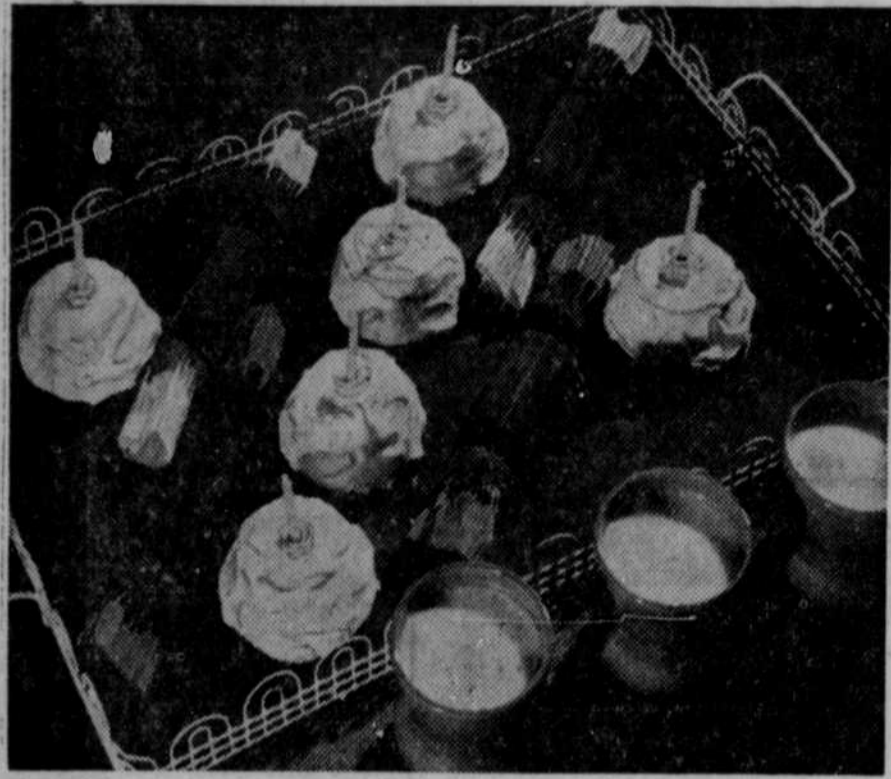


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Serve Perfect Little Cakes for Garden Party (See Recipe Below)

Keep Cool!

Foods that don't cook the cook and leave a lot of K.P. after the party is over are two golden rules for summer entertaining. If you are baking anything, try baking in cool morning hours, and if there's a warm dish to be served, make it something that doesn't require more than 15 minutes of cooking.

If your table decorations and settings are cool appearing and the food carries this out further, then you will have done a lot toward making your guests comfortable. Refreshments may be simple, in fact, they should be, for then guests and hostess alike can enjoy themselves.

Here's a lovely salad that's the last word in coolness and smoothness, thereby filling the order for perfect summer refreshment:

- *Orange Ring Salad.** (Serves 8)
- 1 tablespoon gelatin
 - 1/2 cup cold water
 - 1/2 cup boiling water
 - 1 1/2 cups orange juice
 - Juice of one lemon
 - 1 tablespoon chopped mint
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 1 1/2 pounds white grapes, skinned and seeded
 - 2 cups shredded lettuce
 - 2 packages cream cheese
 - 1 cup sour cream dressing
- Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Add boiling water, lemon and orange juice, sugar and chopped mint. Stir until cool. Mash and form cheese into balls the size of large marbles. Pour a little of jelly into bottom of a mold and place balls at intervals while pouring on thickened jelly. Place in refrigerator and chill until firm. Unmold and fill center with grapes mixed with lettuce and dressing. Surround mold with peeled orange sections. Serve with crackers.

- Sour Cream Dressing.**
- 1/2 cup cream dressing
 - 1 teaspoon sugar
 - 1 cup sour cream
- Mix ingredients well and chill thoroughly.

A lovely combination of citrus fruit juices are included in this salad guaranteed to keep you cool:

- Orange Ice Salad.** (Serves 6)
- 2 cups orange juice
 - 1/2 cup lemon juice
 - 1/2 grapefruit
 - 1 slice canned pineapple
 - 1 large orange
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 1/2 cup water

Grated rind of 1 small orange

Cook sugar, water and grated rind together for 5 minutes after coming to a boil. Strain and cool. Add to lemon and orange juice and freeze. Pack into a ring mold. Freeze until firm, then unmold on lettuce. In the center place a bowl filled with mayonnaise, and garnish around outer edge with sections of orange, grapefruit and pineapple.

