

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



Frosty Drinks Will Cool You!

(See Recipes Below)

Frost Yourself!

When the thermometer rises to the hundred mark, homemakers look for cool ideas, and thirst-chasers are first on the list. Cooling drinks literally give you a frost and insulate you from the warm rays of Old Man Sun.

In today's column I'm attempting to give you a parade of cool drinks to fit every pocket, every occasion. They use fruit juices, prepared beverages, prepared drink powders, milk, citrus fruit and of course, plenty of ice. After you've prepared them, find the coolest spot on the porch, sink into the most comfortable chair, and start sipping!

Chilling fruit, juices, milk or beverages is of first importance in preparing your cool drink, but then you've probably already done this. If a survey were made during these summer months, I'm sure it would reveal that a larger percentage of the refrigerator is used for cool drink preparations than any other item.

One of the best bases for a good, cool drink is a citrus fruit. Doesn't it honestly cool you already to think of orange or lemon juice cool and frosty in a glass with tinkling ice? Indeed, it does. There's a scientific fact behind this, for scientists tell us that in hot weather the tissues of the body require more vitamin C than when temperatures are moderate. That's one reason why oranges and lemons are ideal for summer drinks.

If you want something to serve company on a summer evening, here's a drink that will fill any order:

Hollywood Parade.

(Serves 15)
1 pint orange juice
1 pint orange sherbet
1 pint vanilla ice cream
1 pint chilled ginger ale

Beat orange juice, sherbet and ice cream with a whirl type beater until well mixed. Add ginger ale. Stir and serve at once.

Another kind of orange drink which is nice to fix individually for yourself in the afternoon when you're feeling a lag is this:

*Orange Cream.

(Serves 1)
1 egg yolk
¼ cup orange juice
¼ cup thin cream or evaporated milk
Sugar, if desired

Beat egg yolk until light, add orange juice and blend thoroughly. Pour into glass and stir in cream. Sweeten to taste. Serve at once. There are several delightful flavors obtainable in fruit powders that

Lynn Says:

The Score Card: Good news is in sight with the word that coffee supplies in the country are coming back to normal and present prospects point to an end of coffee rationing by the middle of August. Even the current period for rationing provides more coffee per stamp than has been allowed since rationing came into effect.

Those of you who are canning can get additional supplies of sugar with your stamps to make putting up fruit at home easier.

Fruits and vegetables are scarce this year because of lack of help to pick them, and therefore prices run high. If you possibly can, get in touch with anyone who has crops and offer to help with the picking and packing of them—and also to get your own fruits and vegetables for home canning in much better condition than would be possible if you waited for someone else to do the picking.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu

Tomato Juice
*Ham Supper Salad
Green Lima Beans Carrot Strips
Corn Sticks
*Orange Cream Cookies
*Recipe Given

are simply delicious when made into cooling, frosty drinks. Use the directions on the package for mixing, garnish with a cherry and sprig of mint and you have a drink without the trouble of extracting fruit juice. Use the fruit powders also for making light sherbets that solve the dessert problem nicely.

Sherbet.

(Makes over 1 quart)
1 package flavored fruit powder
1 cup heavy cream, well chilled
1 cup sugar
2 cups milk
Dissolve fruit powder and sugar in milk. Turn into freezing tray and freeze ¾ to 1 hour or until slushy. Whip cream until stiff. Add to first mixture and beat through until blended, keeping as cold as possible. Return quickly to freezing tray and freeze at coldest point. When frozen, set cold control back to normal.

The hotter the weather, the more wilted you become. Nothing quite picks you up as a nice salad, and even the thought of cool, crisp greens brings back the starch to your spirits. Here are some suggestions which are perfect for summer:

*Ham Supper Salad.

(Serves 4)
2 cups diced cooked ham
1 cup diced celery
2 hard-cooked eggs, diced
¼ cup mayonnaise
1½ teaspoons sweet pickle relish
1½ teaspoons chili sauce
Salad greens
Combine first three ingredients. Then stir in next three ingredients which have been combined together. Mix thoroughly and chill until ready to serve. Serve on any desired salad greens.

Summer Dream Salad.

