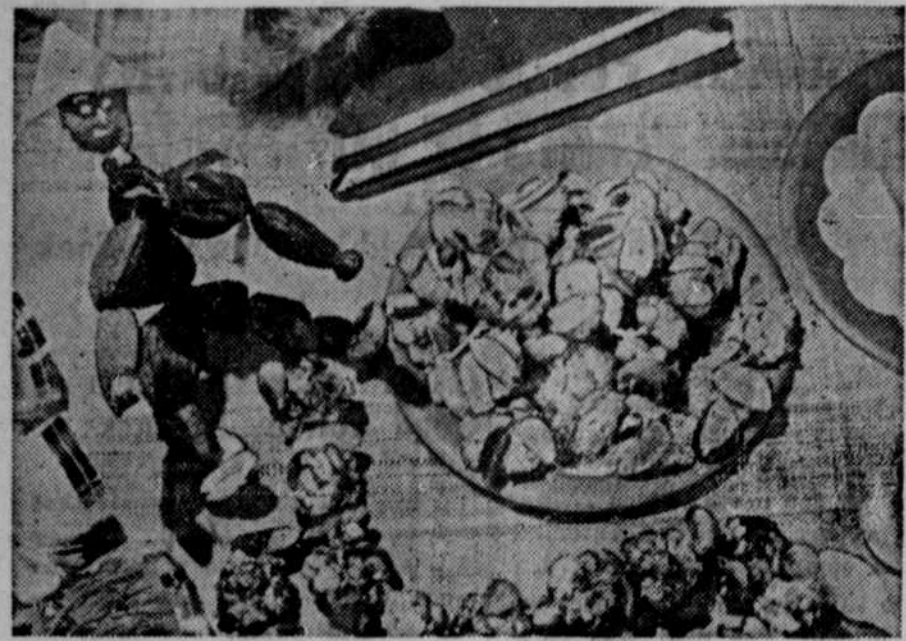


Household News

By *Eleanor Howe*



OF COURSE YOU LIKE CANDY
(See Recipes Below)

Making candy is really outside the realm of general cooking, but with a little guidance, even an amateur can work real magic with sugar and water. Simply by changing temperature and the method of handling, a wide variety of fondants, fudges, and hard candies can be made.

Utensils for Making Candy.
Saucepans should have broad bottoms, and should be large enough to allow for "boiling up." The inside surface should be smooth, because rough spots may cause candies to stick and burn.
Measuring cups—use standard measuring cups for successful results; accurate measurements are essential.

Spoons and spatulas—wooden spoons are desirable for candy making because they do not become uncomfortably hot, nor does the wooden spoon handle cut into one's hand during beating. Use standard table-spoons and teaspoons for measuring. A medium-sized spatula is a help in scraping candy from kettles, and lifting candy from the pan.

Baking sheets, platters and pans—ordinary cookie sheets provide a good surface for pouring hard candies; large platters may be used for taffy, which is to be taken out and pulled, or for fondant which is to be beaten. A marble slab from an old-fashioned marble-topped table or bureau makes an excellent smooth, level surface for pouring candies.

Candy thermometer—a thermometer is essential in order to obtain uniform and good results in making candy.
Candies are classified as "creamy candies," such as fondant or fudge, and as "taffies" and "hard" candies, like nut brittle and lollipops.

In making creamy candies two rules must be observed: cook the candy to a definite temperature, and cool to room temperature before you begin to beat.

Brazilian Molasses Balls.
(Makes 24 small balls)
1½ cups sugar
¼ cup hot water
¼ cup light molasses
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon vinegar
¼ cup butter
3 pints popped corn
1 pint Brazil nuts (sliced)
Dissolve sugar in hot water. Add molasses, salt and vinegar and cook to soft crack stage (270 degrees). Remove from heat, and add butter. Stir syrup slowly into popped corn and Brazil nuts. Mix well, and shape into balls.

