band's paper, but by the fact that

she was, and always had being one of Washington's "cave dwellers" who, paradoxically enough, dwell in ivery towers.

The incident of the Chronicle

in the house had been prevented

from becoming a major crisis by the alert and efficient Bennett,

Mrs. Hadley's butler. Bennett had

averted catastrophe by the simple

expedient of placing the intruding

newspaper gingerly in the trash

can and issuing a strict warning

Mrs. Hadley's Birthday Party. A

place had been set for the depart-

ed Mr. Hadley, as had been the

custom for each of the seven years

since his demise. The coffee service that had been a gift from

President Coolidge had been plac-

ed in readiness for the festive

"Happy Birthday

Mrs. Hadley

December 7, 1941"

had been iced on the inevitable

Elliott Fulton was the first

guest to arrive. He was greeted

n the drawing room by Patricia

Hadley, twenty-twoish and en-

dowed with all the Hadley looks

had exchanged the usual ameni-

me for working nights."

all that."

get married?

"I am," Fulton admitted. "But

"What's new in the War De-

"Remember my rule, Pat," Ful-

"Mrs. Hadley's ivory tower,"

Mother ever ruffle her tail feath-

"Maybe she's lucky. She's

missing out on some mighty un-

"But other people face them."

"Don't be intolerant, Pat," Ful-

and I can't say that I blame her.

She was the most popular girl in

Washington until your father

came along—and then she was the

was the best friend

"What did she say?"

was obviously coddling a hang-

marching almost directly to the

"Drink, Elliott?" he asked,

pleasant happenings above

hers out of the ground?"

occasion and the words:

against future transgressions.

Now, all was in readiness for

The War Against Mrs. Hadley Adapted from the MGM Picture

by WILLIAM McCORMICK

CHAPTER ONE Mrs. Nathaneal Hadley's Washington home had just experienced the slight flatter of refined, experienced activity which each year presaged the distinguished lady's natal day. The efficient menage survived the preparations without ncident, except the minor crisis created when Millie, a new maid, unwittingly brought a copy of the

Mrs. Hadley had placed an anathema on two things in her wellordered existence - the Washington Chronicle and the New Deal. The Washington Chronicle had once belonged to the late Nathaneal Hadley. Under his ownership paper's editorial policy had been staunchly Republican and ultra conservative. When Mr. Hadley owned the Chronicle it had opposed a second term for

After Mr. Hadley's death, the paper was sold to a Mr. Winters. Mr. Winters was a Democrat, so was the paper, so was Mrs. Winters - and Mrs. Hadley held the of them in utmost contempt. Mrs. Hadley's complete dislike of the New Deal could be explained not only by her life-long adherence to strict party lines and what had happened to her hus-

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to leave the Department so early yesterday. I . . . I had to go to the dentist." Sensing trouble in the scowl on Fulton's face, Pat quickly changed the subject, which was changed again by the entrance of Dr. Leon-ard Meecham, Mrs. Hadley's physi-Toronto. Write plainly size, cian. Pompous, prosperous and middle-aged, Dr. Meecham carried

GOOD EATING NEWS

Get out that strawberry jam you made last summer, for here's a cake that calls for preserves instead of sugar. Not only do the preserves add the sweetening, but they give the cake a delicious moistness so that it stays fresh for days. Bran in the batter accounts for the unusual nut-like flavor. The recipe, which is well worth taking, follows:

All-Bran Strawberry Jam Cake 2/3 cup All-Bran

All-Bran Strawberry Jam Cake

2/3 cup All-Bran
2 eggs, separated
3/4 cup milk
11/2 cups cake flour
3/4 cup shortening
2 teaspoon salt
1 cup strawberry jam
2 teaspoons baking powder

Soak All-Bran in milk about five minutes.

