

Sister's Dress Has Appliqued Flowers



Pattern No. 5527

LITTLE sister will look like something right out of the handbox in this charming frock! Make it her "best" little dress. Do it in pale pink, blue or apple green organdie or dotted swiss. Applique the flowers in white or a darker shade of the dress material.

The dress is designed for sizes 1-2-3. Pattern number is 5527. Applique is in the same pattern. Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers. Send your order to: HOME NEEDLEWORK, 336 South Wells St., Chicago.

Cautions for Home Cannery

Housewives doing home canning with wartime jar caps are cautioned to follow implicitly the instructions of the cap manufacturers if they wish to avoid unhappy experiences and waste in their patriotic effort to conserve. Spoilage of food and breakage of jars is certain to result, if instructions are not followed to the letter. Proper methods and careful canning will insure excellent results, more important in the present food situation than at any other time.

The Glass-Top Seal Fruit Jar Cap, a wartime product developed to conserve metal, requires careful use, according to the home service departments of fruit jar manufacturers. This cap consists of a metal band, glass lid and rubber ring. With these three widely varied materials making up its component parts, the cap must be used according to important but easily followed instructions. First of all, the cap is not recommended for, and must not be used in, oven canning.

If the food is processed (cooked in a jar), one inch of space must be left in the top of the jar when filled, in order to allow room for expansion. If an open kettle is used a half-inch of space must be left in the top of the jar. The next step is to place the rubber band in position on the bottom edge of the lid, and the rubber band is placed so that the rubber lies between it and the top edge of the jar. All jars on which top-seal covers, either glass or metal, are used must have smooth-top edges.

The band is then applied tightly and immediately loosened slightly about one-quarter of a turn. Bands must fit loosely during the processing or cooking. If an open kettle is used, the bands are to be screwed tight as soon as the jar is filled. After the processing is completed the bands are screwed tight to complete the seal. The bands may be removed twelve hours after the canning operation. At no time should the filled jars be turned up-side-down.

The housewife who takes no chances on variance from any one of these simple but important steps is assured of success and the enjoyment of the delicious flavor of home canned foods this winter.—Adv.

SUN-BURN. Cool the burn of sunburn. Sprinkle with Mexzana, formerly Mexican Heat Powder. Relieve heat rash too. Get Mexzana.

Adopted Names of Popes. Of the 256 popes of the Roman Catholic church, 81 or nearly one-third of them adopted one of only five names, 23 using John, 16 Gregory, 15 Benedict, 14 Clement and 13 Innocent.

Acid Indigestion. Relieved in 5 minutes or double money back. When stomach acid causes painful, uncomfortable, sour, burning, doctors usually prescribe the fast-acting medicine known as Calox Tooth Powder. No habit. Relieves heartburn in a few minutes. Double your money back on return of bottle if not.

To relieve distress of MONTHLY Female Weakness WHICH MAKES YOU CRANKY, NERVOUS! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has helped thousands to relieve periodic pain, headache, nervousness, weakness, and other symptoms of monthly disturbances. This is due to its soothing effect on one of WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS. Taken regularly—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms. Follow label directions. Worth trying!

SAVE YOUR SCRAP TO HELP GAIN VICTORY Old METAL, RAGS, RUBBER and PAPER

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers

Table with 5 columns: VEGETABLE, Pre-Cooking Time, Hot-Water Bath Minutes, Pressure Minutes, Cooker Pounds. Lists vegetables like Artichokes, Asparagus, Beans, etc.

Vegetable Canning Guide

Non-Acid Vegetables. Are you putting up many greens and vegetables from your Victory garden this year? In other years, the first question we asked after that, was, do you have a pressure cooker?

You see, a pressure cooker is the safest, most desirable method of putting up vegetables which are non-acid. The reason: In most soil there is a deadly germ called Botulinus which attaches itself to vegetables in the non-acid class, to which most of them belong. Mr. Botulinus is hard to destroy except by extreme heat—which the pressure cooker can give as most vegetables are processed at an above-boiling point, 240 degrees Fahrenheit.

Let me go on record as saying use the pressure cooker if you possibly can. Chances of your being able to buy one are slim, but perhaps there's a neighbor or friend or a local canning center which will give you the means of having one. If it's absolutely impossible to obtain a pressure cooker, do non-acid vegetables by the boiling water bath. It takes much longer to process the vegetables, but don't skimp a minute of it, if you would be successful.

