

HOUSEHOLD QUESTIONS



Concerning Mirrors.—Never hang a mirror where it faces a glare of light.

Cleaning Brassware.—Brass ornaments should be put into hot soapy water to which soda has been added and scrubbed with a soft brush.

That Breakfast Omelet.—That omelet will not fall if a pinch of powdered sugar and a pinch of cornstarch are added to the omelet mixture.

Manipulating Velvet.—The usual method of pressing seams, especially in velvet, is to get a second person to hold one end of the material while you hold the other.

Vegetable Water Sauce.—Two tablespoonfuls butter, two tablespoonfuls flour, salt and pepper to taste, one cup vegetable water or half cup milk and half cup vegetable water.

Ripening Bananas.—Green bananas can be ripened by placing them in a paper bag and keeping them in a dark closet for a day or two.

When Mending Gloves.—Slip a thimble on your finger when mending gloves and the darn can be made very easily.

Increased by Advertising

In 1929 the per unit of population value of manufactured products in America amounted to \$89.60. For the year 1929 the per unit of population value of manufactured products had increased to a total of \$379.70.

YOU CAN THROW CARDS IN HIS FACE ONCE TOO OFTEN

WHEN you have those awful cramps; when your nerves are all on edge—don't take it on the man you love. Your husband can't possibly know how you feel for the simple reason that he is a man.

Right Has Preference A good and faithful judge prefers what is right to what is expedient.—Horace.

CONSTIPATED?

What a difference good bowel habits can make! To keep food wastes soft and moving, many doctors recommend Nujol.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I'm thankful that I have a sensitive soul. My emotions are deep and extensive. It really quite fills me with rapturous thrills just to gaze at the moon and feel pensive!

SEEN and HEARD around the NATIONAL CAPITAL By Carter Field

Washington.—How long the present "breathing spell" in the reform battle of the administration against business is going to last is one of the most important questions in Washington.

Some of the Capitol Hill leaders predict, however, that even if business should blossom like the rose next summer the drive toward "planned economy" will not be resumed until after the election next November.

Had it not been for the business recession there would have been a battle between congress and the President almost as bitter, and probably as significant, as that over enlarging the Supreme court last winter.

But it also determined the President to yield, at least in part, and to lay more emphasis on balancing the budget.

To Fight Again The same battle will be fought, but the battleground will be different. The President has retreated to a stronger position.

And there may be no fight whatever to force immediate power projects into the seven TVA's. In fact Sen. George W. Norris is already giving out interviews that his understanding with the President on that subject seems to be very different from what the President now thinks it is.

As another result of this "breathing spell" the President and Sen. Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, seem to be further apart than they have been at any time since Mr. Roosevelt entered the White House.

La Follette has never been afraid of taxes—nor of admitting frankly that more must be laid on the small income group. He has consistently scorned the New Deal intimation that the rich could be made to pay for New Deal spending.

Strategically, this puts the President in between the two extremes, an extremely envious political position. It may make very much harder the task of the southern conservatives, who hope to win party control, nominate a conservative, and really "turn to the right" in the next national platform.

Tax Revision President Roosevelt bends to the gale, to keep the New Deal trunk from snapping, but even as he bends he shows clearly the resiliency which will lend power to the swing back so soon as the gale has ceased blowing.

With a congress all set for revision of the tax laws to ease the burden business has been bearing, the President springs in with his message saying some changes are necessary. Then he hints at changes far less drastic than congress was determined to make.

For example, he says nothing about when the tax modifications should be made. Sen. Walter F. George of Georgia, member of the finance committee and powerful figure among the group of southern conservatives who hope to take control of the party away from the New Dealers, and nominate one of their number, in 1940, wants immediate revision of both the capital gains and losses and of the undistributed earnings taxes.

Again, the President wants to use the modification of the undistributed earnings tax as another club against bigness. He says flatly that the tax could be changed, by granting exemptions to small companies, so

as to equalize the competition between them and the big ones. Thus, he says, a long step could be made in the direction of preventing the growth of monopolies.

Actually his own Treasury department has proved to its own satisfaction from its own figures that the undistributed earnings tax did not bear so heavily on small corporations as on large ones. Actually most of the suggestions as to why the business recession had come was aimed at big business concerns rather than small ones.

