

## Household Questions

When potatoes have been over-boiled and gone to broth, lay a strong cloth in the colander and empty the contents of the saucepan into it. Gather up the cloth as if for a pudding, and squeeze tightly until every drop of moisture is out, and you will find that you have a light, floury ball.

Dates filled with cheese or nuts make a good accompaniment to serve on fruit salads.

Mix ingredients for ginger cookies with cold coffee instead of water. It improves them.

A clove of garlic rubbed around the salad bowl will season the salad, but will not give it too strong a flavor.

Instead of sewing ribbon belt to a buckle to be worn on wash dresses, use a snap fastener. Buckle may then be easily removed when washing.

Crumbled dried bacon is delicious when added to egg omelet. Left-over bacon can be used this way.

Don't whisper in a sick person's presence, and don't look gloomy after the doctor's visit. Imagination runs riot when one is ill and sick people miss nothing.

To remove marks on paint which have been made with matches, rub them with lemon, then with whiting and finally wash with soap and water.

Keep your body free of accumulated waste, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. 60 Pellets 30 cents. Adv.

**Living Our Careers**  
Speaking of careers, life is a career. Study every step.

**ONLY LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS**  
will do these 3 things...  
and all for . . . 5¢

- 1 Clear your head
- 2 Soothe your throat
- 3 Help build up your

**ALKALINE RESERVE**  
WHEN A COLD STRIKES!

**Failure, Then Success**  
Failures may be the forerunner of greater success.

**Don't put up with useless PAIN**  
Get rid of it

When functional pains of menstruation are severe, take CARDUL. If it doesn't benefit you, consult a physician. Don't neglect such pains. They depress the tone of the nerves, cause sleeplessness, loss of appetite, wear out your resistance.

Get a bottle of Cardul and see whether it will help you, as thousands of women have said it helped them.

Besides easing certain pains, Cardul aids in building up the whole system by helping women to get more strength from the food they eat.

**He Who Hesitates**  
The man who hesitates is very often bossed.

**REAL LIFE STORY**  
TIED ALL THE TIME SHE TOLD HIM WHAT TO DO

**FEELS LIKE NEW!**  
THANKS TO CLEVER WIFE..

HE wasn't himself. Had too many restless nights, too many tired days. Seemed to lose his ambition. But his clever wife was too smart to let this go on. She insisted that he try Nature's Remedy (N.R. Tablets) and he found out what a surprising difference it made to use a laxative of entirely vegetable origin. He didn't mind taking N.R.s at all, they were so gentle, and non-habit forming. They simply made him feel like a new man. Get a 25c box at any drugstore today.

**N.R. TO-NIGHT**  
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

WNU-4 1-37

**Watch Your Kidneys!**  
Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained.

Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, puffiness under the eyes, feel nervous, miserable—all upset.

Don't delay? Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by grateful users of the country over. Get them from any drugist.

**DOAN'S PILLS**

# Bright Star

By  
**Mary Schumann**

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WNU Service

## CHAPTER VII—Continued

"Not tonight. I won't let you." "I can't stay here."

"Yes, you can. Let us talk things over quietly—decide what is best to be done."

"Best to be done? What was best to be done?"

"It's so late—where will you go? Get your mother up at this hour . . . or a hotel? Publish the whole thing . . .!"

The roots of habit and of home are mighty in their strength, sturdy in resisting an attempt to break away. But he could not occupy the bed so close to her, knowing—

His mother? What explanation could he offer? . . . It would have to be a hotel! He reached for the knob of the door behind her back.

But she had read his wavering of a second. "The other room, Hugh—the guest room! You can sleep there!"

Sleep? She thought he could sleep? At length he gave an unwilling gesture of assent. Dorrie hurried in to turn on the lights, remove the silken coverlid. She hated the idea of change, he thought; wanted to go on without definitely facing the issue. Something would have to be done. What—he did not know. Perhaps the morrow would bring some clarity.

Dorrie turned at the door before leaving. "Does Joan know?"

He nodded. "She does?" She bit her lip. "Then I suppose she told you."

He did not answer. She said with a curious venom, "I'm sure she did—and it was pretty mean of her, when she knew how it would hurt you!"

Hugh stared at her. Her door closed.

The darkness folded the room round, an aching evil darkness. An iron band tightened around Hugh's skull, and his mouth seemed filled with the taste of brass. The second time that night, that taste. Odd . . . He had never had it before!

His heart pounded until his chest ached, and his nerves were as tense as fiddle strings.

Over and over the scenes, the words repeated themselves—Joan . . . Dorrie and Cun . . . Dorrie. They would not let him alone. And each time the act was played, he became aware of sinister implications, ghastly, mocked at him, suggested details, whispered: "Don't you remember that time—?"

