

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Reviewed by
CARTER FIELD

Talk about U. S. entering the war grows again in official circles... Long-range consequences of "lending" Britain war materials present difficult problems.

WASHINGTON.—Talk about the United States getting into the war soon is growing again in official circles. There are many senators and administration leaders who are quietly predicting that we will be in the war within six months.

A lot of eyewitness is being circulated about extending credit to Britain. Lots of things are being written and said which are true, but which do not affect the main point. The main point is that Britain is going to get the credits, assuming she holds out, which is now the general assumption.

The British propaganda for credits was a little premature, nearly everyone in Washington believes. But the mistake in propaganda will have very little effect in the developments later on. The administration is determined that no stone will be left unturned to keep the British from being beaten.

Meanwhile, the premature publicity has stirred up a storm of discussion as to the "vast" quantities of British gold and British-owned American securities still in the British pot.

BRITAIN KEEPS U. S. STOCKS
There is a curious angle to this. The British, who have always been rather expert in matters of international exchange, are apparently reluctant to sell their American stock certificates. They are spending their gold hoard freely. Apparently they think that they are getting an inflation price—\$35 an ounce—for their gold, and that by the time they have to sell their American shares inflation may have hit them, so that they will get a higher price than if they sold now.

Jesse Jones has perhaps encouraged them a little. He offered some time back, when there was much talk of their selling their American securities, to lend them huge sums of R. F. C. money if they would use their securities as collateral.

So far they have not resorted to this, preferring to finance their needs by selling gold.

This has gradually percolated throughout Washington and is causing a good deal of concern about the whole question of our gold hoard. Lots of people are pointing out that the Germans have learned to get along without gold, and the British will too when the war is over. In fact the charge is being made in friendly arguments here that the British are planning that very policy, and that this is the explanation for their being anxious to sell us gold instead of American securities.

'LOAN' PRESENTS PROBLEMS

While the spectacular character of President Roosevelt's suggestion of "lending" war materials to Britain, as a means of circumventing the Johnson and neutrality laws, overshadowed everything else, the possibilities of the situation after the war, assuming Britain survives, are so interesting that one wonders who first thought of this idea.

Two factors that favor the British tremendously, as against an outright loan of money, occur immediately to anyone thinking through the plan to its ultimate possibilities.

One involves the immediate situation following the day the war ends. The other involves the later period. On the day that the war ends, of course, the war-producing machinery of this country will be going full blast.

Now consider the next few weeks after that. If the British had been borrowing money from the United States, either from the U. S. government or from individual investors, there would be no doubt whatever that the British would have to pay some stupendous sum for war supplies which actually they would not want them. Obviously their own airplane factories, ordnance and munition plants would be perfectly capable of turning out more supplies than they could possibly want for peacetime.

U. S. ABSORBS OUTPUT

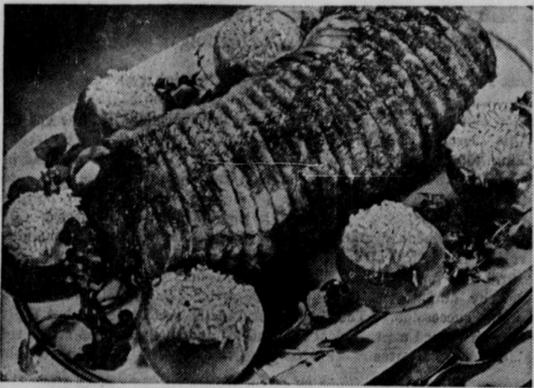
But undoubtedly, also, the contracts they had with American munitions workers would not permit abrupt cancellation, leaving the manufacturers with a lot of unsalable goods and inventories on hand.

But with Uncle Sam doing the buying, no such problem would be involved. The "loan" of supplies would naturally stop with the end of the need of them. In fact, even supplies on shipboard and in British depots on Armistice day could be used to "repay" the "loan."

American manufacturers would have to depend on the U. S. treasury to take the "unborrowed" munitions off their hands. This phase might work out all right, even for Uncle Sam, for if we are going to ship everything possible in the way of war supplies to Britain, then our own national defense needs at the end of the war could absorb quite a little.

