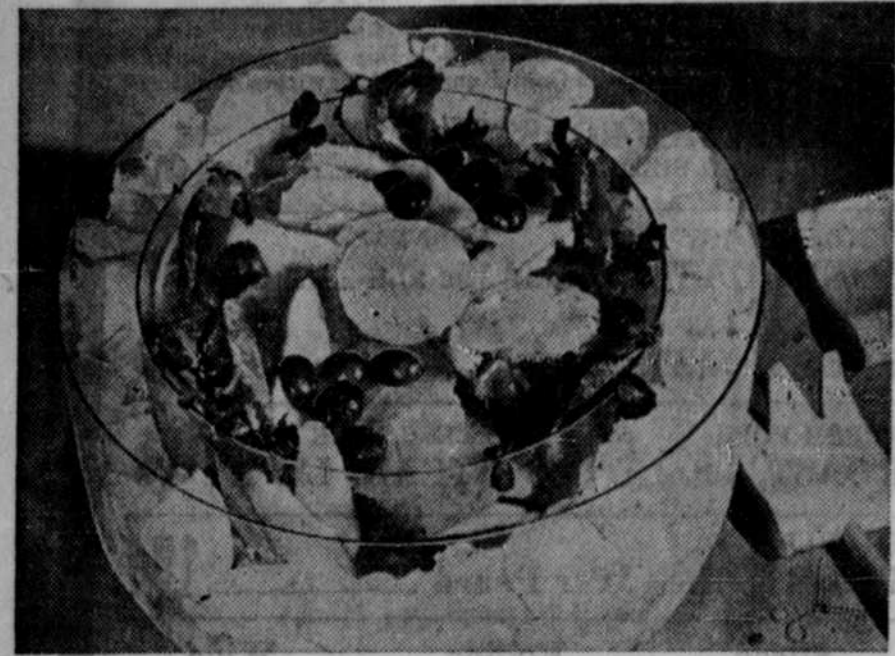


Household News

By Eleanor Howe



ENTERTAINING WHEN THE WEATHER'S WARM

(See Recipes Below)

If the mercury seems likely to pop right through the top of the thermometer, and guests are coming for dinner, you can still keep cool!

Plan your menu to permit as much preparation as possible in the cooler hours of the morning. Remember, when you plan the meal, that quality rather than quantity will please your guests, and that a beautiful, cool, crisp salad will be more appetizing, by far, than all the complicated hot dishes you can name!

It's wise, of course, to include one hot food in your menu, even though the weather's torrid. There's something about the contrast of hot foods and cold that makes a meal more pleasant to the taste (and to the digestion, as well).

A cup of clear, hot soup, which might be prepared the day before and reheated just before serving, is a hot main dish that's not too heavy or just a hot beverage, if you prefer it, will do the trick.

You'll find menus and tested recipes for all kinds of summer entertaining in my cook book, "Easy Entertaining." There are menus (and recipes) for teas, for buffet suppers, children's parties, and for a wedding reception, too.

Orange-Grape-Pear Salad in Ice-Lined Salad Bowl.

(Serves 8)

Oranges, pears, grapes — summer's juiciest fruits—in an ice-chilled salad bowl! What a decorative answer to every cook's prayer for something tempting to serve on hot weather menus. For a buffet party, serve it in a double bowl with ice to keep the salad chilled to just the right degree.

With a sharp knife, peel 8 oranges, removing skin and inner membrane down to juicy meat. Cut in thin even slices. (California oranges are firm-meated and practically seedless, which makes them especially suited to slicing.) Peel and core 4 pears. Cut in slices. Halve and seed 2 cups of grapes. Combine fruits and put in salad bowl, which has been lined with romaine and watercress. These two salad greens incidentally give an interesting color contrast of light and dark green that is refreshing and that may well be used in any salad.

Serve with sweet french dressing.

Sweet French Dressing.

1/2 cup lemon juice
1/2 cup salad oil
1/2 cup red jelly or honey
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon paprika

Shake well before serving. The lemon juice gives a flavor to dressings that is especially good with fruit salads. (Makes 1 1/2 cups.)

Sparkling Vegetable Soup.

