

"White Streak in the Water" HELLO EVERYBODY: Bill Mogge says be

Bill Mogge says he has nothing to kick about, and that's a swell way of looking at it. And at the same time I'm wondering how many other people could go through what Bill did, and suffer as Bill suffered, and lose as Bill lost, and still take that same attitude that Bill takes about what happened to him in the dreadful hours that followed his seeing a white line shoot toward him across the windtossed waters of the North sea.

That white line was a common sight on the North sea in World war days. It meant bad luck to the ship from which it was seen, and that was no mere sailors' superstition either. Bill saw it on July 29, 1915, from the Belgian steamer Princesse Marie, on which he was working as an able seaman. And now the Princesse Marie is at the bottom of the sea, several of her crew are dead, and Bill Mogge has some horrible hours to remember.

Bill lives in Nutley, N. J. He has a wife and a thirtuenyear-old daughter, and he says, "Life is good, after all." But on that July day in 1915 his prospects for continuing that life began to look as though they weren't worth a plugged nickel. Then he was a young Dutch lad working on that Belgian ship for the extra ten shillings that were handed out every month to the men who risked death in the submarine-infested war zone. Bill and the boatswain were up on a scaffold washing the sides of the wheelhouse and the bridge when Bill looked off over the water to starboard and saw that while streak.

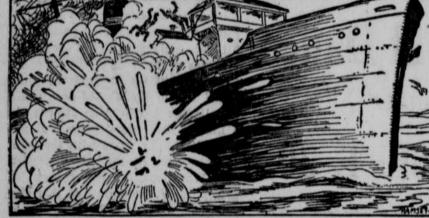
Streak Headed for Center of Ship.

Bill says he froze in his shoes. Every sailor knew what that streak meant. Torpedo! And this streak was headed right for the center of the ship-right for the spot below the wheelhouse on which he and the boatswain were working.

"Like a man in a dream I watched that white mark grow longer," he says. "It was almost on us, and I knew there wasn't time to avoid Almost at the same instant I saw a periscope come out of the water. I shouted to the bos'n, but I'll never know whether he heard me or not. For at that same instant there was a terrific explosion, and everything went black before my eyes."

When Bill came to again he was lying on the deck in a lot of debris-and a pool of blood. The ship had all but broken in two. Water was rushing into it and it was sinking fast. Bill tried to get to his feet, but he couldn't move. His arm hurt, and his head seemed to be spinning around like a top. "I tried to shake off that dizzy feeling," he says, "but it was no use. Blood was running into my eyes from a wound in my head, and my injured arm was useless. I thought I would go crazy as I lay there, unable to move, while the ship sank steadily, threatening every moment to go under."

But at last Bill managed to pull himself together. He struggled to his feet and looked about him. The decks were deserted. His right



THE FRONTIER O'NEILL NEBRASKA



Household News

DON'T THESE LOOK AWFUL GOOD? Recipes Below.

My Favorite Recipes

Lucky, indeed, is the homemaker who has among her treasured recipes Aunt Martha's "receipt" for soft molasses cookies, Mother's rule for old-fashioned apple pan dowdy, or grandmother's instructions for making home-baked beans. Those old, favorite recipes are the mainstay

of many a tempting meal. Each one of us has our own prized collection of just such recipes—some old, some new, but all of them tried and approved by a critical family.

The recipes I'm giving you today are some of my own favorites-family "heirlooms" and contributions from friends and neighbors who are excellent cooks. When you're a "seasoned" or ex-

perienced cook you may take liberties with a recipe or with directions, but if you're a beginner, or if you're trying a new dish for the first time, it's better to stick to a

measurements it calls for. Accuracy in cooking means level teaspoons and tablespoons and cups in the amounts the recipe specifies; it means sifting flour once before measuring; combining ingredients by the method given, and cooking or baking according to time and temperature recommended. **Oven Fried Chicken**. (Serves 4)

2 to 3 pound chicken (cut for frying)

By OSCAR JONES (Released by Associated Newspapers WNU Service.) HE office door flew open

with a bang, and for a long level moment Dr. Ritchie stared at his demure daugh-

'PANACEA!'

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ter, so busily typing statements on the rickety old office typewriter; then with a ponderous sigh he went slowly over to his medicine-cabinet and sat down at the small desk there. After a long moment of thought, he swung around to the girl still busily typing and eyed the soft rose-blush of guilt on her smooth cheeks and noted the added sparkle of mischief in her merry eyes. It was too much, more than even a practiced surgeon could stand and with something strangely bewildered in his voice, for all its stern

rebuke, he said: "Lou-Anne, you don't have to tell me you did it, but it would help a heap if you'd tell me why! He-" here Dr. Ritchie blew his nose violently—"was my best friend, as was his father before him!"