Processing Foods. Processing times have been carefully tested and cannot be shortened. Follow them to the letter to get results. Processing may be done in various ways, and it is important to select the one best suited to the food you are putting up.

A pressure cooker gives you the greatest degree of safety in canning non-acid vegetables for it permits the greatest degree of heat to penetrate the jar and thus destroy botulinus. To use the pressure cooker, prepare the product, pre-cook it and pack carefully in sterilized jars. Adjust cap. Prepare pressure cooker by pouring hot water into the bottom of the cooker up to the level of the rack. Place filled jars on rack, allowing for sufficient circulation of water around them. Be sure jars do not touch.

Place top on pressure cooker and clamp on tightly. Leave pet cock open 7-10 minutes to exhaust all steam in cooker, otherwise you will not get correct pressure. After all steam is exhausted, close pet-cock and let pressure mount to desired degree, then turn down heat, and maintain pressure exactly or liquid will be drained from jars if pressure is allowed to fluctuate.

When processing time is up, remove cooker from heat, let pressure reach zero, then remove lid, so steam does not hit you when cooker is opened. Set jars on several thickness of cloth or paper, and let cool, without inverting.

Hot Water Bath. A large, deep vessel with a tight-fitting cover is best for making this type of canner. Use a big kettle, a lard can, a deep well cooker with galvanized wire or rack at the bottom of it to hold the jars one-half inch from the bottom of the canner. Before putting jars in canner, have water boiling briskly. If the jars lower the temperature and it stops boiling when they're submerged, do

Lynn Says: What to Do: Make rationing work by using fresh fruits and vegetables for canned whenever possible. To save money, use seasonal produce generously. In main dishes that call for tomatoes or tomato juice, use fresh tomatoes when in season, put up home canned foods, or substitute brown gravy. Save and store excess water from vegetables in a covered container and use for flavoring soups, stews and gravies. Omit chili sauce and catsup in recipes unless you have the home-canned variety. Chopped green pepper and relishes add pep to salads and sandwich fillings without taking rationing points. Cooked dressings or sour cream dressings will help save your using too much oil for salad dressings. Save every ounce of extra fat from meat. Use it for baking or frying, or give it to the butcher.

This Week's Menu. Tomato Stuffed with Cottage Cheese, Potato Chips, Rye Bread-Butter Sandwiches, Raspberry Shortcake Beverage.

not count processing time until the water boils. It's especially important to make certain there's plenty of water in the boiling water bath. There should be enough to come two inches above the jars. If water boils out during processing, add some boiling water from a teakettle on the range.

Canning Procedure. Use the table given at the head of this column for guiding you in pre-cooking and processing vegetables. The ideal way of proceeding with your canning is as follows: First, before you even start canning, get jars ready by washing them in hot soapy suds and scalding them. Check for nicks, cracks and sharp edges on jars, to see that they are perfect. Prepare jars ahead of time and invert them on several thicknesses of clean towel near your stove so that you have them on hand when canning.

Prepare vegetables by washing thoroughly and then cutting or preparing as for table. Precook, according to table. Pack in sterile jars and process for required time. Set jars to cool, after processing on several thicknesses of towel or newspaper, away from drafts. Let cool for 24 hours. If using a self-sealing lid with screw band, remove screw band and use it over again. Test the jars by tapping gently on lid. If you get a high ringing note, the jar is sealed and may be stored.

Reasons for Spoilage. Spoilage reasons are many and may be traced to any part of the canning procedure. Sometimes it is easier to avoid failures if you know what causes certain types of spoilage. If fruit or vegetables are over-ripe, sterilization is difficult as bacteria may have developed to a degree which it is not possible to arrest. Use only produce in prime condition as you get out of your jars what you put in them.

Washing all vegetables and fruits before working will get rid of bacteria which cling to the soil. Unclean jars can work havoc with your canning effort. Best remedy for this is washing jars thoroughly in clean soapy suds and then scalding, and laying the jars inverted on several thicknesses of clean towel until ready to use. Lids should also be sterilized.

Sealing. Seal the cap according to the principle on which it was made. A self-sealing cap seals by vacuum created by the cooling of the contents of the jar, and the screw band does not need tightening after processing. Zinc caps and rubber bands should be tightened.

