

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ CLUB



NICODEMUS AND HIS GRAN'PAPPY
By Inez Hoqan

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

ANY SMALL boy or girl who has not had the fun of a "Nicodemus" book, has really missed a treat. There is—"Nicodemus and His Little Sister", "Nicodemus and His Houn' Dog", "Nicodemus and the Little Black Pig", and now comes the latest story about this lovable little colored boy: "Nicodemus and His Gran'pappy."

In this new volume trouble comes to Nick when his houn' dog gets lost. Then Nick's mother sends him to carry apples to his grandfather. Nick must take his little sister along, so he ties a rope around her so he won't lose HER too. On the way to gran' pappy's house they are met by a little black bear.

Adventure begins after the encounter with the cub.



DOG NEIGHBORS

NEXT to a new child in the neighborhood, a new dog will find himself second to come under the judicial eye of the whole neighborhood.

The dogs who have long been familiar to the neighborhood are understood and treated accordingly, but the new dog is looked upon with curiosity and caution.

No one is quite sure whether he will nip their children or tear their own dog to pieces.

Consider these things when you contemplate buying a dog. Pick a pet that will be a friendly animal and a playmate of your child neighbors.

When you bring your new dog home, do not let him have the run of the neighborhood, at least, not until he has gotten acquainted with his own family. This practice will soon teach your pet just who is who, and which person is a friend of the family.

THE REAL MASTER

IT IS NOT always true that because a man buys a dog, brings it to his home and feeds it, that he is the dog's master. A dog has a way of choosing his own master. That person he selects and to whom he will give his devotion may be his owner's wife, his gardener, or his brother. You may own a dog, but it does not necessarily follow that the dog is yours alone.

A dog gives his real worship to the person he finds has a "true heart for a dog", and that person may be a criminal, a tramp of the road, or a three-year-old baby in the yard next door. If that person's heart is "right", he is accepted forever.

To begin with, a person should not purchase a dog for his home unless he is a true lover of dogs in general. He should understand and sympathize with them. A dog wants a pal and companion; he does not want to be merely owned, fed, and sheltered. He wants someone to belong to, someone to worship.

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Eyes For The Dark MORNING MAIL

THE STORY OF A DOG

By Paula Norton

Hilda, a Seeing-Eye dog, tells the story of her life from earliest puppyhood and through school days in the Seeing-Eye Foundation. When her education was complete she was given over to Clare, a sixteen-year-old blind girl.

In Clare's home, Hilda was happy until the day Al, Clare's older brother, decided to take the dog for a walk.

The dog and the man went directly to a pool-hall, where, in the privacy of a back room, Hilda learned that Al owed Steve, the proprietor, a gambling debt. When Al confessed he could not pay, Steve demanded he leave Hilda as security and raise the money in twenty-four hours.

Chapter 9

HOLDING my leash in one hand and the short black club



with which he threatened to "tame" me in the other, Steve led me down a narrow dark stair. The man they called Charlie followed closely, and while we waited there in the musty-smelling dark, he turned on a dim electric light.

I looked about me. The room was low and the shadowy walls were lined with bottles. The corners of the stuffy cell were heaped with odds and ends of broken furniture.

"Tie her up to that post there, Steve," said Charlie.

"Now, that's no good. Not with this little strap," said the fat man. "Get me a chain. There's one in a box under the bar."

Charlie went up the stair, and I heard him overhead. Steve stood looking at me. I looked at him. He murmured, "You'll not pull any tricks with that chain on you. It's held tougher guys than you."

When Charlie came back, they put the chain around my neck and fastened the other end to the post. They were afraid of me, I knew, for Steve held the club in his hand the whole while he was near me. Funny that he was so afraid when I hadn't made one single move that he could have taken for a threat.

"There," the fat man said and backed away. "That'll hold you. Come on Charlie."

They started for the stair. Charlie hesitated. "What about the light?"

"Turn it off. She ain't gonna do no readin'." Again they laughed. The door at the top of the stair slammed. A bolt clicked and I was a prisoner... in a cellar as dark as a pit.

The cement floor was cold, but I was soon weary of standing and I lay down. The heavy chain rattled beside me. I put my chin on my paws and listened to the footfalls tramping around overhead.

I thought about Al and what his shiftless mode of living had gotten me into. I thought most of all about Clare. What would become of her if Al did not raise the money he owed Steve, and I were sold, as Steve hinted? How would she go for walks and find

her way about her dark world without me? She'd gotten so used to me now, so dependent on me, and I, well... Clare was my child, as it were, and we needed each other.

