

His Majesty's Seamen Must Have Their Grog



EVERY day the tars on British warships receive a ration of grog and drink a toast to the king's health. This photograph was made aboard H. M. S. Dundee of the British West Indies fleet which was paying New York a brief visit. The officer at the right is seeing the men get what is coming to them—and no more.

ONE DAY IN AUTUMN

By ANNE CAMPBELL

I CAN remember my old Granddad sitting Beside me on the wagon, flicking flies From the roan team, his pipe filled with tobacco, Surveying the shorn fields with wise old eyes.

And as I looked at him, I heard the creaking Of the off wagon wheels, and knew right well What he would say. He wasn't much for talking, And he sat silent now for quite a spell.

But when he spoke, though I was very little, I knew just what he meant. . . . I'd heard loud speaking And bragging folks, and laughed when Grandpa muttered: "The weakest wagon wheel does the most squeaking!"

Three-Piece Suit



A heather mixture of navy blue and tan alpaca tweed that looks like a hand knit is used for the skirt and jacket of this smart three-piece suit. The ribbed blouse, belt and pocket linings are navy blue. A cowhide buckle also features this ensemble.

when cooked in a tin pot or pail on a campfire.

French fried toast goes very nicely for a camp hot dish. This is easy to prepare by beating an egg, adding a little milk and a pinch of salt and sugar. Fry in a little hot bacon fat or the slices may be fried on the sheet-iron stove, where all may be cooked at once.

Tomato and Egg Sandwich.

Fry an egg on both sides, not too hard. Put between slices of bread with sliced tomato and onion. This makes a good meal with a cupful of hot coffee.

A piece of bread fried in a very little bacon fat in a hot frying pan makes a tasty meal with any green salad or green onions and radishes.

Area of Afghanistan

Afghanistan has an estimated area of 245,000 square miles and an estimated population of over 6,000,000.

Housewife's Idea Box



Care of Brooms

With a little care a broom will last a long time. Here is one precaution to take: Make sure that your broom is dry after it has been used in water. If you put it away with the handle down (which is the best way), and it is not dry, the water will work its way down to the handle and reach the wire. The wire will rust and the handle will fall out.

THE HOUSEWIFE.
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Accepting a Job

A woman whose dignified and reserved husband was among the unemployed but who, like Mr. Micawber, was expecting something to turn up momentarily, was advised by him each time he left home for the day, that if an offer for any sort of a position at all should come for him to wire an acceptance with speed. And when at long last the wire did come from Washington the wife was so thoroughly imbued with thrift that she couldn't bear to send only a one-word answer like "Yes" or "Accept" to the "Will you accept?" etc., message, so she sent the following:

"Yes thank you ever so much love and kisses."—Miss Ann Thorpe, in the Kansas City Star.

BOYS! GIRLS!

Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes.—Adv.

Vegetable Weevil Spreading

The vegetable weevil, a new flying insect which eats most of the common garden crops, is spreading in the Southern states and has appeared in California, the United States Department of Agriculture has reported.



Quick, Pleasant Successful Elimination

Let's be frank—there's only one way for your body to rid itself of the waste material that causes acidity, gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts. Your intestines must function and the way to make them move quickly, pleasantly, successfully, without griping or harsh irritants is to chew a Milnesia Wafer thoroughly, in accordance with directions on the bottle or tin, then swallow. Milnesia Wafers, pure milk of magnesia in tablet form, each equivalent to a tablespoon of liquid milk of magnesia, correct acidity, bad breath, flatulence, at their source, and enable you to have the quick, pleasant, successful elimination so necessary to abundant health. Milnesia Wafers come in bottles at 35c and 60c or in convenient tins at 20c. Recommended by thousands of physicians. All good druggists carry them. Start using these pleasant tasting effective wafers today.



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Bedtime Story for Children

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

LIGHTFOOT THE DEER BECOMES UNEASY

THE Green Forest was very beautiful. It was no longer green save where the pines and spruces and hemlocks grew. Everywhere else it was red and yellow and brown, for it was October and the leaves had turned. All day long and all the night, too, for that matter, there was a gentle rustling all through the Green Forest, for the leaves were falling.

Lightfoot the Deer was becoming uneasy. It was the rustling of the falling leaves that made him uneasy. You see those falling leaves had a message for Lightfoot, a message and a warning. It was that the season of terrible danger for him, the hunting season, was close at hand.

