

Household News

by Lynn Chambers



Heep High the Cookie Jar!
(See Recipes Below.)

That Sweet Tooth

"Mom, may we have some cookies, please?"

That question asked in a childish voice with real pleading is going to be as daily as the sunrise and sunset these days as your younger members of the family feel the snap of fall in the air. School days with their demand on youthful energies will perk up summer's lagging appetite too!

Very few of you can say "no" to a request for cookies. Far from spoiling the appetite for dinner, a cookie or two with a glass of milk will help the child get gracefully through the late afternoon hours until dinner time.

Keeping the cookie jar full may have been your major problem in former years. This year it will be that plus making cookies with a ration of sugar. But you'll do it, I know, and these recipes will help you:

Oatmeal Crispies.
(Makes 4 dozen)
1 cup shortening
1/2 cup sugar
1 cup dark corn syrup
2 eggs, beaten
1/2 cup sour milk
2 1/2 cups sifted flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 cups oatmeal
2 cups raisins

Cream sugar and shortening. Add corn syrup. Blend. Add beaten eggs. Sift together dry ingredients. Add alternately with sour milk. Stir in oatmeal and raisins. Drop by spoonfuls on an oiled baking sheet. Bake in a moderate (350-degree) oven for 15 minutes.

Ginger Snaps.
1 cup molasses
3/4 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup butter
2 tablespoons sugar
1/2 teaspoon soda
1 1/2 tablespoons ginger

Heat molasses to boiling point and pour over fat. Add sifted dry ingredients and fat. Mix well and shape dough into a long, thin roll. Wrap in waxed paper and place in refrigerator to chill overnight. Cut into thin slices with sharp knife and bake in a moderate oven until lightly browned. Remove from pan while hot and store in tightly covered container to keep crisp.

That son of yours may be grown-up now and in the service, but my guess is that some of those good,

Lynn Says:
Preserving Food: Eat and can whatever you can from your Victory garden. But you still may have some left, you say?

There are several methods to take care of the surplus. First, investigate to see whether your community has one of those storage lockers where you can rent space in the freezing locker. Cleanliness and speed are important factors in this type of storage. Food must be well selected to warrant the expense of this type of preserving.

Drying at home is another excellent way and one of the oldest methods available. Driers can be bought for a reasonable sum and used to advantage for drying and storing fruits and vegetables.

Other foods such as root vegetables, pumpkins and squash have good keeping qualities if stored in their natural state under well regulated temperatures such as in attic or cellar. Dried beans, peas and cured onions may be stored in an attic. Squash and pumpkins require a relatively warm place with free circulation of air.

This Week's Menu
Apricot Juice with Lemon Slice
Macaroni and Cheese
Tomatoes Baked with Chopped Green Pepper Center
Shredded Green Salad
Rye Bread Butter
*American Prune Pie Beverage

homemade cookies of yours will be mighty welcome to him at camp:
Honey Fruit Bars.
(Makes 3 dozen)

2 eggs
1/2 cup honey
1/2 cup sifted flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 pound pitted dates, sliced
6 ounces mixed, candied fruits

Beat eggs and honey to blend. Add sifted dry ingredients and fruits and mix well. Turn into a greased, wax-paper lined pan. Bake in a moderate-to-slow (325-degree) oven for 45 minutes. Remove paper. Cool and cut into bars. Roll in powdered sugar if desired. Store in covered jar for several days to mellow.

Chocolate Chip Cookies.
(Makes 3 1/2 dozen)
1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup honey
1 small egg
1 cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup semi-sweet chocolate chips
1/2 cup nuts
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter and honey until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Sift dry ingredients twice, and add to butter mixture. Add vanilla and blend well. Fold in chocolate chips and nuts. Chill, then drop by spoonfuls on a greased cookie sheet. Bake at 375 degrees for 12 minutes.

