

Great Painter's Work Revealed by Accident

At Graz, Austria, Doctor Bienen-thal, government art expert, looking over an art exhibition, stopped before a large canvas depicting the ascension of the Virgin Mary into heaven. Something led him to examine it closely, and he discovered that the canvas bore two coats of paint. The outside coat was removed and beneath it was revealed a genuine Titoretto valued at \$500,000.

Practically the Same

Billy, the small son of a prominent doctor, was playing at his father's profession, walking up and down the street with a "pretend" medicine case in his hand and a very serious expression upon his face.

Man's Will Mystified

Why John Humphreys Plummer of Southampton, England, should leave practically all of his estate of approximately \$1,250,000 in trust for the endowment of chairs for modern scientific research at Cambridge university is mystifying his old friends.

Traced to Crusaders

The sword salute originated in the time of the Crusaders when the tilt of the sword was made in the form of a cross. Every Crusader kissed the cross as a seal of his purpose and faith and swore by the tilt of the sword, raising it to his lips for that purpose.

Gypsy Patteran

What is a patteran? It is usually composed of two small sticks, seldom longer than six inches apiece, and placed crosswise one on top of the other. The open triangles which these sticks form tell the tale which caravan will leave camp or pass a cross roads, without leaving a patteran behind.

Settled

How times have changed. Some years ago, in a foreign country, a young man borrowed some money. A week ago the same young man had occasion to take part in a radio program. Today he has a letter from a radio hood several thousand miles away, asking him for the money.



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Man Marries Grandmother

Marrriage of a grandson and his grandmother has just been reported from a village near Geneva, in the Province of Overijssel, Holland. This is how it happened: A man married a girl of twenty, whose mother was forty-five. By his first marriage this man had had a son and this son married the mother of his father's second wife.

Solitude

In our modern day, with the pace that our civilization tries to establish and to maintain, a great many people are made nervous by peace and solitude. Our speed of life is such that usually, when we seek repose, we make a mad dash for it. But solitude has a hand to still the pulse's leap, a voice to calm and reassure.

COOKING OMELETS IN VARIOUS WAYS

Secret of Success Is in Using Moderate, Even Heat.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) The secret of making a good omelet of any kind is the same secret that applies to all successful cooking of eggs and dishes in which eggs predominate: Cook slowly at moderate, even heat, says the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture.

To make a fluffy omelet for an average family use from four to six eggs. Add as many tablespoons of milk as you have eggs. If preferred, the milk may be heated. It will cook the yolks slightly when it is added hot and give the mixture a smoother consistency.



Turning the Omelet Out.

thickness added to four egg yolks will make a larger omelet with more body. Fold the yolk mixture gradually and carefully into the stiffly beaten whites containing the salt—one fourth teaspoonful of salt for each four eggs.

Turning the Omelet Out

The omelet can be cooked in three different ways, but in any case start it on top of the stove at moderate heat. If a small-sized gas or oil burner is used, move the pan about so that the omelet will cook around the edge at the same rate as in the center. As soon as the omelet has browned slightly on the bottom, place it in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) and bake for ten minutes. Or, continue the cooking on top of the stove until the mixture sets, and place under a low broiler flame for two or three minutes. Or, if preferred, cover the pan during the whole period and so cook the top of the omelet with steam. When the omelet is done crease it through the center, fold it over with a spatula, and roll it onto a hot platter without attempting to lift it from the pan. Pour over the omelet melted butter containing finely cut parsley and serve at once.

the omelet in the pan and turn it out onto a hot platter. Omelets with different names are simply variations of plain omelets made by adding chopped ingredients to the egg mixture before it is cooked or spread over half of the cooked omelet before it is folded and turned onto the platter. Chopped fried ham or bacon, grated cheese, or a cooked vegetable such as peas, mushrooms or asparagus, or a combination of chopped onion, green pepper, celery and parsley delicately fried in butter are some suggestions for variations of plain omelet. Sweet omelets spread with jelly and containing sugar in the egg mixture, are sometimes served for dessert.

SUMMER SQUASH OF DELICATE FLAVOR

Especially Delicious When Seasoned With Butter.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) Young, tender, summer squash, be it yellow or white and called crook neck or cymling, is of delicate flavor especially when seasoned liberally with butter before serving. It need not be watery if properly cooked.

