

# RANCH MYSTERY

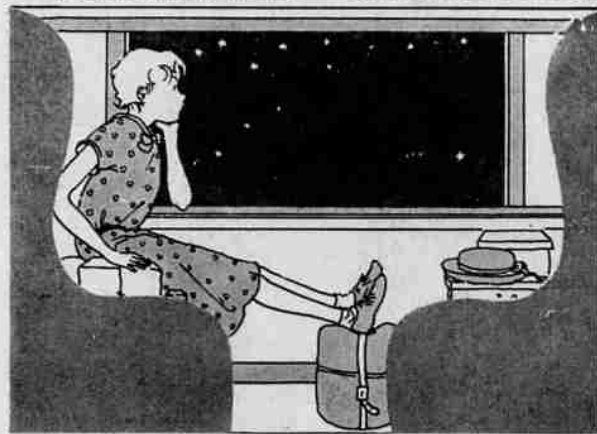
A STORY FOR CHILDREN

By Paula Norton

Beth was thirteen years old and the daughter of a widow. Her home was in Illinois. She was not a very strong girl; so her mother sent her out to live for six months on a Nevada cattle ranch. Beth had never been away from home and had never seen her uncle. When she got off the train late in the evening, there was no one at the lonely little station to meet her. Why?

## Chapter 2

At first Beth couldn't believe it was possible that her uncle was not there to welcome her. Slowly she walked to the dark



Beth's thoughts strayed back to her train journey.

door of the station. The door was locked. Perhaps there was someone asleep inside. She knocked, timidly at first; then as she became more afraid, she knocked loud and hard. Only the hollow echo came back to her.

She turned and looked into the open country. There were the faint tracks of a wagon road leading away from the station but no sign of any light anywhere. Only the tin sign shone faintly in the pale moonlight as it creaked back and forth with the wind.

Beth knew she was afraid, and she wished with all her pounding heart that she were back on that warm lighted train, or better still, at home in Illinois.

Luckily it was not a cold night, though the girl shivered a little, but that was because she... well, she just felt shivery.

Perhaps her uncle had not gotten her mother's telegram. Well, no doubt he would come soon. Back and forth she paced on the loose boards of the station platform. But soon she was tired—tired with walking, tired with trying to find a light or a sound that would bring someone to take her to a warm room and friendly faces.

Finally she gathered her bundles together and stacked them against the door of the depot. Then she sat down to wait. What else was there to do?

Slowly, her tired, worried head dropped forward. Slowly her body slipped down on the bundles and... she was asleep.

While she slept, Beth dreamed about the long ride on the train. In the dream the train seemed cold and draughty, and she shifted restlessly on her luggage. The moon slipped down the sky and was gone. The night was very black, but still no one came for the traveler.

Just as the grey mist of dawn crept into the far low hills the sound of running horses grew out of the distance. Louder and more distinct the clatter fell upon the ears of the sleeping girl. She stirred and sat up.

Was she still dreaming, and what new dream was this? What was the noise? Where was she? Then suddenly Beth remembered. But she did not stand up, at the sound of the horses hurrying toward her. She only pulled her thin coat the tighter around her slim shoulders and waited.

The day was light now, and her tired eyes could distinguish two horses far down the dirt road. Then, in a cloud of yellow dust they were suddenly there before her. Two horses ridden by two boys. The cousins!

"Gee!" was the greeting from both of them. They were off the

horses now and standing in embarrassed attitudes before her.

One of them was as tall as Beth, round of face and with a lock of coal black hair falling across his smiling face. The other boy was a little younger, with fair hair and a freckled nose. He was the first to speak.

"We're mighty sorry you had to wait here all alone all night. And we were sure worried about you when we remembered. But you see we had trouble on the ranch last even' and well, well..." then he was interrupted by the other boy.

"Gee, Ron, you always talk too

much. Whatcha tryin' to do, scare her?"

Beth stood up now, and her tired eyes widened. Slowly she walked across the platform toward the boys.

"What do you mean by trouble?" she said, her voice low and steady. Ron did not look at his brother for he was sure he would give him the look that meant he was "talking too much." But heck, she would know later; so she might as well know sooner.

"Well, last night rustlers stole two of Dad's best saddle horses right out of our corral and..." he hurried over the rest, "when Dad went out at the noise, one of 'em shot him."

Beth jumped and looked around her. What on earth kind of place was this? The older boy shoved Ron aside in disgust. "Now you've done it, Chief Loud Speaker. You've scared her. Don't worry," he turned back to Beth, "he isn't hurt very bad. Get up on my horse. He can take your stuff on with him," and he nodded to the guilty-faced Ron.

Beth had heard their names before; so she knew this dark one must be Tim. She stepped bravely up to the stirrup, and Tim helped her up to the saddle. How high above the ground she seemed. She felt dizzy with the suddenness of things. What a strange country she had come to live in. She wanted to know more about the "trouble," and she was a little frightened, too.

