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"NEVER TROUBLE TROUBLE"

If you're looking for trouble, then worry and woe. You'll find in abundance wherever you go. But should joy and gladness be your daily quest. I'm sure you will find them north, south, east and west.

If you're looking for snips every day of the week. I fear you will find what you constantly seek. But if you preferred, say, to look for a smile, I know you would meet one within the next mile.

If you're looking for enemies, you will soon see a sinister menace wherever you best. But if for a change, you should look for a friend, an early success would your effort attend.

If you're looking for trouble, it's easy to find. For it's seeking the people who have it. But though troubles come to each life unaware, its stay is but short if contentment is there.

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes; Household Ideas and Suggestions

(By Betty Barclay)

BLANCMANGE AND SOUFFLE
Here are two delightful recipes for the children's party or for the guests of adults who appreciate something novel—and what guest doesn't?

COCOANUT BLANCMANGE
5 1/2 tablespoons flour
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 cups milk, scalded
1 cup cocoanut
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine flour, sugar, and salt. Add milk gradually, place in double boiler, and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add cocoanut and cool. Fold in egg whites and vanilla. Chill. Garnish with fruit jelly. Serves 6.

COCOANUT SOUFFLE
2 tablespoons butter, melted
3 tablespoons flour
4 tablespoons sugar
3/4 cup milk
3 egg yolks, well beaten
4 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 can cocoanut, chopped
Dash of salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Blend butter and flour, add sugar and milk, and cook in double boiler until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Cool slightly and add egg yolks. Fold into egg whites, then fold in cocoanut, salt and vanilla. Turn into greased casserole, place in pan of hot water, and bake in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) 50 minutes, or until firm. Serve with lemon sauce. Serves 8.

ORANGE BAKING POWDER BISCUITS
(Makes about 18 biscuits)
2 tablespoons shortening
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
Grated orange rind
1/2 cup milk or water
Loaf sugar
2 oranges, juice of
Powdered sugar

Work shortening into sifted dry ingredients. Add 1 tablespoon grated orange rind and milk or water. Roll and cut out. Moisten half as many cubes of loaf sugar as there are biscuits with orange juice. Put between biscuits. Spread tops with powdered sugar moistened with orange juice, sprinkle with orange rind. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) 15 minutes.

COOKIES—OATMEAL AND GOLD
Cookies—for the lunch box, a bite before bed, or even for "dunking" if you "dunk." The children appreciate them between meals, and guests appreciate them with tea or coffee. Here are two recipes for delicious cookies:

OATMEAL COOKIES
1 1/2 cups special cake flour, sifted
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon cloves
1/2 cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sifted brown sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 1/2 cups oatmeal
1/2 cup milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and spices, and sift together three times. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream well. Add egg. Add oatmeal and flour, alternately with milk, mixing well. Drop by teaspoons on greased baking sheet and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 18 to 20 minutes. Makes 4 dozen cookies.

GOLD COOKIES
2 cups special cake flour, sifted
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
4 egg yolks, unbeaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and sift again. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Add flour. Chill. Roll into balls 3/4 inch in diameter. Roll into balls in mixture of chopped nuts and cinnamon, and remaining ones in tiny colored candies. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 15 minutes, using lower grate during first half of baking period, and upper grate during last half. Makes 3 1/2 to 4 dozen cookies.

Another Short Story

Night Work

Blanche Gertrude Robbins

DAWSON'S shipment at River Falls, John pier ready for arrival of the "Castilian." Speed the "Black Skull." Stand by a little before daybreak.

Mary Lloyd pricked up her ears, her curiosity piqued as she withdrew the plugs. That was a curious message to flash over the wires of the Noel telephone exchange. She found it difficult to understand this call which she had accidentally overheard. If Dawson's big manufacturing firm at Diamond Falls, had a shipment landed at River John pier, in readiness for the daily call of the "Castilian," why should a small barge be requested also to stand by a little before daybreak?