Blend shortening
with 3/4 cup jam. Add egg yolks; beat well; stir in soaked All-Bran.
Sift flour, salt and baking powder; add to creamed mixture alternately
with remaining jam. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into
shallow greased baking pan; bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 to

35 minutes.

Yield: 9 pieces (9 x 9-inch pan).

Note: Finished cake may be topped with meringue made of 1

agg white, 1-16 teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons strawberry jam.

did his medical bag.
Dr. Meecham was followed closely by Cecilia Talbot, Mrs. Hadley's best friend. In her for-

ties, petite and pretty, Cecilia was always a bit breathless. A Wash-ington wit had once classified her ington with had once classified her as "a jiggle-brained twitter-bug," Cecilia was telling the group the latest rumor she had heard through her elevator boy when Stella Hadley made her entrance. A charming looking woman, soft and feminine, she was dressed in perfect, but in no way conspicuous, taste. There was about her

ous, taste. There was about her an air of grace and aristocracy, but the prevailing impression was one of femininity. One could sense that she would get what she wanted with an iron claw - an iron claw always concealed in a velvet

Luncheon consisted of the usual ight food and talk. As coffee was being poured Cecilia signalled her hostess timidly. "Stella, dear," she fluttered, "The Boston Symphony."

At a signal from her mother, Pat turned to the radio. "What a perfect day!" sighed Mrs. Hadley. "All my dear ones here to help me celebrate and . ." Her contentment was shattered

by the loud voice of a radio com-"At one five p.m., Eastern Standard Time, the first planes appeared on the horizon," boomed voice of a commentator "Let Teddy work it, dear," Mrs. Hadley suggested to her daughter

"Just a moment, Stella," Fulton requested worriedly. "They were followed by wave after wave of bombers, dropping their cargoes of death," continued the voice of the commentator. "Please, Elliott, not on my birthday," Mrs. Hadley pleaded. "Quiet!" commanded Fulton. "And so war has come to the Western Hemisphere," continued

and Hadley charm.
"You look tired," Pat told the the radio, "with the Japanese friend of the family after they bombing of Pearl Harbor!" Millie, the new maid, stiffened with a shock of surprise and dropped an empty cup she was car-rying from the table. It smashed don't tell your mother, she'll scold into bits, but no one noticed it in the hubbub of excited and indignant comment that swept the small group.

ton reminded her, "No shop talk "How could they do such a here. This is the one house in thing?" demanded Mrs. Hadley in Washington where I can forget dignantly, as though someone had ommitted a breach of etiquette. She turned and saw the fragments Pat murmured as Fulton looked of the cup lying on the floor. A at her curiously. "Elliott, will far greater indignation seized her. ers and pull that pretty head of "My cup - my best service!" she exclaimed "I . . . I'm sorry, Mrs. Had-

ley . . . but I couldn't help it," stammered the panic-stricken maid. "My brother's at Pearl Harbor!" she cried as she ran from the room. Fulton shot a significant glance at Mrs. Hadley's son. "Come on,

Pat said feelingly. "Why shouldn't Ted," he commanded, "we'd better ton interrupted gently. "It's just get down to the Department." that-well, she's living in the past, "Teddy, you're not going to leave me," asked Mrs. Hadley dis-believingly, "on my birthday?" "In case you haven't heard, Mother, we've just gotten into a war," her son reminded her as he and Fulton hurriedly left the "Elliott," said Pat, half in jest,

"you and Mother are my two favorite people. Why don't you December 7 marked the beginning of many days — and nights —of unceasing labor for Elliott "I asked Stella to marry me on Fulton. He looked tired and harned his dictation one night weeks later. He passed your father ever had, that I was his hand wearily over his eyes as one of the battery of phones on his desk rang.

the best friend she ever had, that I was the best executor the estate over had - and that, as a staunch "Elliott, you know how hard Republican, I had no right to as-Teddy's been working," came Stelsociate with those New Dealers." la Hadley's voice chidingly. "You aren't really going to make him stay at the Department again to-They were interrupted by the entrance of Theodore Hadlay, Pat's older brother. The dissipatedly good looking young man

"Did he tell you that?" Fulton asked, his face clouding. "Of course he told me. You could at least let him spend Christmas Eve with his mother, war or no war. You can come, too." "Thanks, Stella. I'm afraid I can't make it, but I'll see what I can do about Ted. I'll send him

"No thanks," Fulton declined. "Big night?"