Household News

By *Eleanor Howe*



A CHANGE IN THE MEAT COURSE

(See Recipes Below)

"Meat makes the meal," especially when there are husky, hard-working men to feed. But for those behind the scenes in the kitchen, thinking up a different and a flavorsome meat dish for each day out of the seven is no small task.

There are two ways to approach the problem. First, investigate some of the less-common cuts. You'll find them thrifty to buy because the demand for them is less.

Most of them fairly abundant in good flavor and need only to be properly cooked to be serious rivals to more expensive cuts.

If you are buying pork, ask the meat dealer to prepare you a handsome rolled sirloin roast. It's a thrifty cut not so well known as the pork loin roast but it has decided advantages. Two sections of the pork sirloin are boned and tied together into a solid roll of meat. The round, compact slices offer no obstructions to the knife, and are the answer to a carver's prayer. The picnic shoulder of pork is another cut of exceptional flavor. Have it boned, stuff it with spinach and roast it.

If it's too soon for another leg of lamb, buy a section of lamb breast and have it rolled with a layer of sausage. Slice off the meat as you would a jelly-roll; you'll have the neatest pinwheels imaginable. Lamb shoulder and lamb shoulder chops are two other not-so-well-known possibilities.

The second way to coax some variety into your meat dishes is to try new ways of flavoring cuts that you serve often. If much of your meat supply comes from a frozen foods locker, this is your best bet. Have pork chops cut double thick and stuff them with a tart mixture of sauerkraut and apple. Your family will beam approval when you serve that combination! Or make your next ham loaf like an upside-down cake so that when you turn it out, there are rows of bright-as-a-dollar apricots across the top. Try canned gooseberries as a relish with ham or beef, or canned Dams plum with veal.

Pork Chops Stuffed With Sauerkraut And Apple

(Serves 6)

- 6 loin pork chops (cut 1-inch thick)
- 1 cup sauerkraut (drained)
- 1 cup tart, red cooking apple (diced) (unpared)
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons fat
- ½ cup sauerkraut juice

Have a pocket made from the outside of each chop. Combine sauerkraut with finely diced unpeeled apple and stuff the chops with the mixture. Season them with salt and pepper and brown on both sides in hot fat in a heavy skillet. Add sauerkraut juice, cover, and finish the cooking in a moderate oven (350 degrees). Bake for 1½ hours, and remove the cover during the last 15 minutes of baking to brown the chops.

Round Steak, Western Style

(Serves 6)

- 2 pounds round steak
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 2 medium onions (sliced)
- ½ lemon (sliced)
- 1 No. 1 can condensed tomato soup (1½ cups)
- 1 cup water

Have round steak cut ¾ inch thick. Spread with butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Arrange slices of thinly cut onion and lemon over steak. Dilute tomato soup with water and pour over steak. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 2 hours uncovered.

Boneless Sirloin Pork Roast With Stuffed Apples

Have the meat retailer remove the tenderloin and bones from two sirloin sections, reverse the ends,

and tie the two boneless pieces together in a compact rolled roast. Season with salt and pepper and place with the fat side up in an open roasting pan. Make an incision to the center of the roast and insert a meat thermometer so that the center of the bulb reaches the center of the fleshiest part of the meat. Place the roast in a moderate oven (350 degrees) and roast until the thermometer registers 185 degrees Fahrenheit. Allow about 30 minutes per pound for roasting. Serve with rice-stuffed apples.

Rice-Stuffed Apples.
6 medium-sized baking apples
2 tablespoons brown sugar
1 cup rice (cooked)
1 tablespoon butter
½ cup water

Wash apples and cut a slice from the top of each. Remove the cores and seeds and sprinkle the cavities with brown sugar. Mix cooked rice with melted butter and stuff each apple. Arrange them in a baking pan with the water in the bottom and bake for 1½ hours, or until tender in a moderate oven (350 degrees).

