

Household Hints

By Mrs. MARY MORTON

Menu Hint

- Cold Meat Platter, Potato Salad, Hot Rolls, Olives, Nut Fig Bread, Sour Cream Chocolate Cake, Coffee

Today's Recipes: Potato Salad, Nut Fig Bread, Sour Cream Chocolate Cake

How to use vacuum cleaner: A salesman was eloquent about the merits of a certain vacuum cleaner...

Sour Cream Chocolate Cake: One cup sour heavy cream, one cup sugar, two eggs, one teaspoon vanilla...



If the cap of a bottle will not unscrew easily, wrap a rubber band around it several times...

NOT HIS ROUTE

An old Negro was taking a Civil Service examination for the position of rural mail carrier...

Every great mind seeks to labor for eternity. All men are captivated by immediate advantages...

DINNER STORIES

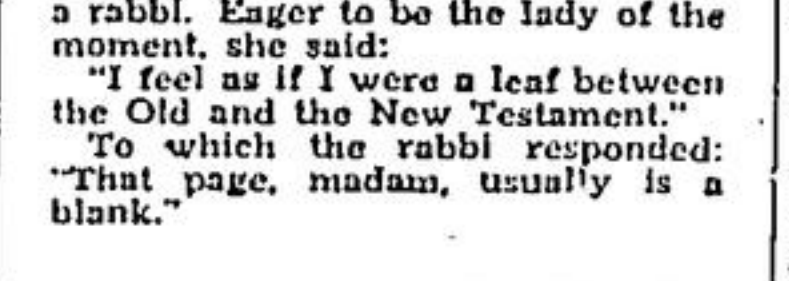
NOW WHAT?

A salesman was eloquent about the merits of a certain vacuum cleaner...

Now, he said, "I'll show you what this vacuum cleaner can do. You'll be surprised, madam. Where's the electric switch?"

AND THEN SHE WAS SILENT

A well known woman who was asked to a public function, was assigned a place between a bishop and a rabbi...



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The Free Press' Short Story

AFTER THE FOG

By EARL REED SILVER

HEAVY gray fog blanketed the campus. Wendell Todd, returning to the dormitory after a sandwich and coffee at a down-town restaurant...

Head down, he followed the campus path to Willetts Hall, where General Cobb, the night watchman, was standing in the lighted lobby...

Wendell hurried upstairs to his room on the second floor, hung his raincoat at the closet, and sat down reluctantly at the mahogany desk in one corner...

Wendell's eyes narrowed. Something strained and taut gripped the young man, and his lips became suddenly dry...

His face was wet with the mist, and his hands felt clammy. Wendell waited a minute or so, his eager eyes searching the room...

He raised the window slowly and climbed into the room, stepping to one side so that he was beyond the square of light...

Wendell spoke with his lips pressed tight. He knew the stuff last year, Rick, but I was flunked. I know it better now, but I'll be flunked again!

"That's hard luck," Richard sympathized. "I wish that I could take the exam for you."

"Brasley's been here at college for thirty years," Wendell continued. "He prides himself on his honesty and conscientiousness..."

"If you don't pass to-morrow, you won't graduate, will you?"

"No."

"Means another year in college, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Wendell. His voice hardened. "Brasley has had it in for me ever since Freshman year..."

"I'll need it," mumbled Wendell. He picked up a pencil and jotted down some figures on a large sheet of paper...

He glanced around the room which had been his home for the greater part of the past four years...

He was vice-president of his class, and the other men liked him. He was a leader, an athlete, and a good student...

Wendell stood up and walked over to the window. Kneeling on the window seat, he rested his elbows on the sill and gave way to moody reflection...

With the single exception of algebra, he had mastered his lessons easily...

Still, he had tried. He had almost made the grade as a Sophomore, and again in Junior year...

Brasley, however, had unconsciously held him to a definite standard. Apparently, it meant nothing to

paper, he was obligated to return it to its owner. With fast-beating heart, he entered the house and knocked lightly upon the door of the professor's room...

"Where did you get it?"

"I stole it from your room about a half hour ago. I had intended to use the questions so as to pass the exams..."

"Why?"

"I've always played square," said Wendell. "I want to graduate, of course, but not by cheating."

The professor's faded eyes looked down upon the paper, "Have you read the questions, Todd?"

"No, sir."

The professor looked up, and Wendell found it hard to meet his eyes. "What do you think I ought to do about it?"

"I don't know," said Wendell. "It's a matter which requires thought..."

He sat down at one of the front desks, devoid of hope, but grimly resolved to see the matter through...

Wendell nodded uncertainly, replaced his pencil in his pocket, and slipped the room from the room...

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AS POPE ATTENDED PRESS CONFERENCE



Here is a splendid picture of his holiness Pope Pius XI, made recently at the Vatican as he visited the Roman Catholic press exhibition.

SCOTT'S SCRAPBOOK

by R. J. SCOTT

Collage of historical and scientific illustrations with captions: Patient in Bed, Hill-Climbing Boats, Ball Playing is almost as old as the human race, etc.



CANADIANS AND THEIR INDUSTRIES—AND THEIR BANK

APPLE GROWER: "Hello, Peter, how's the grape business?" GRAPE GROWER: "Pretty fair, Jonathan. How are apples?"...

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