Lynn Says:

Salad Pointers: Have all salad ingredients as cold as possible. Chill salad bowl and salad plates to assure absolute coolness to salads.

To skin tomatoes: Hold tomato on fork over flame and turn slowly for about 1 minute. Slip off skins.

To flute cucumber. Peel, lengthwise, and run prongs of fork through lengthwise, then slice cucumber thinly.

To sieve egg yolks or whites: This is pretty for garnishing. Separate yolks or whites from hard-cooked eggs, place in a small sieve, and rub through with wooden spoon on salads to be garnished.

To decorate lettuce: Dip edges in paprika.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menus

- *Orange Ring Salad
- *Hostess Sandwiches
- *Cheese Sandwiches
- *Tiny Tim Cakes Beverage
- *Recipes Given

Tiny little cakes attractively decorated with a cool drink may serve as refreshments for a garden party or evening:

- *Tiny Tim Cakes. (Makes 8 cakes)

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening and sugar together until light and fluffy. Add egg, beating well. Sift dry ingredients together, and add alternately to creamed mixture with milk. Mix to a smooth batter. Drop from a spoon into well-greased muffin cups. Bake 25 minutes in a moderate (350-degree) oven. Frost with tinted frosting.

- Grapefruit Swizzle.**
- 1 quart grapefruit juice
- Juice from 8 limes
- 4 sprigs of mint
- Sugar syrup to taste

Mix lime and grapefruit juice. Stir in syrup. Add mint leaves, crushing them after added to drink. Stir thoroughly. Cool in refrigerator. Fill glasses with crushed ice and pour over swizzle. Garnish with a sprig of fresh mint.

Sugar syrup to keep on hand for cool drinks is made by boiling 3 cups of sugar to 1 1/2 cups water for 10 minutes after it starts boiling. Pour into bottle.

- Fruit Freeze.**
- 1 fresh ripe pineapple
- 2 lemons
- 1 quart cold water
- Fruit syrup to taste

Pare pineapple, remove eyes and core. Run pieces of pineapple through food chopper, add water, lemon and syrup to taste. Chill and fill glasses to within a third of the top and add a scoop of raspberry ice.

Sandwiches using unrationed food for fillings are always a grand way to take care of the refreshment problem:

- *Hostess Sandwiches.
- 1/2 pound mince meat, packaged
- 1/2 cup water
- 3 ounces cream cheese
- Whole wheat bread

Mix mince meat and water and cook until all moisture is absorbed. Cool. Cover thin slice of buttered whole wheat bread with cheese, softened with cream and slightly salted, then with mince meat and another slice of bread covered with cream cheese. Cut in strips or fancy shapes and decorate, if desired with candied fruit.

- *Cheese Sandwich Filling.
- 1 package cream cheese
- 6 chopped olives
- 3 pieces finely chopped parsley
- 3 strips cooked bacon, chopped fine
- 1 tablespoon horseradish
- 1 tablespoon mayonnaise

Mix all ingredients together, add salt and pepper to taste, and spread on buttered bread.

Are you having difficulties planning meals with points? Stretching your help if you write her, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply, in care of her at Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago, Illinois. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

MY FRIEND FLICKA

by MARY O'HARA



THE STORY SO FAR: Ten-year-old Ken McLaughlin can ride any horse on his family's Wyoming ranch, but he wants a colt of his own. His father, a retired army officer, refuses because Ken has not been promoted at school and has shown no sense of responsibility. But Ken's mother convinces Captain McLaughlin that the colt may be just what Ken needs. Ken picks the yearling filly of a "loco" mare named Rocket. Loco is the horse breeder's name for a no-good, untamable horse. Captain McLaughlin, a good judge of horses, is angry at Ken's decision, but Ken's mind is made up. His father promises to help him bring the filly in from the pasture. Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER VIII

Rob had his work cut out for him next day. Banner and the mares had been driven out soon after Sargent left. Rocket, uneasy and restless in spite of a good measure of oats poured into a feed box and set on the ground, was kept alone in one of the corrals.

"The noose?" said Nell at breakfast, pouring cream in her coffee. "Are you going to bother to take that off before you load her?"

Rob looked outraged. "Do you think I would deliver her with that old string around her neck?"

Howard and Ken looked at each other. That meant getting Rocket in the chute. Rocket was to be got into the chute, then she was to be got into the truck!

"Who'll drive the truck?" asked Nell.

"I'll drive it myself. I'll take Gus along—might need him."

Breakfast was eaten quickly. McLaughlin hurried up to the corrals. Gus was told to fill the truck with gas and oil and get it ready for the trip. Tim was to help in the chute.

