

CHILDREN'S STORY

By
THORNTON W. BURGESS

THE WHITE HUNTER

ABOUT the time that Peter Rabbit had reached the Green Forest that night after the first snow, a slim, trim little fellow yawned, rubbed his eyes, yawned again, stretched, and then abruptly made up his mind that he was hungry, and that it was time to do some hunting. He scrambled up to the doorway of his home, which was in a snug hollow under the roots of an old tree in the Green Forest, and thrust his head out. The ground was white; the trees were white; everything was white. He smiled as he sat there looking out at the white world, and his smile was a crafty, cruel, hungry, smile. That white world just suited him. It couldn't have suited him better. If you had been there when he made his first leap out into the snow you would have understood right away why he was so well pleased. His coat was as white as the snow! He was all white except the tip of his tail, and that was black. It was Shadow the Weasel.

Now of all the hunters of the Green Forest there is none smarter, none

Slit Skirt Returns



Augusta Bernard, French designer who created this smart "restaurant" dress, says the slit skirt is coming back. The dress is of black satin and is fashioned in sophisticated style with an accompanying jacket showing huge cuffs of black fox fur.

more eager, none more tireless than Shadow the Weasel. Reddy Fox and Old Man Coyote and Hooty the Owl hunt to fill their stomachs, and when they have their stomachs full they stop hunting. But Shadow hunts for the pure joy of hunting. When he has killed as much as he can eat he does not stop. Oh, my, no! He keeps right on hunting. He is like a great many two-legged hunters. It is for this that he is so feared and hated by the little people of the Green Forest.

Now as he bounded along in long leaps there was a fierce joy in his heart. With everything white he could be even bolder than usual, for in his pure white coat not even the wrathful eyes of Hooty the Owl, the one enemy he really feared, would be likely to see him. It was very convenient, that white coat. He ran swiftly with long bounds, stopping only to investigate the old logs and stumps and brush piles that he came to. Each of these he examined very carefully. There might be a Woodmouse hiding there, and Shadow is too good a hunter to be careless.

So presently he came to the tracks of Peter Rabbit. For just a second Shadow smelled of the tracks with his keen little nose, than which there is none keener. His eyes brightened with eagerness. "Ha!" said Shadow. "He passed here not very long ago. Nothing would or could suit me better for dinner than Peter Rabbit. This cold air makes me hungry. He doesn't know I'm about; unless Reddy Fox or Old Man Coyote happens to give him a scare before I catch up with him it ought not to be a long chase."

It was well for Whitefoot the Woodmouse that Shadow had found Peter's tracks after they left Whitefoot's hiding place, instead of before. He is such a slim fellow that he could have and would have slipped in at the little doorway and made an end of Whitefoot. Presently Shadow came to the place where Peter had followed the tracks of Happy Jack Squirrel. "Hello!" exclaimed Shadow. "Has that fellow returned to the Green Forest? I'll just keep an eye open for him hereafter."

Then he paid no more attention to Happy Jack's tracks, but kept right on after Peter. Presently he came to the tracks of Jimmy Skunk. He knew right away whose tracks they were. You know Jimmy is a cousin to Shadow. When he saw those tracks he scowled. He and Jimmy are not on the best of terms. Besides, at first he thought Jimmy was following Peter, and that would upset his plans. But in a few minutes he saw that Peter had been following Jimmy and that made him easier in mind. He felt still better when Jimmy's tracks ended at the hole under the old stump where Jimmy had made his home for the winter. Shadow sniffed at the doorway and then showed all his sharp teeth in an ugly snarl. "He's down in there and I'm glad of that," he muttered, and then with longer bounds than ever he kept on after Peter.

(© by J. G. Lloyd.)—WNU Service.

Bobby Laying Out "Perfect" Course



BOBBY JONES (left) with Wendell P. Miller, New York engineer, laying out a "perfect" golf course at Augusta, which is expected to be one of the most interesting courses in the world. The club, non-commercial and just for men, will not cater to the social side of the game. Most of the eighteen holes will be modeled after holes on famous courses where Bobby has played.

Mother's Cook Book

HOT SANDWICHES

FOR A quick luncheon or supper there is nothing more satisfying than a tasty hot sandwich.

Ham and Egg Sandwich.

Take one cupful of chopped ham and two eggs. Put bacon fat into a frying pan, turn in the mixture and cook slowly until the eggs are set. Cut into squares, lay on toasted bread and spread with currant jelly.

Hot Oyster Sandwich.

Cut a pint of oysters into bits. To a tablespoonful of butter add one-half teaspoonful of salt and a few dashes of cayenne and the liquor and the oysters. Stir in one-half cupful of cracker crumbs. Fill buttered sandwiches and serve at once. This makes ten sandwiches.

