



prepare, vegetable pickles may take several days or even weeks, but both contribute to brightening winter menus.

## Pickling Time

Summer has slipped by and with it has passed the time of putting up fruits and vegeta-



bles. But canning is not yet over, for fall brings with it many fruits and vegetables which homemakers like to use for pickling and preserving.

Pickles may be of either the fruit or vegetable variety for there are a great many varieties of pickles. Fruit pickles can be made in a short time, but those made from vegetables require a longer timecometimes as long as several weeks.

The best cucumber pickles take several weeks in order to complete the pickling process and make them crisp in texture, dark green in color. Sugar is introduced gradually to the cucumber after it has had a preliminary treatment in brine or vinegar. Crisp Pickles.

How does one get crisp pickles is the question most frequently asked in pickling. Select fresh, ripe rather than over-ripe vegetables and fruits for pickling. Over-mature and stale vegetables will shrivel during the pickling process.

Old spices and low grade vinegar are other causes of pickle failure. It's important to use vinegar which has a strength of 40-60. Cider vinegar is usually preferred because of its mellow flavor. As a rule onions and cauliflower, which are light, require a white vinegar to make a olored pickle. Both types of vinegars serve to modify the taste of the product and also to preserve

Salt for Pickling.

Good quality salt is indicated for good pickles. Table salt or dairy sait (used for

butter making) are good, but salt to which a lot of chemical has been added to prevent it from caking is not recommended. Chemicals may interfere with the pickling proc-

Equipment.

Pickles may be cured in large stone crocks, if desired. They are usually stored in glass jars with caps, of the same type that are used for canning fruits and vegeta-

\*Spiced Cantaloupe.

Peel rind and cut cantaloupe into 1-inch pieces. Soak overnight in vinegar. To each 7 pounds of fruit add 3 pounds of sugar, 8 sticks of cinnamon, and 1 tablespoon whole cloves. Cook about 11/2 hours or until fruit becomes transparent. Place in sterile jars and seal.

2 quarts apples, cut in small pieces 2 pounds granulated sugar 2 cups seeded raisins Rind of 2 oranges, finely chopped

\*Apple Chutney.

16 cup strong vinegar % teaspoon ground cloves 1 cup pecan meats, chopped fine

Boil all ingredients together until apples and nuts are tender. Pour into sterile jars and seal at once.

\*Green Tomato Pickle. 4 quarts green tomatoes

2 sweet red peppers 2 small onions 2 teaspoons ground cloves 2 teaspoons ground ginger

Lynn Says: You Can Do It, Too! Readers write that they have hints to pass you'll like them for your own toods. on to other readers, and I'm sure

Careful seasonings make for good cooking-and that means first of all salt and pepper. Mixed poultry seasonings add accent to stuffings and stews. Bay leaf, thyme and sage are also good in stuffings and meats.

Spare the hand when using curry powder, but do use it in any meat or fish dish if you like the curry taste. It's especially good when you're using any of these foods with rice.

A pinch of nutmeg is indicated for spinach, for that occasional scalloped fish or oyster dish.

Clove and cinnamon blend well with smoked meats-use in cooking smoked ham or shoulder cuts.

I tablespoon dry mustard

Grind coarsely the tomatoes, on-

ions, peppers. Put spices in a small

and sugar, for 10 minutes. Add the

ground vegetables and simmer for 1

hour. Remove spice bag. Pack into

At summer's end, you can look

with pride on your canning shelf

if you have been busy putting up

fruits and vegetables, jams and jel-

Bread and Butter Pickles.

25 to 30 medium-sized cucumbers

lies, pickles and relishes.

8 large white onions

1/2 cup salt

5 cups sugar

pers and combine

with cucumbers

and salt. Let this

stand 3 hours.

Drain. Combine

and spices in a

large preserving

kettle and bring

vinegar, sugar

2 large sweet peppers

5 cups cider vinegar

1 teaspoon tumeric

1/2 teaspoon cloves

2 tablespoons mustard seed

Wash cucumbers and slice as thin

as possible. Chop onions and pep-

to a boil. Add drained cucumbers.

Heat thoroughly but do not boil.

Pack while hot into jars and seal.

Ripe Cucumber Sweet Pickles.

8 large ripe cucumbers

1/4 pound stick cinnamon

Pare the cucumbers, take out

seeds and cut in quarters. Cut quar-

ters into medium-sized pieces. Scald

in salted water (2 tablespoons salt to

1 quart water), then drain and sim-

mer in clear water until tender. Tie

spices in a bag and boil them with

vinegar and sugar 5 minutes. Pour

this mixture over cucumbers, cover

jar and set away until the next day.

