

My Favorite Recipe

By Ann Harding
Actress

Chicken Salad.

- 1 quart cold chicken
- 1 pint finely cut celery
- 3 hard-boiled eggs
- 2 cupfuls mayonnaise
- Small bottle of olives
- Salt to taste
- Paprika

Joint the dressed chicken and boil until tender. Allow it to cool, then cut into small pieces until the required amount is obtained. Use only the whitest celery, and none with coarse strings. Cut two of the eggs, not too fine. Mix chicken, celery, eggs and seasoning. Allow the mixture to stand with a little French dressing for an hour or more in a cool place. To serve, the mayonnaise may be mixed with the chicken or served as a top dressing, according to taste.

Serve on fresh lettuce leaves. Garnish with slices of the third egg and stuffed olives. Sprinkle with paprika.

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Mirror of Happiness

Happiness is reflective like the light of Heaven; and every countenance bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever shining benevolence.—Irving.

Don't Sleep When Gas Presses Heart

If you want to really GET RID OF GAS and terrible bloating, don't expect to do it by just doctoring your stomach with harsh, irritating alkalies and "gas tablets." Most GAS is lodged in the stomach and upper intestine and is due to old poisonous matter in the constipated bowels that are loaded with ill-causing bacteria.

If your constipation is of long standing, enormous quantities of dangerous bacteria accumulate. Then your digestion is upset. GAS often presses heart and lungs, making life miserable. You can't eat or sleep. Your head aches. Your back aches. Your complexion is sallow and pimply. Your breath is foul. You are a sick, grouchy, wretched unhappy person. YOUR SYSTEM IS POISONED.

Thousands of sufferers have found in Adlerika the quick, scientific way to rid their systems of harmful bacteria. Adlerika rids you of gas and cleanses foul poisons out of BOTH upper and lower bowels. Give your bowels a REAL cleansing with Adlerika. Get rid of GAS. Adlerika does not gripe—is not habit forming. At all Leading Druggists.

Origin of Wickedness

All wickedness comes of weakness.—Rousseau.

FOR COLDS

Nature can more quickly expel infection when aided by internal medication of recognized merit.

Salicon Tablets

HAVE RECOGNIZED MERIT

WNU—13

20—37

Man's Way

When a man is wrong and won't admit it, he always gets angry.—Haliburton.

HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.

You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS

"Mother Ann"

By GERTRUDE SCHALK
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WNU Service.

THE blue candles burned low on the tiny desk. Mary Larew slowly moved the plume of her pen back and forth in the flickering light. The line between the cloudy gray eyes grew deeper.

"Dearest Tony. . . No. . . 'Dear Tony. . . ' . . . 'My Dear Tony. . . ' 'Oh, it is so hard.' Tears of vexation gathered unwillingly in the corners of her eyes.

"What is so hard, Mary?" The quiet voice came from the big comfy chair near the fireplace. Mary was startled for a moment; she had forgotten her roommate Ellen's existence.

Mary started to speak and hesitated. Finally, with obvious reluctance, she turned to her friend.

"Well, I suppose I may as well tell you now as later. I am not going to marry Tony. . . don't say anything," as Ellen opened her mouth in incredulous amazement. "I have made up my mind."

She paced restlessly up and down the firelit room, her slim boyish figure swaying with a grace peculiarly her own. Ellen, startled out of her usual placidity, gazed at her in surprise.

"Mae! . . . What has Tony done?" "Nothing!" snapped Mary, as she dodged a table and kicked a cushion out of her way. "But, I feel it coming!"

"Feel what coming?" muttered Ellen in bewilderment. "You've been engaged only a week."

"I know it. And I also know that in about two more weeks he'll begin to murmur sweetly in my ear 'How nice it would be to live with Mother Ann!' 'Mother Ann' . . . 'Mother Ann' . . . I'm so sick of her name I could scream; Morning, noon and night; breakfast, dinner, supper—'Mother Ann' . . . I won't do it! I won't live with any mother-in-law!"

Ellen scratched her left eyebrow, a sure sign of unusual mental activity. At last she spoke.

"I wouldn't be too precipitous, if I were you, Mary. You . . ."

"For goodness sake, don't preach!" broke in Mary. Inwardly she added, "Anyway, what do you know about such affairs? You've never had a fellow." Even the best of friends are sometimes catty.

"As I was saying, you love Tony and he loves you. Would you throw away a good man's love just because he wanted to unite the two dearest possessions he has—his mother and his wife?"