Below are two recipes from the bureau of home economics for preparing summer squash. Summer squash may also be sliced, dipped in flour or egg and bread crumbs, and fried as eggplant is fried, or baked, or steamed in a regular steamer or a colander over hot water. When cooked in any of these ways without added water the full flavor of the squash is retained and the texture is more satisfactory to many people than when the squash is boiled, drained, and served mashed.

Casserole Squash. 2 quarts diced summer squash, 1 cup butter, 1/2 cup salt, 1/2 tsp. pepper.

Select young, tender, summer squash, wash, cut into small cubes put into a greased baking dish, sea son with salt and pepper and sprinkle the buttered crumbs on top. Put on the cover of the dish and cook in a moderate oven for about one hour.

Panned Squash. 1 1/2 quarts diced summer squash, 1/2 cup salt, 1/2 tsp. pepper, 1/4 cup butter.

Select young, tender squash wash well, and remove the tips from each end. Dice the squash in 1/4 inch pieces, leaving the skin on unless it is very tough. Melt the butter in a skillet until slightly brown, put in the squash, sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover and cook for ten or fifteen minutes at medium heat. Remove the cover and cook a little longer for the liquid to evaporate. Serve hot.

Joy of Feeling Fit

The joy of feeling fit physically is reflected in a clearer and more useful mind. You may read and study forever, but you come to no more important truthful conclusions than these two: 1. Take care of your body (eat and exercise properly), and your mind will improve. 2. Work hard, and be polite and fair, and your condition in the world will improve.

FRUIT AND OTHER NICE SUNDAES AT HOME



Ice Cream Makes Fine Foundation for Sundaes.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) The children enjoy pretending they are having something at home that has first been sampled elsewhere. The idea of a "sundae" at home suggests all the joys of the soda fountain with none of the distraction of nearby trays of candy and chewing gum. French vanilla or custard ice cream is particularly good as a foundation for any sort of fruit "sundae," with sweetened crushed fresh fruit served over it, such as strawberries, raspberries or fresh peaches, according to the season. Chocolate or butterscotch sauce, maple sirup or honey may also be used with french vanilla ice cream or sundaes. This is a good ice cream, too, to serve with pies "a la mode," which means simply pie with a dip of vanilla ice cream on top. It can be used with sponge cake to make an

HOUSEHOLD NOTES

Every bedroom should have cross-ventilation. Leave the screen attic windows open to help keep the house cool. To save time in making custards, scald the milk before adding it to the egg. Keep the ice compartments in the refrigerator well filled with ice and

nothing else to save foods from spoiling. Lukewarm water, rapid washing and drying, may keep colored materials from running. Serve small enough portions of food to the child so that he can finish the whole amount. A wide shallow kettle which allows for rapid evaporation is best for cooking preserves, jams and marmalades.



Copyright by The Penn Publishing Company WNU Service CHAPTER XII—Continued

"When they come, I won't be here!" Brock rasped through his teeth. Straight back into the thick spruce he forced the ragging and bewildered dogs. Reaching good cover, he halted, holding the dogs by their power alone.

Then, suddenly from the direction of the river rose the brittle yelps of Silt-Kar and Kona. They had found the Crees! A rifle crashed—then another.

With a sob, Brock muttered: "If they've shot 'em! They'll pay for it—pay for it!" His wrists were raw with the plunging of the maddened huskies fast getting out of hand, when he caught a fleeting glimpse of a dark patch moving through the scrub. Loosing the dogs, Brock fired. The dark spot in the distance vanished. Pumping a shell into the chamber of his 30-30, he cautiously advanced, while the great Ungavars roared ahead through the forest to the succor of their comrades.

Brock found the trail of the Indian leading out to the river. He heard muffled. Where was Gaspard? Had he heard the firing? Where was he coming? Where was Gaspard?

Free of his dogs, Brock started a counter stalk of the men hunting him. Eyes strained, nerves taut, with cocked rifle he followed the trail. Again rifles crashed ahead of him, above the yelps of Flash and Yellow-Eye—and again "They're shooting the dogs!"

Then Brock McCain reached the battle in the bush. With a sob, he saw, through an opening fifty yards away, a great yellow-and-white body stretched on the snow. "Yellow-Eye! They've got Yellow-Eye!" choked the boy, as he ran, searching the scrub for the smoke of a rifle.

