

Household News

by Lynn Chambers



YOUR SUNDAY DINNER
(See Recipes Below)

ESPECIALLY FOR DAD

Sunday, June the fifteenth, is the day you want to especially prepare DAD's favorite foods—for it's Father's day—and don't forget it. The favorite of all men is a good tasty meat pie—so the suggestion for the main course is a delicious individual meat pie. Dad doesn't like to bother much with side dishes of salad, so place his salad right on the plate with the rest of the meal. He likes a cole slaw stuffed tomato. Buttered carrots and peas are the vegetables. Because he is so fond of blueberries, it's blueberry muffins to go with the meal, and blueberry ice cream cake for dessert.

This week's menu is properly balanced for nutritional value. It supplies:

The appetizer: Carbohydrates, minerals, Vitamins A, B, C, and G. The Meat: Proteins, phosphorus, Vitamins B, B-1; fats, carbohydrates in crust.

The Vegetables: Minerals, Carbohydrates, Vitamins A, B, C, and G. Muffins and butter: Vitamins A, B, C, and G, minerals, carbohydrates.

Salad: Minerals, Vitamins A, B, C, and G, carbohydrates and fats. Dessert: Carbohydrates, minerals, fats, Vitamins A, B, C, D, and G. To Serve 6 You Need:

- 1 can apricot nectar
- 1 can pineapple juice
- 2 lbs. lamb shoulder
- 2 bunches carrots
- 1 No. 2 can peas
- 6 tomatoes
- 1 small head cabbage
- 2 pints blueberries
- 1 pint ice cream

(Balance of materials among staples)

*Individual Lamb Pies.

- 2 lbs. shoulder of lamb
- 2 small onions
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 2 1/2 cups milk

Butter Pastry

Trim the lamb, cut in small cubes and brown in a hot frying pan. Add the chopped onion and cook until light brown, stirring constantly. Add the flour and salt and mix well. Stir in the milk gradually. Cover and cook over low heat for about 45 minutes or until the lamb is tender. Roll out pastry and place in individual pie tins or cut in six five-inch rounds and place in large cupcake pans. Fill with the lamb mixture and brush the rims of the pastry with milk. Top each pie with another round of pastry. Crimp the edges and cut slits in the top for the steam to escape through. Brush each pie with milk or cream. Bake in a 425-degree F. oven for 25 to 30 minutes or until the crust is evenly browned. Lift gently from the pan and serve.

LYNN SAYS:

Dad's day might be the one day when Dad would really like to try his hand in the kitchen. How about some feathery light biscuits to go with dinner? They're an easy trick if you just put out the ingredients for Dad, along with one of those big bowls and a spoon. Now sift 2 cups of flour, 2 teaspoons of baking powder, and 1/2 teaspoon of salt. Cut in 4 tablespoons of shortening, and then add about 3/4 of a cup of milk gradually. Stir until a soft dough is formed, not too long, though, or the biscuits will be tough. Turn the dough on a slightly floured board, pat to a 1/2-inch thickness, and cut with a floured biscuit cutter. Pop them into a hot oven (450 degrees) on an ungreased baking sheet for 10-15 minutes. Dad will probably like the large biscuits, so better give him the large cutter. The recipe will make about 12 biscuits of that size, or 16 of the smaller ones. Can't you just see him beaming over a plate of hot, flaky biscuits he made all by himself?

Historical Highlights

by Elma Scott Watson

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Saved by a Chalk Mark

AMERICANS remember Thomas Paine as the man who, with his pamphlets, did as much as any a general with his sword to win the American Revolution. They remember that his "Common Sense," published January 10, 1776, was an unanswerable argument for the independence of the rebellious English colonies.

But they remember most of all the immortal words with which he began "The Crisis, No. 1":

"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and women. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph."

What they do not remember, perhaps, is that Paine's service to the cause of human liberty did not end



THOMAS PAINE

with the successful conclusion of the American Revolution. Although the fight for freedom had been won on this continent when Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, it was still being waged in other parts of the world. So Paine went back to his native land, England.

One hundred and fifty years ago this year, he published the "Rights of Man" in reply to Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution." For this he was outlawed by the court of the king's bench, so he went to France where the Revolution had overthrown the Bourbons and where he was hailed as a hero.

In fact, he was elected to the National convention but his republicanism was not strong enough to please the Jacobins. So when he opposed the execution of King Louis XVI and urged instead that the monarch be exiled to America, the Jacobins expelled him from the convention.

When Robespierre came into power Paine was thrown into prison where he was kept for a year in constant fear of death. Listed among those who were to mount the steps of the guillotine, he escaped by that fate by a strange freak of chance.

One morning the keeper of the prison went along the corridor placing chalk marks on the doors of those who were to be executed that day. It so happened that the door to Paine's cell was open and pushed back flat against the wall of the corridor. In the darkness of the gloomy old prison the keeper failed to notice this and put his chalk mark on the inside of Paine's door.