Joan had said "they don't care any more." Then she meant that others must know, and he, like the fool in the snickering fable, was the last to learn what was going on under his own roof.

Then like an imperious flood it came over him, distaste and longing mingled in its waves, his desire for this woman who had betrayed him, for the sweet, dear flesh which had seemed so inalienably his own. He despised himself for his passion, but he could not quell it or master it.

At length the chattering of robins and sparrows, the crescendo and diminuendo of passing cars, the sound of the maid going out to early church, warned him that no matter how calamitous, he must take up the burden of the day.

Dorrie had loved Hugh when she married him, but she had never been in love with him. He offered a mode of life much pleasanter and more dignified than her wanderings with her mother before she met Hugh.

Her marriage pleased her at first. She rejoiced in the background of the Marsh family in Corinth, faintly boasted of it in letters to friends, liked the novelty of having a home of her own and an indulgent husband who could not do enough for her. Later when she became bored with the conventionalities of Corinth, which was so much like the Harrisville of her youth, she sternly told herself she was lucky—lucky; that Hugh was far too good for her.

Fluvanna puzzled her at first. She was not the traditional mother-in-law. Could anyone so generous, so wisely kind, so free from envy or criticism exist? She suspected a pose at first, but came to recognize that the circumstances of Fluvanna's life had left her beautifully self-contained, instead of bitter and broken. Dorrie, who had expected to patronize or be patronized, looked up to her, wanted her approval, praise, and did little unexpected kindnesses now and then to deserve it.

When she met the Whitneys, she had found in them a congenial couple for bridge, conversation, or an outing. Joan was clever; Cun a lively companion. Cun couldn't

talk of books or plays or music, and swept away the idea of their having significance for anyone else with a magnificent ridicule. This amused her, for she knew it came from his naive desire to have the world he knew—that of virility, of smart achievements in salesmanship, of golf, of success in a material way—supreme before the world of the intellect.

Cun was always decorous in his manner toward her, but secretly she recognized a quality that moved her. "You're my own kind!" Coul had said to her roughly the last time she saw him. "You can't get away from it for all your airs! You understand me—because you're like me!" He had seized and kissed her until she pushed him away, filled with loathing and fascination.

One December day Cun had dropped by with a silver tray which Joan had borrowed, and lingered to talk by the crackling fire. Outside, it was a gloomy, menacing day, and it had seemed magically warm and cosy in the dim room. The talk slipped into easy rhythm and laughter, harmless talk of cars and hunting trips, and the merits of various bridge systems. Then a silence fell and something fluid and stealing passed between them. She looked at him and he was smiling at her. She recognized the light

in his eyes and dropped her own. A disturbance urgent as the vibration from a humming wire ran up the inner part of her arm. She took the hearth broom and swept back some ashes, averting her face.

Cun rose to go, extended his hand. "Good-by, nice of you to be home."

"Wasn't it? I'm that way—nice," she said carelessly.

He kissed her. It was not the hasty self-conscious kiss of a bumpkin, yielding to a furtive desire, but a deftly slow meeting of his lips with hers.

They had both laughed with soft understanding and self-excuse—a kiss—what was a kiss between friends? She rebuked herself afterward for her response. But she found herself looking forward to the next meeting with a reluctant excitement.

He brought her an illustrated weekly. The others were near by. "This is the advertisement I told you about. Pretty clever, eh?"

Then in a tone low enough for only her to hear: "What you do to me is worse than a bank failure!"

"Very clever—ad." She hummed and moved away. She snubbed him several times after that and felt very moral about it. But with Cun in his place, life lost a certain zest.

She was in a dull mood that January day when Cun called. "Hello, how do you like this blizzard? . . . Don't you need a man who is out-of-work to clean off your sidewalks?" Then in a lower voice: "Please let me come over and talk a while! Joan went down town and I'm as lonesome as the last passenger pigeon!"

She gave her consent. After all it was a kind thing to do—even Hugh would approve. Cun was feeling down. No job—poor fellow! These were the excuses her conscious mind gave, while the inner mind sent her upstairs to change her dress, spray her hair with perfume, in riotous excitement.

