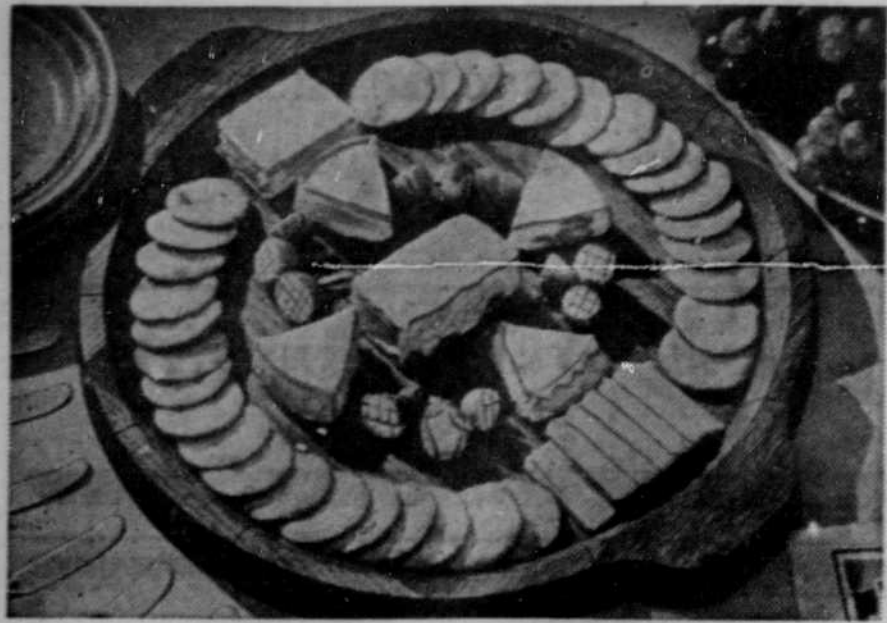


# Household News

By Eleanor Howe



## COLD-WEATHER HOSPITALITY

(See Recipes Below)

What if the radio weatherman does predict a drop to 10 degrees below zero? That is no reason to put all hospitality in cold storage, too. Not if our grandmothers could have gotten together even when they had to drive the horses through the snow and stay the whole day!

And so, no matter how blustery the weather, clubs will still have their afternoon meetings, there will be cheerful teas in church parlors, and friends will drop in informally to spend the evening. If it is warm inside and there is fragrant, inviting food in the offing, the sharpness of the wind won't matter.

You will want to have a few new recipes at your fingers' ends to make such cold weather hospitality easy. If you are feeding the club, using the bridge table method, you might serve beef creole in individual rice rings, a plate of celery hearts, carrot sticks and stuffed olives, together with hot rolls of your own making. Let the dessert course be coffee and an eggnog pie—a creamy yellow chiffon pie with a thin coverlet of whipped cream and a dusting of nutmeg over the top.

If you're planning a tea, remember that hot Russian tea is superfine with cinnamon doughnuts, split and toasted. For informal evening affairs at your own fireside, hot coffee cake with currant jelly and coffee will be enough to serve. If you have a wooden cheese board or a handsome plate, show it off with a collection of cheese and crackers and a bowl of assorted fruit like that shown in the picture above.

### Russian Tea.

(Makes 14 servings)

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1 3-inch stick cinnamon
- 1/2 cup orange juice (3 oranges)
- 6 tablespoons lemon juice (2 lemons)
- 1 12-ounce can pineapple juice (1 1/2 cups)
- 1 1/2 quarts water
- 1 cup strong tea infusion
- 1 lemon (for garnishing)

Boil 1 cup of the water, with sugar and stick cinnamon for 5 minutes. Add juice of oranges, lemons, and pineapple juice. Boil orange and lemon rinds in 1/2 quart of the water for 3 minutes. Strain and combine with the fruit juice mixture. Add the remaining 1 quart of water. Set aside. Just before serving, heat the fruit juice mixture and combine with the tea infusion. To make the infusion, pour one cup of rapidly boiling water over 4 level teaspoons of tea. Let steep 3 minutes, then stir briefly and strain. Serve the tea hot in tall glasses or cups (3/4 cup to a serving) and garnish each with a slice of lemon.

### Eggnog Pie.

- 1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup milk
- 3/4 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 cup whipping cream

Let gelatin soak in cold water for 5 minutes. Beat egg yolks until light; stir in 1/4 cup of sugar and salt. Gradually add milk and cook over boiling water until it is the consistency of custard, about 5 minutes. Stir constantly during cooking. Add softened gelatin to custard mixture, stirring until it is completely dissolved, then add nutmeg and vanilla. Chill the filling until it is partially coagulated. Beat egg whites until frothy. Add 1/2 cup of sugar gradually, beating until the meringue stands in stiff peaks and will not flow when the bowl is partially inverted. Fold meringue into partially coagulated custard mixture, pour into a baked 9-inch pie shell and chill in the refrigerator for 2

## THE DOWN-AND-OUTER

By JOAN SLOCUM  
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

IF DOUGLAS WALTON had asked Kay Bergen to marry him the afternoon she had told him she was going to New York to make good, Kay would have settled down happily with him at Forest Station. She'd more than half expected he would—and a good deal more than half hoped he would. But he didn't. On a business trip from New York to the city where he lived he had stopped off at the small town where Kay lived to see her.

