

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON
(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK.—The first World War tipped over 20 reigning princes and dukes, four emperors and seven kings, in addition to a scattering of small-fry royal names whose names are now all but forgotten.

European Royalty alty whose names are now all but forgotten. Carol of Rumania and George of Greece were the only kings who came back, and they aren't a good risk for Lloyd's—and perhaps Lloyd's isn't either.

If the Mayflower were still afloat, it could book a full passenger list of kings fleeing from commoners, seeking a haven in a new world—at any rate, kings and their consorts, their courtiers and others of princely rank.

It is understood that the Empress Zita of Austria will be in America before long. The word "former" is omitted here, in deference to a clever, purposeful woman, who has never admitted that she isn't still the empress. Of her son, Archduke Otto, now living in a two-room apartment in New York, she once said, "If the time ever comes when he has but one servant, that servant will call him 'your majesty.'"

In early-day San Francisco a stately old gentleman with a splendid, kindly uniform announced that he was "Emperor Norton," and was pleased to make San Francisco his royal domain. Nobody knew who he was or where he came from, but he looked and behaved like an emperor, so they took him up on his proposition. He held court, for years, received homage and issued decrees, and when he needed revenue levied on the stock exchange, finding a handful of \$20 gold pieces always ready. He died sitting straight upright in his little cubby-hole room, wearing his full-dress uniform. The city gave him a grand funeral. San Francisco was proud of her emperor. They never did learn anything about him.

This department was never particularly partial to kings, but in addition to child refugees it might be a nice idea for each city over here to adopt a king, or a prince, or a duke. Hollywood, of course, would get Zog of Albania—now in London and fixing to sail for America, according to news reports—a "swingtime king" who installed in his Graustarkian palace a 40-piece American jazz band and became one of the best hoofers in his kingdom.

Philadelphia probably would put in a bid for the Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg, a thrifty homebody, now in Quebec. The news is that, if England falls, she and her six children will come to the U. S. A. She knits; plays the piano; is a fluent linguist and rears her children beautifully. There might not be any bidders for old Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the butterfly collector. He has a knack for pageantry, however, which might interest New Orleans.

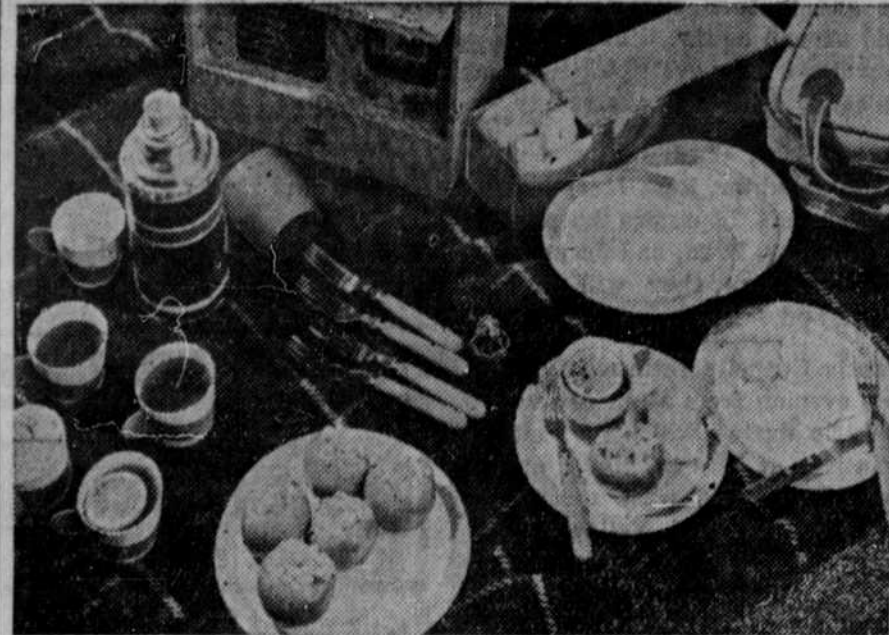
In case the above should appear to be a callous reference to tragic unhappiness, the main idea is that this democracy might well accord a certain respect to fugitive royalty because it appears to have something it really believes in.