Not This Session

This administration eagerness to confine modification of the undistributed earnings tax is excellently illustrated also in the statement made by Sen. Alben W. Barkley, Democratic leader, after a talk with the President. Barkley said: "In my judgment, we cannot act this session (meaning the short session) on proposals for amendment of the undistributed profits tax to relieve new and debt-burdened corporations."

Contrast this with Senator George, who says: "There can be no business recovery unless those who employ labor can retain some of their earnings to pay debts and to expand operations. I am confident the congress will modify the provision imposing the surtax on undistributed earnings, and allow those earnings to be used by business in the interest of the workers."

Some very shrewd observers do not believe the President will insist on the text of his first message. They think it was almost purposely put in general terms. Certainly it flat plenty of loopholes. Even his flat declaration against speculative profits—an old dogma of the New Deal doctrine—was not specific.

On this point congress is determined to permit the spreading of losses over at least two if not three years, in clear opposition to the New Deal theory that saving for a rainy day merely makes it rain harder, and sooner.

Again Soft Coal

"Like the poor, the soft-coal industry is always with us," a high administration official lamented at a little gathering of the best governmental minds.

At present two agencies of the government, the interstate commerce commission and the bituminous coal commission, are not just seeing eye to eye on this terrifically important problem, intensified at the moment by the fact that the administration is straining every nerve to get business out of its doldrums.

The National Coal association is indignant both at the boost in railroad freight rates on coal already granted by the I. C. C., and at the present demand for a further increase of about 15 per cent.

The present increase, the association's officials claim, "is to take effect despite the evidence that high rail rates are diverting coal in large tonnage to truck transportation as well as accelerating consumer use of substitute fuels which move by pipeline. To add another 15 per cent increase to rail freight rates on coal, as now asked for by the railroads, will be suicidal."

The bituminous coal commission, which earlier maintained that the increased cost of coal would be borne mainly by the railroads and utilities, and not by householders, is now perturbed. It is opposing vigorously the increase now on the table before the I. C. C.

But the Railroads

But on the other hand, what is to be done for the railroads? Weakness in their stocks is regarded by the administration experts as one of the big factors in the recent stock market slides, and in the general recession of business. Administration agents have been delving eagerly into the possibility that business could be revived by railroad buying. First there was the idea of lending them more money—pouring it out. But they learned that this would interest only a few roads, chiefly those already in financial trouble. The stronger roads would prefer to do their own financing—if—and that has been the trouble—they considered the situation justified the spending.

So it has become obvious that the railroads must be permitted to earn more, not just to have cheap money loaned to them, in order to start any real amount of spending.

On this phase the I. C. C. is inclined to agree, but it has learned through sad experience, as indeed have the railroads, that rate advances are non-guarantee of bigger earnings. Freight diverts quickly to trucks. The I. C. C. has rather reached the conclusion that the only freight-rate advance that is sure to produce more money in the railroads' treasuries is one on products so heavy that truck hauling is uneconomic. Of these, coal and ores stand out like sore thumbs.

But the danger point has been reached on coal, the bituminous coal commission believes. It is concerned about the switching from coal to other fuels, though of course not concerned with whether traffic is diverted from the railroads to trucks.

One of the largest oil companies in the United States says that through advertising it is able to market its product at less than one-half mill per gallon.

What S. Cobb Thinks about

Sports Broadcasters.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Somebody said that there were always two big sporting events—the one Graham McNamee saw and the one that actually took place.

But, alongside the present sports broadcasters, Graham's wildest flight would sound like the dulcet twitter of a timid love bird as compared with the last ravings of John McCullough.

Coaches brag of the lowered percentage of serious football accidents this fall. But oh, think of the radio descriptionists who'll wind up the season suffering from nervous exhaustion, wrecked vocal chords, violent rush of loud words to the mouth, complete collapse, even madness.

You'll be passing the rest cure sanitarium, and, as the windows burst outward, you'll hear pouring forth something like this:

"Oh boy, boy! with one tremendous burst, Irish Goldberg is jamming his way from the red back line right through the black interference! Nothing can stop him!"

But don't get worked up. What you hear is merely a convalescent microphone orator mentioning a checker game between two fellow-inmates and reverting to form.

Viruses in Snakes.

SOMETHING I said recently about the folly of killing every snake on sight, without investigating the snake's character, brought a flock of letters from readers who don't like snakes.