Tim turned the pony about and started down the dusty road, the road that had meant safety to Beth last night.

(Continued Next Week)

## Kitchen Technique

by Virginia Ross

Ever try Southern Ham Biscuits for an informal evening party. Sunday supper or late company breakfast? These turn out to be good-sized, crisp, crunchy baking-powder biscuits split, put together with butter and thin slices of hot broiled or fried ham spread with a trace of mustard.

After washing brushes, turn face down on bristles. Never turn bristles up. The water will soak into the holes in back of brush and rot the bristles.

Powdered parsley is attractive sprinkled over broiled fish, a rice loaf, steamed carrots, creamed vegetables, plain boiled potatoes and egg dishes.

A muslin bag is best for drying bread; made with an open flap and hung inside the pantry, it is ready for all leftover bits of bread.

Chocolate stains may be removed by sprinkling with borax and washing in cold water.

Know how to change a soup into a meal? Just put a slice of bread fried in butter in each soup plate, top with a poached egg and then pour in the soup. Any thin meat or vegetable soup is suitable.

# FASHION TIPS

By MISCHA

Authority on Women's Attire

THESE fashion hints are for the purpose of aiding the woman who is sincerely interested in her personal appearance. Authenticity is the keynote of all suggestions made, and if followed weekly each woman will derive true knowledge, enabling her to dress well according to her own particular type.

All women who are interested in being smartly dressed will first make a careful study of their build, and second, of their coloring. In this way they will be enabled to make the most of their good points and will divert attention from their less flattering qualities.

If the woman is inclined toward heaviness, intelligent use of lines will do much to create the illusion of a slender figure. This use of line holds true for the face as well as the figure.

As one advances in years, dignity of appearance becomes an outstanding source of pleasure. Not only is this true of the individual concerned but also of her daily social contacts. Maturity contributes a great wealth of charm in its gift of silver-gray hair. Scrupulously groomed gray hair softens the lines of the face and adds much to the general appearance of the matron.

The woman who is thin may call to her aid the magic worked by the use of certain colors. By avoiding tones which are harsh or intense and confining herself to the soft colors, she will give



Lame is a popular and chic favorite again this season. Inspiration of treatment is displayed in this gown of pale green lame, with its added crossover touch employing black velvet.



Sophistication is the keynote of this early spring suit. It is the possessor of slenderizing lines coupled with an individual sleeve which adds much to its stunning appeal. The final note of smartness is found in its furry Ascot tie and flashing buttons with matching buckle.

the appearance of having a more plump, curved figure. She should always refrain from black, due to the slenderizing effect it tends to produce.

Softly curving and caressing garments rather than the stiffly tailored styles are the most flattering for the mature, motherly woman. She is a consistent, unchanging type in the realm of women's dress.

On many occasions the use of colors will go infinitely further than the spoken word in the attainment of the desired effect. Generally speaking, the light colors are attributed as being the possessions of youth. Bequeathed to maturity are the dark tones and deeper rich tones.

Primary colors—red, yellow, blue.

Neutrals—gray, black, white. Warm colors—yellow, orange, red.

Cool colors—green, blue, violet.

The brunette has a wide range of colors from which to choose, all of which are flattering to her individual type. Yellow is a most suitable choice for the brunette type. If her skin is pale olive or clear and the hair brown or black, eyes brown, gray or blue, red orange or blue are most becoming. Also cream-white, blue-green, light or dark tan and dark green.

This type should avoid yellow-green, blue-purple and pastel tints.

If her skin is imperfect, she will do well to refrain from using yellow or black, since these shades have a tendency to center attention on the face.

## NURSE CLARA

When Clara Barton was a little girl her brother fell and was hurt. Clara nursed him for a long time, and it just seemed that she was born for nursing. During the Civil War she worked among the wounded and helped during the dying. In Europe during the Franco-Prussian War she came in contact with the International Red Cross and came home and started the Red Cross of America.

## BITING HOPPER

There is a grasshopper called the Delectious and that name comes from the Greek word "delectos," which means biting. Remember this, if you ever decide to pet a white-faced Delectious, they bite.

## NON-FLYING BIRDS

Perhaps you know that Penguins are birds that cannot fly. They have little short wings and use them like paddles when they swim. These are birds of the Antarctic and are fond of diving and swimming in the icy waters of that region.

## HEAD COLDS

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## A Baby For You?

If you are denied the blessing of a baby all your own and yearn for a baby's arms and a baby's smile do not give up hope. Just write to confidence to Mrs. Mildred Owen, Dept. K, 310 Hagan Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and she will tell you about a simple home method that helped her after being denied 15 years. Many others say this has helped them in their lives. Write now and try for this wonderful happiness.