Can for Health. Fruits and vegetables are known to be a rich source of health-giving vitamins and minerals. Vitamin A for example, so extremely essential to children and adults alike, is found in large quantities of certain fruits and vegetables. Vitamin A promotes growth; it helps to prevent eye diseases; it helps guard against infections; it helps prevent night blindness; it aids in the normal functioning of glands; it increases the life span. From experimental studies it appears that if a child, during the years from 3 to 10 is fed very large amounts of vitamin A, he will be less susceptible to the usual children's diseases. A growing child requires 3,000 International Units of vitamin A daily; an adult, 6,000 to 8,000 daily.

If you have a canning problem, write to Miss Lynn Chambers, Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplains Street, Chicago, Ill. Please enclose a self-addressed envelope for your reply. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

MY FRIEND FLICKA by MARY O'HARA

THE STORY SO FAR: Ten-year-old Ken McLaughlin, given an opportunity to choose any yearling colt on his family's Wyoming ranch, picks the filly of a "loco" mare named Rocket. His choice merely adds to his father's anger, which is already aroused by the fact that Ken has failed his school work and has shown no sense of responsibility. It was Ken's mother who finally persuaded Captain McLaughlin that having the colt might be good for Ken, and the change in him has proved she was right. Flicka is badly hurt trying to jump the corral fence, but even Captain McLaughlin has to admit that the little filly may not be loco after all.

CHAPTER XII

Ken would stand in front of her and say, "I am Ken." (That was important for her to know.) "And I am your friend, Flicka. I am so sorry, so—very—sorry, you are hurt, and I hope it doesn't hurt." He found a nicer place for the filly.

A fence ran from the corrals of the cow barn, straight north, dividing the Calf Pasture from the practice field; a path led along this fence, and, about three hundred yards from the corrals, reached a spot where several cottonwood trees made a wall of foliage. Under the boughs of the trees, the path sloped sharply down for ten feet or so to a flat area of beautiful green turf, through which Lone Tree Creek ran.

When the creek was in flood, all this flat part was covered; but now, in summer, it was dry, and the grass such a vivid green that, coming upon it from the dryer land roundabout, it was startling to the eye. Golden sunlight lay upon part of it; part of it was dark and pleasant with the shade of the cottonwood trees that hung over the hill and sent their roots winding down its face to bore underground for water.

Ken called the place Flicka's Nursery, and each morning and evening he walked down the little path carrying a can of oats to empty into the wooden feed box which he had set near the roots of the cottonwoods. Standing as tall as she could at the foot of the bank, Flicka could just see over the top of it and catch sight of Ken coming. He could see her too. It made him tingle all over, the first time he saw her head—just the pretty face, with the blonde braid over her forehead and the dainty pricked ears framed in the down-hanging branches of the cottonwoods—and realized that she was looking for him and waiting for him.

Ken bragged about it that night at supper, but Howard said, "Nuts! She's looking for her oats, not for you."

McLaughlin answered sharply, "Oats, or the bringer-of-oats, in the long run it gets to be the same thing."

And Nell added dryly, "Are human beings any different?" No doubt about it, Flicka did love her oats. As Ken stooped over to empty the can into the feed box, she would be close beside him reaching her nose in; but when he put his hand to stroke her, she pulled back. She would not let him touch her.

The last week or so, all Ken and Howard had been doing with their colts was to lead them by the halter around the pasture, saying Whoa now and then, at the same time halting the colt; and making them go different speeds, from a slow walk up to a brisk trot. When they had walked them enough, they took them back into the pens, removed the lead ropes and played with them, patted and whacked them, waved blankets around them, leaned on their backs, fed them oats out of their hands.

Right over the fence from the Calf Pasture, where the boys worked with their colts, was the practice field, and here, for many hours a day, Ken's mother and father, and the bronco-buster worked with the two polo ponies, Rumba, Blazes, Don, and Gangway.

At last the day came when the work was done. The four ponies were loaded into the truck and McLaughlin drove them to the station to be shipped with Sargent's bunch. Then the little bronco-buster left. They all gathered around the battered sedan, packed full of saddles and equipment, and said good-by to him and wished him luck at the Rodeo.

"Don't take chances," Nell McLaughlin said. "But I notice you're pretty careful." Ross' steady blue eyes looked at her in his direct and respectful manner, and he answered, "A man that monkeys around wild horses don't kid himself any, Missus. It don't do no good."