Even a so-called venomous snake may have his better side. In Kansas, in the old local option days, you could get a drink only on a doctor's prescription, excepting in case of dire emergency, such as a snake bite. So every properly run drug store kept a rattlesnake on the premises to serve the citizenry. And the only time a drug store rattler ever refused to bite a thirsty stranger was when he was all worn out from accommodating the regular local trade.

And what though it was a snake that led Eve astray in the garden of Eden? He may have brought sin into the world, but wouldn't we have missed a lot of spicy reading matter in newspapers if he hadn't?

Yes, I plead guilty to thinking an occasional charitable thought for any decimated and vanishing group. I feel that way about old line Republicans and mustache cups and red woolen pulse-warmers.

Political Predictions.

WE TAKE the opportunity to announce that the Literary Digest, or rather its journalistic successor, will not conduct a poll on next year's congressional and state elections. The burnt child dreads the poll.

Let others go around taking straw votes, but the way the Digest folks feel now and, in fact, have felt ever since last November, they wouldn't start a canvass to prove that two and two make four. Because, look here—what if it should turn out that two and two merely make some more Marx brothers or a double set of Siamese twins?

Anyhow, the business of basing cocksure predictions on half-cocked estimates doesn't seem to be flourishing these days. Figures don't lie, but the citizens who furnish the figures may do so, either unintentionally or just for the sake of a laugh. The rise of candid camerazationizing—say, we just thought up that word—proves that a photograph of things as they are is mightier than a lot of loose statistics predicated on what the voters may or may not do—and probably won't, when the time comes.

Forgotten Stars.

ONCE interviewers clamored for a hearing and her face was on half the magazine covers and her name in letters of flaming light above all the marquees. Once impressive tycoons catered to her temperamental whims; press agents waited upon her, courtiers attending a queen. Autograph seekers besieged her then, while now only bill collectors desire her signature—and they'd like to have it on a check. Speak of her to the newer generation, and somebody will say, "Who? Spell it, please."

She is all through, all washed up. But, like the deaf husband whose wife has slipped, will be the last person in town to hear the news. Having traveled a road which issues mighty few round-trip tickets, she still dreams of a come-back.

She is the most tragic and the most pitiable figure—and one of the commonest—to be found in this place called Hollywood. She is any one of the host, men and women, who, ten years ago, or even five, were glittering stars in movieland.

IRVIN S. COBB. Copyright.—WNU Service.



Two Little Dolls In Blue by ALICE B. PALMER

"AREN'T the dolls beautiful?" exclaimed Joan to her mother, as she gazed upon the finished product of the "Two Little Dolls in Blue" which Dorothy May had ordered from Santa Claus.

"They are quite the loveliest I have ever seen," spoke mother. "I do believe that you have put your very heart and soul into their fashioning."

Joan had spent many days and nights, too, stitching a loving holiday thought into each tiny garment. The dainty materials had been transformed into things of beauty. The dresses of pale blue silk with bonnets and slippers to match, had proclaimed them the "Two Little Dolls in Blue!"

"Oh, won't Dot love them?" beamed Joan, as she again eyed the dolls from head to foot with a happy smile of complete satisfaction.

"I dare say this will be her happiest Christmas, one that she will never forget," said mother.

Christmas eve, with its bright lights and cheer, was in full progress and the two little dolls in blue were being fondled by one of the happiest little girls in the world. Rocking in her own tiny chair Dorothy May began singing a lullaby to the dolls, wholly oblivious of the attendant surroundings. It was such an adorable sight that the others had stopped their celebrations and were beaming upon her with transformed emotion.

The spell was broken when Dorothy May suddenly stopped singing and called out, "What shall I name the 'two little dolls in blue'?" "Well," said Joan, smiling thoughtfully, "since they are dressed in blue and are two very important little ladies, why not call one Alice Blue and the other Elinor Blue?" And so the dolls were named.

On Christmas morning in another house around the corner, Bonny Jean awoke with the joy of the holiday and shouted, "Mother, did Santa come and did he bring me a big baby doll with curls and eyes that open and shut?"

"Yes, dearie, Santa came and brought you a very pretty doll." Then spying it, seated beneath the tree dressed in scarlet finery, Bonny Jean clasped it to her breast. Upon close inspection, she soon learned that it was the same sort of doll she had always received, only with new features.

