

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by
CARTER FIELD

News "leak" about sending planes to Pacific fleet may have been intentional . . . Control of press unlikely to protect military secrets.
(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WASHINGTON.—Back in the days of the first World war, just after this country had gotten into it, this writer was informed that a Cleveland archeologist named Gates had written Secretary of War Newton D. Baker about a secret German wireless station near Mexico City, which was flashing information about our military and naval preparations to Berlin.

This writer, then correspondent for a newspaper very critical of Baker, asked the secretary about it at a press conference. Baker admitted he had received the letter, had referred it to the state department, but that nothing had been done about it.

Long after the war, the writer and Baker spent an evening together and hashed over many of their rows of bygone days.

"Why don't you do something about that Mexican wireless?" the writer asked.

"I knew all about it before Gates wrote me," said Baker. "But what you didn't realize at the time was that I wanted Germany to get the news of our military preparations. I knew the Germans understood what we could do. The facts were all calculated to undermine their morale, destroy their confidence, and hence shorten the war. So the last thing I wanted to do was to interfere with any good channel they had for communicating the facts to Berlin."

All of which is recited now because it may have some application to an existing situation, which is causing a lot of worry to the editorial writers of the country, if not to the administration itself.

INTENTIONAL 'SLIP'?
For it is the cold judgment of this writer that the testimony of Chief of Staff Marshall, with regard to the transfer of planes to the Pacific fleet, is of a piece as to administration motive with this Baker story of 1918.

If this is a correct interpretation, then the joke is, on the Japanese espionage service in this country, for it means that our own high administration officials, far from fearing that the Japs would get a certain bit of information, were concerned lest they should miss it!

Doesn't it seem reasonable that the more certain the Japanese are that the United States fleet is ready to back up Secretary of State Hull's warning of a year ago about the preservation of the status quo in the Far East, the less apt the Japanese are to start a fight?

The sabers was rattled without even the possibility of forcing a loss of face by the Japanese!

Strive to Protect Military Secrets

Suggestions are pouring in on the White House as to how to solve this business of preventing the newspapers from publishing information of military value to this country's enemies—or, since we are not at war, it might be more accurately technically to say information knowledge of which by certain foreign nations would be adverse to this country's interests.

None of them, so far as this writer has been able to learn, go to the heart of the problem.

All the criticism so far has assumed that the spies or secret agents of foreign governments, or their embassies or legations for that matter, get their information from the newspapers. Now this assumption, flattering as it may be to newspaper writers and publishers as individuals, is too childish for words.

What this government should do to protect its secrets is a problem, but certainly the answer is not so simple as to stop the newspapers from printing them.

AIRCRAFT TO PACIFIC

Let's look at what actually happened in this much talked about incident. Chief of Staff Marshall talked to a senate committee in executive session. Somebody who heard him "leaked" to news writers, whereupon some of the things he said were printed next morning. The ticklish part of this was that the United States was rushing fighting planes to its Pacific fleet.

Now assume for a moment that there had been no leak to the newspapers. Suppose it was a dark secret until General Marshall took the senate committee into his confidence. Here you would have a group of senators—15 or 18 in number—hearing a startling piece of information.

Does anyone have the slightest doubt that this story would have been told at a dozen dinner parties that night? Does anyone doubt that the Japanese embassy would have heard it before midnight? Less important stories than that get round much faster than that in Washington.

Household News

By *Eleanor Howe*



LET'S BE VENTURESOME—TRY IT!
(See Recipes Below)

ADVENTURES IN COOKING

"I get just as much 'lift' out of a new recipe as I do out of buying a new hat"—so stated a homemaker recently and her statement set me thinking. After all, why shouldn't we women enjoy a new recipe?

Given a brand new, unusual and different recipe to prepare the making up of that recipe becomes a challenge, almost a game. Can we make it up correctly? Does the recipe suggest a new cookery process, one which perhaps we have never tried before? How is the new dish going to taste? Are we going to be really proud of it when we take it to the table? Is the family going to like it? Adventure in cooking—that's just what it is, and that's why I like new recipes; that's why I like to suggest new recipes to you.

Today's assortment (given below) is centered around a number of new ways to prepare various kinds of sausage. Far too often, I fear, we think of sausage as something to serve for breakfasts or light suppers; we fry it, serve it and that's the beginning and the end of all the thinking we do about it.

So let's be venturesome and try these recipes. The list contains a number of my personal favorites. I am sure both you and the family will enjoy them.