(Serves 8)

4 pounds beef shin
2 1/2 quarts water
1 tablespoon salt
4 sprigs parsley
2 bay leaves
10 pepper corns
3 whole cloves
1/2 cup sliced carrot
1/2 cup sliced onion
1/2 cup celery and celery leaves

Have bones cracked at the market. Wipe bone and meat with cloth. Remove half the meat from the bone, and cut in 1-inch cubes. Brown the meat on all sides, add bones, remaining meat and water. Add remaining ingredients and bring to a boil. Skim, then simmer for 3 to 4 hours, with the lid of the kettle tilted slightly. Strain through sieve lined with cheese cloth, and cool quickly, uncovered. Chill until fat is solid, then remove fat. To clarify the soup, allow 1 egg white and crushed shell mixed with 2 tablespoons of cold water, for each quart of stock. Add to cold stock and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add 1/2

cup cold water, and let settle until cold. Carefully strain through 4 thicknesses of cheese cloth wrung out of very cold water.

Just before serving, add vegetables as follows:

1/2 cup tomato (cut very fine)
1/2 cup carrot (diced fine)
1/2 cup new cabbage (cut very fine)
1/2 cup celery (cut very fine)
2 1/2 cups water
1/2 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons parsley (minced)

Cook tomato, carrot, cabbage and celery in boiling, salted water, just until the vegetables are tender. Strain, and add to hot soup just before serving. Garnish with minced parsley.

Waffled Strawberry Shortcake.

2 cups pastry flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
3 eggs—separated
1 1/2 cups milk
3 tablespoons melted butter

Mix and sift all dry ingredients. Beat egg yolks and add to them the milk and melted butter. Stir liquid mixture into dry ingredients. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Bake in hot waffle iron, leaving iron closed until steam no longer escapes between the two halves.

Rice Rolls.
(Makes 3 dozen)
1/2 cup cooked rice
1/2 cup liquid from rice
1/2 cup milk
1/2 cup shortening
2 teaspoons salt
6 tablespoons sugar
1 yeast cake softened in 1/4 cup lukewarm water
1 egg (beaten)
5 cups flour

Drain the cooked rice thoroughly. Combine 1/2 cup of the water in which the rice was cooked, with 1/2 cup milk and scald. Pour over the shortening, salt, and sugar, cool slightly, and add the rice. Combine softened yeast with the beaten egg and add to the cooled milk mixture. Beat in about half of the flour, and mix well. Add remaining flour. Place in greased bowl, grease top of dough slightly and cover the bowl. Allow dough to rise until double in bulk (about 1 1/2 hours). Punch down, and let rise again for about 45 minutes. Shape into small balls and place in greased muffin pans. Let rise until double in bulk, then brush with milk. Bake in a moderately hot oven with the thermostat set at 400 degrees, for about 20 minutes.

Jellied Ham Salad.
(Serves 6)
2 cups cooked ham (finely ground)
1/4 cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon sweet pickle (cut fine)
2 whole cloves
1 bay leaf
2 cups water
1 tablespoon granulated unflavored gelatin
2 tablespoons cold water
1 cup cooked ham (cut in small strips)

Combine ground ham, mayonnaise and pickle and blend thoroughly. Chill. Add cloves and bay leaf to water and boil for about 5 minutes. Then strain. Add gelatin which has been soaked in cold water and stir until dissolved. Chill until mixture begins to thicken; then add ham mixture. Pour in individual salad molds and chill 2 or 3 hours, or until set. Unmold on crisp lettuce or watercress, top with mayonnaise and strips of cooked ham and serve very cold.

Cheese Cornucopias—Salad Accompaniment.

Cheese cornucopias are an unusual, but delicious, salad accompaniment. Make ordinary pastry as for pie and roll out. Make tiny cornucopias (about 3 inches long) from any stiff paper. Wrap pastry around cornucopia and bake 12 minutes in a hot oven (450 degrees). Remove paper and when cool, fill cornucopias with highly flavored cream cheese. Serve with any salad.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union)

The Brewster Murder

By CARLTON JAMES
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

"COME on," said Inspector Jeff Carlton, "there's been a murder up at the Fairview apartments. This may be your chance for a story."

I picked up my hat and followed. We taxied to the Fairview.

A butler admitted us to Glen Fernald's apartment. The butler's face was white, and there was a wild look in his eyes. He gestured to a door that opened off the hall. Carlton stepped toward it, beckoning to me to follow.

Inside were three people, two men and a woman.

One of the former, a young, fair-haired youth, got unsteadily to his feet and leered at us. He held a half-filled glass of liquor.

"Evenin', gent'muns," he said thickly. "Thish ish a pleasure. Have-a-drink."

Carlton turned away from him and addressed himself to the other man.

"Hello, Doc," he said. "What's happened?"

Doctor Jordan nodded familiarly.

He was a nervous little man with a red face and spectacles. I had seen him occasionally about headquarters.

