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HONEY WANTED

HIGHEST PRICES paid—cash furnished—any quantity—large or small. Write for further details. SIOUX HONEY ASSOC., Sioux City, Iowa. Lima, Ohio.

CABINS FOR RENT

Visit Frier's Camp in Spearfish Canyon—5 miles from Deadwood, S. D., on highway No. 1. Cool, quiet, fine fishing. \$600 per year. Write for details. W. E. WILROY, Lead, South Dakota.

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Day School, Night School, Home Study. Low tuition. Easy payment. AMERICAN SCHOOL OF COMMERCE, 3225 Farnam, Omaha, Neb.

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128 ACRES, U. S. 60 pavement, house, barn, tractor land, near town, \$3,600. Terms. WILSON, REPUBLIC, MO.

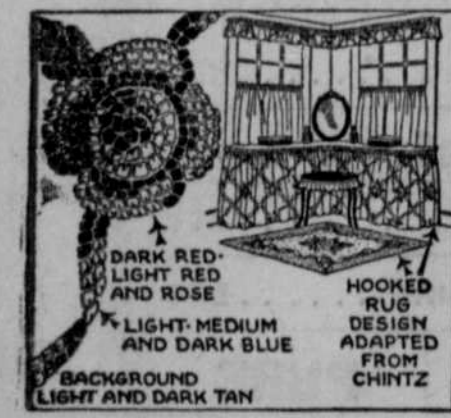
Soda Fountain for Sale

SODA FOUNTAIN, 18 foot, liquid carbonic, includes steam table equipment, capacity 42 gallons, fine condition, \$600. Write for details. H. J. GLEASON, care G. F. Lytle Co., Sioux City, Iowa.

CREMATION

FOREST LAWN CEMETERY • OMAHA • CREMATION of the most modern type Write to us for booklet

ON THE HOME FRONT with RUTH WYETH SPEARS



NOW is the time to use every scrap of old woolen goods that you have on hand. That old coat the moths got into; the dress from which spots cannot be removed; the trousers that are ragged at the knees—all of the material in these may be made into handsome hooked rugs.

The square rug in the sketch was designed to fit in a smart dressing table corner. The rose-and-ribbon design in the chintz skirt and window valance was copied in making a border and center flower for the rug. It is easy to make your own rug designs in this way to exactly suit your room.

NOTE: There are suggestions for preparing hooked rug materials and for making original designs in BOOK 5 of the series of home-making booklets which Mrs. Spears has prepared for readers. Also BOOK 6 contains directions for a hooked rug that any beginner can make easily and quickly. The booklets are 10 cents each. Plans for making a hooked rug frame will be included with your order, if requested. Address:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS Bedford Hills New York Drawer 10 Enclose 10 cents for each book desired. Name..... Address.....

Gas on Stomach

Relieved in 5 minutes or double money back. When excess stomach acid causes painful, sufficient gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually prescribe the fastest-acting medicines known for gastrointestinal relief—medicines like those in Bell's Colic Tablets. No laxative. Bell's Colic Tablets bring comfort in a jiffy or double your money back on return of bottle to us. See at all druggists.

Black Leaf 40 KILLS LICE "Cap-Brush" Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" GO TO WORK IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

Approach of Great Events The gravest events dawn with the more noise than the morning star makes in rising.—Beecher.

That Nagging Backache May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action. Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking... Try Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to pass off harmful excess body waste... DOAN'S PILLS

U. S. Learns Jungle Warfare

Snakebite antidote, compasses, mosquito netting and machetes are part of the regular equipment of American soldiers now receiving training in jungle fighting in the Caribbean area. To reach their objectives, jungle fighters must climb and descend mountains, hack their way through jungle growth, traverse swamps and cross rivers.

A large body of men carry a good deal of equipment—one soldier a rope, another dynamite, others gasoline and a stove; others additional medical supplies and weapons.

