

## Show the children how to like vegetables

The appetizing wonder of a dash of sugar added to the water while cooking



A NEW way has been discovered by four famous cooking authorities to help children like the healthful vegetables. "Children as a rule," say these experts, "do not like vegetables. Especially carrots and spinach, so rich in vitamins and so healthful. A dash of granulated sugar added to the water in which these vegetables are cooked, makes an entirely different and more appealing thing of them."

These experts point out that the addition of sugar in correct amounts, and the use of only a little water in cooking, enhances and develops the piquant vegetable flavors. Sugar adds a freshness of flavor both to vegetables that are slightly wilted and to canned vegetables, and it increases the food value of the vegetables. Just try these two new recipes and notice what a difference in flavor the sugar makes.

**BUTTERED CARROTS**—Cook five or six medium-size carrots tender in boiling water to which a dash of sugar has been added. Slice and reheat in a pan with 2 teaspoons of butter, 1 level tablespoon sugar, pepper and salt. Let the carrots simmer 10 minutes in this butter dressing.

The wonderful thing about sugar as a flavorer is that it makes food so tasty and delicious that children and adults will eat enough. Use a dash of sugar in cooking most vegetables, fruits and meats. Most foods are more delicious and nourishing with sugar. The Sugar Institute.

## WILLIAMS CREEK PLANS PROGRAM CHILDREN'S DAY

WILLIAMS CREEK, Ore., June 7.—(Special.) The Williams Union Sunday school will observe Children's day Sunday, June 9. Sunday school at 10 a. m. After Sunday school all will go to the Methodist church, where Rev. Philip Heetehy will preach. After preaching a basket dinner will be served under the trees. In the afternoon the children will furnish a program. The Brethren Sunday school and the Provoit Sunday school have been invited to be present and take part in the exercises. All are cordially invited.

Miss Wilma Sparlin was a dinner guest and spent the afternoon with Mrs. C. W. Roberts Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Sparlin moved to Ashland last week. Al Jones, who was seriously ill with heart trouble at the home of his brother, George Jones, in Grants Pass last week, is sufficiently recovered to be able to be brought home but is still in a very weak condition.

There was an all-day meeting at the Brethren church on Williams creek Sunday, June 2. Representatives from the Brethren churches at Ashland, Talent and Grants Pass were present. A basket dinner was served at noon. In the afternoon the young people's meeting was held.

Jack Frost was at his pranks Saturday night and left the gardeners hanging their heads in dismay Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Sweeney of Medford were dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kradel Sunday.

Mrs. W. C. Fixley and Mrs. Orrin Ellis were hostesses at the bridal shower given for Mrs. Axel Blodgett, at the home of Mrs. Fixley Wednesday. There were about 30 present despite the rain. Mrs. Blodgett received many useful and beautiful presents.

The Provoit Ladies' club met Thursday of this week with Mrs. Anna Knutson of Thompson Creek.

A. L. Blodgett is on the sick list again this week.

The Williams Ladies' club will meet next Wednesday, June 12, with Mrs. Bert Bigelow in Grants Pass.

## GOLD BULLETS

by Charles G. Booth

SYNOPSIS: One night, 30 years before, Alex Peterson ended his picturesque career to become said Andrew Ogden. Ogden's son, Jerry, is retelling his father's story of that night of horror. Peterson's younger brother, also named Jerry, had been sentenced to hang by a miners' trial. He admits robbing Joe Lundy's safe. Peterson defies the mob, locks his brother in the Two Brothers mine and wins a delay until morning. Accepting Lundy's invitation to play poker, Peterson senses Lundy's diabolical plan to gamble for the life of Jerry. With gripping intensity the game moves toward its climax.