With his rifle covering his advance, Brock approached to where the great dog lay stretched in the snow, head on forehead. Then the roving eyes of the boy saw a hooded figure swing from the branches of a spruce to the snow, a grimace of satisfaction wrinkling his smart face.

Dropping on a knee, Brock lined his sights as a knife flashed from the Cree's sash and the killer of the king dog leaned over the motionless shape. Then, as his forefinger curled on the trigger of his 30-30, Brock gasped. Up from the snow lunged the yellow and-white shape. The great tusks snapped on the exposed throat of the man bent forward. With a muffled snarl the mighty Ungava bore the Indian to the snow beneath him. Once—twice, the long fangs ripped and tore at the Jugular of the stricken Cree whose knife slipped from nerveless fingers.

The staring eyes of the thrilled youth saw the massive head of Yellow-Eye lift from the mutilated shape. His jaws opened. A hoarse rumble vibrated in the deep throat. Then the great head fell limp on the snow. Standing over him, Brock's eyes saw a great wound in the Ungava's side from which blood welled out to crimson the snow.

Dumbless in death, as in life, Yellow-Eye had joined his fathers—"They'll pay for this, boy—pay!" sobbed the lad as he hurried on in search of Flash. Somewhat, he beating through the bush, Brock heard the voice of his dog. Cautiously now his eye swept the trees for a snipser. Then he struck a trail which led toward the river.

Dodging from clump to clump of young growth, he followed. Suddenly a rifle cracked, and, swaying for an instant on his feet as his consciousness faded, Brock slowly crumpled in the snow.

From a thicket twenty yards on he bank rose a low grunt of satisfaction. A hooded shape pushed aside the spruce seedlings and approached the huddled mass on the snow. The sprawled figure did not move.

The Cree swiftly advanced. As he moved the hammer of his rifle clicked as his thumb cocked it. He raised the gun, to shoot again the one already stricken when a movement in the scrub behind him drew his eyes. Through the air catapulted one hundred and forty pounds of gray dynamite to strike the surprised Indian and hurl him to the snow, as he wind tossed a leaf. With a scream the Cree reached for his knife as the white fangs of Flash dashed again and again in demoniacal fury for he had scented his master and was seeking him, when he reached them.

Frenzied with battle-lust, the great beast lapped and tore at the throat of the helpless man. Then, leaving the stiffening body, crawled, whimpering to the silent master he lay dead.

***** Wonderful Is Effect of Mind Over Matter ***** Autosuggestion is a powerful force. Several times I have seen people grow colder immediately when they found no heat in a radiator after touching it when, in fact, they had been fairly comfortable before that discovery. Likewise, I have been comfortable in a room myself until I discovered that all the windows were closed tight. It was too hot to do anything until I had opened one or two of them.

All this reminds me of a story that perhaps many of you have heard. It is about a novelist who while describing in one of his stories an Arctic snowstorm grew about as cold as the make-believe characters who were fighting the blizzard. It was in the middle of summer, but he was so cold that he built a fire in the grate to warm his room.

Nuzzling the hood back from Brock's forehead, Flash flicked at the red fur row across a temple, his black nose trills quivering in a low whine. But the gray-faced master made no response. The dog worked off a mitten and covered the limp hand with the caresses of a hot tongue. But the fingers did not move in answer. Then smiling long at the inert body, Flash sat down and pointing his nose at the sky, waited out his despair and his grief.

After a space, the dog repeated his attempts to arouse the man he worshipped. Then, as if he knew that Brock had left him, lay close to the still shape, his head on the chest slant eyes closed to slits, as he breathed his sorrow in low, quivering whimpers.

Later, the guardian of the dead suddenly rose, baring his great fangs in a warning snarl. Wide-eyed with fear, Gaspard found them.

"Brock! He's hurt, Flash!" With a side glance at the body of the Indian in the snow, Gaspard hurried to his stricken friend, his gray face set with anxiety. But the halcyon of Flash quietly barred his way.

"What do trouble, Flash? You 'fink Gaspard hurt Brock?" And the half-breed stared apprehensively over the barrier of Flash's intervening bulk at the furrow in the forehead of the body in the snow. Offering no violence, with no rumble of hostility, Flash stood stoically on guard, refusing to share the beloved body.

Gaspard was in a quandary. It was clear Brock had been shot in the head—how badly he could not tell. There was the path of the bullet across the temple. He must lift it to his heart! And there stood Flash, barring the way—Flash who had given his love and allegiance to one man, forever.

