LADIES PREFER STRAW HATS (FOR MEN) THIS SEASON

Fashions aren't exclusively for women. This summer the smartly dressed male will blossom forth in one of these new hats. Illustrated above is a rough straw hard-brimmed number worn by Dennis O'Keefe, screen player.

A soft crushable Panama with narrow band is the choice of John Beal, above. Men's style authorities say the old hatless summer days may have been comfortable but it's wiser to protect yourself against the sun.

Here's another current favorite, worn by Alan Curtis. It's a soft, turned-down brim hat of fine manila straw with high dented crown. A narrow maroon band adds a note of color demanded by the men's current fashions.

CAESAR Cools Off

"My name's Caesar and I live at the Quebec zoological park, but I don't like the looks of that cameraman. Guess he wants me to try that old polar bear diving trick. Well, I feel like a swim—

"Here we go! Hope that guy with the camera takes his picture pretty soon. I can't stay suspended in the air all day. This is fun, but nothing like diving off an iceberg. Well, here we hit the water with a—

"SPLASH! Guess maybe I don't look so graceful right now but you can't say I didn't co-operate with the cameraman."

TONIGHT'S BURGESS BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

OLD MR. TOAD was so puffed out with pride as he started for the Green Forest to dine with Buster Bear that those who saw him wondered if he wouldn't burst before he got there. Everybody knew where he was going, and this made Old Mr. Toad feel more important and proud than ever. He might not have felt quite so puffed up if he had known just how it had come about that he received this second invitation to dine with Buster Bear. Jimmy Skunk had brought it to him, but Jimmy didn't tell him Buster had been asked to send the invitation and that it was all part of a plan on the part of some of Old Mr. Toad's old friends and neighbors to teach him a lesson.

"What very good taste Buster Bear has," thought he, "and how very fortunate it is that he found out that I also am fond of ants."

He was so busy with these pleasant thoughts of his own importance and the good dinner that he expected to have that he took no notice of what was going on about him. He didn't see his old friends and neighbors peeping out at him and laughing because he looked so foolish.

He didn't see his old friends and neighbors peeping out at him and laughing.

He was beginning to get pretty tired by the time he reached the Green Forest and came in sight of the rotten old chestnut stump, where he was to meet Buster Bear. Buster was waiting for him.

"How do you do this fine day? You look a little tired and rather warm, Mr. Toad," said he.

"I am a little warm," replied Mr. Toad in his most polite manner, although he couldn't help panting for breath as he said it. "I hope you are feeling well."

Buster Bear laughed a great grumbly-rumbly laugh. "I always feel fine when there is a dinner of fat ants ready for me," said he. "It is very fine of you to honor me by coming to dine." Here Mr. Toad put one hand on his stomach and tried to make a very grand bow. Peter Rabbit, hiding behind a nearby tree, almost giggled aloud.

"I have ventured to invite another to enjoy the dinner with us," continued Buster Bear. Mr. Toad's face fell. You see, he was selfish. He wanted to be the only one to have the honor of dining with Buster Bear. "He's a little late," went on Buster, "but I think he will be here soon, and I hope you will be glad to meet him. Ah, here he comes now."

Old Mr. Toad looked in the direction in which Buster Bear was looking. He gave a little gasp, and turned quite pale. All his puffiness disappeared. He didn't look like the same toad at all. The newcomer was Mr. Blacksnake. "Oh!" cried Old Mr. Toad, and then without even asking to be excused, he turned his back on Buster Bear and started back the way he had come.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Peter Rabbit, jumping out from behind a tree.

"Ho, ho, ho!" shouted Jimmy Skunk from behind another.

"Hee, hee, hee!" shouted Johnny Chuck from behind a third.

Then Old Mr. Toad knew that his old friends and neighbors had planned this to teach him a lesson.

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Red-Headed Bride Furnishes House In Suitable Colors

By BETTY WELLS

"I'm as vain as a peacock," announced Gertrude. "About my red hair, I mean. It's my crowning glory so why shouldn't I?

"So, naturally now that I'm going to get married and have a home of my own, I want decorations that are becoming to my hair. I'd like blue for the main color partly because it's nice on me and also because I have a blue footstool, blue vases and good blue scatter rugs to begin with. But beyond that I'm stuck. I think I'll concentrate spending on the living room, and really make that complete and handsome. The other rooms I'll only furnish enough now to get along. But what about rug, wall color, furniture and curtains for the living room? The room is light and good sized but the floors are bad. My family are giving me a new spinet piano in blonde mahogany."