"What," asked Lou-Anne Ritchie innocently, "have I done to make that a past tense, dad? Up to last night I thought you couldn't even chase a refractory tonsil without the collaboration of Dr. Bill!"

"Well, that's true, my faith in Bill's skill is almost beyond the realm of human faith; and now-" The old man stared winkingly out of the window at the brown landscape.

"Yes? Now?" prompted Lou-Anne, swinging around from the typewriter and looking at her father with very much the same light in her eyes that a mother might have when looking at her son.

"You know well what's happened," roared the aroused professor of ailments and medicines. "You've gone and egged him into falling in love with you after letting him romp with you as a friendly playfellow all these years! And," thundered the furious doctor, "you may thank yourself for ruining his career, for he won't be worth a dented picayune from now on!"

And Dr. Ritchie glared malevolently at the ceiling, chewing his short, stubby mustache and rocking back and forth on his heels, far too experienced in warfare with this strange daughter of his to trust even so much as a glance in her direction, much less a thought as to what she might be thinking.

He knew he'd need every one of

in the sanctity of her room and dream. And now dad was horning in in

true professional fashion. Why must medical men think they can hold their finger on the pulse of a nation and prescribe cure-alls for every one?

Just as if, mind you, she were one of his nasty old experimental germs ready to bite Dr. Bill and lay him low!

But morning proved another thing, and that was that Lou-Anne could do a heap of thinking during ten hours of night, and, according, she was hurriedly packing her bags and wiping large alligator tears from either eye as she worked, thinking

of the note she had written Billfor his own good! She guessed she'd live up to the

honor of the Ritchies if it was the last thing she did and required such minor sacrifices as giving up the one and only man she had ever been able to tolerate during all her stormy, tempestuous life! . . .

"Where," demanded a stern voice that made her nearly jump a foot, "do you think you're going, Lou-Anne Ritchie?"

And Lou-Anne found herself looking up from her dusty Pullman chair into the wonderful blue eyes of Dr. Bill, who after that first glance threw caution to the winds, not even considering a lady from Boston who occupied the chair opposite, as with a catch in his voice he gathered Lou-Anne into his arms and sat down again in her chair, wiping the tears from her streaky little face with his own immaculate handkerchief and praying with all

tunnel "Dad said that I'd s-s-spoil your career; that I was a vamp, and I just couldn't stand it, not when I loved you so, Bill!" And Bill never did know that Lou-Anne's tears were of fear; fear that he wouldn't follow her in time!

his might for an extra long dark

Perhaps, just perhaps, Dr. Ritchie knew more about diagnosis, prescribing and cures than even Lou-Anne guessed! At any rate, he gave them his blessing!

Chicago Professor Has Defense for Slang Use

Prof. Howard L. Buck of Chicago has this to say regarding the use of slang: "Ever since the word came into the language (about 1850) the purists have inveighed against 14th St., New York. slang. In 1864 the dean of Canterbury declared that slang is 'only fit for raw schoolboys and one-term freshmen to astonish their sisters with.' In 1896 Professor Quakenbos of Columbia university warned us

his mental cylinders when she did that slang was the open gateway



AUCTIONS

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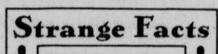
A leaf, a flower, a center patch -that's all there is to Mayflower applique. Start your blocks nowthe patches are easy to apply! You can use the same material throughout for the flower patches or do each one in a different scrap. Use this easy and effective block for pillow or scarf as



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and beat in the soda. Add sour milk, beaten egg. and the flour which has been nutmeg.

proven recipe and the accurate

boil, add corn syrup and sugar, and cook over low flame for 5 minutes. Cool slightly, add vanilla and salt. Gingerbread Waffles. (Serves 6)

> 1 cup molasses 1/3 cup butter 1 teaspoon soda 1/2 cup sour milk 1 egg (beaten) 2 cups cake flour 2 teaspoons ginger 1/2 teaspoon salt

Heat molasses and butter to boil-



sifted with the ginger and salt. Mix well. Bake in hot waffle iron. Serve with whipped cream and a dash of

Honey Spice Cake.

3/4 cup shortening

1/3 cup granulated sugar % cup strained honey 2 eggs 3 cups cake flour

2 teaspoons baking powder 1/2 teaspoon soda

1/2 teaspoon salt 1½ teaspoons cinnamon

1/2 teaspoon cloves 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg

1 teaspoon vanilla extract

1/2 cup nut meats (broken) 1 cup buttermilk

addition. Beat egg whites until stiff.

