



Tall, cool glasses of Ginger Cooler will help get your daily quota of milk into your summer diets besides foiling Ol' Sol on his busiest days.

### Cool Salads, Drinks, Sandwiches Help Keep Family Comfortable

You will bless the sandwich, salad and cool drink ideas on those warm

days when it is too bot to roast meat and cook all your vegetables. Set the table in your coolest colors with coolest foods, and tion your coolest

frock, and you will be giving your family the best-on the home front. It's doubly important that you

keep yourself and your family fit during these times as there are so many activities demanding buoyant health and energy. Even though the food you serve is on the cool side, make every bit of it count as far as to open. Place a its nourishment is concerned. Cram the salads full of vitamins

and minerals, and plan your menus each tomato and to give your family a well-balanced diet. Foods served during the summer should be even more appetizing that is desired for a simple lunchthan foods served during other seasons, for appetites tend to lag.

If the family does not want to eat a great deal during the meal proper, make the snacks count. For instance, milk drinks-will help to get in the pint daily for adults, and the quart for children. You'll enjoy this simple and delicious beverage:

\*Ginger Cooler. (Makes 1 tall glass) I cup milk, chilled teaspoon salt oup ginger ale

2 to 3 tablespoons vanilla ice cream Pour into a tall, chilled glass. Add salt and stir in ginger ale. Top with ice cream and serve immediately.

There's something about good, oldfashioned lemonade that still hits the spot during days that the thermometer speeds to the top rung of the temperature ladder:

Grandmother's Lemonade. (Serves 10 to 12) 2 cups sugar or 21/2 cups honey Juice of 6 lemons Juice of 2 oranges

Grated rind of 1 orange 1 cup mint leaves Cook sugar and water 10 minutes.

(If using honey, bring water to a boil, then add honey and cook 5 minutes.) Cool. Add fruit juices and rind. Pour over mint leaves. LEMONADE Cover and let stand one hour. O SEALON Strain into jar

and keep in refrigerator. Use 1/2 cup syrup for each glass; fill with | flavored with honey. crushed ice and water. Sherbet's a popular dessert, and plenty cool! The citrus fruit in this | are both cool and delicious:

makes it even cooler: Orange Sherbet. (Makes 1 quart)

11/4 cups sugar 1 cup water 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten 2 cups orange juice

3 tablespoons lemon juice Boil sugar and water together for 5 minutes. Beat slowly into egg whites. Add fruit juices. Pour into

freezing tray and set cold control at fast freezing. Freeze stiff, then beat or stir thoroughly. Return to freezing compartment and finish freezing. Serve in sherbet glasses,

# Lynn Says

Point Savers: Don't stretch those points out of joint when you're making sandwich fillings. Try these suggestions: Diced chicken, green pepper,

pickle, mayonnaise. Sliced chicken with orange marmalade, or sliced chicken and

dill pickle, sliced. Cottage cheese and crisp, Hard-cooked egg, chopped with

minced pimentos, diced green pepper, and mayonnaise and chili sauce to moisten Chopped hard - cooked egg.

chopped stuffed olives, mayon-

Chopped hard-cooked eggs and catsup to moisten.

Peanut butter, raspberry jam. Shredded cabbage, grated pineapple, mayonnaise.

### Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu

\*Royal Lamb Salad Sliced Tomatoes Carrot Sticks Whole Wheat Bread Butter \*Ginger Cooler Cookies \*Recipe given

garnishing each with sprig of mint and a half slice of unpeeled orange. Salads that are full of protein and that keep the cook cool are these that fill the main dish order of summer meals:

Royal Lamb Salad. (Serves 6)

2 cups diced, cooked lamb 1 cup diced celery

1 cup Bing cherries 4 hard-cooked eggs

1/2 cup chopped nuts 1 teaspoon salt 1 cup mayonnaise

Salad greens Combine all ingredients except mayonnaise and chill thoroughly. Just before serving, toss in mayonnaise lightly and serve on a bed | ral, and Flicka was alone. of greens. If desired, garnish with additional slices of hard-cooked eggs and cherries.