Then he grinned, "I may be in hospital again after the Rodeo, but if I ain't, I'll be back to see how Ken makes out with his filly." He grinned at Ken and Ken grinned back.

Then he took off his sombrero, shook hands all around, climbed into the driver's seat and rattled off. And the next thing that happened was the Rodeo.

Ken was entirely alone on the ranch that day with Flicka, when

suddenly she couldn't get up from the ground.

It was the last day of the Rodeo. The Studebaker had gone into Cheyenne on each of the four days of the big show, FRONTIER DAYS, called by Cheyenne boosters, The Daddy of 'em All. Ken went the first day and saw Lady and Calico and Buck and Baldy in the parade, ridden by four of the City Fathers, all dressed up in ten gallon hats and fringed chaps. He saw the famous bucking horse, Midnight, throw every rider that mounted him. But Ken didn't go in again, not even on this last day when there was going to be the wild horse race, and it annoyed his father; but McLaughlin said it was up to him. If he'd rather be alone on the ranch than at the Rodeo with his family, why, he could suit himself. But one thing was certain, no one was going to stay with him—not Gus or Tim either, because they'd both been promised the day off. Gus would be back on the four o'clock bus to milk the cows, and until then Ken would be alone.

Ken said he didn't mind—he'd have Flicka. Ken stood by the car to see them off, and the last thing, his father stuck his head out the window and called to him, "All right, kid—leaving you in charge!—it's all yours!" And the Studebaker, carrying his



The bottom strand of the fence was broken.

mother and father and Howard and Gus and Tim slid down the hill, rattled over the cattle guard and bowed smoothly toward the road.

Ken stood there, watching it until it disappeared. How different everything was now that they had gone. All yours . . . He felt the responsibility his father had laid upon him . . . he was in charge. The two dogs, Kim, the collie who looked like a coyote, and Chaps, the black spaniel, were standing beside him. They too were watching the empty road. They were used to doing that, and they knew the difference—the road with the Studebaker on it, going or coming, the road empty, and silence all around.

Ken went up to his room and stood before his book shelf. He picked out the "Jungle Book," then ran downstairs and out, across the Green, into the Calf Pasture, and down the path by the fence to Flicka's Nursery. She was drinking at the brook when he came.

He greeted her with a stream of talk; he visited with her a while, standing as close to her as she would let him. Then he seated himself on the bank of the hill under the cottonwoods and began to read. Flicka wandered around her nursery. Sometimes she wanted sunshine, and stood under the dappled golden light until she was warmed through, then a few steps took her into the shade of the trees. Ken, glancing up, saw her standing quite near, watching him. He began to read aloud to her, and her ears came forward sharply as if she was listening.

Flicka's head turned. As Ken's voice went on, she moved over to the empty feed box, sniffed it, put out a long pink tongue and licked up a few stray grains left over from her breakfast. Then she stood quietly, broadside to Ken, switching her cream-colored tail to keep off the flies.

Now and then Ken stopped reading, put his book down and lay back on the hill with his arms under his head, looking up through the branches of the trees. He could see a patch of blue sky with a little vague half moon floating in it, the daytime moon, called the Children's Moon, because it is the only moon most children ever see. At first he thought it was a little soft cloud.

It was another hot day, but down here it was pleasant and shady.

There wasn't a sound, except for the ripple of the stream where it ran over stones and shallow sandy places, now and then the splash of a trout that flipped out and in again, and, all the time, a faint hum, the buzzing of the racing flies that were always in the out-of-doors. It was a sound that went with summer—part of the silence.

He sighed. Well it was time to eat—he must go up to the house and get his lunch. Flicka was still standing up when he left. When he came back, running down the path with the dogs at his heels, his eyes were fastened on the spot just over the brow of the hill where he so often saw Flicka's face watching for him, but it wasn't there.

He ran down the hill and saw that she was flat on her side. As she heard him coming she made an effort to get up and fell back again.

It stopped Ken dead in his tracks. Then he ran to her and fell on his knees beside her. "Oh, Flicka," he cried, "what is the matter, Flicka? What's happened to you?" She was dying . . . she had been dying all along—or, something had happened while he was away at lunch . . . perhaps she'd fallen and hurt herself again . . . perhaps her back was broken . . .

Hardly knowing what he was doing, he patted her face and kissed it. He went behind her, crouched down, put his arms around her head and held it.