"I wonder, if anything underhanded has been planned. Anyway, there is always a watchman on guard at the pier. Now I don't suppose there will be another call this night." The night operator stifled a yawn, as she glanced at the clock. It was only a little after midnight, but an unusual hour for calls at the Noel Exchange.

The day operator was kept busy, but generally at night an unbroken silence brooded over the river shore and the hills. When Mary had accepted the position, Bertha Mahon, her predecessor, had assured her that she would find her task extremely light and monotonous. "Miss Lloyd, let me tell you that the job as night operator at Noel is a cinch, not a dozen calls in a season after midnight," she had volunteered. "You see that old couch in the corner. Just bring down a couple of blankets, and once in a while snuggle down for a nap. You can snooze with one eye open, and there's nobody going to be the wiser."

Mary was afraid that if she yielded to the impulse to drop down on the couch during the lax periods of the night, she would fall asleep, and not wake up when a summons came through the Noel exchange. "It looks as though I would have to find something to keep me awake and interested," she had decided a few nights after she had succeeded Bertha Mahon. "If I am paid for my time, I feel that I should be on the alert every blessed moment."

Her thoughts had gone swiftly back to the cherished course at the art school which had been interrupted this spring when she had come to Noel to keep Duval company. The brother's illness of the winter had demanded an outdoor life for many months, and work had been found on a sheep ranch. Determined to provide for her own maintenance in Noel, the girl had made application for the position as night operator in the little telephone exchange.

This gave her leisure through the day and early evening to see something of her brother, who sorely needed her companionship. Then one night as she had struggled to keep awake at her post before the switchboard, Mary had conceived the idea of making up designs for home-spun bags, rucks, and scarfs. Night after night she had whiled away the monotonous hours, drawing and designing the shepherd's cot, the cattle on the hills, the wild bowers growing in the canons, the bend in the river.

To-night as she pondered the strangeness of the message that had come over the telephone wires regarding Dawson's shipment of goods at River John pier, Mary caught up the bit of blue homespun and a skein of gay-colored yarn, and began working. The hours sped past on magic wings as she put into the blue homespun the figure of a shepherd and his flock of sheep. Conscious of a chill in the night air, she dropped her work, and stretched her lithe, young body vigorously.

She caught a glimpse of the moonlight drifting through the windows of the exchange, and moved eagerly toward the door. As she was enjoying the beautiful scene before her, suddenly her ear caught a strange sound. "What is all that noise?" she wondered. From the direction of the river, flooded in moonlight, it came, a curious rumble. The night operator felt her cheeks whitened with fear as she remembered the prophecy of the old shepherd, who had been watching the snows of the mountain. He had predicted that there was danger of the swollen river, flooding the surrounding country, and he had recounted to Mary the story of the spring when everything had been swept away. "Surely there is great danger to-night," exclaimed the startled night operator. "I must warn every one living along the shores of the river."

She ran back to the switch board, and seeing the telephone book, searched out the names of subscribers, whose homes might be endangered. Then, trembling with excitement, she flung herself into the task of warning and arousing the neighborhood. As she plugged feverishly, crying out the terrifying news, she could hear the roar, louder now, and more formidable. Suddenly there came to Mary a sense of the danger she herself ran as night operator. The telephone exchange was located in the little one-story frame building that had been built on the bank of the River John.

Plug! Plug! Plug! "Wake up! The river is rising! The flood is sweeping down the river," she continued to shout across the wires. "But the wharves, the River John pier, they will be swept away," muttered Mary. "There must be a night watch-

man on duty at the big wharf." Then reminded of the message that had come across the wires a little after midnight, she recalled the shipment of Dawson's goods that lay at River John pier in readiness for the arrival of the "Castilian" next morning. "Perhaps the night watchman is napping, and will be helpless to rescue the shipment from Dawson's before the flood reaches the pier. Guess I will warn the Dawson people themselves at Diamond Falls."

