



Frosty Drinks Will Cool You! (See Recipes Below)

Frost Yourself!

When the thermometer rises to he hundred mark, homemakers look for cool ideas, and thirst-chasers are first on the list. Cooling drinks literally give you a frost and insulate you from the warm rays of Old Man Sun.

In today's column I'm attempting to give you a parade of cool drinks



course, plenty of After you've prepared them, find the coolest spot on the porch, sink into the most comfortable chair, and start sipping!

Chilling fruit, juices, milk or beverages is of first importance in preparing your cool drink, but then you've probably already done this. If a survey were made during these ummer months, I'm sure it would reveal that a larger percentage of the refrigerator is used for cool drink preparations than any other

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu

Tomato Juice *Ham Supper Salad Green Lima Beans Carrot Strips Corn Sticks •Orange Cream Cookies *Recipe Given

are simply delito fit every pockcious when made et book, every ocinto cooling. casion. They use frosty drinks. Use fruit juices, prethe directions on DIVA pared beverages, the package for LEMONAGE mixing, garnish prepared drink powders, milk, with a cherry and -24_ 34 citrus fruit and of sprig of mint and AGLAZZ

you have a drink without the trouble of extracting fruit juice. Use the fruit powders also for making light sherbets that solve the dessert problem nicely.

Sherbet. (Makes over 1 quart) 1 package flavored fruit powder

1 cup heavy cream, well chilled 1 cup sugar 2 cups milk Dissolve fruit powder and sugar

in milk. Turn into freezing tray % to 1 hour



half minute for a step.

Flicka-I'm coming-"

His feet pattered down the path.

It was so dark under the cotton-

wood trees, he had to stand a mo-

He ran as fast as he could.

suffocating him.

THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA

THE STORY SO FAR: Ten-year-old | in bed, wide awake, and shaken by | Ken McLaughlin, given an opportunity to choose any yearling on his family's Wyoming ranch, picks the filly of a "loco" window of his room. mare. His father, a retired army officer,

is disappointed by Ken's choice and by his failure at school. When Flicka, the filly, is badly hurt trying to jump the corral fence, Ken takes the opportunity to make friends with the wild little colt. Although he is now convinced that Flicka s not "loco" like her mother, Captain McLaughlin does not think she will get well. But Ken, who always wanted a colt of his own, is still hopeful. He believes can tame Flicka, who is to him

something fine and beautiful. Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER XVII

At dinner, Ken ate nothing. Howard said, "Ken isn't eating his dinner-doesn't he have to eat, Mother?"

But Nell answered, "Leave him alone."

Ken had understood what his father meant when he said, "I won't have a thing like that on my place." To allow an animal to die a lingering death was something his father would not do. Flicka was to be shot. He didn't hear his father give the

her misery." "Ja, Boss-"

counted again - he couldn't see clearly.

"All right now?" "All right, Dad." They walked in to su

But for Ken, there was, first, the creeping numbness of those parts a steady fine quivering, he could see it reflected in the opened casement where the head and the neck of the filly pressed. Then the deep chill from the cold water running over his He hadn't completely undressed,

but he had the sheet drawn up to legs, his thighs, almost up to his his chin, in case his mother or fawaist. The mountain stream was fed from the Snowy Range in the ther came in to look at him. He North West, and the water was far heard them talking together in their colder than the shallow, sun-dappled room as they undressed. How long surface looked. Ken's legs were they took. It seemed to him hours shrivelled and cramped with the before the whole house was quietas quiet as the night was outside. cold, and long before the night was over, his teeth were chattering and He waited still another hour, till his body shaking with chills.

everyone was so deep asleep there It didn't matter. Nothing matwould be no chance of their heartered but that he should hold Flicka. ing. Then he stole out of bed and and hold the life in her. put on the rest of his clothes.

At dawn, when there should have He carried his shoes in his hands been light, there was, first, a gray and crept down the hall, past the gloom, and then persistent twilight. door of his parents' room, taking a The wind had failed and the clouds had their way at last, forced up On the far end of the terrace, he from all points of the compass by sat down and put on his shoes, his pressure in the lower areas behind heart pounding and the blood almost them, Laramie and Cheyenne, both a thousand feet down, and the val-He kept whispering, "I'm coming, leys behind the mountains that were to the north and south.

Often McLaughlin studied the sky, especially the rims of Sherman Hill. and said, "It's trying its best to storm, but the clouds can't get over the mountains."

Now they had got over. There wasn't room for them all. They obscured the zenith and then doubled up, one layer below the other.

But Ken knew nothing of the weather-only Flicka; the heat of her body that burned his arms. Toward morning he knew that the heat had gone, and it was not death; when he spoke to her, her eyes still looked back into his. He was full of thankfulness.