AT MIAMI, FLA., IN October, 1934, John Dwight Sullivan, then commander of the New York department of the American Legion, urged the Legionnaires to concentrate less on more and bigger bonuses and to center their efforts on understanding and supporting the government in constructive undertakings. He emphasized the need for co-operation as citizens rather than activity as a pressure group. His was a scholarly essay on citizenship.

Now Mr. Sullivan has placed before the convention of the New York County Legion a proposal, for a single, unified United States air force, in which all air arms of all services would be under a single command. Mr. Sullivan is chairman of the Legion's national aviation committee. He is a New York lawyer, and an alumnus of Princeton university.

He has been active in the furtherance of civil and military aviation for many years and was appointed a member of the New York state aviation commission by Governor Roosevelt in 1930. He is 47 years of age, scholarly and ascetic in appearance, preaching social responsibility in the Legion for more than a decade.

He insists that the organization cannot attain its high purpose without widening activities in political education, and an informed attitude on basic questions of domestic and foreign policy.



IT'S PICNIC TIME!
(Recipes Below)

Household News By Eleanor Howe

Summertime is picnic time, and you pack up your troubles as you unpack your picnic kit. Perhaps one reason why a picnic is such a popular outdoor sport is because its preparations are so easy on the lady of the house... sandwiches, stuffed tomatoes (or just small whole tomatoes) with hard cooked eggs and a steaming cup of tea, are a traditional picnic lunch—and that's an easy meal if there ever was one!

No dishes to wash afterward... paper cups and plates eliminate all such labor. Carry the tea in a thermos bottle, if you like, or brew it "fisherman style" over an open fire. One hot dish is important at a picnic; it might be stew, or chowder, baked beans, or a macaroni dish—but do have something hot!

There are picnic hints and menus that you'll like, in my cookbook, "Easy Entertaining"; there's a menu for a beach party, a hiking trip and a steak fry, too—with all the recipes you'll need for this simple form of entertaining.

Broiled Baked Bean Sandwiches.
Bread, sliced
Baked beans
Cheese, sliced or cut in strips
Bacon slices, cut in halves
Arrange bread on broiler. When bread is toasted on one side, turn. Then cover the untoasted sides of the slices of bread with baked beans. Place cheese over the beans and top each sandwich with one-half slice of bacon. Place under broiler and broil until bacon is crisp and brown and cheese is melted.

Ginger Creams.
(Makes 3 dozen 1½-inch squares)
½ cup shortening
2 tablespoons sugar
2 cups flour
¾ teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ginger
1 cup dark molasses
1 egg (separated)
1 cup boiling water

Cream shortening and sugar together. Sift flour, soda, salt and ginger, and blend with the creamed mixture, using a pastry blender or a fork. Add molasses and egg yolk, and beat well. Then add boiling water, gradually, and beat well. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg white. Spread batter in greased jelly roll pan (about 11 by 16 inches) and bake in a moderately hot oven (375 degrees) for approximately 18 minutes. Cool, and frost with boiled icing or confectioners' sugar icing. Cut in squares.

Deviled Eggs.
4 eggs, hard cooked
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
1 tablespoon butter, melted
½ teaspoon vinegar
1 teaspoon prepared mustard

Cut the hard-cooked eggs in halves crosswise. Remove yolks, mash, and add salt, pepper, melted butter, vinegar and prepared mustard. Refill whites with this mixture.

One-Dish Meal for a Picnic.
(Serves 4)
1 pound country style sausage
2 medium size onions (sliced)
1 can lima beans
1 No. 2 can tomatoes
1 teaspoon chili powder
Shape sausage into flat cakes and fry with the onions until the sausage is well done. Drain off all but ½ cup of the fat, add remaining ingredients, and simmer for 30 minutes.

