

NEW YEAR on WHEELS

By Helen Morton

"JUST one more mountain range to cross," Mac said to his sister, Josephine, as they got into their car one clear bright morning. They had been traveling forever, it seemed to her. They wanted to reach California and restore Mac to health.

"If we can start the New Year on the coast, everything will be all right," Josephine had told her brother, and she really seemed to have a superstitious feeling that if Mac was to get well, they must accomplish their trip by that time.

"Stiff wind blowing through here," Mac exclaimed, drawing his scarf more closely about his throat as they approached a grade.

"Mountain Springs grade," Josephine told him. "I hope the wind doesn't mean a storm. This is the last day of the old year."

They hadn't climbed far, however, before they knew they were in for it.

Josephine, at the wheel while Mac rested from his morning of driving, had to grip the wheel with fierce intensity. The car was climbing with difficulty. The snow was blurring the windshield.

"We've got to make the coast," Josephine was muttering to herself, when she realized that Mac had



"Here's luck," she said. "A house—the first I've seen in an hour."

wakened from his restless sleep. Abruptly she became animated, alert. "It's lovely and woodsey around here," she exclaimed.

"Awfully narrow road," Mac rejoined. "Are you sure you're on the highway?"

"I'm not sure of anything," Josephine replied. "Do you think we'd better stop and inquire?"

"I sure do," Mac agreed emphatically. "You gasoline gauge isn't any too encouraging. We don't want to be stalled in this blizzard."

"You're getting tired, too, I know. I didn't count on this storm when I suggested stopping early yesterday. Here's luck," she interrupted herself. "A house right here, the first I've seen in an hour. I'll pop in."

She was back in a few moments, with a uniformed figure in a big slouch hat and high leather boots. "Mac, I'm miles off the highway. I've been following the trail of Mr. Boseman's car. Oh, this is Mr. Boseman, a border patrolman, and this is my brother, Mac Silver. Mr. Boseman lives in this house here. He wants us to stop with him until the storm is over," Josephine explained, looking troubled.

"See here, Mr. Silver, I have plenty of room, and it will be a job trying to make the nearest town in this storm. In the morning I'll pilot you back to the highway and on to the coast." The young patrolman was very much in earnest. His eyes wandered from Mac to Josephine.

There really was no choice. Nothing ever tasted so good as the beef stew that was simmering on the back of the wood stove.

It was hard sledding next morning, getting through the drifts to the highway. But from then on it was only a matter of a few hours until they were descending the mountain.

It was after a hearty lunch together in a rustic tearoom that Jerry Boseman got up to leave them. "No, not good-by. I don't mean to let this be the end of our acquaintance. It's only the beginning," he insisted, looking at Josephine. "Here's hoping this New Year will mean a lot to you."

"New Year! Sure enough, and I forgot all about it," Josephine exclaimed. "And we are in California for it. Thanks to you, Mr. Boseman. Here's wishing you all the happiness in the world!"

"I know where that is to be found," he said, as he looked into her eyes.

©—WNU Service.

WASSAIL BOWL!

English made it from this recipe years ago—and it's still a good one!

