

My Favorite Recipe

By Billie Burke Actress

English Mock Cheese Cake

- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1/2 teaspoonful salt
- 1/2 cupful boiling water
- 1/2 cupful butter
- 1/2 cupful sugar
- 1 cupful fresh-grated coconut
- 2 eggs
- 2 teaspoonfuls cream
- 1 teaspoonful vanilla

Make a rich pie paste of the flour, salt, three-quarters cupful of butter and the boiling water. Roll out, cut in rounds, and line muffin tins with it.

Make a filling of the quarter cupful of butter, well creamed; add the sugar and well-beaten eggs, cream and vanilla. Fold in the coconut, fill the lined tins, and bake in a moderate oven until a delicate brown, and they are set. These may be topped with whipped cream when they are cool.

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POOR MAN'S GOLD

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

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SYNOPSIS

Jack Hammond, gold prospector, returns to Prince Rupert after a spree in Seattle and learns that a gold rush is starting as a result of a party concerning a gold discovery. He finds that his partner, McKenzie Joe Britten, has gone on north to protect their claims. Besieged, Hammond decides to tell the would-be prospectors how to reach the new gold fields. Around the World Annie, a frontier dance hall proprietor, has assembled a troupe of girls and is bent on starting a dance hall at the new camp. Jack muses about Kay Joyce, the girl in Seattle whom he loves and to whom he confided the secret of his gold strike. Going to his lawyer's office, he passes a young girl on the stairs. Jack asks Barstow the lawyer about the girl and learns that she is a volunteer client. Jack tells him about Kay whom he had admired as a little girl, but who ignored him in childhood. Timmy Moon, a mutual acquaintance, had brought them together. Kay was chilly at first but when she saw some of his gold nuggets they got along beautifully.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"Not a rival?" asked Barstow, with a thin smile. Hammond laughed.

"My best friend. He reminded Kay that she had talked more about that boy who used to live down by alley than any other person she'd ever known," Hammond chuckled. "If it hadn't been for his help, I might not have had the courage to say a lot of the things I did."

"An old friend and plenty of liquor certainly do help."

The attorney shuffled a few loose papers.

"A man can't ask any more than that."

"Not if he's been in the bush so long that he's grown moss. God, I was fed up with the North! But I'm itching to get back now. That's why Joe wanted me to see you. To check up on all our claims. Stakers will be running around hog wild in the snow up there in another month."

The attorney swiveled about to his filing case and brought forth a fat envelope, scattering the contents on the desk.

"Let's see—" he mused. "Three regular creek placer claims apiece on Loon creek, 200 by 100 feet off Moose river. Correct?"

"That's right. How about the half-mile government lease at the headwaters of the Loon?"

"Everything's paid up and granted."

"And those other five leases?" Barstow countered the papers.

"Five. That's right. What'd you two take up those for?" he asked. "That's 400 acres of land that isn't even near water."

"Have you got the government receipt for the lease?" insisted Hammond.

Barstow tossed it over. The prospector looked at it and handed it back.

"If Joe and I make anything out of this find—that's probably where we'll do it."

"I thought the stuff was all in the Loon creek sands."

"That's an old country," answered Hammond. "Loon creek has wandered all over the map. We've got a young bed-rock—not over a couple of hundred years old. If we get into big money, we've got to find the old bed of the Big Moose—the real one where nuggets were piled up for a thousand years or more."

Barstow nodded.

"Well, you've got the country checkerboarded; no reason why you shouldn't have luck. Going out in the morning?"

Hammond laughed.

"Who isn't?"

Business was over. They talked for awhile, of the developing rush into the new gold regions, the weird hopes and dreams which every fortune seeker would carry into the North, few of which would be realized. At last Hammond rose to leave.

The day passed; jammed in the crowds at the various hardware stores, Jack bought gold pans, picks, hammer, saw and nails, and a dozen other forms of supplies. Night was broken by the barking of soft-muscled Prince Rupert dogs, being led to the station—many of them to their ultimate slaughter. Trucks whined up and down the abrupt hill; slow-moving horses and trucking drays furnished an obligate to the rumble of motors. A new community, in its every phase, good, bad, upright, low, was forming for life in a far-away, unknown land. He and Joe had created it; now Jack Hammond, as he tried to sleep, felt for the first time a true responsibility for it. Perhaps that was why Around the World Annie snapped her greeting so crustily the next morning.