The alarm clock broke the early morning silence of the bunk house and jangled for sixty seconds.

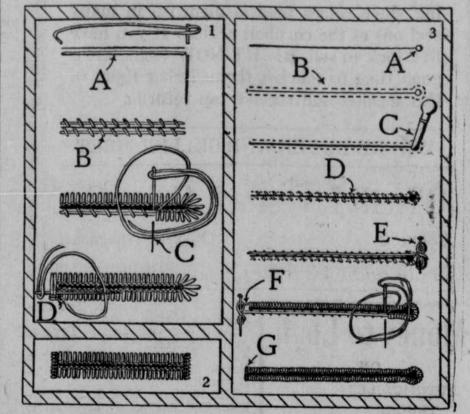
Before it stopped Tim and Gus were sitting, naked, on the edge of their bunks, yawning and rubbing their heads.

Gus reached for his clothes and began to draw them on, remembering as he did so that something unpleasant was ahead of him. It was a moment or two before it came to him-the shooting of Flicka.

When he remembered he dropped both hands on his knees and sat in silence. Nothing for it, it must be done. The filly might have been left to die of her own accord, but that was contrary to custom on the Goose Bar Ranch.

Gus finished dressing, made the fire and laid the table for break-





CONSERVATION of clothing bestitches at the outside end and reinforcing bar at inside. 2. Buttonhole with bar at both ends. 3. Tailored buttonhole with gins with an ounce of prevention. When we think of where gareyelet at outside end. The process of reinforcing a buttonhole slit with long stitches and overcasting is shown at A ments wear out first, buttonholes come to mind. Once the material and B, in Sketch I. The position of the needle and thread in making the purled buttonhole stitch is shown at C. The around them becomes frayed the garment is finished so far as good blanket stitch used for the bar is shown at D. Sketch 3 shows the method of marking the tailored buttonhole at A; The buttonholes of old garment may be reworked; those of inexstitching around marking, at B; punching eyelet, at C; overcasting, D; method of holding reinforcing thread, E and F. The bar at the inside end is shown at G. pensive ready-mades may be reinforced; and those in new gar1

NOTE: If you are interested in having more and better clothes for yourself and family, learn to sew. Today's lesson is one of hundreds in the new 256-page book BETTER DRESSMAKING, by Ruth Wy-eth Spears. Every phase of dressmaking -cutting, fitting, tailoring, remodeling is explained with clear, easy-to-follow drawngs and text. You will want to own this beautifully bound lifetime reference book. Ask for complete information and special offer. Address: MRS. SPEARS, DRAWER 12, BEDFORD HILLS, NEW YORK.



ages from home-the response was

so overwhelming that Uncle Sam

reluctantly had to call a halt. To-

day, due to shipping space, there

are Post Office restrictions on

packages to overseas Army men-

but you can still send packages

to soldiers in the U.S., and to

Sailors, Marines, and Coast

Guardsmen wherever they are.

When you do, remember-one of

ment, getting used to the darkness, order to Gus. "Pick a time when before he could be sure that Flicka Ken isn't around, Gus, and take the was not there. There stood her Winchester and put the filly out of feed box-but the filly was gone. Unreasoning terror swept over him. Something had spirited her Ken watched the gun rack in the dining room. All the guns were standing in it. No guns were allowed in the bunk house. Going through the dining room to the kitchen three times a day for meals,

Ken's eyes scanned the weapons to make sure they were all there. That night they were not all there. The Winchester was missing. When Ken saw that, he stopped walking. He felt dizzy. He kept staring at the gun rack, telling himself that it surely was there-he

Then he felt an arm across his shoulders and heard his father's voice. "I know, son. Some things are awful hard to take. We just have to take 'em. I have to, too.' Ken got hold of his father's hand

and held on. It helped steady him. Finally he looked up. Rob looked down and smiled at him and gave him a little shake and squeeze. Ken managed a smile too.

One of the best bases for a good, cool drink is a citrus fruit. Doesn't it honestly cool you already to think of orange or lemon juice cool and frosty in a glass with tinkling ice? Indeed, it does. There's a scientific fact behind this, for scientists tell us that in hot weather the tissues of the body require more vitamin C than when temperatures are moderate. That's one reason why oranges and lemons are ideal for summer drinks.

If you want something to serve ompany on a summer evening, here's a drink that will fill any order:

> Hollywood Parade. (Serves 15) 1 pint orange juice 1 pint orange sherbet 1 pint vanilla ice cream 1 pint chilled ginger ale

Beat orange juice, sherbet and ice cream with a whirl type beater until well mixed. Add ginger ale. Stir and serve at once.