Lollipops.
(Makes 1½ dozen)
2 cups sugar
½ cup light corn syrup
1 cup water
¼ teaspoon oil of cloves or oil of cinnamon
Red or green coloring
Put sugar, syrup, and water in a sauce pan. Cook, stirring just until the sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking over very low heat, to 310 degrees on a candy thermometer. Wash down the crystals that form during cooking, using cheese cloth which has been wrapped around a fork or spoon. When the candy reaches 310 degrees, remove from heat, add coloring and mix very quickly. Pour into small buttered muffin pans, filling them only ¾-inch deep. As soon as the lollipops begin to set (which will take only a few minutes) loosen them from sides of pan and turn out on table top. Insert the pointed end of a small skewer into the side of each lollipop, working it in carefully to avoid breaking the candy. It will be necessary to work quickly.

Milk Chocolate Marshmallow Candy
½ pound broken milk chocolate
1 1-ounce square bitter chocolate
½ cup walnut meats (broken)
8 marshmallows, (cut in halves)
Melt milk chocolate and bitter

For Inexpensive Gifts.
Why not send copies of these 4 practical and attractive cook books to your friends? Singly or in sets they make charming and useful gifts for a bride-to-be, or for any of your home-keeping friends. Recipes have been tested and approved in Miss Howe's own kitchen, and you'll find them easy-to-use, reliable, and good.

Just send 10 cents in coin for each book you order to Eleanor Howe, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and be sure to specify which book you want!

Better Baking
Feeding Father
Easy Entertaining
Household Hints

chocolate together in the top of a double boiler. Remove from flame and add walnut meats and marshmallows. Stir gently until thoroughly mixed. Drop by teaspoonfuls on wax paper. Serve when cool.

Taffy Apples.
Place a meat skewer in end of each apple. Cook together 1 cup sugar, 1 cup white corn syrup, ¼ cup butter, and 1 cup coffee cream until mixture reaches firm ball stage (246 degrees). Stir carefully to avoid scorching. Remove from flame and dip each apple into mixture and then in cold water.

Butterscotch Nut Marshmallows.
1 cup light brown sugar
½ cup cream
¼ teaspoon vanilla extract
¼ teaspoon salt
½ pound marshmallows
¾ cup nut meats (finely chopped)

Place brown sugar, cream, vanilla extract, and salt in a saucepan. Cook slowly, stirring frequently, to the soft ball stage (236 degrees). Remove from flame and place sauce-pan over hot water to keep mixture from cooling. Coat marshmallows with the butterscotch mixture and then roll immediately in the finely chopped nut meats. Place on a buttered platter until cold.

Red and Green Popcorn Balls.
(Makes 10 balls)
2 cups sugar
2 tablespoons light corn syrup
1½ cups water
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Red or green liquid coloring
¾ quart popped corn

Combine sugar, corn syrup and water, and cook in a saucepan, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking until the temperature 290 degrees is reached, or until a few drops of the syrup becomes brittle when dropped into cold water. Add vanilla extract and a few drops of red or green coloring. Stir sufficiently to mix the coloring evenly. Pour the cooked syrup over the popped corn, which has been sprinkled with salt; stir well, and form into balls with the hands, using little pressure.

Chocolate Fudge.
(Makes 36 1¼-inch squares)
2 tablespoons butter
3 cups sugar
1 cup milk
2 squares chocolate (2 ounces) (cut in pieces)
¼ cup honey
1 teaspoon vinegar
1 teaspoon vanilla
Nutmeats if desired

Melt butter in a saucepan. Add sugar and milk, and mix well. Bring to a boil, then cover and cook with the lid on for about 3 minutes. Remove lid, add chocolate and honey, and cook to soft ball stage (236 degrees). Remove from heat, and add vinegar and vanilla. Cool to room temperature, and beat until the fudge is thick and creamy. Add nutmeats if desired. Spread in well buttered pan.
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Tasty Sauce
A cup of grated cheese added to the white sauce that is served with cauliflower is very good.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by
CARTER FIELD

British bombers' damage to German war production greater than reported . . . Irish refuse to aid Britain, emphasize necessity of strict neutrality.
(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)

WASHINGTON.—The two most encouraging phases of the war, from the standpoint of hoping that Britain holds out, are that Germany is suffering a great deal more in damage to her own war production than any dispatches have indicated, and that the Italian fiasco in Greece has postponed a successful attack on Egypt and Suez until next winter.