"Not big enough to deserve this head. Oh, Elliott, I'm sorry I had home, if I can. Goodbye." Fulton hung up the phone with a sharp bang indicative of his annoyance. He turned to an assistant who had been standing patiently by his desk. "Ask Ted to come in, will you

Bob?" he requested. "He's gone to the country," said the assistant resentfully. "Some of his friends came to take him out to the country for din-

"I see," said Fulton with a sigh.
"I'd like you to phone Mrs. Hadley in about fifteen minutes. Tell her I'm sorry, but it's absolutely essential that Ted work tonight."
"Yes, sir," the assistant acknowledged the instructions. He started out, then tarned. "Look here, Mr. Fulton, Ted's a friend of mine, and I feel like a heel, but "I'm a switchboard operator," writes a Toronto girl, "and LYMOIDS has helped me over many an embarrasging throat tickle. Now I always carry them." something ought to be done about

"Something is going to be done," said Fulton quietly. "I can't keep him here any more even for his mother's sake. It isn't fair to the Department. I'm having him transferred to active

(Continued Next Week)

Early Christmas Mailing Essential

All indications point to a record volume of Christmas mail this year and wartime demands on manpower and transportation make it imperative that the ap-peal to "Mail Early" be closely observed.

The Postal authorities advise

that for delivery by Christmas, mail must be posted on or before December 15th-British Colum-December 16th - Alberta and

December 17th-Manitoba and

Maritimes.
December 19th — Ontario and December 20th-Local delivery. Last year—in spite of many appeals for Early Mailing—more than 10,000,000 letters and Christmas cards were dropped into mail boxes in Toronto on ember 22, 23 and 24, and in coming trains on those dates brought in many additional loads of mail. As a result of this deluge of last-minute mailing, Christmas mails could not be

Shortage of trained help is very acute this year and public co-operation in Early Mailing is ab-solutely essential.

cleaned up until several days after

Plans For Better Post-War Britain

Freedom From Want For Working Classes Object of Sir William Bevcridge's Proposals

Sir William Beveridge, noted British economist, has given Brit-ain a plan for post-war social security which forsees a system of compulsory state insurance covering every person in Britain, regardless of age, income or job, against almost all forms of personal want or insecurity. The outlines of the plan, drawn up by a government-appointed

committee were made public last

services and possessing special

needs, which would be covered as

would those of any wage earner.

The whole scheme would cost

about \$3,200,000,000 a year, with

\$1,200,000,000 paid in \$1 weekly

contributions from people with incomes plus contributions from

employers, while the government

paid the other \$2,000,000,000.

This would mean permanent drain

on the exchequer that would keep

the postwar income tax above 7

shillings in the pound (35 per

the basis of a cost-of-living which

has risen 25 per cent since 1938.

towards securing the British

people freedom from want and

will greatly strengthen the demo-

A volcano in the New Hebrides

is generally in eruption every

British Sailors' Society

At Home and Abroad Incorporated (Established 1818) Under Distinguished Patroni

CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR

BRITISH SAILORS' SOCIETY George M. Speedie,

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ISSUE 51-'42

three or four minutes.

cracy by raising the happiness and well-being of the common man.

