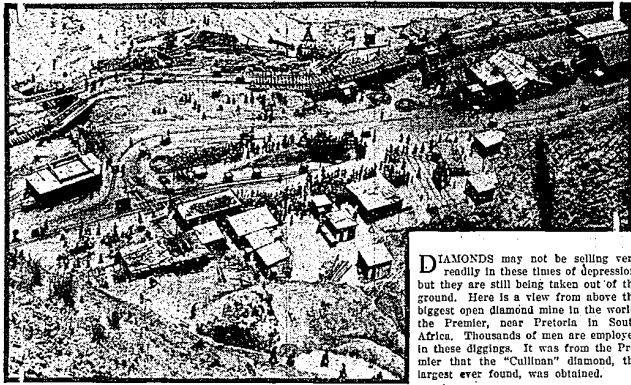


## Looking Down Into Largest Open Diamond Mine



**D**IAMONDS may not be selling very readily in these times of depression, but they are still being taken out of the ground. Here is a view from above the biggest open diamond mine in the world, the Premier, near Pretoria in South Africa. Thousands of men are employed in these diggings. It was from the Premier that the "Cullinan" diamond, the largest ever found, was obtained.

## The Old Gardener Says:

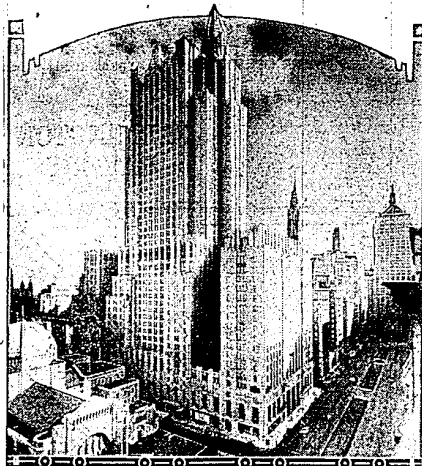
**G**ARDEN makers who have been growing Witloof chicory will find it very easy to force. As many plants as are likely to be needed should be stored in a cool place, as few at a time being taken into a furnace cellar where a temperature of about 50 degrees can be maintained. The roots are best forced in deep boxes such as can be obtained at a grocery store. The boxes should be filled with good garden soil, and the roots set in them so that the top is just even with the surface. Then a little water should be given, unless the earth is damp. Many growers like to use two or three inches of sand over the earth. If the corner of the cellar where the roots are being forced cannot be darkened readily, a box having a few holes bored in it for ventilation being the roots. The salad plant obtained in this way is much relished in the winter months.

## Fur on Fall Coats



The new fall coats are richly trimmed with fur collars and cuffs. The one here shown is luxuriously decorated with blue fur skins, and the small-brimmed hat nestles under the upstanding fur collar.

## Gotham Has World's Tallest Hostelry



**T**HIS hotel, said to be the tallest in the world, has just been opened in New York. It is the new Waldorf-Astoria. The view of it is taken looking south on Park avenue.

## Mother's Cook Book

Fine, clear, dazzling morning, the sun an hour high, the air just taut enough. What a stamp in advance my whole day receives from the song of the meadow lark perched on a fence stake twenty rods distant! Two or three throaty notes repeated at intervals, full of careless happiness and hope. With its peculiar shimmering slow progress and rapid-noteless action of wings, it flies on a way, lights on another stake, and so on to another, shimmering and singing many minutes.

—WALT WHITMAN.

## CANDY FLAVORED DISHES

**A** FEW varieties of candy used to flavor or enhance the appearance of a dish add variety to the menu and a delight to the eater. The following dish has been used for several years, so is not new; but for those who have not tried it, here it is:

## Cinnamon Apple Jam.

Quarter and peel two and one-fourth pounds of apples and simmer for five minutes in a half cup of water in a covered saucepan. When the apples are soft put them through a sieve; add five cups of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of cinnamon candies, and boil hard for one minute. Remove from the heat and add one-fourth cup of pectin, skim and pour into glasses or jars. Cover with a thin film of paraffin while hot; when cool cover with another layer to insure perfect sealing.

**Peppermint Cup Cakes.**  
Cream one-fourth of a cup of butter, add two-thirds of a cup of sugar and two beaten eggs. Mix and sift two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder and one-fourth teaspoon of salt. Add to the first mixture, alternating with three-fourths of a cup of milk. Stir thoroughly, then drop the mixture into muffin tins. Sprinkle the tops with peppermint sticks that have been ground fine through a food chopper. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes.

**Gum Drop Orange Sherbet.**  
Cut six squares of angel food, arrange on a serving plate and spread each portion with a mound of sherbet, topped with cream and garnished with quartered gum drops. The quart of orange sherbet may be made at home if convenient.