Baked Macaroni—Creole Style.
(Serves 4)
½ package macaroni
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons onion (minced)
1 green pepper (chopped)
1 No. 2 can tomatoes
1 tablespoon granulated sugar
1 teaspoon salt
½ pound country style sausage
½ cup soft bread crumbs (buttered)
Cook macaroni in boiling, salted water. Brown onion slightly in the

Remember the wonderful ice cream you used to love, as a child—the kind you had at parties and picnics and Sunday school socials, too? Eleanor Howe has a collection of her favorite ice cream recipes to give you, next week, and recipes for frosty drinks, as well. Watch for her column next week—and then serve one of the delicious desserts or beverages the next time you entertain.

butter. Add green pepper, and tomatoes. Add sugar and salt and cook until the green pepper is tender. Make sausage into flat cakes. In a buttered baking dish place a layer of macaroni, then a layer of sausage cakes, and another layer of macaroni. Pour the tomato mixture over the macaroni and top with buttered crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for about 45 minutes.

Raisin Drop Cookies.
¼ cup butter
½ cup granulated sugar
2 eggs
1½ cups cake flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup seedless raisins
1 tablespoon milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Cream butter and add sugar gradually. Add eggs, well beaten, and mix thoroughly. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk and vanilla, beginning with the flour mixture. Add raisins. Drop from a teaspoon on a greased baking sheet and place a raisin on the top of each one. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees) for 12 to 15 minutes.

Crazy Cake.
1 cup sugar
1 egg
½ cup cocoa
½ cup lard
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups flour (sifted)
½ cup boiling water

Place all of the ingredients in a bowl in the order given. Do not stir until boiling water is added. Then beat 3 minutes, using a rotary beater, or 2 minutes if an electric mixer is used. Place in greased 8-inch square pan and bake 35 to 40 minutes in a moderately hot oven (325 degrees).

Let "Better Baking" Solve Your Baking Problems.
True it is we all have baking problems. Yet, if solved correctly, we save time because fallen cakes don't have to be made over again and we save money too—because the family simply won't eat tough, chewy pastry, heavy, soggy cakes, etc.

In fact, it is to avoid just such baking failures as these (and many more) that I have compiled this cookbook, "Better Baking." "Better Baking" brings to you a whole series of baking hints, as well as a compilation of many of my own favorite baking recipes, including such unusual good-to-eat ones as a frosted nut spice cake, gumdrop cake, chocolate fudge cake, quick apple cake, and even a maraschino cherry cake.

To secure your copy of this book, simply send 10 cents in coin and please address, "Better Baking," care of Eleanor Howe, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Gives It Tang
A little horseradish added to salad dressing or white sauce makes a piquant sauce for fish. Horseradish also may be added to whipped cream and served with baked, boiled or fried ham.

Use Chicken Fat
Chicken fat may be substituted for butter in cakes and cookies or for creaming or browning foods. Beef drippings may be used for seasoning sauces, meats or fowl stuffings or meat loaves.

'Tis the Cat Has But Nine Lives

By A. B. LINCOLN
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

SERGEANT John Barker was unhappy. In the first place it was a grievous task for this horny handed wearer of the blue uniform of the city's finest to take his pen in hand for any purpose. The particular reason for his present effort, his resignation from the police force of which he had been an honored member for the past 22 years, further bowed his head in despair.

The writing was done at last. Almost as slowly as he had penned the few words, John read them through, right to the end—"tender my resignation for the good of my health." He waved the paper in the air slowly.

Under heavy brows his eyes glowed at a book on the table. Laying down the paper for a moment to allow the ink to dry, he pulled the volume toward him.

It was innocent enough in external appearance, a loose leaf scrapbook into which had been pasted innumerable clippings gleaned from the daily press.

They dealt with but one subject: John Baxter was the hero in each adventure recorded, and the earliest date extended back twenty years.

He had but done his duty as any one else on the force would have done, but the fickle public must have its hero, and for a brief moment he had basked uncomfortably in the spotlight.

He had never thought of his own safety in those moments of flirting with death.

In the thick of the excitement one had no time to think of other things than the task of the moment. It was only afterwards, when the encomiums of the press were read to him by his loving wife, she who had assembled this book, that he realized how people felt about it.

