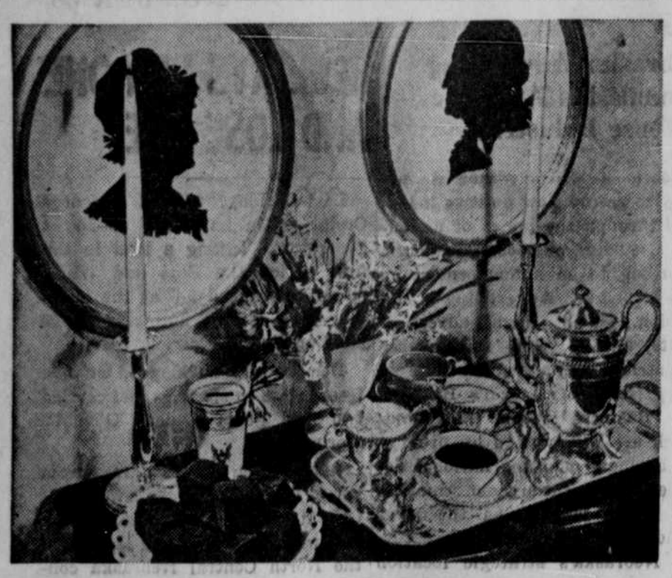


FEBRUARY HOSTESS? TREAT GUESTS TO A PATRIOTIC TEA

(See Recipes Below.)

FEBRUARY IS A PARTY MONTH

February is a party month; every hostess calendar should have the twelfth, the fourteenth, and the twenty-second ringed in red! And this year, with the renewed emphasis on patriotism which the world crisis has brought, there's every reason to make Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays occasions for more patriotic partying than usual.

No holiday in February lends itself to a tea quite like Washington's birthday. But instead of tea, serve coffee with squares of hot, fragrant gingerbread as you see it in the picture above. The spicy squares are much in keeping with the day, for Washington's mother was said to have been famous for her gingerbread. Make it by your own special recipe or use one of the packaged gingerbread mixes. All that you will need for decorations is a bowl of flowers and the silhouettes of George and Martha Washington mounted on white paper and hung to form a background for the tea table.

As a part of the food for the occasion, serve a minted pear salad with small deviled hot breads. These are tender, crunchy biscuit hearts with the top section cut out to show the deviled ham filling. Let the beverage be a deep red cranberry punch and garnish each cup with a cube of pineapple stuck on a pick. If you wish to have a second course, small cakes or ice cream molds will finish the menu in fine style.

A sugar heart cake is a dessert which any hostess could serve with pride when a few friends come in for Valentine's day evening. Fine white cake is put together with a creamy chocolate filling, and the cake-top is decorated with confectioners' sugar sifted through a lace doily with a heart motif on it. When the doily is removed, the design remains, etched neatly in sugar on the cake.

Cranberry Punch.
(Makes 3 quarts)

2½ cups sugar
6 cups boiling water
2 17-ounce cans jellied cranberry sauce
1 cup lemon juice
1 12-ounce can pineapple cubes
1 pint carbonated water
Cocktail sticks

Rub the jellied cranberry sauce into sugar. Add hot water and heat and stir until well blended. Beat with rotary beater until smooth. Add lemon juice. Drain juice from pineapple cubes and measure; there should be ½ cup. Add pineapple juice to punch mixture and strain through fine sieve or cheese cloth. Chill thoroughly. When ready to serve, place block of ice in punch bowl (or use about 1 quart ice cubes). Pour punch mixture and carbonated water over ice. Insert pineapple cubes onto cocktail sticks and place one in each cup. Fill cups with punch.

Sugar Heart Cake.
(Makes 2 9-inch layers)

4 cups cake flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup butter or other shortening
2 cups sugar
2 eggs (unbeaten)
1½ cups milk
2 teaspoons vanilla

Sift cake flour once before measuring, then add baking powder and salt and sift 3 times. Cream butter until soft, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat thoroughly. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat until smooth after each addition. Then add vanilla.

