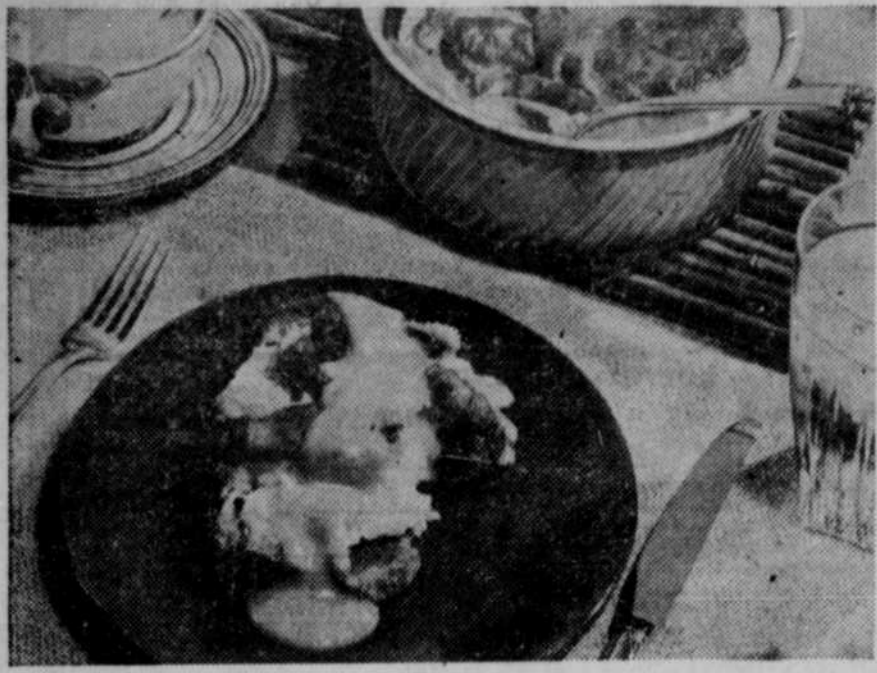


# Household News

By Eleanor Howe



## SAUCE MUST COMPLEMENT THE FOOD

(See Recipes Below)

### 'Sauce for the Goose'

The function of a sauce may be either to accent or to soften a flavor; it may be used to enrich a food, or to moisten it; the sauce may be sweet or savory; it may be hot or cold. Whatever its purpose or classification, the sauce must be smooth in flavor as well as smooth in consistency. It should, in addition, offer contrast in color, flavor, in texture, or in temperature.

Sauces are "sweet" or "savory," depending upon whether they are used for desserts, or are served with meat, vegetables, egg dishes or macaroni.

French cooks, to whom sauces are sacred, use two basic recipes or "mother sauces" from which all their savory sauces are developed; no simple white sauce or sauce merely thickened with browned flour, for them!

To serve its purpose, a sauce must complement the food—rather than disguising it. That means subtle seasoning, and just the right consistency.

Plain white sauce—the standby of so many cooks—should seldom be served "as is." It's a foundation, really, which is quite likely to be flat in flavor, and very much too thick! Judiciously seasoned, it can be used in dozens of different ways. Flavor it with sharp, grated cheese, or add condensed tomato soup to it, for character; use a drop or two of Worcestershire or a half teaspoon of prepared mustard; or—and this is a secret we might well borrow from our French cousins—substitute soup stock for part of the milk, in making the sauce.

**Orange Sauce.**  
 1/4 cup sugar  
 1 1/2 tablespoons cornstarch  
 1/4 teaspoon salt  
 1 cup boiling water  
 1/4 cup orange juice  
 2 tablespoons lemon juice  
 1/2 teaspoon orange rind  
 1 tablespoon butter  
 Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt. Add boiling water slowly to this dry mixture, stirring constantly. Place in saucepan and cook over low flame until mixture is clear. Remove from fire and add orange juice, lemon juice, orange rind and butter.