All through the long summer Lightfoot had lived in peace and safety. In the early spring his wonderful antlers, which some folks call horns, but which are not true horns, had fallen. Very helpless had Lightfoot been then, but despite his helplessness there had been no fear in his heart. You see, he knew that there was no one in all the Green Forest, save Buster Bear, of whom he need be afraid. It was an easy matter to keep out of the way of Buster Bear. Besides, there was little cause to fear Buster, for Buster was finding plenty to eat and a full stomach makes for good nature in man and beast.

So all the long summer Lightfoot the Deer had lived quietly and in peace while new antlers grew, antlers larger and more beautiful than those he had lost. While these new antlers were growing he kept very much by himself. Now, they were fully grown and he wore them like a crown. He had polished and repolished the points of them by rubbing them against trees. You know, while they had been growing they had been covered by a sort of furry-looking skin, called velvet. They had been soft and tender then. Now that they were hard there was no further use for the velvety covering and this Lightfoot had rubbed off as he polished his antlers.

As long as the leaves had remained green everywhere through the Green

Forest, Lightfoot had been happy and carefree, but now that the leaves had turned to beautiful colors and were dropping, dropping, dropping day and night, he grew more and more uneasy and fear crept into his heart.

Lightfoot had a good memory and he had not forgotten the dreadful things which had happened at the time of falling leaves the year before. He knew that the season when hunters with terrible guns would come into the Green Forest seeking to kill him was close at hand. So his uneasiness grew and grew, and in his beautiful great, soft eyes the look of fear grew stronger each day. Only at night was Lightfoot free of it.

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Counter Excess

Some people are influenced by a peculiar form of pugnacity which is often misnamed "love of justice," but is really a habit of irritation at excess which finds vent not in justice but in counter excess.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I am an amateur actor, and last night our Dramatic club gave one of Shakespeare's plays, in which I played Hamlet. Every time I was on the stage the audience laughed out loud. How do you account for that when you know as well as I that Hamlet is not a funny character?

Truly yours,
MANNY JER.

Answer: I know it isn't, but I guess the way you played it was.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

Why do some musicians close their eyes when they play?

Yours truly,
L. TROVATORE.

Answer: That is so they can't see the audience suffer while they are playing.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I notice so many women keep money in their stockings, and every time they need it they lift their skirt, put their hand in their stocking and pull it out. What I want to know is: "How do these women get at their money when gentlemen are around them?"

Truly yours,
X. TREMITIES.

Answer: My dear friend, when there are gentlemen around, women don't have to get at their money.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

I am in a peculiar predicament, and hope you can help me. I have a \$10 bill which is counterfeit. One day I'll think it is all right and feel on the verge of passing it, and then on another day I'll think it isn't any good and make up my mind to tear it up. This has been going on for weeks and it worries me. What shall I do?

Yours truly,
I. M. A. FRADE.

Answer: The only thing for you to do is to wait until the day for think-

Mother's Cook Book

VACATION MEALS

DURING the summer weather is the time when everybody should take a few hours away from the grindstone. The house mother needs a vacation as much as any worker, but usually, a picnic is but an added burden unless everybody takes a hand in planning and preparing the food. Have everything simple, easy to prepare and then let the young folks do the work; it will be good experience and give mother a rest, if it is possible for her to give up the idea that no one but herself can pack a lunch.

With the frying pan, take along some eggs and bacon. Scramble the eggs, add the crisp bacon which has been fried and kept hot, serve as a sandwich filling, on well buttered bread. Young, green onions or a simple salad, or a cucumber and radishes, go well with such sandwiches. For the youngsters, take milk, lemonade or cocoa, which may be carried in a thermos bottle. Coffee, too, may be prepared at home, but one of the pleasures of an outing meal is cooking it. Coffee never tastes better than

ing the bill is all right to come around, and pass it.

Dear Mr. Wynn:

Can you please tell me whether or not there is anything good for a snake bite besides whisky?

Yours truly,
I. M. STUNG.

Answer: Who cares if there is?
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Waiting for Word From Houdini



NINE YEARS ago Harry Houdini, master magician, died. Before he passed away he made a compact with his wife that he would seek to communicate with her from the beyond, giving her certain code signals whereby she might know when he spoke. In her rustic Laurel Canyon home, near Hollywood, Calif., Mrs. Beatrice Houdini waits for that message. She has waited nine years at a shrine in which stands a photograph of the magician.

Do YOU Know—



That the poem "Mary Had a Little Lamb" was composed from an actual event? It all happened in the little village of Sterling, Mass., in the early days of the 19th century. Mary E. Sawyer was the heroine and John Roulstone was the author.
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