"Cun, you mustn't sit on the arm of my chair! Sit over there where you belong—across from me. . . I'll make you shovel snow if you don't behave! . . . I know my hair is pretty . . . and I know I'm beautiful. I've been told it a hundred times! . . . Now are you going to be sensible—good friends—or shall we have to stop seeing each other altogether? . . . Please don't! . . . I hate to be touched . . . I'm not seductive . . . This old dress? Just an afternoon thing which you said you liked once! . . . But I didn't put it on for you . . . Why do you say that? Aren't you taking a great deal for granted?" All weak defenses. Words which did not deceive him, for her tone did not match her sentences. He knew he was evoking a response in her, read it in the slurred unevenness of her voice, in the deep sparkle of her eyes. It was a game which he had played many times before but never for such quarry.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**"Not Tonight, I Won't Let You."**

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

# Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted  
By **WILLIAM BRUCKART**  
NATIONAL PRESS BLDG. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington.—The Capital city has returned to normalcy. It is not the normalcy of January, 1935, or the years immediately preceding, but the normalcy of the year in which that quadrennial spectacle, an inauguration of a President, takes place. But Washington's normalcy is a condition that comes in cycles and it matters not how the wheel of life turns, those who are resident here get used to it and of necessity they take the condition in regular stride.

That sounds like Washington residents are blasé. And they are to a greater extent than residents of most cities. But paradoxical as it may seem, native Washingtonians and a certain percentage of those in the political field become so excited that they lose all sense of proportion on occasions such as an inauguration ceremony. The answer seems to be personal vanity—a desire to be "out in front" and to "show off" by having important places in parades and having their names and pictures in the newspapers.

But there is another side of this Washington normalcy. It is the side of the political powers who have little concern about the District of Columbia as such or what goes on therein unless those affairs strengthen the position these political powers hold among their constituencies "back home."

Hence, under the dome of the great Capitol building, there is all the activity of a bee hive. The old timers among the legislators have learned to proceed with caution and to develop their plans slowly, but the newer members of the house and senate are all agog, each one with his own pet idea for saving the nation; each one with a varying conviction about his own importance as a member of the national legislature, and each one determined not to overlook a single opportunity to show the folks back home that their representative or their senator has become a national figure.

Then through the corridors, the halls, committee rooms and offices there are the hurrying feet of newspaper correspondents, representatives of this interest or that, messengers and lowly members of the Capitol's vast staff of carpenters, cleaners and chore workers. They are, of course, important only as they make the Capitol habitable but they are an inescapable part of the picture—of Washington normalcy.

"Downtown" Washington has another picture. In the executive departments, in the bureaus, commissions and agencies of which scores have come into being under the Roosevelt New Deal, there is intense activity. Policy makers of these various units make plans, study, confer, propose or reject ideas for consideration of the new congress and the administration heads. These fellows are less concerned about the folks back home than are the legislators. Their chief concern usually is perpetuation of their jobs, development of their units or agencies into places of such importance that the country cannot do without them. There is a personal interest hardly less to be condemned than that of the self-seeking politician.

On top of all of these—the governmental activities of the government—there is still another normalcy in Washington. It is the social side. Of course, all Washington society springs and has its being in White House reflection. From the great mansion at 1600 Pennsylvania avenue, there radiates every kind and condition of a social engagement. Outstanding among these obviously after the inauguration of a President is the Chief Executive's dinner to his cabinet. A reception to the Supreme Court of the United States and the other members of the judiciary follows. In rapid order come receptions to the legislators, to the army, navy and marine corps, to the foreign diplomats resident here and all of these are interspersed with smaller official dinners in the great state dining room at the White House.

In various sections of the city and in the hotels dinners, receptions, cocktail parties continue in ceaseless chains. And if the brutal statement must be made, the truth is that nearly every one of them has a purpose above and beyond personal enjoyment, but the selfish interest is quite frequently so deeply concealed that those who are being "cultivated" may not realize what the objective is.

These random observations have been presented chiefly to show the gloss and the glamor that is self-imposed upon the hundreds of persons who combine to make up what we know as government. They play, as they have a right to play,

They must have diversion. Frequently this diversion serves useful purposes for the country as a whole because through personal contact those charged with responsibility many times gain information, understanding, of the problems with which they must deal in official positions.

And so it is that, as Washington returns to normalcy, we have a congress—the seventy-fifth—beginning its labors with perhaps a confusion as great as any in recent years with the exception of that which opened the first term of the Roosevelt administration. In my own mind, I doubt that the confusion of 1933 was as great as it is now because in that period of emergency, the important wheelhorses of government were concerned with only one thing, namely, quick enactment of policies that would help in bringing order out of the economic chaos in which we found ourselves.

The current congress gets down to work, however, in a different atmosphere. Agencies of the government time after time have held lately that the emergency is over; that policies considered now must be considered on a permanent basis and that if there is to be a new order, the make-up, the consistency, of that new order must be examined with the idea of fitting the various pieces into a compact and workable whole.