Pour batter into 2 well-greased 9-inch square pans (2 inches deep). Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) for 35 to 40 minutes. Put together as layer cake, spreading chocolate cream filling between layers. Place lace doily made with heart motif over top of cake. Fasten securely to top of cake with toothpicks. Sprinkle surface generously and evenly with confectioners' sugar. Brush off excess with pastry brush, then remove picks and carefully lift off pattern. The design should be neatly etched in confectioners' sugar.

Chocolate Cream Filling.
(Makes 2 cups)

3 squares unsweetened chocolate (3 ounces) (grated)
1¾ cups milk
⅔ cup sugar
4 tablespoons cake flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg (slightly beaten)
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon vanilla

Add chocolate to milk. Heat in double boiler. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater to blend. Combine sugar, flour and salt. Add gradually to chocolate mixture and cook until thickened (about 5 minutes), stirring constantly. Then cook 10 minutes longer, stirring occasionally. Pour small amount of mixture over egg, stirring vigorously, return to double boiler. Cook 2 minutes longer, stirring constantly. Then add butter and vanilla and cool.

Patriotic Sandwich Plate.
(25 star sandwiches;
40 rolled sandwiches)

2 1½-pound loaves sandwich bread
Softened butter
2 17-ounce cans jellied cranberry
1 cup dried beef (ground)
4 3-ounce packages cream cheese
4 tablespoons milk
4 teaspoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon onion juice

Trim crusts from 1 loaf with sharp knife. Slice, lengthwise into ⅛-inch slices. If very long knife is not available, loaf will be easier to handle if cut in half crosswise before slicing. Wrap slices in damp towel and place in refrigerator for 30 minutes to 1 hour.

Meanwhile slice second loaf lengthwise into ⅛-inch slices. Cut out sandwiches with star-shaped cutter, then spread with softened butter. Slice jellied cranberry sauce into thin slices and cut into stars with same cutter. Place each slice of cranberry between two slices buttered bread.

Blend cream cheese with milk until softened, then add lemon and onion juice. Combine with ground beef and chopped nuts. Remove sliced bread from refrigerator, unwrap, and spread with softened butter, then with filling. Roll tightly into long rolls. Wrap each roll in waxed paper and place in refrigerator. When ready to serve, insert a small flag into end of each rolled sandwich. Stand them up around sides of a shallow bowl or basket so that flags hang over edge. Fill center of bowl or basket with star-shaped sandwiches.

Deviled Biscuit Hearts.
(Makes 18)

2 cups flour (all-purpose)
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup shortening
¾ cup milk (approximately)
2 2¼-ounce cans deviled ham

Sift flour once before measuring. Add baking powder, salt, and sift together. Cut in shortening, using a pastry blender or two knives, or rub it in with the fingers. Add milk, stirring it in lightly with a fork, until a soft dough forms. Turn onto a lightly floured board and knead for a few seconds. Roll out to about ⅛ inch in thickness. Cut with a heart-shaped cutter. Remove the centers from half the biscuits. To do this, fold biscuit in half and cut out center with kitchen scissors, leaving a narrow rim. Spread deviled ham on whole biscuits, top with rims and bake in a hot oven (450 degrees Fahrenheit) for 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot to accompany salad.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

'FIRE! FIRE!'

By STANLEY CORDELL

(Associated Newspapers.) WNU Service.

AT THE same moment when Bob Terrill picked up the telephone receiver, his sense of smell was repulsed by the odor of burning copy paper mingling with the hot lead on a matrix sheet. Black smoke trailed lazily through the door that opened on the stairway leading to the basement where was located the linotype machines, casting box, press and other minor equipment connected with a small newspaper establishment.

"Fire! Fire!" Bob slammed up the receiver and raced for the stairway. At the door he met Kent Locke, who constituted the Telegram's editorial staff.

"Keep your shirt on, Bob. There's no fire and you know it!"

"Of course I know it, you idiot! But if we can stir up a little excitement we might create a story. Besides, it'd give those poor devils down below a chance to get a breath of fresh air."

