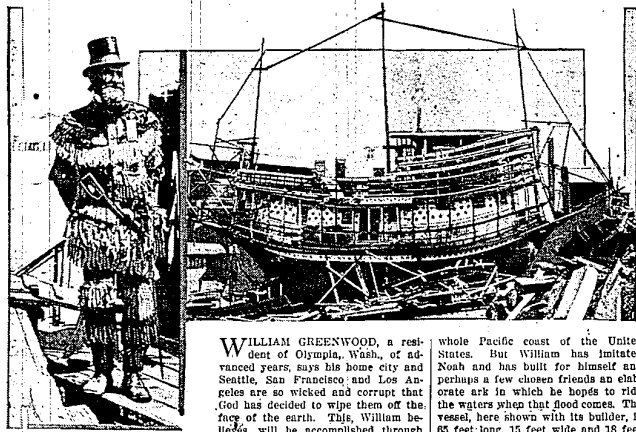


He's All Ready With an Ark for Second Flood



WILLIAM GREENWOOD, a resident of Olympia, Wash., of advanced years, says his home city and Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles are so wicked and corrupt that God has decided to wipe them off the face of the earth. This, William believes, will be accomplished through a second flood that will inundate the

whole Pacific coast of the United States. But William has imitated Noah and has built for himself and perhaps a few chosen friends an elaborate ark in which he hopes to ride the waters when that flood comes. The vessel, he shows with its builder, is 65 feet long, 15 feet wide and 18 feet high.

Attractive Ensemble



Color contrast is smartly illustrated in this ensemble. It consists of a unique jacket of navy crepe, boasting three-quarter-length sleeves and cleverly arranged button treatment to complement the button arrangement on the sporty dress of white crepe. The dress is fashionably belted with a wide self-stitched band with flat bow.

Mother's Cook Book

"Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom."

The Gods we worship write Their names on our faces.—Aron.

VACATION DISHES

FOR a picnic or afternoon garden party, try these little cakes:

Cup Cakes.
Sift two cups of flour, four teaspoons of baking powder, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Add one cupful of chopped nut meats, one package of dates, sliced; mix these well with the flour mixture. Cream one-fourth of a cupful of butter, add one cupful of sugar gradually, then two beaten eggs. Add the dry ingredients alternately with one cupful of crushed pineapple. Bake in small cups, cover with icing and sprinkle with coconut in any desired color. This recipe makes four dozen cakes.

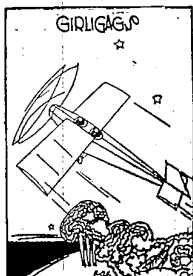
Ice Cream Cake Pudding.
Beat the yolks of three eggs until light, add three-fourths of a cupful of sugar gradually. Mix well, add two tablespoonsful of juice and grated rind of orange. Fold in one-fourth of a cupful of cracker crumbs, one-half of a package of dates, one-half cupful of chopped nuts, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix well, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and spread evenly in a shallow pan lined with waxed paper. Bake in a slow oven forty-five minutes. Cool, cut in cubes, serve in stemmed glasses with ice cream.

Collegiate Sandwiches.
Spread one slice of bread lightly buttered with peanut butter. Cover with a layer of dates. Spread a second slice of buttered bread with currant or cranberry jelly. Put the slices together in pairs. One-half package of dates, one-half cupful of peanut butter, will be sufficient for a dozen sandwiches the size that college boys and girls like.
(©, 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

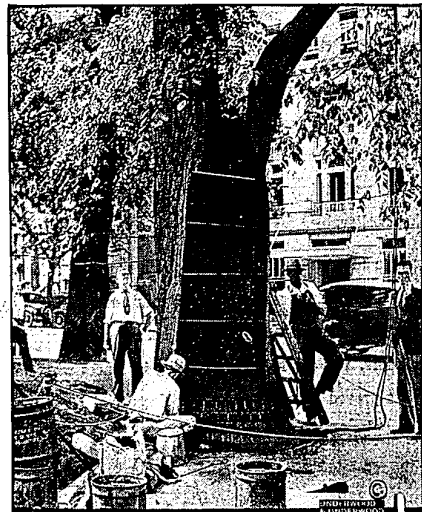
Saving a Famous Elm of Washington



SHE HAS HEARD THAT—Among the mountaineers if a girl's lover gets thirsty she never, no never allows him to take a drop of water from her hand, for if she does, he is liable to become a rip-snorting water bug.



"There is no reason to believe a chap is almsighted," says Knowing Nora, "merely because he is windy."
(©, 1931, Hall Syndicate.)—WNU Service.



ONE of the fine old elms at Lafayette square, Washington, across the street from the White House, is in danger of death and tree surgeons are exerting all their skill to save it. They are shown above filling the cavity with concrete and putting in steel bars after the decayed wood had been carefully removed.

Little Stories for Bedtime by Thornton W. Burgess

FLATHORNS THE MOOSE IS SMART

PETER RABBIT was so excited that he couldn't sit still as he listened to the story told by Honker the Goose of how Flathorns the Moose had got even with the hunter and had kept him in a tree all night. When Honker paused as if that were the end of the story, Peter's curiosity prompted him to ask a question right away. "Did the hunter get away?" he asked breathlessly. "I guess that hunter would be there yet, if it hadn't been for other hunters," said he. "Every little while all night he would shout at the top of his lungs. I guess it made old Flathorns grin to hear him. Every time



"Did the Hunter Get Away?" He Asked Breathlessly.

he shouted Flathorns would come out of hiding and snort and butt the tree. Just after daybreak I heard an answering shout way off in the distance, and I knew then that some one was coming. I wondered if Flathorns heard or if he was so filled with rage that he had forgotten to watch out, or if he thought because he had frightened this hunter almost to death he could do the same to any other hunter. The one in the tree began to shout a great many things. I guess he was warning whoever was coming to look out for Flathorns. "Flathorns rushed out and stamped and snorted just as he had been doing, but he was smart. He usually is. While he was doing everything he could to scare that hunter he was watching even if he didn't seem to be.