"I'm Vain as a Peacock About My Hair," She Writes.

Could you take the idea of dark walls? Because rather a deep brilliant blue for the walls would be becoming to you and awfully smart. Then why not white rubber tiling for the floor? That would be new and not too expensive and you could use the scatter rugs interestingly. Then have your new sofa in a yellow linen slip cover and slip-cover two easy chairs in flowered linen on a white ground. (Buy your upholstered pieces "in the muslin"). Make a pair of flowered cushions to match to go on the yellow sofa and at the windows hang billowy white embroidered organdy curtains made very full and to sweep down to the floor.

© By Betty Wells.—WNU Service.

BEAUTY HINT

Hundred Strokes Each Day

Jane Withers, child actress, knows what the proverbial hundred strokes with a brush will do for your hair. Specialists recommend it as an essential daily routine for the woman who would have beautiful hair.

When Matinee Idol Takes a Mud Bath

HOLLYWOOD.—There was only one way to make this scene from a forthcoming motion picture so the gentleman in the center—a famous matinee idol—consented. Here he comes up for air, greeted by two fellow screen workers. To keep you in suspense no longer, we'll explain that the gentleman covered with gumbo is Clark Gable.

TWO-MINUTE BIOGRAPHIES

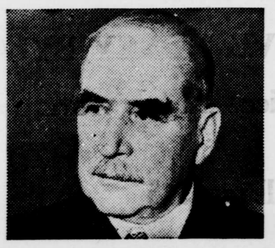
JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN

Like the wealthy duPonts, the house of Morgan has carried on with consistent financial power to the fifth generation, starting with old Joseph Morgan, a Connecticut stage-coach operator, and reaching now to Junius Spencer II and Henry S., sons of the current family head, John Pierpont Morgan II.

"J. P." strongly resembles his father in all but fierce belligerence. As head of the New York banking house at 23 Wall street he resents publicity, has definite ideas about government interference with business.

His favorite annual pastime is reading Dickens' "Christmas Carol" to the grandchildren each Christmas eve from the original manuscript. Like his father, "J. P." is a great collector of art works but will not die like his father with three-fifths of his estate invested in such treasures.

A sound banker, he is opposed to change. Probably sharing his attitude are such eminent firm partners as Thomas W. Lamont, Charles Steele, S. Parker Gilbert and Thomas Cochran. One Morgan son, Junius Spencer II, is already in the firm. The other, Henry S., will carry on with the new corporation, Morgan, Stanley & Co.



Men of the Mounted

by Captain G. Elliott-Nightingale

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THE SKULL WITH A HOLE IN ITS FOREHEAD

THEY found the headless body of an aged man on the banks of the Bow river right after the ice had gone out, and right away there was a check-up to find out who was missing. That was in June, 1910. Several months passed and then, just as the beautiful Bow was beginning to freeze up again, a trapper stumbled over a small boulder. Later on, upon examining the round thing that had tripped him, the trapper realized that he was handling a human skull. Like a good Canadian he was soon in touch with the Royal Mounted.

A more thorough and extensive search and investigation was soon under way. Within a few yards of where the skull had been picked up, the Mounted saw a strange looking heap which later proved to be a blanket and a cowhide tied with ropes, the whole still frozen solid. The first discovery had come in June, the second in November, and still no one had turned up missing. With everyone accounted for, the only thing the Mounted could do was to store the remains. The check-up of transients and settlers, however, continued; meanwhile a grizzled and widely experienced physician and surgeon examined the remains. The physician announced, a little while later, that the man had been about fifty or sixty, had iron-gray hair, and that the hole in the forehead had been made by a bullet of .22 caliber, and that the bullet had been found imbedded in the skull. Moreover, there had been another bullet found in the body. It had entered from the right side and had coursed upward through both lungs and had lodged in the ribs of the lower left side.

