

### League of Nations Palace Nears Completion



THIS is an air view of the new palace that is being erected in Geneva for the League of Nations. The buildings, now nearing completion, cover an area of approximately 18,000 yards and are about 400 yards long.

### BEDTIME STORY FOR CHILDREN

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

#### THE SWEET SINGER OF THE DUSK

JOLLY, round, red Mr. Sun was just going to bed behind the Purple Hills, and the Black Shadows had begun to creep all through the Green Forest and out across the Green Meadows. It was the hour of the day Peter Rabbit loved best. He sat on the edge of the Green Forest watching for the first little star to twinkle high up in the sky. Peter felt at peace with all the Great World, for it was the hour of peace, the hour of rest for those who had been busy



Peter Could Barely Make Out the Sweet Singer Above His Head.

all through the shining day. Most of Peter's feathered friends had settled themselves for the coming night, the worries and cares over and forgotten. All the Great World seemed hushed. In the distance Sweetvoice the Vesper Sparrow was pouring out his evening song, for it was the hour when he dearly loved to sing. Far back in the Green Forest Whip-poor-will was calling as if his very life depended on the number of times he could say "Whip-poor-will" without taking a breath. From overhead now and then came the sharp, rather harsh cry of Boomer the Nighthawk as he hunted his supper in the air. For a time it seemed as if these were the only feathered friends still awake, and Peter couldn't help thinking that those who went so early to bed missed the most beautiful hour in the whole day. Then, from a tree just

#### Latest for Evening



Anny Blatt gives us something entirely new in this knitted evening gown of soft, rose-belge wool. It is high-necked in front and has a brown, rose and blue plaid taffeta sash and bow. From Alfred Dunhill.

back of him, there poured forth a song so clear, so sweet, so wonderfully suited to that peaceful hour that Peter held his breath until it was finished. He knew that singer and loved him. It was Melody the Wood Thrush. Peter hopped over to the tree from which the song came. It was still light enough for him to see the sweet singer. He sat on a branch near the top, his head thrown back and his soft, full throat throbbing with the flute-like notes he was pouring forth. He was a little smaller than Welcome Robin. His coat was a beautiful reddish-brown, not quite so bright as that of Brownie the Thrasher. Beneath he was white with large, round, black spots thickly dotting his breast and sides. He was singing it as if he were trying to put into those beautiful notes all the joy of life. Listening to it, Peter felt steal over him a wonderful feeling of peace and pure happiness. Not for the world would he ever have interrupted it.

The Black Shadows crept far across the Green Meadows, and it became so dusky in the Green Forest that Peter could barely make out the sweet singer above his head. Still Melody sang on and the hush of eventide grew deeper as if all the Great World were holding its breath to listen. Peter felt sure that somewhere near was a nest, and that one thing which made that song so beautiful was the love Melody was trying to express to the little mate sitting on the eggs that nest must contain.

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#### QUESTION BOX By ED WYNN... The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn:  
I wrote you some time ago to help me solve a "Cross-Word Puzzle." I asked you for a twelve-letter word meaning "Letter Carrier," and you said "Postman." The word "Postman" only has seven letters. Where are the other five letters?

Truly yours,  
WIRDFER WORD.  
Answer: The other five letters are in the postman's bag.

Dear Mr. Wynn:  
I have always heard that living in the country is much healthier than living in the city. If this is true, why is the air so much purer in the country? Yours truly,  
C. D. SOIL.  
Answer: The reason the air is so pure in the country is because the farmers keep their windows closed.

Dear Mr. Wynn:  
I read some statistics compiled by the prohibition authorities and they claim that "whisky" kills more people than "bullets." Is this true? Yours truly,  
JOHNNY WALKER.  
Answer: Yes. But that is merely because people prefer to be full of "Whisky" than full of "Bullets."

Dear Mr. Wynn:  
I have never traveled before, so am seeking some information. I understand that in every city there are two kinds of hotels—American and European. I know what is meant by an American hotel, but what is an European hotel? Sincerely,  
I WILL TOUR.  
Answer: You can tell a European hotel very easily. Fighting on every floor.

