

SUMMER DRESSES FOR SMALL GIRL

Pride Demands Fresh Garment Every Morning.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

How many wash dresses does a little girl need when warm weather sets in? Much depends, of course, on what sort of garments she wears for school or play—bloomer dresses, rompers, sun suits—and on how many of them are in the wash each week. Suppose she puts on a clean dress every afternoon, as many preschool children do, and wears it again next morning at play. Or, if she goes to school, she usually demands a fresh dress every morning, and unless she is an exceptionally careful child, this means a clean dress.

So there will probably be about seven little bloomer dresses or rompers in the weekly wash, barring accidents that may increase the number. There should be seven others to take their places while the first set is being done up, one or more extra ones for emer-

other necessary alterations made. Perhaps only four or five new garments are required at first. Others can be added as need arises and new fabrics are discovered in the stores. If cotton dresses are worn the year around, the winter outfit probably has long sleeves and high necks, so unless they are being fast outgrown it is a good idea to put them aside for new ones, rather than to alter them for hot weather wear. Obviously all new dresses should be made with a growth allowance in the hems, loose neck, wrist and leg bands, and plenty of fullness across the chest, so they can be worn as many seasons as possible. One consolation is that any of these little dresses can be made very inexpensively from attractive cotton wash prints, gingham, sateen, broadcloth, and other fascinating material found among the cotton dress goods.

The little girl's dress illustrated is a good type for a simple, quickly made dress to add to the supply as the season advances. It was designed by the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture and is made of percale. Small green figures form faint vertical lines in the material. White collar, cuffs, and pocket tops are used as trimming. As the bloomers are white with leg bands of the print, a short remnant might be utilized to make the dress.

The equestrian style shoulder is used. Extra front fullness is shirred onto it. Fullness in the back is gathered into the collar band. There is a front opening bound with a bias piece of material and closed with a single button. Care should be taken in cutting and sewing a striped or checked material to set pockets or other decorative features so that they seem to continue the stripes or squares in the design of the fabric, or contrast with it symmetrically, as when they are cut on the bias.

Apple Float Is Favored for Emergency Dessert

The telephone has rung—you are to have guests for dinner—and your previously planned dessert was just apple sauce. It's hardly "dressy" enough for those particular people, and besides, there is barely enough to serve the family without any company. You have but little time. What's to be done? Eggs are generally available. Make an apple float, suggests the bureau of home economics, out of 2 cups of apple sauce and 4 egg whites. Here's how:

1 cup thick apple sauce
4 egg whites

Sweeten the apple sauce to taste with white sugar, add a little salt, and set away to cool. Beat the egg whites very stiff, and fold the cold apple sauce into them. If desired add 2 or 3 teaspoonfuls of lemon juice, or sprinkle a little nutmeg or cinnamon on top.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(By 1929 Western Newspaper Union.)

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants in sap and leaf and wood,
In love of home and loyalty
And far-cast thought of civic good—
His blessings on the neighborhood.

Who in the hollow of his hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart, who plants a tree.
—Henry Culver Brunner.

DAINTY FOODS

Summer is with us and we enjoy the lighter, less rich and heavy desserts that were served during cold weather.

Maple Italian Cream.—Softened two tablespoonfuls of gelatin in one-fourth of a cupful of cold water; dissolve over hot water, add one cupful of thinly shaved maple sugar, and the slightly beaten yolks of three eggs; add two cupfuls of scalded milk to which the sugar has been added. Cook over hot water until the mixture coats a spoon.

Then add the gelatin. Chill, and as the mixture thickens fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Turn into a fluted mold and chill. Serve with fruit sauce or whipped and sweetened cream.

Antler's Tartine.—Roll a rich paste one-fourth inch thick and eight inches in diameter—there should be three rounds. Prick the surface of each with a fork and cut out the center of one piece, leaving a rim one and one-half inches wide. Bake a delicate brown on baking sheets. Arrange carefully on a round plate, cover with a cream filling, place the second round and spread with more cream, then place the rim and fill the center, heaping well with choice strawberries cut into halves. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve from the table.

Emergency Dessert.—Cut rounds of pound cake and arrange on chilled plates, heap on the cake two colors of ice cream, chocolate and vanilla or strawberry and vanilla.