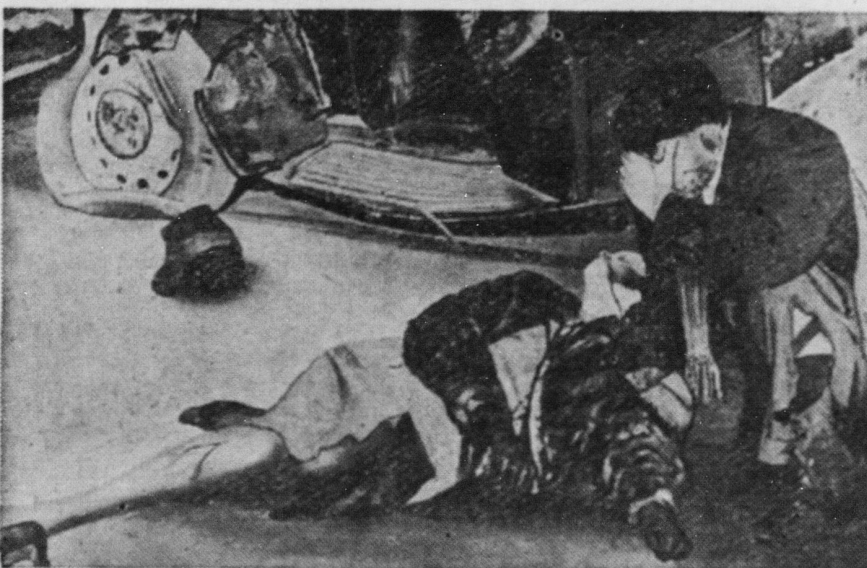
A WARNING One Drink May Lead to Another, So Be Careful New Year's Eve!



Here's a graphic warning about your New Year's Eve celebration. Congenial drinks have a habit of following each other in insidious succession.



It's bad enough to risk your own life by driving after drinking, but how about the other lives that are thereby endangered? Gasoline and liquor don't mix!



Disaster stalks the highways each New Year's Eve because of drinking drivers. Won't you do your part to combat this needless slaughter? If you must drink, leave your car at home or let some one else do the driving!

He Tries, Anyway!



WASHINGTON.—Each year since 1911 J. W. Hunefeld has donned his special red necktie and walked to the White House, hoping to shake hands with the President. He was successful until 1933 when President Hoover left town for the day. The next year President Roosevelt abandoned the New Year's handshaking altogether and Hunefeld hasn't seen the inside of the White House since. Here he is shown barred by the White House gates, still hoping that President Roosevelt will change his mind.

New Year's Eve Revelry Dates Back to Romans Who Really Celebrated!

New Year's eve may be a Roman holiday to Americans but it's nothing like the celebration tendered the new year by Romans themselves in the days of Caesar.

Long before the wassail bowl became an English institution and \$5 floor show seats were invented, the hardy Romans of a past age were forced to pay even higher stakes to watch the old man with the scythe go into retirement.

It started as a celebration of the winter solstice. In old Rome it was Saturnalia, even as now. Then Caesar changed the calendar and delayed the opening of the new year a few days until the first of the month honoring Janus. He was a two-faced god who looked both forward and back.

In Rome during the empire the heads of the state exacted presents at New Year's. They got so greedy that Claudius finally set up a schedule to make it legal.

Everybody's heard about the old English wassail bowl, but how many know how it's made? Here's a melior recipe, unchanged from the way its author prepared it years ago:

"Simmer a small quantity of the following spices in a teacup of water—cardamoms, cloves, nutmeg, mace, ginger, cinnamon and coriander. When done, put the spice to two, four or six bottles of port, sherry, or madeira, with one and one-half pounds of fine loaf sugar

(pounded) to four bottles, and set all on the fire in a clean bright sauce pan; meanwhile have yolks of 12 and whites of 6 eggs well whisked up in it. Then, when the spiced and sugared wine is a little warm, take out one teacup, and so on for three or four cups; after which, when it boils, add the whole of the remainder, pouring it in gradually, and stirring it briskly all the time, so as to froth it. The moment a fine froth is obtained, toss in 12 fine soft roasted apples, and send it up hot."

Vanity Key to Both Health And Beauty

By PATRICIA LINDSAY

THERE are the Grundys, male and female, who complain loudly about "vanity-case phobia." Wherever you look, say they, you see a woman powdering her nose, rouging her cheeks or putting on fresh lipstick.

These Grundys would like to have all cosmetics banished. But I wonder if they realize that in urging a woman to throw away her beauty aids they are urging her to throw away her health and sanity!

For vanity is sanity! In nations as well as in individuals. Russia, mass mad for years, made the costly experiment of crushing feminine vanity. Germany is doing it today. One of the first signs of Russia's restored sanity is the successful cosmetic trade in her larger cities!