At last he went back to the bank of the hill and sat down, wishing that the afternoon would hurry by and that Gus would come. The bus would drop him at four o'clock out on the highway. It would take him a half hour to walk to the house, change into his bluejeans (he'd be all dressed up in a tight shiny blue serge suit with a ten-gallon hat and fine shoes) and be ready to milk the cows. Ken was to bring the cows in and have them waiting in the corral, and he was to measure out the cow feed and put it in the feed boxes for the cows, so Gus would have nothing to do but drive them in and milk them.

Flicka seemed to have gone to sleep. Presently Ken lay down on the hillside and fell asleep too. A sound came into his sleep. A loud, distressed crying. It got louder and louder and then was a terrible, anguished bellowing, and Ken was sitting up straight, wide awake, and tense with fear. It wasn't anything to do with Flicka, but she too was holding her head up from the ground, listening.

It was a cow bellowing. The sound came from the east, beyond the Calf Pasture. That was Crosby's land. It wasn't one of the Goose Bar cows then. Ken was frightened and sickened by the sound. Something awful must be happening. What? Ought he to go and find out? (You're in charge—) Maybe the mountain lion. His thoughts jumped to the Winchester . . . where was it? . . . in the back of the Studebaker . . . no, no, the officers had been shooting with it and afterwards his father had put all the guns back in the gun-rack in the dining room . . . yes . . . he could get it, could he see what was the matter . . .

The boy got slowly to his feet. Should he get the Winchester first? Or go to the cow first? Would he be able to use the Winchester? It was heavy . . . perhaps better to get his own little twenty-two . . . perhaps go first and see what was the matter . . .

Indecision paralyzed him; then suddenly he came to life, turned and ran eastward. He flew along the edge of the brook, crossed and recrossed wherever the footing was best. Some places the willows crowded down thick to the edge of the stream and he had to go around. The bellowing continued. Well . . . anyway, if it was the wildcat it hadn't got her . . . she was making plenty of noise . . . maybe it had got her calf.

Ken ran fast so he wouldn't be frightened. He saw the red hide of a Hereford cow—not one of their own Guernseys. She was standing on the edge of the creek where a barbed wire fence crossed it. As Ken rolled under the fence and went around to her, he couldn't see that anything was the matter—then he saw, and it made him sick.

The bottom strand of the wire fence was broken; some other old wires were tangled with it, and the whole web of wire was wrapped around the cow's udder.

Ken put his hand to the hind pocket of his overalls. He had been told by his father, "never let me catch you out without a pair of wire-cutters in your pants pocket." But the cutters weren't there. He remembered, clean bluejeans this morning, and the cutters lying on the table in his room. He headed for the cow barn; there would be cutters there. While he ran he was wishing that Gus would come. He wondered if he should wait for Gus to cut the cow loose—it's all yours . . . No, he'd do it himself.

It took him fifteen minutes to get back to the cow with the cutters. Then he had been running so hard, he had to kneel beside her for a few minutes until his breath came easily and his hands were steady enough to begin work.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

JUST WANTED

Skipper. Bridgroom (sentimentally)—Dearest, do you really think I'll make you a satisfactory mate? Practical Bride—Oh, I guess you'll do. Now look me over and tell me what you think of your captain.

Chance the Upper. Diner—What's this leathery stuff? Waiter—That is filet of sole, sir. Diner—Well, take it away and see if you can't get me a nice piece of upper with the buttons off.

That, Too! "I have my husband eating out of my hand." "That must save a lot of dish-washing."

The Scotchman's little daughter, when told that prayers were little messages to Heaven, wanted to know if they were always sent at night because it was cheaper.

Big Doings. Pat—An' are ye goin' t' Tim Murphy's funeral, Mike? Mike—Tim Murphy? Faith, an' is he dead, Pat? Pat—Begorra, an' if he ain't, he's missing a big show, him all dressed up so handsome an' lyin' in a fine coffin.

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Share Wave Lengths. The majority of the 900-odd radio stations in this country have to share their wave length with a number of others because there are only 106 frequencies in the standard broadcast band.

Olivia de HAVILLAND star of the Warner Bros. picture, "Strawberry Blonde," recommends CALOX TOOTH POWDER that shines.

When Your Back Hurts

And Your Strength and Energy is Below Par. It may be caused by disorder of kidney function that permits poisonous waste to accumulate. For truly many people feel tired, weak and miserable when the kidneys fail to remove excess acids and other waste matter from the blood.

DOANS PILLS