

Sarah Ann's Cooking Class

Sunday night suppers afford a pleasant way to entertain your friends. For this informal meal, the hostess may serve what best pleases her from an old time Irish stew to ambrosia. You may linger as long as you like at the table—there is no maid to consider and so no need to feel hurried.

Egg Shortcake

2 cups flour
1-2 teaspoons salt.
4 teaspoons baking powder.
4 tablespoons shortening.
1 cup grated cheese.
1 egg, beaten.
1-2 cup milk.

Sift flour, salt and baking powder together; cut in the shortening. Add the grated cheese, beaten egg and milk. Mix well. Roll 1-2 inch on lightly floured board. Cut in squares. Bake 20 minutes "in an oven 400 degrees. Split and serve with egg sauce.

Egg Sauce

Make a cream sauce, using 3 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk. Add 1-2 teaspoons salt, red pepper, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 6 chopped, hard boiled eggs.

Peach and Cranberry Salad

6 canned peach halves.
1 package cream cheese.
1-3 cups French dressing.
Cranberry jelly.
Lettuce.
Arrange one peach half, cut side up, in the center of an individual bed of lettuce. Place 2 one-in. cubes of cranberry jelly in the center of each peach. Combine the French dressing and cream cheese. Beat with a fork until smooth and creamy. Pour some over each salad.

Bubble and Squeak

2 lb. round steak, cut in 1-in. cubes.
2 tablespoons fat.
4 cups sliced, peeled onion.
4 cups cubed, pared potatoes.
3-1-2 teaspoons salt.
Pepper.
2 cans muck tomato soup.
2-2-3 cups water.
1-4 cup flour.
6 tablespoons water.

Sauté the steak in the fat until brown on all sides. Arrange alternate layers of steak, onions and potatoes in a large casserole or Dutch oven. Sprinkle each layer with some of the salt and pepper. Pour the soup and the 2-2-3 cups of water over all, cover and bake in an oven 350 degrees for 2 hours. Then mix the flour to a smooth paste with the 6 tablespoons water and stir gently until the contents of the casserole until well mixed. Return to oven and bake 15 minutes.

Doughnut Islands

Split the doughnuts crosswise and put one-half, brown side up, on each plate, or shallow cereal bowl. Cover with a soft custard. Cover the hole with a dot of bright jelly.

Chocolate Waffles

1-2 cup shortening.
1-2 cup sugar.
3 eggs.
1-1-2 ounces unsweetened chocolate.
1-2-1/2 cups milk.
1-1-2 cups sifted cake flour.
3 teaspoons baking powder.
1-2 teaspoon vanilla.
1-4 teaspoon salt.

Cream shortening and add the sugar. Beat eggs and add to the shortening and sugar mixture. Add melted chocolate. Sift together dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk to which vanilla has been added. Bake in hot waffle iron.

French Toast

3 eggs.
1-2 teaspoon salt.
2 tablespoons sugar.
1 cup milk.
1-2 cup water.
6 slices bread.

Beat eggs slightly, add salt, sugar and milk. Strain. Place slice of bread in shallow dish, pour some of the milk and egg mixture over it. Turn bread and pour mixture over second side. Brown on both sides on hot fat. Serve with fruit sauce.

Fruit Sauce

3 tablespoons butter.
3 tablespoons flour.
1 No. 2 can blackberries or blueberries.
1-3 cup sugar.
2-2-1/2 tablespoons lemon juice.
Salt.

Melt butter in top of double boiler. Add flour and blend. Add berries, sugar, lemon juice and salt. Cook, stirring occasionally until mixture is of saucelike consistency.

Surprise Party

A birthday party was held at the home of A. L. Maurer, July 10, in honor of June Maurer. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Maurer and daughter Fern, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hartsock, daughter Joy, sons Russell and Albert, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Maurer and daughters Carol and Eleanor, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Miller and daughters Genevieve, Josephine, son Carl, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Maurer, daughters Ruth, June and Dorothy Mae, of Julian; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Youhus and daughters Avalyn and Alice, Earl Schooner, Cecil and Kesler Maurer from Altoona; Minerva Maurer, Helen and Lois Steele, Bethel Miller, Amanda Myers, Verne Dillen, Betty Stover, William and Stanley Dillen, Merrill and Blair Fink, Lawrence Williams, Willard Williams, John and Norman Stiver, Harold Stanton, Walter Heaton, John and Junior Cronister, Don Myers, Leonard and Weller, Dale Maurer, Morris Steele. June received many useful gifts.

Marriage Licenses

Richard A. Cogswell—Warner, N. H.
Mary E. Genzler—State College

Documents in Evidence

By JANE SNOW
(Released by Associated Newspapers
WNU Service.)

