

PINWHEEL COOKY
QUITE UNUSUALDough Must Be Made Day
Previous for Best Results.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Unusual both in appearance and method of making, to say nothing of their good flavor, are these pinwheel cookies of chocolate and vanilla. The bureau of home economics tells how to make them. Read the directions all through carefully before starting to work, and you will find that the dough must be made the day before the cookies are wanted if the result is to be completely successful. These cookies are good for any social occasion.

Ingredients:
 1/2 cup milk
 2 cups sifted flour
 1 egg
 1/4 cup butter
 1/4 cup sugar
 1/2 tsp. baking powder
 1/4 tsp. salt
 1/4 tsp. vanilla
 1 square unsweetened chocolate, melted

Cream the butter, add the sugar and the egg and milk which have been beaten together. To this liquid mixture add the sifted dry ingredients and the vanilla and stir until thoroughly combined. Divide the dough into equal portions. Into 1/4 of the dough mix the melted chocolate. Roll out 1/4 of the chocolate dough into an oblong sheet about 1/2 inch thick on a lightly floured board. Over this sheet of chocolate dough spread 1/4 of the portion of white dough and pat out into the same size as the chocolate sheet. Beginning at the end of this oblong sheet of chocolate and white dough, roll it up as you would a jelly roll. Make a similar roll of the remaining portions of chocolate and white dough, putting the white on the bottom and the chocolate on top. Wrap these rolls of dough well in waxed paper and put in a cold place overnight to chill thoroughly. In the morning cut the rolls into very thin slices with a sharp knife and bake in a moderate oven until lightly brown. (It is necessary to have the cooky mixture very cold if it is to be cut into thin slices for baking.) Store the cookies in a tightly covered jar so that they will hold their crispness.

Broiled Mackerel Fine

When Salt Is Removed

As with any cured fish, the salt used for preserving mackerel must be to a large extent removed before the fish is cooked. The bureau of home economics says that when you have selected a good, fat salt mackerel, soak it overnight in cold water to cover. Taste it. If sufficient salt has been removed, the fish can then be placed under the flame of the broiling oven and cooked slowly to a light brown. If the fish is still very salty after soaking, place it in a skillet, cover it with cold water, allow the water to come to a boil, and pour it off. Then broil. Put the cooked fish on a hot platter skin side down, pour melted butter over the fish, and garnish with thin slices of lemon and parsley.

OSNABURG FOR HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS



Osnaburg Useful for Curtains, Draperies, Couch Covers and Cushions.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Natural-colored osnaburg, brightened with bands of cretonne, was effectively used for most of the furnishings of this boy's room, planned by the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture. Osnaburg, which you may know as Greenville cloth or almanac cloth, is an inexpensive, durable, somewhat coarsely woven cotton fabric with irregular threads that give it charm for household decoration.

The draw curtains at the window of this room are very easy to make and will appeal to the average boy. Draw curtains may be arranged by means of cords and rings to pull together or apart, or, if a wide casing is used for the rod, they may slide back and forth on the rod itself. Fast-colored cretonne or print should be chosen for the bands of trimming.

The bed has a fitted cover of osnaburg with a gay border corresponding to that on the curtains, and the same

SERVING OF SOFT
CUSTARD FAVOREDNew and Different Sauce on
Various Desserts.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The serving of soft custard as sauce on various desserts not only makes them seem quite new and different, but adds materially to the supply of iron and vitamins furnished by the meal. For this reason, in families where there are growing children, it is a good idea to have custards frequently, but by varying the basis of the dessert, monotony will be avoided. For instance, custard sauce is good with most canned fruits, such as peaches, plums, apricots, or pears; with some of the fresh fruits; and with stewed dried fruits. The canned and stewed fruits should be drained before pouring over them so that the syrup does not dilute the custard. This syrup can be saved to sweeten and flavor fruit drinks or fruit gelatins. Custard sauce is also good with plain cake, puddings, such as brown betty, steamed fig pudding, or chocolate



Custard Sauce With Fruit.

bread pudding, or with Bavarian cream or other gelatin desserts. It is a good plan to put it on the table in a pitcher to be passed to each person. Soft custard should be cooked in a pan surrounded by hot water below boiling temperature. A double boiler is the best utensil for the purpose. While cooking, custard should be stirred constantly to make it smooth and velvety. As soon as the mixture thickens sufficiently to coat the spoon it is done and the pan should be removed at once to a bowl of cold water to check the cooking. If cooked beyond the point when it coats the spoon custard is likely to curdle. If cooked too rapidly it is difficult to keep custard from cooking too much.