Veal and Bacon Salad. (Serves 6)

21/2 cups cold, cooked veal, diced

½ cup crisp bacon, finely cut 1/2 cup diced celery ¼ cup radish slices

14 cup mayonnaise 6 small tomatoes

Mix the veal and the bacon with the celery, radishes and mayonnaise and chill. Place

each peeled tomato in a lettuce cup. Cut down several sections mound of the salad mixture into

top with mayonnaise, Occasionally a fruit salad is all eon. In that case, make it as attractive and nourishing as possible: Summer Fruit Salad.

(Serves 6) 1 medium cantaloupe, peeled and cut in cubes

2 cups raspberries or dewberries 2 cups diced fresh pineapple

Chill and mix lightly together. Serve portions on crisp lettuce or



A cool dessert for a cool meal-Orange Sherbet. It can be simply

watercress and top with mayonnaise

Finger sandwiches go well with the salads to round out the meal and

Ground boiled ham with ground pickles and mayonnaise. Cottage cheese, chopped stuffed

olives, nuts. Peanut butter, raspberry jam. Chopped dates, orange juice,

chopped nuts. Mashed cooked shrimp and cream

Flaked salmon, chopped cucum-

ber and mayonnaise. Cookies like these will go well with your fresh fruits:

Molasses Raisin Bars. ¼ cup shortening

1/2 cup sugar ,1 egg 1/2 cup baking molasses 2 cups sifted flour

¼ teaspoon salt ¼ teaspoon soda 1% teaspoons baking powder

1/2 cup sweet milk 1 cup chopped nuts 1 cup raisins

Cream shortening, add sugar and beat lightly. Add egg, beat well, then add molasses. Sift flour with dry ingredients and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Add chopped nuts and raisins. Spread thinly in greased shallow pan and bake in a moderate (350-degree) oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Cut in

bars before cooling. Are you having difficulties planning meals with points? Stretching your meats? Lynn Chambers can give you help if you write her, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply, in care of her at Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

His throat felt dry; his lips were f "There's shade there, and grass,

THE STORY SO FAR: Ten-year-old | Ken McLaughlin, given an opportunity to choose any yearling colt on his family's Wyoming ranch, picks the filly of a 'loco" mare named Rocket. His choice merely adds to his father's anger, which is already aroused by the fact that Ken has failed his school work and has shown no sense of responsibility. It was Ken's mother who finally persuaded Captain McLaughlin that having the colt might be good for Ken, and the change in him has proved she was right. But Flicka, the filly refuses to be captured. Caught once, she escapes and is caught again. To Ken she's wonderful. To McLaughlin she's just plain loco.

Now continue with the story.

### CHAPTER X

Mindful that she had clawed her way out when she was corraled before, McLaughlin determined to keep her in the main corral into which the stable door opened. It had eight-foot walls of aspen poles. The rest of the yearlings must be maneuvered away from her.

Now that the fog had gone, the sun was scorching, and horses and men alike were soaked with sweat before the chasing was over and, one after the other, the yearlings had been driven into the other cor-

She knew that her solitude meant danger, and that she was singled out for some special disaster. She ran frantically to the high fence through which she could see the other ponies standing, and reared and clawed at the poles; she screamed, Gus?" whirled, circled the corral first in one direction, and then the other. And while McLaughlin and Ross were discussing the advisability of roping her, she suddenly espied the dark hole which was the open upper half of the stable door, and dove through it. McLaughlin rushed to close it, and she was caught-safely imprisoned in the stable.

But when they went up after dinner, there was no Flicka in the barn. One of the windows above the manger was broken, and the manger was full of pieces of glass.