"I TRUSTED you, only to find that you had trifled yourself away on other women—I, who had saved my lips for my husband and had lived like a sun!"

Althea was going good, Don Morgan reflected.

"Bad daddy! Make mudder kwif!" Donny puffed out his chest and stamped his small feet.

Althea reached out, drew the indignate little figure to her and said, between sobs:

"Darling son! He'll take care of mother, won't he?"

"Of course, Althea," Don's voice carried a bored note, which gave her an inward wince, "such scenes always mean that you want something. This time, I suppose, it is the new rooster, which I told you I cannot afford. You will probably win, because I'd go bankrupt to escape this sort of melodrama, though you have found it lucrative. But you might at least keep the baby out of it."

In his youth Don Morgan had been too good looking and too susceptible. First he had succumbed to the appeal of Myrna Lewis, the being a handsome and romantic 18 and she a mysterious, alluring 32, who needed a satellite pending a divorce she was seeking.

No harm had been done, for Myrna had other plans, and after receiving Don's attentions for several months sailed away to a titled marriage.

Later on he became engaged to peppy Sally Will. But many of the other fellows had done the same thing. That affair ended, as most of them did, with about her third tantrum.

"In that," the other went on imperturbably, "I will insist that you achieve a masterpiece. It has suspense, dramatic force, and, above all, justice triumphant."

He looked at each of them with eyes enthusiastically aglow, then resumed:

"Think of it—at last we are to be in the theater an enactment of civilized yet perfect revenge. It has remained for Mortimer Frentrup, the outstanding playwright of this age, to deal with the problem in a wholly satisfactory manner. I am more than proud to be instrumental in offering this magnificent example of right conduct to humans."

They were happy, except that Mabel Parsons had taken her spite out by telling Althea about Don's affairs in an increasing ratio. Althea took her spite by referring to these exaggerations when she wanted to manage Don.

This last scene, with three-year-old Donny taking part, was too much, Don told himself many times during the five or more miles he walked before he came back to his own door.

The next morning Don and Althea were awake. He did not phone during the day and at night turned homeward with lagging steps, for he knew the hostilities would not end until the roadster question was settled. Dropping into a porch chair under the vine, he opened his paper.

"Who-o-o-o-o!" It was the whistle that went with the postman's outfit he had bought Donny the day before.

"Who-o-o-o-o! Mail, daddy!"

"A-all-right, sir! How many letters today?"

"Four, free, leben!" The man held out his hand for them abstractedly. "Gotta hurry! Big hurry! Lotta letters, all down street!"

After a few minutes Don glanced at the letters. The first one was without an envelope and began, "Althea, My Own Angel."

A half-hour later Althea looked up from her reading, an injured aloofness in her manner, to see a husband whose men was neither placating nor contrite, but rather that of a stern judge.

"You told me last night, Althea, between sobs, that you had saved your lips for your husband. Yet before you knew me there was one Mike Wickham who said that your kiss was like wine to him!"

"Don, are you crazy!" she cried wildly. The stern judge went on.

"There was a poet, one Leon, who insisted that with his arms around you and his lips on yours the sorrows of the world were blotted out.

He believed that you were going to marry him. And there was a Bobby James who went into a football game with your glove beneath his sweater; next to his heart, and with your kiss upon his brow. He called it life's accolade; so his team must have won."

"Are you trying to lie about my character?" bluffed Althea, angrily.

He held up the mail Donny had given him and announced sternly:

"Althea, you have taunted me with my early foolishness for a long time. Also, there will be no more of the 'virgin mind,' 'innocent girl' or 'living like a sun' stuff. So far as your past and mine are concerned we will call it a draw!"

"You have been spying upon me!" She snatched at the letters.

Donny, perspiring but happy, burst into the room, an empty mail pouch over his shoulder.

"Well, mudder," he beamed, "I was postman, and I'd livered all the letters out of dat big box back in your closet—'vbody got one. Didn't ya like yours, daddy?"

"Mine were just what I needed, son," replied Don, restfully, while Althea sobbed into her best satin cushion.

The producer chuckled and rose.

"Okay, boys," he agreed; "the skit suits me. You can put it in the picture, right after 'Bong Crosbow's number where he sings 'You Horrid Woman.'"

Rio's Consistent Climate

Both the temperature and rainfall of Rio de Janeiro average about the same from month to month the year round.

G. E. Householder, pastor, Unfiled services beginning at 9:30 a.m., John R. Shope, Sup't, in charge.

Preaching at 9:30 a.m. by Reynolds VanBurkirk. Sunday school lesson study at 10:20 a.m. Closing morning service at 11 a.m. Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p.m. Preaching at 7:30 p.m. by John W. Neese.

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