Dear Mr. Wynn:  
I am a minister of a church and notice my congregation on Sunday is composed mostly of women. What do you suggest to help me get the men? Yours truly,  
I. PREACH.  
Answer: Put a putting green in the rear of the church and reserve the last two rows for smoking.  
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### The Little Brown Schoolhouse

By ANNE CAMPBELL

AROUND those brown walls my affections entwined. Although they are standing no more. In my memory lingers its simple design.

The windows, the thick, oaken door. The little square panes had admitted the light  
Of many a long day for me.  
As I studied the "Three Rs" at home every night,  
The face of my teacher I'd see.

The desks were initialed with names that are cut  
On many a tall granite shaft.  
The blackboards had vanished where I used to put  
Gay pictures while naughty boys laughed.  
Remember the globe that revolved on the shelf?  
The books that were penciled and worn?  
The dunce with his tall cap, who stood by himself,  
The victim of scholarly scorn?

We girls wore bright aprons of gingham and print,  
And when we got home every night  
Our mothers would say: "Now you must do your stint."  
For our samplers were mother's delight.

The boys did the chores after school, and arose  
With the first faint approach of the sun  
To help in the barn... On their nimble bare toes  
They scurried till all tasks were done.

The little brown schoolhouse! What memories rise  
Of days that will not come again!  
Of orchard and garden and clear sunny skies,  
Broad meadows and green, winding lane.  
The school bell will ring in September to call  
Our children to lessons once more,  
But never again will our own shadows fall  
The length of the old schoolhouse floor.

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### WITTY KITTY

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM



The girl chum says in spite of exhibiting at the horse show, dog show and cat show, she has to go to the ribbon counter and buy her own when it comes to blue ribbons.

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### Mother's Cook Book

#### ICE BOX DAINTIES

FOR those who have the electric refrigeration the following recipes will be helpful and suggestive:

**Refrigerator Dessert.**  
Allow four thin crisp cookies, plain or chocolate, for each serving. Take one-half pint of heavy cream whipped for a serving of six. Flavor and sweeten the cream, then spread a cookie, top it with another and more cream until four are used, finish the top with a bit of cream and a cherry. Let stand four hours in the ice box. Serve on chilled plates.

**Frozen Peanut Butter.**  
Cream two cream cheeses with a fork, add one-half cupful each of chopped green pepper, celery and pimientos; one-third cupful of peanut butter, one-half teaspoonful each of paprika and salt, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and one-fourth of a cupful of mayonnaise. Mix well, then fold in one-fourth cupful of heavy cream. Put into the freezing tray and freeze until firm. Serve on lettuce with a rose of mayonnaise.

**Cocoa Charlotte Russe.**  
Dilute four tablespoonfuls of cocoa with one-fourth cupful of boiling water, cool, add two cupfuls of heavy

cream whipped until stiff, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of orange or any flavored fruit juice, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Line a mold with lady fingers, trim to fit mold, fill with the cream mixture, cover and chill three hours. Unmold on a serving dish and serve with chilled whipped cream.  
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### DADA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is minimum?"

"The last drop."  
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**Find a Hookup**  
The American flamingo is looked upon by ornithologists as a perfect connecting link between the herons and the ducks. It resembles the former in the great length of its legs and the latter in having webbed feet and a duck bill.

### Only Bananas for Two Years



RICHARD ALAN ZELANY of East Orange, N. Y., three years old, has been suffering for two years from coeliac, an ailment of the digestive tract, and his sole diet during that time has been bananas. He has eaten about 15,000 of them, and still likes them.

### That Body of Yours



By

JAMES W. BARTON, M. D.

#### Curing Stomach Ulcer Without Operation

IT IS only natural that everybody dislikes the idea of an operation—hospital, anesthetic, operation, after care—and would sooner put up with a certain amount of distress and pain than undergo it.

One of the types of cases where operation is put off as long as possible is in ulcer of the stomach. The use of small soft meals, and the use, following these, of regular doses of alkalis, if persisted in long enough, often does away with the need of an operation.

However there are cases that despite this treatment do not do well, as the ulcer is too deeply seated in the lining of the stomach or in the first part of the small intestine, together with an overabundant supply of the acid digestive juice of the stomach. In some of these cases another method of treating the ulcer is undertaken before resorting to operation, as the last hope.