by the government will go

The plan, if carried through

efits were worked

week. The report now goes to Cocktail Parliament for action-which Sir William urged be started immediately so the program could be instituted right after the war. Theoretically there would be work for all. The state woula control medical services. If a man couldn't work for some son, he would get (basically) a week for himself and wife and \$1.50 for each child. Retirement (not "old age") pensions would be provided for all, beginning for teaspoon salt nen at 65, for women at 60. Housewives would be recognized officially as performing special

teaspoon powdered sage teaspoon sweet marjoram (powdered) teaspoon pepper

worker in Britain who is suffering most from three years o war. The

Mix altogether and moisien with



TABLE TALKS

The Chartecles

SADIE B. CHAMBERS

On this fourth year of war please accept my heartiest wishes for a "Happy Christmas." It will not be a merry one for many who are anxious about members of their family in the army. But to make us all happy we need only to compare our conditions with those of last year. True there has been great sacrifice and much sorrow, but we have seen the sun peeping through the clouds of our anxiety and sorrow. "Victory" is emblazoned upon our national sky and in fact on the horizon of the world. It will be A DIFFI-CULT road yet with many turns and byways to follow, but ever will we be encouraged by the thought that the objective of our goal is to bring about a worldmold or one hour for indiv wide justice and the brotherhood of man. Therefore as we cele-brate the birthday of the One who has given us everything we have personally, nationally and internationally, who is there

among us who cannot say "Happy Christmas to All"? Christmas Dinner Menu Cranberry and Grapefruit Cocktail Roast Chicken Savoury Dressing Creamed Mashed Potatoes Mashed Turnip Giblet Gravy Salad - Chopped beets in Lemon

Jelly with Boiled Dressing Carrot Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Beverage of Choice Cranberry and Grapefruit

Boil cranberries and sweeten in the usual way. Strain and chill the juice. Have quartered grapefruit sections ready also chilled. Place grapefruit in sher bet glasses and pour over the

Savoury Dressing cups stale bread crumbs tablespoons melted butter tablespoon chopped parsley

Chop one pint of pickled be or freshly boiled ones. with salt and pepper. Me very slightly with salad dre Prepare a pint of lemon jell powder. When cool stir m the chopped beets. Serve on lette with salad dressing and gar Carrot Pudding

cup sugar cup raisins cup currants cup suet cup grated carrot cup grated potato

teaspoon soda 1½ cups flour Dissolve soda in a little water. Mix all ingredients pared in the usual way and tur into a buttered mold. Cover and steam three hours for a large

11/2 tablespoons butter teaspoons cornstarch 4 teaspoon salt 1½ cups brown sugar cup boiling water

1 teaspoon vanilla
Melt the butter, add the cornstarch and blend thoroughly. Add salt, sugar and boiling water. Boil for ten minutes-to be sure the is no taste of raw starch. Remov from fire and add vanilla.

City Brain Worker Suffers From War Doctors state it is the city brai

manual worker gets plenty of exercise in the open, even though his diet may not be excellent Office workers, however, spend long hours in poorly ventilated and heated offices with no chance for normal exercise. They don't get the oxygen they require into



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Merry Christmus

We Must Fight The Good Fight

Our Fourth Wartime Christ

When Christmas Day dawns this year, one thousand one hundred and eighty-nine days of this war will have run their ourse. It is not a happy record; it is not a total upon which we can look with pride at this sea son of "peace on earth, goodwill During that stretch of more

than three years, we have wit-nessed the fall and occupation of many nations, the battering into submission of others. We have seen our young men and women go forth by the thousands for battle fronts the world over. Later, we received stunning reports of casualties. We have come to see, pray God not too late, that world domination is the one thought that spurs on our ene mies, world domination that you and I shall live as slaves, with those precious freedoms.

That is the unhappy side of ideed, let us make it a point remember this Christmas that there is a brighter side.

