

Memorial to Dead Aviators of Sweden



Scene at the ceremonies attending the unveiling of a memorial in Stockholm to the dead aviators of Sweden. It was erected by the Royal Swedish Aero club, and inside it was placed an urn containing medals inscribed with the names of those honored.

Some Desserts That Will Be Liked

By NELLIE MAXWELL

THERE is nothing that goes to the spot with the ordinary individual like fresh hot ginger bread, right from the oven. Serve it with cream, cheese

apple sauce, or topped with whipped cream, and it is always a welcome dessert. The following is an old recipe which is always good:

Hot Water Gingerbread.

Beat one egg, add one cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, one-half cupful of sweet melted fat, cupful of good dark molasses and three cupfuls of flour with a tablespoonful of ginger. Mix and stir well, then add a cupful of boiling water to which a teaspoonful of soda has been added, stir until smooth, then pour into a good-sized dripping pan and bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven. Cut while hot with a fork or two, so that it will not be soggy.

Fragrant Pie.

Roll out three circles of nice pastry and cut with a plate for the pattern.

Bake on a baking sheet and put together with crushed strawberries mixed with sugar and whipped cream. Top with the cream and halved berries.

Frozen Boston Pudding.

Break lat. bits or grate a half-pound of brown bread a day old, pour over one pint of boiling hot cream and let it stand until cool. Prepare a rich boiled custard, using a pint of milk, three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a few grains of salt. Cook until the custard coats the spoon. Cool and freeze; serve unmolded on a platter covered with macaroon crumbs.

A teaspoonful of lemon juice to lamb stew makes it different as does a bit of bay leaf in a beef stew.

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The Closed Door

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

UP THROUGH the dusk come perfumes—
Up through the silence sounds—
How many a beauty half-concealed
The home of our heart surrounds.
Out of the dark a shimmer—
Down from the sky a gleam—
How many a song is never heard
Except in the hour we dream.

So, in the life around us,
The clatter and clash of day—
How many a beauty lingers near,
Yes, near and not far away,
Could we but pause a little,
Would we but wait, indeed,
How many a beauty all life has,
If only we stop and read.

Heard in the crush a kindness,
Seen in the crowd a smile—
How many a thing that seems remote
Is near to us all the while,
Life seems a heartless battle,
Life seems an endless war—
How many a brother passes by
Because we have closed the door.
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Why Boys Leave Home

WRITTEN BY JOE ARCHIBALD



THE HUNGER STRIKE (© McClure Newspaper Syndicate) — WNU Service

"Togetherness" and "Separateness"

By JEAN NEWTON

A READER sends a newspaper clipping describing a club that has been formed with the avowed purpose of "giving the social diplo a hand!"

"There will be no grips, no secrets, no passwords except those that lie deep within the consciousness of the individual. Our basic law is to learn the secret of 'togetherness' which we believe will eventually bring all peoples to the same ideas and ideals."

That is part of the description of the club given by its founder, who is a granddaughter of the great Ameri-

can preacher and humanitarian, Henry Ward Beecher.

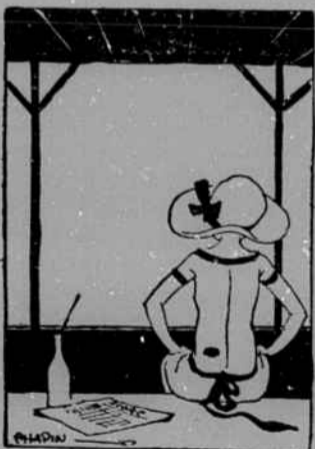
No grips, no secrets, no passwords—"togetherness"—it looks as if Miss Beecher is going to have a club without "cliques," as if this club is going to be interested in people as people—not because of who they are or what their parents or grand parents were.

"Togetherness"—that seems to bear little relation to the principles that have heretofore governed social matters. On the contrary, the props of much of our social structure, the backbone of this thing called "society," would seem rather to be the idea of "separateness," for doesn't good "society" separate those who belong from those who don't, those who are in from those who are out?

If this movement for "togetherness" is successful, and we trust that it will be, there's a little to it apart from its humanitarianism. If we are going to see people entirely as people, like them for what we have in common with them rather than for who they are, it will pop up many an evening that might have been dull, putting new life, as it were, into many a calling list. For under our present system of "separateness" it has been found that the people with "good" names are not always the most interesting.

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SUPERSTITIOUS SUE



BROTHER BILL HAS TOLD HER THAT—

A smart baseball manager will never allow his whole team to sit down together for it's liable to put the old jinx on that Jay's game.