Just as she was about to burst into protest at her bitter disappointment there came a rap upon the door and a kindly neighbor was saying, "Merry Christmas." Then with a happy smile—

"What is the matter, little girl? Hasn't Santa Claus come yet?" "Oh, yes, he came, but he brought me the same old rag doll again. I thought sure it would be a real one this year, because I'm nine, you see."

"Oh, I am so sorry," said Dorothy May, with true feeling and thinking of the two beautiful little dolls which Santa had left for her. Then with a happy Christmas thought, she whispered something very lovely to her mother.

They all went right over to the big house on the hill nestled under its burden of Christmas snow. Bonny Jean forgot all about the rag doll when she glimpsed the great tree through the holly wreaths in the window. But when she saw the two little dolls in blue sitting beneath it her joy was unbounded. She clasped her hands and danced with glee. "Such darling dolls!" she gasped, breathlessly.

"Their names are Alice Blue and Elinor Blue," said their little mistress, proudly.

"I want to give you one of them, Bonny Jean; which do you like?" With unbelievable surprise, her eyes fairly dancing with joy, she clasped the beautiful doll in her arms and asked, "Is—it—really—mine—for—keeps?"

"Really and truly for keeps," said Dot.

Dorothy May explained it all to her mother after the happy little girl had left, that somehow she just did not miss Elinor Blue very much when she saw how happy she had made Bonny Jean.

In her heart she felt that it was truly "more blessed to give than to receive," and hugging the one little doll closely, she whispered, "Merry Christmas, Alice Blue."

In Step With Santa Claus



KEEPING up with the Joneses is easy—it's keeping up with Santa Claus that has Sew-Your-Own in stitches currently. We got a peek at his wares, though, and frankly we copied some of his artistry. (You can see for yourself there's a "Christmas look" about today's trio of fashions.) And happily you can do more than look and wish—you can make them realities the easy way: just sew, sew, Sew-Your-Own!

Cute and Cozy. Look your prettiest in leisure or on the job in the lusciously feminine (house coat) above, to the left. Made in handsome silk crepe or very lightweight corduroy it is as cosy as a love seat before an open fire. Make it either in the short length (see inset) or regular dress length.

Feminine Flattery. Polish yourself off in a brilliantly styled new frock for the holidays just ahead. Sew-Your-Own's newest success (above center) will be your success once you wear it in the public eye. It is most gifted in its distinctive design, below-waist slimness, and all-of-a-piece simplicity. Make your version the very essence of chic in sheer wool or satin, in your most flattering color.

A Blouse or Two. Tops in the fashion picture just now is that friendly little item—the blouse. A completely engaging one is shown here for women

who sew. Wear it tucked in or peplum style. And here's a practical idea: you have a choice in sleeve lengths. For variety's sake, why not make the long sleeved model in silk crepe for dress; the short sleeved one in jersey for sports and all occasion wear?

The Patterns. Pattern 1412 is designed for sizes 32 to 42. Size 34 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39-inch material and 1/2 yard for contrast. Short length requires 4 1/4 yards.

Pattern 1394 is designed for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch fabric.

Pattern 1417 is designed for sizes 34 to 44. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39-inch material; with short sleeves, 1 1/2 yards.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

New Pattern Book. Send 15 cents for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns.

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"Quotations"

Be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear and too happy to permit the presence of trouble. Think well of yourself and proclaim this fact to the world—not in loud words, but in great deeds.—James E. Ament.

When everything is new and startling, the human mind just ceases to be startled.—Walter Lippman.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.—Joseph Hall.

666 checks COLDS and FEVER LIQUID, TABLETS first day SALVE, NOSE DROPS Headache, 30 minutes. Try "Rub-My-Tism"—World's Best Liniment

He Smiled

HE SMILED—and his home was a place of happiness.

He smiled—and the children ran out of their way to greet him.

He smiled—and his co-workers in business worked better than in any other place of employment.

He smiled—and his business clients and callers spoke well of him, and his business increased.

He smiled—and followed the smile with a brotherly handclasp; and those who were discouraged and downcast went out and took a new grip on life and their work.

He smiled—and while the years rolled on, he grew younger, because—he smiled.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5c PLUG

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



"Let go, dear . . . he saw the peanut first!!"