The following directions for cooking soft custard are from the bureau of home economics:

Heat a quart of milk with six to eight tablespoonsful of sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt in a double boiler. Beat four to six eggs lightly and pour slowly into them some of the heated milk. Pour back into the double boiler and stir constantly until the custard coats the spoon. Remove at once from the fire and place the upper part of the boiler in a bowl of cold water. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Chill the custard until wanted.



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SYNOPSIS:

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Leg, on a winter's quest, journey Brock McCain and Gaspard LeClerc, his French-Cree comrade, with Flash, Brock's puppy and their dog team. Brock's father had warned him of the danger of his trip. After several battles with the stormy waters they arrive at a fork in the Yellow-Leg. Brock is severely injured in making a portage and Flash leads Gaspard to the unconscious youth. The trappers race desperately to reach their destination before winter sets in. Flash engages in a desperate fight with a wolf and kills him. Gaspard tells Brock of his determination to find out who killed his father. Tracks are discovered and the two boys separate for scouting purposes. Brock is jumped by two Indians and a white man and knocked unconscious. He is held prisoner. Gaspard rescues him while his captors sleep. Gaspard believes these men killed his father and is prevented from killing them by Brock. While alone, Gaspard is shot from ambush by an Indian and kills his would-be slayer. While out on his trap lines Brock is caught in a heavy snow storm. He is lost and his food gives out.

CHAPTER VIII

The Hate of the Long Snows

Dawn of the following morning overtook the two still heading north. The rabbit had put new life into the husky. Although thinner, as yet his thick coat shone with vitality, and he still carried his bushy tail jauntily curved above his back. But the days of starvation and grueling snowshoeing had stripped the flesh from the square frame of Brock McCain. His hollow eyes glowed with the light that comes from toll without food. That morning, as he traveled, his eyes began to play him tricks. Distant hills danced upon the horizon. Black spots and pinpoints of light blurred his vision. Suddenly, like the chill of cold steel, the thought that he could not sight his gun on tracks stopped him dead in his tracks. Raising his rifle, he tried to line the sights on a jackpine, but the head on the muzzle wavered, in and out of the rear sight light appeared, then faded, then appeared, as if mocking him.

"I guess I'm done for," he groaned. For a space black despair lived in the heart of the boy caught in the pitiless grip of the long snows. Then, as he stood brooding, a moist nose touched the bare hand holding the rifle. The caress of a warm tongue roused him. He glanced down at the eager brown eyes which spoke worship of the loyal heart which beat in that shaggy chest.

"What you think, Flash, is the river over those hills? Can we make it, boy?"

For answer the dog whined, rubbing against Brock's legs, as the boy's hand rested on the massive skull. "You're strong, boy, yet. Maybe, if we hit the river soon, you can pull me up to the lake. My legs won't last much longer. I can't feel 'em any more."

Then at the thought of his father's words the boy pulled himself together. "Flash, we've got the nerve, you and I. If we are young, and shy on bushcraft. Tomorrow, we're going through to the river—over that ridge!"

So Brock plodded on, hoping against hope for the sight of game. But the strange ill luck which often pursues those whose need is greatest, followed the footsteps of the starving trapper. Trails of fox and lynx, rabbit tracks, and the network paths of grouse and ptarmigan, he crossed, but for hours his peering eyes saw no game—met no floundering trail of caribou. They had left the country.

Again dusk fell. Again there were no rabbit runways in which to set snares. Again boy and dog sat in silence by a fire. Over the fire hung a pall in which water boiled. In the water were strips of the pelts of two rabbits and small pieces of rawhide thongs. The eyes of the boy, bright with starvation, hungrily watched the nauseous stew.

