





# Tremulous Europe Will Celebrate Christmas With Hopeful Ear to Bells Chiming Peace

By the AP Feature Service  
LONDON—Europe will listen with a cynical, but eternally hopeful ear, as the bells of Christmas 1938 peal the message of "peace on earth, good will to men." Then, gulping its happiness while it may, it will launch into one of the gayest celebrations in memory.

In England, little Johnny may wake up to find a Chamberlain dolly in his stocking—an indication of how popular the prime minister still remains.

**A Television Holiday**

Johnny's papa and mamma may find that Father Christmas—the English name for Santa Claus—has left them a television set. There's a big campaign on to make this a television Christmas.

Many English Christmas customs duplicate those of America. But there are differences, too. John Bull, for instance, gets an extra holiday—Boxing Day. And despite commercialization, many quaint Christmas customs—such as the country folk's performance of the centuries' old mummings' plays, and the yule log custom—still survive.

In Germany, Christmas 1938 "is to be the most peaceful, happy, charitable time in many years," according to the man who nearly caused it to be just the opposite.

For a practical expression of good will, Adolf Hitler has singled out the Germans in the African colonies he'd like to get back. They will be deluged with presents cleverly chosen to evoke memories of the fatherland.

At home, Herr and Frau Schmidt with all the little Schmidts will celebrate according to tradition—under a candle-lit fir tree which this year probably will be topped with a nazi swastika instead of a star of Bethlehem.

In Palestine, the holy men again will lead in the shadow of an unholy war the traditional celebrations of the birth of Christ. But there will be no foreign pilgrims present at the Church of the Nativity as the Bethlehem bells chime out the savior's message of peace and good will.

Tommies will be on guard while natives gather in the 1600-year-old church, built over the manger where Christ is said to have been born.

**Pope and Cardinals**

In another of Europe's religious fountain heads, ceremonies will center around the Vatican.

All the cardinals in Rome will assemble before Pope Pius with the customary Christmas greetings. After embracing each cardinal, His Holiness will listen to an address of good wishes read by the dean of the Sacred college.

Aside from the religious observances, Italians will make of the day little more than a holiday from work. Adults do not exchange gifts and the children don't get theirs until Epiphany. Then they are left by the "three wise men" of the east. Santa Claus is unknown in Italy.

In Belgium, city folk will whoop it up on "revelion" as they call Christmas night with American-style merrymaking in restaurants and bars. Country folk, however, will keep it as always exclusively a religious feast.

**Tree for the Rich**

Christmas trees are only for the rich. Everyone, however, will join in eating blood sausage and ham from freshly killed pork—Belgian equivalent of turkey and trimmings.

In Rumania, Christmas lasts

## 'Virginia' Again in Limelight

### Little Girl Who Once Was Doubtful Now Plays the Role of 'Santa'

By the AP Feature Service  
"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to life its highest beauty and joy."

An editorial writer for the New York Sun penned those famous lines 41 years ago in answer to a scrawled letter from a little girl named Virginia whose faith in Santa had been shaken.

Virginia grew up and today is Dr. Laura Virginia Douglas, assistant principal of an East Side school in New York. A vivacious, pink-cheeked mother, she has her own ideas on what to tell children about Santa Claus.

The "Yes, Virginia" editorial ran on for some length. She read it through and benefited.

**Material Gifts Not Important**

When she was old enough to understand the editorial's full meaning, she used to feel badly because poor children were not able to have gifts at Christmas as tangible indications of Santa's existence.

Later on, she says she grew to realize that material gifts were not so important as the faith which even the very poor could have in something spiritual.

A shy woman, hesitant in speaking of personal matters, Dr. Douglas is not especially fond of

the publicity attendant upon the famous "Letter to Virginia." Every year the Sun reprints the editorial at Christmas time, and Virginia Douglas is again in the spotlight.

Dr. Douglas found her own daughter beginning to doubt Santa Claus when she saw so many in the stores. "She was a product of the mechanical age," Dr. Douglas' light laugh tinkled. "She thought it silly for Santa to use a sled when he could have come in an airplane."