"Well, Prospector; sore because you ain't got the whole North to yourself?"

Jack halted in his progress through the jammed waiting room of the railroad station. The tri-weekly train was just backing in from the coach yards, with extra chair and baggage cars. Hammond waved to the woman, and with a laugh, edged toward her. It was not an easy journey; his pack sack, topped by an eiderdown sleeping bag, bumped and swayed awkwardly with contact against the milling throng. Every one carried pack sacks, one arm carelessly un-

clutched at her throat, her brown eyes staring—

"Thank you," said the girl in a muffled voice. She started to move away. Around the World Annie whacked her on the back.

"And don't be a sap!" she cautioned.

"Thank you," came again.

Hammond watched her as she went on, huddled over the burden of good fortune which she held tight to her.

"Who's that girl?" he asked as Annie, somewhat belligerent that he had sighted her generosity, swept past him. The woman turned.

"Darned if I know," she answered. Then dismissing him, she turned. "Come on," she called to her waiting brood. "Let's find out where the Ritz hotel is at around this dump."

CHAPTER III

Late that afternoon, Jack Hammond got tired of being jammed against the knob of a vestibule door. The cars had become cold now; pipes clanked only faintly with the application of steam. The train was high on the pass over the Coastal range; snow had appeared, at first only a wet sprinkling on the rain-glazed side hills, gradually to become more stable. Now the world was one of filigreed silver; spruce and pine and Douglas fir all shielded with filmy white.

He moved forward through the train, taking exercise in merely forcing his way through the crowds which jammed the aisles. At last he tired and prepared to turn back, only halting to see that Around the World Annie sat in a seat toward the front of the car, her head bob-



The Sergeant Halted Before One Ice Fringed Tent.

bing energetically as she talked to someone beside her. It was a young woman—Jack noticed little more. Finally Around the World Annie straightened, rose and moved away. Someone else dropped quickly into the seat. Hammond moved into the next coach, found a resting place and stayed there.

Night came, with frost-caked windows and the whine of wind. Snow was now heaped deep beside the right of way. The massed humanity of the train became more and more dormant, suddenly to sweep from its torpidity into excited activity.

They were at Fourcross.

From outside came almost carnival-like sounds. Dogs barked. Children shouted. A raucous voice reared itself above the other noises:

"Aw-right, folks. Get a good night's sleep. Warm bed and a hot tent for the night, one dollar."

"Where are those beds?" asked Hammond, as he dropped from the train.

"Right over there—" the spieler pointed to a line of men moving from the baggage car toward the dull, kerosene glow of a row of tents which spotted the darkness some hundred yards away through the snow. "Right over there, Partner! Have 'em set up in no time. Good warm bed, folks. Only a dollar!"

"Save me one," Hammond commanded and turned to raise his pack sack. He halted, hand extended. In the tangle of activity, he saw Around the World Annie gesticulating with some fervor as she again talked to her companion of the afternoon. She was not recognizable in the shadows; nevertheless, there was something about her which held the man's attention. She stood at one side, ankle deep in snow, her coat pulled tight about her slight form—lack of bulk in her clothing made her seem almost frail beside the thickly clothed, wool-swathed persons about her. Annie waved a hand.

"Hey," she called to one of her newly outfitted brood. "Bring me that pack sack!"

The girl lifted her pack sack and with lolling steps, came forward. Around the World Annie bent resolutely, failed, loosened her waist with a pawing motion of her hands, tried again and made it. She jerked loose the straps.

"Here," she said. "Take these woolies. And this shirt."

The girl bent with outstretched, eager arms to receive them. Her face came into the meager spread of light from the train windows. Jack Hammond started. He knew her now—the stairway leading to his attorney's office, this girl coming unsteadily downward, her hand

clutched at her throat, her brown eyes staring—

"Thank you," said the girl in a muffled voice. She started to move away. Around the World Annie whacked her on the back.

"And don't be a sap!" she cautioned.

"Thank you," came again.

Hammond watched her as she went on, huddled over the burden of good fortune which she held tight to her.