Staring at it, McLaughlin gave a short laugh. He looked at Ken. "She climbed into the manger-see? Stood on the feed box, beat the glass out with her front hoofs and climbed through."

The window opened into the Six Foot Pasture. Near it was a wagonload of hay. When they went around the back of the stable to see where she had gone they found her between the stable and the hay wagon, eating.

At their approach, she leaped away, then headed east across the

"If she's like her mother," said Rob, "she'll go right through the wire." "Ay bet she'll go over," said Gus,

"She yumps like a deer." "No horse can jump that," said McLaughlin. Ken said nothing because he could

not speak. It was the most terrible moment of his life. He watched Flicka racing toward the eastern wire.

A few yards from it, she swerved, turned and raced diagonally south. "It turned her! it turned her!" cried Ken, almost sobbing. It was the first sign of hope for Flicka. "Oh, Dad, she has got sense, she has! She has!"

Flicka turned again as she met the southern boundary of the pasture, again at the northern; she avoided the barn. Without abating anything of her whirlwind speed, made in the cool, morning hours, following a precise, accurate calcustored in the refrigerator until ready lation, and turning each time on a dime, she investigated every possibility. Then, seeing that there was no hope, she raced south towards life, gathered herself, and rose to the impossible leap.

Each of the men watching had the impulse to cover his eyes, and Ken gave a howl of despair.

Twenty yards of fence came down with her as she hurled herself through. Caught on the upper strands, she turned a complete somersault, landing on her back, her four legs dragging the wires down on top of her, and tangling herself in them beyond hope of escape.

"The wire!" cursed McLaughlin. "If I could afford decent fences-"

Ken followed the men miserably as they walked to the filly. They them as she could get, while they stood in a circle watching while she kicked and fought and thrashed until the wire was tightly wound and like Banner or Rockettangled about her, piercing and tearing her flesh and hide. At last she was unconscious, streams of made about himself, but he too blood running on her golden coat, wanted to get a verdict and said, and pools of crimson widening on the grass beneath her.

With the wire cutters which Gus always carried in the hip pocket of "You've bought her, Ken. She's his overalls, he cut the wire away; and they drew her into the pasture, ways choose them first, set your repaired the fence, placed hay, a heart on them, buy them, and study box of oats, and a tub of water their points afterwards-that way near her, and called it a day.

"I doubt if she pulls out of it," said McLaughlin briefly. "But it's away. Flicka, as if she felt the just as well. If it hadn't been this way it would have been another. A loco horse isn't worth a darn."

Ken lay on the grass behind on her back, smoothing it, pressing her riding clothes, ready to give softly, caressing. The other hand Rumba her workout. supported his head. His face hung

like paper.

After a long while he whispered,

'I didn't mean to kill you, Flicka-" He counted her wounds. The two worst were a deep cut above the right rear hock, and a long gash in her chest that ran down into the muscle of the foreleg. Besides those, she was snagged with three-cornered tears through which the flesh pushed out, and laced with cuts and scratches with blood drying on them in rows of little black beads.

Ken wondered if the two bad cuts ought to be sewn up. He thought of Doc Hicks, and then remembered what his Dad had said: "You cost me money every time you turn around." No-Gus might do it-Gus was pretty good at sewing up animals. But Dad said best thing of all is usually to let them alone. They heal up.

The cut in Flicka's hind leg was awfully deep-

He put his head down against her and whispered again, "Oh, Flicka-I didn't mean to kill you." Gus came out to him carrying a

can of black grease. "De Boss tole me to put some of dis grease on de filly's cuts, Ken-it

helps heal 'em up." Together they went over her carefully, putting a smear of the grease wherever they could reach a wound. Gus stood looking down at the

"D'you think she'll get well,

"She might, Ken. I seen plenty horses hurt as bad as dot, and dey yust as good as ever."