"Yeh! And have Percy on our necks for corrupting the routine of his shop. Bob, we gotta think of something else to solve the problem besides yelling 'fire!' every time a whiff of smoke trails up the stairs."

Kent led the way back to his desk, Bob following. En route they passed Miss Lucille Swift, stenographer. At the moment, Miss Swift's attractive visage was partly obscured in the folds of a dainty handkerchief, which she held still more daintily to a cute nose, while layers of ill-smelling smoke eddied about her.

Editor Locke flopped dejectedly into his chair, set fire to a cigarette and stared morosely at his partner of the newspaper world.

"Bob, old sock, we're stuck and we ought to admit it with good grace. When we moved into these quarters two weeks ago we were so all-fired concerned with saving money because of the reduction of rent, it never occurred to us to give a thought to minor details. As a result we discovered the basement lacks in ventilation facilities, which, in turn, results in an unhealthy atmosphere below and above stairs whenever Percy has the casting box in operation.

Kent sat down on the curb and motioned Bob beside him. Uninvited Miss Swift sat down on the other side.

"Which means that once or twice a week we're smoked out of the joint. And the minute we set up a yowl to the landlord, he flashes the lease we signed in our faces and yowls right back at us about the low rent we're paying."

"Which by now," Bob Terrill snapped, "is all a very old story and doesn't get us anything at all. Look at the smoke trailing up the stairs. Think what it'll be in real cold weather when we can't keep the doors open! Kent, there must be an answer—"

Bob broke off abruptly. Outside there was a sudden clanging of bells, a whining of sirens.

"What the—" Men in rubber coats and hats, carrying axes and dragging behind them a heavy hose, were rushing in through the front door. They didn't see the occupants of the place at first, because of the density of the smoke. And before Kent and Bob could reach the doorway, the hose nozzle had begun to spout water.

"Hey! Hey, you blokes, lay off!"

Bob came groping through the smoke layers, grabbing the fireman's arm. The stream of water was discontinued. The fireman looked at Bob in some alarm.

"Hey, you better get out of here, buddy! How many more are inside? Anyone overcome? Bill, put on your gas mask and look around before I start the water."

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" Bob was tugging at the man's rubber-sleeved arm. "There isn't any fire. It's just smoke coming from the casting box downstairs. Don't turn on that water again. You'll wreck the joint!"

"Huh! No fire? Say, what is this? Listen, buddy, who was it yowled over the phone ten minutes ago and then dropped the receiver like he was in an awful hurry to get out of the place? Whatta yuh mean, no fire? Looks to me like the damned place is ready to explode!"

Other firemen had crowded in, one, a short fat man, appearing to possess some sort of authority. Miss Swift had escaped to the street, dainty handkerchief and all. Kent, who seemed to have grasped the significance of what it was all about, plucked the short, fat man's arm and led him outside. The man with the hose stood uncertainly beside Miss Swift's desk, looking like a man whose dying wish was to squirt water all over the Telegram's new furniture. Others of the brigade disappeared below.

The humor of the thing suddenly struck Bob and he began to grin.

"Listen, chief, it was all a mistake. I didn't mean to yell over the phone. I was calling Miss Mary Lane to get the church notes. Well, at the exact moment I picked up the receiver I saw smoke trailing up the stairway and yelled 'fire!' a couple of times. Didn't realize I still had the phone in my hands. Say, those operators are on the job all right, trailing a call as quick as that. Make a good news story. Anyway, I discovered there wasn't any fire at all. Percy, the foreman of the print shop downstairs, was merely casting some mats. You see the place isn't very well ventilated. Have a cigarette, chief?"

The man with the hose looked dubious. Followed by the short, fat man, Kent had returned to the office. He led the way to the cellar stairs and dived below, the fat man following.

Bob hesitated, glanced once more at the man with the hose, decided that the Telegram furniture was safe from a sprinkling for the time being, and started for the stairs.

Halfway down he collided with someone coming up. Visibility was poor, and so Bob turned and returned upstairs again. Behind him came Kent, the short, fat man, Percy and his two helpers. All were gasping.