Plug! Plug! Plug! Again and again Mary attempted to arouse the manufacturing people, but failed to get a response. She caught her breath as she heard the roar of the foaming waters surging and tumbling recklessly in their course down the side of the hills. The flood was upon Noel, and she breathed a prayer of gratitude that Dudley and the shepherd people were safely sheltered on the hills.

Plug! Plug! Plug! Mary's heart was thumping with excitement. The flood was surging around the walls of the building, which harbored the telephone exchange. There was still a possible chance for the girl to escape, but the names of two subscribers, whom she had not been able to arouse, burned in her brain. She must try again to awaken them, and if possible, send an alarm to Dawson's Limited.

Plug! Plug! Plug! A faint voice answered the frantic ringings of the night operator at Noel. "The warning cry was sent over the wires. Silence followed a wail, shivery silence, and the girl knew that the telephone connections at Noel had been severed. Had her message carried its warning to Dawson's Limited?

There was no time left to ponder the last call. With a fear that nauseated her, Mary realized that the telephone exchange had been caught in the grip of the flood, and was being carried swiftly down the river in the mad torrent of rushing water. Trembling, she stumbled toward the window, and surveyed the flood-swept banks of the river on either side. She dared not open the door, fearing the sweep of waters. Somehow she must signal from the window. Who was there to catch it, though? The people whom she had warned before the connection had snapped had fled to the hills. "Oh, I am alone, adrift on the river. Still God is in his heaven," she murmured, "and surely I shall see some chance of rescue. I shall stick close to the window, and be on the alert with my signal." Mary struggled against the wave of faintness that assailed her.

In the grip of the tide drifted the little framework building, whirling with the wreckage of small wharves and boats. Then in the first break of dawn, the occupant glimpsed a motor boat chugging toward the shore. She caught a vision of much wreckage strewn the water, and she judged that this was the site of the River John pier. Flinging open the window, she shouted.

"Hello!" came the answer from the motor boat, which immediately swung toward the drifting telephone exchange. Mary scrambled toward the door, and as the boat touched the broken threshold she flung it open. The waters swept in a flood across the floor as she jumped down into the boat.

"Guess we'd better hook her with some ropes, and tow the building in-shore," said one of the men as he seized a coil of rope, and sprang through the doorway of the exchange. "I take it you are the night operator, who sent out the warning," volunteered the other, turning to Mary. "Yes," admitted the girl. Then, catching a glimpse of the bales and boxes crowding the boat, she questioned with gleaming eyes, "Do you belong to Dawson's Limited?"

"I happen to be Charles Dawson, president of the company, and I want to tell you what a service you rendered us to-night in sending in the alarm to the wharf, for it was a valuable shipment of goods we had stored on the pier. To our amazement we found a targe, the 'Black Skull,' pretty well loaded with our precious shipment. She was about ready to get away, that scamp of a night watchman being in league with the pirates, when we arrived on the scene. You see, they could easily have made off with our goods, and we would have thought the flood had carried the shipment away with the pier it had destroyed. The 'Black Skull' got sail without any preliminaries as soon as we hoysed a light, but it didn't take us long to commandeer a couple of motor boats, and give chase. We cornered her just off shore, and rescued our goods, thanks to you."

Mary breathed out her relief in a prayer of thankfulness as the motor boat swung to the shore, the telephone exchange in tow. A little later that morning, following breakfast and a refreshing sleep, Mary paid a visit to the wrecked telephone building. She found a group of curious men gathered there, and Charles Dawson, the president of Dawson's Limited, was studying the homespun with its shepherd design, which had been dropped so unconsciously the night before. "Miss Lloyd, are you responsible for this?" he questioned.

"That is the entertainment that I use to keep me awake nights," laughed the girl. "If I hadn't gone to the door to study the effect of the moonlight on the river for a prospective design, I might have known nothing of the flood until too late."