Thus when the door was finally closed the guards passed it by when they came to lead the other prisoners to their doom.

Paine was finally released through the efforts of James Monroe, United States minister to France, and resumed his seat in the convention. He lived to see the revolutionary cause betrayed by Napoleon Bonaparte, who had once visited him and flattered him by saying "A statue of gold ought to be erected to you in every city of the universe."

Paine returned to the United States in 1802 and settled down on a farm in New York state which had been given him in recognition of his services to the Revolution. Later he moved to New York and died there in 1809.

He was first buried on his farm at New Rochelle but a few years later William Cobbett, the English radical, removed his bones to England with the hope of increasing enthusiasm for the republican ideas of which Paine had been the principal exponent.

Cobbett placed the coffin in the attic of his home at Normandy Farm in Surrey. After his death in 1835, the coffin disappeared and no one knows what became of it.

Meanwhile the Thomas Paine National Historical association had been formed in America and Moncure D. Conway, its first president, began a search for Paine's remains. In 1900 he obtained in London a small portion of Paine's brain. William M. Van Der Weyde, the next president, next took up the search and secured several locks of Paine's hair. But what became of the remainder of what was once Thomas Paine is still a mystery, although it is believed that he was secretly buried in England in the seventies

SHORT STORY

Planned Revenge

By JAMES FREEMAN

(Associated Newspapers—WNU Service.)

DALE WIGGIN had hated Warren Marfield for two years. And men who hate, when that hate cannot be revealed by word or action, are usually given to brooding. And brooding, in turn, most always results in a poisoned mind, an evil disposition.

Of course it had started over a girl. Warren had won out, fair and honorable. That was what made matters worse. If Warren had only resorted to some trickery, then there would have been an excuse. It was the fact that there had been no excuse whatever that had whetted the growing anger and humiliation and feeling of having been wronged in Wiggins' soul.

For two years the thing had tormented him. And now the end was at hand. Now Warren would pay. Now revenge would be satisfied.

It had taken a lot of planning, a lot of study and careful consideration of the time element; the purchase of a pistol, and a silencer to dull the report; knowledge of the habits of one Rennie, a janitor.

But now the time had come. In ten minutes Warren Marfield would be dead; vengeance would have its day.

Wiggin glanced at his watch. It was 5:10 in the afternoon. The day was Friday. And on Fridays Warren Marfield always returned to his office at 5:20, after having gulped down a cup of coffee and a sandwich. He would remain at the office until seven o'clock, at which time he would go home and have a late dinner, a dinner prepared by the girl whom Dale Wiggin had wooed and lost.

Always after five o'clock on any day in the week the building in which Warren Marfield had his real estate office was empty; empty save



He lifted the limp form of his one-time friend, dragged it across the hall.

for Rennie, the janitor. And Wiggin had figured Rennie in the play.

Wiggin was startled from his reverie by the whirl of the elevator. He stood close to the door of his own office, which was almost directly across the hall from that of Marfield's, and listened. He heard footsteps; a familiar tread. It was Marfield all right.

He waited until the footsteps had passed his own office, had paused before the office opposite. Then Wiggin opened his own door, took quick aim at the man standing back to and fired.

The thing was done. There had been no report; merely the dull click of the silencer.

Wiggin moved with precision. Stepping quickly into the hall he lifted the limp form of his one-time friend, dragged it across the hall and laid it partly in and partly out of his own office door. Then he returned to the hall, jerked off the silencer apparatus, pointed the pistol upward and discharged it through the open skylight above.

An instant later he was back in his office, had disappeared into the tiny store room, was wrapping the pistol and silencer in old cloth placed there for the purpose.

He returned to the outer office, crossed to the door and stood over the body lying there, his visage suddenly filled with well-acted horror and alarm.

And at that exact moment Rennie, the janitor, rounded a corner in the corridor and stopped, staring at the dead man.

Inwardly Wiggin smiled. Just as he had planned. Exact timing. The dull stupidity of the man at sight of Marfield lying there.

A police inspector and two uniformed officers answered Wiggin's frantic summons. They looked over the corpse, viewed the scene of the crime, and listened to Wiggin's story and later that of Rennie.

A medical examiner was summoned. Rennie was led into an adjoining office for questioning. Wiggin was asked by the police inspector in an apologetic tone to wait until certain details had been attended to.

Wiggin agreed readily enough. He felt smugly triumphant. What dumb idiots these cops were. Give 'em a little puzzle to solve, and they were licked. Poor Rennie! Tough on him. Well, if they blamed the old fool for the shooting, it was due only to his own dumbness.

The police inspector returned to Wiggin's office. There was a certain grimness about his mouth.

"Would you mind repeating what you've already told us, Mr. Wiggin?"

Wiggin wouldn't mind a bit. He had rehearsed the story enough times to insure safety in repeated tellings.

