

**SOLDIERS ALL**

They're swinging back to school again. In squads of two and three— It calls for sturdy fighting men To master rule of Three.

It takes a valiant company To march in order through A lesson in geography As far as Timbuctoo.

And he who meets and overcomes A parting grim— There's not a general at the front That would not cheer for him.

They're marching back to school again— The chaps that do their best Will prove their fighting blood and then We'll trust them for the rest. —Nancy Byrd Turner

**Menu Hints**

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes; Household Ideas and Suggestions

(By Betty Barclay)

**COFFEE—ICE OR PUNCH**

Many who regard luncheon as incomplete without a cup of coffee, prefer their brew cold this time of year. Those who do not already know of iced coffee or coffee punch should try these recipes:

**ICED COFFEE**

Make coffee a little stronger than usual—as ice dilutes it. Serve in large fancy or colored glasses with plenty of cracked ice sweeten to taste. Top with whipped cream or serve with plain cream. Coffee may be chilled beforehand in an airtight container, or poured hot over the ice where ice is plentiful.

**COFFEE PUNCH**

In a bowl place a block of ice. Make your coffee by the drip method, which means it should be finely ground and that it will be fragrant. Coffee should be fully a half stronger than usual because of dilution by the ice. Pour four cups of coffee over ice. Add a cup of heavy cream, and 2-3 cup powdered sugar. Then place in the punch bowl in large spoonful, and a cup of marsh-mallows cherries and their juice. Chill punch thoroughly and serve.

**FRESH PEACH DESSERT**

1 junket tablet  
1 tablespoon cold water  
1/2 teaspoon vanilla  
1 cup milk  
1 cup light cream  
diced fresh peaches  
Dice fresh peaches in the bottom of 8 dessert glasses, and add a few drops of lemon juice and sugar to taste. Mix cream and milk and prepare junket according to directions on package. Pour at once over peaches. Let stand undisturbed in a warm room until firm—about 10 minutes. Then chill.

**OUTDOOR DELICACIES**

Here are two little recipes for delicious dishes that may be made while on a camping trip. They are, of course, equally suitable for the home consumption.

**CAMP FIRE PODDING**

1 package orange-flavored gelatin  
1 cup boiling water  
1 cup orange juice and cold water  
3 oranges, free from membrane and cut in pieces  
8 marshmallows, quartered.

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add orange juice and water. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in oranges and marshmallows. Chill until firm. Serve with whipped cream. Serves 6.

**JELLED PRUNES**

3 cups stewed prunes, seeded  
2 packages orange-flavored gelatin  
Sweet prunes to boiling and dissolve gelatin in hot fruit. Chill until firm. Serve with sweetened whipped cream. Serves 6.

**ORANGE CHEESE SALAD**

(Serves 6)  
6 oranges  
2 packages of Philadelphia cream cheese  
2 cup toasted coconut  
3 lined lettuce (inside leaves)  
Pour oranges and separate sections. Mash cream cheese. Make into balls and roll in toasted coconut. On lettuce covered salad plates, place orange sections with 2 or 3 cheese balls. Top with a spoon of mayonnaise.

**Women and Asthma.** Women are numbered among the sufferers from asthma by the countless thousands. In every climate they will be found, helpless in the grip of this relentless disease unless they have availed themselves of the proper remedy. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Testimonials, sent entirely without solicitation, show the stuporously benefit it has wrought among women everywhere.

**HELPING OTHERS WITH MONEY**

To know how to use a large amount of money for the greatest benefit of others is not always easy. In fact recently a philanthropist with ten million dollars to give away offered a prize of a thousand dollars for the letter containing the best suggestion for the expenditure of this great sum.

One of us has his difficulty with which to contend. We do not have so much to give away that there is danger of its doing more harm than good. There have been times, however, when all of us have wished that we were rich that we might give more generously. Perhaps we are fortunate in not having to ask ourselves how to keep our benefactions from becoming an injury.

**Another Short Story**

**THAT RECKLESS KID**

BY SADIKE L. SLOVER

"DAD! Mother!" Benjamin, the eldest son of the Gray family, called from the porch. "What is it Ben?" asked Mr. Gray, as he and his wife came to the door. "Look yonder at Doug!" Benjamin pointed toward the small pasture. "That reckless boy is going to kill himself or break that horse's neck or leg, at least."

"I wish you hadn't let Douglas go to that rodeo," Mrs. Gray said, for perhaps the hundredth time, to her husband. "He's been trying to turn into a cowboy ever since he came home."

For a moment Mr. Gray gazed at his second son, who was astride a wiry mustang cow pony, with larial waving. He was in close pursuit of a small steer which belonged to a neighbor. Douglas was, ostensibly, trying to drive the steer back into its own pasture.

The watchers on the porch saw the mustang come to an abrupt halt; and then he reared up on his hind legs and kicked Douglas, saddle and all, through the air and landed on the ground some distance away. The girl had broken and the mustang had been prompt to resent it.