Another kind of orange drink which is nice to fix individually for yourself in the afternoon when you're feeling a lag is this:

> *Orange Cream. (Serves 1) 1 egg yolk % cup orange juice 14 cup thin cream or evaporated milk

Sugar, if desired Beat egg yolk until light, add orange juice and blend thoroughly. Pour into glass and stir in cream. Sweeten to taste. Serve at once. There are several delightful fla-

vors obtainable in fruit powders that

Lynn Says:

The Score Card: Good news is in sight with the word that coffee supplies in the country are coming back to normal and present prospects point to an end of coffee rationing by the middle of August. Even the current period for rationing provides more coffee per stamp than has been allowed since rationing came into effect.

Those of you who are canning can get additional supplies of sugar with your stamps to make putting up fruit at home easier

Fruits and vegetables are scarce this year because of lack of help to pick them, and therefore prices run high. If you possibly can, get in touch with anyone who has crops and offer to help with the picking and packing of them-and also to get your own fruits and vegetables for home canning in much better condition than would be possible if you waited for someone else to do the picking.

slushy. Whip cream until stiff. Add to first mixture and beat through until blended, keeping as cold as possible. Return quickly to freezing tray and freeze at coldest point. When frozen, set cold control back to normal.

The hotter the weather, the more wilted you become. Nothing quite picks you up as a nice salad, and even the thought of cool, crisp greens brings back the starch to your spirits. Here are some suggestions which are perfect for summer:

> "Ham Supper Salad. (Serves 4)

2 cups diced cooked ham 1 cup diced celery 2 hard-cooked eggs, diced ¼ cup mayonnaise 1½ teaspoons sweet pickle relish 1½ teaspoons chili sauce Salad greens

Combine first three ingredients. Then stir in next three ingredients which have been combined together. Mix thoroughly and chill until ready to serve. Serve on any desired salad greens. Summer Dream Salad.

Watermelon balls **Grapefruit** sections Fresh whole raspberries **Pineapple segments Orange** sections Honeydew slices Blueberries Mint Salad dressing Arrange fruit on a bed of salad

greens according to a pattern. Serve with salad dressing and garnish with mint sprigs. Salad Dressing.

2 tablespoons currant jelly 1/4 cup lemon juice 1/4 cup salad oil 1 teaspoon salt 1 teaspoon paprika 2 tablespoons granulated sugar or honey 2 teaspoons chili sauce

Crush jelly with fork and beat smooth. Add remaining ingredients

and beat with hand beater until blended. Serve over fruit salad or mixed greens. Sandwich Hints In making sandwiches, soften but-

ter or margarine before using. Avoid melting butter or margarine as it seeps into bread and makes a greasy filling.

A good way is to mix 1/2 cup peanut butter, apple butter, or jelly with ¼ cup of butter to extend the butter supply. This makes enough spread for 16 slices of enriched bread.

Varieties of fruit-nut bread, orange bread or chease bread make a combination that really is a victory special. Wise use of enriched flour saves needed ration points.

you have a canning problem, write to Miss Lynn Chambers, Western News-paper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago, Ill. Please enclose a self-addressed envelope for your reply. Released by Western Newspaper Un

Ken even ate a little. But Nell looked thoughtfully at the ashen color of his face; and at the little pulse that was beating in the side of his neck.

After supper Ken carried Flicka her oats, but he had to coax her and she would hardly touch them. She stood with her head hanging, but when he stroked it and talked to her, she pressed her face into his chest and was content.

He could feel the burning heat of her body. It didn't seem possible

that anything so thin could be alive. Presently Ken saw Gus come into the pasture carrying the Winchester. When he saw Ken, he changed his direction and sauntered along as if he was out to shoot cottontails. Ken ran to him. "When are you going to do it. Gus?" "Ay was goin down soon now, be-

fore it got dark-" "Gus, don't do it tonight. Wait

till morning. Just one more night, Gus." "Vell, in de morning den, but it

got to be done, Ken. Yer fadder gives de order." "I know. I won't say anything more."

Gus went back to the bunk house and Ken returned to Flicka. At nine o'clock Howard was sent by Nell to call Ken. He stood at the corral gate, shouting. Flicka was still standing in her

nursery when the full moon rose at ten. It was the Hunter's Moon, as yellow as the Harvest Moon. Flicka's wounds did not pain her. but the suction of the down-whirling spiral was an agony felt through

every part of her. Now and then her young body found strength to fight against it; she struggled; she lifted her head. She was thirsty. The smell of the fresh running water drew her. She waded into the stream and drank; got her fill, lifted her head,

turned it again to the house. The cool water rippled against her legs. There was no sound from the house, no feet running upon the path, and suddenly the last of her little strength was gone. Lunging forward, she fell, half on the bank,

half in the water, and lay there. struggling convulsively. At last she was still.