Can you spare a cup and a quarter of sugar? I think you can if you know that you will spread that sugar over eight dozen cookies as in the following:

Vanilla Nut Ice Box Cookies.
(Makes 8 dozen cookies)
2 cups sifted cake flour
1 1/2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
6 tablespoons butter or shortening
1/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 cup granulated sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 cup chopped nuts
1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt. Sift again. Cream butter and sugars gradually, creaming thoroughly. Add egg, nuts, vanilla and mix well. Add flour gradually, mixing well after each addition. Shape into rolls, 1 1/2 inches in diameter and roll in waxed paper. Chill overnight or until firm enough to slice. Cut in 1/8-inch slices. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in a hot oven (425 degrees) 5 minutes or until light, golden brown.

A fruity, unusual pie is this one combining prunes and bananas with cornflakes and coconut. A sugar-saver, too:

***American Prune Pie.**
(Serves 6 to 8)
2 cups cooked prunes
1 1/2 cups whipping cream
1/2 cup honey
1 cup sliced bananas
Few grains salt
2 cups uncrushed corn flakes
1/2 cup shredded coconut
Baked pastry shell (9-inch)

Cut prunes from pits in small pieces. Whip cream. Measure one cup and blend with honey. Add fruit and salt and stir to blend. Add cornflakes and blend lightly but thoroughly. Pour into baked pie shell and sprinkle with coconut. Top with remaining cream and serve soon after preparation.

What problems or recipes are most on your mind during these fall days? Explain your problem to Lynn Chambers and she will give you expert advice on it. Address your letters, enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope for your reply, to her as Miss Lynn Chambers, Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago, Illinois. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Details

By
VIC YARDMAN
Associated Newspapers,
WNU Features.

WHEN the State passed a law prohibiting the death penalty, two men were deeply affected. The first was John Watson, sheriff of Homaya County. The second was Carl Holmes, murderer.

"It's a darn shame," John said to his deputy, Roscoe Hoyt. "Nobody deserves to die more'n Carl Holmes. Why, dang it, three killings are already laid at his feet. Brutal, ruthless killings, too. What's the country coming to, I'd like to know? Seems like the State is encouraging crime, rather than trying to prevent it."

Deputy Hoyt shrugged his massive shoulders indifferently. "There's two ways of lookin' at it, sheriff. Guess nobody would argue with you about what Holmes deserves, but on the other hand, suppose some innocent party was sent to the gallows?"

"Which would happen once in a dozen years," John replied scornfully. "For the one innocent, we'd rid the country of a hundred dyed-in-the-wool murderers. Be worth it."

"It would," Hoyt agreed, "if you or me or somebody we knew right well wasn't the innocent party."

Sheriff Watson might not have been quite so bitter if he didn't harbor a personal grievance against the notorious Carl Holmes.

Holmes had been at large for two years, had successfully evaded every trap which the officer had set for him, had matched wits with and laughed at John's inability to capture him. He even threatened the officer's reputation, because during the two years as a fugitive, he had added two more killings to his first offense, thereby causing citizens who were closely affected by the crimes to wonder and ask questions about the sheriff's efficiency.

It was, therefore, a bitter pill for the officer to swallow when, two days



Holmes, an old hand at eluding pursuers, hibernated somewhere and bided his time.

after he had captured the outlaw, the legislature passed a law dispensing with capital punishment.

Sheriff Watson's attitude was, in a sense, justified six months after Holmes was convicted and installed in the State Penitentiary to begin his life sentence. For Holmes attacked and killed a guard, fatally wounded another, and escaped. Yet it was not until on the day following when the convict entered an outlying farm house, demanded food, clothing and money and killed the woman who hesitated to obey his orders, that the countryside was stirred to the point of wondering whether the State legislature had acted without giving due consideration to the bill before them.

"There you are," said Sheriff Watson in disgust. "Six killings he's guilty of and still he's been given the maximum punishment. What if we do capture him? We'll fetch him back and sooner or later the thing is apt to be repeated, over and over again as long as the skunk has a breath of life in his body."