# Little Touches Mean Much To the Tired Dinner Plate

Gain Distinction with Gay Tricks

By VIRGINIA ROSS

Home Economics Editor

ALONG about this time of year I begin to fall back on garnishes. Not that we don't use them the year through, but with our forced post-holiday economy, even more than ever, they come to our rescue.

Garnishes—"such little things to mean so much"—the slice 'o beet on the tired dinner plate, the bit of scarlet and green against the drabness of the platter of hash.

To garnish, as you may know, is to add the artistry to cooking, the adventure to eating. The word "garnishing," if we know our Webster—has two meanings. To "dress" or to "garnish" a dish with sprigs of green—as garnishing a roast of beef with parsley—or the less recognized meaning—but to me, even more important—"the embellishing of foods with some other food—for a relish." In this case the garnish often constitutes part of the meal, as cole slaw in lettuce nests, served on a platter of cold meat cuts.

The handiest, perhaps, of garnishes is your can of paprika—gay and vivid as the scarlet wisp of an evening dress the young daughter wears to the prom—it lends a dash of tomorrow to the pale potato soup and to the spirits as well.

And there is parsley—overworked, as I have said, but dependable, and it does the best it can. But I desire you to go adventurous in a big way; it's a tonic, in truth, toning up the morale and the appetite as well, untwisting the rainbow over tired meals.

Be food conscious, yes, but also light minded; be a dabbler in subjects of research; it is a flight of fancy.

The first rule to remember, if you will pin me down, is that garnishes are not meant to conceal the food but to reveal it. The garnishment is the frame which sets off the skill of the cook.

Use contrasts in color. The garnish for pale foods should be dark, though it should lighten the darkness of steak, roast and game. When edible—as I prefer mine to be—the contrast in flavor should be just as marked.

SOUPS are often such anemic-looking creatures—cream soups particularly. A spoonful of whipped cream dusted a gay scarlet with paprika or tinted with a bit of pure vegetable coloring, lends zestful decoration.

For jellied soups, gay lemon shapes dusted with the same friendly paprika are excellent companions. Clear and vegetable soups take on charm with a spoonful of grated American cheese, chopped parsley and paprika.

Flavor for flavor goes for fish—broiled or baked; garnish with lemon slices sprinkled with paprika and parsley, tiny baked tomatoes well seasoned, lemon bayonettes—four teaspoons of prepared mustard folded into a cup of mayonnaise. This, by the way, is a delicious garnish accompaniment for asparagus or artichokes, hot or cold.

Fish, too, can use the deep rich color of the ripe olive, a mound of the luscious fellows—heated in their own liquor, with a clove of garlic therein (if you don't mind)—between the Greek

greenery of lemon and the tender greenery of chicory.

Lettuce, by the way, as a garnish outside the salad plate, is poor—it wilts. Celery is more depraved as a garnish than anything. There's no spirit left in a celery top, by the time it gets to the table. Parsley will do. But don't expect it to perform parlor tricks. And there's the deep royal purple of grapes—for fish. Try it.

Yellows and reds are grand for light things—as well as dark—orange, persimmons and the overworked pineapple. Though peaches and apricots I've found to be just as versatile—

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BAKED ham is attractive to the eye and the palate as well when garnished with a cube of mint jelly in the hollow of each.

Minted pears or pineapple are checkful of color and flavor notes and turn a Cinderella shoulder of lamb into a fairy princess. All we do is add a bit of green color to the hot syrup of pears or pineapple, a few drops of spearmint extract and allow to stand overnight.

Green and red peppers, pimentos, the simple watercress, all are easily found, inexpensive and add immeasurably to the decorative scheme. Use the simple, colorful things to dress your dishes. Don't be afraid to use garnishes that you don't garnish everything at the same meal. It seems overdone. Look to the color contrasts in arrangement. Need a vegetable plate be a series of lifeless greens and off whites? Consider a creamy white cauliflower flanked by deep wine-red beets and the pale green of baby lima beans.

Your meat platter of creamy wedged wood against a French blue linen cloth is lovely a stuffed boned lamb roll, baked apple halves filled with jelly, boiled buttered potato balls and brussels sprouts—that is a story indeed.

## KILLDEER

The Killdeer is a bird you will often see along the seashore. However, sometimes he takes a look inland around the farms. This bird can run very fast and he is the watchful fellow who cries out at any strange sound. He says "Kill-dee, kill-dee."

## BRAVE SCOTT

When Robert Scott was only fourteen years old he was in the British Navy. In 1901 he came within eight degrees of reaching the South Pole. He tried again in 1910 and after a dreadfully hard sled journey reached the Pole in January 1912. Sad to relate Scott never returned from this trip but perished from the cold. His diary found in November of 1912 told about the trip.

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