

Birthplace of Washington Is Being Restored



Kitchen and main house of the restored birthplace of George Washington, which is rising from the fire ruins of 150 years ago. The beautiful estate in Westmoreland county, Virginia, is being reconstructed by the government to form an almost perfect reproduction of the house and grounds as they were during the youth of the first President. The work will be completed in time for the George Washington bicentennial in 1932.

Fruit Soups Are Nourishing

By NELLIE MAXWELL

Welcome, a thousand times welcome, ye dear and delicate neighbors—
Bird and bee and butterfly, and humming bird fairy life!
Proud am I to offer you food for your grateful labors.
All the honey and all the needs are yours in this garden of mine.
—Celia Thaxter.

sugar, cook for ten minutes, add a quart of fresh berries with the juice of one lemon. Mash and strain, adding a cupful of orange juice with the berries which have been iced. Serve cold.

Prune and Peach Soup.

Take one-third of a pound of dried prunes and two-thirds of a pound of dried peaches, soak overnight. In the morning add a pint of cold water and cook to the boiling point, then add two tablespoonfuls of sago; cook un-

til the sago is clear. Add a cupful of cherry, cranberry or other tart juice and serve either hot or cold.

A very appetizing salad may be made by stuffing well plumped and stewed prunes with cream cheese and finely minced celery. Serve on lettuce with a spoonful of french dressing, or any other kind preferred.

Bake sweet potatoes with brown sugar, butter and raisins; bake until they are heavy with syrup; add a touch of mace and serve.

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COCKTAILS are more popular as a fruit beginner for the dinner than soups, though in Europe they are enjoyed by prince and peasant; chilled with shaved ice they make a most nourishing dish. With fruit soups the nourishment depends upon the ingredients used, as with other soups. Prunes, raisins, figs, bananas, persimmons and pawpaws have more food value in themselves, though lacking in other things. With the addition of stock, milk and egg, the food value is increased. Dried or canned fruits are used as well as the fresh fruits.

Apple and Rice Soup.

Core and slice thin eight unpeeled apples. Cook them with one-half cupful of rice until both are soft, using two quarts of boiling water. Put through a sieve, add spices and one-half cupful of orange juice or grapefruit marmalade. Serve hot.

Strawberry and Orange Soup.

Sprinkle a pint of strawberries with sugar and let stand on ice for one hour. Make a syrup of one and one-half quarts of water and a pound of

SOME NEIGHBORLY SUGGESTIONS

ALL boiled vegetables should be drained as soon as they are tender. If allowed to stand undrained after cooking, they become soggy. The water drained off may be used for soup stock.

To keep the polish of the dining room table perfect, rub every three days with a mixture made of equal parts of olive oil and turpentine. Apply with a flannel cloth. Dull spots on other furniture may be treated in the same way.

Dust your waxed floors or wipe them off with a damp cloth wrung out of cool water. When soiled use cool sudsy water made with pure castile soap.

When your jelly will not jell do not turn it back into the pan to cook again. Take a large dripping-pan and half fill it with water. Set your undisturbed glasses of jelly in it, not close enough to touch, put the pan into a hot oven, and let them bake until sufficiently jellied. This usually takes about three-quarters of an hour.
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Woman Warrior's Banner

Joan of Arc herself designed her flag or banner. It was made of white linen and fringed with silk. On it was painted a figure of God holding the world in His hands, with an angel kneeling at either side. The lilies of France were dotted over the linen and the words "Jesus Maria" were inscribed. There is a record in the public library at Tours that this flag was made by a Scotchman named Poulroir, who received 25 francs for his work.

Possible Perfection

"What is your idea of a perfect government?" asked the interviewer.
"One," replied Senator Sorghum, "which finds a perfect population to be governed."

When Women Drop Their Friends

By JEAN NEWTON

THREE women socially prominent in New York stood in the witness box in a court of law and testified that they had "cut" a friend when she became involved in a scandal.

Until her recent trouble, they said, she had been their friend, and had been received in their homes.

The scandal on her reputation, however, proved very damaging to her social status, and subsequently she was "cut"—in other words "dropped." She was no longer welcome in their homes.

That's all right; each to his own way of thinking, as they say. My only objection is that these women should not have used the term "friend."

I should have made no comment had they said this: "We are three prominent society matrons, with the accent on 'society.' The social thing is everything to us. We have our own strict code. And it is part of that code that anyone who gets herself involved in something unsavory in the public prints is beyond the pale. She is no longer a credit to our set, and social sets exist on assets, not liabilities. Therefore she must be 'dropped.'"

That would have been a straightforward explanation of how doors that were once open may be shut in a woman's face.

But these women use the term friendship to describe their relations with the woman they "cut" because

she got into trouble, from whom they drew away as soon as the relationship threatened to embarrass them—when they say they were her friends, they are complicating matters, putting the wrong slant on a quite obvious situation.

Had they been her friends, really they would have looked to her when



"It's just like a lot of motorists to hail you as 'Old Top,'" says Ambulating Amelia, "and then never take you for a spin."
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For Indo-Chinese Students in Paris



This is the recently completed Indo-Chinese building of the new University in Paris, the group of structures in which students of each nationality are to have their own building.