They moved Rocket through the corrals without much trouble, but when she was once more in the small coop which led to the chute, and the heavy gate closed behind her, she began to snort and rear.

The narrow passage into the chute was open before her, but even though they urged her, and yelled at her, and flapped blankets and quilts over the fence on her back, she was too wise to go in. She could see through, and at the far end, a heavy door blocked escape.

"It's that door," said McLaughlin. "She sees that there's no way out through the chute. We'll have to open that door, and let her see daylight through. Then perhaps if I rush her from here, I can drive her through. Ken, you get up there on top of the chute wall, close by the door. Open the door. If she rushes in, you slam the door shut. It's going to take quick thinking and quick action. You can lean down and handle the door from the top—it's not easy—mind you don't fall down into the chute. The door swings from inside out—if you get it three-quarters shut and she crashes against it, she'll shut it the rest of the way herself."

Ken climbed up on the wall of the chute, unsteady with excitement. McLaughlin, blanket on arm, climbed a few bars of the fence of the coop.

"Ready, Ken? Open the door." Ken leaned over and hauled the door open, and at the same moment Rob gave a yell and flapped the blanket on Rocket's haunches. Rocket saw the daylight at the far end of the chute and plunged through. Ken closed the door again—just in time—the mare crashed against it.

She was right under him, and as he pulled back, she reared and her great head and wild eyes were in his face.

"Pole, Tim!" shouted McLaughlin, and Tim, standing ready, thrust through both walls of the chute a heavy pole to cut off her backward escape. It was at the height of the mare's haunches, too high for her to get her feet over, and not so high that she could back under it.

When she came down on all four feet again, and felt the pole behind her, she began to fight. McLaughlin climbed the wall of the chute, opposite Ken, and struggled to get hold of the frantic creature's head.

Suddenly Rocket dropped to the earth and stood quiet a moment, her sides heaving with breaths that were almost groans; and McLaughlin reached his hand down, clipped the rope, and it fell free. But at that instant the mare reared sharply again. McLaughlin could not draw back quickly enough, and the top of her head struck him in the face.

Ken saw the blood spurt from his father's eye as Rocket's foam-flecked head described a complete backward arc, and she crashed to the ground, breaking the pole behind her.

For a moment McLaughlin clung to the wall, swearing, one hand to his face, while the mare fought madly below him, her feet thundering on the walls, her great body flinging itself from one side to the other.

McLaughlin got down and put his bandana in his bleeding face. One eye was swelling rapidly. "That's that," he said, going around into the corrals.

Rocket, screaming and grunting, was struggling desperately to right herself. She had fallen so far backward that her head and neck were almost in the coop. This gave her forelegs more freedom, and by vigorous writhings and twistings, push-

ing and kicking with her legs, she forced herself out of the chute and into the coop, and immediately scrambled to her feet.

"We're all set now, Gus," said McLaughlin. "Bring the truck in there, back it up against the far end of the chute. Tim, you get the runaway and set it in the chute. We'll drive her right through the chute, up the runaway and into the truck."

"Better fix dot eye, Boss," said Gus, looking at Rob's face, "and de cheek-dot's bad cut—split wide open. Let Missus fix up for you."

Rob held the handkerchief over his eye. He looked down at himself. He was splattered with foam and blood. He frowned.

"Yes, I'll go down and clean up, Gus, I don't want any more trouble with that mare. You never can tell what she'll do. Once she's in the truck, we're pretty safe, but to get her there is the trick. Better saddle Shorty. I'll ride him through the chute and up the runaway, and there's a chance she might follow him into the truck."

While Tim and Gus maneuvered the truck until its back was flush against the door of the chute, Rob went down for first aid.

"I think it really needs stitches, Rob," said Nell, examining it closely, having washed her hands in hot water and soap, and laid out all her first-aid kit on the kitchen table.

GOOSE BAR RANCH



And she reared to meet it—

"It's on the cheek bone, below the eye, really a wide cut."

"Deep?" asked Rob.

"Not so very deep."

"Fix it with tape then."

Nell held the lips of the wound closed until the bleeding had nearly stopped, then made little bridges of narrow adhesive tape across, and finally a dressing over all.

Then she put both arms around his neck and laid her cheek against his, holding him closely. He felt a slight tremor through all her body.

"Don't worry, honey," he said. "It's nothing." He patted her on the shoulder—suddenly his arms held her hard and he kissed her, then he went upstairs to change into spottish whipcord riding breeches, polished boots, and tailored jacket.