British production of airplanes has been badly hurt by the German air raids, but imports from the United States now amount to slightly above 300 fighters and bombers a month. This is behind schedule, incidentally. United States production of all classes of planes is about 200 a month behind schedule.

But the number of combat planes is now actually above 300 each month, and this number is being slowly increased each month. Sometime in early summer, assuming Britain holds out, there will be a sharp increase in production. A little later, depending entirely on how rapidly the Detroit group of automobile people get into actual production, there will be another sharp rise.

OUTLOOK IS ENCOURAGING
It is all a question of whether Britain can take it until quantity deliveries begin. Information in diplomatic circles here now is more encouraging on that than at any time in the last six months, and this despite the bad news about the damage to plants in Britain.

While President Roosevelt talks about our own national defense needing one-half of our production of planes, actually practically all the fighting planes are being sent to Britain. This is not as one-sided as it sounds. Our army and navy want training planes for student pilots far more than they want fighting planes. This situation is likely to continue for some time to come.

But while Germany's production of planes has been cut down as a result of British bombing, according to confidential reports received here, the Nazi losses have not been heavy in the last couple of months. Had they continued the mass raids they began in early September, according to at least one observer, they would have won the war in a month. But there is another side of that picture. Had their losses continued at the rate of 200 a day, they might have lost their air superiority before they won the war.

SUBMARINE BASE UNLIKELY
The government of Eire is very inquisitive about the source of the information of one of the military experts who writes a newspaper column, and who recently asserted that he "knew" the Germans were using Galway as a base for submarine operations.

The Dublin government contends that the Germans could not possibly use any Irish base without everybody knowing about it. In particular, officials of the Irish government insist, the topography around Galway is such that a canoe could not enter and leave the harbor without a lot of people seeing it and wondering whose canoe it was.

Incidentally, it is represented that the Irish living in Ireland, or Eire as they insist upon calling it, are much more friendly to the British today than the third and fourth generations of Irish living in the United States.

There has been no such mellowing of feeling on the part of the American Irish as has transformed the Irish back in the home country since Eire has been a separate nation. Britain is Eire's best customer, particularly for the huge supplies of foodstuffs that the Irish produce.

DENY BASES TO BRITAIN
In fact the only thorn among the roses, until quite recently, was the fact that the South Irish still wanted to take over Ulster. Lately there has been concern about Winston Churchill's statement indicating that Britain needed Irish ports for bases.

On this, the position of the Dublin government is as the ancient law of the Medes and Persians. Nothing odd. The Irish would fight "anybody." It is asserted, who attempted to occupy any of their soil. As they see it, the moment Britain occupied any of their ports or bases their entire country would be subject to German bombing. They point out that they do not have adequate defenses against bombing. Even Britain, which has lots of defenses, is not able to prevent the bombers doing a great deal of damage, they insist, whereas Eire has virtually no defenses.

There is a very keen realization in Eire of their defenseless condition against an attack in force by either of the belligerents. All they could hope to do, they think, is to resort to guerrilla warfare.

CELESTE'S WHINES

(Associated Newspapers.)
WNU Service.

THERE was nothing new about Celeste's whining. All of her twenty years she had merely hastened to adjust things to suit her fancy. Although her sister was only two years older, Virginia had been made to give up to Celeste from the time she was a baby. Neither the parents nor Virginia realized how completely Celeste had come to dictate their lives.