Sitting down on the snow, Gaspard began to talk and crouch to the dog whose heart lay with the still figure he guarded. For a long space the dog ignored him, but, in the end, with rumbling protest, suffered the friend of Brock to touch the still shape.

Then the eager ears of the half-breed listened at Brock's chest. Yes, the heart was beating! The gong in the temple had not fractured the skull.

Swiftly building a fire, Gaspard returned from the river with a young Cree, his prisoner, whose hands were bound behind him with thong. And with them came Silt-Kar and Kona, whose white shoulder was smeared red from a dead wound.

Leaving the Cree at the fire, Gaspard found the loaded sled on the shore, and brought it to the fire with the aid of the two dogs, while Flash stood guard beside his master.

Shortly Brock was wrapped in blankets in a bough bed, beside the roaring fire fed by the Cree, whom Gaspard had released from his thongs. In an hour the laboring half-breed had revived the circulation in Brock's inert body. Later, the boy, suffering from a slight concussion, opened his eyes and swallowed the steaming cup of tea offered him. With a groan of relief Gaspard cried:

"Brock, you know me, Brock? Gaspard fix you all right, old partner? It cves all right now! He shoot close-dart Cree, but old Flash get here!"

As returning consciousness lit Brock's eyes, the hot tongue of the friend who had mourned him touched his cheek. Then with a throat rumble of contentment, the guardian of the sleeping Brock settled back, head on paws, for his watch through the night.

The stars still blinked dimly above the camp on the carajon and the violet dusk hung in the spruce, when the silence of the still sleeping forest was marred by a long wail. Then a second voice, joyful the first, and in chorus, a mournful, tremulously lifted on the freezing air. Shortly, out near the shore, other voices joined the two back in the timber.

"What dey do dat for?" queried Gaspard, standing near the breakfast fire. "Stop, Flash! You bodder Brock!" ordered the youth, but with nose pointed at the dim stars over head, the great husky added his lam entations to those of his comrades.

"Unless two out dere; where cves Yellow-Eye?" muttered the half-breed, tilted head listening to the familiar voices of Silt-Kar and Kona. "Hey you, Yellow-Eye!" he called.

But the yelp of the king-dog would never again answer the voice of Gaspard.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How Rashes do Itch! BATHER them freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry gently, and apply Cuticura Ointment. It is surprising how quickly the irritation and itching stop and after a few treatments the rash disappears. There is nothing better for all forms of skin troubles.

Study of Volcanology Life Work of Doctor • Volcanology is a "new science"—no longer a part of geology, says the man who is regarded as the greatest living authority on the volcano of Kiluea, Island of Hawaii, and possibly the greatest in the world. Dr. Thomas A. Jaggar, head of the Hawaiian Volcano observatory, says that volcanology is the forerunner of other sciences based on humanness and conservation. He himself has devoted nearly 20 years to the study of the volcano of Kiluea and other craters in the islands, and has virtually given up his life to this interest. He suggests, as a possible new science, on the line indicated, "thuiology"—the study of river flows, instancing the Mississippi river disasters and the need for studying their causes and obviating future catastrophes. Doctor Jaggar recently announced that Dr. Howard Powers, of Harvard, and Prof. Chester Wentworth, of St. Louis university, will go to Hawaii to study island volcanoes. Doctor Powers will make a close study of lava flows. Professor Wentworth is going particularly to investigate the origin of the yellow ash, which is prevalent in one of the districts of the island of Hawaii below the giant volcanic mountains.

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For Foot Rot in Sheep and Fovls in Hoofs of Cattle HANFORD'S BALSAM OF MYRRH Many look for Red hotte if not sold. All dealers. Can Say Anything "Am I the first girl you ever kissed?" "I'll say you are." "Yes, but am I?"

Must Go Together Capacity without education is deplorable, and education without capacity is thrown away.—Saadi. In the island of Jersey cabbage grow taller than a man's head, and the long stalks are dried and polished and sold to tourists for walking sticks. A good deal of preaching at people is due to inability to think about their case. Ancient civilizations had neither potatoes nor sugar and they didn't get very far. A man may be as much a fool from the want of sensibility as the want of sense.—Mrs. Jackson. We enjoy ourselves only in our work, our doing; and our best doing is our best enjoyment.—Jacobi. To be poor is no disgrace—provided no one knows it.

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