Fold into mixture. Place in well-

greased loaf pan. Bake in moderate

oven (350 degrees) for 45-50 minutes.

Clam Chowder.

2 tablespoons onions (chopped)

14 cup carrots (chopped)

1¼ cups potato (chopped)

% cup celery (chopped fine)

"At the same instant there was a terrific explosion, and everything went black before my eyes."

arm was covered with blood and nearly blown off. Using his left arm, he climbed the ladder to the boat deck-but there were no boats there any more. His shipmates had gone, leaving him to drown.

Last Life Boat Ready to Shove Off.

Just as Bill was ready to give up he looked over the side, and that look saved his life. Down there in the water was just one lifeboat-the last one-getting ready to shove off. Bill knew he didn't have a moment to lose. Those lads in the boat weren't going to wait for stragglers. He had to get in that boat or go down with the ship, and the only way to get into it in time was to jump for it. Bill did jump-right from the boat deck. He landed in a heap on top of a bunch of cursing sailors who wanted to know who he was.

"I thought they were crazy to ask such a question," says Bill. "Didn't they know me-their shipmate-any more? Little did I realize how I looked to them. I was just a black and bloody mess that even my own mother wouldn't have recognized."

Lifeboat Steams Full Speed Toward Harwich.

The boat had no sooner pulled away than the ship sank with a groan and a hiss of steam. Bill lay in the bottom while the others rowed. "My head was burning," he says, "and I thought I would go crazy. Off and on I did go out of my mind. About an hour later we were picked up by a British mine sweeper. They pulled me up in a canvas because I was too weak to climb aboard. Some officer put an emergency bandage around my head, and they kept giving me coffee and cigarettes to keep me alive. We steamed full speed toward Harwich, the nearest port where there was a hospital."

Radio messages to shore had told the hospital of their coming, and there was an ambulance waiting for Bill at the dock. "When I got to the hospital," says Bill, "I felt somehow that I would be safe, and didn't fight any more against the darkness that kept trying to close down over my eyes. I don't know what happened after that, but when I awoke the nurse told me I had been unconscious for two days."

They did their best for Bill at that hospital-in spite of the fact that he was a Hollander and the English had just about all they could do to take care of their own wounded who were coming over every day from France. One day a nurse started to teach him to write with his left hand -and then Bill knew he would never use his right arm again.

When his wounds had healed up the Dutch consul general sent Bill to a hospital in Holland, and there he spent two more years while the doctors performed five operations trying to give him back the use of his arm, and a little while after he was discharged he came to America.

And after all he went through, Bill still says he has no kick coming. "The Belgian government awarded me a pension," he says, "and I am grateful to that country for the square deal it gave me. I'll never forget the wonderful treatment I got in the British hospital, and I am thankful to America for the wonderful opportunities it has given me."

And that's from a bird who really got a tough break and has every right in the world to complain about his luck.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

High Praise

The monument erected in honor of the explorer, Robert Scott, and his companions at Capetown, bears the following lines from his diary: "Had we lived I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood, endurance and courage of my companions which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These must tell the tale."

Dr. Paul Popence, head of the Pasadena, Calif., Family Relations

Changing World

institute, has ascertained that marriage proposals are changing. In the first place, he said, it is rare that marriage proposals are ever made now in the home; in the second place, they are made more frequently away from the home, and rough notes and our dead bodies in the third place, they are frequently taken frivolously.

1 cup flour 1 teaspoon salt 1/4 teaspoon pepper 2 eggs 1 cup fine cracker crumbs 1 onion (chopped fine)

Dip pieces of chicken in flour to which salt and pepper has been add-

Gan which water has been added and 1. . finally roll in cracker crumbs. Brown in hot fat

(1 inch in depth). Place in baking pan, sprinkle with onion, and top with cream. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees), until tender, approximately 11/2 hours.