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Colonial Covered Bridge in Virginia.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

FEW works of man more profoundly affect his destiny than does the bridge.

An empire was at stake when Xerxes threw his pontoons across the Hellespont, and Rome's long arm stretched over Europe when Caesar's army bridged the Rhine. Lack of pontoons on which to cross the Seine, Napoleon complained, kept him from ending a war. Our own Gen. Zachary Taylor reminded the War department that its failure to send bridge materials had prevented him from "destroying the Mexican army."

Yet history, being so largely the annals of wars, fails to emphasize the importance of bridges in everyday life. When you reflect how bridges now make travel easy and swift between towns, cities, states—even between nations where rivers form frontiers—you feel that few other devices conceived by man serve more to promote understanding and mutual progress.

Ride the air across America and see how bridges dot the map. If the day be clear half a dozen may be in sight at once. From culverts over backwoods creeks to steel giants that span broad rivers, you see a bridge of some kind wherever you go.

"I thought I'd drop by and see Around the World Annie."

"Didn't you say you'd checked up on her?"

The sergeant laughed. He was a pleasant-featured man with an air of weathered amiability.

"Yes, I guess I've got to let her go in. What's to prevent it? She's not going to stop on Canadian soil—she knows perfectly well that the Big Moose takes a long bend near-by Sapphire lake and extends almost to the Alaskan border. Once across that and she can set up any kind of an establishment she wants. The United States authorities aren't going to send men over a passless mountain range just to police a few miles of territory. She's in the clear on that; I want to see her about another matter."

"Mind if we stop by the post office first?"

The sergeant, his dark eyes twinkling in their frame of wolf fur, glanced at the letter in Hammond's hand.

"Wondered what kept you so long," he mused. Then, "The daily news, eh?"

The sergeant stamped his moccasined feet while Hammond mailed his letter, and brushed a mittened hand across his mustache, white with frost. They began to move. Suddenly the sergeant halted before an ice-fringed tent and called "Annie!"

Around the World Annie glanced out, invited them in and shouted a command:

"Hey, some of you girls! Unsprawl yourselves and give these gentlemen sitting room on one of these cots."

"Don't trouble yourselves," said the sergeant. "Can't stay long."

Nevertheless, the girls obeyed, by a casual sort of shifting process which left one cot unoccupied. Sergeant Terry slipped back the hood of his parka. Hammond went to the tin stove, and stood with his back to it.

Sergeant Terry began asking questions.

"You came here on the same train with her, didn't you?"

"Well, I guess I did. If it's the girl I'm thinking of," said Annie.

"She isn't one of your outfits?"

"Mine?" Annie snorted. "No sir!"

"What did she say she was going to do up here?"

Annie bristled.

"Start a little store, of course."

"They ain't start stores. Or a beauty shop. Or work for somebody," the sergeant replied, in a voice mildly cynical.

are for highways. But when you recall that after 1850 we laid more than 200,000 miles of rails, you can see how the railroad, first with its crude wooden trestles, scattered bridges across America. As westward migration rose to millions, the use of fords and ferries dwindled and bridges multiplied, sometimes not without local disputes.

When the first railroad bridge was started over the Mississippi atavenport, Iowa, steamboat men enjoined its building as a "nuisance" to navigation! Abraham Lincoln, lawyer, argued the case for the railway—and the bridge was built.

"He is crazy!" men said of James B. Eads when he sought to build the largest steel-arch bridge of its time over the Mississippi at St. Louis. Doubters sniffed at Eads' use of pneumatic caissons for bridge pier foundations. "I told you so," they said, when the first two half-arches approached their junction at mid-span and failed by a few inches to fit. "Pack the arch in ice," ordered Eads. The metal shrank and the ends dropped into place.

The same taunts of ignorance were flung at John A. Roebling and his Brooklyn bridge. "Men cannot work like spiders," these critics said. "They cannot spin giant cables from fine wires high in air." Roebbling died before the task was done, but his monument is the bridge that spans East river. In the half century since its completion, amazing advance has been made in the design, materials, foundations, and erection methods of bridge engineering.

And there is speed! It took more than ten years to build the Brooklyn bridge. Greater structures are built now in one-third the time. When opened in 1883, Roebbling's Brooklyn bridge was called one of the "Wonders of the World." Now the George Washington bridge over the Hudson at New York has a span of 3,500 feet—more than twice that of the Brooklyn bridge. And the new Golden Gate bridge spans 4,200 feet!