Back up at the corral again, the loading was accomplished with comparative ease. Shorty was ridden up the incline into the truck, Rocket followed. Shorty was ridden down again, and before Rocket could follow, the back of the truck was closed and escape was shut off. She was neatly enclosed in the six-foot walls of the truck, made of sturdy two-by-fours bolted together. She reared, she clawed at the rails, she neighed wildly, she plunged and leaped until again and again her feet slid out from under her and she crashed to the floor, then scrambled up to begin all over. But there was nothing she could do. No one paid any attention to her any more. Rob picked the old piece of lariat triumphantly out of the chute, and draped it around his own neck. He and Gus got into the box of the truck, and the boys begged to ride along as far as the turn onto the highway.

They passed the house, the boys hanging on the steps of the truck, shouting good-by to Nell, who came out to wave to them.

But Rocket's story was not yet ended. Where the ranch road turned off from the Lincoln Highway, was the sign of the ranch. Every rancher is proud of his ranch sign, under which all visiting cars must pass, and exercises great ingenuity in thinking up something striking and effective.

McLaughlin's sign was a high square arch. On the broad horizontal board which was the span of it, he had painted GOOSE BAR RANCH, in red letters against a blue ground. To each side were reproductions of his brands.

As they reached the sign, Rocket's wild eyes were upon it—this strange bar, bearing down upon her from the skies—and she reared to meet it.

Standing astrach on her hind legs, her head up, the sign caught her a blow on the top of the brow. There was a great crash in the truck; McLaughlin glanced back anxiously; he pulled up, and they got out and climbed up over the sides; but Rocket lay motionless. Rob got into the truck, against Gus' anxious warnings, but there was no danger, for Rocket never moved again.

The rest of the day was spent rounding up horses of all ages, descendants of the Albino.

At first no one had believed that McLaughlin really meant what he said—that every single one of the Albino's blood, no matter how beautiful, how fast, or how promising, was to be sold. But as the hours went on, and one after the other was gathered into the corrals, and still they went out on horseback to gather more, with Nell busy with the stud book and names, it became apparent that he was in earnest.

Ken and Howard were kept at the gates, opening and shutting them as the different bands were brought through, taken down to the corrals, the one bronc picked out and held, the others sent out again. Gus and Tim and Ross were all riding.

"And that's every last one of them," said Nell at length, closing the book. Her voice was regretful.

She and Williams were in the stable, looking out into the corrals, over the top of the Dutch door. The two boys were perched safely on the corral fence, Rob and the men in the corral with the milling broncs.

"Except Flicka," murmured Ken, and he looked across the corral at his mother and caught her eye. She was looking at him too, thinking, he knew, the same thing. He had not been exactly worried about Flicka. After all, she was his own, his father had given her to him, she couldn't be sold without his consent.

McLaughlin walked over to Ken, called him down from the fence, and walked away with him.

"Ken," he said quietly, "I'm going to give you a chance to do a sensible, manly thing. I want you to choose another colt, and let me sell Flicka to Williams with the rest of this hell's brew."

A wave of heat rushed all over Ken's body. He looked down, dug with his toe in the gravel of the path, and shook his head.

McLaughlin was quiet and persuasive. "You've seen for yourself—what can you expect? It's for your own sake I'm asking, as well as to save myself the trouble and unpleasantness of trying to help you do something which is impossible. What's the use of having another Rocket on your hands? You've seen what end she came to—and no one could have tried harder with a horse than I tried with her—"

"But I'm going to tame Flicka," whispered Ken. "Sometimes bad horses get tame."

McLaughlin's voice rose angrily. "Look up!"

Ken looked up and was more frightened than ever. His father's face looked appalling. It was swollen out of all shape, one eye was closed by purple and black lumps above and below, and the white dressing on the cheekbone was surrounded by an inflamed, angry circle.

"Are you going to be a bull-headed little simp or a sensible boy?" Ken said stubbornly. "Dad, I have to have her—she's mine."

He really meant, "she's me." It felt as if his father were asking him to be torn apart.

On Sunday the family went to church in Cheyenne. There was the usual argument before going. Rob, who wanted to spend the morning sitting on the terrace reading the funny papers, said he thought they ought not to go because some officers might come out from the Post. "There's always a chance, you know, that someone might buy a pony."

"Not Sunday morning," said Nell firmly. And then she added with the one deep dimple in her right cheek showing, "But you don't have to go, dear, your face isn't healed up yet. That's a good excuse. I'll go and take the boys."

McLaughlin said, "Right-o." Fifteen minutes later, when Nell was ready to go and Howard and Ken were dressed in their long gray flannel trousers and white shirts and small round white linen hats with narrow brims, he came running upstairs and roared indignantly, "Do you think I'll let you go to town and sit in that pew without me by your side?"