Sausage Stuffed Cinnamon Apples.
(Serves 6)

- 2 cups sugar
- 1 cup water
- ½ cup red cinnamon candy
- 6 apples
- 18 small link sausages

Cook sugar and water and cinnamon candy to a thick syrupy consistency (236 degrees). Core apples and remove peeling from top half of each apple. Place peeled side in hot syrup and cook for 5 minutes. Remove from syrup and place three uncooked link sausages in center of each apple. Then place apples, peeled side up, in baking pan. Pour remaining syrup over them and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) approximately 40 minutes.

Thuringer Sausage With Apple Rings.
(Makes 4 servings)

- 8 Thuringer sausages.
- 1 No. 2 can whole kernel corn (2½ cups)
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ½ teaspoon salt
- Few grains pepper
- 1 tablespoon pimiento (finely cut)
- 2 tart cooking apples
- 3 tablespoons butter

Place Thuringer sausages in skillet with sufficient water to cover bottom of pan. Cook for about 20 minutes, turning occasionally, until water has evaporated and sausages are tender and brown. Drain corn and place liquor in saucepan. Heat until it has evaporated to about one-half. Add corn and heat, then mix lightly with butter, salt, pepper and pimiento. Meanwhile, wash apples and cut into ¼-inch slices. Pan-fry in butter over medium heat. Turn when brown on one side and brown on the other. To arrange plates, place two sausages, two apple slices and a serving of corn on each plate.

Sausage Waffles.

- 2 cups pastry flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1½ cups milk
- ½ cup melted butter
- ¾ cup bulk pork sausage

Mix and sift all dry ingredients. Beat egg yolks thoroughly and add milk to them. Stir milk mixture into the dry ingredients. Add melted butter and sausage and fold in the well beaten egg whites. Bake as waffles in a hot waffle iron until crisp and brown. Serve with maple syrup.

Sweet Potato and Puritan Sausage Cakes.

Parboil 5 sweet potatoes. Peel and cut in half lengthwise. Place ¼ of the slices in a buttered baking pan.

Adventures in Cooking.

Everyone likes to adventure in cooking and that's just the opportunity that comes to each homemaker when she tries out a new recipe. The best part of the adventure, however, comes about when the recipe makes the man of the family look up and with both pride and appreciation in his voice pronounces the whole meal a tremendous success.

The 10c recipe book, "Feeding Father" contains a large number of brand new recipes, each so different that making them up is an adventure—so good that eating them entirely merits and begets the gratification of the man of the family. Send today—this offer may be eliminated at any time. To get your copy, send 10 cents in coin to Eleanor Howe, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Ask for the cook book, "Feeding Father."

Make ½ pound of pork sausage up into flat sausage cakes. Place one sausage cake on each sweet potato slice and top with a second sweet potato slice. Fasten with a toothpick. Brush with melted butter and salt lightly. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for approximately ¼ hour.

Porcupine Sausage Balls.

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 small onion, chopped
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 2½ cups canned tomatoes
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1 pound bulk pork sausage
- ¾ cup uncooked rice

Melt butter in frying pan and brown onion in it. Add chopped green pepper, tomatoes, sugar, and salt. Cook until green pepper is tender. Make the sausage into small balls and roll in the uncooked rice. Place in greased baking casserole and pour the tomato mixture over the sausage balls. Cover baking dish and bake 1½ hours in a moderate oven (350 degrees).

Sausages in Pastry Blankets.
(8 sausage rolls)

- 1½ cups flour
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon baking powder
- ¼ cup shortening
- ¾ cups cold water (approximately)
- 8 pork link sausages

Sift together the flour, salt, and baking powder. Blend in the shortening. Then add just enough water to form a dough, mixing lightly. Roll out and cut into 8 oblong pieces, each sufficiently large to wrap around one link sausage. Place individual sausages (well pricked) on individual pieces of pastry; fold ends over and roll up. Place, folded side down, on a baking sheet. Prick crust with a fork. Bake in a hot oven (425 degrees) for about 30 minutes. Serve very hot.

Sausage Stuffed Tomatoes.
(Serves 8)

- 8 large firm tomatoes (uncooked)
 - 1 pound country style pork sausage
 - ½ cup soft bread crumbs (buttered)
- Remove stem end of tomatoes. Scoop out the center and sprinkle lightly with salt. Form sausage into eight balls and place one ball in each tomato. Top with buttered bread crumbs. Place tomatoes in a shallow baking pan, bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 45 minutes (approximately).