The dreariness of the situation weighed heavily upon me in that ill-smelling damp cellar. I wanted to fight back now. I wanted to get out... get to Clare... and I didn't care what I did to make that possible.

There were more footsteps in the room above me. Perhaps if I howled or barked someone would do something about it. I raised my voice and called for help in the only way a dog can.

Heavy footsteps ran across the floor of the back room. A key turned in the lock. A streak of yellow light came down the stair.

"Pipe down or I'll come down and pipe you!" It was Steve's voice. Someone in the room with him laughed. The door slammed to again and the key turned.

I thought some more. Well, at least my howling was heard up there. Would it be better to howl and take a beating (I had never been struck in my life so about THAT I wasn't sure) or was it wiser to lie here in the dark and damp and wait... wait for what?

(Continued next week)



ARNOLD'S SCHEME

AFTER TWO or three years the English troops in America were getting a little weary of marching, marching, marching. If this American Revolution had been fought with ships at sea, the English might not have tired so quickly, but all this tramping over a wild new country was wearing them down.

Of course the Americans were a little weary of warfare, too, in three years. Business was suffering. American finances were in a muddle.

We must remember, too, that there were still many civilians in America whose sympathies were decidedly with England. These were the Loyalists, and they hoped for victory for the Mother Land.

At about this time an American General took it upon himself to end the war. He was Major-General Arnold, a West Point commander, and he turned traitor and plotted to sell out his country to the English. Fortunately, his scheme was unearthed, the go-between man was hanged, and the Major-General escaped. This disloyal person later became a brigadier-general in the English army. This shameful business really

marks a turning point in the American Revolution.

The foot-weary British soldiers now started backing toward the sea-coast and the ships that would carry them home.

The so-called loyalists now having discovered they had chosen the wrong army to champion, decided that they, too, had better seek new fields to toil. They just naturally couldn't expect to prosper in a land they believed would be ruled by an English king.

Down went the loyalists to the British ships, and away they moved to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. These loyalists were for the most part, people of aristocratic background, so the homes and lands they left behind were indeed welcome to the farmers who helped themselves.

Meanwhile, out on the frontier the hearty farmers were wanting to know what about the Great Western country beyond? The border of this untitled land was policed by British garrisons, but gradually these troops, too, were called to the Atlantic seacoast. The frontiersmen had the frontier now.

In 1781, the English made their last effort to subdue the Rebel forces. They planned to come up from the south, but this scheme ended in the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, October, 1781.

Letters From Young Folks To The Editor

This is the Morning Mail column where the young readers of the Five Star Weekly are invited to express themselves. Readers far and near can write in, so we can get to know each other. Whether your letters are about this page, its stories or features, or whether they are about yourselves, all are welcome. Address your letters to FIVE STAR WEEKLY, MORNING MAIL BOX, care of this paper.

Reno, Nevada

Dear Editor:

I am thirteen years old, and I live on a ranch. We have lots of cows and other animals. I have a pet banty hen who lays a lot of eggs for me. She is brown with some reddish and light speckles. I also have a pony named Jock, and we ride over the hills near our ranch.

I like our page very much, and I especially liked that story you had in about the people who found the oil on the ranch. I think it was called Ranch Mystery. Naturally I like stories about something I know about. I like the articles about the animals, too.

Yours truly,
Ella Neilson.

Five Star Weekly:

"I'm writing to tell you how much I enjoy your serial about the Young Salt. I'm a San Francisco boy, and I know just how the bay can get on a foggy day. I'm also a sea scout, and I know if the other fellows who read this page could only know what a swell organization it is, they'd try their best to become a member. Sometime I'll write and tell you about some of the swell cruises we've taken.

Greetings to all the other sea scouts who read this letter!
Bert Wilson, San Francisco.

Dear Editor:

I enjoy your page very much, and I look forward to reading it every week. I am in the seventh grade, and I play third base on our baseball team. Our school has won most of the games it's played.

I hope you will continue having exciting serials like those that have been in so far.

Your friend,
Billy Anderson,
San Jose, Calif.

MENU of the WEEK

By Joan Andrews

DID YOU ever use avocados in a dessert? If you never did, just try it once. You'll be surprised. A friend of mine served an extraordinary and delectable combination of raspberries and alligator pear cubes in a Bavarian cream the other day at a bridge luncheon, so of course I begged the recipe, and the menu, too. Here they are.