"I tell you a law that prevents hanging such a man is cockeyed. Human lives are in danger every minute he's above ground. Furthermore, Holmes knows it and don't care a dang what he does."

Posses were formed and the countryside scoured for traces of the escaped convict, but without success. Holmes, an old hand at eluding pursuers, hibernated somewhere and bided his time, waiting for things to quiet down. No clue was unearthed that might reveal his whereabouts.

And so, after awhile, the chase was abandoned, or that is, abandoned by all save Sheriff Watson and his deputy, whose duty it was to continue the search unceasingly until eventually Holmes was once more behind the bars of justice.

A month passed and nothing was heard of Holmes. Citizens began to breathe easier, believing that he had quit the country and was no longer a menace. All but Sheriff Watson. He knew that Holmes would never leave a state that had dispensed with the death penalty, and he knew, too, that sooner or later

the fugitive would be heard from. In this he was correct. A rancher's hired boy, returning from town with a wagon-load of provisions, was attacked and brutally slain. Word went out that Holmes had come out of hiding and was once more terrorizing the country.

Sheriff Watson journeyed up to that section of the country where a rancher lived alone. The rancher's name was Murdock, Eben Murdock, and he was a lifelong friend of the sheriff's.

"Eb," said John to his old friend, "I'm going out and get that varmint. I'm not coming back till I do."

"Get him?" said Murdock bitterly. "What good'll that do? You'll chuck him in the state penitentiary and after awhile he'll escape and—"

"Eb," said John soberly, "I want you to come along with me. I'll need a witness."

So Murdock saddled up and accompanied Sheriff Watson into the hills. They camped for a week near a secluded spring where both had hunted many times before, laying their plans with care and due respect for the crafty mind of the man they sought.

When the week had passed, Sheriff Watson saddled his bay mare and rolled his blankets. "You stay here, Eb," he directed, "and keep your eyes peeled. Keep out of sight, too. I'm going up to the spring where we shot that deer last fall. It's the only other spring around here, and sooner or later Holmes will come down to replenish his water supply. That is if he's hiding out in this section, and I got a hunch he is."

It was a day's ride to the second spring; Watson spent a day and a half in making the trip. The last five miles he covered on foot, carrying only his rifle and a supply of ammunition through a country that was wild and rugged, far removed from a habitation of any sort.

It was, thought John, the kind of country that a fugitive from justice would choose as a hide-out.

The Sheriff approached the spring with caution. When within a mile of it, he mounted to a high ledge, from which point the spring was visible. A little tingle of excitement ran through his veins. Near the spring was a horse, cropping at the vegetation. The horse was Holmes' pinto.

John came down off the ledge and followed a deer path which he knew led to the spring. There were prints in the trail other than those made by wild animals.

After awhile John stopped. Sounds of a horse coming up the trail had reached his ears. He cocked his rifle and stood still, in plain view, waiting.

Presently the horse came into view. John lifted his rifle. "Go for your gun, Carl Holmes! This ain't an arrest, it's a shooting!" Holmes' eyes grew wide. He hesitated for an instant. Then he realized the sheriff's purpose and he cursed, at the same time reaching for his gun.

When John got back to where Murdock was camped, he shook his head soberly.

"Holmes resisted, and I had to shoot him. Seems like a man's a fool to resist arrest when he hasn't more'n life imprisonment to face."

Eben nodded gravely. "Seems so, don't it?" he agreed. "By the way, John, you better give me the details of what happened so's I won't get confused when I'm tellin' what I seen."

And so John sat down and told how it had happened.

Simple Precautions Can Eradicate Swine Losses

American farmers can more than meet the government's increased pork production quota this year, officials of the American Veterinary Medical association reported after a study of the swine production situation in the nation's principal hog raising areas.

"One-third of the pig crop usually dies before the pigs reach market age," the association president, Dr. H. W. Jakeman, reported.

"If we can cut these needless losses only one-half we will far exceed the increased pork needs for lend lease and home consumption—irrespective of the increased farrowings this year."

