

## How They Go to Their Work at Boulder Dam



WORKMEN riding the inclined rail skip from the Nevada rim of Black canyon to the top of Boulder dam during a shift in the construction of the greatest engineering feat of the present day.

## BEDTIME STORY FOR CHILDREN

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

### PETER LEARNS MORE ABOUT THE VIREOS

"SPEAKING of the Vireos, Redeye seems to be the only member of his family around here," remarked Peter.

"Listen!" commanded Jenny Wren. "Listen! Don't you hear that warbling song way over there in the Big Elm in front of Farmer Brown's house where Goldy the Oriole has his nest?"

Peter listened. At first he didn't hear it, and as usual Jenny Wren made fun of him for having such big ears and not being able to make better use of them. Presently he did hear that song. The voice was not unlike that of Redeye, but the song was smoother, more continuous and sweeter. Peter's face lighted up. "I hear him," he cried.

"That's Redeye's cousin, the Warbling Vireo," said Jenny. "He's a better singer than Redeye, and just as

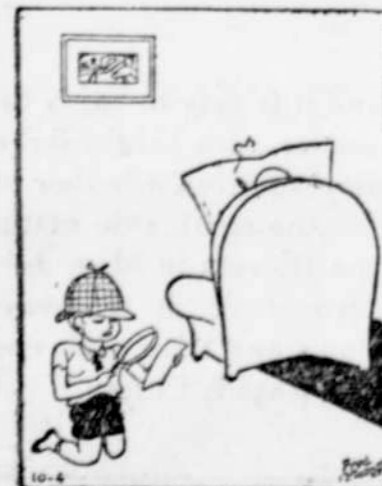


"That's Redeye's Cousin, the Warbling Vireo," said Jenny.

fond of hearing his own voice. He sings from the time jolly Mr. Sun gets up in the morning until he goes to bed at night. He sings when it is so hot that the rest of us are glad to keep still for comfort's sake. I don't know of anybody more fond of the treetops than he is. He doesn't seem to care anything about the Old Orchard, but stays over in those big trees along the road. Over in that Big Elm he's got a nest as high up as Goldy the Oriole's. I haven't seen it myself, but Goldy told me about it. Why anyone so small should want to live so high up in the world I don't know, any more than I know why anyone wants to live anywhere but in the Old Orchard."

"Somehow, I don't remember just

### DADA KNOWS—



"Pop, what is suspicious?"  
"Looking through a keyhole."  
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what Warbler looks like," Peter confessed.

"He looks a lot like his cousin Redeye," replied Jenny. "His coat is a duller olive-green, and underneath he is a little yellowish instead of being white. Of course he doesn't have red eyes, and he is a little smaller than Redeye. The whole family looks pretty much alike anyway."

"You said something then, Jenny Wren," declared Peter. "They get me all mixed up. If only some of them had some bright colors it would be easier to tell them apart."

"One has," replied Jenny. "He has a bright yellow throat and breast and is called Yellow-Throated Vireo. There isn't the least chance of mistaking him."

"Is he a singer, too?" asked Peter.

"Of course," replied Jenny. "Every one of that blessed family loves the sound of his own voice. It's a family trait. A good thing is good, but more than enough of a good thing is too much. That applies to gossiping just as much as to singing, and I've wasted more time on you than I've any business to. Now hop along, Peter, and don't bother me any more today."

Peter hopped.  
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### QUESTION BOX

By ED WYNN...  
The Perfect Fool

Dear Mr. Wynn:  
I am a boy sixteen years old and I have an ambition. I want to do something startling. Something that is bound to cause a commotion. What do you suggest?

Truly yours,  
I. DEALIST.

Answer—Something that will startle people? Very simple. Go to a ballroom during a dance on a hot summer's night and throw about ten eggs in the electric fans.

Dear Mr. Wynn:  
A friend of mine said that he knew a man that was in the hospital having splinters taken out of his tongue. Could that be true? If so, how do you account for splinters in a man's tongue?

Truly yours,  
ANG. TIOUTS.

Answer—That is probably true. It most likely happened this way: The man was very stingy. He had just paid for a drink and it spilt on the floor. See what I mean?

Dear Mr. Wynn:  
Do you think it is right for men to work on Sunday, thereby breaking the Sabbath?

Truly yours,  
E. VANGELIST.

Answer—I do in some cases. For instance, if it's a question which one is "broke," the man or the Sabbath, I say the Sabbath.

Dear Mr. Wynn:  
I am a boy eight years old. We have just started physiology in school. Tomorrow I must tell the teacher all about "The Five Senses." Please tell me what are the five senses?

Yours truly,  
I. BALL.

Answer—The five "centses," my child, are nickels.

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### In a Garden Chair

By ANNE CAMPBELL

I HEAR the sea, the tumbling sea,  
And smell the spray in the clean salt air.  
The gulls are sailing close to me.  
The sky is blue, the horizon fair—  
And I have not moved from my garden chair!

The mountains rise to snowy heights.  
I climb the trail, and the way is hard.  
My soul moves on to new delights.  
I glimpse high heaven! I am not barred.  
From beauty, though held to my own back yard.

On wings of fancy I may go  
To foreign countries and revel there.  
Old sights are sweet in memory's glow,  
And loveliness I may never share  
Is mine, as I dream in a garden chair!

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### Covered Shoulder



A new version of the covered shoulder is found in this chic printed evening gown designed by Stein and Blaine. Ruffled black organza shoulder epaulets accent the black floral design on the orange print chiffon frock which is made for warm summer evenings.



"From what I read," says goofy Gertie, "the cannibal seems to digest the missionary more readily than his teachings."  
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### Boys Build a Hydrofoil Speedboat



THIS speedboat, radical in design and expected to develop double the speed of present water craft of the same power, was completed by pupils of Rocky River High school in Cleveland, Ohio. The boat, powered with a standard outboard motor, is the first of its kind to be built upon the hydrofoil principle developed by Dr. Oscar G. Tietjens, nationally known research engineer. Every detail of the 15-foot craft was worked out by the students and their instructor, A. K. Skromp. The hydrofoil consists of a plane suspended underneath the boat which cuts through the water as the boat gathers speed and reduces the fluid resistance to a minimum.

## CAP AND BELLS



### OBEYING ORDERS

When supper was served Helen refused a second helping of ice cream with a polite but wistful, "No, thank you!"  
"Do have some more, dear," her hostess urged.  
"Mother told me to say, 'No, thank you,'" Helen explained naively, "but I don't think she could have known how small the first helping was going to be!"—Toronto Globe.

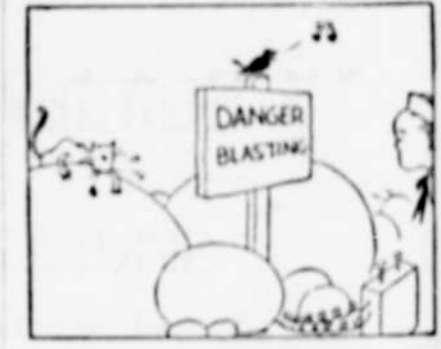
### Up-to-Date Budgeting

A film magnate said on his return from Europe:  
"Budget balancing nowadays reminds me of a little story.  
"A boy went into a shop and looked the stock over, then he said: 'A nickel's worth of chewin' gum and a nickel back, and I'll be along with the dime next month or so.'"

### He's the Teacher

Fond Mother—David, I'm shocked to hear you use such language. Did you learn it at school?  
David—Learn it at school? No. Why, it's me that teaches the other boys, mother.—Pathfinder Magazine.

### NIBSEY



## WRIGLEY'S GUM



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