**Delicious Sauce.**  
 1/2 cup heavy cream (whipped)  
 1 egg  
 1/4 cup sugar  
 1/4 teaspoon vanilla extract  
 Beat white and yolk of egg separately. Add sugar to beaten yolk. Last of all add whipped cream and vanilla extract. Serve at once.

**Italian Tomato Sauce.**  
 Into a deep frying pan place a No. 2 1/2 can of tomatoes, 1 green pepper chopped fine, 1 large onion chopped fine, 1/2 lb. ground round steak, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, 1/4 teaspoon tabasco sauce, 1/4 teaspoon ground allspice, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon black pepper, 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese and 2 cups water. Cook slowly for approximately 2 hours. Cover cooked spaghetti with sauce and sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese.

**Easy-to-Make Hollandaise Sauce.**  
 Into top of double boiler place the juice of 1 lemon, 4 egg yolks, 1/2 cup butter and a dash of paprika. Beat constantly over boiling water until thick.

**Barbecue Sauce.**  
 1 large onion  
 1 clove garlic  
 1/2 cup catsup  
 1/2 cup Worcestershire sauce  
 1 No. 2 can tomatoes  
 1 tablespoon butter  
 1 tablespoon sugar  
 1/2 cup vinegar  
 Red pepper, black pepper, salt and mustard—to taste

Cut the onion and garlic into fine pieces. Strain the tomatoes and add one can of water. Add the other ingredients and bring to a boil. Serve

over any meat. This is also good for any fowl or game.

**Cheese Souffle With Tomato Cream Sauce.**  
 3 tablespoons butter  
 3 tablespoons flour  
 1 1/4 cups milk  
 1/2 teaspoon salt  
 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard  
 1/2 pound sharp cheese  
 4 eggs  
 Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour and cook until frothy. Then add the milk and cook together until the sauce has thickened. Measure out 1/2 cup of cream sauce and set aside to use in the souffle. To the remaining cream sauce in the pan add salt, dry mustard and cheese and heat until the cheese is melted. Add beaten egg yolks. Cool. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into mixture. Pour into a casserole (about 8 inches in diameter) and bake 1 hour to 1 hour and 15 minutes in a very moderate (310-degree) oven. Serve at once and put a spoonful of tomato cream sauce over each portion.

**Tomato Cream Sauce.**  
 1 can condensed tomato soup  
 1/2 cup cream sauce (saved from first part of recipe)  
 Combine the tomato soup and cream sauce and heat, but do not boil.  
**Hot Butterscotch Sauce.**  
 2 cups light brown sugar  
 1/2 cup coffee cream  
 1/4 cup light corn syrup  
 1/4 teaspoon salt  
 Blend all the above ingredients and place in saucepan. Cook slowly, stirring at frequent intervals, until mixture reaches the soft ball stage (236 degrees). Serve very hot over ice cream.

**Are You Planning Your Spring Cleaning?**  
 Before the housecleaning season arrives (and it's just around the corner!) be sure you send for a copy of "Household Hints." You'll find it a handy reference book when you begin to clean and polish and renovate the house. Just send 10 cents in coin to "Household Hints" care of Eleanor Howe, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and get your copy of this useful book, now.

**'Busy-Day Meals.'**  
 Are there busy days in your household, when there's very little time for preparing and serving meals? If there are, you'll be interested in what Eleanor Howe has to tell you about "Busy-Day Meals." Watch for her column next week—and for the menus and tested recipes you'll find in it. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