Then a constable had a bright idea. Everyone had been accounted for, he argued, but that was only for the year 1910 or for the months preceding and following the discovery of the headless body. What about last year? After all, the constable argued, the deceased could easily have been done in a year or two years ago, so why not go back a bit? Soon all interest was centered upon the absence of one of the first settlers, an Englishman named Peach. In no time the Mounted discovered that Peach had sold out to a man named Robertson and had then returned to his home in England. Robertson was soon being questioned in a town a hundred miles away, and he corroborated the information of the deal with Peach. Later it was learned that Robertson had moved to Calgary after having bought the Peach homestead and that he had left orders that all mail for Peach be forwarded on to his address in Calgary. Well, this was really the first "break" for the Mounted. Why should Robertson want Peach's mail forwarded to him?

Robertson was again questioned, this time by a Mounted policeman he had never seen before but who knew the results of the first interview.

Robertson's story changed color entirely during this second questioning, but the Mounted policeman kept this discovery entirely to himself. Some days later another Man of the Mounted had a quiet little chat with Robertson, and again the latter's story changed completely. Surely Robertson was tying himself up into a knot. Then he announced that he was going down to a small settlement just a few miles away for a few days' rest, a sort of short vacation.

Instead of alighting at the small town, he stayed on the train and went through to McLeod. Here he proceeded to get drunk and was soon boasting that he had made a cleanup in the Yukon gold fields and was returning to his home in the States. And, as he sat boasting how tough he had been in his time, a constable of the McLeod detachment walked in and very quietly arrested him for the murder of Tucker Peach. Back in Calgary, Robertson tied himself in such a knot of lies and falsehoods that there was nothing else to do but confess. His confederate, one Fisk, had fired the first shot, into Peach's forehead. He, Robertson, had fired the second. Fisk had learned that Peach had a large amount of money hidden somewhere about his homestead cabin, and was scheming to get it when he met Robertson who was planning to buy the Peach homestead. "Buy it," advised Fisk, "then we'll knock him (Peach) on the head and get your money back. Then we'll ransack the cabin and find the two thousand he has hidden somewhere in it. After that, you take the homestead, and I'll take the horses, and we split his money between us when we find it."

No one knows to this day whether Fisk and Robertson found the old man's hoard, but they do know that Canadian law worked fast, and smoothly as these two renegades were tried. Fisk was sentenced to hang. Robertson was given life imprisonment. Inside of a month after capture, both men had begun paying for their awful crime.

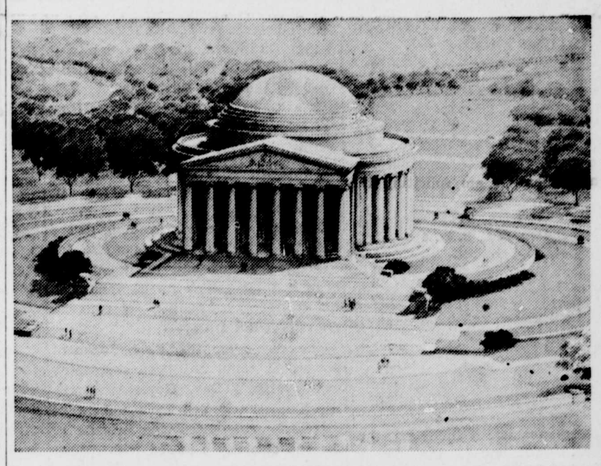
Old Bavarian Custom

In Bavaria travelers see ornamental paintings on the outside walls of houses. These are almost invariably of a religious nature. This is a custom inherited from the peasants of ancient times who used such decorations as testimony of their religious faith and to ward off evil spirits. Similar paintings decorate the furniture and doors.

Measuring Velocity of Light

Efforts to measure the velocity of light were begun in 1676.

Jefferson Enshrined

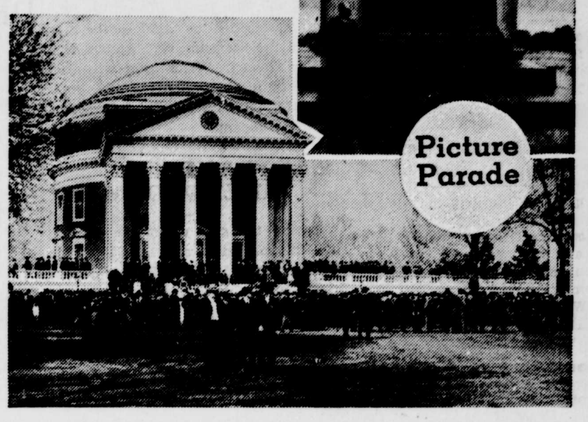


Many 1938 celebrants of July Fourth will forget that Independence Day has brought death to three former American Presidents. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson both died July 4, 1826, and James Monroe passed away the same day in 1831. By far the greatest of these, Thomas Jefferson is usually ranked with Washington and Lincoln. But not until this year have active steps been taken to enshrine Jefferson at the nation's capital.