Jelly roll cut into inch slices, with a rose of whipped cream and served very cold with a few spoonfuls of chopped marshmallows as a garnish, makes quick and good dessert.

Spanish Potatoes.—Boil potatoes as usual, drain and turn into a hot vegetable dish in which has been placed two or three tablespoonfuls of butter and the same amount of shredded onion, salt and cayenne pepper to season. Turn and chop into coarse pieces until all are well covered with the butter and onion. Serve with beef-steak.

A Few Choice Salads.

With fresh shrimps there is no way of serving them, pink, fresh and meaty, more simply than with a simple french dressing with a teaspoonful of worcestershire sauce added.

Serve in a nest of fresh, crisp lettuce, just off the ice.

Chicken Salad.—Cut cold boiled chicken into small cubes; put into a bowl and to each quart allow a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of lemon juice and a few dashes of white pepper. Mix and set aside to marinate until serving time. Cut two-thirds as much celery as chicken and allow to stand in a cold place. At serving time mix all together with a good mayonnaise. Serve on lettuce, garnish with olives, capers and sliced hard-boiled eggs.

Another Shrimp Salad.—Take two cupfuls of cooked shrimps (fresh if possible, canned will do), break into bits, add one cupful of diced celery, one-third of a cupful of sliced stuffed olives and cover with one-third of a cupful of french dressing. Chill for an hour, then add mayonnaise to taste. Serve on lettuce.

Monte Carlo Salad.—Take six slices of pineapple, one cream cheese, two tablespoonfuls of chili sauce, truffles, pimientos, paprika, french dressing and mayonnaise. Pour the french dressing with the paprika over the pineapple. Add the chili sauce to the cream cheese and form into balls the size of the hole in the pineapple slice. Arrange a ball in the center of each slice of pineapple which has been placed on lettuce on chilled plates. With scissors cut spades and clubs from the truffles and place one on each side of the slice. On the alternating space place hearts and diamonds cut from pimientos. Garnish sparingly with parsley. This is an unusually delightful salad to serve at a card party.

Waldorf Salad.—This is so well known and liked that it seems trite to mention it; however it is a good one to be recalled. Mix an equal quantity of chicken, diced, with tender celery, also diced; add one-half cupful of pecan nuts, a quart of the celery and chicken. Add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and a bit of olive oil, let stand until serving time then add mayonnaise and serve on lettuce. Season well before adding the french dressing with salt and white pepper.

Neenie Maxwell

Bakers of Long Ago

What is believed to be the world's earliest bakery was brought to light on the site of the ancient city of Jemdet Nasr by a research expedition to Mesopotamia. The remains consisted of clay mould ovens which are thought to have been built about 4,000 B. C.

Salt of the Earth

There are souls in the world that have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and of leaving it behind them when they go.—Faber.

FLASH THE LEAD DOG

By GEORGE MARSH

Copyright by The Press Publishing Company
WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

Up the wild waters of the unknown Yellow-Leg on a winter's hunt, Journey Brock McCain and Gaspard Lacroix, 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. A series of 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 lost and his dog Flash rescues him while his captors sleep. Gaspard believes these are the Indians who killed his father. Brock is rescued by a white man and a white woman and taken to a mission. Brock is rescued by a white man and a white woman and taken to a mission. Brock is rescued by a white man and a white woman and taken to a mission.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

In the morning, because of the better footing it gave the toiling husky, Brock took Gaspard's trail back to camp. At the head of the lake Brock's eyes widened in surprise as he stared at the tracks in front of him. Then, he moved swiftly into a clump of young spruce and waited, ears alert. A chickadee called, then the silence remained unbroken. Cautiously Brock walked down the trail to what had seemed him.

The story the snow told was easy to read. Some one had followed Gaspard's trail up to this point, where he had left it to travel a hundred yards to the right.

"What shall I do, Flash?" queried the puzzled youth. The trails were not fresh, that was evident. If Gaspard had been ambushed, it had been two days before. He was beyond help. If they had captured him, it was too late to overtake them now.

Finally Brock decided to take the trail to the cache, and return on Gaspard's trail with Flash loose. He would never again travel without his dog.