"It won't help much, Flash," muttered the boy. "But it'll warm us up—warm us up. My feet are cold—are yours? I can't feel my toes—the fire's no good."

With shaking hand the boy stirred the pitiful supper in the pan.

"We're lost—and starved out, Flash. My legs are good for one day more—then I guess I'm through."

The starving pair finished the stew, then side by side lay before the fire.

"Of course, Flash," whispered the semidelirious Brock, "I could shoot

my pup—and get back. Lots of meat on your old bones—yet right through the ears, eh? You'd never know what Brock did to you—and then he'd see home again—the family. What d'you say?"

With a low whimper, the husky beside him nuzzled into the boy's face, buried in his head under the robes.

"Don't want Brock to do it, do you?"

As if sensing the ghastly meaning of the words, the dog again thrust his nose into the hood. For an instant his hairy muzzle touched the lean cheek of his master. Then with a throaty rumble it was withdrawn.

"You old fool!" cried the aroused youth, sitting up in his blankets, stung by the dog's caress. "You think Brock was serious? Crawl out by shootin' his pup—like a dirty Indian?"

Impulsively the boy drew the massive head of the husky to his breast. "You fool dog!" Brock shot his Flash to save his own hide. And the boy crooned incoherently into a hairy ear. As the great plume of a tall waved to and fro, the deep throat of Flash rumbled in ecstasy.

Dawn—and a dared voyager, seeking the valley of the frozen Yellow-



The Eyes of the Boy, Bright With Starvation, Hungrily Watched the Nauseous Stew.

Leg, shuffled on unsteady legs through the spruce into the north—at his heels a bony husky drawing a small to-bogged. Through the morning went the pair, stopping frequently to rest. Lame from lack of food though he was, the husky, owing to his marvelous vitality, still retained much of his strength. For the Ungava, like a wolf, starves slowly. But the master who reeled over the white floor of forest and barren, neared the end of his stamina. Two—three miles more, and the numbed legs would crumple under him—the snow-shoes which slide mechanically, driven by the dogged will, cease to move.

Then, of a sudden, as the uncertain eyes of the boy, whom hope had deserted, peered ahead for the wind break which would shelter his last camp, his heart gave a great throb, then checked, to pound again furiously as he swayed on his feet at what he saw.

"Deer trail!" he gasped. "Deer trail, Flash! Made this morning! He can't travel far in this! We'll hang to him, Flash—hang to him!"

Then the boy shivered as stark fear gripped him. Could he aim his gun? Could he hit the game?

But there was no place for doubt here. He had to hit him. It was his last chance.

Leading Flash on a rawhide thong, to prevent him bolting with the sled when they saw their game, Brock followed the trail. Hope now drove his stiffened legs—hope of real meat, food—life. And here, at last, the careful training of months proved itself. On a leash Flash had been trained to silence.

The trail led through a stand of scrub spruce and out over the packed snow of icy shell of a brook. Here Brock suddenly stopped, his jaw dropping in amazement.

"Moose!" he gasped. "Moose, up here on the Yellow-Leg!"

Instead of the familiar, round-toed tracks of a caribou, stamped into the hard footing, like the thrust of a die in wax, were the long, pointed, cow-like tracks of a moose.

Following the trail which led in the direction of a heavy stand of black spruce and cedar, under a ridge, Brock led his plunging dog.

"Shut up, Flash! Steady boy!" he ordered in low tones. "He's there, in that bush."

The animal had traveled up wind—he would not smell them; so it was safe to hold to the trail. Slipping off the dog's harness, leaving the sled, Brock led him by the thong. As they entered the cover of the timber, ears and eyes tense, the heart of the boy shook him as an engine shakes a launch. Somewhere ahead in the spruce was food—life. If only he did not miss!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Humming Bird Small but Famed as Fighter

A man's bravery can never be judged by his size. Frequently the midger has the spirit of a raging lion while the big, hulking 200-pounder has the timorous heart of a rabbit. The same law of nature applies to birds. Kendrick Kimball writes, in the Detroit News.

