

The Children's Corner

Edited by DOROTHY EDMONDS

Jogalong Tales

CHAPTER 3

WITH a few backward looks at the industrious ants repairing their estate, the boy and the Jogalong hurried on. "Hello," suddenly exclaimed the Jogalong. "There's something beginning."

"Where, oh where?" cried the boy.

Both the Jogalong and the boy had seated themselves upon the ground, cross-legged, the Jogalong took from one of his inside pockets a curious pair of spectacles.

"Here, Boy," he said, "if you put these on you'll be able to see all that I can see. They're Curiosity Spectacles and my, the things you can see through them are quite beyond all understanding."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Jogalong," replied the boy. "You are very kind, but why are we sitting here? I thought you said something was about to begin to happen."

"And there it is," replied the Jog-

Fruit Puzzle



The empty spaces are to be filled with letters that spell the names of well-known fruits, and the letters already in the squares must fit in exactly.

along. "Look at that green thing in front of you."

"Why—that's only a plant," said the boy with a touch of disappointment in his voice. "That can't do anything but grow, you know."

"Indeed?" answered the Jogalong. "And did you ever in your whole life see anything grow before? Did you?"

Why, of course, you didn't. You may have seen something start to grow or even completely grown, but without those Curiosity Spectacles you could never actually see anything grow. Put them on, Boy. You shall see that growing is no easy thing after all."

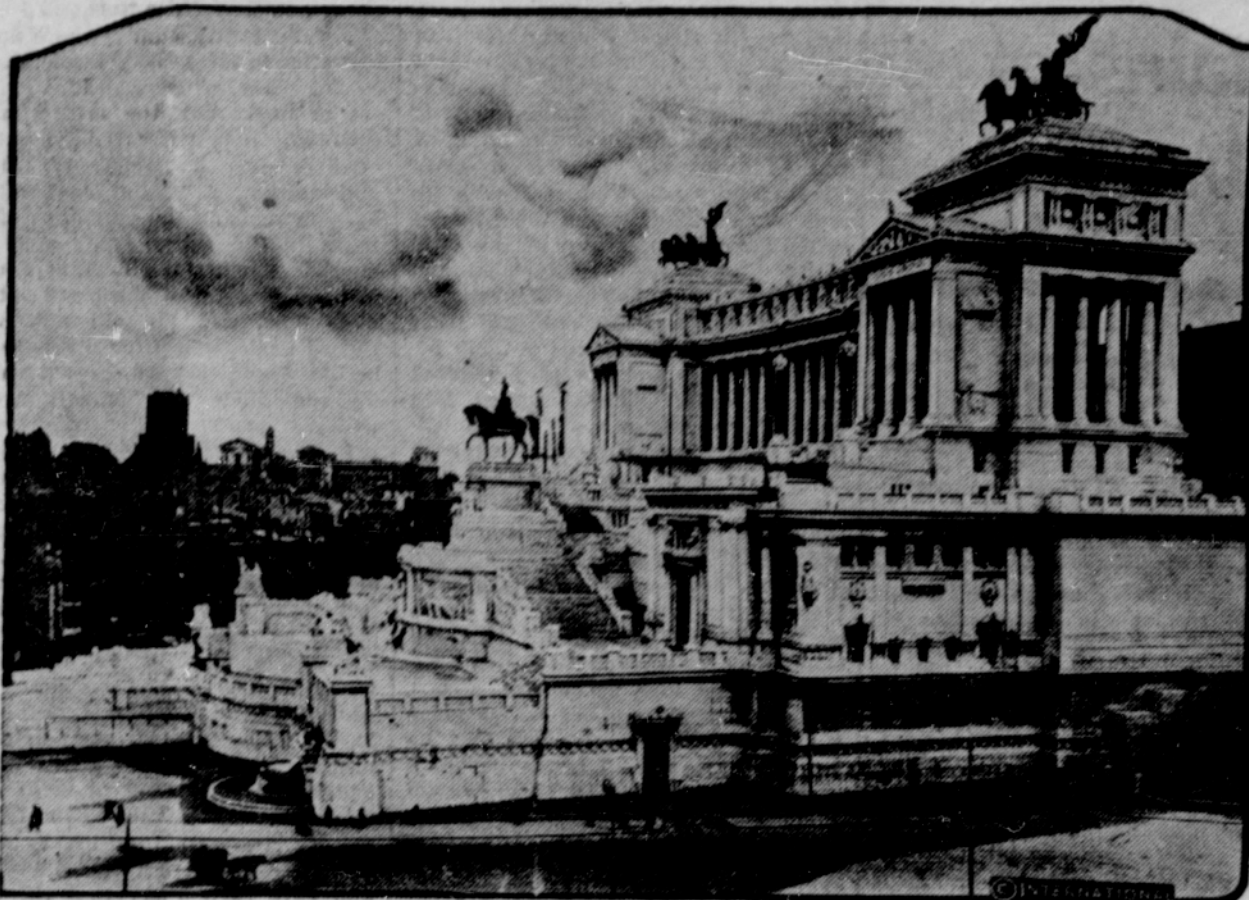
And sure enough, when he put on the Curiosity Spectacles he could see wonderful things happening to the plant. Slowly the brown earth around it was rolling away, grain by grain, as if something underneath were squirming its way to the top. The green shoot pushed and pushed with great effort to free itself from the ground.

"See," said the boy. "It's all made of tiny veins and chambers. And somebody must be pumping from under the ground, for water is running up and up and up through the veins. Oh, where is it all going?"

"Out," said the Jogalong. "Out, where?" asked the boy, looking at him in astonishment.

"Out into the air," said the Jogalong very knowingly. "After it runs through the veins, the plant is through with it, for it has given up all the

Shrine at Rome Where Italy's Unknown Soldier Lies



Tearing down of antiquated structures which surround it, has resulted in the emergence into full view for the first time of this magnificent national shrine of Italy at Rome. Italy's unknown soldier lies within the monument.