**California Custard.**  
Bring three cups of milk to the boiling point with a half-inch slice of lemon rind in it. Remove the rind and add one-half pound of uncooked spaghetti in small pieces and one cup of raisins. Cook gently until the spaghetti is tender, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Mix one-half cup of sugar, a pinch of salt and two slightly beaten eggs, with one-half cup of milk. Add to the spaghetti with one-half teaspoon each of lemon extract and cinnamon; cook gently until the egg is set. Serve with cream.

## Navy Team's Captain



Here is the man who hopes to lead the navy colors to victory on the gridiron this season, Midshipman M. H. Tuttle, of London, N. C.

## NUTTY NATURAL HISTORY

BY HUGH NUTTON

## THE ARCTIC NOLF-NULF

The nolf-nulf is a mournful creature, weeping continually for the old days. On account of this, the Eskimos keep them for igloo pets, where they can conveniently use their blubber. The nolf-nulf whenever possible will shed crocodile tears, but cannot depend on this because of the rarity of crocodiles in the Arctic regions. Except for the crocodile tears, the nolf-nulf is easily constructed. The



body is a paper-shell pecan, and the head a double peanut. Popcorn in the popped stage forms the topknot. The legs are cloves, and the feet, split lima beans.

(© Metropolitan Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service.)

## SUPERSTITIOUS SUE



**SHE HAS HEARD THAT—**  
If you have the best interest of the bride at heart and wish her to prosper, just hide a horseshoe under her bouquet and her purse will never be empty nor her cupboard bare.

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## Your Home and You

By Betsy Callister

## VEGETABLE SOUPS

**V**EGETABLE soups of various sorts made without meat stock are a nourishing and inexpensive addition to the everyday bill of fare. A dinner consisting of some such vegetable soup, followed by a meatless second course of, let us say, tomatoes and spinach, or succotash and tomatoes, makes an adequate and inexpensive dinner.

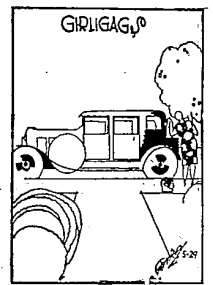
The usual way of making creamed vegetable soup is to simmer the vegetables to get the vegetable stock and then to add this to thickened milk. Here are some other vegetable soups that you may like to try.

**Cream of Lettuce Soup.**  
This calls for the outer leaves of two heads of lettuce. Fry one-half tablespoonful of minced onion in three tablespoonfuls of butter until soft and then add the lettuce shredded, with three cups of stock and three tablespoonfuls of rice. Let simmer in double boiler, adding water to keep it equal to three cups. Add one cup of milk and let simmer again in double boiler until rice is tender. Strain, pressing the rice through the sieve.

**Celery Soup.**  
This calls for a pint of stock made by boiling ends and coarse parts of a bunch of celery with a few slices of onion. Add a pint of milk, boil together. Have ready a half-cupful of cooked rice, add to the milk and let cook in double boiler for five minutes. Have ready an egg slightly beaten in an earthen bowl. Pour the soup over the egg and let stand for two minutes, stirring constantly. Season to taste.

**Onion Soup.**  
Two cupfuls finely chopped onion, two tablespoonfuls butter or bacon drippings, four cupfuls rice water or vegetable stock, one teaspoonful salt, one-eighth teaspoonful white pepper, one-eighth teaspoonful paprika, one tablespoonful of caramel. Cook onions and butter or drippings in covered saucepan, shaking pan often. When onions are tender add to rice water or stock; boil five minutes; add salt, pepper, paprika, caramel and chopped parsley.

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"The wolf doesn't howl at the door nowadays," says a flivvering Flo. "It hanks in the garage."

## The Fraternity of Age

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

**W**ELL, here we are, all growing old together.  
You think it's only you, I only I; Yet colder grows to each the colder weather.  
And not at one time over passes by—I sometimes very greatly wonder whether Time knows there are the humble and the high.

The Croemns, and the beauty, and the scholar,  
Grow gray around the temples, like the rest.  
The vagrant on the road, without a dollar,  
Is in that same procession walking west.  
The gray hair falls upon the curate's collar  
As well as on the singer sans a vest.

I think, perhaps, that here's our only error:  
We walk together, yet we walk alone.  
The while the journey would lose half its terror  
If we would laugh together at the stone.  
The common highway always is the falser,  
Yes, falser than some tow-path of our own.

The lonely scowl, the many are the merry,  
Sharing discomfort in some crowded place.  
Upon the train, the overloaded ferry,  
We bear our burdens with a better grace.  
The years are heavy, but are not so very,  
If met together, with a smiling face.