Watermelon balls
Grapefruit sections
Fresh whole raspberries
Pineapple segments
Orange sections
Honeydew slices
Blueberries
Mint
Salad dressing

Arrange fruit on a bed of salad greens according to a pattern. Serve with salad dressing and garnish with mint sprigs.

Salad Dressing.

2 tablespoons currant jelly
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ cup salad oil
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons granulated sugar or honey
2 teaspoons chili sauce
Crush jelly with fork and beat smooth. Add remaining ingredients and beat with hand beater until blended. Serve over fruit salad or mixed greens.

Sandwich Hints

In making sandwiches, soften butter or margarine before using. Avoid melting butter or margarine as it seeps into bread and makes a greasy filling.

A good way is to mix ¼ cup peanut butter, apple butter, or jelly with ¼ cup of butter to extend the butter supply. This makes enough spread for 16 slices of enriched bread.

Varieties of fruit-nut bread, orange bread or cheese bread make a combination that really is a victory special. Wise use of enriched flour saves needed ration points.

If you have a canning problem, write to Miss Lynn Chambers, Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Des Plaines 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 on his family's Wyoming ranch, picks the filly of a "loco" mare. His father, a retired army officer, is disappointed by Ken's choice and by his failure at school. When Flicka, the filly, is badly hurt trying to jump the corral fence, Ken takes the opportunity to make friends with the wild little colt. Although he is now convinced that Flicka is not "loco" like her mother, Captain McLaughlin does not think she will get well. But Ken, who always wanted a colt of his own, is still hopeful. He believes he can tame Flicka, who is to him something fine and beautiful.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER XVII

At dinner, Ken ate nothing. Howard said, "Ken isn't eating his dinner—doesn't he have to eat, Mother?"

But Nell answered, "Leave him alone."

Ken had understood what his father meant when he said, "I won't have a thing like that on my place." To allow an animal to die a lingering death was something his father would not do. Flicka was to be shot.

He didn't hear his father give the order to Gus. "Pick a time when Ken isn't around, Gus, and take the Winchester and put the filly out of her misery."

"Ja, Boss—"

Ken watched the gun rack in the dining room. All the guns were standing in it. No guns were allowed in the bunk house. Going through the dining room to the kitchen three times a day for meals, Ken's eyes scanned the weapons to make sure they were all there. That night they were not all there. The Winchester was missing.

When Ken saw that, he stopped walking. He felt dizzy. He kept staring at the gun rack, telling himself that it surely was there—he counted again—he couldn't see clearly.

Then he felt an arm across his shoulders and heard his father's voice. "I know, son. Some things are awful hard to take. We just have to take 'em. I have to, too." Ken got hold of his father's hand and held on. It helped steady him. Finally he looked up. Rob looked down and smiled at him and gave him a little shake and squeeze. Ken managed a smile too.

"All right now?"
"All right, Dad."
They walked in to supper together. Ken even ate a little. But Nell looked thoughtfully at the ash color of his face; and at the little pulse that was beating in the side of his neck.

After supper Ken carried Flicka her oats, but he had to coax her and she would hardly touch them. She stood with her head hanging, but when he stroked it and talked to her, she pressed her face into his chest and was content.

He could feel the burning heat of her body. It didn't seem possible that anything so thin could be alive.

Presently Ken saw Gus come into the pasture carrying the Winchester. When he saw Ken, he changed his direction and sauntered along as if he was out to shoot cottontails.

Ken ran to him. "When are you going to do it, Gus?"

"Ay was goin down soon now, before it got dark—"

"Gus, don't do it tonight. Wait till morning. Just one more night, Gus."

"Vell, in de morning den, but it got to be done, Ken. Yer fadder gives de order."

"I know. I won't say anything more."

Gus went back to the bunk house and Ken returned to Flicka.

At nine o'clock Howard was sent by Nell to call Ken. He stood at the corral gate, shouting.

Flicka was still standing in her nursery when the full moon rose at ten. It was the Hunter's Moon, as yellow as the Harvest Moon.

Flicka's wounds did not pain her, but the suction of the down-whirling spiral was an agony felt through every part of her. Now and then her young body found strength to fight against it; she struggled; she lifted her head.