About five miles from the boys' camp, the tracks which overlay Gaspard's trail had joined it, leading from the lake. Worried for his partner's safety, Brock reached the camp to find it undisturbed and to meet a loud greeting from three ravenous dogs wired to trees.

Entering the tent now nearly buried in snow, Brock found a roll of the inner bark of a birch on which had been burned with a stick characters of the syllabic writing used by the Cree.

Taught the phonetic symbols as a boy by an old Cree at the post, Brock had often made use of this Indian shorthand and easily read the message:

"Twice I hunted far for your trail. Now I go to look for these people. I will come back in a few days, but if you are not here, then Gaspard Lacroix will go into the north to join his father."

"Good old Gaspard!" exclaimed the youth, his eyes blurred by moisture. "He looked for me after the snow buried my trail, and has given me up. He's not going back to Hungry House; he's going north to hunt them down."

Starting a fire in the tent stove to cook his supper, Brock lost no time in deciding on his next move. Gaspard had been gone at least two days. In the morning he would take Flash and all the grub he could easily carry in his pack and follow the trail. If they had captured his friend, the snow would tell the story—then what? He would wave a goodbye toward the south and those he held dear, at Hungry House, and follow Gaspard as his captors. And at the end, the boy promised himself, Flash and Brock McCain would show these renegades how a white boy and his dog could fight for his partner.

CHAPTER IX

The Return of the Lost

Thinking that Brock had decided to weather it out in his camp on the bank of the great barren, Gaspard waited for his return at the end of the northern—but Brock did not come. Puzzled, the half-breed went to the outlying camp of his friend, where, to his amazement, he found that Brock

had not spent the two days of the wind and snow. Where had he gone? Worried, Lacroix returned to camp. His partner had been caught, somewhere, while hunting. If he had meat, he would work his way home. But three days passed and Brock did not return. Gaspard circled far to the south and west, but found no fresh trail of the boy and dog he sought. Brock was a good hunter; he would not starve, and he wouldn't stay lost, he'd work north and home. Then the thought of how his father had vanished into these pitiless white hills chilled Gaspard's heart. Was he to lose Brock, his friend, also? Brock, whom he loved as a brother?

Sorrowfully, the half-breed returned to camp. The days went by and Brock did not return. At length, hope died, and Gaspard wrote the message which he felt the eyes of Brock would never read, and started on his man hunt.

To the rich catch of fur which they had hidden in their cache in the swamp, he gave no consideration. At Hungry House this fur would buy him much that he needed. But Hungry House had seen the last of Gaspard Lacroix. Brock was gone, and he had promised them he would bring him safely home in the spring. The spirit of his father called him—the father whose bones had lain unburied, the sport of bird and beast—whose death was as yet unavenged.

So, with food for a few days in his pack, he would return once more, then load his sled and take the team into the north. Gaspard started on a circle beyond the head of the lake.

He had passed the inlet—ten miles from camp, when, in a thick stand of young spruce, he turned sharply to the right and from the cover of a clump of seedlings, watched his back-trail. What sixth sense had given him the uneasy feeling that he was being followed, he could not explain. The morning was still, without wind, but he had heard no click of the bows, no creak of shoes on the snow dry as powder. But the stalker would have seen to that—he would have muffled the sound. No, if there was some one on his trail, he was far back.

Shivering with the intense cold which cut through his caribou-skin capote, the half-breed was fast becoming convinced that his premonition was false, when he suddenly stiffened where he lay. The barrel of his rifle slowly lifted as his right eye lined the sights. A hundred yards distant a hooded figure carrying a rifle, moved over the trail.

So they were hunting him again, were they? These people who had hunted his father? Well, before the snows fell in April he would give them their bellies full of this little game. The small eyes that followed the Indian trapper over the rifle sights glittered with hate. Slowly one closed. Again the right eye covered the approaching shape with the dead sight of the muzzle. A finger moved—and the soundless forest echoed with a splitting roar.

With a scream, the crouching shape on the trail lunged into the snow. From the thicket above which drifted a wispy of gray smoke, echoed the action of a rifle as the lever tossed aside an empty shell and pumped a cartridge into the barrel. Again, silence settled on the spruce. Slowly the snow beneath a sprawled leg of the crumpled figure reddened.

