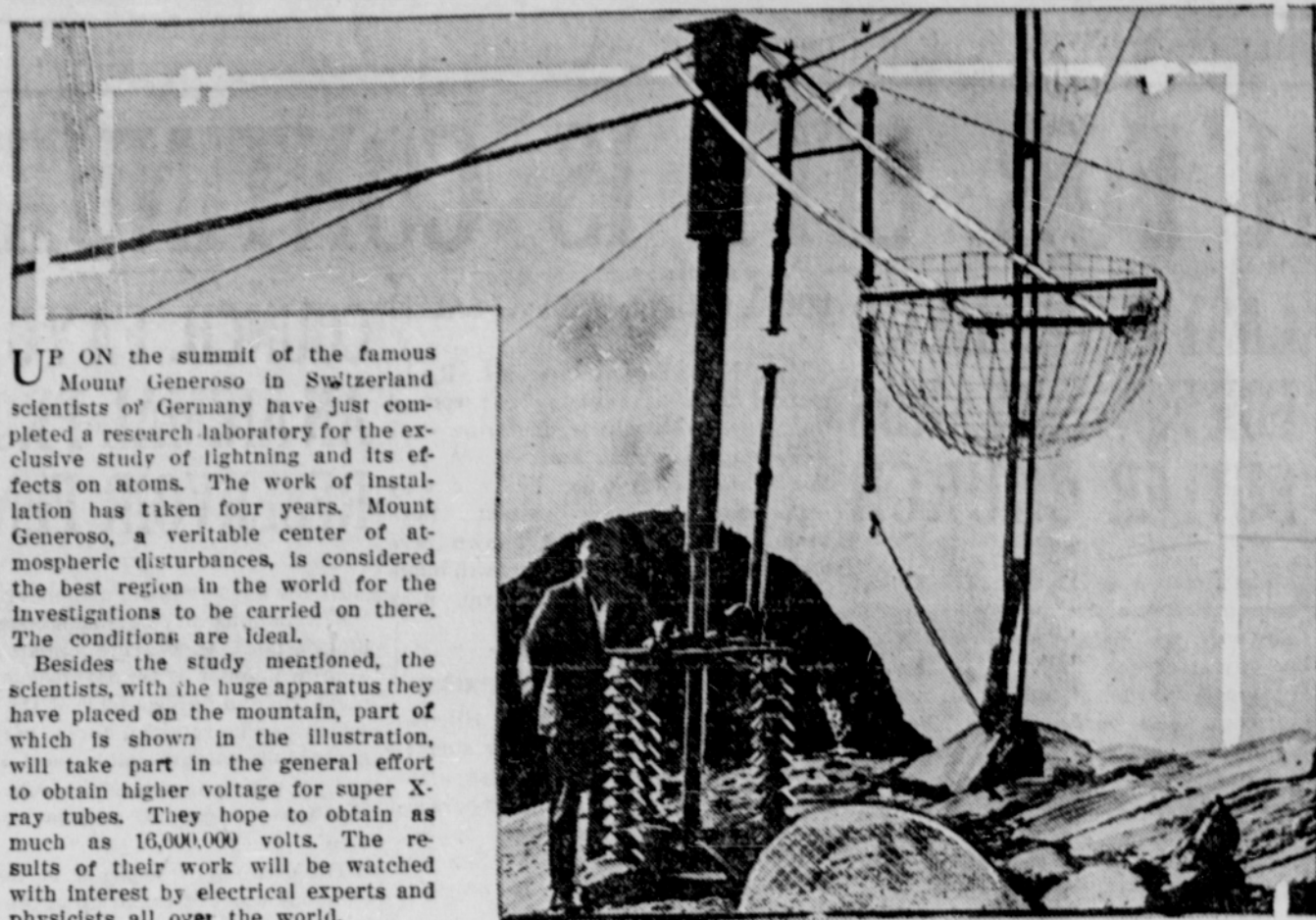


Studying the Lightning on a Mountain Top



UP ON the summit of the famous Mount Generoso in Switzerland scientists of Germany have just completed a research laboratory for the exclusive study of lightning and its effects on atoms. The work of installation has taken four years. Mount Generoso, a veritable center of atmospheric disturbances, is considered the best region in the world for the investigations to be carried on there. The conditions are ideal.

Besides the study mentioned, the scientists, with the huge apparatus they have placed on the mountain, part of which is shown in the illustration, will take part in the general effort to obtain higher voltage for super X-ray tubes. They hope to obtain as much as 16,000,000 volts. The results of their work will be watched with interest by electrical experts and physicists all over the world.

Ready for Yachting



This young lady is smartly attired for yachting or spectator sports in a costume combining brown and white, with a panama hat of the profile type. The two-tone idea is carried out in her striped jersey and the suede belt that encircles her flannel jacket. Medium pleats accent the sides of her wool crepe skirt and buck brogues with split tongues add a sporting touch.

SUPERSTITIOUS SUE



SHE HAS HEARD THAT—

If during a wedding ceremony the minister hesitates and makes a mistake—oh, thunder thoughts and lightning looks—some one present opposes the match.

(© 1931, McClure Newspaper Syndicate, (WNU Service.)