Just now Celeste was demanding a new dress. It little mattered to her that she had had two new dresses since Virginia had any. Virginia sighed and handed over the money she had been saving for a trip. There was more resentment in her heart than she had ever been conscious of before, but her mother's caressing little pat assured her that she had done the right thing.

"You know, she'll be young only once," the mother consoled, and seemed not to think that Virginia might enjoy being young once, too.
In a few hours Celeste returned from her shopping trip in a jubilant mood.
"Just as I guessed. I have a perfectly gorgeous date and now I have something to wear."

On and on she talked of the man who was "everything."
"Who is he?" Virginia asked half-heartedly.
"You'd never guess in a hundred years. He's just inherited \$100,000 and only think that a wonderful chance for me, mumsey," she rejoiced.

Her mother agreed with her and they sat planning how Celeste must be given every help in the family's power that she might be sure to make the proper impression.

"Now, Virginia, since this wonder man is coming this afternoon, won't you do your best with the lunch? Some of your delicious marshmallow cocoa with chicken salad and some of those new sandwiches like you made last night, with a relish and some nuts would be just right." The mother had swallowed hook, line and sinker, as usual, when Celeste had some new plan. And, as usual, the real work of it all fell to Virginia.

Virginia went to the kitchen and started her task with rising rebellion in her heart.

"Yes, Virginia can look on from afar and do the work," she stormed as she shredded the chicken for the salad.

Before she had finished the salad she heard Celeste talking in her best company voice, and she could imagine her sister, crisp and lovely in the new dress, entertaining her handsome friend.

"I'll have to admit that she can look charming," Virginia conceded grudgingly.
Just then she heard the swinging door from the dining room creak and looking up saw her old friend, Bill Thomas.

"How'er you, Virginia?" he beamed and grasped both her hands in a hearty grip. "Up to your old tricks! Honest, I never saw another girl that could stir up as good things to eat as you used to fix for our school picnics."

"Flatterer! Now you'll have to pay for your rashness by tasting each of these things I'm preparing and tell me if you think they are good enough to trap a hundred-thousand-dollar husband for Celeste."

"What's this?" Bill paused midway in his sampling.
"That's what I said. I don't know who he may be, but it certainly has laid us all out to get her gown and fed properly."

"Lucky I didn't stay in there and queer her chance. Now I'll slip off my coat and help you here, as we used to when we were in high school. What do you say, Virgie?"

Virginia flushed with pleasure at her old nickname and found herself confiding that everything there was Celeste's, without really meaning to do it. With each glance at Virginia Bill seemed to wear a more satisfied expression.

"You haven't told me this new man's name?"
"Sorry, but Celeste wouldn't even tell me," Virginia confessed.
Bill gave a low whistle and went on helping.

Finally things were ready and they both prepared to serve the lunch. Virginia served the plates in a most tempting way while Bill filled the cocoa cups.

"I've served enough plates for us all to have some. Of course, we'll eat alone so we won't spoil the family impression," Virginia laughed.
"Well, something tells me that we won't need all those plates," Bill volunteered.

"What, you don't imagine for one minute that this mysterious gentleman has failed to appear?"
"Oh, no, no," Bill consoled immediately.

Sure enough, as Virginia appeared with the luncheon she was met by the astonishing sight of Celeste sitting sedately in a large chair, beautiful in her new dress, "but accusingly silent and moody toward her sister, Virginia, entirely innocent of her sister's plot that had failed, laughed happily.
"Bill just happened in to help me, Celeste. But where is the wonderful man?"

Celeste gave one frantic look at her sister and Bill, the look of a trapped animal, then fled upstairs to fling herself on the bed and cry bitter, stormy tears, unmindful of the damage done the lovely new dress. Virginia gasped in amazement and turned to Bill.

"Well, looks as if I'd failed to play up to my part in Celeste's expectations," he said as they sat down at table together. "But didn't she tell you I was planning to come up this afternoon, and didn't you know that Uncle William had just left me \$100,000? You don't have to answer for I can see you didn't."