She was thirsty. The smell of the fresh running water drew her. She waded into the stream and drank; got her fill, lifted her head, turned it again to the house. The cool water rippled against her legs.

There was no sound from the house, no feet running upon the path, and suddenly the last of her little strength was gone. Lunging forward, she fell, half on the bank, half in the water, and lay there, struggling convulsively.

At last she was still.

Some minutes later, from ten miles away on the towering black-timbered shoulders of Pole Mountain, there stole out the most desolate cry in the world—the howl of the gray timber wolf. It rode on the upper air without a tremor, high and thin, pointed as a needle. Through long minutes the note was sustained, mournful and remote—through long moments it died, with a falling cadence of profound listlessness; and even before it ceased, it had become the very essence of the quiet of the night.

Ken had seen the Hunter's Moon rise over the eastern horizon before he went upstairs, and lying

in bed, wide awake, and shaken by a steady fine quivering, he could see it reflected in the opened casement window of his room.

He hadn't completely undressed, but he had the sheet drawn up to his chin, in case his mother or father came in to look at him. He heard them talking together in their room as they undressed. How long they took. It seemed to him hours before the whole house was quiet—so quiet as the night was outside.

He waited still another hour, till everyone was so deep asleep there would be no chance of their hearing. Then he stole out of bed and put on the rest of his clothes.

He carried his shoes in his hands and crept down the hall, past the door of his parents' room, taking a half minute for a step.

On the far end of the terrace, he sat down and put on his shoes, his heart pounding and the blood almost suffocating him.

He kept whispering, "I'm coming, Flicka—I'm coming—"

His feet pattered down the path. He ran as fast as he could.

It was so dark under the cottonwood trees, he had to stand a moment, getting used to the darkness, before he could be sure that Flicka was not there. There stood her feed box—but the filly was gone.

Unreasoning terror swept over him. Something had spirited her



The water rippled over Ken's legs and over Flicka's body.

away—he would never see her again—Gus had come down—his father—He ran wildly here and there. At last, when there was no sign of her, he began a systematic search all through the pasture. He dared not call aloud, but he whispered—

"Flicka—Oh, Flicka—where are you?"

At last he found her down the creek lying in the water. Her head had been on the bank, but as she lay there, the current of the stream had sucked and pulled at her, and she had no strength to resist; and little by little her head had slipped down until when Ken got there only the muzzle was resting on the bank, and the body and legs were swinging in the stream.

Ken slid into the water, sitting on the bank, and he hauled at her head. But she was heavy, and the current dragged like a weight; and he began to sob because he had no strength to draw her out.

Then he found a leverage for his heels against some rocks in the bed of the stream, and he braced himself against them, and pulled with all his might; and her head came up onto his knees, and he held it cradled in his arms.

He was glad that she had died of her own accord, in the cool water, under the moon, instead of being shot by Gus. Then, putting his face close to hers, and looking searchingly into her eyes, he saw that she was alive and looking back at him.

And then he burst out crying, and hugged her, and said, "Oh, my little Flicka, my little Flicka."

The long night passed. The moon slid slowly across the heavens.

The water rippled over Ken's legs, and over Flicka's body. And gradually the heat and the fever went out of her, and the cool running water washed and washed her wounds.

The night took a heavy toll from Ken, but for Flicka there was resurgence. At the moment when Ken drew her into his arms and cried her name, the spring of the down-whirling spiral was broken, Flicka was released and not once again did she feel it. The life-currents in her body turned, and in weak and wavering fashion, flowed upward. A power went into her from Ken; all his youth and strength and magnetism given her freely and abundantly on the stream of his love—from his ardent eyes to hers.

But for Ken, there was, first, the creeping numbness of those parts where the head and the neck of the filly pressed. Then the deep chill from the cold water running over his legs, his thighs, almost up to his waist. The mountain stream was fed from the Snowy Range in the North West, and the water was far colder than the shallow, sun-dappled surface looked. Ken's legs were shriveled and cramped with the cold, and long before the night was over, his teeth were chattering and his body shaking with chills.

