take him in.

"You can't come in here," said the porter brusquely.

"Oh, yes, I can," said the old fellow, "I'm an old soldier."

"But that don't make any difference," said the porter, "this is a veterinary hospital."

"That's right," said the old soldier serenely, "I'm a veteran."

Behind the Times

Uncle is coming to lunch and the bride provides asparagus, an unwonted luxury in February. Uncle eats it as if it is nothing.

Bride—But, uncle, what do you think of asparagus in February?

Uncle—Um, that is nothing. Why, way out in Little Slowcombe we had it eight months ago.—Fliegende Blaetter (Munich).

Influence

"Women have assumed a position of power in politics."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "Sometimes it looks to me as if even a beauty contest had been decided by influence rather than by merit."

No Son-in-Law Wanted

Daughter—Mother, the lodger proposed to me today.

Mother—Nonsense—tomorrow is the first of the month, and I want my rent, so no more foolish talk.—Hummel (Hamburg).

Um

Qwert—What do you think of a man running away with his friend's wife?

Yulop—Such cases of friendship are very rare.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Worthless Lot

"I have a devoted wife and eight charming children, sir."

"They must be a poor bunch if they can't support you."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Not Yet Ripe

Guide—The green garden snakes around here are not harmful.

Old Lady—Aren't they as dangerous as the ripe ones?

NIBSEY



SIMPLE FROCK THAT ACCENTS SMARTNESS

PATTERN 9669

A simple frock is just a simple frock unless it is cleverly cut—and then it becomes one of the smartest things a woman can wear in summer. But choose your design with the greatest care—remember it will have no help from frills or furbelows. To be dead certain of getting something chic, you cannot do better than this model with its smart and becoming neck and its well fitting panels. It is, by the way, a wonderful style for



slimming the figure. Use cotton or linen for chic results.

Complete, diagrammed sew chart included.

Pattern 9669 may be ordered only in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 36 inch fabric.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for the pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYLE NUMBER AND SIZE.

Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighteenth Street, New York City.

HM-MI

"Mother, why do they wax people sometimes?" inquired a small daughter the other day.

"My dear child, what do you mean?" inquired the mother. "I never heard of such a thing being done."

"Well, it was done last night. Lucy's brother went to a banquet last night, and he said the party waxed Mary."

Another Arms Row

Jane—I understand now why these disarm movements don't make much of a hit.

Fayne—What put you wise? Jane—My parents called me into a conference last night to discuss the idea of my permitting fewer arms around me—and that one broke up in a row, too.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Simplification

"What do you think of this idea of using initials in economic transactions?"

"I like it," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "It simplifies the story to say that business was N. G. and is now O. K."

A Sure Case

Prisoner—I took the money intending to put it back. You see, I wanted to get married and—

Lawyer—And you expected to put money back after marrying? I can get you off on the ground of insanity.—Exchange.

A Suggestion

Kathryn—Oh, dear! It's so hard for me to find a fit in any kind of shoes.

Kitty—Ever try snowshoes?—Brooklyn Eagle.

Where He Got It

"How did you get sleeping sickness? Ever been in the tropics?"

"No, but in the civil service."

QUALITY GUM