"Bill, you don't mean—" Virginia was speechless.
"I do mean that Celeste deliberately took your best at home and then tried to fix things so you'd never see me. I'd like to see the person that could keep me away from you, Virginia, if you really want me near you," he added tenderly.

"Bill, I'm so sorry for silly little Celeste," Virginia whispered happily.

The Homecoming

By ALLISON L. BURKS
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

LOOKING out the train window, Laura could see the two old people who stood on the platform. In the dim glow of the station light they looked unchanged, exactly as they had when she felt them six years ago.

She lifted the child in her arms before she went down the steps of the car. "Laura!" All the way from California there had been a weight in Laura's breast. Now, as her mother's arms closed about her, she felt the weight miraculously dissolving.

Her father took the little girl from her arms. "So this is the baby!" His voice sounded choked.

A dark figure standing behind him moved closer. Ma chuckled. "You didn't see Lew, did you Laurie? He wanted to come with us to meet you."

"Oh, Lew!" Laura's voice was a little breathless.

The man took the slim hand she held out to him. She knew he was looking down at her intently. "I'm glad you're back, Laura," he said quietly.

"It's just the same! It's just the same!" The words were like a song in Laura's heart as they went into the living room.

Ma went upstairs with her. "I put new drapes at your windows," she told Laura. "How do you think Lew's looking? He's the only lawyer in these parts, and he's doing fine. He's never forgot you, Laurie."

"Of course, I know you must be grieving over your husband dying—I wish we could know him, Laurie—but now that you're back again—"

Laura sat down on the edge of the plump bed. The little girl came close to her side.

"Are we going to live here, Mummy?"

"Yes, darling." She caught the child to her fiercely, staring ahead with eyes that were suddenly hard.

Five years! She would have at least five years. Then she would have to go back. But the child would stay here. Ma and Pa weren't really old. They would be glad to have the baby when she, Laura, was gone. For a moment she felt the pain that parting would bring. Then she set her lips resolutely. She would have her five years in Heaven. Years ago, before she went away, she hadn't known it was Heaven. But Jack had taught her what Hell could be.

Of course, she could have divorced him. But it wouldn't have done any good. Jack would never let her go. Sometimes he loved her; more often he hated her. But he'd never let her go of her.

She washed the little girl's round face and chubby hands before they went downstairs.

Lew came into the dining-room when he saw her there setting the table. "I hope you were just a little glad to see me, Laura," he said awkwardly.

"Why, of course, Lew." She didn't look at him.
"You don't care if I come out here sometimes?"

"The sugar bowl's empty," she murmured. She went toward the kitchen. She'd better tell him. She mustn't hurt him—not again!

Ma was at the kitchen sink, unwrapping a newspaper from around a bunch of celery. She paused, her eyes caught by an item in the printed columns.

"Here's a funny thing," she said absently. "About a man named John Brown. The same name as your man, Laura. In Los Angeles—Oh, well, I guess there's a lot of John Browns in the world."
She went across the kitchen to the pantry. Laura drew the newspaper toward her. She stood very still, reading the short item.

John Brown, sentenced to San Quentin for robbery, was shot and killed while attempting to escape.