Hors d'oeuvres
Cheese and pea rabeit
Sliced tomato and cucumber
Salad

Hot biscuits Elderberry jelly
Raspberry-avocado Bavarian
Cake Coffee

First, dissolve 1 package of raspberry flavored gelatine in 1 cup of hot water and add a few grains of salt and 1 cup of raspberry juice from crushed, sieved, fresh raspberries or from a can of raspberries. Chill until almost firm, and beat with a rotary beater until light. Whip one cup of thick cream and fold into the gelatine, and then add the crushed berries. Last, fold in 1 1/2 cups of avocado cubes. Serve chilled.

To make the rarebit, melt 2 tablespoons of butter and stir in 4 teaspoons of flour and 1 1/2 cups milk and cook until slightly thickened. Add 1 pound of sharp cheese cut in small pieces, and stir until melted. Then add 2 cups of cooked peas. When thoroughly heated serve on split, hot, whole wheat biscuits.

In your hors d'oeuvres platters include stuffed eggs, made by marinating the yolk of hard cooked eggs with chopped celery, finely cut smoked salmon and mayonnaise.

Here's a New Way to Serve Potatoes Rice and Macaroni All In One Dish

Wholesome Standbys Allow Imaginative Treatment Yet Retain Nutritive Elements As When Served Separately

by Jannie Reed
Home Economics Editor

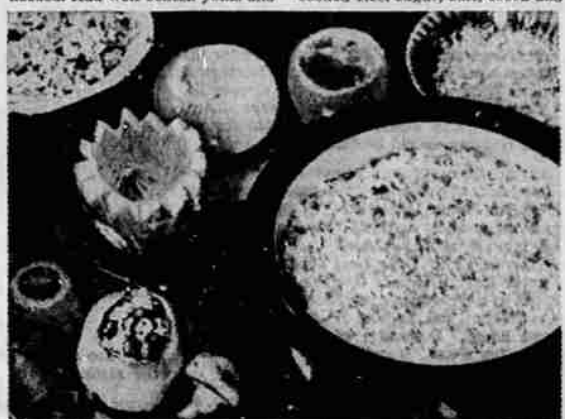
CHICKEN AND RICE SOUFFLE

1 cup cooked rice
1 1/2 cups chicken, diced
1/2 cup chicken broth
2 eggs beaten

Mix cooked chicken and boiled rice. Season with salt and moisten well with gravy, adding more if needed. Add well beaten yolks and

1/2 cup cold water
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup of cream or evaporated milk whipped
1 tablespoon vanilla
1/2 cup sugar

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatin on top of water. Place bowl in boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add to hot cooked rice, sugar, salt, cocoa and



Vegetable Cups with Rice Stuffing Make a Delicious Dish To Serve Either At Luncheon or With the Evening Meal

carefully fold in the beaten whites. Bake in a moderate oven until golden brown on top. Leftover chicken and rice may be utilized in the delicious dish.

CHOCOLATE RICE BAVARIAN

1 cup cooked rice
3 tablespoons cocoa
1 tablespoon gelatin

vanilla. Beat well, cool, and when it begins to thicken, fold in whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water or pile in serving glasses. Chill and when firm unmold and serve with a sauce.

RICE SPOON BREAD

1 cup cooked rice
2 eggs, separated
1 tablespoon butter
1 cup milk
1 cup boiling water
3 tablespoons white cornmeal
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/4 cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar

Pour water over cornmeal and mix; add flour, salt and sugar. Cook in double boiler until thick. Stir in rice and butter. Add the beaten egg yolks, baking powder and milk. Last fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a greased baking dish, place in a pan containing an inch of hot water and bake for 40 minutes (350°).

TOMATO AND CHICKEN SALAD

1/2 cup cold boiled rice
1/2 cup diced cooked chicken
1/2 cup string beans, cut
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
1/2 cup diced celery
1/2 tablespoon minced parsley
2/3 cup mayonnaise
2/3 cup whipping cream
1 tablespoon gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
1/2 teaspoon salt
Tomato ice

Combine chicken, beans, rice, pepper, celery, and parsley. Combine mayonnaise and whipped cream. Soften gelatin in cold water five minutes, then melt it over hot water. Cool. Add salt and combine all ingredients except tomato ice. Line refrigerator pan with waxed paper. Pour a layer of tomato ice, previously frozen to mushy state, into freezing tray. Then arrange layer of chicken salad and cover with another layer of tomato ice. Freeze. Serve in slices on lettuce.

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