Chickurky Sandwich.

Mix together one cupful each of chopped chicken and ham, one teaspoonful of curry powder, three-fourths of a cupful of thick white sauce and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix the ingredients. Toast six slices of bread on one side, spread the untoasted side with a generous layer of the curry and sprinkle thick-

ly with buttered crumbs. Bake in a hot oven until the crumbs are brown. Serve at once.

Hot Roast Beef Sandwiches.

Lay slices of hot roast beef dipped into brown gravy between buttered slices of bread from which the crusts have been trimmed. Pour the brown gravy over all and serve very hot with pickles or olives.

(© 1932, Western Newspaper Union.)



"Trial marriages will never get the crowd," says cynical Sue. "Preliminary bouts are never as attractive as a finish fight."

(WNU Service.)

LOW ROOFS

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

IN CHILDHOOD to a little church
My footsteps found their way.
Life was not then the weary search
For joy it is today.
A simple sermon, simple song,
An understanding creed,
I found, when life was right or wrong,
Sufficient for my need.

Today before a greater shrine
Within a larger place
I seek again for words divine
To give me peace and grace.
But there is something missing now,
The fault the church or me,
I cannot tell—it seems, somehow,
That God is hard to see.
I think some day I'll search it out
(It's fifty years or more),
The church with lilacs all about,
An oak tree at the door,
For men and churches both may grow
Too great, too rich, too wise,
Perhaps when roofs and men are low
They're nearer to the skies.

(© 1932, Douglas Malloch.)—WNU Service.

Boston Men Pioneers

Those who sit indoors in comfort in the cold New England winters may thank two Boston men, James Jones Walworth and Joseph Mason, who back in 1844 went into business together and "agreed to risk their money in a scheme for installing a new heating device in business houses and residences." To this company belongs the early development of steam and hot water heating of buildings.

Uncle Eben

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "people talks about bein' a bird in a gilded cage when de troof is dat dey is too indolent to flap deir wings an' do a little flyin' when dey gits de chance."

—Washington Star.

MUSCULAR—RHEUMATIC PAINS

DRAW them out with a "counter-irritant." Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness—generally respond to good old Musterole. Doctors call it a "counter-irritant" because its warming action penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. It gets action and is not just a salve. But do not stop with one application. Apply this soothing, cooling, healing ointment generously to the affected area **once every hour for five hours.** Used by millions for over 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



For Opportunity to Participate in handsome profits from development and operation rich oil properties in wonderful East Texas oil fields, write James Bartlett Hammond, North Green St., Longview, Texas.

Enough Said

"He always has a lot of great schemes."

"Yeh! He has more schemes than a movie actress has wedding rings."

RESTORED TO HEALTH

Spanaway, Wash. — "For the past three winters I have been laid up from one to three weeks at a time with a severe cold which always left me in a very weakened condition. This past winter I caught cold again but was lucky enough to have a druggist recommend Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," said Miss Ruth B. Tibbitts, Route 1. "I could feel the results right away and not only did it restore me to health but I also gained in weight. As a tonic and builder it has no equal."

Write Dr. Pierce's Faculty at the Invalide Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., enclosing symptom blank found in the package of medicine and receive free advice. Ask your druggist for

Dr. Pierce's Discovery

Wrong About Sports

The American attitude toward sport is wrong. We are the only people in the world who make sport a business.—American Magazine.

STOP YOUR COLD IN 6 HOURS WITH

DAROL

Breaks a cold in 6 hours.
Drives it away in 12 hours.

Relieves
Headache—Neuralgia—Pains

McKesson & Robbins

Quality Since 1833

When one is old he can get a kick out of annexing \$10,000 and out of very little else.



Made specially for BABIES and CHILDREN

Physicians tell us that one condition is nearly always present when a child has a digestive upset, a starting cold or other little ailment. Constipation. The first step towards relief is to rid the body of impure wastes. And for this nothing is better than genuine Castoria! Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation made specially for babies and children. This means it is mild and gentle; that it contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. Yet it always gets results! You never have to coax children to take Castoria. Real Castoria always bears the name:

Wm. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

CHILDREN CRY FOR IT

"White Collar City" Planned for New York

IN THIS aerial view of lower New York the black line encloses the approximate area included in the elaborate plans of Fred F. French for raising a new "white collar city" that will ultimately house 10,000 people. About 14½ acres of ground are comprised in the sites which have been acquired, and the convenience to the Wall Street district makes it likely that the new "city" will be largely inhabited by workers in that region.