Ham Stuffed Baked Apples.
(Serves 6)

- 6 large tart apples
- 1½ cups baked ham (cut in small pieces)
- 1 teaspoon whole cloves
- 2 tablespoons butter

Cut a ¼ inch slice from stem end of each apple and remove core carefully. Scoop out, reserve apple pulp, and leave apple shell about ¼ inch thick. Combine ham and apple pulp (cut fine) and fill the apple shells. Top each shell with a clove and dot with butter. Place in a baking pan, add ¼ inch water and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for about one hour.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

THE WILD WEST

By **VIC YARDMAN**

(Associated Newspapers.)
WNU Service.

SHERIFF ABE LANG of Mesa county is a noted liar. He admits it, yet he does not classify his tales of great adventures and hair-raising escapes under the category of falsehoods. He calls it romancing.

It is true that Abe has participated in more thrilling and dangerous undertakings than any man in our section of the West. Yet of these experiences he is as close-mouthed as he is loquacious when unfolding one of his imaginary tales.

Last summer there was an easterner named Runnels staying at Ma Clemson's boarding house in Mesa. Runnels had come West for a number of reasons. We knew he was in search of local color. And we surmised he had been sadly disappointed in learning that Mesa county wasn't infested by a bunch of blood-curdling savages, and that we in the county seat enjoyed many, if not all, the advantages of the civilized world.

Runnels' disappointment was so keen that he made no bones in ragging us about the lack of excitement.

In self-defense we had advised our eastern visitor (somewhat testily) that we attributed our peacefulness to the efforts of the great Abe Lang, who, in his early days was quite a fighter, and had succeeded in cleaning out the bad element, much to our satisfaction.

Runnels, however, was skeptical. He would like, he said, to hear from the great Abe himself. He didn't believe that any man could have ac-



"Young feller, are you insinuating that the story isn't true, that I'm a liar?"

Completed the great feats of courage that we attributed to Sheriff Abe Lang.

And so it came about that one day we sat with Runnels on Ma Clemson's veranda and watched Abe come limping up the street toward us, and knew that Runnels was going to get his wish.

"Why, yes," Abe began, after preliminaries had been disposed of and the sheriff's right leg, an injury to which caused his limp, was extended comfortably before him, "why yes," he repeated. "I guess I can tell you a story, Mr. Runnels. Fact is, I'll tell you how come I binged up this here laig of mine. I guess the mere fact that you can see how the ankle is twisted will be evidence enough to prove I ain't lyin' none."

Abe sucked at his pipe and reflected. "Humm. Yep, it musta been thirty year ago. I was a youngster then, in office not more'n a year or two an' rarin' for any kind of excitement.

"The Apaches was cuttin' up something powerful then. And they had a system of attack and retreat that just about wore the government soldiers ragged. The redskins would attack a wagon train, no matter the size. If the train was not equipped with a force large enough to stand off the affront, it was just too bad. The Injuns would massacre 'em all, loot the wagons, and then burn 'em. If the train had a large force of armed men, the Apaches would retreat. Nine times out of ten the armed force would follow. Then the redskins would display cunning. They'd separate, each choosin' a course of his own. When well away they'd lie in ambush and if the wagon force had scattered, like they most always did, one man to one Indian, chances were the white would get plugged from behind a boulder or some such place of concealment.

"It was when things was at their worst that Nate Smith asked me to accompany him and his family from Mesa to Mount Bald, where Nate had staked out a mining claim, a distance of fifty miles. It wasn't much of a trip, and through fairly unhostile country, but Nate wanted I should go along because he claimed his wife wouldn't be so nervous.

"I agreed, and one spring morning we set out, planning to make a two days' jaunt of it. Early on the mornin' of the second day, just as we was getting ready to break camp about twenty-five miles from Mesa, a half-dozen Indians topped a rise, looked down on us and immediately came whooping to the attack.

"It was a hot fight while she lasted, and thank goodness there weren't no more'n six of them Apaches. Nate was out of the picture almost at once, after dropping one of the charging redskins. Well, there was me left alone with five wild redskins to account for, and a wounded man and wife and two children to protect.

"If it wasn't for the woman I wouldn't o' cared much. Women somehow make me nervous. Anyway, I stopped that charge pronto, by the simple expedient of knocking two of them copper-skinned blokes into the dust with as many shots from my rifle.

"The remaining three attackers dismounted and took shelter behind protecting boulders. The fight that followed lasted all morning. By eleven o'clock I had exhausted my supply of cartridges and was usin' Nate's gun which was of smaller caliber. Another of the redskins had stopped one of my bullets, but I was lugging around two pellets from their guns. Howsumever, the wounds didn't bother me much, and by noon I had succeeded in laying low one of the remaining two Injuns.