Lore of Ancient Bridges.

Our American bridges were all built yesterday, as the Old World counts time. Except that American Indians laid flimsy bridges of poles over narrow streams and sometimes sent a crowd of squaws to test a new bridge to see if it would sustain the tribe's horses, we have little of the lore, the traditions, and superstitions which cling to ancient bridges of Europe and the East.

It is even hard for us to imagine that the Caravan bridge in Smyrna may be 3,000 years old; that Homer wrote verse in nearby caves, or that St. Paul passed over this bridge on his way to preach! Or that Xerxes, the Persian king, bridged the Greek straits more than 400 years before Christ. Then, tasting grief even as Eads and Roebbling, he saw a storm destroy it, so that he had to order the rough waters to be lashed and cursed by his official cursers, while he executed his first bridge crew and set another gang at the task.

Reading the papers, it was easy for us to learn all about the International bridge over the Rio Grande between El Paso and Juarez, when President Taft walked out on it to shake hands with President Diaz of Mexico. Later, by radio, we heard the Prince of Wales, now Duke of Windsor, and the diplomats speak when the Niagara Peace bridge opened to let Americans and Canadians mingle in friendly commerce.

Myths and Folklore.

Myths and superstitions linger about many bridges. Since people often die in floods, the Romans looked on a bridge as an infringement on the rights of the river gods to take their toll. Hence, human beings first, then effigies, were thrown into the flooded Tiber by priests, while vestals sang to appease the river gods. In parts of China today a live pig or other animal is so sacrificed when rising floods threaten a bridge.

Turkish folklore reveals this same idea. In his book, "Dar Ul Islam," Sir Mark Sykes records this legend of a bridge under construction which had fallen three times. "This bridge needs a life," said the workmen. "And the master saw a beautiful girl, accompanied by a bitch and her puppies, and he said, 'We will give the first life that comes by.' But the dog and her little ones hung back, so the girl was built alive into the bridge, and only her hand with a gold bracelet upon it was left outside."

It was Peter of Colechurch, a monk in charge of the "Brothers of the Bridge," who built the Old London bridge. It was a queer structure, with rows of high wooden houses flanking each side, overhanging the Thames. Soon after its completion the houses at one end caught fire. Crowds rushed out on the bridge and hosts of people died either in the blaze or from jumping into the stream.

Household Questions

Date Kisses — Thirty stoned dates, one cup almonds, white one egg, one cup powdered sugar. Chop dates; blanch almonds and cut into long strips. Beat egg very stiff, add sugar, dates and almonds. Drop in buttered tins with teaspoon and bake in quick oven.

To keep the crease in men's trousers, turn them inside out and soap down the crease with a piece of dry soap, then turn back to the right side and press, using a damp cloth. The crease will remain for a long time.

If you store eggs with the small ends down they will keep better.

If sirup for hotcakes is heated before serving it brings out the flavor of the sirup and does not chill the hotcakes.

When the frying pan becomes slightly burnt, drop a raw peeled potato into the pan for a few minutes. Then remove it, and all traces of burning will have disappeared.

A thin sirup of sugar and water flavored with almond essence is good to sweeten fruit cup.

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By Contrast
If there were no clouds we should not enjoy the sun.—Old Proverb.

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I respect the man who knows distinctly what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut.—Goethe.

Don't Sleep When Gas Presses Heart

If you want to really GET RID OF GAS and terrible bloating, don't expect to do it by just doctoring your stomach with harsh, irritating alkalies and "gas tablets." Most GAS is lodged in the stomach and upper intestine and is due to old poisonous matter in the contaminated bowels that are loaded with ill-causing bacteria.

If your constipation is of long standing, enormous quantities of dangerous bacteria accumulate. Then your digestion is upset. GAS often presses heart and lungs, making life miserable. You can't eat or sleep. Your head aches. Your back aches. Your complexion is sallow and pimply. Your breath is foul. You are a sick, grouchy, wretched unhappy person. **YOUR SYSTEM IS POISONED.**

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He who knows most grieves most for what was known time.—Dante.

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