Lamb Pinwheels

(Serves 5)

- Boned breast of lamb (about 3½ pounds)
- ¾ pound bulk pork sausage
- 2 tablespoons fat
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 1 small onion (sliced)
- 1 cup tomatoes (canned)
- 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce

Have the lamb breast boned, spread with bulk pork sausage, rolled, and tied or skewered into shape at the market. Wipe the meat with a damp cloth and dry. Then brown on all sides in hot fat. Pour off the fat in the pan, leaving 2 tablespoons only. Season the roll with salt and pepper. Add sliced onion, tomatoes and Worcestershire sauce. Cover tightly and cook very slowly until done, about 1½ hours. Slice into pinwheels, using a very sharp knife.

Cushion Style Pork Shoulder With Spinach Stuffing

(Serves 10)

- Boned picnic shoulder (about 5 pounds)
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 1½ cups drained spinach (cooked or canned)
- 2 tablespoons onion (minced)
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2 cups fine, soft bread crumbs
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper

Have the picnic shoulder boned and sewed on two sides at the market. This leaves one side open for inserting the stuffing. Season the surface of the pork shoulder with salt and pepper. Combine the spinach, onion, butter, lemon juice and bread crumbs. Season with salt and pepper and use to fill the cavity of the roast. Sew or skewer the edges together. Place the shoulder, fat side up, on a rack in an open roasting pan and roast in a moderate oven (350 degrees) until done. Allow about 40 minutes per pound for the roasting.

BIRTHDAY PARTIES

The food makes the party, especially for a round-eyed youngster of six or eight. If you have a January birthday coming up you will find both menu and recipe help in Eleanor Howe's Cook Book "Easy Entertaining." Party food for all ages, from the three-year-olds to the teen-age group is but one of the sections in her book.

If you need new suggestions for your hosting, send 10 cents in coin to "Easy Entertaining" care of Eleanor Howe, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, for your copy.

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MARY'S EDUCATION

By **CHARLES HARTE**
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

"I DON'T want to be disturbed," Dr. Thomas Clement told the boy who answered his office door. Then he went into his inner office, spread out writing materials, and settled himself to a difficult task.

"Wish I could write a prescription and be done with it," he thought. "How on earth does a man write to a girl he wants to propose to?"

Thomas Clement was thirty-five and had never, if the truth must be told, proposed to a girl. He had, for the last half dozen years, realized that he would some day probably be doing just what he was now—trying to propose to Mary Stanton. But he hadn't known how hard it would be.

Mary was the daughter of his old friend, Dr. Stanton, who had left Thomas trustee of Mary's very meager fortune. It had been on Thomas' advice that Mary had eaten into this fortune to pay for a college education. He had told her that, with a good education, she would be able to take care of herself without worrying about much of an income from her small inheritance. All the time he had known that he intended to marry Mary when she got through college, and that she would never be dependent either on her inheritance or on her own labors.

Thomas had not seen Mary all that last winter. She had spent her Christmas holidays with friends, and had not returned to her aunt's, where she made her home in a town a dozen miles away, until after her graduation. But Thomas had seen her on graduation day and that was what made this letter of proposal so difficult. Mary had turned out to be the most beautiful, most desirable, most lovely girl in the world. Far too good for him, he decided Thomas. It was really hardly fair for him to think she might ever care to marry him.

So he settled himself down to his task with doubts and misgivings. "Dear Mary," he wrote, and then stopped, pondering on the next important word.

There was a knock on the door. "Who is it?" he called. Then he heard Mary's voice. "Bobby says you don't want to be disturbed. But can I see you? It's awfully important."

She sat down at the other side of his table. "Well, as you didn't come to see me I came to see you." She smiled bewitchingly at him. "You haven't been over since I got home and I got home a week ago tomorrow."

"Well—" started Thomas. "Oh, don't apologize. And don't stop your writing. I've got some awfully important news, but I'll just wait here until you're through."

Thomas insisted that she tell him at once. He closed his jaws sharply to be braced against the shock that was coming. He looked stern and old as Mary leaned across the table and took both his muscular hands in hers.

"Promise," she said, smiling again, "that you'll take me seriously?"

"I promise," he said, feeling very uncomfortable and rather helpless, imprisoned by her charm and personality. He had tucked the letter paper, with her name on it under his blotter when she first came into the room.

"Guess what I'm going to tell you!" she said. "Going to be married?" he queried, trying to seem not too concerned, just showing a guardian-like interest.