It didn't matter. Nothing mattered but that he should hold Flicka, and hold the life in her.

At dawn, when there should have been light, there was, first, a gray gloom, and then persistent twilight. The wind had failed and the clouds had their way at last, forced up from all points of the compass by pressure in the lower areas behind them, Laramie and Cheyenne, both a thousand feet down, and the valleys behind the mountains that were to the north and south.

Often McLaughlin studied the sky, especially the rims of Sherman Hill, and said, "It's trying its best to storm, but the clouds can't get over the mountains."

Now they had got over. There wasn't room for them all. They obscured the zenith and then doubled up, one layer below the other.

But Ken knew nothing of the weather—only Flicka; the heat of her body that burned his arms. Toward morning he knew that the heat had gone, and it was not death; when he spoke to her, her eyes still looked back into his. He was full of thankfulness.

The alarm clock broke the early morning silence of the bunk house and jangled for sixty seconds.

Before it stopped Tim and Gus were sitting, naked, on the edge of their bunks, yawning and rubbing their heads.

Gus reached for his clothes and began to draw them on, remembering as he did so that something unpleasant was ahead of him. It was a moment or two before it came to him—the shooting of Flicka.

When he remembered he dropped both hands on his knees and sat in silence. Nothing for it, it must be done. The filly might have been left to die of her own accord, but that was contrary to custom on the Goose Bar Ranch.

Gus finished dressing, made the fire and laid the table for breakfast, thinking that when he had everything ready except frying the eggs and bacon and making the coffee, he'd go down to the Calf Pasture with the Winchester. It wouldn't take a minute. He had the gun with him there in the bunk house. It stood in the corner, still loaded. He'd be back before Tim had finished milking the cows and have plenty of time to make breakfast.

Gus walked down to the ranch house, stood the gun against the house outside, and went into the kitchen to make up the fire.

Gus' shaking down of the ashes every morning was the rising bell for the family. When the kindling had caught, and the flames were licking up around the blocks of coal, Gus closed the back draft and went out. He took the gun and walked slowly across the Green, to the gate of the Calf Pasture.

A few minutes' walk brought him to Flicka's Nursery and showed him that Flicka was not there. He walked down stream and soon found Ken sitting in the water, Flicka's head in his arms.

One look at the boy's face was enough.

Gus crossed the creek, laid down his gun, and seizing the filly by the head, dragged her out onto the grassy bank, as doctors drag infants into the world by the head—never, safely, by any other part.

Ken could not move. Gus lifted him in his arms and again crossed the creek. Ken's head dropped back over the Swede's shoulder, turning to the filly for one last look.

"Good-by, Flicka." It was only a whisper.

Rob was standing at his window fastening his belt, when he saw the foreman passing, carrying Ken. He thought, "Flicka died—I didn't hear the Winchester—Ken's found her dead—fainted—"

He ran downstairs and out, took the boy from Gus' arms, and then noticed the unbelievably shrunken, drawn features, and the violent chills. This was more than a faint. Gus told him how he had found Ken, and Rob carried him in and up to bed.