**'Magic' Butter Rolls**  
 Speaking of "busy-day" meals, here's a recipe that will make one and one-half dozen "magic" butter rolls in a hurry. This is what you need:  
 3 cups general purpose flour  
 1 teaspoon salt  
 1/4 cup butter or other shortening  
 1/2 cup evaporated milk  
 1/4 cup water  
 2 cakes yeast  
 1 tablespoon sugar  
 3 eggs  
 1 teaspoon vanilla extract  
 1/2 cup sugar  
 1 cup nuts (cut fine)  
 To 1 1/2 cups flour add salt and shortening, combining as for pie crust. Combine milk and hot water. When lukewarm add the yeast and 1 tablespoon sugar, blend well and then stir into the first mixture, beating until very smooth. Cover and let stand 20 minutes. Then add the eggs and beat vigorously. Beat in the vanilla and remaining 1 1/2 cups flour. Stir until smooth. The dough will be stiff but slightly sticky. Tie the dough loosely in a square of cheesecloth and drop it into a pail of cool water (70 to 80 degrees). In about an hour the dough will rise to the top of the water. When it does, remove it from the pail. Knead lightly. Cut into small pieces, roll in sugar and chopped nuts. Twist pieces as desired and let stand for 5 minutes. Bake in hot oven about 20 minutes.

# WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON  
 (Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

**NEW YORK.**—When young "Red" Phillips played guard on the University of Oklahoma football team, in 1915, he was scaled down to a mere 260 pounds, but in spite of that managed to root through the line like a high-powered snowshovel. Sometimes he wouldn't stop when the whistle blew and they had a hard time to keep him inside the state lines. Today, as Gov. Leon C. Phillips of Oklahoma, he weighs in at 290 and is even more abandoned in his rootin' tootin' guard play. He orders out the National Guard to repulse the invasion of the federals, trying to build a \$20,000,000 dam on the Grand river in his state.

**Game of Politics Is Another Story For Football Star**  
 This, one of his many scrimmages, is part of his waxing battle for state rights against what he considers the illegal encroachment of the federal government. He is an apostate New Dealer, having defeated the similarly belligerent "Alfalfa Bill" Murray on the issue of New Deal adherence in the 1938 Democratic primary.

Now he has switched teams. With a big cigar protruding from his lips at a cocky angle, biting it to shreds when he gets steamed up, he says the New Deal is a social service outfit, and social workers are "sorority sisters." Like the "Fiery and Sauffy" of the Oklahoma cowboy song, he's "rarin' in go and he sends word to the war department that he won't let any invader set foot on Oklahoma soil.

He started to be a preacher, but switched to the law. Born 50 years ago in Grant county, Missouri, along the covered wagon trail, he was taken to Oklahoma at the age of two and grew up in the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indian country. He attended Epworth university one year, studying, presumably militant, Christianity, and then entered the law school of the University of Oklahoma. His fame as "Red" Phillips, the bone-crushing, man-eating football player, gave him a fast running start in politics, and he soon landed in the state legislature. He made his campaign for the governorship on an economy platform, sweeping the state. The citizens still know him as "Red," and the "Yea Red!" yell of his college days serves for his political campaigns.

**WHEN I** knew Death Valley Scotty and his dog "Goldbug," around Goldfield, Rhyolite and Windy Gap, there was a story that the dog had made a great **'Loaned' to Him** stranger over a **By Chicago Man** Casey's hotel, and a theory that this stranger must have been Scotty's mysterious backer. The visitor, however, was just passing through and was never identified, and Scotty, even in moments of abandon in Tex Rickard's place, continued to insist that he had a "chimney," or "blow-out" of gold nuggets, samples of which he carried in his overalls pocket. It was not until years later that the man who financed the Death Valley Scotty saga, just for his own amusement it would seem, was A. M. Johnson, the head of a big insurance firm in Chicago.

As Scotty and his backer round out 40 years of a beautiful friendship, Scotty informs the federal tax collectors that he has \$100,000 in gold certificates buried somewhere in the Panamint mountains, and that the source of his mysterious wealth has unfailingly been Mr. Johnson. From the same source came the \$3,000,000 Spanish castle which Scotty built in the heart of Death valley several years ago, according to his previous admissions. The unique partnership opened with a \$2,500 grubstake. He not only wrote a check, but followed Scotty to Death valley. The first mine didn't pan out, but Mr. Johnson was having fun. They fought bandits, got clubby with the Piute Indians and rooted around in old prospect holes. Thereafter came Scotty's famous train ride and the deepening mystery of his treasure cache. They kept their secret until about 1930. The pooch, "Goldbug" and Scotty's extraordinarily intelligent white mule both died of old age. But the original partnership still goes on.

