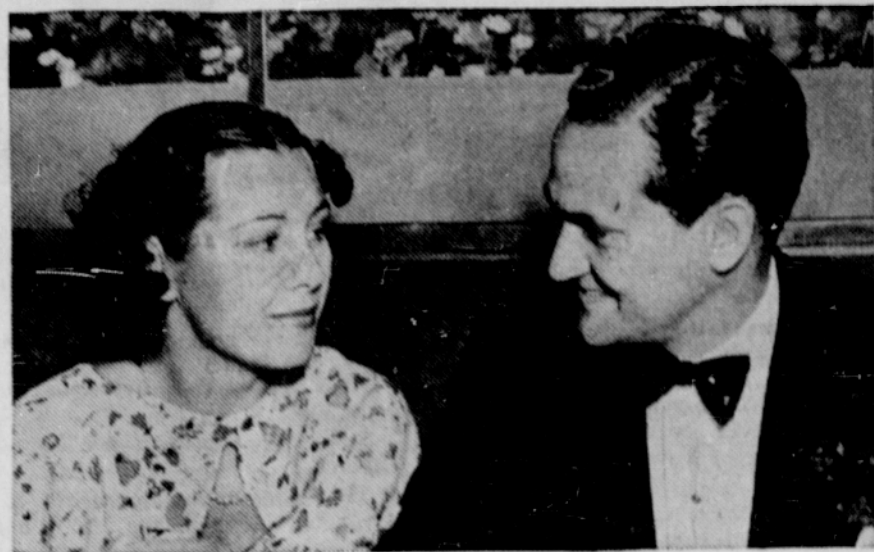


Three "Unfamous" Husbands And Their Famous Spouses

No one needs a sense of humor more acutely or more constantly than the gentleman who takes unto himself a famous wife. While he may—or again may not—be No. 1 man in the privacy of his home, the fact remains that at every public appearance, in every press notice, and in the minds of all but his own intimate friends, he is ever and anon—and undoubtedly ad nauseam, "Mr. Actress" or "Mr. Authoress" or "Mr. Aviatrix" as the case may be.

Below is the former Ruth Bryan Owen, whom President Roosevelt once appointed minister to Denmark. She arrived and fell in love with a Dane, Boerge Rhode. Today millions of Americans still know her as Ruth Bryan Owen, but only a scant few as Mrs. Boerge Rhode.



Gladys Swarthout, star of the Metropolitan opera and the movies, shown with her husband, Frank Chapman, Jr., to whom she has been happily married some time.



Dr. F. D. Griffin smiles graciously at the attention which he knows is meant for his lovely screen actress wife, Irene Dunne.

CAP AND BELLS



IDEA

Two people were walking along a road together. One was a young woman, the other a handsome farm lad. The farm lad was carrying a large pail on his back, holding a chicken in one hand, a cane in the other, and leading a goat. They came to a dark lane.

Said the girl: "I'm afraid to walk here with you. You might try to kiss me."

Said the farm lad: "How could I, with all these things I'm carrying?"

"Well, you might stick the cane in the ground, tie the goat to it, and put the chicken under the pail."—Tit-Bits Magazine.

IN THE "IVE" CLASS



"Tom used to like my pensive ways."

"Has he changed?"

"Now he calls them expensive."

Handy Man

The chief constable of a small town was also an expert veterinary surgeon. One night the telephone bell rang. The chief constable's wife answered it.

"Is that Mr. Jenkins?" asked an agitated voice.

"Do you want my husband in his capacity as veterinary surgeon or as chief constable?"

"Both, madam," came the reply. "We can't get our new bulldog to open his mouth, and there's a burglar in it."—Tit-Bits Magazine.

The Insult

The three street musicians labored through several popular songs, and disbanded for a few moments to take up a collection. One knocked on the door of a nearby house. A gruff man appeared, and thundered: "Well, what do you want?"

"I've come for a little gratuity, sir."

"Gratuity! Why, my good man, I thought you came to apologize."

And Keep the Change

Customer (telephoning) — Say, three of those apples you sent me yesterday were rotten. I'm going to bring 'em back.

Grocer—That's all right, madam. You needn't return them. Your word is as good as the apples.

Absolutely O. K.

A boy was about to purchase a seat for a movie in the afternoon. The box office man asked, "Why aren't you in school?"

"O, it's all right, sir," said the youngster earnestly, "I've got measles."

H2O

"Frequent water drinking," said the specialist, "prevents you from becoming stiff in the joints."

"Yes," says the co-ed, "but some of the joints don't serve water."—Annapolis Log.

Still in Doubt

"Ho, ho," laughed the American lad. "Jack said he always thought Sandy Hook was a Scotsman!"

"Haw, haw!" chortled his English companion. "And just what nationality is the bally blighter, anyhow?"

MAKING PROGRESS



"How are your New Year resolutions holding out?"