Soldiers in the Caribbean area learn to swim rivers with their rifles over their heads and know the trick of bending over, when they have reached the opposite bank, to let the water run out of their packs. In low, swampy places and when crossing streams they must be on the watch for a wall of water which might come at them because of a cloudburst high in the mountains above them.

Food is a problem in the jungle, for everything molds, and tin cans in most cases are too heavy to carry. The soldier must learn to live off the jungle as far as possible on fruits or on the meat of canejoes, tapirs, snakes and monkeys. He learns that iguanas are a delicacy.

Men in training are never sent on a mission alone; two men must always be together. In actual combat, however, these men will be putting to use all they have learned in order to out-infiltrate and outfight the Japs.

Presented here is a series of jungle warfare training pictures taken by the U. S. Army Signal Corps in remote outposts manned by U. S. troops somewhere in the Caribbean area.



Victory Parade

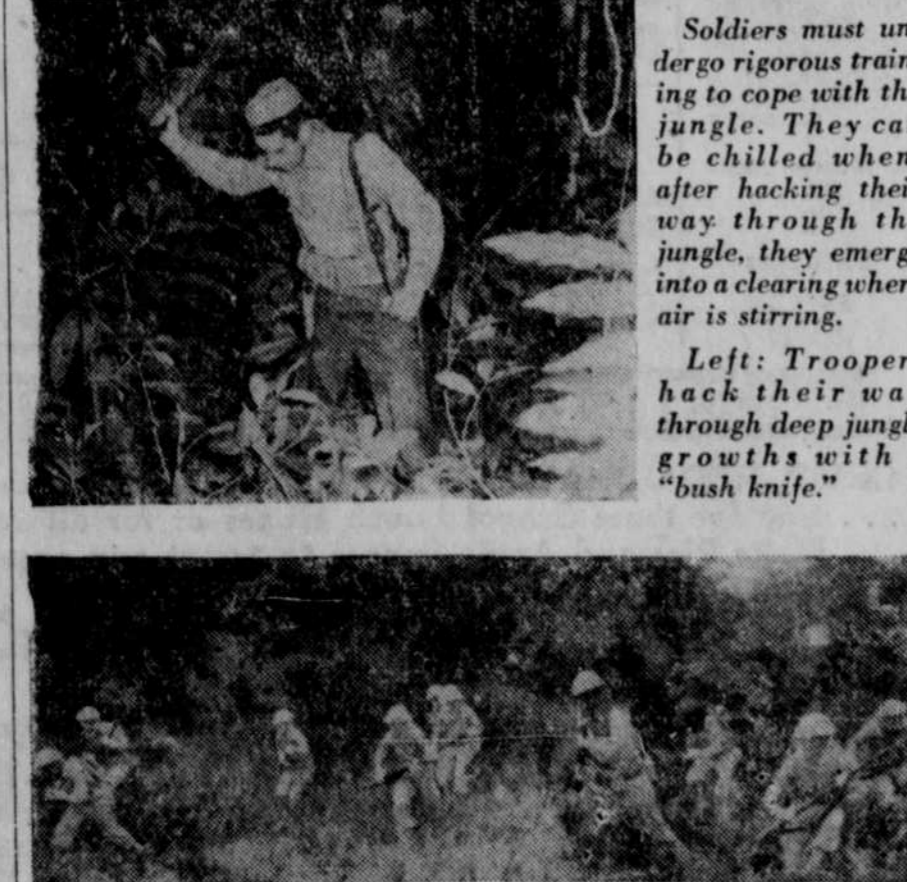
A group of typical fighting men who are manning our Caribbean defense are shown equipped with modern Garand rifles and wearing mosquito helmets.



Heavy caliber machine gun ready for action and manned by experts.



Coast artillery battery on the run after an "alert" has been sounded.



Soldiers must undergo rigorous training to cope with the jungle. They can be chilled when, after hacking their way through the jungle, they emerge into a clearing where air is stirring.

Left: Troopers hack their way through deep jungle growths with a "bush knife."

A charge in the jungle presents this grotesque scene.