Five major threats to the pig crop, which the farmer can avoid by simple precautions, were cited by Dr. Jakeman. These include internal parasites, cholera, erysipelas, enteritis, and influenza.

"The best safeguards against parasites and enteritis are to raise pigs on clean, fresh pasture, away from old hog lots which may be breeding grounds for disease," he said.

The best safeguards against cholera and erysipelas are vaccination while the pigs are young, so they will be immune to these diseases until they can be marketed. Influenza and pneumonia can best be avoided by proper housing and care and by prompt veterinary diagnosis and treatment in case an outbreak occurs.

"American farmers and veterinarians throughout the hog belt are working as never before to keep down swine disease losses by thorough preventive and control measures, and we believe that the pork quotas now set up will not only be reached but considerably exceeded."

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HOUSEWIVES: ★ ★ ★
Your Waste Kitchen Fats Are Needed for Explosives
TURN 'EM IN! ★ ★ ★

Household Hints

Don't store linens where there is heat which will dry the fibers and cause them to break. Avoid also damp places. Wrap them in tissue.

nutmeg to your regular waffle recipe. Hot strained honey, mixed with a little cream, butter and a dash of cinnamon makes a delicious topping for these waffles.

To help prevent peeled pears, apples and bananas from darkening when they're to be used in a fruit cup, cover them with grapefruit juice and chill.

To remove the shine from worsteds mix a small amount of vinegar with water, dip a pressing cloth in it, place the cloth on the right side of the fabric and press with a warm iron.

Spiced waffles are delicious. Add a teaspoon of cinnamon and half a teaspoon each of cloves and

Make an oilcloth cover for your ironing board, to use when brushing and sponging garments.

J. Fuller Pep

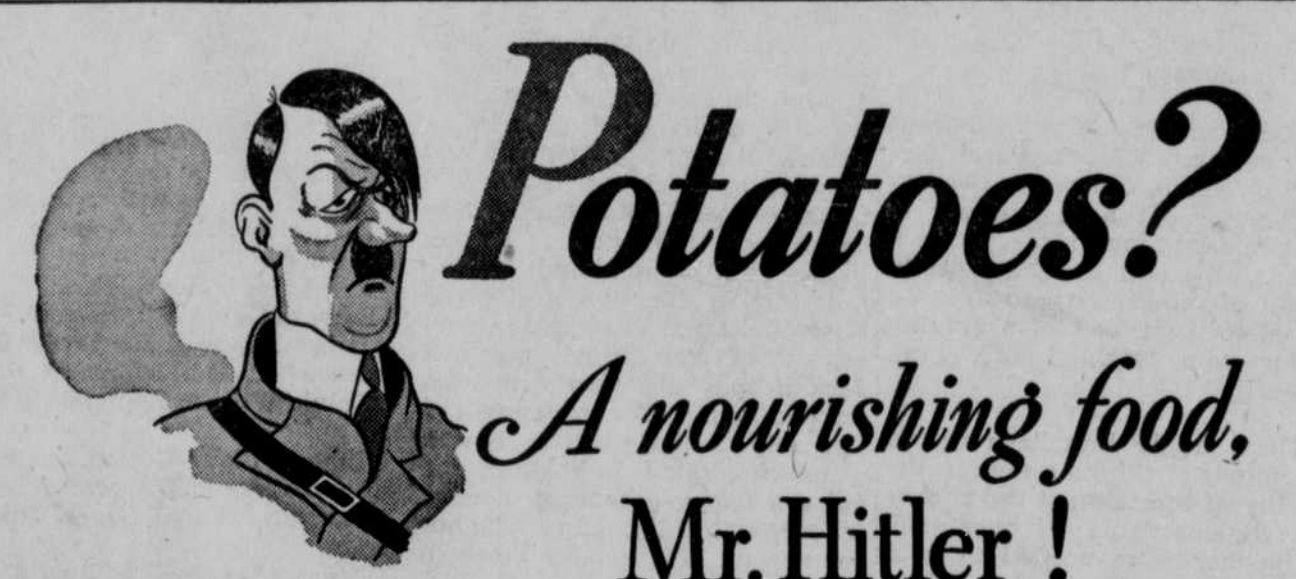


Talkin' to a fellow the other day, I couldn't help thinkin' that lots of folks claim they have an open mind when the fact o' the matter is it's only vacant.