Some years ago a method was tried out in the Toronto General hospital; this was by means of a tube which was inserted through patients' nostril or mouth, down past the stomach and first part of the small intestine (the duodenum) to the jejunum or second part of the small intestine. Through this tube soft food was poured at frequent intervals. Thus the patient was able to get his usual nourishment without the stomach or duodenum having to handle it at all.

As you know it is the movements of the stomach and the pouring out of the stomach's acid juice which prevents the ulcer from healing. With no food going into the stomach the stomach walls, nerves, digestive processes all get a complete rest and this complete rest enables the ulcer to heal.

The tube can be fastened in position to the nose or mouth by adhesive tape or other methods, and is left in position usually for three weeks although in mild cases one week may be sufficient.

Remember, this treatment is not given in simple chronic cases of ulcer, but only in the more severe or complicated cases such as those mentioned above.

This method is of use also in severe inflammation of the stomach where real rest is an absolute necessity for the stomach.

It must be admitted, however, that there are some cases where only operation will bring results.

#### Keeping in Step Mentally

YOU have likely heard the story of the fond mother who on seeing a company of school boys marching by, said that all the children were out of step except her boy.

No one blames the mother for loving her boy, thinking he is about right even if he is "different" from others, but it is this very mother care that interferes with the boy's chances of remaining normal like other youngsters.

When the boy gets into trouble with other youngsters the mother considers the other youngsters to be entirely to blame; if the trouble occurs at school then the school or the teacher must be to blame.

Some one has spoken of this boy as the "overprotected" boy, and quite rightly states that the parent is at fault and in her anxiety to make things "smooth" for him actually takes away his strength of character. He learns to depend upon the parent for everything including getting him out of trouble when he is in the wrong.

Unfortunately if this overprotection continues the boy or girl grows into manhood or womanhood and is always looking for support, for a defender, instead of supporting or defending himself.

In other words the youngster is "out of step" with life, and only by getting "in step" can the proper mental development occur.

You can thus see that if any progress is to be made with the overprotected child, it means that the mother or father should be taught that the youngster must learn to stand on his own feet, make his own progress, take his own defeats, fight his own battles, and suffer his just punishment.

No one wants any more war; not a single nation in the world, and not even the real soldier himself wants it.

However there is one thing about the military drill, the marching or other parts belonging to, and that is that the word of command must be obeyed correctly. And the boy who is "out of step" is at once noticeable to the instructor. For the time being each boy whether rich or poor, brash or dull, is a part of a machine, and must not spoil the perfect working of the machine by being "out of step." This is the training of drill and of athletic games.

Remember the only difference between you and the mental patient is that he is "out of step" with the rest of mankind, and you are not.  
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### HIGH IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE CAPES

PATTERN 9966



When you button the little capes onto the shoulders of this frock you attach to it just enough formality to make it go places very smartly. In the house, the sleeveless bodice is as cool as can be—and exceedingly chic. Which makes it a model that serves two purposes—and equally well! And when in addition you bear in mind that it does wonderfully flattering things to its wearer's figure—there doesn't seem to be much question about the wisdom of adding it to one's wardrobe.

Pattern 9966 may be ordered only in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 40. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch fabric.

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

### Smiles

**LANGUAGE EXCHANGE**  
"You have to go to England to learn to speak the English language," remarked the lecturer from London. "Perhaps," answered Miss Cayenne. "But you have to come to America to get paid merely for doing so."

**Sarcasm**  
Old Lady (on platform)—Which platform for the Boston train?  
Porter—Turn to the left and you'll be right.

Lady—Don't be impertinent, young man!

Porter—All right, then, turn to your right and you'll be left.

**No Need to Worry**  
A woman went to buy a drinking trough for her dog, and the storekeeper asked her if she would like one that bore the inscription, "For the dog."  
"I don't mind at all," she replied. "My husband never drinks water, and the dog can't read."

**All the Same to Her**  
She—Let's go to the cinema.  
He—Which one?  
"Doesn't matter, one's as dark as another."

**ENJOY**

**WRIGLEYS' SPEARMINT GUM**  
THE PERFECT FLAVOR

**5¢**  
AND  
**WORTH IT!**