"Oh, I see," said Douglas, at first a bit bantering, then more and more seriously. "The small town cramps your style. Well, if that's the way you feel—only—I thought last summer—"

"What did you think last summer, Douglas?" asked Kay softly.

"Oh—" Douglas' voice was a little hard—"just that you weren't the kind of girl who'd think that kind of thing necessary to happiness. I thought you'd like—oh, last summer in the mountains I thought you'd like different things. But if you like New York and think you'll make good there, why that's that and there's nothing more to do about it. I don't think you're right." He was irritatingly practical now, accepting her, not as a woman, but as a co-worker, another struggler in the fight to make a living. "I think I have a better chance of success right home in Forest Station than you have in New York."

He left a little later, after talking trivialities, and there was no approach to anything like sentiment between them.

So, decided Kay, if that was the way he felt about it, she would show him. She'd be as good a business woman as she could. She'd beat him at his own game.

Weeks passed. An occasional letter from Douglas. He was getting along slowly but surely, he wrote, in the law office where he held a junior partnership. Not big money in these times in a small town—but not bad, either, when you compared expenses and income. He was glad to hear of her success. She seemed to have struck a great piece of luck, working her way right up to the top. Hard work, of course, but if you like that kind of thing, of course it was great.

Kay had, indeed, done unexpectedly well, though she hated to have Douglas give her all the credit. In spite of depression, she had got into one of the big stores. And, because of a real genius for using words vividly, she had obtained a place in the advertising department, and had been promised a speedy rise to a really good job.

But when the first novelty of success and accomplishment had worn off, Kay found other visions mingling with those of her progress to fame. And, being an honest sort of a girl, she faced the facts and admitted to herself, after six months in New York, that she would give up everything she had gained or could look forward to for the sake of life beside Douglas in quiet little Forest Station. She liked her work. She found her new friends interesting. She thrived in New York, with its vivid life and fast tempo. She enjoyed the few gay parties she found time for. But her heart was with Douglas.

His letters lately had been few and far between. Perhaps he didn't care for her as much as she had once hoped he did. Perhaps he cared for someone else. She knew nothing, really, of his friends and life. She'd never been in Forest Station, and in the mountains where she had met him at a resort hotel the summer before they were both, of course, among strangers. She kept reminding herself that he had never told her anything to make her know he really cared. Perhaps her belief that he did was only the natural reaction to what, she now acknowledged, was her love for him.

So Kay worked out a scheme to find out if Douglas cared. "Dear Douglas"—she wrote. "This isn't a very cheerful letter, for I think I'm going to lose my job. Isn't that too awful? After I've had such fun and done so well. But the cruel, big city seems to be too big and cruel for me."

She waited for a sympathetic answer. None came. She wrote: "The blow has fallen. I'm just not a big-city sort of person. I've lost my job. And in this unfriendly place I don't know where to turn for another."

No answer. In her next letter: "New York is pretty dreary when you're down and out. I've been walking the streets today looking for work. And there isn't any. Of course, I'm all right, for my father will be only too glad to have me back home again. But I'm ready to admit that New York's too much for me—too big, too impersonal, too cruel."

"And if that doesn't bring some sort of answer," thought Kay, "I'll give up, and stick to my work and try to enjoy it."

No letter came, and as she dressed for a party one evening a week later—she had been really thrilled when Courtney Brown, brilliant young advertising manager for the store, had asked her to go to dinner and the theater with him—she decided that her tactics with Douglas had been all wrong. He's lost what

interest he might have had in her last summer; was married, for all she knew. Her stupid letters must seem to him the most blatant bids for sympathy. Oh, well, she'd go with Mr. Brown and have a good time and when she'd made good in her job she'd forget all about Douglas.

She pulled a black velvet dress over her shoulders and let it settle softly to the slender curves of her body, patted her hair in shape, and sat down to wait for Courtney Brown. When, in answer to the bell, she opened the door of her small apartment and found, not Courtney, but Douglas, standing there, the only thing she could think of to say was: "Oh!"

But Douglas said enough for two. "I've come to take you back to Forest City," he began. And that started things.

Half an hour later, said Kay: "Oh—I forgot. Where's Courtney Brown? He's my boss—and I was going to dinner with him. And, Douglas, I'll have to explain, I'm not really down and out—I just wrote that so I could find out how you felt about me."

She watched his face anxiously for signs of disapproval.

He beamed. "I know. Courtney Brown is an old friend of the family—he's taking my sister to dinner and the show in your place. You don't think I didn't know how you were getting on, do you? Courtney kept me posted. And I realized that if I didn't come to rescue you soon you'd get away from me for ever—poor little Down-and-Outer."

