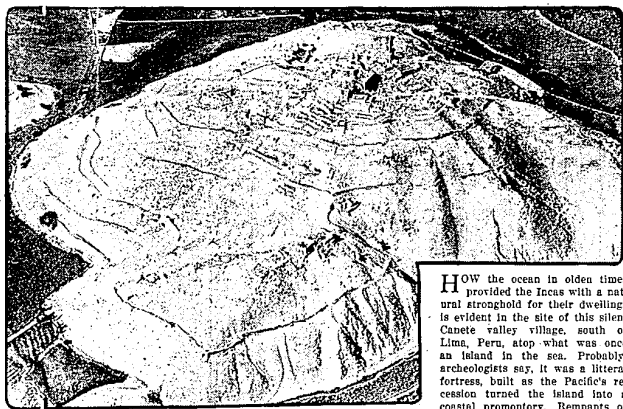


Explorers by Air Find Ancient Inca Fortress



Attention before the Spaniards came are here clearly pictured by the aerial camera of the Shippee-Johnson expedition which has just returned to New York after nine months of exploration and adventure in Peru.

HOW the ocean in olden times provided the Incas with a natural stronghold for their dwellings is evident in the site of this ancient Inca fortress, south of Lima, Peru, atop what was once an island in the sea. Probably, archeologists say, it was a literal fortress, built as the Pacific's recession turned the island into a coastal promontory. Remnants of a wall that belted the ancient fortification are still visible.

New German Threat



Germany has developed a new deanthion star who is expected to cause much embarrassment to America's versatile truck and field stars in the 1932 Olympic games to be held at Los Angeles, Calif. His name is Kurt Weis, and he is here seen hurling the discus.

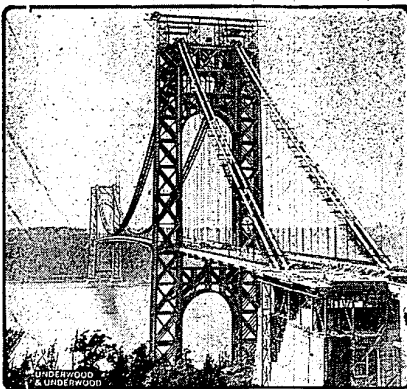
SUPERSTITIOUS SUE



UNCLE JOE TOLD HER THAT—If you see no falling stars on a bright summer evening, plan your week-end jambores without fear of sloppy sandwiches or sloppy shoes, for it is a sign of fair weather.

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Geo. Washington Bridge Nearly Done



THE new George Washington bridge, extending from One Hundred and Seventy-eighth street in Manhattan to Fort Lee, N. J., is virtually completed and the dedication ceremonies have tentatively set for October 12. It is the world's largest suspension bridge and cost over \$80,000,000 to build. This view of the bridge is taken from the New York anchorage.

"Little Stories for Bedtime"

by Thornton W. Burgess

PETER RABBIT HAS A CLOSE CALL

A CLOSE call means a narrow escape. That is what Peter Rabbit had the night he gave the warning that saved some of the geese in the pond of Paddy the Beaver. Peter knew just how much risk he was running when he thumped that warning. He knew that just on the other side of the pond, hiding in the Black Shallows, were Old Man Coyote and Kiddy and Old Grumpy Fox, and he knew, too, that they would be very, very angry because he had spoiled their chances of getting a fat goose for dinner. So the instant Peter had thumped his warning he started for the nearest bramble-tangle. It was a long way off, but it was the nearest safe hiding place he knew of.

Lippery-lippy-lip ran Peter, and as he ran he listened with all his

It was he, Peter, who had given the alarm.

For some little time Peter sat there listening and heard nothing but the distant sound of the voices of the geese. Then suddenly his heart gave a jump. What was that? He listened harder than ever. As surely as he was sitting there he heard footsteps! They were very, very light footsteps, but they were coming straight toward him. He waited only long enough to make sure and then once more he started for the bramble-tangle, lippery-lippy-lip, and this time he didn't intend to stop until he got there. Those light footsteps were made by Old Man Coyote! Peter knew them too well to be mistaken.