"No! Going to be a doctor—like you."

"For heaven's sake," he gasped, looking at her slight, girlish figure, and thinking of clinic and dispensary days. "What ever put that idea into your head?"

"You did, of course," she said. "You told me to spend my money for an education. Well, nowadays when you've got through college you aren't really educated. So I'm going to use it all up and borrow some in order to get the kind of education I want."

"I always thought that when you finished college you would get married," said Thomas.

"How funny! I'm not at all interested in that sort of career—not at all. Now, I want your advice about where to go and everything."

When Mary came back next morning to get his advice, he had made his plans. He told her that, if she ever expected to make good at medical college, she must harden herself. He would take her in his office as a helper, and she could gradually become used to the sort of work she would have to do. He would pay her a small salary and she could live at the boarding house down the street, where she would be nearby.

When Mary got to his office next morning at nine, dressed in a dainty green linen frock, he was not in. She took a rose from the bowl on his waiting-room table and tucked it into her belt, then she sat down to read a magazine in his private office.

A few minutes later the doctor came into the room. "A little late, aren't you?" he asked coolly. "I forgot to say I expect that you be

FIRST-AID to the AILING HOUSE

by **Roger B. Whitman**
(© Roger B. Whitman—WNU Service.)

Clogged Septic Tank.

QUESTION: About May, 1934, I installed a septic tank and drainage field for sewage disposal at my country home. Up to the present I have had no trouble. Now the toilet bowl is stopped up. The plumber took the cover off the tank and found a crust on the surface about 10 inches thick, which he said is due to lack of fermentation, caused by the tank being too low and not getting the heat of the sun. The plumber suggests raising the plumbing in the cellar and raising the tank to within 10 inches of the surface. Shall I follow the plumber's suggestions or shall I use the yeast cake suggestion of a neighbor?

ANSWER: The crust should be removed. It is an accumulation of grease and oil, which has solidified. A septic tank should be inspected every two or three years, and any substantial accumulation of grease removed. A grease trap between the tank and the kitchen drain will eliminate much of this trouble. If the septic tank has been operating satisfactorily for five years, I see no reason for raising it, as well as the plumbing. After removing the crust in the septic tank, if the toilet continues to be stopped up, it is quite possible that there is some stoppage in the pipe line that should be removed. Yeast cakes are used to stimulate the bacterial action in septic tanks. Six cakes are dissolved in tepid (not hot) water in a wash basin, then allowed to flow into the tank.

Painting an Attic.

QUESTION: What is the least expensive way of painting the walls of an attic which have never been painted? What can I do about the floor boards, which are warped in places? I would like to use linoleum.

ANSWER: You can get good satisfaction with a kind of paint made with casein; it comes as a paste to be thinned with water to the proper consistency. When dry and hard it is washable. Before laying linoleum, your floor boards should be solidly nailed down and all raised edges and rough places should be planed off. Linoleum will wear quickly when laid on a rough or uneven surface. For long life and good wear the surface should be as smooth as possible.

Color of Doors.

QUESTION: In doing over our house we want to leave the oak trim around the windows and doors and the baseboards in natural finish. The doors are pine, and we cannot decide what to do with them; whether it would be best to grain the doors to imitate oak, or to finish them in enamel. What do you advise?

ANSWER: I certainly do not advise graining the doors in imitation of oak. The results at best would not be good, for an imitation is always cheap looking. It would be much better to enamel the doors. My choice would be ivory. A small and inexpensive touch that adds greatly to appearance is to use glass doorknobs; these can be had at hardware stores.

Rock Garden.

QUESTION: The yard in back of us is three or four feet higher than ours, and being on a slant, dirt is always flowing down to the sewer. I want to improve the looks of this. I have quite a number of bricks and stones, and would like to build a rock garden against the slope, but have no idea of how to start. How do I go about it?

ANSWER: The important thing is to pile dirt and stones against the hill to prevent further washing away of the dirt and to protect the roots of any trees that may be nearby. Pile your bricks and stones along the foot of the hill, fill the crannies with dirt and set rock garden plants in them.

Solled House.