The steer, seeing that something was wrong, came warily toward the human on the ground, but before it could charge, Douglas had risen to his feet and hoistily swung up a near-by sapling. "If Doug will only stay there, he'll be safe," breathed Benjamin, who had been watching every movement. Suddenly he started forward, crying, "Look at the crazy boy!"

The steer had passed under the limb to which Douglas clung, and the boy had leaped onto the animal's neck. Those on the porch could not see how he did it, but the next they knew, the steer was lying on the ground, while Douglas quickly mounted his horse bareback, and prepared to drive the subdued animal on home.

"You had better talk to Douglas, rather," suggested Mrs. Gray. "His pranks are getting past the reckless stage. They are downright dangerous, and we don't want him killed."

The two brothers, Benjamin and Douglas Gray, were bronzed young giants, but the similarity ended there. Douglas was a mischievous, friendly chap whom everyone liked. Even his closest friend, however, watched with some misgivings Douglas' reckless experiments with the farm animals. They called the boy "That Reckless Kid."

On the other hand, every one said that Benjamin Gray had always been steady and therefore was bound to make his mark in the world. Benjamin's proud family, even to the smallest brother and sister, were unanimous in singing the praises of the elder brother's sensible ways and actions. Benjamin was gifted with extraordinary intelligence. He had started to school at the age of five, and had graduated with honors at sixteen. Now he was earnestly turning his attention to the business of farming. HE ways were as settled as those of an older man.

Benjamin, however, had one grave fault which his entire family recognized. He had no sense of humor. The entire Gray family could laugh heartily at a joke which was not at all funny to the eldest son. With the exception of Benjamin, they were all fun-loving folk, and liked nothing better than to play a practical joke on some one. This was especially true of Douglas, who was less than two years Benjamin's junior, although Benjamin felt much older than his brother. Douglas had always nursed a secret longing to be a cowboy.

The car of steers came in due time, and Mr. Gray decreed that they had to be branded before being turned loose in the pasture. That morning the temptation to place a cocklebur under Benjamin's saddle blanket was too great for Douglas. Benjamin rode the plinking horse and dismounted in safety. He was angry clear through, however, and his rage was not lessened by the gibes of the family and some of the neighbors, who had been pressed into service. "You are too reckless," he declared heatedly to his brother. "You think you know all about everything since you went to the rodeo two years ago."

"Well, I can bulldog a steer," replied Douglas stubbornly.

"What good does a reckless stunt like that do you?" demanded Benjamin sarcastically. "Some day you'll get yodroaf into a tight place, and I warn you, if I do happen to be around, I won't help you out."

The steers, huge, long-horned fellows, were in the largest corral. Mr. Gray, Benjamin, Douglas, and several neighboring youths, with their saddle horses were ready for the work before them. Maurine Gray, who could ride like an Indian herself, had insisted upon lending her services, while Mrs. Gray and the younger children were waiting at the ranch house with a lunch for the workers.

The steers were driven one by one into the chute, where they were branded and then driven into another pen. They were wild fellows from the hills, and they were frightened. They milled restlessly about

and were growing angrier every minute. "Look at that big one!" cried Maurine, pointing out a huge animal. The steer was in a frame of mind far from peaceable, although he had not yet been branded. The girl shuddered, looking at the animal's sharp horns.

After a time this steer was run through the gate into the branding chute. The brand was placed on him, and the angered animal was released from the chute. At that moment Maurine screamed.

Douglas, glancing down the enclosure after the big steer, felt chilly prickles coursing down his spine at that which he saw. Little Betty Lou Gray had escaped her mother's vigilant eye at the ranch house, and had climbed over the fence of the enclosure while the branding had been going on. She had dropped to the ground inside, and started on a run across the enclosure to climb out on the other side. Halfway across she looked up to see the great steer coming from the gate of the chute. Her small legs flew as she ran for the fence.

The vicious steer, his piglike eyes roving angrily, spied the child. He raised his head an instant and snorted ferociously. The next moment he lowered it and charged.

It all happened without a second of warning. Douglas' one uppermost idea was to rescue his baby sister. His mind was working rapidly as he raced his mustang through the branding chute. He knew the danger, since the rodeo he had thoroughly learned the use of a lariat, and how to bulldog a steer. Little dreaming of the present need, he was remembering all the tricks he had learned, in a subconscious way, and wondering if he had the strength to meet the emergency.

Maurine was running toward the fence now, in order to climb it, reach Betty Lou, and try to save her, or die herself in the attempt.

As Douglas urged his horse forward his mind was working clearly, and he centered every effort on reaching the maddened brute before the animal reached little Betty Lou. The horse was a trained cow pony; so the odds were not against this. With incredible speed he overtook the charging brute. He tried to ride the animal off, but he could not force him to swerve an inch from his course.