The humming bird, sometimes called the "jewel of the air" because of his flashing luster, is only three inches in length, but his courage knows no boundaries. Humming birds are fearless. They will attack a hawk, a crow or an eagle, and against such a nimble adversary the bigger bird would have no chance.

With his rapier bill, which he thrusts into flowers for their nectar, the humming bird is capable of dealing an adversary a sharp prick which would discourage further aggressiveness. Among themselves, the humming birds fight frequently. Like skilled fencers, they thrust at one another with their long,

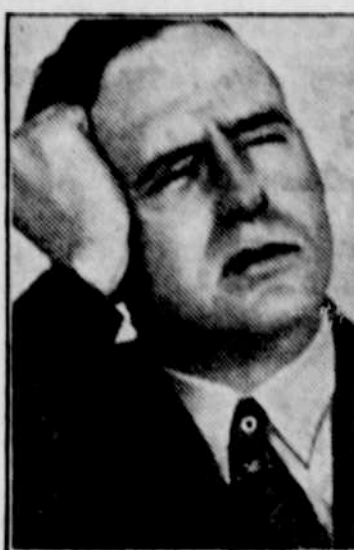
needle-like bills, ducking and darting so fast that the eye can hardly follow them as they maneuver for openings.

Best Gait

Bobby was spending his vacation in the country, where his constant companion was a sturdy black short-land pony that possessed that well-known pony trait of always trotting twice as fast on the homeward trip as on the outbound way. Some horse-loving friend inquired of the boy: "Bobby, which is Dandy's fastest gait?" He flashed a quick comeback: "The barnyard gate!" said he.

"Passing the Buck"

This phrase means "to shift the responsibility; from the practice in card-playing of laying an object on the table before a player as a reminder of his turn to deal, then passing it to the next dealer."—Literary Digest

Miles of Fertile Land
Made Useless by Flood

A report from the government entomologist in charge of cotton insect investigations at Tallulah, La., states that, as a result of floods, insect sand covers several miles of the finest and most beautifully developed farming land of the Mississippi delta, in the Scott district. Such deposits of inert sand are made when the current of the rushing waters is slightly slowed down, as when it meets with a comparatively small obstruction. The sand is composed largely of quartz particles which, since they are rock fragments, are heavier than the fertile silt and clay content naturally separates itself first, while the silt and clay are carried along in the water and deposited when the current is further slowed down. The sand, due to its quartz makeup, is infertile and consequently for years nothing can be grown in areas where it is deposited. To remove it would be too expensive.

The Poor Whales

Michael Strange, the poet, Mrs. John Barrymore, said at a dinner in aid of charity in New York:

"The way some of the rich regard the poor reminds me of the old lady. John D. Rockefeller had just begun to get a foothold, and all over the country the people were starting to use coal oil instead of whale oil for their lamps."

"And as the old lady lit up for the first time with the new illuminant one evening she shook her head and murmured sadly:

"Yes, this here new-fangled coal oil's all right, of course, but what'll the poor whales do now?"

Warship Prison for Boys

To serve as a "floating prison" for delinquent boys, the scrapped Japanese warship, Musashi, has been rebuilt and put into action. The announced purpose is to give the boys plenty of work in a healthy atmosphere while learning a useful occupation. Fifty boys, fourteen to twenty-three years old, are to be selected from the prisons of Japan, and while on the boat given six months' instruction in the theory and practice of navigation, fishing and the making of fishing equipment, weather observation and kindred subjects.

Pork and Longevity

William Walker, who is believed to be England's oldest man, has just attained the age of one hundred and seven. He celebrated the day quietly at his home at Nottingham. His slogan is "Eat pork and live long," and his gifts included many forms of his favorite dish. "I have heard," he said, "that a monkey gland makes people young again, but why be 'monkeyed' with when there's plenty of pork, and there are more pigs than monkeys."

Use Russ Ball Blue in your laundry. Tiny rust spots may come from inferior bluing. Ask Grocers—Adv.

A Free Man

"The prince of Wales wears exactly what he likes," says a newspaper.

That isn't so much because he's a prince, it's mainly because he's a bachelor.

Ask Any Gardener

If Mr. Edison really can make rubber out of weeds he'll be guaranteed a lasting supply of the raw material. —San Bernardino Sun.