Mary paused in her swift walk; she had never heard that note in Ellen's voice before. The firelight

touched her plain face and gave it beauty of a pensive sort. Mary stared.

"Let me tell you a little story. . . of a girl and a boy. They were in love, very much in love. He was kind. . . she was sweet, but selfish. But he loved her. They became engaged, and everything was lovely. One day he told her that they would have to live with his mother for a short time. . . That was the end. She broke the engagement."

A log fell apart and showered sparks on the tile hearth.

"He grew bitter, for he had cared very much. After she had sent him away she repented, but it was too late. His love was dead. Both lives were ruined. And six months later his mother died. . ."

A little break in the even voice and the room was quiet.

Mary sobbed in a jerky fashion. To think that this tragedy has happened to plain, easy-going Ellen.

"Oh, Ellen—"

There was a knock on the door. Both girls jumped.

"Don't turn on the light, my face is a sight." Mary wiped her nose and opened the door.

Tony stood there beaming down on her from his six-foot-one of young manhood.

"Hello, sweetheart! Hello, Ellen. Listen, sweets, I promised 'Mother Ann' I'd bring you around tonight. You know, Ellen, 'Mother Ann' is my old nurse—she thinks the world of her child, and she wants to be sure he gets a nice little girl." He chuckled and looked down on Mary's bent head. "Think she'll do?"

Ellen looked at Mary; Mary looked at Ellen.

"Yes, I think she'll do, Tony," murmured Ellen.

"I know she will. Come on dear, let's go. 'Night Ellen."

The door closed behind them. Ellen sighed dolorously as she picked up her damp handkerchief.

"And I wasted that perfectly good sob stuff on nothing. Oh, well. . ."

Bag of Plunder Smokes, Bandits Drop Everything

Harrison, N. J.—The bravado of two bandits armed with sawed-off shotguns was turned into panic recently by a simple smoke bomb device enclosed in a money bag. The bandits got the bag containing \$2,700 and the pay roll clerk's car. When they tried to open the bag yellow fumes poured out of it. They tossed it into a vacant lot and a few yards farther abandoned the car and their guns.

A DOUGHBOY OF WORLD WAR DAYS



The American doughboy who fought "to make the world safe for democracy." The picture is from a drawing by Capt. Harry Townsend.

Give Table "First Place"

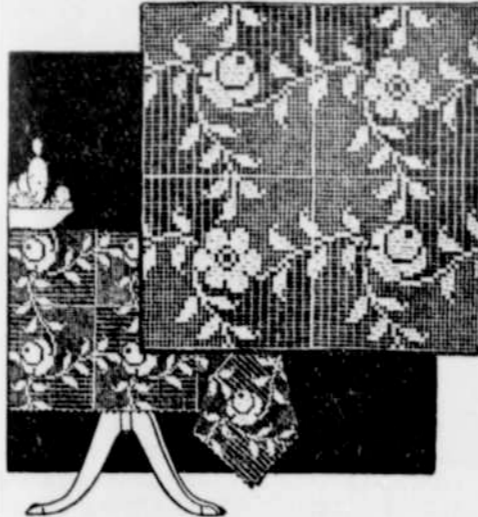
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of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Most Northerly City

How would you like to live (and work) in a city where the sun sets in mid-November and does not rise again until the final days of January; where Old Sol stays in sight from the middle of May until the last of July? Hammerfest, Norway, lying nearly 300 miles north of the Arctic Circle in about the same latitude as the northern tip of Alaska is such a city. In fact, it is the northernmost city in the world. Nevertheless, its average January temperature is only a little below freezing and its harbor always free of ice, chiefly because of the closeness of the Gulf stream. Electric lights first lighted their long night in 1891.—Pathfinder.



Pattern 1410.

sign as shown. Crochet them of string and they'll measure 10 inches; in cotton, they are 6½ inches. Join together, for tea or dinner cloth, spread or scarf. Pattern 1410 contains directions and charts for making the squares shown; illustrations of them and

Most Successful Author

Mark Twain probably is the highest-paid American author of all time. Harper's became his sole publishers in 1896. Early figures are lacking, but since the author's death, in 1910, the publishers have paid into the estate more than \$1,250,000 in royalties. These figures do not include huge royalties from stage and screen nor do they account for the enormous earnings of Mark Twain as his own publisher.

Since 1896 Harper's have sold more than 6,500,000 volumes of the humorist's work.

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