Then, cowering cautiously until he saw the gun of the would-be assassin lying where it had fallen, out of reach, Gaspard walked boldly to the unconscious Indian.

"Ah-hah!" he muttered. Then, first drawing the knife slung to the Cree's sash and tossing it away, Gaspard examined the wound. His shot had gone home. He had struck the thigh as he had intended, and the Cree had fainted from shock and pain.

Quickly the half-breed fashioned a tourniquet of the Cree's sash and bound the leg. Then, shortly, he had a fire going. Carrying the groaning man to the fire he laid him on a bed of boughs. But in spite of the tight bandage above the wound, to Gaspard's surprise the hemorrhage continued.

As the Cree became conscious of his surroundings, Gaspard forced hot tea down his throat. The stimulant did its work.

"You wish to live," rasped the youth, in the Cree language, "you talk with a single tongue."

Fear-shot eyes in the seamed features of the stricken Indian searched the cold face of the man who had outwitted him. Again Gaspard held the black tent to the gray lips.

"What you track me for—to kill or take me?" began the inquisitor. The Cree shut his eyes, but gave no answer.

"Where is your camp?" The menacing face of Lacroix approached the other's.

"Far from here, in the north."

"How many men and white men?"

"Many—eight, ten."

"Who is the chief—the boss?"

"A white man who came in a ship. He has a red beard."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bright lights make plants grow at night—especially wild oats.—Wall Street Journal.

Herring With "Onion" Proved Costly Snack

The popularity and high cost of Dutch bulbs in this country recalls a story about their introduction into Holland. Staid old Holland was as excited as the New York stock market on a busy day and rare bulbs brought in from the Far East for propagating, were bid up to sky high figures by the rival merchants.

Thus it happened that a sailor, having tipped a merchant about a valuable cargo just in from the Orient, was awarded a red herring for his trouble and as he left the store, noted a nice fat onion on the counter and took it along with him.

Sitting on a coil of rope at the dock a little later, he had just consumed his herring and onion when he was pounced upon by the irate merchant and a squad of Dutch police, for the onion taken by the unlucky sailor was not an onion but a Semper Augustus bulb, valued at \$1,500 American money. The sailor received a

Clear Thought Aided by Game of Solitaire

Solitaire may play an important part in the United States senate during the regime of Herbert Hoover.

For Senator Jim Watson, upon whose shoulders undoubtedly will fall Vice President Curtis' toga of majority floor leader, has worked out many of his problems in the past while going through the cards, and more than likely will continue to do so in the future.

Just as John Marshall was wont to turn to "Old Sol" when threading his way through a legal maze to a court decision, so may the new leader of the Republican forces guide the destiny of the administration through the many intricate stages of the senate by calm decisions arrived at while playing this game.

Solitaire is about the only form of recreation of the Indiana senator.

Winter or summer resorts never have him as a guest, for in the 12 years he has been in the senate he never has taken a vacation.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

Look for Kilauea to Become Active Again

Tremendous avalanches in the almost empty crater of Kilauea, Hawaii's "live volcano," again have given hope that "Madame Pele" might return to her traditional abode.

Pele is the goddess of volcanic fire, according to Hawaiian mythology. The pit of Kilauea has been almost bare of flowing lava for several years, though still smoking. Yet there are fire cracks all over a vast expanse of the Hawaii National park, surrounding the crater, and ample proof that red-hot lava is just beneath the surface.

The avalanches have sheared off large sections of the crater's edge, so that land where spectators and autos could stand only recently disappeared into a yawning pit more than 1,000 feet deep.

One large party of round-the-world "trippers" arrived at the volcano just in time to witness a mighty avalanche.

Lightning Got Busy

Albert Hunt tells a believe-it-or-not of a bolt of lightning at Hornell, N. Y. While he was seated in the kitchen of the Hunt home on the Hornell-Cornell road during an electric storm, a bolt of lightning hit the chimney and traveled downward, knocking the lids from the stove and lighting a fire that had been laid for the next morning. Paper and kindling, were burning briskly when the family investigated. They found no apparent damage to the chimney or the stove.