Then, pour off syrup, boil syrup for

10 minutes and pour over cucum-

bers again. Flavor is improved by

Dilled Cucumbers or Green

Tematoes.

40 to 50 cucumbers, or green

2 ounces mixed pickle spices

Use fresh-picked cucumbers or

green tomatoes of uniform size and

and drain. Into a 5-gallon crock

place a layer of dill and spice. Fill

the jar with the cucumbers or to-

matoes to within 4 or 5 inches of

the top. Mix the vinegar, salt, sug-

ar, and water, and pour over the

vegetable. Place a layer of dill over

the top. Cover with a heavy plate

and weight it down to hold the

vegetable under the brine. Use only

enough brine barely to cover, for as

the liquid is drawn from the vegeta-

ble the jar may overflow. Each day

remove the scum that forms over the

top and keep the pickles at even

room temperature, about 70 degrees

or as warm as 86 degrees Fahren-

heit if possible. In about 2 weeks

the pickles are ready to use-crisp,

well-flavored with dill, and clear

throughout with no white spots when

For storage, pack the cured pickles in sterilized quart glass jars,

and add 1/2 cup of vinegar to each.

Fill up the jars with the pickle

brine, but first strain it, bring it to a

boil, and cool. Seal the jars and

Are you having a time stretching meats? Write to Miss Lynn Chambers for practical help, at Western Newspa-per Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago, Ill. Don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for

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store in a cool, dry place.

tomatoes

1 pint vinegar

2 gallons water

1 pound salt

Fresh or dried dill

4 tablespoons sugar

once.

1 ounce whole cloves

11/2 pints vinegar

3 pounds sugar

1/2 teaspoon celery seed

1 pound brown sugar

1 quart vinegar

hot sterile jars and seal.

1/2 cup salt

mare. Flicka, the filly, is badly hurt trying to jump the corral fence. She grows For Pickling Shelves steadily worse, and Captain McLaughlin \*Spiced Cantaloupe orders Gus, the foreman, to shoot her. \*Apple Chutney Ken persuades Gus to wait, and when the \*Green Tomato Pickle others are asleep he goes out to the pas-\*Bread and Butter Pickles ture, where he finds Flicka trapped in a stream. He rescues her, but when Gus \*Recipe Given finds them in the morning, Ken is unconscious and dangerously ill. Finally won over, Captain McLaughlin risks his 2 teaspoons ground allspice life to save Flicka from a wildcat. Flicka 1 tablespoon ground cinnamon

and Ken both get well. Now continue with the story.

THE STORY SO FAR: Ten-year-old | Ken McLaughlin, given an opportunity to

choose any yearling on his family's Wy-

oming ranch, picks the filly of a "loco"

## CHAPTER XIX.

Gus entered the room holding the Winchester in one hand and one

bag and boil in the vinegar with salt long shell in the other. "Dere's only one shell, Boss."

"Where are the others? There was a whole box of them." "De officers shot 'em all off dat

Sunday dey vas here." Rob snatched the shell. "One's enough."

Gus said, "You'll find de filly in a sling on de far side de crik. Tim und I rigged it up for her ven we saw she still had life in her." Rob got his flashlight from the

shelf, and went out. Gus raised sorrowful eyes to Nell's white face. 'Don't take it so hard, Missus," he said softly. "De Boss is right. No gude to let sick animals live."

Rob thrust the shell into the rifle. Holding the gun under his left arm, he used the flashlight with his right. He knew the way as well as he knew the way around his own room, but the light picked out his footing

A blinding flash came, and another and another, illuminating the whole pasture, while the skies exploded with thunder. Before the darkness shut the scenes out, Rob had seen three things. He saw the filly in the sling on the far side of the creek, the rock-slide behind her. He saw, down at the end of the field, the cattle bunched together, on guard, frightened, staring. And he saw what they were staring at, something white lying on the ground near the three pines, with a huge mountain lion crouched over it.

Rob stood motionless in the darkness, thinking. He wondered if the mountain lion had seen him. The next flash of lightning answered him, for the lion had disappeared. What was that white thing lying on the ground? Rob wanted to investi-

one shell in the gun-He stood still for a long time, all his senses strained, listening, trying to see through the darkness, the gun ready in his hands, cocked, half lifted.