"It was right after that I seen the remaining redskin making a sneak for it under cover of a boulder. Thinks I, I might as well make a hundred per cent score and fetch in that jigger's scalp with the others.

"An' thus thinkin' I jumps for my horse, which had become a bit shy during that shootin', and wasn't inclined to let me get up on him. But without thinkin' much but to get that fleedin' redskin, I put one foot in the stirrup, at which moment the hoss leaps ahead, throwin' me off balance. It was then I injured this laig of mine. My ankle got twisted in the stirrup and has never been right since. At any rate, I wasn't drug far before I got myself disentangled and looked around. And there, not twenty-five feet away was my last redskin, running like all get-up toward his hoss. 'Hi-up,' I yells at him, not wishing to shoot any man in the back. The Apache turned, seen me laying there on the ground, and snaps up his rifle. But I had a bead on him an' pressed the trigger, which brought my score up to 100 per cent, although I was some stove up what with two bullet in me an' a busted ankle—"

Abe paused in the telling of his tale, as Runnels, who had been listening with satisfying intenness, suddenly burst into a roar of laughter.

Abe looked at him sharply. In fact, we all looked at him sharply. All during the telling of the story I had felt that Abe was doing an excellent job. I was sure that the easterner was convinced that the West had once been wild and woolly, and that Abe was all we had bragged about him being.

Abe waited a moment, and then said, "That's a nasty laugh, mister. What might it mean?"

Runnels dried his eyes. "Pardon me, Sheriff, but you looked so serious when you were telling that story—quite as if you actually expected me to believe it."

Abe reddened under his tan, leaning forward. "Young feller, are you insinuating that the story isn't true, that I'm a liar? If so you'd better give a reason, and give it dang quick!"

Runnels nodded, stifling another roar of laughter. "Well, it was a good story anyway," he admitted, "and I'll never tell a soul it isn't true. Only next time, Sheriff, when you recite that yarn, you might bear in mind that we easterners naturally expect you cowboys to know all about horses and how to ride 'em. We wouldn't, for example, ever dream of accusing you of attempting to mount a horse from the right side, under any circumstances." And Runnels looked down at Abe's injured right leg.

Mule Trader Recognizes Animal After 20 Years

Of course there are big mules and little mules, but to most persons all mules look alike.

However, down in Kirbyville in the East Texas stump country, there is a man who can recognize a mule he sold 20 years ago and can even remember the name of the animal. And he has dealt in hundreds of mules in that time.

T. G. ("Thorny") Hicks is his name and he has been in the mule-trading business for more than 25 years. His memory for mule faces and mule names has made a legend of him—that and the fact that he advertises on his trucks and signboards that he gives "a tolerable square deal to all."

From his native Alabama to the Fort Worth stockyards, his "tolerable square deal" is discussed, and the reputation his signs and memory have brought him has made him one of the several tourist attractions of this town.

"I never tell a lie outright about an animal I'm trying to trade," Hicks asserted one day. "I'll tell the prospective customer the animal is four years old, and I won't be lying, for I don't have to tell him how much older than four years the plug is."

Hicks can drive a bargain trade, and he teaches his wranglers his trade angles. One wrangler, in less than two days, ran a \$10 plug into \$400 worth of animal by rapid trading and "good hoss talk."

Hicks' "Tolerable square deal" has effect, for Hicks works from daylight to dark—just trading.

HOW TO SEW

by **Ruth Wyeth Spears**



USE A SAUCER AS A GUIDE FOR CUTTING BACK FRONT AND INTERLINING-FACE IS TAN-TURBAN RED AND WHITE HAIR IN BLACK OUTLINE STITCH-BINDING RED

EYES WHITE BUTTONS AND BLACK/IT IN RED

DRAW A HEART AND EMBROIDER IT IN RED

APPLIQUE A CRESCENT OF WHITE-OUTLINE TEETH IN BLACK-THREAD

danna lap one inch below the top of the up-and-down line. Their lower ends come one-half inch below the ends of the crosswise line. Stitch these in place. The one-inch buttons for the eyes are spaced two inches apart and the tops are one-fourth inch above the crosswise line of basting. The top of each mouth is 1½ inches below this crosswise line. The lady becomes sad, speculative or gay according to the slant of the stitches for the eyes or the shape of her mouth.

NOTE: There are many other illustrated ideas for gifts and bazaar items in numbers 2 and 4 of the series of 32-page booklets which Mrs. Spears has prepared for our readers. She will mail copies to readers who will send name and address with 10c in coin for each booklet ordered. Just address:

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grafted upon stock of known and reciprocal merit.—Lord Chesterfield.

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