It was true. You see the instant Old Man Coyote, hiding there by the pond of Paddy the Beaver, had heard the thumps of Peter he had known that there wasn't the least chance in the world for him to catch one of those geese that night and he had at once made up his mind that if he couldn't dine on a fat goose he would do his best to dine on Peter himself. He knew just as well as Peter did that there was no safe hiding place for Peter nearer than the bramble-tangle and he made up his mind that that was just where Peter would start for. You see Old Man Coyote is very smart. Yes, indeed, Old Man Coyote is very smart. He knows all about Peter and his ways, and he felt quite sure that Peter would do just as he did do—stop to listen to what was going on back there at the pond.



Old Man Coyote Was So Close That It Seemed to Peter as If He Could Feel His Hot Breath.

might for sounds of some one following him. "Perhaps," thought Peter, hopefully, "they won't try to catch me tonight."

Now Peter never runs very far at a time without stopping to look and listen. He had run about a third of the way to the bramble-tangle when he stopped and sat up. With his ears standing straight up he listened with all his might. It was very still there in the Green Forest where he was, but back where he had come from he could just hear the gabbling voices of the geese, and so he knew that they had been awakened in time. He knew perfectly well that the wisest thing for him to do was to hurry on, but his curiosity would not let him. Perhaps, after all there was no real danger. He would stay where he was and then if no one followed him perhaps he could slip back to Paddy's Pond and learn just what had happened after he had thumped. He wondered if Honker the Goose knew that.

(© by J. G. Lloyd.)—WNU Service.

Scene During Hankow's Great Flood



THE flooded Ping Ho road in the Japanese concession at Hankow after the waters of the Yangtze river rose to a new high level since the floods of 1870. As a result of the disaster many thousands of Chinese were drowned and millions of dollars' worth of property was destroyed.

The Government's Most Effective Arm



Mother's Cook Book

They do not live in vain who keep close watches where the children sleep, and give stitches which repair. The little garments children wear. Edgar Guest.

NOW IS THE TIME

THIS is the season when we begin to look up our cherished recipes to use for canning and pickling. That is the thrifty housewife does, for often a recipe is mislaid until too late to prepare it.

Cucumber Mustard Pickles. This is one of the recipes that will be cherished, for the pickles are firm and good up to the last one. Prepare a jar with a gallon of vinegar, a cupful of ground mustard, and half a cupful of salt. Drop the fresh cucumbers, well washed, daily into this pickle until the jar is full. They will be ready to eat in two weeks.

Chili Sauce. Take twenty-four large ripe tomatoes, seven white onions, two green peppers, five cupfuls of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of salt and one cupful of sugar. Bring the vinegar and sugar to the boiling point, add the other ingredients which have been put through a food chopper and cook one hour at the boiling point.

Cherry Olives. Cover pitted cherries with vinegar and let stand over night. In the morning drain and add equal measures of sugar and cherries. Stir until well dissolved before putting away for winter use. The jar should be covered with a cloth and lid, but need not be sealed. These cherries are most delicious to serve with meats, as are the pickled cherries.

Spiced Grapes. Remove the pulp from six pounds of grapes. Put into a kettle and cook until soft enough to remove the seeds by putting them through a sieve. Put the pulp and skins together, add three pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon and one tablespoonful of cloves. Cook two hours. Seal for winter use. This jam is especially good with venison or other game.

Tomato Catsup. Take three dozen ripe tomatoes, three red peppers, six onions, all chopped fine. Add two teaspoonfuls of each whole cloves, stick cinnamon and ground mustard. To three cupfuls of vinegar add one and one-half cupfuls of brown sugar and three tablespoonfuls of salt. Cook until smooth, put through a sieve, reheat and bottle.

Celery Pickles. Slice one large onion, put it in the bottom of a two quart jar, then put in a layer of two or three cucumbers or large ones sliced lengthwise. Then add a stalk or two of celery, more cucumbers and celery, until the jar is full. Pour over one quart of boiling vinegar, one cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of salt, heated all together to the boiling point. Seal at once. These pickles keep firm and good all winter.

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The Old Gardener Says:

CAMASSIAS are spring-flowering plants not well known in the East, although natives of the West. They like rather heavy soil but will thrive in most gardens where manure has not been used heavily. Camassias are grown from bulbs, which should be planted three to six inches deep in September. Camassia Leichlinii is probably the best of the group. There are both white and blue varieties. The commonest of all is the Camassia quamash, the bulbs of which the Indians cooked and used as food.