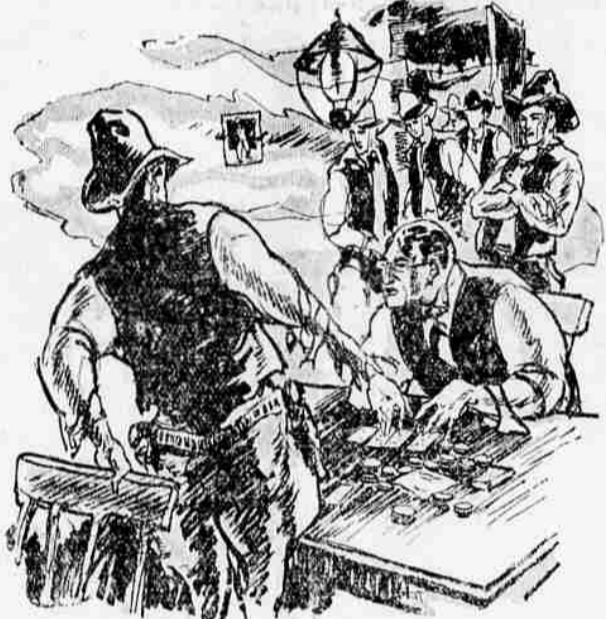
CHAPTER 38.  
A Human Life at Stake.

The drama of the weird situation held us in motionless attention. Jerry, visibly affected, continued in a hushed tone.

"Lundy sat with his shoulders hunched up and his cards held close to his eyes. His eyes leaped from his own hand to the back of Dad's; his lips twitched, grinning, and he moistened them with the tip of his tongue. The men behind Dad seemed to have stopped breathing, so dead still was the room, yet Dad said the air quivered like a string. Somebody behind him whispered:

"Bet, yuh fool!"

"It seemed to ease the tension for a moment and Richey slid forward a stack of blues. Dad measured it with a couple more. MacCoy scratched his chin, thinking, then he matched the three blue stacks with another three. It was



Lundy spread his hand slowly—a card at a time—a straight flush! now Lundy's bet. His hunched-up shoulders almost paralleled the sides of his head and he blinked owlishly at Dad, who was trying to fathom his expression. Lundy mustered something to himself, then he suddenly raised MacCoy a stack of blues.

"Richey shinned his cards, hesitated, made a rapid calculation, and measured Lundy's four stacks with five. Dad saw the bet and raised it two stacks of blues. MacCoy dropped out.

"Lundy blinked at Dad, peered at his cards, goggled at Dad a g a n, then shoved forward every chip, blue, red and white he had left. Richey measured Lundy's bet, stack for stack, and raised it by another. The bet was Dad's again.

"He knew instinctively that this was to be the final hand and for the first time since he had picked up the fourth queen he felt afraid. He wouldn't have minded if only the half million or so he was worth were at stake—but this was different. Jerry—his own flesh and blood—waiting with a noose hanging over his head—the living stake—it was chance. But what else could he do? This was the only way and he had taken it. His head was buzzing like a mill saw. The room stank of those desert rats at the door! He got himself in hand again. Sit tight! That was it.

"Dad then pushed forward all his chips, topping Richey's bet by some \$4,000.

"Lundy's eyes were like points of frozen light. Dad said. He grabbed a writing pad off the desk and scribbled an I O U for \$10,000. Richey reached for the pad. Then he stopped. 'No,' he muttered. 'I'm out.'

"Lundy looked at Dad. Everybody looked at him. Dad thought he caught a gleam of mockery in Lundy's eyes. Dad said he'd have given \$100 for a drink of cold water. Lundy was sitting the pad to and fro on the table, blinking at Dad like some beastly prowling thing. All at once, Dad seized the pad, wrote an IOU for \$20,000 and shoved it on top of the others.

"Lundy grunted, calculated, or pretended to, and wrote again. The I O U was for \$40,000.

"Dad wrote another for \$60,000. 'You couldn't hear the drawing of a breath now,' Dad said. The room was like a death house. Lundy wrote an I O U for \$100,000.

"Dad said he forgot the atinking heat, Richey, MacCoy, the jam at the door. He only saw Lundy's fist, the backs of his five cards, the blinking eyes behind them. . . . and beyond, a white-faced boy in a dark tunic. He was asking himself if the devil or chance had given Lundy the four kings or the rare straight flush. He pulled himself up. Lundy was probably betting on a full house. He'd stick by his queens.