A pride in your personal appearance is a health barometer. If you lack vanity you are not in normal health. A woman without vanity is



Fresh lipstick gives your morale a boost.

either mentally depressed or whipped—resigned to letting life slip by.

Every Woman Should Like to Look Well

Take the case of a young girl whom I know. She suffered a collapse of nerves from financial reverses and disappointment in a love affair. She was talented and well educated. During normal health she was fastidious, but once her nerves gave way, she let herself go. Her hair was unkempt, her skin blotchy, her clothes untidy. She became so despondent that she would stand for hours with her face turned toward a wall!

Friends, and her physician failed to pull this girl back to health. At last a psychologist succeeded in winning her confidence. He insisted upon regular meals, daily duties, hours of sleep, and (this is where vanity enters) he insisted that each morning and night she sit before her mirror and go through a systematic beauty routine.

He convinced her that happiness was in store for her if she would make the most of herself. He told her she possessed both beauty and charm. Gradually he made her live up to these compliments.

In about three months that girl was cured. She is now happily married (to a new beau!) and is successfully coping with a prominent social position! What happened? Her normal pride in her personal appearance had been restored!

So don't let a Grundy deprive you of your vanity case and what it represents. Hold on to it tightly and make it serve you! Be assured that a meticulous beauty gets far more out of life than a drab, disheartened female!

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

HINT-OF-THE-DAY

Face Powders

The shade of your face powder, its texture, and the way you apply it can make or mar your makeup. A good powder should give your skin the flattering illusion of clarity.

Your skin must look clean and clear and be suavely filmed with powder in a shade that is complimentary, yet unobtrusive. It should never be in a tone lighter than the shade of your skin.

When you choose your powder, let it be the best. It should be downy, yet clinging so that it will not break into patches an hour after you put it on.

A good powder will also retain its delightful fragrance as long as the powder lasts. Many cheap powders change fragrance after a week or two; the original scent becomes oily and sickening.

One of the leading cosmetic makers has brought out a fine powder in several exquisite shades. One is called apricot, a lovely, warm shade that does things for your skin under night lights. For daytime there is a cream shade that is excellent for the average clear complexion, and an ivory that is flattering for the pale brunette.

First Kindergarten

The first kindergarten was established many years ago in Blankenburg, Germany, and was called "Small Children Occupation Institute" or "Institute for Fostering Little Children."

A Few Little Smiles



FIRST

Two men got a job to clean some very high windows.

"Mike," said Tom, "get a plank and put it through the window. I'll sit on the plank inside, and you sit outside."

All went well until Mike cried out: "I've let my window leather fall!"

"All right," replied Tom. "Stop where you are; I'll get it."

Away went Tom down the stairs. On reaching the street he exclaimed: "Be jabbers, Mike, you're here first! Which way did you come?"—Indianapolis News.

Just Ruined

"Why won't you advertise?" ask the canvasser of a man in a small way of business.

"Because I'm against advertising," the man answered.

"But why?"

"It don't leave a man no time," was the reply. "I advertised once last year and the consequence was I was so busy I didn't have time to go fishing the whole summer."

Evidence

The little typist was very cheery on the way home, and her companion questioned her about the reason for her good spirits.

"Oh," she jubilantly answered, "I thought I was the worst typist in the office; but today while I hunted some papers on another girl's desk, I found her eraser and it was worn completely down."—Indianapolis News.

PREPAREDNESS



"Aren't you terribly interested in sport?"

"Terribly; my outfit of sport clothes is practically complete."

No Halving

The young man stood before the grizzled mountaineer.

"Mr. Burbridge," he stammered, "I've—I've come to ask you for your daughter's hand."

The mountaineer knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"Can't allow no such thing," he drawled. "You takes the whole gal or nothin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Both Wrong

The stout man accused the small boy of stealing his handkerchief. Then, when he found the missing handkerchief in another pocket, he apologized profusely.