## Cupid's Code

By DOROTHY G. WAYMAN  
(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

THE lighthouse stands on the point where the great ships steam past to enter the canal, and there lived Mary Ann and her father, who was the keeper of the light.

Mary Ann had kept house for her father for the five years since her mother died, in spite of the constant urging of Billy Bowen that she marry him. It was hard, hard for both of them. Billy wanted Mary Ann, and Mary Ann loved Billy, and yet she could not forget the promise she had made to her mother that she would look after her father for her.

This sparkling August morning her father had rowed across to the mainland for supplies, and just after he had gone Billy Bowen had come to see her: He looked so handsome with his thick black hair, bronzed face and white teeth, as he passionately urged her to marry him!

"I've waited for you two years, Mary Ann, and I need you!" he declared, and when she replied that her father needed her still, he lost his temper, and bitterly asserted that he did not believe she loved him at all. He vowed that unless she would promise to marry him soon he would take the boat for New York that night and she would never see him again.

"When the boat goes by the light tonight, I'll be on it," he said, his boyish voice rough with feeling; "and I'll be thinking, 'There's where the girl lives who doesn't love me!'"

And poor Mary Ann, loyal to her dead mother's trust, could only watch his lithe figure striding away without one backward look, and cry and cry and cry. Then she must bathe her face and brush her hair to hide her sorrow, for father must not know of her sacrifice.

She heard the sound of her father's oars, and soon he entered the little kitchen.

"Mary Ann," he said happily, "you've been a good daughter to me, and it has been hard on you here all alone with an old fellow like me . . . but it's over now. Jane Hatch said today that she'd marry me, and I guess I know what you'll do next! I've been watching that Billy Bowen making eyes at you. Maybe we can have a double wedding, girl!"

After supper she crept into her own little room to sob her heart out in the twilight of the summer evening. Zoom-m-m-m! sounded the whistle of the New York boat—Billy's boat. He was standing on the deck, looking at the light.

Mary Ann sprang from the bed, slipped off her shoes, and softly, breathlessly climbed the iron stairs to the light. She could see across the water the lights of the great ship like a string of jewels on a square of black velvet, and she knew that Billy Bowen's eyes must be turned towards the light.

She placed her little brown hand firmly on the black-handled copper knife switch that controlled the light, and the great beacon's rays, playing across the water like summer lightning, took on a strange significance.

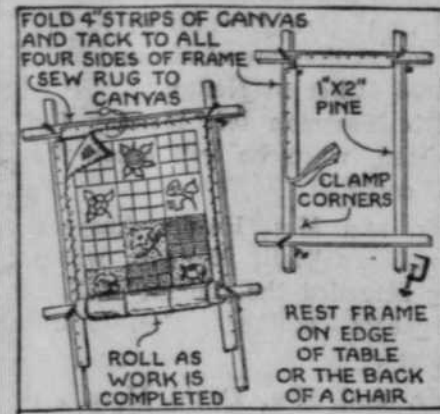
Dot, dash, dot, dot, dash. In International code she flashed her message into the dark. "B-I-L-L-Y Y-E-S-I!" Over and over she spelled it out.

But Billy Bowen, once a sailor in the navy, read it only once as he stood on the deck of the New York boat. Then hastily stripping off his coat and shoes, he climbed upon the rail and dived far out into the warm waters.

"Where'n thunder are you going?" shouted a deck hand as Billy came up, shook the water out of his eyes and struck out for the point where winked the light. He turned his head long enough to shout back: "Going to get married!"

# HOW TO SEW

by Ruth Wyeth Spears



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## Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

### The Questions

1. What is the population of Greece?
2. What standards are used by the Bureau of the Census in computing the number of illiterates in the country?
3. Under what conditions may a private in the U. S. army wed?
4. What does a panegyric piece of writing do?
5. "Now God be praised, I die happy" are the dying words of what general?

### The Answers

1. The population of Greece is 6,204,684.
2. The Bureau of the Census rules that any person 10 years of age or older who cannot read or write in any language is an illiterate.
3. With his commanding officer's permission.
4. A panegyric piece of writing elaborately praises.
5. James Wolfe (after his victory at Quebec).



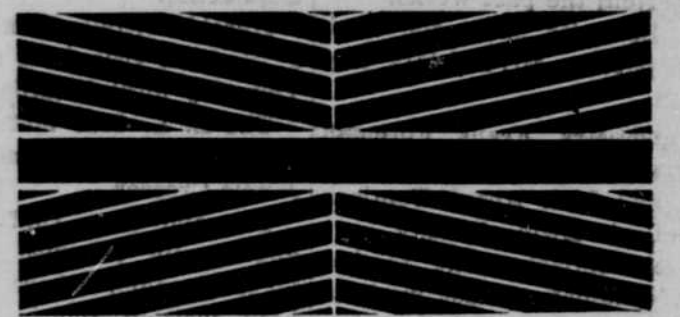
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