"There was a quarter of a million in the pot. A \$150,000 or so of it was Lundy's and \$90,000 was Dad's; the remainder had been MacCoy's or Richey's. Dad calculated swiftly. At that time he had available about \$300,000, so he could bet another \$210,000. He thought about it for a moment longer, then he wrote a check on his Los Angeles bank for \$300,000, payable to Joe Lundy. Tearing up his I O U's, he slid the check under one of the stacks of blues.

"Lundy breathed gustily, took off his glasses, and wiped his face with a dirty handkerchief. Putting his glasses on again, he whipped out a checkbook and scribbled a check for \$300,000, payable to Dad, then he burned his I O U's and scribbled on the pad. Tearing off the sheet, he pushed it, with the check, under one of the stacks of blues, but in such a position that Dad read it easily. Lundy had written: Jerry Peterson goes free.

JOE LUNDY.

"It'll cost yuh the Two Brothers to call me," Lundy whispered. "Dad said he had known it was coming, just as he had known it was Lundy's mad ambition to ruin him that had driven him to propose this crazy game. He wondered if the thing were real or if he weren't going mad. And then he saw that dark tunnel again and a white-faced kid listening and waiting, and he knew it was real. . . . Had Lundy the four kings or the straight flush? The possibility of his having the one or the other racked Dad horribly for a moment, then he shoved it to the back of his mind and grabbing the pad wrote a transfer of the mine property in Lundy's favor.

"That'll stick in any court," he said, tossing it over.

"A gasp of admiration broke from the men at the door. Dad said it came to him in a twinkling, then, that the issue had been presented to the crowd in the proper sporting light and that if he'd won

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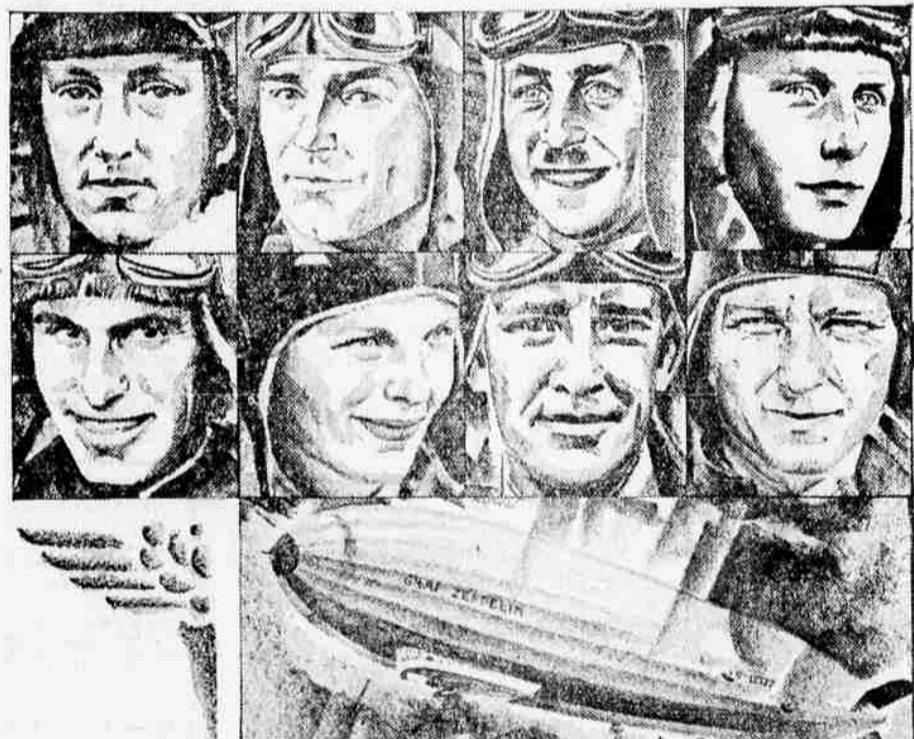
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## PORTLAND POPULATION PLACED AT 368,810

PORTLAND, Ore., June 7.—(AP)—The 1929 Polk's city directory, issued yesterday, places the population of Portland within the city limits at 368,810. This represented an increase of 7819 over 1928. The rate of increase was about the same as for the previous year, the directory announcement said.

The Portland metropolitan district has a population of 395,362, an increase of 8827 over 1928.

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