Surprise Muffins. (Makes 2 dozen small muffins) 1 egg (well beaten) 1 cup milk

2 tablespoons butter (melted) 2 cups cake flour 3 tablespoons sugar 3 teaspoons baking powder

1/2 teaspoon salt 4 tablespoons cherry preserves Beat egg and add milk and melted butter. Mix and sift the flour, sugar, baking pow-

der and salt. 1 (00). 2 . . . M Pour liquid ingredients into the dry ingredients. Pour into well. greased muffin

tins and place 1/2 teaspoon of preserves on top of each muffin. The preserves should be partially covered with muffin batter. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees) for approxi-

mately 12 minutes. Vanilla Ice Cream. (Automatic Refrigerator Method) 35 cup sweetened condensed milk

1/2 cup water 1½ teaspoons vanilla 1 cup whipping cream Blend sweetened condensed milk.

water, and vanilla thoroughly. Chill. Whip cream to custard-like consistency and fold into chilled mixture. Pour into freezing pan. Place in freezing unit. After mixture is about half frozen remove from refrigerator. Scrape mixture from sides and bottom of pan. Beat until smooth but not until melted. Smooth out and replace in freezing unit until

frozen for serving. Serves 6. A Chocolate Sauce for Ice Cream. 2 squares unsweetened chocolate 2 tablespoons butter 3/2 cup boiling water 5 tablespoons white corn syrup 2 cups sugar 1 teaspoon vanilla 1/s teaspoon salt Melt chocolate and butter and add

bot water gradually. Bring to a

start the defensive!

"Uh," came in a soft, husky voice Cream shortening. Add sugar and from the region of the typewriter, best thoroughly. Add honey. Sepback of Dr. Ritchie, "you recall, of arate eggs, beat yolks and add to course, that you married, and lots mixture. Mix and sift all dry inof folks call you successful despite gredients. Add 1/4 cup of dry inthe blight of having me around." gredients to nuts and add to cake And Dr. Ritchie gasped as though mixture. Add remaining dry ingrehe'd had a dash of cold water flung dients alternately with buttermilk in his face. and vanilla, beating between each

He hadn't thought of this!

"It would receive my whole blessing," he defended with stiff dignity. "if I even remotely dreamed that you had such honorable intentions in mind!"

"Well," went on the husky voice. "you never can tell. I'm only twenty-six and I do seem to have faint recollections of other offers of matrimony before!"

"Bah!" snorted Dr. Ritchie, scornfully.

"He has the nicest blue eyes I ever did see," dreamily commented Lou-Anne, and for a brief moment it seemed as though this remark were going to precipitate an unseemly death by apoplexy for her enpieces and place in large kettle. raged father, but he was spared, Chop the clams and add together and with a roar not unlike a pampas bull he charged out of the room and with the clam liquor, water, salt, and pepper. Cover and cook about stormed up the stairs, listening with 1/2 hour, or until vegetables are tenacutest ears for the mocking laughder. Scald milk. Make a smooth ter he fully expected to hear.

But for once Lou-Anne Ritchie was not moved to laughter by the actions of her explosive parent.

She was, indeed, looking off beyond the distant horizon, and one versed in such things might have said that she was probing the future with wistful, hungry eyes, for despite her record as a man-hater, Lou-Anne had in reality known her moments of unhappiness, and it was not because she played with each succeeding victim and then tossed him away again, carelessly, but rather because she was searching ever for some one to conform to her ideals, and failing to find that some one or, rather, finding in each one something that violently clashed with her ideals, she went on hiding the wistful hurt under a teasing, gay banter.

And now, suddenly, last night she had been fooling in rough, tomboy fashion with Bill, as had been her wont ever since she could remember, (Bill was 36 and she 26) and of a sudden he had twisted her about from her wrestling hold and, handing her the book she had been scuffling with him for, he had placed both hands on her shoulders and told her soberly, with a hint of huskiness in his fine voice and a trace of eager hope in his deep blue eyes. of the love he had always felt for her ever since he had first seen her as a motherless little flapper of 15, and he a serious, sober interne going "across" with the A. E. F.!

And Lou-Anne, shaken beyond her control, had flashed him a wonderful look from her misty eyes and the curator of North American arbegging for time had fled to hide cheology.

through which the masses of our youth were passing to laxity and incapacity of expression. 'For ladies especially,' he said, 'the use of slang words is extremely bad taste; they stamp a woman not only common-place but common.' But professors do not really practice what they teach. They pick up good slang as eagerly as any callow boy and use it with relish in moments of careless relaxation. Slang may

be a weed in the garden of conversation; but, as Luther Burbank pointed out, the weed is only a misunderstood flower. "Slang, 'the jazz of speech' or

'language on a picnic,' every year produces its crop of novel and vivid expressions. And since most people are imitative, they pick it up for the fancied distinction of being in fashion. After spreading rapidly, the bulk of it soon loses its novelty and charm and so suffers a well-deserved extinction. However, some slang terms emerge to higher colloquial levels. If they serve a need of language more adequately than any other words. they graduate to literary usage and cease to be slang. People who protest that the wells of English are no longer pure and undefiled, do not realize that a pure language is never a growing one, and that the main feeder which keeps it fresh and vigorous is slang.