QUESTION: The north side of my country house is very dirty; in some places almost black. The house was painted last year. Is this due to fall and winter storms? Would it be remedied by putting a wood gutter on the north side of the roof?

ANSWER: If the soiling is from dirt, it should scrub off; use warm water with a cupful of trisodium phosphate or washing soda to the gallon dissolved in it. If this does not clean the paint, the soiling may be mildew. If so, report the case to the maker of the paint. By all means put on gutters.

Sweating Icebox.

QUESTION: I have an old-fashioned icebox, which has recently begun to sweat on the outside. Why should it do this?

ANSWER: Sweating is due to the failure of the insulation in the icebox walls and doors. The effect is to chill the warm and damp air that comes in contact with it.

here at eight or before—morning of five hours begin then. And, by the way, I meant to tell you that, in view of our present relations, I shall call you Miss Stanton and you had better call me Dr. Clement. Please wait in the outer office, and I'll call you when I need you."

That night, at nine o'clock, Mary, very weary, was working over Dr. Clement's bills in his private office. He had told her to work there till he came back. Finally, when he did come in, she turned to him with as much of her natural enthusiasm as her fatigue had left her. But Dr. Clement merely smiled formally and took his chair. "If you have finished with those," he said, "you may go. And remember, eight o'clock tomorrow."

Mary rose and took her hat from the hanger in the entry. "I suppose," she said, putting her head in at the door, "it's all right for me to go home alone? It's an awfully dark block."

"I suppose so," said the doctor. "And by the way, Miss Stanton, please wear a slightly more professional costume tomorrow. Something plain white, please. Roses and ruffles are all very well for a woman to wear in her own home—quite charming, in fact. But quite inappropriate in a doctor's office."

Mary bit her lip, but tears of mortification came to her eyes. She took the fading rose from her belt and tried to hide her trembling lips in it.

"Haven't I been any good at all—any help?" she said in a low voice. "We will hope for a little steeper nerve tomorrow," said the doctor. "It was annoying to have you so upset over that very slight office operation this morning."

"It was very close and warm," she murmured. "It will be warmer as the summer goes on," he said firmly.

He reached over and took the rose she had left on the table, but he kept his chair as she walked slowly to the door. Then she turned back, tears in her pretty, tired eyes rolling over to her pale cheeks.

"Perhaps," she said, "if I've been such a failure—and tried so hard—perhaps I won't make a good doctor, after all."

Thomas was on his feet and had her in his arms in a moment. "Mary," he said, "perhaps I've been too unkind. But I don't want you to be a doctor—I want you to be a doctor's wife."

Career

By **EDGAR T. MONFORT**
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

"THE performance at the High School Auditorium last night was a brilliant success. The outstanding artist on the program was Miss Cecilia Gray. We feel safe in predicting that Grand Opera will some day recognize her name.

Cecilia simply could not read any further. Her girlish face was suffused with color and her blue eyes shone in ecstasy.

From the minute she read the newspaper notice she had a different attitude toward herself. She felt the responsibility of her talent and the necessity for her to sacrifice home and loved ones that she might pursue her career.

"It's a gift," she told Joe Watson, her boy friend, "a gift that was given me by the Creator. I am destined to have a career."

"Where do I come in?" he asked, suddenly frightened. "But don't you see, dear, this is something I'm not responsible for. Don't you understand?"

"No!" said Joe savagely. "I'm darned if I do. There's no call greater than the call to marry a decent man when you've pledged yourself."

"You wouldn't hold me to that?" she asked in surprise. "Oh, no, not at all. A little matter like that is nothing when it comes to a career," he answered, but his sarcasm was completely lost on Cecilia who threw her arms around his neck.

Reaching New York one cold winter evening she went straight to the Y.W.C.A. and after much pulling of wires she got a hearing with Signor Musanti, a teacher of moderate reputation but of great honesty. With confidence she started to sing a dramatic aria that had brought the house down at Clearview. For a second Musanti listened, then raised his hand.

"Stop!" he commanded, jumping up and pacing the floor angrily. You sound like a nanny goat. Go home—go home quick and wash dishes—anything but sing."