By and by I saw another hunter with a terrible gun creeping up very slowly and carefully so as not to make a sound and got where he could shoot Flathorns. I had just opened my mouth to warn Flathorns when I saw him stop stamping and stand perfectly still looking and listening. I knew then that he knew that danger was near, so I held my tongue. I wanted to see if he would try to chase this other hunter up a tree, but he was too smart for that. He knew that this hunter would be ready with his fire stick, so he just melted away. Yes, sir, that is what he did, just melted away. One minute he was there in plain sight, and the next he was nowhere to be seen. He had stolen off through the woods so quietly that he didn't make a sound. I don't know how such a big fellow as he is can do it, but he can. There wasn't a rustle of a leaf to tell where he had gone.

"When the other hunter came up there wasn't a sign of Flathorns excepting the smashed firestick and the torn-up ground and the bark rubbed off the tree by his hooves. The hunter in the tree scrambled down, and after a little the two of them went off, but the one who had been in the tree kept turning his head every other minute, and he looked scared to death. I guess he won't hunt Flathorns again in a hurry. I don't know how Flathorns knew when it was time to slip away, for after the first about the second hunter made no sound.

He seemed to know just how long he could safely stay and just when it was time to go. He's smart, Flathorns is."

"He has to be in order to live," growled Buster Bear in his deep grumbly-rumbly voice. "I wish he had chased that other hunter and taught him a lesson too. If a few more hunters were hunted, guess these men things would learn how it feels and then we people of the Great Woods and the Green Forest might have a fair chance."

Peter drew a long breath. "That was a splendid story," said he. "I would like to see old Flathorns. Tell us some more about the Great Woods."

"Not tonight," replied Honker. "I came here to rest, for I've had a long journey, and I'm very tired." With this Honker settled himself to sleep in the middle of the pond of Paddy the Beaver.
(© by J. G. Lloyd.)—WNU Service.

Mr. A. A. Claims the Shortest Name



WHO has the shortest name in the United States? This question arose on the death of a man named Re, and up to date Mr. A. A. of Chicago is holding his own against all other claimants. It is hard to see how he can be beaten. Mr. A, whose first name is Aaron, is seen here with a message of congratulations from J. Ur of Torrington, Conn.

Dog Days



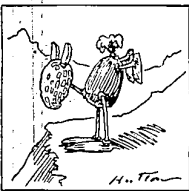
Setting New Record



Miss N. Halsestead setting a new world's record for women in the 400-yard run at the Women's A. A. championships at Stamford Bridge, England, of 58.45 seconds. The former record was held by Mrs M. E. King—59.15 seconds.

NUTTY NATURAL HISTORY BY HUGH HUTTON

THE IDAHO JACKPOT This peculiar little animal is a cross between the great western Jackrabbit and the cottontail mole. It presents an interesting study in evolution, as it once had long hind legs like a kangaroo, but, having trouble with corns, started running on its front feet, and has, never since had nerve to



change back. It eats cactus buds and field mice, and is capable, if it cares to, of taking after a mountain goat, which it knocks silly with a powerful kick from its hind legs.

The vestiges of its cottontail mole ancestry can be seen in the peeped popcorn tail attached to the fibrous body. The head is a single peanut and the ears split navy beans. Claws answer for the neck and hind legs, while the feet are of split almond and peanut kernels. The front legs are toothpicks, and chewing gum holds everything together.
(© Metropolitan Newspaper Service.)
(WNU Service.)

Your Home and You By Betsy Callister

CANDY AND WEIGHT

CANDY is one of the first things stricken from the diet list of individuals trying to lose weight, and yet some women find candy helpful in reducing. They eat a piece of candy five or ten minutes before meal time, for the very reason that mothers warn their children not to eat candy within an hour of luncheon or dinner. It takes off the keen edge of their appetite and in that way helps them to get along on very light rations.

Some women find the omission of luncheon the most convenient plan in reducing weight, and are perfectly content to go without food from breakfast time until late dinner if they can eat two or three pieces of candy during the course of the day to stave off the discomfort of too great hunger.

Under ordinary circumstances the best time to eat candy is within one or two hours after mealtime. Some sort of candy may be served after the sweet courses at dinner and dishes of assorted candies are often offered when coffee is served in the drawing room after dinner.

It is customary to place small dishes of candy and salted nuts on the card tables during the evening of cards but this is by no means necessary and the hostess who wishes her guests to do justice to the refreshments or late supper following is wise to omit it.
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(WNU Service.)

Stage Versions Differ

Both versions of the play "Macbeth," by Shakespeare, are given—with the ghost of Banquo appearing in the banquet scene, and without it. The Ben-Greet Players, producers of what is known as pure Elizabethan drama, do not show the ghost at the banquet table, as this is a deviation from the true Shakespeare. Other companies, having in mind the dramatic effect of its appearance, show the ghost of Banquo, with weird lighting effects.