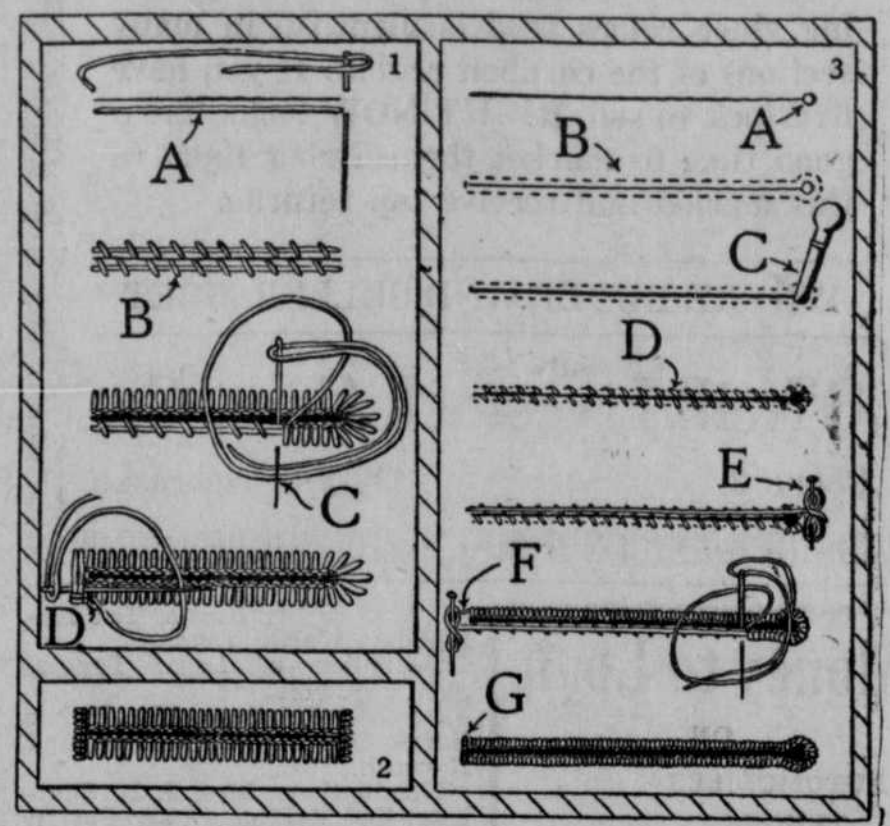
Rob and Nell put Ken to bed between hot blankets and tried to get some brandy between his lips.

Gus returned to the Pasture to get the gun. Flicka was lying as he had left her, but at his approach held up her head. The man knelt down on the grass by her and felt of her head, her neck, looked into her eyes. "Vell—vell—Flicka, liddle gurl—" He was astonished to feel that her body seemed to have lost its great heat; the fever had gone. He looked at the two wounds. The cuts were clean and all the hard swelling had gone; and he could see by her face that she was brighter, as one can see by the expression in a child's face, even though it is still pinched and wan, that life is coming back.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BETTER DRESSMAKING

By Ruth Wyeth Spears



CONSERVATION of clothing begins with an ounce of prevention. When we think of where garments wear out first, buttonholes come to mind. Once the material around them becomes frayed the garment is finished so far as good looks is concerned.

The buttonholes of old garment may be reworked; those of inexpensive ready-mades may be reinforced; and those in new garments may be made both smart and substantial with evenly purled stitches.

Three types of worked buttonholes are shown here. 1. The buttonhole with fan

stitches at the outside end and reinforcing bar at inside. 2. Buttonhole with bar at both ends. 3. Tailored buttonhole with eyelet at outside end. The process of reinforcing a buttonhole slit with long stitches and overcasting is shown at A and B. In Sketch 1. The position of the needle and thread in making the purled buttonhole stitch is shown at C. The blanket stitch used for the bar is shown at D. Sketch 3 shows the method of marking the tailored buttonhole at A; stitching around marking, at B; punching eyelet, at C; overcasting, D; method of holding reinforcing thread, E and F. The bar at the inside end is shown at G.

NOTE: If you are interested in having more and better clothes for yourself and family, learn to sew. Today's lesson is one of hundreds in the new 256-page book BETTER DRESSMAKING, by Ruth Wyeth Spears. Every phase of dressmaking—cutting, fitting, tailoring, remodeling—is explained with clear, easy-to-follow drawings and text. You will want to own this beautifully bound lifetime reference book. Ask for complete information and special offer. Address: MRS. SPEARS, DRAWER 12, BEDFORD HILLS, NEW YORK.

WOOL

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Bride (consulting cook book)—Oh, my, that cake is burning, and I can't take it out for ten minutes yet.

When the word went out that soldiers overseas wanted packages from home—the response was so overwhelming that Uncle Sam reluctantly had to call a halt. Today, due to shipping space, there are Post Office restrictions on packages to overseas Army men—but you can still send packages to soldiers in the U. S., and to Sailors, Marines, and Coast Guardsmen wherever they are. When you do, remember—one of their favorite gifts is cigarettes, and the favorite brand is Camel. Sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens show that Camel is first choice with men in all the services. So send him that carton of Camels today.—Adv.

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