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A Few Friendly Suggestions

A PASTE made of bicarbonate of soda and water applied to sunburn gives a cooling sensation almost immediately. When the moisture has been absorbed from the paste the fire of the burn will have disappeared and the danger of blistering is lessened.

Never use anything but safety pins to fasten the ends of bandages. If you have no safety pins tear a few inches of the material, twist the two ends around each other to keep them from loosening and pass one end around the wounded arm or leg in one direction and the other in the other direction, then tie over twist.

Iceboxes need sunning and airing. A clean icebox saves ice.

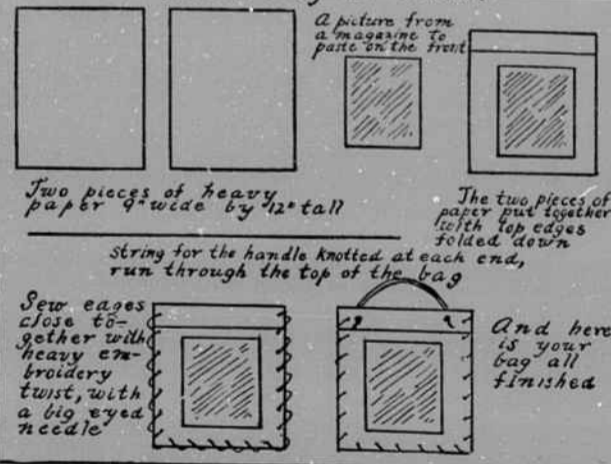
Before washing a down quilt, tack it across several times as if quilting. This will keep the down in position. While drying, shake it several times.

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The Children's Corner

Edited by DOROTHY EDMONDS

A School Bag to Make



Two pieces of heavy paper 9" wide by 12" tall

A picture from a magazine to paste on the front

The two pieces of paper put together with top edges folded down

String for the handle knotted at each end, run through the top of the bag

Sew edges close together with heavy embroidery twist, with a big eyed needle

And here is your bag all finished

Where Forests Grow

THERE once lived a man who owned a beautiful piece of land. This land was a plain surrounded by rolling hills. The slopes of the hills were cov-

ered in trees. There were Maples, proudly stretching their arms to give shade in the summer time and bits of bright color in the autumn; Sugar Maples, whose strong wood made fine furniture and whose sap supplied sugar. There were Birches, tall and white, that gleamed like ivory in the day time and became like slim ghosts at night; there were Elms whose graceful branches bent gently toward the ground and whose abundant foliage hid many a nesting bird; Dogwoods, whose snowy blossoms could be seen for miles around; Willows there were, too, with sad drooping branches waving and sighing in the wind; there were Chestnuts, whose nuts the children liked to gather; there were Aspens with silver tinted leaves, and on the tops of the hills were the kings of all, the Pines, through whose needles the winds whistled and sang strange songs. The man loved his hills and his trees better than anything else in the world. He liked to stand in the center of the plain and listen to the sounds they made gossiping together. But the day came when he had to sell his land to some one else. Many years passed. The man returned. Where, oh where, was his beautiful plain? Where were his trees, his shady, mossy slopes? The new owner had cut down the trees to sell them for lumber, for fuel

and various other things. He had not cut them down slowly, one by one, planting new ones for those he cut away, but he had cut them all down at once. Rains came, storms and snows, and as the water poured down the slopes, having no tree roots to slow it down, having no leaves to shake the moisture gently on the ground, it washed the moss, the ferns, the very soil away along with it, leaving behind nothing but rock and waste. No longer did a thousand little streams bubble musically over spongy beds of leaves and moss where grew tiny and brilliant flowers. The man was very sad.

Then a boy asked him one day, "What are trees good for, anyway?" And the man said, "Without trees, my boy, cold and cruel winds would sweep across the country, making more freezing weather than we have ever known. Without them the ground would be scorched dry by the hot rays of the sun and plants could not grow. Without them, houses would be poor things, having little furniture. Ships would have no perfect masts. There would be very little paper for our books and news, very little fuel for our fires, no nuts, no fruits. Without them we would have to do without many valuable oils, many kinds of medicine. Without them snow on the hillsides would melt so fast that floods would rush down the slopes washing everything before them. Without trees the air would be too dry to breathe, for each one, full grown, gives off a whole ton of moisture in one day. Oh, without them the world would indeed be a dreary place."

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Ford Purchases Early Eighteenth Century English Mansion



Henry Ford, American motor magnate, it is reported, has purchased Boreham House, near Chelmsford, England, an early eighteenth century mansion. This residence was for some years the Essex seat of Lord Kenyon.

GIRLIGAGS



"A woman," says Meditative Meg, "is as young as she attracts." (© 1931 Bell Syndicate) — WNU Service