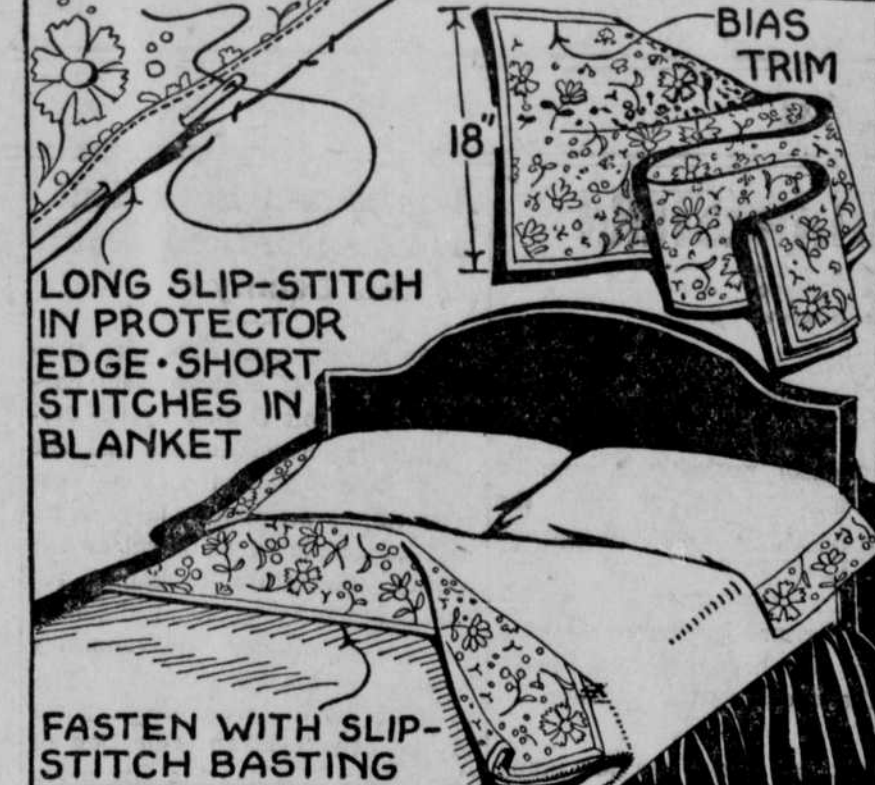
Lew had followed Laura into the kitchen. "You didn't answer me, Laura," he reminded her.

She turned to him. Her voice was suddenly alive, vibrant. "Why, Lew," she said. "I want you to come. I'll always want you to come!"

And, her hands against her face, she began to cry.

HOW TO SEW

by *Ruth Wyeth Spears*



FASTEN WITH SLIP-STITCH BASTING

IT WAS a bride of ten years who reminded me of blanket protectors. I say bride because her home still has the immaculate freshness of a bride's house. Her wool blankets have never been washed or cleaned, yet their soft light colorings show no sign of soil. She brought out some long pieces of cotton material; "I baste these over the tops of the blankets," she said "and change them every few weeks."

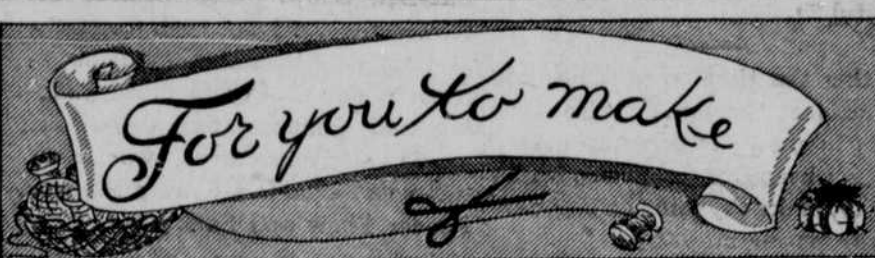
I thought of some dainty bed linens that I had seen all trimmed in flower sprigged cotton print. Why not make flowered blanket protectors to harmonize with blanket colorings? Here is one that would go with either rose or blue. It is easy to hide basting stitches that fasten it temporarily to the

blanket by slipping them along in the pink or blue binding as shown. One length of material as long as the width of the blanket will make a pair of these protectors.

You will also find some other ideas for trimming pillow cases in SEWING Book 2. This booklet has been one of the most popular in the series as it not only contains complete directions for many gift and bazaar novelties but shows how to make 42 different embroidery stitches and five ways to darn and repair fabrics. Send order to:

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AROUND THE HOUSE

TINY red-figured print for the flowers and plain green for setting naturally suggested the Poinsettia name of this new quilt. It

may be pieced or appliqued, but is really prettiest pieced as shown.

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