Construction will start soon on the above white marble memorial designed by the late John Russell Pope. A round, low structure supported by surrounding pillars and covered by a dome, it will stand on a tide basin of the Potomac river within sight of the monuments to Washington and Lincoln. Thus will be completed the trinity of edifices to these towering figures in American history.

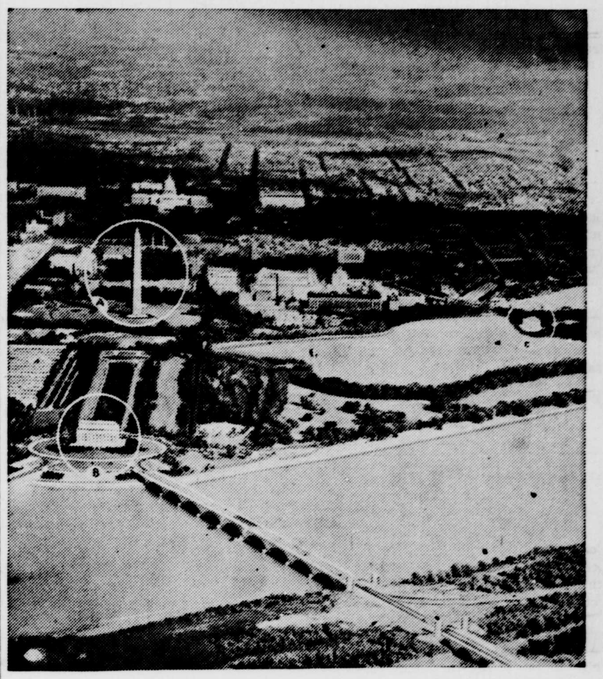
A heroic size statue of Jefferson will grace the center rotunda, surrounded by inscribed panels of his famous statements. Six successive designs have been considered since the memorial was first agitated in 1901. The final plan by John Russell Pope conforms closely to the original under consideration at the turn of the century.

Nor was it an accident that the shrine will follow Graeco-Roman lines. Jefferson, himself an architect, would have built it that way because he saw something symbolic in such a design.

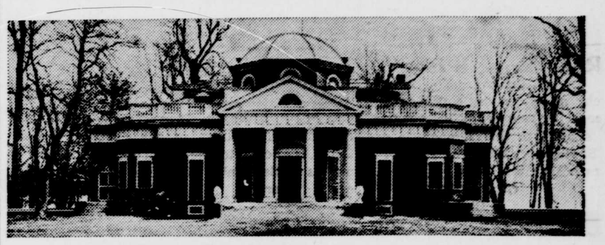


Picture Parade

Architecturally-wise Americans will recognize a similarity between the Jefferson memorial and the rotunda of the University of Virginia, a product of Jeffersonian simplicity. In Jefferson, the architect and statesmen, the crafts of building and statesmanship were blended. Since (as he pointed out) our government was founded on a Greek concept of statesmanship, he reasoned that our architecture should express the Graeco-Roman ideals. Monticello, his home, follows the same style.



Smaller than the monuments to Washington and Lincoln, the Jefferson shrine will be just as impressive. Here is an aerial view of the future, showing the Jefferson monument at the extreme left center.



Monticello, Jefferson's home, still stands as a symbol of his classic mind.

Nicotine Named for Nicot

Jean Nicot, French diplomat, as ambassador to Portugal in 1559, became familiar with the plant now known as tobacco. It was first named Nicotina in his honor and the name nicotine still identifies the poison found in it.

Word Kilt From Danish "Kilte"

The word kilt, designating the costume worn by Scottish Highlanders, is derived from the Danish "kilte," meaning "to tuck up."

Palace Floors Rose-Covered

At a banquet given by Queen Cleopatra in honor of Marc Antony the floors of her palace were covered with rose petals to a depth of two feet while guests were sprinkled with "Khypre," the sacred perfume of ancient Egypt—a compound of 16 ingredients.

First European University

The first European university was founded in the Ninth century at Salerno for the study of medicine.