BEDTIME STORY FOR CHILDREN

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

HOW FLATHORNS THE MOOSE GOT EVEN

OF COURSE that is another way of saying that if some one wrongs us we shouldn't try to wrong them in return. But there are times when it seems as if the only way to teach some people a lesson so that they will not forget it is to treat them as they treat others. If was something like this with Flathorns the Moose when he did the thing about which Honker the Goose told Buster Bear and Peter Rabbit and the others sitting on the shore of the pond of Paddy the Beaver deep in the Green Forest.

"It was this way," began Honker "Old Flathorns had been hunted and hunted by men with terrible guns until he was so uneasy and worried that he couldn't eat or sleep. The rustling of a leaf falling from a tree would make him jump and shake all over. It was dreadful. He didn't dare go to any of the places or use any of the paths which had been perfectly safe all summer. Once in a while he would steal down to the lake where I was, and while he got his breath between drinks he would tell me about his trouble.

"If these men things would fight fairly, I wouldn't be afraid," said he. "But they don't. What chance have I got against them when they kill or hurt with their terrible fire-sticks while yet a long way off? If they would meet me face to face and fight fairly, as any honest liver in the Great Woods does, I wouldn't be afraid. I've never harmed or bothered them. If I could just catch one of them without his terrible fire-stick, I'd show you who's afraid."

"Right while he was talking there was the bang of one of those terrible fire-sticks, and old Flathorns went right down on his knees with a grunt, and there was a red mark where something had hit him. But it didn't kill him. It just hurt him dreadfully and knocked him down. He closed his eyes for just a wee minute with the pain, and when he opened them there was the hunter running toward him and shouting excitedly. I guess by the way he acted that he never had shot anybody like Flathorns before, or he would have known better than to run out that way. The minute old Flathorns saw him he forgot all about being afraid of the hunter. He forgot all about the pain from the hurt made by that terrible fire-stick. He just jumped to his feet, all the hair on the back of his neck standing on end with anger, and with a fierce-sounding snort he put his big horns down and rushed straight at that hunter. The fire-stick banged once more, but I guess the hunter was too frightened to shoot straight. Anyway the hunter dropped his fire-stick and started to climb a tree just the way you do, Buster.

"He got out of reach of Flathorns just in time. He was the worst scared hunter ever you saw. His eyes looked as if they would pop out of his head. When he reached the first branches he hung on for dear life while old Flathorns butted the tree so hard that I didn't know but he would knock it down. It was all the hunter could do to hold on. How he did yell! It makes me hush now just to think of it. Then old Flathorns stamped on that fire-stick and threw it about until

I guess it wasn't good for much. After a while he grew tired and went off into the woods out of sight. The man waited a long time, and I guess finally he made up his mind that Flathorns really had gone away. He started to come down, but was only half way when out rushed Flathorns as angry as ever, and the hunter scrambled back as fast as ever he could. Flathorns kept him up in that tree all night and it was a pretty cold night, too. He certainly was getting even



"If These Men Would Fight Fairly, I Wouldn't Be Afraid," Said He.

for all the worry and trouble the hunters had made him, and I didn't blame him a bit. Do you?"

"Not a bit! Served that hunter right. Guess he knows now what it is like to be hunted," growled Buster Bear in his deep grumbly-rumbly voice, his little eyes twinkling. "Wish I could have seen him."

"Did the hunter get away?" asked Peter.

(© by J. G. Lloyd.)—WNU Service.

Historic Relics Preserved

To make way for modern buildings, the walls of a granary and adjoining building of the Seventeenth century in Edinburgh, Scotland, were razed, but several sculptural stones were preserved.

Mother's Cook Book

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men.—Canon Westcott.

HOT DAYS WITH COOL DESSERTS

WITH one of the inexpensive vacuum freezers, or a mechanical refrigerator, one may have a different frozen dish every day while the warm weather lasts. When ices and creams have begun to pall on the family taste, try some of these dishes that are cool but simple to prepare.

Lemon Foam.

Bolt together one cupful of sugar and one and one-half cupfuls of water for five minutes. Stir in two tablespoonfuls of corn starch mixed with one-half cupful of cold water, and cook over boiling water fifteen minutes. Add three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one teaspoonful of salt and one stiffly beaten egg white. Chill and serve on sponge cake.

Fruit Fluff.

Mix one and one-half tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with half a cupful of milk. Scald one and one-half cupfuls of milk in a double boiler. Beat two eggs slightly and add with one-fourth cupful of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt to the scalded milk; add cornstarch mixture, stir and cook until thick. Cool, well covered, add one teaspoonful of vanilla, and pour the custard over two cupfuls of sliced fruit. Beat the egg whites, add one-third cupful of powdered sugar, and pile on top of the pudding. Bake long enough to brown the meringue. Chill and serve cold.

Cinnamon Stick Pudding.