It is in this atmosphere, therefore, and under the circumstances of an overwhelming landslide of votes by which President Roosevelt was returned to office that the administration must take stock of what has happened in the last four years and must analyze the prospects as far as the future discloses them.

Probably the most serious long range problem confronting the country involves the relationship of government and business. For weeks, I have sought information and views of individuals concerning the real crux of this problem because it has so many different phases. From all of this research I am inclined to the opinion that the fundamental question to be answered is that peril that faces the portion of our people that have passed the age of forty-five.

It may seem like a broad statement to pin down the relationship of government to business to that one question of what to do with workers above forty-five but I verily believe that is the crux.

It will have to be treated briefly in these columns but nevertheless it seems to me that all of the growing howl about "social security" centers on this one point. It centers there because politicians and starry-eyed wishers have made so much noise about the government looking after the aged that a natural reaction has taken place in industry and, in consequence, there is a growing disinclination among employers to take on workers past forty-five.

Under the whip of competition and in an effort to offset the costs of the present social security program, manufacturers everywhere have been looking for methods by which they can substitute machines for human workers. Where that was impossible, they have turned to younger workers so that the increase in protection per worker, according to the best calculations, is not all due to the use of machinery. Greater efficiency has come from the employment of people able to go at high speed throughout the working period.

This development has been in progress in the manufacturing industries for at least 20 years but it has received its greatest impetus in the last three or four years since it became evident that the federal government was going to force upon commerce and industry protection for the older employees.

Federal Reserve board figures reveal that 16 years ago, nearly 70 per cent of all gainfully employed workers were in the basic industries while 30 per cent were employed in the professions and service groups mentioned above. Five years ago, 60 per cent were in the basic industries and 40 per cent in the professions and service industries while at the beginning of 1936, about 57 per cent were in basic industries and the professions and service groups embraced about 43 per cent.

From this it will be seen that an enormous transformation has been taking place in the type of work that people do. It represents, of course, changes in our national life, practice and traditions but who is there to say when and where this trend will halt. Equally, what government authority can be able to say that social security laws enacted now will be applicable and workable by the time the Roosevelt administration ends?

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**Gloss and Glamor**

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## Crochet Tot Snug and Warm Three-Piece Set



Pattern 1097

Miss Five-to-Twelve will be snug, warm and proud in a hand-crocheted cap, scarf, and muff-set of plain crochet, with picot-stitch trim. Pattern 1097 contains directions for making the set in 5 through 12 year size (all given in one pattern); illustrations of it and of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 62 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

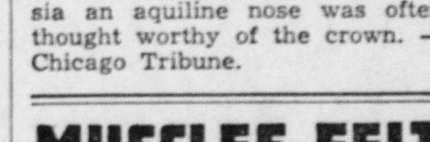
Write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

## Gild Their Teeth

The ladies in old Japan and also of today, to some extent, gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint them red. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of the Muscovite may be, she would think herself ugly if she was not plastered over with paint. The Chinese used to have their feet as diminutive as those of the she goats. In ancient Persia an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown. — Chicago Tribune.

## MUSCLES FELT STIFF AND SORE

Got Quick RELIEF From Pain



If muscles in your legs, arms, chest, back or shoulders feel stiff and sore, get a bottle of Hamlin's Wizard Oil and get quick relief. Rub it on—rub it in. Warm—soothes—gives wonderful comfort. Will not stain. At all drugists.

**HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL**  
For MUSCULAR ACHES and PAINS  
Due to RHEUMATISM—NEURALGIA  
LUMBAGO—CHEST COLDS

**Blood Is Strongest**  
Blood will tell, especially if it knows that it is "blood."

**Still Coughing?**  
No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

**Conscience Better Guide**  
One's conscience often knows better than his brain.

**When You Need a Laxative**  
Thousands of men and women know how wise it is to take Black-Draught at the first sign of constipation. They like the refreshing relief it brings. They know its timely use may save them from feeling badly and possibly losing time at work from sickness brought on by constipation.

If you have to take a laxative occasionally, you can rely on

**BLACK-DRAUGHT**  
A GOOD LAXATIVE

**A FARMER BOY**  
ONE of the best known medical men in the U. S. was the late Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, N. Y., who was born on a farm in Pa. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has for nearly 70 years been helping women who have headache and backache associated with functional disturbances, and older women who experience heat flashes. By increasing the appetite this tonic helps to rebuild the body. Buy of your druggist. New size, table, 50c. Liquid \$1.

**MORNING DISTRESS**  
is due to acid, upset stomach. Milnesia wafers (the original) quickly relieve acid stomach and give necessary elimination. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. 20c, 35c & 60c.