SUPERSTITIOUS SUE



HER BROTHER BILL HAS TOLD HER THAT—

If a poker player should hold "three" three times in succession . . . he may as well quit for the night because that's a sign he will lose from then on.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service.)



food it contained and it must go out to make room for a fresh supply which is also full of food. Can you see those roots reaching in all directions? And can you see those tiny hairs on the roots? The water is taken in from the earth by those hairs and once inside the roots it flows up, up and up, as you see. Wonderful, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the boy thoughtfully. "but—"

"No buts about it," said the Jogalong. "I know what you are thinking. You can't see any food in the water! Isn't that it?"

"Well, I can't," said the boy. "If there is food in it why can't I see it with these glasses?"

"Because," said the Jogalong, "it was all dissolved by the tiny hairs and thoroughly mixed with the moisture drops before it was allowed into the roots. What was good for the plant was taken in and what was not was very carefully left out. Wise creatures, plants! Never eat things that are not good for them. Look again, Boy, now what do you see?"

Slowly and grandly, as a peacock

unfurls its gorgeous tail, the boy watched a purple flower spread out its petals to dry in the sun.

"Isn't it beautiful," said the boy. "I've often seen flowers like that in my garden but they always seem to grow without anyone seeing them. I think that flower is an iris, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is, Boy, and so delicate that if you touch its petals, you will bruise it."

Hello, there! Look at old Mr. Centipede. He's over on his back again. What happened next is in the next Jogalong tale.

(Copyright.)—WNU Service.

Why Boys Leave Home

BY JOE ARCHIBALD



WHEN SHADOWS FALL—JOE ARCHIBALD (WNU Service.)

Good Things the Family Will Like

By NELLIE MAXWELL

"Forget each kindness that you do As soon as you have done it. Forget the praise that falls to you The moment you have won it. Remember every kindness done To whate'er its measure. Remember praise by others won And pass it on with pleasure."

A GOOD ox tail soup is a favorite dish with many. The following stew is worth adding to the card index:

Ox Tail Stew.

Wash the short lengths of ox tail and brown in its own fat. Cook two chopped onions in two tablespoonfuls of butter, add to the meat with two and one-half quarts of water. Simmer until the meat is tender. A half

hour before serving add four diced carrots, two diced turnips and one large potato, two teaspoonfuls of worcestershire sauce, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, salt and pepper to taste. When the vegetables are soft thicken the stew with flour and water mixed to a paste. Cool until well thickened.

Cape Cod Chowder.

Anyone may have this chowder if it is made of salt fish. Soak a pound or less of salt fish in warm water, drain and flake. Prepare half a dozen potatoes, peeled and sliced, three onions and fry a half-pound cube of salt pork cut into the finest of cubes, until brown, add the sliced onion and cook

until light yellow, then add the potatoes and cover with boiling water and cook until tender, adding the fish about ten minutes before the cooking is finished. A little parsley is liked for seasoning, adding salt if needed and one quart of rich milk. Bring to the boiling point and pour over milk crackers which have been softened in boiling water. Serve in soup plates piping hot.

(© 1931 Western Newspaper Union.)

Down One Day, Up the Next

By JEAN NEWTON

WHATEVER there may be of interest or helpfulness in what I am about to tell should bring credit not upon to me, but to a reader who is its real author. My part in it consists merely of transcribing what she told me.

A sweet-faced, white-haired little woman is Mrs. James Gray. You would have thought, as I did, particularly of her sweetness, if she happened to be telling you, as she told me, of a courageous fight which she and her husband have been waging against vicissitudes and adversity, with no more suggestion of complaint or discontent than is she were relating any ordinary sequence of events.

Had it not been for her husband's long illness, which ate up about all they had been able to save and prevented his going back to what for so many years had been his work, there would be no story.

"Of course, he could not go back to that type of work," said Mrs. Gray, "and it is not easy for a middle-aged man to get an opportunity to start work at something new to him. So try as he might, he was without work for a long time.

"And then, just as we were about at the end of our rope, he had an idea. It was to start a lunch wagon up there

on the hill. You see what made that particularly nice was that I could help him with the work. Well, he got the wagon and it 'went' wonderfully. I worked with him and we were very happy. That was for a while. Then it seemed other people got the idea

and other lunch wagons, bigger, better equipped, newer ones, began coming in right close to us. That wasn't so good but we stuck and managed to get along. But last year the neighborhood changed. The gas works came in, and spoiled everything, and we had to give up the wagon.

"So we are looking around again for something to do. But I don't feel badly about it. You see we have no children, only ourselves to look out for, and we'll always get along somehow."

And then Mrs. Gray gave me this little kernel of thought. "Whenever I feel myself getting the least bit discouraged," she said, "there is one thought that always helps me. You know how you will see for a long time a row of old, ramshackle buildings on a certain street, and then one day after you haven't been there for a while you suddenly find them gone and a row of beautiful, new tall buildings in their place? Well, that's the way we humans are—down one day and up the next. And if we're down today it only means we'll be up tomorrow!"

I think there is enough of benefit to all of us in that thought to warrant a vote of thanks to Mrs. Gray.

(© 1931. Bell Syndicate.)—WNU Service.

Will Try to Fly With Bat-Like Wings



Adolph Matz, assistant to Mme. Helene Alberti, who is working on a means of self-propulsion through the air in experiments based on a Greek theory of cosmic motion, giving a demonstration with the aid of bat-like wings at Brookline, Mass.



"The worst of traffic tangles," says Flapper Fannie, "occur on lonely roads after the car is parked."

(© 1931. Bell Syndicate.)—WNU Service.