"There, there," he said in quick sympathy, patting her heaving shoulders. "It happens all the time. I know. A girl sings at some church festival at home. The local papers flatter her, she swallows it, friends praise her. She leaves home for a CAREER! Every week I get them. Now, buy a ticket and go home."

Cecilia felt herself being gently put out the front door, but there was healing in his kindness. With a gulp she swallowed her pride, took his advice and went back home, but on the train a plan of action came to her. Just out of New York she sent a telegram to Joe Watson: "I'm coming back tomorrow on No. Sixteen. So homesick for you, Cecy."

And to this day Joe worships her for her devotion and she worships him for saving her pride. Only a snobbish few doubted her actions and notice how she shudders at the word career.



THE GARDEN HOSE AND THE FIRE

(As suggested by Mr. Roosevelt's comparison of his proposed aid to England in which he said that if your neighbor's house were on fire you would gladly lend him your hose and not charge for it.)

Scene: Any community. Characters: Jones and Smith. Jones (knocking on Smith's door)—Help! My house is on fire!

Smith—Well, well, I feel I ought to give you all aid short of . . . Jones (alarmed)—Now don't tell me you will give me all aid short of a hose!

Smith—No, I guess everybody's tired of that gag. Jones (as the fire spreads)—Please do something! Look at those flames!

Smith—Now, take it easy. You know my position in an emergency such as this. I figure that this is my fire as well as yours. My theory has always been . . .

Jones—Never mind all that now. Have you got a hose? Smith—My good man, I may not have the hose that is required for a job like this, but I have studied my hose situation very carefully. I know what my hose requirements are, and in a situation such as this . . .

Jones (urgently)—I'll need about 50 feet. Smith—If you will bear with me a moment, I should like to outline my policy on . . .

Jones—Have you got 50 feet of hose? Smith—I am in a position to state that by the end of next July I expect to have 100 feet of . . .

Jones (as the flames reach the second story)—This fire won't last that long! Smith—One can never be sure about a thing like that. It might end very soon. On the other hand, it might spread until my own premises are consumed. In that case . . .

Jones (desperately)—All I want to know is have you got 50 feet of hose? Smith—I have 50 feet of hose . . . Jones—And don't tell me it is on order!

Smith (as the flames break through the Jones roof)—My goodness! That's quite a fire you have there, isn't it? It's almost a total emergency. Jones—That's what I've been trying to make clear. Where's that hose?

Smith—You mean completed hose, actually on the premises? Jones—Of course. Smith—Well, that's different. All I have at the moment is a 35-foot length. But by April . . .

Jones—May I have the 35 feet at once? Smith—Certainly. This is no time to be legalistic. Jones (Grabbing the hose)—Thanks very much. Smith—By the end of six months, I can let you have 100 feet of hose per week and . . .

Jones—This will be all I'll need. Smith—Don't worry about any charge for that 35 feet. I'm lending it to you. It's a sort of mortgage plan. Jones (as the roof falls in)—Never mind the details. All I want now is one assurance. Smith—What's that?

Jones—That you're not giving me every aid SHORT OF WATER!

A LA MODE
There's one suburban fashion That stops me in my tracks . . . The sporty female wearing A FUR COAT OVER SLACKS! Fellows Donaldson.

CAN YOU REMEMBER
Away back when the rights of the individual were thought worth protecting?

"Mussolini Reported Very Nervous."—Headline. But it would be superfluous to send him to a retreat, wouldn't it?

Reaction of the king of Italy to Winston Churchill's suggestion that he throw out Mussolini: "Who, me?"

A soap company formed a corporation to make munitions. We hope it doesn't result in a combination bomb and shaving cream.

Knudsen, Stimson, Hillman and Knox, They'll get the stuff from the plans to the docks.

"WANTED"—Man experienced in wrecking cars; R. P. Auto Wreckers Co.—New York Herald Tribune. We know a lot of women who are better at it than the men.

Our idea of an insomnia cure is to try to sit through the credit lines on a modern movie.

AMERICAN TWILIGHT
The towers of the city Are glorious in the sun, The ripple into lines of light, Just as the day is done.

Homeward across the river The silver planes go by, Oh, peaceful towers! Never Show dark against the sky.

—May D. Hatch.