"Many slang terms lurk on the borders of dignified speech because they are of disreputable origin, the jargon of criminal and gangster, who use strange expressions to hide their meaning from the uninitiated. Skirt and broad (woman), ice (diamonds), dip (pickpocket), paperhanger (forger), panhandler (beggar), rat (betrayer), heat (trouble). big shot, muscle in, take the rap (go to jail) and take a ride (kill) are jargon of the underworld."

Eskimo Curios

A collection of archeological and ethnological items collected among the Eskimo of Greenland by Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago. The material obtained reflects the daily life of these Eskimos. Included are fur clothing, waterproofed skin coats, and trousers and boots worn by the men when hunting in their kayaks. A number of toys make an interesting feature of the collection. Examples are toy sleds, stone lamps, stone bowls, arrows, harpoons, tops, seals, ducks and kayaks, and dolls carved from wood, ivory and stone, some of which are provided with tiny fur garments. Eskimo children like to play with make-believe things as much as do white children, and a far greater variety of toys is found among them than among the children of Indian tribes, according to

Beggars' Paradise Too Lazy to Breathe Judas Left Out

Among the Arabs of Africa and Near Eastern countries, the gratuity or tip, called "baksheesh," goes to the poorer man whether he renders a service to you or you render a service to him. Even if you save a man from drowning, he will demand his "baksheesh" if you appear to be in better circumstances.

One of the most lethargic animals in existence is the tuatara. Sphenodon punctatum, a two-foot, lizardlike reptile of New Zealand. Not only does it rarely move, but it breathes so slowly that, usually, the creature appears to be lifeless. Those in captivity have been

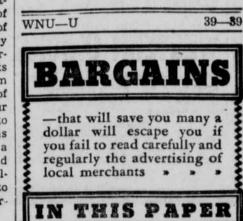
A number of Christian altars in various parts of the world do not include the figure of Judas in the statuary of Christ and His disciples.-Collier's.

known to stop breathing for more

than an hour at a time.

Pull the Trigger on Lazy Bowels, and Also **Pepsin-ize Stomach!**

When constipation brings on acid indiwhen constipation brings on acid indi-gestion, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, sour taste, and bad breath, your stomach is probably loaded up with cer-tain undigested food and your bowels don't move. So you need both Pepsin to help break up fast that rich undigested food in your stomach, and Laxative Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels. So be sure your laxative also contains Pepsin. Take Dr. Caldwell's Laxative, because its Syrup Pepsin helps you gain that won-derful stomach-relief, while the Laxative Senna moves your bowels. Tests prove the power of Pepsin to dissolve those lumps of undigested protein food which may linger in your stomach, to cause belching, gastric acidity and nausea. This is how pepsin-izing your stomach helps relieve it of such distress. At the same time this medicine distress. At the same time this fieldche wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your bowels to relieve your constipation. So see how much better you feel by taking the laxative that also puts Pepsin to work on that stomach discomfort, too. Even finicky children love to taste this pleasant family laxative. Buy Dr. Caldwell's Laxative-Senna with Syrup Pepsin at your druggist today!



paste of the flour and water. Add half of this flour paste to the clam mixture and half to the scalded milk. Cook each, stirring constantly, until the mixtures thicken. Combine and add butter, parsley, and

paprika. Serve very hot. Whipped Cream Fluff. (Serves 5)

1 cup rice (cooked) 1/2 cup shredded pineapple 1/2 cup canned red cherries 1 dozen marshmallows (cut in pieces)

1/4 cup sugar 1/2 cup whipping cream Chill rice thoroughly. Then add fruit and marshmallows, and sprinkle lightly with sugar. Just before

serving, fold in whipped cream. Serve in sherbet glasses.

Send for 'Better Baking.'

Feathery cakes, tender, delicious pastry, and biscuits that melt in your mouth-Eleanor Howe gives you tested recipes for all of these in her cookbook, "Better Baking." To get your copy now, send 10 cents in coin to "Better Baking," care of Eleanor Howe, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Is Making Good Pie a Problem? In this column next week Eleanor Howe will give you her secrets for making tender, flaky pastry that literally melts in your mouth. You'll find recipes for pies, too-double crust pies, fluffy chiffon pies, and dainty tarts.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

1 pint clams 2 cups water and clam liquor Salt and pepper to taste 1 pint milk 3 tablespoons flour 3 tablespoons butter 11/2 tablespoons parsley 1/2 teaspoon paprika Chop the vegetables in small

14 cup water Fat for frying 1 cup cream ed; then dip in beaten egg to