The entire gathering adjourned to the street, the man with the hose fondling the heavy nozzle.

The short fat man was watching Kent and looking serious. Kent looked rather oratorical as he stood there, supplementing a rapid fire conversation with gestures.

Presently the short, fat man nodded solemnly, made a few notes in a book, summoned his brigade and climbed aboard the big red truck that was parked at the curb.

Kent sat down on the curb and motioned Bob beside him. Uninvited Miss Swift sat down on the other side. She no longer held a dainty handkerchief to her nose, a fact which improved her appearance tremendously.

"Bob, old son, the problem is solved. That was the fire chief I was talking to. I took him downstairs and pointed out the reason for the false alarm. At first he was ugly, but when I explained that our landlord had refused, despite our constant demands, to remodel the place, he became indignant. Bob, within a week's time, the whole building is going to be remodeled by order of the fire commission, which means we'll have an up-to-date plant."

Bob grinned, and got to his feet. "Mister, excuse me a minute. I got to write a swell story about telephone operators that trace calls in record time. The church notes will have to wait."

Kent looked up and grinned back. "Hop to it, old son. I got a date to buy our stenographer a flock of dainty silk handkerchiefs that she can apply to her nose for other purposes than obliterating her sense of smell."

Wealth Not Necessary For Valuable Donations

Many people have a puritanical feeling that they are not giving unless they are sacrificing, which is akin to the old idea that unless medicine tastes bad it can have no virtue. Men and women whose hearts are bigger than their pocketbooks know better. By exercising their ingenuity, they find unusual methods of bringing happiness to others, and incidentally, pleasure to themselves.

Consider time, for example. A little time, given away, may be riches to someone. Last year my friend Mrs. B. presented a neighbor, an overburdened mother, with a gift of 48 Tuesday afternoons. Once a week she took the place of this mother, who could not afford help and had little opportunity for recreation. She darned stockings, told stories, played games with the youngsters, while the mother had a gloriously free afternoon.

A retired storekeeper bemoaned the fact that he could give no money for the local playground. His practical wife suggested that he spend his mornings there teaching small boys to make kites and sailboats. He contributes as much to the success of that playground as the cash donors.

Skill is another welcome gift. Almost everyone of us has some special talent which we can multiply by giving. A middle-aged woman, expert with her needle, lives in a boardinghouse catering to young men. Last Christmas she presented each man with a note stating that during the year she would mend his clothes, darn socks and sew on buttons. Her motherly gesture—a use of the talent she had—turned that boardinghouse into a home.

A department head in a technical laboratory discovered that some younger associates were handicapped by their lack of higher mathematics. He volunteered to give an evening course if half a dozen were interested. Thirty turned out—eagerly!

The most commonplace giving may take on real significance. Old Mrs. Smalley has one humble talent—breadmaking. Every Saturday this poor woman selects the crustiest, most buttery looking loaf out of her oven and leaves it at some home where there is sickness.

They Can See

Jim—I wonder why women pay more attention to beauty than brains?

Marion—Because no matter how stupid a man is, he is seldom blind.

American women feel war horrors—perfumes scarce. (Headline in newspaper.) Scentimentalists.

No Favors

Nockby—I think it commendable that Jubbs is so impartial.

Dzudi—Yes; but he carries it too far. When we went hunting last week he didn't seem to care whether he shot the rabbits, the dogs or one of the party.

Lots of Merriment

"I love looking at her when she laughs."

"Why?"

"There seems to be so much of her having a good time."

Other Interests

Two boxers were engaged in what appeared to be a hugging match.

A voice from the gallery shouted: "Turn out the lights. They want to be alone."

Came a second voice: "Leave the lights alone. I want to read."

Trivial Cause

"What did your father die of?" the doctor asked a Negro who was being examined for life insurance.

"Ah don't know, boss," he replied, "but it wasn't nothing serious."

Life may not be all you want—but it's all you'll get, so make the most of it.

Still Up

"Did you hear the step-ladder slip, mother?"