Serum Proves Worth

Investigators of the Antivenin Institute of America report that the snake bite serum has proved effective by reducing the death rate from snake bites 75 per cent during 1928. They say that 570 persons were bitten by poisonous snakes during the year, and of the 401 receiving the serum only 11 died, while 16 of the 169 victims not receiving the serum died.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Unique Organization

Negro butlers at the University of Georgia have organized the Silver King fraternity. Prerequisites for membership include butlership at a recognized Greek letter fraternity wearing only of clothes acquired from college men, and attendance at every football game played on the university grounds.

High Birth Rate

Palestine is one of the most prolific countries in the world. With its 534 births to 10,000 population in 1927, it exceeded Egypt's ratio of 428. Russia's 400, was three times as great as Sweden's and more than two and a half times that of England.

Army Cast-Offs Sold

The salvage division of the quartermaster corps of the United States army is estimated to have saved more than \$300,000,000 since April, 1918, by the sale of waste materials, such as metals, rubber, rags, bottles and hides.

Appearances

"What makes you think they are so poor?"

"Why, they can only keep up the payments on one car."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Disappointment

Mabel:—Why so sad, honey?

Leora:—That big sap that I was going to sue for breach of promise wants to marry me now!—Life.

What Memories!

If money really talked, an old time could tell some wild tales about what it used to buy.

The average man doesn't seem to worry much about the poverty of his neighbor.

About the best luck is for a man to own 100 acres around which a town grows up.

Dainty white dresses for baby or daughter made beautiful by Russ Ball Blue. Your Grocer has it.—Adv.

People who have a dozen things to worry about are contemptuous of those who only have one or two.

The high moral ground occupied by the hypocrite is a bluff.

It sometimes happens that genius is mistaken for common sense.

Who Wants to be Bald?

Not many, and when you are getting that way and losing hair, which ends in baldness, you want a good remedy that will stop falling hair, dandruff and grow hair on the bald head. BARE-TO-HAIR is what you want.

For Sale at All Dealers in Toilet Articles. Write for Information. Scottsdale, Penna.,

W. H. Forst, Mgr.

W. H. Forst, Mgr.

W. H. Forst, Mgr.

W. H. Forst, Mgr.

What Will you do



When your Children Cry for It

There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria! At least five million homes are never without it. If there are children in your family, there's almost daily need of its comfort. And any night you find your very thankful there's a bottle in the house. Just a few drops, and that colic or constipation is relieved; a baby remedy meant for young folks. Castoria is about the only thing you have ever heard doctors advise giving to infants. Stronger medicines are dangerous to a tiny baby, however harmless they may be to grown-ups. Good old Castoria! Remember the name, and remember to buy it. It may spare you a sleepless, anxious night. It is always ready, always safe to use; in emergencies, or for everyday ailments. Any hour of the day or night that baby becomes fretful, or restless, Castoria was never more popular with mothers than it is today. Every druggist has it.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

Dizzy/DR

Start thorough bowel action when you feel dizzy, headache, biliousness. Take **MATHEW'S REMEDY**—No Tablets, it's mild, safe, purely vegetable, and far better than ordinary laxatives. Keeps you feeling right. 25c.

For Sale at All Druggists

Mosquito Bites

HANFORD'S BALSAM OF MYRRH

Money back for first bottle if not satisfied. All dealers.

Not That Way

Country Policeman (at scene of murder)—You can't come in here. Clear out, or you'll be in trouble.

Reporter—But I've been sent to do the murder.

"Well, you're too late; the murder's been done."—Pearson's.

Betting—A fool's argument that is convincing only when you win.

A WOMAN'S HEAD is level and her judgment good when she puts her faith in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. There is no beauty without good health. Nobody expects to come really beautiful from the use of complexion beautifiers. Bright eyes, clear skin, and rosy cheeks, follow the use of the "Prescription." All dealers.

Every woman requires a tonic and nerve at some period of her life. Whether suffering from nervousness, dizziness, faintness or general debility, the "Prescription" benefits.

Mrs. Lorraine Condon, 2827 So. Yakima Ave., Tacoma, Wash., said: "I was all run down in health and my nerves were upset. Finally I began to take Dr. Pierce's Prescription and it proved very beneficial. I recommend it as a tonic and nerve."

What makes you think they are so poor?