Seeing that he could not turn the on-rushing steer, Douglas did the only other thing he could do. With a well-timed leap, he straddled the bulky neck of the animal.

The steer, still persisting in his charge, felt his massive head being twisted under and to one side, a trick the experienced "bulldogger" had taught Douglas, so that he half fell on his own momentum. The horns were not set wide enough apart to furnish Douglas with the needed leverage to throw the animal, but he managed to regain his feet and stood braced and rigid while the young man tugged and wrenched.

The next instant the steer began to shake his mighty head, trying to shake the clinging bulk from his horns. Flinching the neck and shoulders this way and that in a wider and wider circle, the steer tossed the desperately clinging human form in the air. It seemed to Maurine, who, though terrified, was climbing the fence of the enclosure, and to the hurrying riders who were now spurring their horses into the enclosure, that Douglas could not withstand the terrible pounding.

Douglas himself, clinging desperately to the horn, knew that he could not hold out much longer. Bruised and shaken his breath coming in tortured gasps, he stubbornly lightened his grasp on the sharp horns and began to twist the animal's head to one side. Slowly, slowly, the big head turned, while Douglas' mighty muscles strained almost to the breaking point.

It seemed years later when the pain in his body was becoming unendurable, and he felt his hold weakening and his fingers slipping; that the great animal came to the ground. Benjamin was close at hand with a lariat he was using. With incredible speed he tied the steer's feet together so that the animal lay there helpless and harmless for the time being.

Douglas, by a great effort, stood on his feet. He was awfully dizzy.

Benjamin, with an arm around him to steady him, exclaimed impulsively, "I've always said that you were too reckless, Doug, but I shudder to think what would have happened to Betty Lou if you hadn't been reckless. You—"

"Oh, go seek your head!" cried Douglas, slapping his brother on the back. "You know that I've always envied you! You came to my aid and began tying his feet together when you saw he about had me beated. If you hadn't been ready with the lariat to tie his feet, what I had done would have been useless."

"Still, Doug," returned Benjamin with a shake of his head, while his eyes were eloquent, "I believe you didn't need any of my help. Anyway, I could never have tingled him, if you, by your glorious recklessness, hadn't thrown him. I—I am glad that you went to that rodeo, and that you learned how to bulldog a steer."

A moment later they were surrounded by anxious friends and a frantic family. When it was necessary to reassure, Mr. Gray, he had "won his spurs." No one ever again called him "That Reckless Kid" again.

**FOOD FOR THE FISHERMAN AND HIS FAMILY**

By Barbara B. Brooks.

Most fishermen are poor conversationalists while engaged in their favorite sport. Of course, afterwards, they can tell most amazing fish stories, but during the actual time of action, they choose to remain silent. The lazy lap of the waves against the boat and the buzzing of an occasional curious fly is music to their ears and they are content to sit quietly, reflecting life in their mind's eye and waiting for the fish to bite.

Fresh air and outdoor atmosphere make for healthy appetites and although the fisherman may forget the time of day for awhile, pangs of hunger will sometimes disturb his reveries and he will want food. The food provided should be light, compact and easy to handle as most fishermen prefer to eat in the boat. They leave their fishing grounds and go to shore.

The quotation of "Water, water everywhere—and not a drop to drink" is a good one to remember when one is planning a lunch for a fishing party. The food must be neither too sweet, too dry nor too salty as foods of these types create thirst and the water supply is usually limited. Another factor to be remembered is that there is always an unavoidable dampness present in a boat. For this reason all sandwiches, cookies or cakes should be well wrapped in several thicknesses of waxed paper. Also, as facilities are few, the food should be prepared so that it can be eaten without coming in direct contact with the hands of the consumer. The sandwiches may be held by their wrappings and other food should be eaten by means of paper implements.

As sandwiches, with few exceptions, are the main part of these meals, let us give you a few hints. The otherwise popular ham, sardine, cheese and bacon fillings must be forgotten on this occasion. They are much too salty and will cause the water in the thermos jug to disappear too rapidly. We suggest chopped egg and celery, sliced cold chicken, pork, beef or veal. Lettuce and cucumbers may be used but tomatoes are apt to be difficult to eat and will often soak the bread. Mayonnaise, pickles and olives should be used sparingly.

With a few sandwiches, and perhaps some fruit (which is high in water content), the fisherman can appease his hunger.

It is often customary for the fisherman to take his wife and children with him. The small children will cause little trouble if they are allowed to sit in the bottom of the boat and are given a few toys and something to eat. Their food will cause few alterations in the regular lunch provisions. A box of corn flakes or crisp rice cereal, an extra thermos jug of milk and a bowl and spoon will be all that is necessary to keep them well nourished and happy during the day. In fact, with the gentle rock of the boat and the low or no conversation, they will soon be asleep, unaware of the big fish which just eluded their father's hook.

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