"Yes; I hope your father didn't fall."

"Not yet; he's still hanging on to the curtain rod."

Patterns — Sewing Circle

HERE'S a pretty new home frock that looks well on everybody from slim size 12's to stately size 40's. Made up in bright percale or calico prints, or in checked gingham, with ric-rac outlining the neckline and points of interest, it looks fresh and gay as a morning-glory. And this is a thoroughly comfortable dress, too. The sash belt, tied in the back, enables you to adjust the waistline to exactly the snugness or slimness you like. The armholes are easy. The skirt has sufficient width for walking comfort.

A glance at the little diagram drawing, showing pattern No. 1305-B cut out and ready to assemble, shows you how simply made it is. Merely straight, long seams, a few darts and gathers—that's all. Anybody can make it, quickly and easily.

• • •

Pattern No. 1305-B is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 40. Corresponding bust measurements 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 14 (32) requires 5⅝ yards of 35-inch material; 1 yard trimming. Detailed sew chart included. Send order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.
Room 1324
211 W. Wacker Dr. Chicago
Enclose 15 cents in coins for
Pattern No..... Size.....
Name .....
Address .....

Power of Faith

Given a man full of faith, you will have a man tenacious in purpose, absorbed in one grand object, simple in his motives, in whom selfishness has been driven out by the power of a mightier love, and indolence stirred into unwearied energy.—Alexander Maclaren.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

HAIR TREATMENT

Hair Conditioning Shampoo Cleans scalp and hair properly. Removes dandruff scales. Conditions for permanent wave or bleach. Sent postpaid for 50c or COD. Luke Co., 2636 S. Michigan, Chicago.

Shadows of Mind

The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life they lie behind us; at noon, we trample them under foot; and in the evening they stretch long, broad and deepening behind us.—Longfellow.

FEMALE PAIN
WITH UPSET NERVOUS SPELLS—

You women who suffer pain of irregular periods with nervous, cranky spells due to monthly functional disturbances should find Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound *simply marvelous* to relieve such annoying symptoms.

Pinkham's Compound is made *especially* for women to help relieve such distressing feelings and thus help them go smiling thru such "difficult days." Over 1,000,000 women have reported remarkable benefits. WORTH TRYING! Any drugstore.

Father of Virtues

A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all the other virtues.—Cicero.

ASK ME ANOTHER?

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

The Questions

1. What is the rule of noblesse oblige?
2. What word has the opposite meaning of prolix?
3. What workman used a cant hook?
4. A horsepower is equal to how many watts?
5. How many deadly sins are listed?
6. What is the tallest living animal?
7. How much does a presidential inauguration cost?
8. Who designed the first submarine?
9. What is the area of continental United States?
10. Can persons freeze their fingers in temperatures above the freezing point?

The Answers

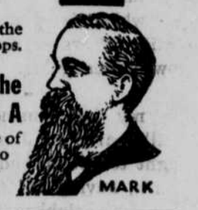
1. Rank imposes obligation.
2. Concise.
3. A lumberman (for turning logs).
4. One horsepower: 746 watts.
5. Seven: Pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, sloth.
6. The giraffe (the males sometimes attain a height of 18 feet).
7. The cost has varied from time to time. Congress appropriated $35,000 for 1941 inaugural expenses—about $7,000 less than was expended in 1937.
8. David Bushell, an American, designed a craft in 1776 called the Turtle, which tried unsuccessfully to sink the English warship Eagle anchored off New York.
9. The area is 3,026,789 square miles. Including territories and dependencies, 3,738,395 square miles.
10. Persons often "freeze" their fingers or toes, or suffer from frostbite, even when the temperature of the weather is well above the freezing point. This condition occurs through long exposure to a strong wind while wearing damp gloves or shoes.

LOST

Lost—a cough due to a cold—thanks to the soothing action of Smith Bros. Cough Drops. Two kinds: Black or Menthol—5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.



Price of Greatness

What millions died—that Caesar might be great!—Campbell.

Sorrows and Joy

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.—Pollok.