The lightning flashes showed the cattle still bunched, watching, and the white thing on the ground with no moving creature near it. Then McLaughlin saw two blazing green eyes fastened upon him. He could not tell whether they were near or far until a flash of lightning showed him that they were in the center of a mass of shrubs. The lion had hidden himself in those shrubs and was looking out at him from there.

The eyes seemed quite steady. Rob raised his gun, took aim, and

It seemed to him that just be fore he had pressed the trigger the eyes had disappeared. He lowered the gun and stood warily, listening and looking.

After a while, he strode boldrepeating this process several times. ly over to the bushes, shouting and With last heating, place pickles in brandishing his gun. With the aid cleaned, sterile jars and seal at of his flashlight he looked all through them and found, as he had was no sign of the lion.

"Well, we're in for it, Flicka," he said, stroking the filly's nose. "A night of it. You're a drowned rat and I'm another. I'd feel better if I had a pocket full of shells-and a drink-and a fire-and some dry clothes-"

He had barely reached this conclusion, when he saw a light approaching, swinging and bobbing free from blemish. Wash them well down the path. "Hey! Nell!"

"Rob! Are you all right? Where are you?"

"Here-on the far side of the brook." He swung the flashlight. Presently he saw her anxious face, lit from underneath by the light of the lantern in her hand. Under her other arm she carried the big Express rifle. She was in old khaki pants and a sweater.

"Good girl-" He went to help her cross the brook where there were some stones, and took the heavy gun and lantern from her. "What happened? I heard a shot

-was that Flicka?" "No. The mountain lion."

"I wish he'd show himself this minute," said Nell, "and get himself shot. What do you think he'll

"We may never see him again. He's been shot at once, he sees me here, he may make for the woods." 'Well - if he doesn't - here is Flicka-"

"Yes. Well, I'm spending the night with Flicka. I can't get her up to the stables. She can't walk." Rob took Howard to school on the opening date and talked to Mr. Gibson about Ken. He returned to Nell. astonished and moved at what the

boy had done. "Did you read it?" he asked Nell in a low voice as they sat by the

MY FRIEND FLICKA by MARY O'HARA window in Ken's room, "The Story |

> of Gypsy?" "No. We decided that it must be all his own. If I'd read it I'd have wanted to make suggestions, and as this was really an examination paper, it didn't seem right."

Rob handed her the paper. When he had first read it himself it had given him the strange emotion within his breast that his younger son sometimes caused.

She returned to Rob. "What did Gibson say about it?"

"Said it was a good piece of writing. Says Ken's got a brilliant mind -asked me if I knew it-"

"What did you say?" "I said No, I thought he was dumb; and he said sometimes brilliant people were very dumb." In Nell's worn and tired face the

"Rob! Are you all right? Where are you?"

dimple of the right cheek suddenly showed. "I didn't know Gibson was ate, but he dared not move. Just smart enough to say a thing like that," she whispered.

"Did you know it, Nell-that Ken is brilliant?"

"I suspected it." "What on earth made you think that? He's always failed at everything-till this summer."

"Well-" Nell spoke slowly, thoughtfully, "a dreamer-you know -it's a mind that looks over the edges of things-the way Ken can do what he calls 'getting into other worlds'; gets into a picture; gets into a drop of water; gets into a star-anything-"

Rob sat looking out the window. "What did Mr. Gibson finally decide?" asked Nell.

"Said that as Ken had made a sincere effort, he would take him flaring nostrils. back into his own grade on probation."

Some days later, when there had been a light fall of snow, and the ral. whole world was an etching in brown and white, Rob wrapped the boy up, and telling Nell that there hills he wanted to show him, drove down the road and stopped the car. Looking out the window, they could had never made before. expected, that he had missed. There see, a short distance away, where

the range rolled up to the woods. "Look," said McLaughlin, pointing out the window.

On the edge of the woods stood a great stag with a full-antlered head. Blending perfectly with the brown and white etching, he was hard to see at first. His whole body was in profile to the car, but his head was turned around to face them, held very high, the eyes in an unswerving direct gaze bent upon the car there in the road. The up-curving lines of his neck and head flowed out into the trunks and then the branches of the many-pointed antlers in indescribable beauty.

Ken's mouth fell open as he looked. The stag was absolutely motionless. The word nobility might have been coined to embody all that the magnificent creature expressed. Or courage-

McLaughlin glanced down at his and motifs. son. The mouth was still open. "How did you know he'd be here,

Dad?" "I just saw him, driving in from the highway." "Why does he stay so long with-

out moving?" "He's got a doe lying down there. He's protecting her. That's why he

doesn't move." The boy looked a long time yet, then glanced up at his father. "Be-

"Yes." McLaughlin started the engine, turned the car and drove toward the ranch.

cause she's his responsibility?"