Wash, soak and cook one-half pound of prunes with a three-inch stick of cinnamon in the water, using three cupfuls of water. When the prunes are soft, remove the pits. Measure the liquid, adding more boiling water to make three cupfuls. Mix one-fourth of a cupful of cornstarch with cold water to make a paste and add slowly to the prune mixture. Cook carefully with one cupful of sugar, stirring constantly until it thickens, then cook over hot water for fifteen minutes more. Add one tablespoonful of lemon juice, salt to taste. Pour into molds or glasses to chill and serve with whipped cream.

(© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

Break the Chain

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

YOU'LL hear a lot, as like as not, From women and from men Who hear a tale and seldom fail To tell the tale again. But when they come to me with some New scandal they obtain, I let it rest, I try my best At least to break the chain.

They just drop in with some one's sin. A secret to disclose. They tell with winks what some one thinks

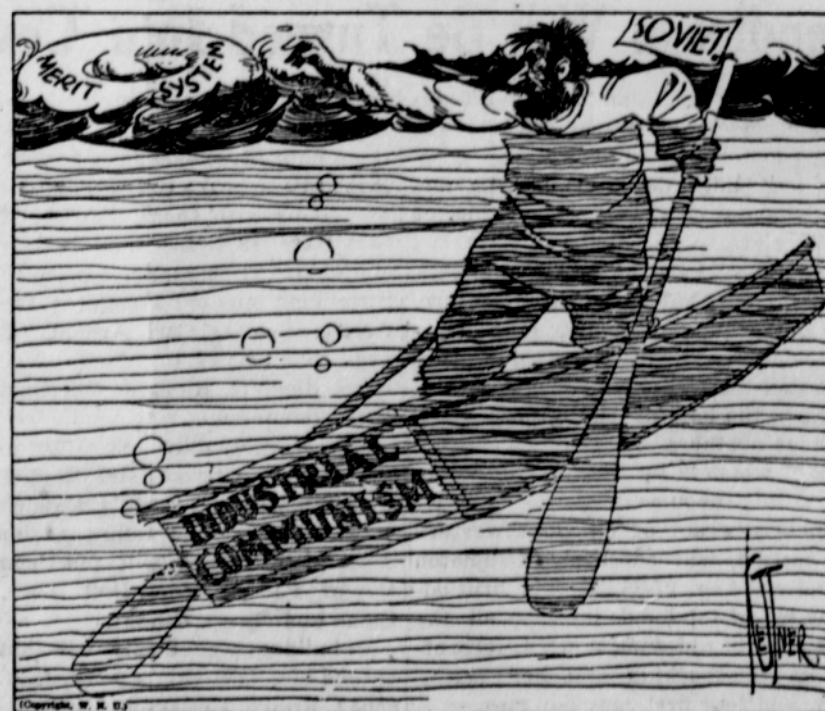
And not what some one knows. They say, "My word! You haven't heard Of that? I wonder why?" Then if they vow you can't tell how You heard it, it's a lie.

Folks do not fear the truth to hear, To tell the truth as well; It's only when they doubt it, then They fear a tale to tell. They make you swear you'll never share

The secret told to you. When that they say, then here's the way To fool them—never do.

(© 1931, Douglas Malloch.)—WNU Service.

Life Preserver



slap!

mosquitoes

killed quicker

if you Spray



FLIT

Largest Seller in 121 Countries

Friendship Marred by Distance in New York

In New York city it is possible to know an infinite variety of good citizens. You may scrape up an acquaintance with showgirls, professors of applied therapeutics, novelists, pugilists, Hindu swamis, tabloid reporters, toe dancers and captains of South American banana boats. You may even become warm friends of a bibliomaniac or a Hoboken bartender.

But what good will they do you? If you live in the Bronx, your best friends invariably live in Flatbush, and if you live on City Island, the boon companions you are just dying to see always reside in Jamaica or Jersey City.

So that if you are projecting an hour's friendly call, you have to travel on the subways two hours; you are mauled by the theater crowd, and manhandled by the downtown warehouse watchmen going uptown to sleep and the uptown swells going downtown to play.

And when you arrive at your friend's house at 10:00 p. m., limp and shopworn, you find, of course, that he has quit waiting for you and has gone to a Rumanian fish house three blocks from your home which you left two hours ago.

Friendship in New York becomes too often a terrific chore. It is far easier to be content with the casual folk you rub against where your business or your thirst takes you. As a rule, therefore, the "people to your taste" are not to your taste in any deeper, spiritual sense, but they simply frequent the same resort or restaurant you do and are tolerable only because they can speak your jargon of art or business and do not attempt to assault you with beer mugs.—Ernest L. Meyer in the Forum and Century.

AVOID INFECTION

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

Japan Has Earned Name, "Cherry Blossom Land"

Many tourists visited Japan during April, especially in order to see the cherry blossoms. Japan's cherry-blossom season is like that of no other land. It lasts for only a few weeks in April, but during that short period the whole country seems a delightful garden. Japan, indeed, has been given the name of "Cherry Blossom Land." Japanese are trying to cultivate a type of cherry tree which will blossom three times a year instead of only once. In this way it is hoped that Japan may be made even more popular as a holiday resort. They are passionate lovers of natural beauty, and the cherry trees seen in every garden are grown for flowers and not for fruit.

Even the clock that does its duty has time to strike.

If YOU have PIMPLES or SKIN BLEMISHES

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