Mr. Johnson, now 68 years old, is cut somewhat on the same lines as Henry Ford, but with an Achilles' Heel of Romance. He was born and grew up in a small town in Ohio, went to Cornell university, did a job of railroading in Arkansas and engaged in mining lead and zinc near Joplin, Mo. In Chicago he augmented an inherited fortune in the insurance business. He belongs to a string of good clubs in Chicago, is a sagacious and conservative citizen, and, from all accounts, has bankrolled Scotty just for the fun of it.

# ONE GOOD TURN

By LILA ABBOTT  
 (McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

IT IS only by combining "wine, woman and song" that we court disaster; taken separately, they become the three graces and are found stimulating, intriguing and inspiring.

But Roy Cummings had not yet learned his lesson in this respect. After all, was not he a privileged character?

His uncle, Godfrey Cummings, leading citizen of East Baxford by reason of his considerable wealth, had let it be known that Roy was his favorite and heir, so long as he proved amenable to family traditions.

Among these traditions was the implied condition that no member of the proud Cummings family should marry below himself in social position.

Yet, paradoxically, drinking and flirting were not under the old fellow's ban, perhaps because he had the old-fashioned plutocrat's view regarding the feudal privileges of the ruling class.

At any rate, on this particular Sunday evening of his second week's visit to his uncle, Roy had a few scruples concerning possible excesses upon his part.

He had during the day frequently imbibed from a pocket flask, with the result that he was in a reckless mood and all primed for a "rollicking country flirtation," as he termed it.

His course lay rather unsteadily down the main street of the town, where he fancied everyone was looking after him with admiring and envious eyes.

This was not a phase of his drunk condition, as he was, above all other things, conceited, really considering himself handsome and dashing, with the proverbial "way" with the ladies.

But it is safe to say that such acclaim was not in the minds of most of the townspeople who happened to see him that evening, and the fact that he was thus defying a local Sabbath edict—strict sobriety—did not count in his favor.

However, charity is a real virtue and with it Mamie Summers put to shame the passive condemnation of the community. She was on her way to evening service, and the sight of Roy Cummings, of whom she knew so much was expected by his aged uncle, making a public spectacle of himself, aroused her charitable instincts.

She hesitated, undecided how best a Christian girl, albeit a practical one, could be of service to a drunken man upon the main street of a gossip town.

She must have been a trifle reckless, too, in the light of her eventual decision.

Or perhaps she was just impulsively inspired. In any case, what she did make up her mind to do was sufficiently startling in a girl of her retiring type.

She paused and half turned toward Roy. That was enough. With a flourish he had raised his hat. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" quoth he.

She might have answered truthfully, yet flippantly: "I am going to church, sir," she said, but, after all, it was an impossible situation for a girl of her conventional upbringing.

She could only look upon him pityingly. To his muddled intelligence this signified that she was struck dumb with admiration, so he continued quickly:

"Well, wherever you are going I will go along, too, if you don't mind. How about it, sweetie?"

Somehow or other she found herself falling in step with him.

At the same time, she realized how ridiculous the whole situation was. She would have fled had he not grasped her arm and guided her down the street.

Meanwhile she felt the censoring glances of her friends upon her defenseless back.

The two at length reached the lighted vestibule of the church. Here she halted, her half-formed plan put to the test.

"I am going in here," she said breathlessly.

"All right," he agreed; "any place you go suits me." And unwittingly he followed her into the church.

She deposited him in one of the very back seats, where they attracted less attention than might have been expected, owing to the fact that Roy's palpable surprise upon finding himself in a church, of all places, partially sobered him.