(© 1931, Douglas Malloch.) (WNU Service.)

## The Storm's Past



## "Little Stories for Bedtime" by Thornton W. Burgess

## BOWSER, THE HOUND, FINDS PETER

**T**IME was when Peter Rabbit looked on Bowser the Hound as a very dangerous enemy. But that was when Peter was young and knew less of the Great World. Also it was in the days before Farmer Brown's Boy had put away his terrible gun. Then the sound of Bowser's great voice sent a chill of fear over Peter, for he knew that unless he could fool Bowser's keen nose Bowser would surely find Farmer Brown's Boy to where he was, and then—well, then there was that terrible gun.

But since Farmer Brown's Boy had put away his terrible gun and no longer hunted Peter and the other little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows, the sound of Bowser's great voice no longer sent shivers of fear chasing one another all over Peter. Truth to tell, Peter rather enjoyed an occasional run with Bowser. It kept him in good condition. He felt that it was good for him. Peter especially enjoyed such runs in cold weather. They set his blood racing and made him feel warm and full of high spirits. He would run in circles and use simple tricks to mix his trail up so that he could



But Peter sat right where he was and chuckled.

He sat down and enjoyed listening to Bowser's impatient yaps as he tried to get the trail straightened out. It was a kind of game which Peter enjoyed, and which he knew that Bowser enjoyed. Then when Peter grew really tired he would simply skip into the dear Old Briar Patch or the nearest bramble-tangle or a hollow log, where Bowser could not follow him and not care the least bit that Bowser knew just where he was. No, Peter was no longer the least bit afraid of Bowser the Hound.

So as he sat in the bramble-tangle the morning after his narrow escape

from Old Man Coyote, trying to think of some way to get back to the dear Old Briar Patch without giving Old Man Coyote a chance to catch him, he was not in the least bit frightened or troubled when he heard a rustling of feet among dead leaves, and peeping out saw Bowser himself sniffing and sniffing as he tried to find the scent of some one to chase. He knew by the way that Bowser acted that his wonderful nose had found just enough scent to tell him that some one had been along that way, but not enough for him to be sure which way they had gone, for after a few hours scent disappears. Hunters say that it grows cold. So the scent left by Peter and Old Man Coyote in the night had grown cold. There was just enough of it left in damp spots to tell Bowser that they had been there, but not enough for him to get really excited about.

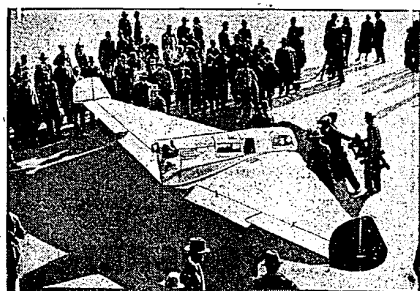
Now Bowser is very patient, and he ran this way and that by sniffing the ground all over so that he would be able to find a trail fresh enough for him to follow, for Bowser was feeling just like a good run that morning. So presently he came to the old bramble-tangle where Peter was hiding, and then a wandering Little Breeze brought him the scent of Peter fresh and strong. Instantly Bowser knew that Peter was somewhere in there, and right away he became very much excited. His tail began to wag as if he would wag it off, a way he has of doing when he is hunting. Peter almost laughed aloud as he watched.

All around the edge of the old bramble-tangle went Bowser, sniffing, sniffing, and whining as he looked in among the brambles trying to see Peter. And at last he did see him sitting right in the middle. "Bow, wow, wow!" roared Bowser fiercely and tried to crawl in through the old brambles. But the old brambles scratched Bowser's tender ears and made him yelp, so that he was glad to back out and try another place.

"Bow, wow, wow!" roared Bowser again. "Come out and run, or I will come in and get you!" and he made himself look as fierce as he could. But Peter sat right where he was and chuckled. He knew that Bowser never could catch him in that old bramble-tangle, and he wasn't the least bit frightened. In fact, he enjoyed seeing Bowser try so hard to frighten him. Besides, it took his mind off of the worry of how he was going to get back to the dear Old Briar Patch without falling into the clutches of Old Man Coyote, who, he knew was hiding somewhere along the way there. You see he had told Peter that he never would get back there again.

(© by J. G. Lloyd.) (WNU Service.)

## Tailless Plane Built in Germany



**O**VER in Germany they have just built and tested an airplane of radical departure in construction. It has no tail, and the wings are novelties in design. This plane was built on order of Captain Koehl, who flew across the Atlantic with Major Fitzmaurice and Baron von Huenefeld.