It cannot be a merry Christmas in the old sense. To be merry, the dictionary says, is to be ful of mirth and good humor, gay, sportive, jovial, pleasant. The gay light-heartedness with which we have been accustomed to greet the Christmas season is scarcely fitted to a country fighting a war for its very life, its institut its future. But that light-hearted Christmas revelry is not, after all the essential thing about Christ-

Since that night in Bethleher a thousand wars have mangle and crucified humanity. Yet is Christmas forgotten? A thousand times ill-will has obtained the temporary mastery over that ancient promise of good will toward men, yet in the hearts of millions of men the flame of good will burns uninterrupted. It is as in extinguishable as man himself, as eternal as God. It will come again to the surface to light the world once more, just as when the glory of the Lord shone down on the

That flame reflects other bless ings too. Standing out boldly in its cleansing heat is the brave, indomitable spirit of our sailors, our soldiers, our airmen; the spirit of Victory at any cost. deavors of our brave allies, the turning our munitions of war in ever-increasing quantities, and every Canadian — man, woman, and child, young and old -+aking the significance of this brutal,

earth. Perhaps, one day again, we shall be able to speak those hallowed words. It depends on us,

Decorate House With Evergreens

The house may be decorated background for the tree. With a few greens, the place may be made over and the results will be most gratifying. For outside make wreaths of evergreens and tie them with red oilcloth bows. Prunings from the Christmas tree often may be used for the wreaths and some of the homemade decorations used for a touch When you are trimming your

own Christmas tree, don't forget the birds. The old custom of trimming an outdoor tree for the birds and squirrels is a charming one. Popcorn, cranberries or crackers strung together and pieces of suet tied to the tree, and an extra pound of nuts scattered on the ground for the squirrels will make you feel very close

Do Not Encourage Witches and Sprites

In the graying dusk of a December afternoon the slowly moving figure seemed almost a part of the landscape. Half a dozen cars whizzed by but not one stop-ped to offer him a lift or ask where he was going. If the Spirit of Christmas, of kindness, was abroad, it was surely passing him

And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. . . . And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and lineage of David): to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel

Ten minutes more of plodding through the chill, darkening air, and another car came roaring down the road, passing him by as the others had done. The grim lines around his mouth grew deeper, then he heard a grinding of brakes. "Almost passed you up," a gay voice cried.

Fateful Meeting

"Pretty fine of you to stop for an old man." He shuffled into the vacant seat as he spoke.
"Oh, that's nothing," the gay
voice was a bit embarrassed. "But I did almost pass you up. With this Christmas business, and the rush and hurry, one could pass up their own mother."
"I like to hear you say that.

It's what I've always believed. The fact is, I was making a bit friend about it. What's your "The name is Tod Jenkins. I'm

headed for St. Louis—going home to spend Christmas with mother. I graduated in engineering last

more embarrassed, "I've been hoping that some day I might follow in your footsteps. The biggest wish of my life is to become a

them in the designated places. They should be left in place until January 6 (Twelfth Night,) when tion maintains that even one leaf left to wither will encourage witches and sprites.

look years and years younger than I thought!" A hearty laugh sounded against the sharply rising wind. The man was speaking again. "I'm not so walk an hour before I would find the Spirit of Christmas. It was

read everything you've written— studied your methods and work for years. In fact," his voice grew

went off the accelerator, bringing

the car almost to a standstill be

Druids Considered

out with a golden knife.

Evergreens are synonymous with Christmas, but if you would comply with tradition you should not put them in place before Christmas Eve. It should be a part of the children's Christmas duties to bring them in and hang

Mistletoe Sacred Did you know that when enemies meet under the mistletos he spoke. He almost swung the

24-hours truce? That is why a hostess tries to hang some mistletoe near the doorway of her old, Tod," he said slowly; "I'm a long way from the old fellow you were kind enough to pick up.
Yesterday we had an argument at the club. I made a bet with a fellow that I wouldn't have to was also considered symbolic and an invitation to the spirits of the an invitation to the spirits of the forest to come in and bring good cheer. The custom of kissing under the mistletoe dates back to rather a crazy thing to do, but I happen to be rather an eccentric scientist. My name is Perry Birch." ancient Britain. To bring the best type of luck to the one kissed, it is claimed the bough must be