"Dad said-" But Ken's voice failed him when he remembered that his father had said she might as



Caught on the upper strands, she turned a complete somersault.

well die, because she was loco any-

The Swede stood a moment, his pale blue eyes, transparent and spiritual, looking kindly down at the boy; then he went on down to the

Every trace of fog and mist had vanished, and the sun was blazing hot. Sweltering, Ken got up to take a drink of water from the bucket the range where she had spent her left for Flicka. Then, carrying handfuls of water in his small cupped hands, he poured it on her mouth. Flicka did not move, and once again Ken took his place behind her, his hand on her neck, his lips whisper-

After a while his head sank in exhaustion to the ground . .

When evening came, and Nell had called Ken and had taken him by the hand and led him away, Flicka still lay without moving. Gently the darkness folded down over her.

Everybody went out to see Flicka right after breakfast and she stood against the fence as far away from discussed her injuries and her points, and whether she was more

Every remark made about her went through Ken as if it had been "She's got wonderful points, hasn't she, Dad?"

McLaughlin glared at Ken. signed, sealed and delivered. Alyou'll be a first-rate horseman." Ken's face got red and he looked

shame of her position, urged herself weakly along the fence in one direction, then turned and went in the other, trying to escape. "I think she's a perfect little beau-

"I want her moved down to the Calf Pasture," said McLaughlin.

and the running stream of water. I'll be needing this pasture for the other horses."

"But the Calf Pasture's got only three strands of barbed wire," said Ken uneasily. "She might jump it and get away."

His father cast him one of his withering glances. "She won't jump it, Ken. She won't jump anything. Not for a long time yet." "Besides," said Howard, "down

there she'll have company. The calves and our colts with their mothers. She won't be alone." "She'll be alone, all right," said McLaughlin with a short laugh; and

Ken remembered the remark about

loco horse always being a Lone Wolf. "She'll keep to herself." Nell and Ross went down to the stable to begin the work on the polo ponies, and the rest of them spread out in a fan behind Flicka and gently urged her toward the gate which Gus had opened into the

Calf Pasture. She went a few steps

at a time, then stopped to rest with

her head hanging weakly. Ken was glad she was in the Calf Pasture. It was here the boys trained their colts, here that the milch cows grazed at night and the calves in the daytime. And it was nearer the house. From the Green, from the terrace, from Ken's window, a great deal of the Calf Pasture could be seen, and it comforted Ken to think that Flicka was close by even when he couldn't be with

After dinner the men were loading the four Rodeo horses, Lady, Calico, Baldy and Buck, into the truck for McLaughlin to drive into

Ken hurried to catch his father before the truck started, and found him in the cab. "Dad!"

McLaughlin looked down. "Well?" he barked. "Could I have a few forkfuls of

hay for Flicka? She doesn't graze, I think she can't move around much." Being asked for hay was like being asked for his right eye. Mc-

Laughlin's rule was, never feed hay when there's green grass growing. He roared, "I told you you cost me money every time you turn around." "Could I, Dad?" repeated Ken un-

flinchingly. "All right," said McLaughlin. "Just for a few days." He leaned out the window of the truck, shouting for Gus, and Ken dashed away. Ken carried the hay out to Flicka

on a pitchfork. Every step he took for her was a joy. When Flicka saw him coming she tried to run away, proves the flavor and prevents and Ken said, "Oh, no, Flicka, don't run away, don't be afraid of me. I am Ken. And this is hay. You like it, Flicka-come and get some hay." He stood some distance off, having placed the hay near the tub of

limping back, smelled at it, and bottle. began to eat. Ken lay with his elbow on the ground and his head propped on his hand, looking at Flicka. Now and

water, and presently Flicka came

then she would raise her head. He knew she was better; her wounds were not bleeding today. They were swollen, and where the flesh had been pink and wet yesterday, today it was darker and dry. The scabs were forming.

Howard was doing his colts for him today too. Ken hated to leave Flicka even for an hour.