The Children's Corner

Edited by DOROTHY EDMONDS

Charles Dickens and Bob Fagin

Charles Dickens, when about eleven years old, found work in a blacking warehouse at Old Hungerford Stairs, overlooking the Thames river, in an unsavory part of London. His work there consisted in covering the pots of paste blacking, first with a piece of oil paper and then with blue paper. After that he tied them with a string, clipped the paper neatly all-round and fastened a printed label to each pot of blacking.

"You don't like it here over-much, do ye, now?" the boy who worked beside him said one day.

"No, I don't like it," was Charles' reply.

The boy—his name was Bob Fagin—grinned and shrugged one shoulder; he was a large, heavily built boy with coarse features. "That's 'cause you're a gentleman!" he remarked with a wink at Pol Green, one of the other boys who worked in the big warehouse. "You look pale, sort of. May be you're worried about somethin', eh? Maybe you've got a secret?"

Charles continued to paste his labels in silence.

All that Bob Fagin had said was true. Charles was not strong, and the work that he was doing only served to increase his ill health. He was also tortured by the thought of his father who was in a debtors' prison. He had spoken to no one about it; pride kept his lips tight-shut on the subject. That was his secret.

Later in the day, just as he was applying a label to one of the pots, he uttered a startled cry and pressed his hand against his side.

"Ho!" cried Fagin, running to him. "Here's a go! The lad's in pain."

With some of the straw that covered the floor of the workroom he

made a bed for his suffering companion.

"Now, lad," said Fagin, "you're still weak, and you need help. If you should try to go home alone, you'd likely fall before you were halfway there. Tell me where you live and I'll go along with you. I'll see that you get safe home to your father, I will."

Charles felt a warm flush overspread his cheeks. Home! He had no home, only an attic room in a miserable lodging-house. If Bob Fagin accompanied him he would be sure to discover the truth; that his father was in Marshalsea prison!

"I—I feel better," he said at last. "I'm sure I can reach home alone."

"And I say you can't!" the other repeated. "I guess I'm not going to let you start off alone!"

Charles' cheeks burned like fire. There seemed to be no way out of it; he must permit Bob Fagin to accompany him. But he was still resolved that he should earn nothing.

Night was closing in when he and Fagin left the warehouse together. Up one street and down another they walked in the growing darkness.

"You live a long way off, don't you?" Fagin said at last.

Charles nodded. He did not tell his friend that they were merely walking aimlessly about the city.

Finally Charles stopped in front of a strange house. "Thanks!" he said in a nervous trembling voice. "I'm greatly obliged to you, Bob!" and he ran up the stairs of the house and rang the bell.

A servant came to the door and frowned down upon the boy. "What is it you want?" the servant demanded.

Charles glanced nervously over his shoulder; Bob Fagin had disappeared round the corner. He swallowed hard. "Well?" inquired the servant irritably.

"Does—does Mr. Bob Fagin live here?" the question seemed to leap from the boy's lips, unbidden.

"No!" And the door closed with a bang.

Charles turned and quickly descended the steps, whence he made his way to his miserable little attic room. He had kept his secret!

Music Limericks

My little Pet Hen said, "In-
If you think that I can suc-

In laying an
Every day I

You to see that I get good
A dear little girlie named
Went out for a ride in a

She sang, "Fiddle
I'm glad as can
And powdered her nose with a

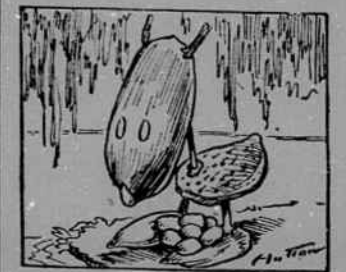
Guess the missing words and spell them on the music staff.
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NUTTY NATURAL HISTORY

BY HUGH HUTTON

THE BLUE-GILLED GWIBB

THE hunting of the gwibb is great sport, as the hunter never knows whether he or the gwibb is being hunted. The gwibb haunts the inaccessible lagoons where it lays its eggs. When all the eggs are laid the female divides them equally with the male, who places his half on his broad feet and keeps them at the right temperature to age rapidly. At the sound of the first shot, the male gwibbs fly aloft with their eggs, dropping them



on the hunter as he bangs away at them. The result of the hunt depends on whether the egg or the shot gets there first, for if an egg hits a hunter he either passes out or is delirious for several weeks.

A paper-shell pecan, with popcorn attached for a nose, forms the head of this bird. The body is an almond, and the feet are almond kernels. Cloves do for the legs and ears, and the neck is a toothpick. Eggs are navy beans. In nature the face is pink with blue trimmings around the chin and cheeks.
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SUPERSTITIOUS SUE



BROTHER BILL HAS TOLD HER THAT—

If a dog crosses the diamond before the first ball is pitched, oh, goose eggs and doughnuts—that pitcher may as well beat it to the showers because the old gypsy curse is on him.
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(WNU Service.)

Corners

An optimist can see around a corner. A pessimist won't admit there is a corner.—Toledo Blade.