Which reminds me that if you really think straight about vitamins, you'll see why I keep tellin' folks about KELLOGG'S PEP. An' that's because this swell cereal is extra-rich in the two vitamins most often short in ordinary meals—B, and D. And believe me, PEP is a mighty slick-tasting cereal. Why don't you try it tomorrow?

Kellogg's Pep

A delicious cereal that supplies per serving (1 oz.) the full minimum daily need of vitamin D; 1/4 the daily need of vitamin B.



Potatoes?

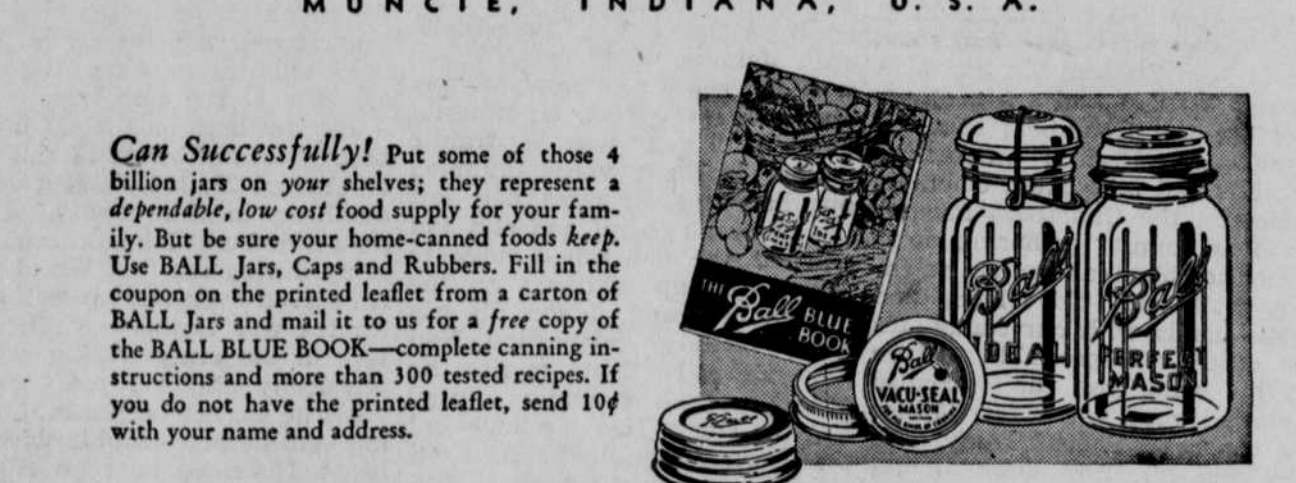
A nourishing food, Mr. Hitler!

WE HAVE potatoes in America. We also have fruits, meats and green and yellow vegetables. For every crop you harvest with forced labor, we have a larger crop grown by men who work hard from dawn until dark because it's their land, their country. You've never met an American farmer—or his wife—have you, Mr. Hitler? Too bad. Otherwise you might have thought twice before you started this war.

Our cellars are used to store foods, not as bomb shelters. But our boys know the meaning of bombs. How did you like that first air raid, with not a single U. S. plane lost? Those boys didn't live on potatoes—they had meat, milk, fruits, vegetables . . . all the things we have at home. American food follows them to the corners of the earth.

How can we do it? American women are doing it—home-canning for the home front and saving money for War Bonds at the same time! Do you know how much of it they're doing? Well . . . what would you give for FOUR BILLION JARS of home-canned foods, Mr. Hitler?

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