He sat quite still during the service, saying over and over to himself: "The little joker. She certainly put one over on me this time."

And his admiration of her cleverness was intermingled with his admiration of her pleasing appearance as he glanced sidewise at her from time to time during the sermon.

"What a pal she would make. What a wife . . .!"

ing angel made its belated appearance.

Otherwise there is no telling just how far this spirit of momentary inducement might have worried her. She might even have gone through with a marriage with one she knew only as a wastrel and a flirt.

For, strangely enough, Roy had held to his purpose.

A "peach" who could rope him into a church in his condition was a real thoroughbred, he told himself. And he would marry her in spite of old Godfrey, his uncle.

But old Godfrey proved to have the stronger will.

"Marry that small town girl!" he bellowed. "I should say not!"

And "not" and not "knot" it was. Which was just as well for Mamie.

Five years later Mamie was again walking in the direction of the church. This time, however, when a long gray car of expensive make slowed up beside her and its occupant, a dissipated looking man, threw inviting glances in her direction, she passed serenely on, but knew at once that it was Roy.

Also she knew that he had fallen heir to his uncle's fortune and was now in town with his wife on a short visit.

The wife, by the way, was the famous feminist lecturer who had consented to speak at the church that very evening.

A few minutes later, upon reaching the church vestibule, Mamie was not surprised to see the car drawn up before the door. Nor was she surprised at the occupant's condition. He appeared quite helpless in intoxication. He had the door of the car open but was undecided whether to attempt the distance to the church entrance. Upon seeing Mamie his bleared eyes lighted but not with recognition.

"Say, sister," he pleaded, "help me up the steps, will yuh? I'm sick and I want to speak to my wife."

Mamie accordingly found herself again walking up the church steps with a drunken man on her arm. Inside, of course, was the real Mrs. Cummings, the lecturer, greeting all comers with a forced, artificial smile. At sight of her husband's entrance she approached with commendable sangfroid (or was it brazenness?) and smiled at Mamie sweetly.

"Thank you, my dear," she said, quite ignoring her husband. "This is very kind of you. But don't you think you put yourself to too much trouble for me?"

Mamie considered the fate of a drunkard's wife, from which this woman had unwittingly saved her by taking Roy off her hands after her early impetuous engagement, and smiled cryptically.

"Not at all," she returned. "One good turn deserves another!"

# Century-Old Adventurer

**Recalls Gold Rush Days**  
**ST. LOUIS.**—James M. Shuey, pioneer gold miner, has safely passed the century mark, but he says he can't remember worrying about anything since the time he and his father ran out of grub during the gold rush of 49.

"I'm never sick, feel fine, never felt better," he said. Not so strong as he was 80 years ago, however, he spends a good deal of his time lying down. In 49, he says, his family moved west with other gold seekers.

"Dad took a fool notion to get rich and we pulled up stakes and started to California in a covered wagon," he said. "That was some trip. We got as far as Salt Lake City and dad started digging."

"The ground was hard and the gold was deep, and we got only a goose quill full. Dad sold it for food and we started back East."

"Yep, it was an interesting trip, all right," he recalled. "All across the plains we'd run into Indians. They'd ride their ponies along even with the wagon train, but they kept a good distance away. They'd hear the music sometimes and creep up to the campfires and just sit there, out of the light. They were good Indians and never gave us any trouble."

"Dad brought us to Missouri and we settled down in Franklin county along Fiddle creek. I remember crossing the Missouri river because we had a little bulldog and he wouldn't get in the boat. He almost bit dad's thumb off and we had to leave him."

Shuey says he married only once, to "a girl off Fiddle creek name of Reid. She was 15 when we married, a fine girl."

He moved to St. Louis 35 years ago and went to work for the railroads. He carried mail and worked as a section hand, but says he doesn't remember as much about that as he does about the family's migration to the West and back again.

Three of Shuey's 13 children are still living. He has 12 grandchildren, seven great-grandchildren and a great-great-granddaughter.