WHAT DR. CALDWELL
LEARNED IN 47
YEARS PRACTICE

A physician watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the system and is not habit forming. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love to use when Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just as promptly.

Do not let a day go by without a bowel movement. Do not sit and hope, but go to the nearest drugist and get one of the generous bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, or write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. B11, Monticello, Illinois, for free trial bottle.

For Old Sores
Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not cured.

WORKS HARD
IN THE FIELD

Relies Upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Rankin, Illinois—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a tonic before and after my first child was born six years ago. Then when my second child came and I felt weak and run-down, I took it again. I am still taking it and I am feeling better. My mother used it for herself when I was small and always got good results. She still takes it. I do all kinds of heavy work, including my housework and I also help in the field. I recommend the Vegetable Compound and will gladly do so at any time. I am willing to answer any letters asking about this Medicine."—Mrs. Bess, Osnaburg, Route 2, Rankin, Ill.

W. N. U., PORTLAND, OR, 19-1929.

Guard Your Ears, Too
English saying: To make a friend, close one eye; to keep him, close both eyes.

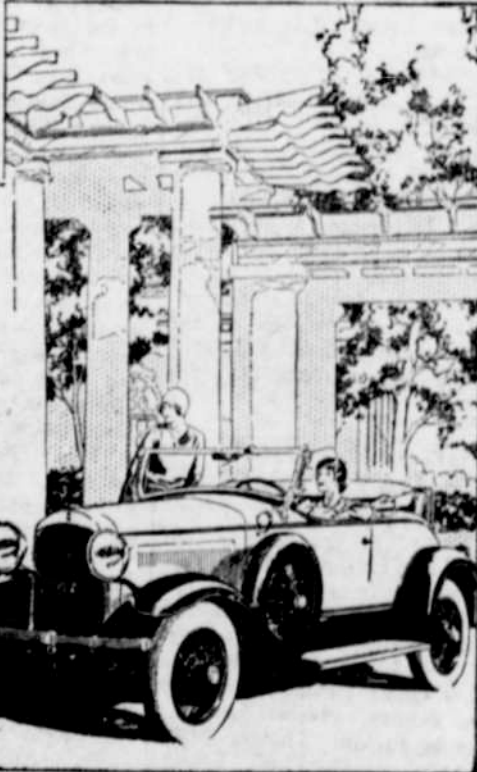
"THEY ALL SAY...
it's the smartest car at the club"COSTLY CAR BEAUTY
AT AMAZINGLY
LOW PRICE

THE entire line of new Superior or Whippet Fours and Sixes is distinguished by such beauty of design and richness of color as have never before been associated with inexpensive cars.

And Whippet is a big car, too, with plenty of room for you to lean back, stretch out your legs and relax in absolute comfort. Mechanically, no other low-priced car has so many important advantages.

NEW SUPERIOR

Whippet
FOURS SIXES

WHIPPET 6 ROADSTER
with 7-Bearing Crankshaft

\$850

Coupe \$925, Coupe \$975, Coupe (with rumble seat) \$725, Sedan \$765, De Luxe Sedan \$810, All Whippet-Overland prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

WHIPPET 4 COACH

\$550

Coupe \$550, 4-pn. Coupe \$580, Sedan \$615, De Luxe Sedan \$655, Roadster \$500, 4-pn. Roadster \$530, California Roadster \$595, Touring \$495, Commercial Chassis \$450.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, Inc.
TOLEDO, OHIO

AROUND THE HOUSE

A damp, clean sponge is good to take lint off broadcloth.

Three tablespoonsful of cocoa equal one square of chocolate.

Raw vegetables such as chopped lettuce or cabbage or chopped or grated carrots are good for the little child.

Place the bedroom mirror so that the light falls on the user rather than

on the mirror to get the clearest reflection.

To prevent glare from artificial lights use frosted bulb's, lampshades which cover the bulb, and indirect lighting fixtures.

Hang up the frequently-used kitchen utensil whenever possible. It is much easier to find a small utensil like an egg-beater when it hangs on the wall than when it lies on a shelf or in a drawer among other utensils.