As they waited for him to dress, the boys fidgeting, Nell explained to them that Army Officers are trained to be very particular how they look for the sake of their prestige, so they must all wait patiently.

At last McLaughlin came down looking clean and handsome in his light gray flannel suit, with a soft felt hat tilted at just the right angle on his black hair and nothing but a small piece of adhesive on his cheek bone.

Nell was in a dark green print, with turban and high-beeled pumps. Tim had washed the car, and the maroon paint and shining nickel was as bright as anything they passed on the Lincoln Highway.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Farm Topics

Farmers Advised to Check Hog Cholera

Six Common-Sense Precautions Listed

The swine raiser's old enemy, hog cholera, in on the march again—and according to all indications it is likely to be one of the greatest threats to our 1943 war goals in pork production.

Last season nearly 5,000 cholera outbreaks were reported to government authorities, and there were probably that many more which were never officially reported. These widespread outbreaks have undoubtedly left the virus of cholera in thousands of rural areas, ready to renew its attack when it comes in contact with susceptible swine. No one can say exactly what the annual cholera loss is at this time, but it is reliably estimated to be in the neighborhood of \$20,000,000. That much pork, in itself, would go a long way toward meeting our increased production goals this season, according to the American Foundation for Animal Health.

So, the first advice to farmers who are co-operating in the nation's stepped-up hog program is: "Watch out for cholera." Here are a few common-sense precautions which every farmer should take to protect his hog against this No. 1 swine killer:

1. Have the entire spring pig crop immunized against cholera by the local veterinarian, around weaning time. If this is done while pigs are small, it will take less serum and virus, conserving available supplies needed to take care of this year's larger pig crop.

2. Isolate newly purchased swine for at least two weeks before allowing them to mingle with the home drove.

3. Do not let trucks or wagons drive through your hog lots or pastures. They might carry the virus of cholera on their wheels.

4. Keep out of your neighbor's hog lot, and keep him out of yours.

5. Raise spring pigs on fresh, clean pasture, away from germ-contaminated old hog lots.

6. If any pigs show signs of sickness, have the trouble diagnosed immediately, so protective steps can be taken in time.

Experience shows that one of the principal problems in dealing with hog cholera is its similarity to various other swine diseases. Typical cholera symptoms include a high fever, partial or complete prostration, lack of appetite and listlessness.

Agriculture

in Industry

By FLORENCE C. WEED

Broom Corn

Vacuum cleaners, carpet sweepers and push brooms made from tropical fibers have decreased the market for the ordinary broom made from the broomcorn plant. At the same time, lower prices do not inveigle people into buying more brooms.

Broomcorn is unique among agriculture products in that the brush is the only part of the plant now used. The stalk is left standing in the field and is plowed under the next spring. Some is used for feed but is not much liked by animals.

The plant will grow in most states but commercial production is confined to small sections in Oklahoma, Colorado, New Mexico, Kansas, Texas and Illinois. It is a highly speculative crop because it is too costly to harvest. Any bumper crop will cause violent price fluctuations. During the last ten years, prices have ranged from \$37 a ton in 1932 to \$164 for a short crop in 1934. About \$70 per ton is the average price to the farmer.

Scientists are trying to improve the varieties by cross breeding with other sorghums. They hope to produce a variety with more palatable seeds which livestock will eat.

It would also be advantageous to develop a new kind that will not turn red as this lowers the commercial value of the brush. Manufacturers would also like a better brush without a center stem. Farmers would like one without hair on the chaff which irritates the skin of those working with it.

To find possible markets for the brush, experiments are needed to perfect methods of using the tough fiber in weaving hats and mats.

Large Cows Give More

Large cows of any breed have the advantage over small ones in milk production. However, it should be remembered that size alone does not necessarily indicate high milk production efficiency. On the other hand, it is well known that size, within the breed, is one of the important factors in economical milk production, and it is dependent both on inheritance and environment. The way the calf is fed after birth is just as important as having proper-sized calves.

Hubby's Caution Seriously Cramped Wife's Efforts

"It's rumored about that Mrs. Grampus hasn't spoken to her husband since she got her First Aid certificate, more than a month ago," gushed Mrs. Giblegaber.

"You don't say!" returned Mrs. Cackleclack. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Well, before she took up First Aid, almost every day her husband came home from work with a bruise, cut, or other kind of injury," informed Mrs. Giblegaber; "but now that she has her certificate, he hasn't suffered as much as a scratch, and she's convinced he's being careful on purpose!"

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