"Miss Lloyd, you have struck a novelty in these designs that's bound to prove a big thing. You have interpreted the spirit of the mountain country," exclaimed Charles Dawson and his eyes gleamed with enthusiasm. "We have long been anxious to introduce something of this sort in the homespun we are manufacturing. Give your job as night operator at Noel has been temporarily suspended, maybe you would do a

little designing-along these lines for Dawson's Limited."

"I am certainly glad I stuck to it, and kept awake nights at my post," laughed Mary, her heart singing with joy at the thought of the big opportunity that had come to her through the simple, homely designs.

SLATS' DIARY
BY ROSS FARQUHAR

Friday—Elsy has got a new pickster of a gy which's name I have forgot but she shure makes me very tired a tawking about him all of the time. I, yes he must be a Hero or sum thing meby. or meby a moving pickster Star.

Saturday—well it will be a long time before we are bothered a round here by Lem Hunt emy more. He hilt up a man the other week and yesterday the Judge give him 99 yrs. in the pen. He started his sentence rite away so the wood have it over Sooner.

Sunday—Joe Blunt was a tawking to pa about his new job today. pa was congratulating him for it and Joe sed it didnt hardly pay to take the job becuz he cud make as much out of the Well fair association, and meby he is keeping sum uther man or womin out of the job. Besides.

Monday—well I feel kinda Blue to nite and done see much Use to go on lyving becuz I red in the paper where sum Scientist sed that in 100 yrs. from now they wont be no Kissing a tall.

Tuesday—Cal Crunch tuk a honest job Collecting mune on a % bases the uther day but when he got his list from the credit Burro he found out most of the acts, he was to collect was vs. him. He sed these here Credit burros is a Skin game here of lately becuz this I was trying to get him to wick Under falls pretentious.

Wednesday—Ant Emmy says she is in Faver of the old Fashion nite Gownds and nite shurts becuz people wasent all ways perading the sts. when they wore them kind.

Thursday—we had Keittem in are Nelborud this afternoon, Mr. Torson had Mrs. Flutt a rested. She had ben styving him a good cusing becuz he sed she wasent no lady.

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GLADIOLUS THRIPS CONTROL

The gladiolus thrips (a very small insect) has caused very serious injury to gladioli for the past two seasons. Reports indicating injury to over a million blooms came to hand during 1932. A mimeographed circular has been issued recently by the Entomological Branch, Ottawa, outlining control methods. The thrips winter over on corms in storage and in the spring are carried to the field when the corms are planted. Freezing the corms of thrips prior to planting is recommended, as the most promising method of control at present known. This can be done either by fumigation or dipping methods.

The grower, with only a few corms to treat, will probably find one of the following dips more simple and easier to adopt than any of the fumigation methods. They are just as effective and are, in general, equally cheap or cheaper.

Corrosive Sublimate—After peeling, dip the corms for 3 hours in a solution made up of 1 ounce of corrosive sublimate dissolved in 6 gallons of water, at a temperature of 70 degrees F. All stages of the thrips, including the eggs, were killed by this treatment. Peeling of the corms is essential if perfect control is to result. Corrosive sublimate should be mixed and placed only in wooden, earthenware, enamel or glass vessels, since it quickly corrodes metals. The material should be dissolved in a small amount of hot water, and then diluted to the correct strength. As this is a deadly poison the greatest care should be exercised in its use.

Hot Water—All stages of the thrips, including the eggs, are killed by dipping the corms in hot water at a temperature of 10 degrees F. for a period of ten minutes. It appears to be immaterial whether the corms are peeled or not, since excellent results were secured with both peeled and unpeeled corms. The temperature of the bath should be kept up to 120 degrees F. for the entire period. This can be done by adding small quantities of hot water to the bath from time to time. Care must be taken not to allow the temperature to go over 120 degrees F. as injury to the corms may result.

WHEN WORDS FAIL

Son—"What does the word 'chauffeur' mean?"
Father—"This is the name given to the driver of a motor car."

Son (after a moment's thought) — "That was not the name you gave to the driver of the car that nearly ran over you yesterday."

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