That was all over now, this resignation at his elbow would end it. The doctor had told him that he would be out of his care in a week and back on active duty within the month; but the doctor had not known about the resignation.

One man had been the cause of this mental torment, a smart aleck reporter who had not even written a true report of that gunfight which had been the latest episode, and from which he was but now recovering.

Toward the end of a highly colorful account had been that foolish paragraph, over which he had laughed—but without mirth.

"This is the eighth time that the records of John Barker have been glorified with a deed of daring," he read, "an almost reckless disregard of his own safety in the effort to save life or in performance of duty. Take warning, John, a cat has but nine lives."

That final sentence had seared his brain as though it were a death sentence.

John realized that it would be the first thing to flash into his mind when duty next called him. For the first time in his life he was afraid.

It was of the little wife he was thinking. She had too large a family to be compelled to go out and earn a living. He must take no more undue chances, the cards were stacked against him.

He folded his resignation but found that he had no envelope. His foot was throbbing and he did not feel like seeking one across the room. He opened his scrap book gloomily.

Almost at once he was lost in the account of his first adventure with death, the stopping of a runaway horse, which had endangered a crowd of children.

That had been 20 years ago; he noted in an accompanying picture how differently the uniforms had looked in those days. He turned the page.

Next was recounted his experience with the wild animal which had broken loose from the shipping crate. He had stood between the ravenous beast and a terror-stricken crowd of cowed city dwellers, bringing it down with the last shot in his gun. A severe clawing had permanently stiffened his left hand.

Not a year later he had helped in the rescue of a number of reckless bathers caught in a treacherous undertow.

It was on his third trip in that he had sunk under, and had it not been for the keen sighted lifeguard he would have passed in his checks that afternoon.

Two years later had come the battle with the loft robbers, staged in the dim regions of the building where he had discovered them at work. After a brief exchange of shots his gun held them cowed until help came, although he had been so faint from the loss of blood that he had been compelled to lean against a bale to hold himself upright. That had brought his name onto the front page.

A dozen pages were turned before he came to the next episode, the lurid description of a fire rescue. After bringing an aged woman to safety he had turned back into the raging furnace to seek her little "Pansy," whom he had found to be but a cat. The fire had chased him out of an upper window, and he had been compelled to leap into a net, which all but sent him to the hos-

pital with a broken nose, but the cat had been returned to her owner. They had given him a big hand on that.

The succeeding page contained but a single paragraph, clipped it from a country newspaper. It told of the rescue of a boy from a burning motor boat. John Barker, a policeman on leave to a nearby camp, had swum out from shore, dived twice to bring the boy up, the boat exploded nearby, brought the youth to safety. Barker grinned; that had not appeared in the city papers.

It had been three years later before he had again attracted the attention of the public.

He had entered a burning building to bring out firemen overcome with a treacherous chemical smoke. That experience had almost cost him his life; his lungs had never been the same since.

The next account was of a routine matter of duty.

In quelling a riot crowd a flying brick had knocked him out. The doctor had feared brain concussion, but later admitted laughingly, that his patient's head must be too hard.

The remaining pages recounted his last adventure. They had been read to him so many times that he did not need to go over them again. He had hung onto the trail of the fleeing bandits, and had shot it out with them, although they had all but got him. The doctor called it a miracle that he had pulled through.

Now it was all over.

No more would he experience that carefree joy as he swung into action at some stranger's call for help. He was condemned to some routine, drab existence. His life of adventure was closed with the eight adventures recorded.

From memory he counted them over, one, two-seven, eight—what, one yet uncounted! Breathlessly he went over the pages, enumerated the events one by one. There were nine in the record. That blundering reporter had missed one.

For a long minute John Barker sat silent.

The weight of a dreaded monotonous future rolled from him. He picked up the resignation and hobbled to the window. A moment later bits of paper were flying out onto the breeze. The sun shone, a hurdy-gurdy ground out a tune, life was worth living once again.

John laughed contentedly—it was only a cat that had but nine lives.

Atoms Visible Now by Accidental Discovery

An accidental discovery has made it possible, for the first time in history, for atoms to become visible and to be traced chemically, according to scientists at the California Institute of Technology.