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There Was Another Dorinda Dodd

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"DEAR Captain," read the letter. "I now take my pen in hand to tell you that I am going to California to keep house for my brother, so that I cannot work for you any longer. He needs me, so I cannot wait until you come home from this trip. Dorinda Dodd will take by place as your housekeeper, and you can change if neither one of you pleases the other. Yours respectfully, Ellen Smith."

"Dorinda Dodd! Sufferin' fish!" groaned young Captain Clark, as he put the letter away and leaned against the rail of his fine schooner, Breeze, a large three-masted vessel that raced through deep seas. "Think of going home and not seeing Ellen Smith at the helm. Is Dorinda Dodd the only woman without a job in Fairport?"

He asked himself this question many times as the Breeze neared New York. They touched at the big city and took a Fairport man home with them. Jabez Case offended the captain before the ship had left the East river.

"I hear Dorinda Dodd's going to keep house for you," gossiped Jabez lazily.

"Until I can turn around and find some one else," said the captain, a frown on his handsome bronzed face. "Find some one else! What's the matter with Dorinda Dodd? Jabez fairly squeaked his surprise. "She makes the best apple pies in Fairport."

The captain hesitated. "That may be, and apple pie is my favorite, but I couldn't stand being talked to death by Dorinda."

"Talked to death?" repeated the stupefied Jabez.

"I said it." Jabez became silent. He watched the captain's gloomy face as he stood by the wheel. They were entering the Sound and the navigation through Hell Gate required the captain's close attention. Once Jabez slumped his knee just as though he had made a delightful discovery.

"Folks are gossiping already, Bill—you know old Dorinda Dodd always wanted to get married."

"Don't be a fool, Jabez," snapped Capt. Billy Clark.

"The Breeze is in port!" the word few around the village of Fairport, but to one had an opportunity to have a word with the captain, who went ashore at once and took a short cut across the bluffs to his little white home on the hill. He had been born and raised there, and it pleased him to live on in the house that was so eloquent of his mother and father, dead these five years past.

"The old lady likes posies," he prudently admitted. He entered the front door and looked into the parlor. Everything was in its accustomed place, and immaculately clean. The small front windows were open and the scent of cinnamon roses filled the room. His throat tightened—memory seemed so insistent. He almost sensed the presence of his mother. He left hastily, passed through the quaint dining room, and sought the kitchen—and Dorinda Dodd.

There was a delicious fragrance of baking cake; on a side table were leaves of fresh bread and two plates on the big kitchen table were all the evidences of molasses cookies to come, but no Dorinda Dodd.

"Oh, Miss Dorinda!" he sang lustily, cheered for the moment by the comfort of his home, and with the words scarcely uttered, out of the pantry stepped a woman, with dabs of flour on her pretty nose and cheeks. Her wide brown eyes showed surprise.

"It must be Captain Clark," she extended a plump capable hand. "Welcome home."

"Thank you, ma'am. I was expecting to see Miss Dorinda Dodd here, so I just sang out," he explained.

"Oh—why, I am Dorinda Dodd!" He stared at her doubtfully. "I was expecting an elderly lady—I went to school to her once upon a time."

"That was father's sister—and Aunt Dorinda died last winter, poor dear. I am sorry that you are disappointed."

"Disappointed?" he roared. "Why should I be disappointed?" He admired the pretty light blue dress she wore and the way the hair curled in the nap of her pretty neck. Send her away? He hoped nothing would happen to tempt her to leave his abode. She was a little more than thirty, and he was a sober thirty-six. And he was home for the summer!

When he was ready to sail on his next long voyage, he met Jabez Case on the street. "How is Miss Dorinda, Billy?" asked Jabez.

Capt. Billy Clark grinned happily. "There isn't any Miss Dorinda Dodd now, Jabez—it's Dorinda Clark, and we're off on our honeymoon."

English Privy Council

The Privy Council was originally chosen by the English sovereign to administer public affairs; but is now never summoned to assemble as a whole except to proclaim the successor to the crown upon the death of the sovereign. The business of the Privy Council is now performed by committees, of which the cabinet is technically one.

Motors' Term

"Vapor lock" means the interruption in the flow of gasoline from the fuel tank to the carburetor, due to the boiling of the liquid fuel at some point in the feed system.