"My sight hasn't been any good for the last six years and I'm not able to see 'em," he said. "But I know their voices, and I'll probably outlive the whole lot."

# Turkish Head Dress

Abdul Medjid, a progressive sultan of Turkey, forced his subjects to wear the fez in place of the turban, which was regarded as a symbol of conservatism. The progressive republic of Turkey forced the people to adopt western headgear in place of the fez, a symbol of the past. However, Turkish peasants still wear hats resembling the long-prohibited turban.

# NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by CARTER FIELD

## Renewal of heavy spending is topic of White House discussion . . . Harrison and Bilbo bury the last senate hatchet.

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WASHINGTON.—Hot arguments at the White House in the last few days have revolved around the expediency of renewing heavy spending. President Roosevelt is willing, but wants the expenditures outside the budget. In short, he wants to stop federal grants to state and local communities, but is willing for the government to lend considerable amounts. Thus would be avoided the two horns of the dilemma which forced the drastic budget cuts in the budget message last January—increased debt limit on one hand and increased taxes on the other.

Important in these White House discussions were the future activities of the Federal Works agency. The rate of disbursement on its present program is \$248,000,000 a month but will drop to \$188,000,000 by December.

In this connection there was much discussion of the proposal of Sen. James M. Mead of New York, to make \$300,000,000 available for long-term government loans for hospital, water and sewerage construction—about 20 per cent of PWA's 1938 program.

Sen. Robert F. Wagner of New York is willing to combine this with the proposed \$10,000,000 hospital construction subsidy. This hospital item, incidentally, is the only exception the President seems willing to make in cutting off direct grants. He has been much interested in the problem of small communities which apparently cannot afford to finance their own hospitals.

Up on Capitol Hill there has not been an equal interest in the President's public health ideas, but for such a small amount, and in connection with the bigger spend-lend scheme, the reaction may be different.

**NO CUT IN WPA FUNDS**  
 Under the circumstances it is becoming extremely dubious whether congress will accept or that the White House will insist on a cut in WPA funds to one billion dollars for the next fiscal year, as tentatively proposed in the Roosevelt budget message. Already definite lines are forming in congress to boost this figure should F. D. R. himself not do so when he submits a definite estimate. Farm bloc members, pleased with the big boost in their appropriation, have been much in conference with the pro-PWA spending bloc, and an understanding is in the making.

The President probably took a good deal of quiet satisfaction in questioning congressional leaders about the tax situation. He asked if, in view of the boost of the farm appropriations, anything had been done about his suggestion for taxes to meet "extraordinary" national defense appropriations. The leaders told him they had been too busy with other matters to consider it. This was far from the truth, unless the word "consider" is taken to mean formal consideration in a committee. There is scarcely a senator or a representative who has not thought and talked a lot about it. And the answer is still "No." No new taxes will be imposed this year.

## BURY LAST SENATE HATCHET

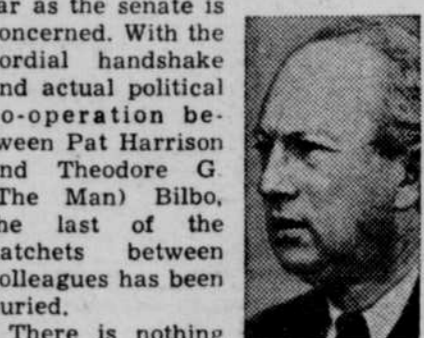
Fuads seem to be old-fashioned—threatening to pass into history—so far as the senate is concerned. With the cordial handshake and actual political co-operation between Pat Harrison and Theodore G. (The Man) Bilbo, the last of the hatchets between colleagues has been buried.

There is nothing resembling—for the moment at least—the old hatred between John Sharp Williams and James K. Vardaman. When the brilliant Williams spoke Vardaman would walk out into the cloakroom.