"First rate. By amending them from time to time I may make 'em last all year."

BURGESS BEDTIME STORY

The Adventures of Peter Rabbit

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

BUSTER BEAR had told Old Man Coyote and Reddy Fox and Granny Fox and Hooty the Owl that if they wanted to catch whoever was hiding under the pile of brush in the Green Forest which they had been watching so long he would pull it to pieces for them, but they would have to come up very close, so that whoever was hiding there couldn't get away. So, little by little, each watching the other sharply, Old Man Coyote, Reddy Fox and Granny Fox had crept in nearer and nearer to the pile of brush until they were close to it. Reddy had chased Peter Rabbit under there early in the day, so he must be there now.

Only Hooty the Owl did not come in close. Hooty remained right where he was in a tall pine tree, where he could see all that went on and could swoop down when the time came.

"It's a lot of work to pull over that pile of brush," said he, "and I don't want to do it for nothing. You must be near enough so that when Peter Rabbit runs out he will have no time to dodge before one of you has him."

At last the others were near

enough to suit Buster Bear. "Hooty didn't know what it meant, but he began to suspect that there was some joke, and he leaned forward to watch more closely.

"Are you ready?" asked Buster.

"Ready," replied Old Man Coyote,



Hooty remained right where he was in a tall pine tree.

and set his feet to spring swiftly.

"Ready," replied Reddy Fox and Granny Fox, and they, too, prepared to jump at the first sign of Peter.

"Watch out, then!" cried Buster Bear, and straightway made the brush fly in every direction. The air was full of sticks.

"Oh!" yelled Reddy Fox, as one hit him sharply across the face.

"Hi!" yelled Old Man Coyote, as a big stick hit him in the ribs.

"Look out what you are doing!"

cried Granny Fox excitedly.

But Buster Bear didn't seem to hear. And he didn't seem to notice how the flying sticks were making the others dance and duck and dodge. He just worked faster than ever and threw sticks this way and threw sticks that way until the air was so full of sticks that Old Man Coyote and Reddy Fox and Granny Fox just had to shut their eyes while they tried to get away, and Peter Rabbit might have run right under their noses without them knowing it. Only Hooty the Owl, who, you know, kept his watch from high up in a tall pine tree, was able to see whether or not Peter ran out, and even Hooty had a hard time to make sure. You see, it was so funny to see Old Man Coyote and Reddy and Granny Fox jumping this way and leaping that way and dodging the other way to keep from being hit by those flying sticks that for the first time since any one could remember Hooty the Owl actually laughed.

But though he laughed so hard he still kept a sharp watch for Peter Rabbit. To Hooty's way of thinking, there is no pleasure so great as the eating of a good dinner, and he is not one to let his enjoyment of a joke cheat him out of a good meal. So while he laughed and laughed and laughed he kept sharp watch, too.

At last Buster sent flying the last bit of brush under which Peter could possibly hide, and there was—no body!

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Informality Seems Order of the Day In Modern Furniture as in Manners

By BETTY WELLS

YOUR butler will look down his nose at the casual furniture now in fashion. If you have a butler. But informality is the order of the day, in decoration as in manners, and current exhibitions of new interiors stress this trend with a dash.

You'll see maple, plenty of it, but it's done with a lot of contemporary style. For instance, in a little bedroom we noted the other day, the poster bed and chest were of a honey color maple and the wall paper was a mellow little old diamond-checked flower design with a good deal of rose in it, some green and an ivory ground. A white bedspread, very crisp and starched looking, white voile curtains and a quilt in white and green, all carried out the pleasant New England character of the room. But for accent there were two button back upholstered slipper chairs in chartreuse green finished with a cotton rope fringe.

And Aurelia Hunt, a friend of ours, has just designed some exuberant modern-provincial pieces, also for a bedroom. They're of

Swedish inspiration with modern lines and painted decorations of peasant origin in a brilliant orange and a clear sparkling blue.

Another unexpected combination of peasant with modern was a bedroom with slender blond furniture



The butler may disapprove. . . .

complemented by a painted Swiss chest, by a painted peasant decoration on the alcove wall above the bed and by the comfortably patterned American hooked rug on the floor. The walls were painted in a dusty apricot color, with turquoise wood trim; the curtains were plaid.

© By Betty Wells.—WNU Service.

AMAZE A MINUTE SCIENTIFACTS ~ BY ARNOLD



CORAL'S SLOW GROWTH — IT TAKES ABOUT 1,000 YEARS FOR A CORAL REEF TO GROW UPWARD ONLY 40 FEET

INVENTIONS NOT COMMON — ONLY ONE PATENT IS ISSUED IN THE U.S. FOR EVERY 2,770 OF ITS POPULATION.

WATCH FOR BEETLES!

MUCH OF THE DAMAGE DONE TO WOOL AND FURS BLAMED ON MOTHS IS DONE BY CARPET BEETLES.



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