"Perry Birch!" Tod's eyes wid-ened in astonishment, and his foot

fore he went on. "Why—why," he stammered, "I've been want-

(15th Century "Nativity" by Francesco di Pietra Santa, Rome)

of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto

"Fear not: for, be hold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the avenly host praising God and saying,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

and delicately tinted, makes ideal trimming for a tree. We saw one last year strung with pale pink and blue popcorn. Silver tinsel, combined with Christmas orns ments, completed the picture.

on the tree will lend special interest. Have a small parcel of some amusing trinket for each member of the family.

If cranberries are available, have the children make strings of them to give your tree a colorful

twigs and branches of trees.
Simply wrap some loose cotton
batting around the branches and
tie it with wool. Next dissolve about two pounds of alum in a quart of boiling water, and pour it over the selected twigs and branches. Allow them to remain suspended for 12 hours, and they will be found to be crystallized. Small branches and twigs can be treated without the cotton bat-

Novel Christmas Tree Trimmings

Popcorn strung in long strings,

Tiny packages wrapped in col-ored paper dotted here and there

Attractive Christmas decora-tions that can be combined with bright glass decorations, berries, and other ornaments can be made by simply crystallizing crooked

"Hand me that menu!" Dan Driscoll cried commandingly. "I'm going to have a Christmas dinner right now. I'm going clear down

Christmas Legends

In Holland the children call

Merry Christmas

Heap on more wood!-the wind But let it whistle as it will. We'll keep our Christmas merry





His Last Dime

Dan Driscoll was broke. Well, almost broke. He had one thin dime, niding in the dark depths of a purse that had once held

bills of three figures.

He had held it for 20 years, ever since he had found it while ploughing on his father's farm. His lucky dime—that's what he had called it. Dan laughed grimly at the thought. Lucky! Had anyone ever been so unlucky as him? Here was the whole town preparing for Christmas, shop-ping, spending oodles of money, and he was a penniless, weary wanderer. A lucky dime!

A little place around the corner caught his eye. Dan entered, his nostrils quivering under the tanta-lizing odors. He looked around with greedy eyes, his mouth watering with longing. Soup, roast fowl, potato's, luscious mince pie! But he mustn't think about such things. He had just one dime—the price of a cup of coffee and a doughnut, or a hamburger. Which would it be? The waited while Dan weighed the important question. The hamburger won. While it was being cooked to order, Dan dug into his pocket and took the dime from the battered

it over before attacking the food. His voice was a bit apologetic. "It's an old timer," he said; "been in my pocket for years and years."

The old man didn't seem to be listening. He was peering through his spectacles at the coin. "You're sure you're telling the truth about this dime?" he quer-

"The absolute truth," Dan answered. "But, if you won't believe me, you can have your coffee and hamburger." A shrill laugh ran through the

place. "It's a good thing you ran across someone who knew, and better, somebody who was honest." the little man was saying excitedly. "Do you know that you have one of the rarest dimes at "You mean, this thing I've held

"It's worth big money," the cafe owner was waving his hands in the air, the dime clasped be-tween his thumb and first finger. "I've been looking for one of them all my life!"

on to for years is worth money?

the line, from soup to mince pie

trees and candles? One legend tells us that on a cold, clear Christmas Eve, Martin Luther wandered through the winter woods filled with happiness at the loveliness of the snow-laden trees, under the starry sky. He wanted set it up, he placed little glow

the stars of heaven. Santa Claus St. Nicholas and be-lieve that he travels about on s up their stockings, they leave their little wooden shoes, filled with grass and hay for the white horse to eat, on the step outside the front door. And lo! when

From Spain comes the gentle ition that cows must always be treated with special kindness, for did they not stand close to the Christ Child in His manger breath on Him all through th

E"

70" UP"

IG"