"Why, they can only keep up the payments on one car."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Disappointment

Mabel:—Why so sad, honey?

Leora:—That big sap that I was going to sue for breach of promise wants to marry me now!—Life.

What Memories!

If money really talked, an old time could tell some wild tales about what it used to buy.

The average man doesn't seem to worry much about the poverty of his neighbor.

About the best luck is for a man to own 100 acres around which a town grows up.

Dainty white dresses for baby or daughter made beautiful by Russ Ball Blue. Your Grocer has it.—Adv.

People who have a dozen things to worry about are contemptuous of those who only have one or two.

The high moral ground occupied by the hypocrite is a bluff.

It sometimes happens that genius is mistaken for common sense.

Who Wants to be Bald?

Not many, and when you are getting that way and losing hair, which ends in baldness, you want a good remedy that will stop falling hair, dandruff and grow hair on the bald head. BARE-TO-HAIR is what you want.

For Sale at All Dealers in Toilet Articles. Write for Information. Scottsdale, Penna.,

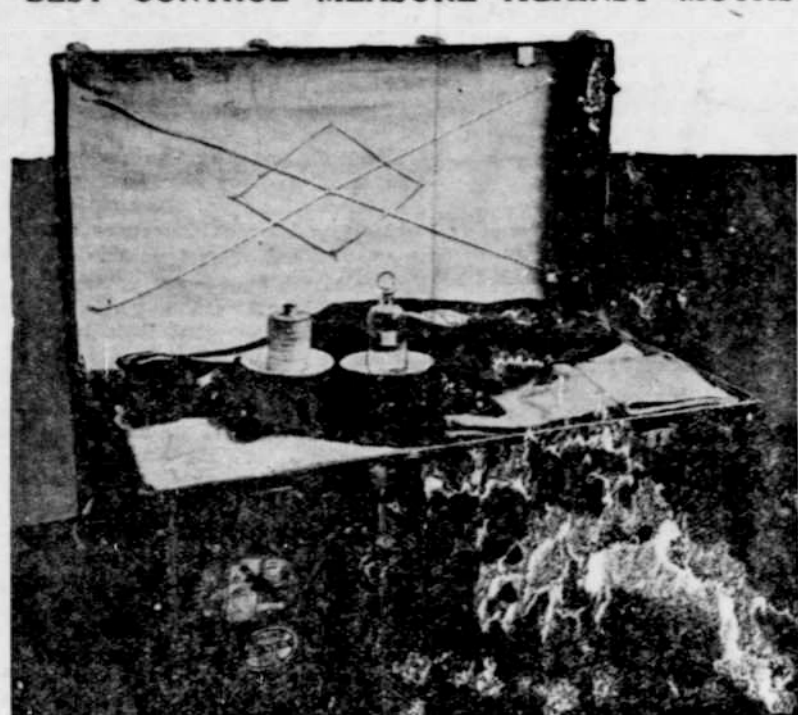
W. H. Forst, Mgr.

W. H. Forst, Mgr.

W. H. Forst, Mgr.

W. H. Forst, Mgr.

BEST CONTROL MEASURE AGAINST MOTHS



How a Trunk Is Fumigated Against Moths With Carbon Tetrachloride or Carbon Disulfide.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

"Eternal vigilance" on the part of the housewife is the first, last, and constant control measure to be employed against clothes moths. The bureau of entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture says in its Farmers' Bulletin No. 1353-F that it is possible to store the family woollens and blankets safely in a good tight trunk if about one pound of flake naphthalene or paradi-chlorobenzene crystals are used in each trunk or plain chest. A red cedar chest is an excellent storage container if used properly. But certain precautions must be observed before the clothes are put away, or you may pack up with them unobserved moth eggs that have been deposited by a parent insect that knows where to hide them, so that her offspring will have suitable food later on. The moth does not eat the fabrics; the culprit is the larva that hatches from moth egg.

Every woolen or fur garment you plan to store, and also blankets and rugs, should be thoroughly cleaned, to begin with; brushed, beaten, and, if possible, sunned. Dry cleaning free suits and coats and other articles from infestation, but as soon as they come from the cleaner or have been otherwise prepared, the clothes should be protected by being wrapped in paper or placed in tight trunks or chests or treated closets.