"Forget it," advised the lad tersely. "You thought I was a crook—I thought you were a gentleman. We were both wrong."

Mixed Up

"Have we got any 4-volt 2-watt bulbs, George?"

"For what?"

"No—two."

"Two what?"

"Yes."

Not Serious

"Do you mean to say that your daughter hasn't told you she was engaged to me?"

"Yes, I told her not to bother me with those affairs unless she intended to get married."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Sentimentality

"Gladys is very sentimentally," remarked the mutual friend.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "Every time she receives a picture post-card she is impressed by the idea that it would be a beautiful place for a wedding trip."

WHAT'D YE KNOW ABOUT THAT?



Hubby—How do you dress a chicken?

Wife—What do you want to know how to dress a chicken for?

They All Saw

Mabel—I saw your husband last night, dear, out with another woman.

Flo—Did you, darling? Your husband and I saw him, too.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Must Be

Hayton—Just one more question, Uncle Biff.

Uncle Biff—What is it this time?

Hayton—If a boy is a lad and he has a stepfather, is the boy a stepladder?

Jiffy-Knit Jacket and Coverlet for the Baby



Pattern 6188.

Something different—something dainty as a cobweb—to make for baby—this jiffy-knit jacket and coverlet. Done on large needles the jacket is in one piece—all straight edges—with just side seams. Both it and the coverlet are lined with soft georgette! Pattern 6188 contains instructions for making the jacket and cover; illustrations of them and of stitches; materials needed; photograph of pattern stitch.

To obtain this pattern, send 15 cents in coins to The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Ask Me Another A General Quiz

The Questions

1. What is meant by the open door in China?
2. Can you complete the following proverb: "Many go out for wool—"
3. Why are U. S. senators designated "senior" and "junior"?
4. What four nations were the chief colonizers of the territory now constituting continental United States?
5. What three men lived to see their sons elected to the presidency?
6. Has the opera, "The Mikado," ever been produced in Japan?
7. How long has the Vatican state been so called?

The Answers

1. Equality of opportunity for all nations.
2. "That come back shorn."
3. The senator from a state who was first elected is the senior senator and the one last elected is the junior.
4. Great Britain, Spain, Holland and France.
5. John Adams Sr., father of John Quincy Adams; Dr. George Harding, father of Warren G. Harding; John Coolidge, father of Calvin Coolidge.
6. It has not for the reason that the emperor of Japan is considered a deity and the public would regard the travesty as sacrilege.
7. The name was created for the territory in Rome belonging to the Holy See by the Lateran treaty, signed by Cardinal Gasparri, on behalf of the pope, and by the representative of the king of Italy, on February 11, 1929.

LOST YOUR PEP?

Here is Amazing Relief! Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels. **Nature's Remedy** If you think all laxatives are alike, you try this all vegetable laxative. So mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headache, bilious spells, tired feeling when associated with constipation. Make the test—free! Without Risk get a 24c box of N.R. from your druggist, or mail order. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair. Get N.R. Tablets today. **NO TO-NIGHT** ALWAYS CARRY **QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION**

WRITE TODAY FOR MY MONEY-MAKING PLAN to sell and introduce our QUALITY Baby Chicks, Ducklings and Turkey-Poults in your community. S. R. SCHLEY Pikesville, Md.

Rain is Our Due

Into each life some rain must fall. Some days must be dark and dreary.—Longfellow.

relieves **666 COLDS** first day. **Headaches and Fever** due to Colds **LIQUID TABLETS** due to Colds **SALVE, NOSE DROPS** in 20 minutes. Try "Rab-Ny-Tim"—a Wonderful Linctant

GUIDE BOOK to GOOD VALUES

When you plan a trip ahead, you can take a guide book, and figure out exactly where you want to go, how long you can stay, and what it will cost you. The advertisements in this paper are really a guide book to good values. If you make a habit of reading them carefully, you can plan your shopping trips and save yourself time, energy and money.