"Hello, Inspector. There's been a murder. Man named Brewster. Stabbed. He's in there."

He nodded toward a door behind the fireplace.

Inspector Carlton went through the door.

He was gone about five minutes. When he returned he stood near the fireplace and looked around the room.

"What happened, doc? Who's that?"

He pointed toward the woman. She was about thirty years old, I judged. Her face was so white that the makeup on her cheeks looked like ghastly blotches.

Doctor Jordan said: "That's Mrs. Brewster. It was she who called me."

"I see." Carlton looked at the woman. "You're the dead man's wife?"

"Yes."

Her voice was low, frightened.

"Tell me what happened."

She clutched at her throat and looked sidewise at the fair-haired youth, but he had sat down and closed his eyes. His head was lolling to one side.

"Mr. Fernald," she said, still looking at him, "was giving a party. There were five of us here; Mr. Brewster and myself, Mr. Fernald, and a young couple named Raymond. Mr. Raymond was a business associate of my husband. They were leaving tonight on the midnight train, and this party was a sort of farewell."

"Where are they now?"

The woman gestured helplessly.

"Gone, I suppose. When it came time to leave, my husband seemed to be missing. I remembered seeing him go toward the kitchen. The Raymonds couldn't wait because it was nearly time for their train. They left and we began searching for my husband. We found him in—in there—Dead!"

"Were the Raymonds drunk when they left?"

"No. There'd been no drinking. When Mr. Fernald discovered what had happened he became dreadfully upset. I called Doctor Jordan. Mr. Fernald ordered some whiskey, and has been drinking ever since," Carlton nodded.

He gestured to Doc Jordan, and the pair of them withdrew into a corner and carried on a low-voiced conversation. I watched them for a while and then gave my attention to the room. It was quite a large room, tastefully appointed. In the center there was a large table, with books and magazines and a cruet of whisky. Besides the door leading to the den behind the fireplace, there was another which, I judged, led to the kitchen.

Presently Carlton came back to the center of the room.

Dr. Jordan went over to Fernald and began shaking him.

"Mrs. Brewster," Carlton said, "in your opinion, was it the Raymonds who killed your husband?"

She stared at him, terrified.

"I—I don't know. It was the first time I'd met them."

"Where do they come from?"

She gestured vaguely.

"Somewhere in the West. My husband was a mining engineer. He met Mr. Raymond on one of his many trips to the Coast. They became interested in some sort of mining venture, and I believe, invested together. The venture turned out well, according to what I gathered from their conversation of the past few days."

"I see. How long have you known Mr. Fernald, Mrs. Brewster?"

"How long? Why—ever so long. My husband and Mr. Fernald have been friends since childhood."

"I see," Carlton said again.

He turned and crossed to the butler. We couldn't hear what was said, but I saw the serving man shake his head.

Presently, Carlton turned and came back.

There was a glint in his eyes. He looked at Mrs. Brewster.

"Very, very nice," he said. Sud-

denly he jabbed a finger at the woman. "Mrs. Brewster," he snapped, "you're a liar!"

She caught her breath and drew back a step, staring wildly. Carlton turned from her and went over to Fernald. Surprisingly, he reached down and grasped Fernald by the coat collar, lifting him clear off his chair.

"Stand up, you! You're no more drunk than I am."

Fernald's eyes came open. He leered, but anyone could see that it wasn't genuine.

Carlton was right.

Fernald was cold sober.

"Keep your eye on this jigger," Carlton said to me. "Don't let him get away."

He swung back to Mrs. Brewster.

"Mrs. Brewster, that story you told about the Raymonds is one of the cutest I've ever heard. No one knew anything about them but your husband, and your husband's dead. They left tonight on the midnight, but you weren't sure of their destination. In other words, it would be quite a job to locate these Raymonds. In fact, you knew they never would be located, because they don't exist."

"You know who killed your husband, Mrs. Brewster. It was Fernald. And you helped. You inveigled your husband to come here tonight so Fernald could kill him because you loved Fernald and Brewster stood in your way. It was all nicely planned, nicely arranged."

Mrs. Brewster uttered a frightened scream.

Her knees gave way and she slumped to the floor.

Fernald took advantage of the moment to make a swing at me; he almost connected despite the fact that I hadn't permitted my attention to be diverted. The momentum of his blow carried him off balance for an instant and I drove my fist hard into his stomach.

Carlton had done a good job but still I was puzzled.

I wanted to know how he knew that Fernald wasn't drunk.