Western Antique

By KARL GRAYSON Associated Newspapers, WNU Features.

SIX days ago, before we started from New York on our journey to the Pacific coast, our friend Howard, who had made the trip four times, said to us: "You'll see plenty of cowboys, and Indians, too. And on the desert there'll be prospectors, regular old desert rats. They're interesting to talk to."

But here we were near Phoenix, Arizona, and we hadn't seen even a horse, let alone a real cowboy astride one. It was discouraging.

And then suddenly Edie cried: "There's one!" "One what?" I asked, sitting bolt upright, and nearly running the car off the road. "A prospector! See! There! Coming across the desert with his pack burro."

"By jove, she's right!" Philip and his wife, Annette, had both sighted the man at the same instant. And a moment later I saw him, too, not fifty yards away. He was heading in a diagonal course for the automobile road.

"Stop, you idiot!" Philip yelled. "We can't talk to him going fifty miles an hour."

I didn't like the way Philip yelled. I don't like Philip especially well anyhow, but I stopped. I was as anxious to get a closeup of the prospector as were the others. There was a possibility he might have something that I could buy to add to my collection of frontier relics.

We stopped at a point that I judged would intersect the desert man's path and waited. He was an old man, wearing a beard, battered felt hat and a collarless, ragged shirt. His trousers were held up by



He was an old man, wearing a beard.

one suspender strap, and the legs of them were tucked into eight-inch boots with run-down heels.

He looked for all the world like one of the gold prospectors you read about in western magazines and novels.

The burro was mouse-colored and shaggy. Atop his back was piled camping gear and cooking utensils and other implements that we judged were used in the search for gold.

When within a dozen yards of us he looked up and grinned. He was toothless. It was then that my heart leaped. For strapped about his thin waist was a holster, from which protruded the walnut handle of an ancient six-shooter. Even without seeing the revolving barrel and muzzle I knew that it was of the variety I wanted and had been searching for for years to complete my collection of old American guns. And I knew too that Philip, who wanted a similar weapon, had seen it too.

I climbed out of the car in the hope of getting the jump on old Philip, but he was right beside me, and the girls came laughing behind. "Listen," I said breathlessly to the old man, "how much do you want for that gun? Give you five bucks!" "Double it!" said Philip annoyingly, and grinned.

The old man stared at us in amazement, looked from one to the other and then at the girls. Thinking about it later I don't wonder that he acted a little frightened.

"Listen," I said again, "I'll give you \$25 for that six-shooter, Mr. Prospector, and right on the line, too."

"Thirty!" said Philip. As yet the old man hadn't said a word, but he grasped the opportunity while Philip and I were glowering at each other.

"Look here!" I exclaimed, "we're offering you real money for the worthless old thing. Cash! Do you understand?"

"Don't want to sell it," the old coder repeated doggedly. "Will you take \$50?" I asked. "Yes," he said.

"Fifty-five!" said Philip. "Now wait a minute," I turned to Philip. "He said he'd sell for fifty. What's the use in you and I throwing away our money? We could go on bidding forever. Suppose we flip a coin?"

"O. K.," said Philip. "Fair enough." He produced a coin. "Heads I get it, tails you do?" I nodded. He flipped the coin and it came down tails. I grinned joyously.

Philip looked sour and went back to the car.

I turned to our friend. "Here's your fifty," I said. "Let's have the gat."

"Fifty-five," said the old man. "I looked at him sharply. "O. K. Fifty-five." I produced another five-dollar bill and handed it over. He gave me the gun. It was a beauty! Exactly what I wanted. And miracle, there were two notches cut into the handle!

Triumphantly I returned to the car and showed my prize to Philip. But the sour look was still on his face, and there wasn't much satisfaction in gloating. That would come later.