Ken watched the motionless stag as long as he could see him. The boy's eyes burned; there was a choking in his throat, and all through his body a feeling as of rushing torrents.

When he could no longer see the stag, his eyes roved over the hills and woods. He did not know what had ended the cold, weary detachment and united him to the world again, he only knew that it was his own once more, that it was beautiful and alive, that he wanted to see Flicka. And he pressed his face against his father's sleeve and wept.

Late that afternoon Ken, bundled up in a heavy sweater, slammed the house door, thudded across the Green and opened the gate. He found a new pasture; snow on the ground, bare trees, the orange glow of a real winter sunset in the sky. And Flicka-Every day, for weeks, she had

looked for him. She would stand at the corral gate with head up and ears pricked sharply; then, disappointed, whirl about with an impatient nicker and trot restlessly around the hill, then turn, point her ears, and stand listening again.

She had grown two inches in height and gave promise of being a big horse, with speed and power and fire. She had a thick, warm winter coat of long fur; there was no swelling on any of her legs. Cold mornings, she put her nose to the earth and kicked her heels in the air; or twisted her body and bucked; or galloped wildly from one end of the pasture to the other, her blonde mane and tail streaming. When snow fell, coming sometimes on a whining winter wind, she lifted her head high and sniffed at it with

Now the slamming of the ranch door caught her attention and she trotted questioningly toward the cor-

Ken's quick feet thudded across the Green, the gate rattled; and when the boy came running down was something out on one of the the path, crying, "Oh, Flicka! Flicka!", the neigh that rang out on the cold air was a sound the filly [THE END]

LET'S welcome baby with the daintiest of layettes. It's easy when you have transfer Z9571 on hand, for this useful pattern brings all sorts of cunning embroideries

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## New Powerful Microscope Uses Beam of Electrons

A new kind of microscope is so powerful that it shows particles too small to be seen by optical methods. Secret of the new instrument is the use of a beam of electrons instead of a beam of light, and by this means even the shape of particles of smoke can be clearly seen.

Zinc oxide smoke is shown to consist of long thin needles; mag- on tiptoe. nesium oxide smoke of groups of small cubic crystals; while carbon smoke from a wax taper consists of very small units forming long chain groups.

The instrument, the electron microscope, was designed by Prof. L. C. Martin, Imperial College of Science, London.

The "lenses" of the electron microscope consist of electrostatic and magnetic fields which refract the electron beams in much the same way that the glass lenses refract the light in an optical instrument. By the use of magnetic



Suspected As he was squeezing through the narrow space to his seat in the circus, the awkward man turned to a grim-looking woman. "Pardon me, madam," he said.

was the curt reply; "all the elephants are still in the ring!"

"but did I tread on your foot?"

"I think you must have done it,"

The first thing we need if we want to feel pleased with ourselves is a poor memory.

Easy Way Dorothy—I have a very literary boy friend. He recommended Einstein's The Theory of Relativity as a most interesting book.

Lou-Excellent! And have you read

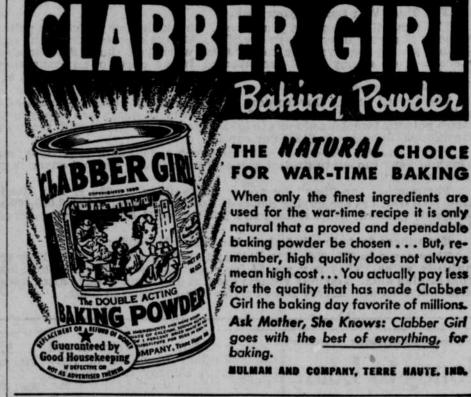
it yet? Dorothy-No; I'm waiting for it to come out in the movies, first.

Sh-h-h-h

Author-You are late; my play started half an hour ago. Go in

Friend - What? Is everybody asleep already?

What is the most welcome gift you can send to a man in the service? Well, surveys among service men themselves show that one of the favorite packages from home are cigarettes. And first choice among men in all the services is Camel, based on the actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens. Though there are now Post Office restrictions on packages to overseas Army men, you can still send Camels to solcoils an enlarged image of a small diers in the U. S., and to Sailors, object can be reproduced on a flu- Marines, and Coast Guardsmen orescent screen, or photographed. wherever they are.-Adv.



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