"That," Carlton explained, "is the crux of the whole thing. As soon as I discovered Fernald was playing-acting I knew there must be some reason for it. So I began adding things up."

"Yes. But how did you know he was sober?"

Carlton laughed.

"The whisky cruet was nearly full. The amount of whisky in Fernald's glass would have filled it to the top. Mrs. Brewster had already told me that no one had taken a drink but Fernald and then not until Brewster's body had been discovered."

"Clever," I said. "And the butler?"

"Too late to pin anything on him. He may have been bribed, but now that he knows we've apprehended the murderer it isn't likely he'll substantiate Mrs. Brewster's story."

Smiles

Under Orders

Jones leaned over the fence and watched his friend Brown hard at work in the garden.

"Been at it long?" he asked.

"Yes," sighed Brown, dejectedly; "since seven o'clock."

"Good gracious!" gasped the other. "I wouldn't think of such a thing."

"I wouldn't, either," Brown explained, casting a nervous glance towards his house. "My wife thought of it."

What Mastication

"I'll take off my hat to you oyster eaters. It was all I could do to eat three last night!"

"Weren't they fresh? What did they look like when you opened them?"

"O, did you have to open them?"

Fresh Eggs

"Are your hens good layers?"

"Splendid. They haven't laid a bad egg yet."

Up and Off It

"Hey, boy, what are you doing up my pear tree?"

"Well, sir, there's a notice below which says 'Keep off the grass.'"

Only Means

Jean—I hear you have married a man of means.

Joan—Well, if there was ever a man who means to do this, that, and the other—but never does—he's the man.

All Is Good

Beyond all doing of good is the being good; for he that is good not only does good things, but all that he does is good.—George MacDonald.

Migrant Farm Worker Can Live Cheaply in Yakima

Ten cents goes a long way for services in the government's new farm family labor camp at Yakima, Wash.

The migrant farm worker can bring his whole family into the camp and live for 10 cents a day. The dime pays for use of a frame shelter with stove, and if the family requires two shelters they can have them, if available, for the same initial rental fee.

But that isn't all the dime buys. There's a community wash house for the use of the women of the camp, and bathing facilities for men and women.

That's a lot, but there's even more, including the privilege of using a community center and the services of a camp clinic for everyone, and a camp school teacher for all children from the first to the fourth grades.

Who gets the money? Not Uncle Sam, who built the camp. The rent fees go into a camp fund administered by a community council. The council uses the funds for whatever purposes it deems necessary for the best interests of the camp's occupants.

The council has often bought food which is distributed among the campers. It authorized the purchase of a piano for the community center, and it pays for the entertainment provided at dances in the clubhouse.

The Yakima camp is one of a number established throughout the United States by the Farm Security administration, and is considered one of the best of its kind.

There are 200 one-room shelters in the camp area of 150 acres, and 125 tent platforms. In addition there are 48 three-room houses, each of which has a quarter-acre of ground for a subsistence garden.

The Yakima camp and others like it were built to improve living conditions for migrating farm families of meager means. Conditions under which some of them lived in the past in various parts of the country were deplorable, according to FSA officials.

Government surveys made in many agricultural sections showed that some of the farm laborers lived without bathing and toilet facilities and without most other conveniences of modern housing.

The camp manager can take single persons in at his discretion, but they are admitted only with the understanding that if their quarters are required for married couples, they must vacate.

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which transforms the play suit into a spectator sports frock with shirtwaist top.

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Enclose 15 cents for each pattern.
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HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS

Scorched Linen

The marks can be taken out by rubbing with a cut onion and then soaking in cold water. This takes out both the smell and the marks.

To remove mustard stains from table linen

boil stained part in a quart of water to which one teaspoon of washing soda has been added.

To keep bread in the best condition

store in a clean, well-aired, covered, ventilated container and keep in a cool place.

Wash the leaves of a rubber plant

with warm water and castile soapuds. When dry, rub each leaf with a cloth wet in olive oil.

Try adding a few raisins to the dumplings

you serve with steews.

Tumblers that have been used with milk

should always be washed in cold water before they are washed in hot. When this is done the milk will not stick to the glass and they will not have a cloudy appearance.

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Different Tongues

There is as much difference between wise and foolish tongues as between the hands of a clock—the one goes 12 times as fast, but the other signifies 12 times as much.—William Feather.

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Mite Upon Mite

If thou shouldst lay up a little upon a little, and shouldst do this often, soon would even this become great.—Hesiod.

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Attempt the end and never stand to doubt; nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.—Herrick.

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