We drove off, leaving the old prospector standing there on the edge of the automobile road looking after us. The money was still in his hand, and the last glimpse I had of him in the rear-view mirror he had taken off his battered hat and was scratching his head. His face wore the same expression of bewilderment. I chuckled. Crazy old coot! An hour later we drove into Phoenix and put up at a good hotel. I was happy. I examined my gun, found that it contained one cartridge, which I extracted, then carefully wrapped both gun and ammunition reverently in an old silk handkerchief.

After dinner I went into the lobby and sat down, picturing just how I would rearrange my den at home so that the relic would be prominently displayed. Presently I noticed that someone had come in and joined a companion on the divan just behind where I sat. I couldn't help but overhear their conversation.

"Hello, Bill," said the newcomer. "How they going?"

"Good," said the other man. "Sold three. How about you?"

"Five," said Bill. "Got \$55 for the last one." He chuckled. "I was working about forty miles north of town. Four suckers came along and the men in the party began scrapping over who was to have the gun. They finally decided to flip a coin and the loudest talker won. Came across with fifty-five smacks without a squawk. By the way, I got to stroll down to Hallett's and order me a new set of prospector's clothes. Those old ones make me look too young. What do you think?"

"Wouldn't hurt any. And while you're at it, you'd better sink another ten bucks and get yourself a new burro. Lop-ears deserves going to pasture." The first speaker stood up. "Well, I'll be seeing you. There's a case of those frontier guns waiting for me at the freight house, fresh from the factory. I've got to go down and cut notches in the handles. So long."

"So long," said Bill.

Scientists Take Flour Apart, Put It Together

Using an ingenious laboratory method for literally taking flour apart and putting it together again, a department of agriculture scientist has added some additional information on the long-debated question as to what makes good bread good.

His work again emphasizes the importance of gluten as the main key to bread quality.

In taking flour apart, Karl F. Finney, co-operative agent of the Bureau of Plant Industry and the Kansas agricultural experiment station at Manhattan, divided it into three fractions: (1) starch, (2) gluten, and (3) a water soluble fraction. He was able to subdivide the gluten further by extracting the fat.

With these chemically distinct fractions of the flour prepared in the laboratory, Finney found that it was possible to combine them again in the same proportion as in the original flour and make from the "put-together" flour a loaf of bread practically identical with a loaf from the original flour.

Bakers recognize wide differences in the quality of flour from different varieties of wheat. So, Finney's next step was to take apart three flours, A, B, and C, of distinct qualities. Juggling the combinations—for example, combining starch from Wheat A with the other elements from Wheat B—he put together synthetic flours and baked test loaves. Starch from B would substitute for starch from A without making any substantial change in the loaves. Water soluble fractions or fats could be interchanged at will. But when gluten from Flour B was added to the other elements of Flour A or Flour C, the test loaf was like the loaf from the all-B flour.

These experiments, Bureau of Plant Industry officials point out, will make possible a more correct interpretation of the probable baking value of new wheat varieties.

"Seeing Stars"

Silver stars painted on a moderately dark blue-gray ceiling, dropped down about two inches on the wall, proved very popular with patients in a newly decorated hospital. The upper part of the lighting fixture was painted the same as the ceiling and the lower part was ivory. The walls were light peach.

The furniture was refinished in antique ivory with a green strip and dressed up by the addition of decalcomanias. The bed was covered with a white chenille spread. A taupe throw rug and an overstuffed chair in blue with a floral design in rose, yellow, green, gray and white add a colorful note to the room.

ASK ME ANOTHER? A quiz with answers offering information on various subjects

The Questions

- 1. How many people lived in the United States at the time of the first census in 1790? 2. "I am escaped with the skin of my teeth" comes from where? 3. What was Commodore Oliver H. Perry's middle name? 4. Which of the Great Lakes are connected by the Welland canal? 5. Where is the zenith in the heavens?

The Answers

- 1. There were 3,929,214 people. 2. The Bible (Job 19:20). 3. Hazard. 4. Lakes Ontario and Erie. 5. That point directly overhead. 6. She never married, so she had no wedding dress.

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With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records from Post Exchanges and Canteens.)



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AND NOTE THIS: The smoke of slow-burning

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