Some minutes later, from ten miles away on the towering blacktimbered shoulders of Pole Mountain, there stole out the most desolate cry in the world-the howl of the gray timber wolf. It rode on the upper air without a tremor, high and thin, pointed as a needle. Through long minutes the note was sustained, mournful and remotethrough long moments it died, with a falling cadence of profound listlessness; and even before it ceased, it had become the very essence of

the quiet of the night.

Moon rise over the eastern horizon | dantly on the stream of his love- | ing back. before he went upstairs, and lying from his ardent eyes to hers.

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The water rippled over Ken's legs and over Flicka's body.

away-he would never see her again -Gus had come down-his father-He ran wildly here and there. At last, when there was no sign of her, he began a systematic search all through the pasture. He dared not call aloud, but he whispered-"Flicka - Oh, Flicka - where are Gus closed the back draft and went you."

At last he found her down the creek lying in the water. Her head of the Calf Pasture. had been on the bank, but as she lay there, the current of the stream

had sucked and pulled at her, and she had had no strength to resist; and little by little her head had slipped down until when Ken got

there only the muzzle was resting on the bank, and the body and legs were swinging in the stream.

Ken slid into the water, sitting on the bank, and he hauled at her head. But she was heavy, and the current dragged like a weight; and he began to sob because he had no strength to draw her out.

Then he found a leverage for his heels against some rocks in the bed of the stream, and he braced himself against them, and pulled with all his might; and her head came up onto his knees, and he held it cradled in his arms.

He was glad that she had died of her own accord, in the cool water, under the moon, instead of being shot by Gus. Then, putting his face close to hers, and looking searchingly into her eyes, he saw that she was alive and looking back at him. And then he burst out crying, and hugged her, and said, "Oh, my little Flicka, my little Flicka."

The long night passed. The moon slid slowly across the heavens.

The water rippled over Ken's legs, and over Flicka's body. And gradually the heat and the fever went out of her, and the cool running water washed and washed her wounds. The night took a heavy toll from Ken, but for Flicka there was resurgence. At the moment when Ken drew her into his arms and cried her name, the spring of the downwas released and not once again did vering fashion, flowed upward. A

fast, thinking that when he had everything ready except frying the eggs and bacon and making the coffee, he'd go down to the Calf Pasture with the Winchester. It wouldn't take a minute. He had the gun with him there in the bunk house. It stood in the corner, still loaded. He'd be back before Tim had finished milking the cows and have plenty of time to make breakfast.

Gus walked down to the ranch house, stood the gun against the house outside, and went into the kitchen to make up the fire.

Gus' shaking down of the ashes every morning was the rising bell for the family. When the kindling had caught, and the flames were licking up around the blocks of coal, out. He took the gun and walked slowly across the Green, to the gate

A few minutes' walk brought him to Flicka's Nursery and showed him that Flicka was not there. He walked down stream and soon found Ken sitting in the water, Flicka's head in his arms.

One look at the boy's face was enough. Gus crossed the creek, laid down

his gun, and seizing the filly by the head, dragged her out onto the grassy bank, as doctors drag infants into the world by the headnever, safely, by any other part. Ken could not move. Gus lifted

him in his arms and again crossed the creek. Ken's head dropped back over the Swede's shoulder, turning to the filly for one last look.

"Good-by, Flicka." It was only a whisper.

Rob was standing at his window fastening his belt, when he saw the foreman passing, carrying Ken. He thought, "Flicka died-I didn't hear the Winchester-Ken's found her dead-fainted-"

He ran downstairs and out, took the boy from Gus' arms, and then noticed the unbelievably shrunken. drawn features, and the violent chills. This was more than a faint. Gus told him how he had found Ken, and Rob carried him in and up to bed.

Rob and Nell put Ken to bed between hot blankets and tried to get some brandy between his lips.

Gus returned to the Pasture to get the gun. Flicka was lying as he had left her, but at his approach held up her head. The man knelt down on the grass by her and felt of her head, her neck, looked into her eyes. "Vell-vell-Flicka, liddle gurl-" He was astonished to feel that her body seemed to have lost whirling spiral was broken, Flicka | its great heat; the fever had gone. He looked at the two wounds. The she feel it. The life-currents in her cuts were clean and all the hard body turned, and in weak and wa- swelling had gone; and he could see by her face that she was brighter. power went into her from Ken; all as one can see by the expression in his youth and strength and mag- a child's face, even though it is still Ken had seen the Hunter's netism given her freely and abun- pinched and wan, that life is com-

(TO BE CONTINUED)



looks is concerned.

stitches.

ments may be made both smart

and substantial with evenly purled

Three types of worked buttonholes are shown here. 1. The buttonhole with fan

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Oh, my, that cake is burning, and I can't take it out for ten minutes yet.

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