"I was finishing up a few odds and ends . . . was about ready to leave . . . heard the elevator . . . heard footsteps . . . wasn't sure that it was Marfield . . . about to put on my coat . . . door across the hall was flung violently open. I heard a shout, followed by a shot, and then a dull thud, as if some heavy body had crashed against my door . . . I crossed quickly and opened it, and Marfield's dead body toppled inside. He was leaning against it. And then I looked up and saw Rennie standing at the corner."

"It is your belief that Marfield was attacked in his office, probably threatened. He tried to get away. He rushed across to you for help, and just as he reached the door, whoever it was attacked him, arrived at the door across the hall, and shot Marfield?"

Wiggin nodded.

"That's the way I figured it. Yes, it must have happened that way. A bullet entered through the back of his head. That shows that whoever it was shot him was probably standing in the doorway to Marfield's own office."

The police inspector pursed his lips, eyed Wiggin coldly, stood up, nodded to one of the uniformed officers. The officer came across the room and laid a hand heavily on Wiggin's shoulder.

"Hey, what's the idea? What is this, an arrest? Why me?"

The inspector nodded. "Sure. An arrest. And you're the man who's being arrested!"

"But look here! What's the idea? What are you arresting me for?"

The inspector shook his head sadly.

"Come, come, Wiggin, you're no criminal. You're not even intelligent. And it takes intelligence to plan and execute a crime—and get away with it." The inspector winked at the officer. "Doesn't get it yet. Plenty dumb." Then to Wiggin: "Say, wise guy, that office door of yours opens outward. How could Marfield's dead body topple inward across the threshold when you opened the door? Come on, tell me. You're so bright!"

Old Meissen Porcelain Often Called Dresden

The middle of the Eighteenth century was particularly distinguished by the many attempts which were made to produce and improve porcelain. The opening of trade relations with the Orient through the East India companies in the last half of the Seventeenth century had brought to the Western World the porcelain of the Orient. At once many prominent people on the Continent and in England began trying to produce this "true porcelain."

The discovery of hard paste porcelain had evaded the potters of Europe, although attempts had been made in Italy with some success near the end of the Sixteenth century and in the early Seventeenth century in France and other places. It was not, however, until a chemist, Johann Frederick Bottger, in 1709, discovered by accident the true hard paste which is "white, translucent and ringing."

Bottger had been apprenticed to an apothecary and had conducted such mysterious experiments that it was rumored he had found the "philosopher's stone." The king of Prussia, hearing of this, naturally desired to possess such a wonderful object. The philosopher's stone, according to legend, could not only manufacture gold but also contained the elixir of eternal youth.

Bottger, fearing the king's interest in the things he claimed to do, fled across the border to Saxony. But here August the Strong virtually imprisoned him and commanded him to produce gold at the forfeit of his life. Bottger did not produce the gold but with the accidental discovery of kaolin (china clay) he succeeded in making for the king true white porcelain. The king recognized the value of the new discovery and for greater security had the works removed from Dresden to Meissen in 1710. There with his associates he produced the earliest examples of the wares that were to astonish the ceramic world.

Odd School

Machias Seal island, a lonely and forbidding pile of rocks nine miles off the coast of Maine, can boast of what is perhaps the oddest school on the North American continent.

The island itself is a part of Maine but is leased to Canada. There at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, 12 miles from the Canadian island of Grand Manan, the Dominion government maintains a large lighthouse for the protection of the Bay of Fundy shipping.

The barren, rock-strewn island is inhabited only by two lighthouse keepers and their families, and Herbert W. Dayton, a young New Brunswick school teacher whom the government maintains on the island to instruct the three children of Mr. and Mrs. Earle Ingersoll, the second lighthouse keeper and his wife.

For you to make



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Finishing Touches
There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.—Shakespeare.

FAMOUS ALL-BRAN MUFFINS. EASY TO MAKE. DELICIOUS!

They really are the most delicious muffins that ever melted a pat of butter! Made with crisp, toasted shreds of KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, they have a texture and flavor that have made them famous all over America.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN MUFFINS
2 tablespoons shortening 1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup sugar 1/2 cup salt
1 egg 1/2 teaspoon salt
1 cup All-Bran baking powder
Cream shortening and sugar; add egg and beat well. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture and stir until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) about 30 minutes. Yield: 6 large muffins, 3 inches in diameter, or 12 small muffins, 2 1/4 inches in diameter.

Try these delicious muffins for dinner tonight or for tomorrow morning's breakfast. They're not only good to eat; they're mighty good for you as well. For several of these muffins will add materially to your daily supply of what physicians call "bulk" in the diet, and thus help combat the common kind of constipation that is due to lack of this dietary essential. Eat ALL-BRAN every day (either as a cereal or in muffins), drink plenty of water, and see if you don't forget all about constipation due to lack of "bulk." ALL-BRAN is made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Safest Investment
Goodness is the only investment that never fails.—Thoreau.

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With Carel or Yeast Flour and added Vitamin A
Take two cakes daily

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