At milking time Tim went down to the cowbarn, carrying the milk pails. The bronco-buster, as usual, was with him, walking stiffly on his high heels, his thin legs in their pale blue jeans so bowed that a dog could have run through them.

They made a detour into the Calf Pasture to take a look at the filly. "I'll be doggoned," said Ross

calmly, with no expression at all on his small face, "she's beginning to look right pert." He sat down on a rock, took out his cigarette papers and a bag of Bull Durham, and expertly rolled

himself a cigarette. Tim stood there with two milk pails on each arm and the usual surprised grin on his comical Irish face, "Well, Kennie," he said, "how

do you like trained-nursin?" "All right," said Ken, shamefacedly. "When I seen her go for that fence," continued Tim, "I didn't

really believe she'd try it-then I sez

to meself, crazy people you c'n lock

up in asylums-crazy horses you

gotta let kill themselves." Ken slowly lifted his head and stared at Tim's dark red grinning

Suddenly all the odds and ends of thought which had confused him came clear in his mind. Loco-it wasn't just loco, the way you said. Oh, you're nuts. It meant wrong in the head-lunatic asylums-crazy people-Flicka wasn't right-

Horror went through him like zigzags of lightning. "She sure is a wild woman," said Ross seriously.

Ken looked from Tim to Ross. "Do you think she's really-" The word that had always been so easy Flicka. One little brown hand was ty," said Nell, who was there in to say now stuck in his throat. He brought it out with difficulty-"loco?"

"She sure is." (TO BE CONTINUED)





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Remember that stuffing expands when heated. Never pack it in too tightly. If it doesn't have room to expand, it will become soggy.

When buying oranges select

those that are firm, heavy and not spongy or soft. Usually slight scars or russet spots on the skins will not affect the flavor or the quality of juice in the oranges. Always add a little melted butter to uncooked frosting. It im-

cracking. If liquid in which olives are bottled is thrown away when bottle is opened, olives may be kept indefinitely if olive oil is poured over them after they are put back into

Knitted washcloths are not always a good buy. They are likely to stretch out of shape, become limp and stringy. A firmly woven cloth, like that used for bath towels, usually is best.

One thing a soldier is afraid of is a display of emotion. That's why his slang so often sounds derogatory. For example, he refers to the silver eagles on his colonel's shoulder straps as "buzzards." But when he speaks of his favorite cigarette, he says: "Camels." They're first with men in the Army as well as with Sailors, Marines, and Coast Guardsmen. (According to actual sales records in service men's stores.) And though there are Post Office restrictions on packages to overseas Army men, you can still send Camels to soldiers in the U. S., and to men in the Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard wherever they are .- Adv.

current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers. Send your order to:

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# Cordell Hull, Always The Perfect Diplomat

Col. Harold B. Hinton, now with the U.S. army headquarters in London, has written a life of Cordell Hull, United States secretary of state, which is being published in England. He tells the following:

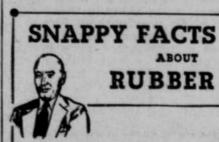
Hull has always been famous for his reluctance to commit himself -and even at the beginning of his political career disliked making a definite statement about anything. However, one self-confident man bet that he could get a direct answer from the cautious statesman. "What is the time, Mr. Hull?" he asked.

Hull took out his watch, looked at it, and then said: "What does your watch say?"



Production of Mints

During the past 150 years, the mints of the United States have produced 19,559,000,000 coins, of which 10,892,000,000, or 56 per cent, were pennies.



The first privately owned turnpike tell company to be organized in this country was the Philadelphia and Lan-caster Turnpike Co., incorpo-rated in 1792. New York was the first state to charge an automobile registration fee to pay highway costs and in 1901 collected \$954 in such fees.

In 1843 an English woman obtained a patent for a pavement material consisting, among other things, of "oil rubber."

Eleven per cent of the tires of the 25,400 passenger cars on New Jersey farms were found to be "bald" in a check made by Rutgers University. Jerry Than

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