The discoverer is Dr. Alexander Goetz, associate professor at the institute. He was engaged in the effort to develop the use of silver as a disinfectant and purifier when he found out that one atom of silver would kill a living cell, that for the first time an atom was made visible chemically.

Dr. Goetz explains the experiment as being fantastically sensitive. The living cell, he said, becomes an amplifier of the silver ions, or the negative constituents of an atom, amplifying them 1,000,000,000,000 times, so that death becomes "visible" when stained.

The research workers had been working on the theory that a single disturbance could stop the experiment gave them the necessary proof.

Under the process which Dr. Goetz developed, the silver atoms are dropped into a tube of living cells kept in a yeast solution.

The silver is dropped in slowly with the result that one silver atom, on striking a cell, kills it.

Dr. Goetz then stains the cells in the tube with dichloro-tetraolol fluorescein, giving them a rose color.

They then are placed under a powerful microscope where the dead ones are clearly visible.

The task of making the death of a cell visible consumes about 20 minutes, making it the fastest known means of accomplishing this phenomenon, endowing the process with importance to research in other biological and physiological questions.

Heretofore, scientists have not been able to trace atoms chemically.

Dr. Goetz proposes as his next step in the research problem to find out what there is in the cell that makes it so sensitive to the action of silver as to kill it.

So far, no other metal has been found that will accomplish this result, he said.

Dr. Goetz believes his discovery will make silver the great purifying element for drinking water, replacing the present use of chlorine.

Worker Finds \$1,000

George W. Leggett, Oakland Negro, discovered \$1,000 in gold in a house being demolished in preparation for a \$3,000,000 low rental project of the Oakland Housing authority.

And now old-timers are wondering if the gold coins found were not cached by John Frederick, former Tulare railway conductor, who built the house in 1885. Leggett has retained an attorney to protect his interest.

Dr. C. J. Frederick, a son of the house builders, said he thought the money legitimately belonged to the federal government.

Patterns SEWING CIRCLE



this simple pattern includes a detailed sew chart.
Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1966-B is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Corresponding bust measurements 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 14 (32) requires 3½ yards of 35-inch material without nap. Send order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.
Room 1324
211 W. Wacker Dr. Chicago
Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No. Size.
Name
Address

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Keep spice boxes away from the stove to prevent the essential oils and flavor from drying out.

When rag rugs are washed they should be rinsed thoroughly because soap left in them makes them catch dirt more easily.

Camphor will remove the white rings left on tables by water glasses.

To dice or cut marshmallows easily, dip a dry scissors into powdered sugar.

Small size bath towels which are light in weight but firmly woven are easier for children to handle and are easier to launder.

Select pot-holders that are easy to launder and large enough to protect your hands. Hang a generous supply of them near the stove—or keep them in a nearby drawer.

Iodine stains can be removed from washable fabrics with a diluted ammonia solution.



Fault-Finding Spirit
Nothing pays smaller dividends than a captious spirit.

MAKE it in a few hours, and wear it day after day after day! You can see, from the small diagram sketch, how easy this dress is to put together—merely five pieces, including the sleeves, and the only detailing consists of a few simple darts at the waistline. But you can't really tell until you get it on, how easy it is to wear and work in, how unhampering and becoming. The waistline looks slim but is completely unrestraining—nothing about the dress to catch you up short when reaching into the top shelf or dusting down the stairs.

The front fastening makes it easy to get into. This is an easily tubbable dress, too. Make up design No. 1966-B in seersucker, linen, percale or gingham. Even

The nation's favorite hot-weather breakfast

Delicious with fresh, frozen, cooked or canned fruits



SWITCH TO SOMETHING YOU'LL LIKE!

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

ACYCLE OF HUMAN BETTERMENT

ADVERTISING gives you new ideas, and also makes them available to you at economical cost. As these new ideas become more accepted, prices go down. As prices go down, more persons enjoy new ideas. It is a cycle of human betterment, and it starts with the printed words of a newspaper advertisement.

JOIN THE CIRCLE READ THE ADS