But now all is good humor and good feeling. In fact, if one excepts the bitterness of some of the unpurged senators, notably Ellison D. (Cotton Ed) Smith and Millard E. Tydings, against the President, there is a surprising lack of hostility so far as personalities are concerned.

The Harrison-Bilbo feud was perhaps the bitterest in the senate and the bitterest since that between the other two Mississippi senators of World war days, Williams and Vardaman. Close behind it, however, was the hatred, political and personal, between the "Boy Senator," Rush D. Holt, and his colleague, Matthew M. Neely, of West Virginia.

## Senator Harrison



Senator Harrison

# Pretty Frocks for Your Lamp Shades

By RUTH WYETH SPEARS

A CHANGE of lamp shades gives any room a lift, and here is a smart, new transformation trick. You start with a plain parchment paper or bristol board shade, preferably white; then you make a full skirt of some exciting fabric to cover it. Fasten by snaps. Taffeta, lawn, net, organdy, swiss, gingham—all are used and the imagination runs riot in trimmings. Frills or double ruchings at the top and bottom are favorites. Edges are pinked or ma-



chine stitched in heavy contrasting thread. Contrasting shirring holds the fullness at the top; and color is added by means of fancy braids, ribbons or bias tape, according to type. Sewing Book 1 and 4, contain directions for making a foundation frame, or you may use a shade that you have.

NOTE: Each of the four booklets Mrs. Spears has prepared for our readers contains an assortment of 32 pages of curtains; slip covers; rag rugs; toys; gifts and novelties for bazaars. Books are 10 cents each—please order by number—No. 1, 2, 3, and 4—With your order for four books, you will receive a FREE set of three Quilt Block Patterns of Mrs. Spears' Favorite Early American Quilts. Send your order to:

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# The Tonic

He had been suffering badly from nerves, and it was a friend who had suggested to him that he should go and see a certain famous specialist. The medical man eyed his patient critically. There were the usual signs of tiredness, of strain, of being out of harmony with everything. "What you want to do," he said, after the examination, "is to get taken out of yourself. You want a good laugh. So, I'm going to prescribe for you some doses of Grimaldi, the clown. The world and his wife are going to see that droll fellow. He's a real tonic." "I am Grimaldi," came the quiet answer.

Nina—I know the truth about you and my husband. You'll find out what I'm going to do on Page 19 of the May issue of True Story Magazine—now on sale.—Adv.

**Method in Work**  
 Method is the very hinge of business; and there is no method without punctuality.—Cecil.

# INDIGESTION

**Sensational Relief from Indigestion and One Dose Proves It**  
 If the first dose of this pleasant-tasting little black tablet doesn't bring you the fastest and most complete relief you have experienced, send back to us and get DOUBLE MONEY BACK. This Bell-man tablet is the stomach digest food, milder, the excess stomach fluids harmless and lets you eat the nourishing foods you need. For heartburn, acid, belching and gases so often caused by excess stomach fluids making you feel sour and sick all over—JUST ONE DOSE of Bell-man proves speedy relief. 25c everywhere.

**Wealth in Health**  
 Better a healthy peasant than a sickly king.

# WOMEN

Here's amazing way to Relieve 'Regular' Pains

Mrs. I. C. Lawson writes: "I was underrun, had cramps, headaches and backache, associated with my monthly periods. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for a while, gained strength, and was greatly relieved of these pains."  
**FOR over 70 years, countless thousands of women, who suffered functional monthly pains, have taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription over a period of time—and have been overjoyed to find that this famous remedy has helped them ward off each monthly discomfort.**  
 Most amazing, this scientific remedy, formulated by a practicing physician, is guaranteed to contain no harmful drugs—no narcotics. In a scientific way, it improves nutritional assimilation; helps build you up and so increases your resistance and fortifies you against functional pain. Lessens nervousness during this trying period.  
 Don't suffer one unnecessary moment from such monthly discomfort. Get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription from your druggist. Discover how wonderfully it acts to relieve you of "Regular" pains.

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