"No Santa! Shou'ldn't Be Shoek! Decidedly, Dr. Douglas is not in favor of breaking the news baldly to a child that there is no Santa Claus. He will learn naturally, she says, as he turns from the free, imaginative stage of early childhood to an interest in the world around him.

Her school is celebrating Christmas soon with a party in every classroom. There will be a gift for every child, too. Dr. Douglas is the Santa Claus.

**HONESTY HINTS**

By LOUISE BENNETT WEAVER

Don't throw away the rinds of citrus fruit after extracting the juice or eating the meat for breakfast. You can fashion delightful food novelties from them.

Grapefruit, orange and lemon rinds are colorful containers for hot or cold foods, introducing taste-appealing surprises. Grated lemon and orange peel subtly flavor the most luscious salads, desserts and saucers.

And any of these citrus rinds can be converted into delicious confections.

Collect your rinds for several days; they will keep. Wash them, wrap them in waxed paper and store them in the refrigerator: If they are to be used untreated, carefully removed any pulp left in the halves, soak them 20 minutes in cold water to fresh them, then drain them well. Notch the edges for beauty's sake, and fill the halves with food.

Lemon shells are just right as containers, for tartar sauce, mayonnaise relish or savory cabbage salad served with fish. They dress up the serving platter and add a flavor zest, that fish usually needs.

Lemon skins filled with cranberry ice or orange rinds brimming with mint or lime sherbet will add a palate-soothing coolness to roast, fowl or any other main dish. They are also convenient holders for dressing to serve with salad or sauce with pudding.

Molding gelatin mixtures into fruit skins often makes a hit with youngsters. And it's a fine way to whet the appetite of a convalescent.

Try this for a surprise dessert: mold lemon jelly in lemon rinds and orange flavored jelly in orange rinds. When the jelly is stiff, take a sharp knife and cut jelly and peel together into sections resembling the fresh fruit. Allow several to a portion.

Grated lemon and orange rind often furnish liveliness to puddings and sauces. And a little grated rind is a must in lemon pie fillings. Rind is best when grated from whole fruit. Or you can put out peels through the fine knife of your food chopper.

Candied fruit peel is a handy delicacy to have in the pantry. You can prepare your own peel, like this:

Soak the rinds over night in water to cover. Drain and cover to a depth of three inches with cold water, with half a teaspoon of salt added for each two cups of water. Cover and bring to the boiling point, then simmer 10 minutes. Drain and repeat. This removes excess bitterness.

Drain the rinds again and cover with water to a depth of four inches. Boil gently until tender when tested with a fork. This probably will require 30 minutes. Drain and rinse in cold water. With a spoon, scrape out all the white portion next to the rind. Cut the rind into strips with scissors or keep it in halves.

The rinds are now ready for candying. Boil together, for three minutes, two cups of granulated sugar and one cup water. Add three cups of stripped peel or six halves. Simmer until rind is well glazed and very sugary. Stir with fork. Remove to waxed paper and sprinkle generously with granulated sugar.

Golden, fluffy mashed sweet potatoes take on new character when they are served in candied orange shells. Bake them about 20 minutes in a moderate oven. Discriminating guests will enjoy eating the shells along with the potatoes.

For a new dessert, bake pumpkin souffle in candied orange or grapefruit shells. Use your own pumpkin pie recipe but add egg yolks and whites, separately. Fold

**Hostess Hints**

PARIS (AP)—Fair Parisians are all "wrapped up" and going places these nights. They're scurrying to Tout Paris to dine, to Bagatelle to dance, wrapped in furs worth a prince's ransom, or in velvets and brocades fit to shroud the shoulders of a queen.

White ermine coats are ripping in to wisp waists. Black velvet capes are swirling at the toes of gold sandals or pink antelope button-boots. Seen about town are turquoise green satin cloaks with pale pink satin frocks, while heavy ottoman silk, in old-gold color, cloaks ottoman frocks in copper brown.

Night club "conferences" bring out long coats of black velvet brocade with big sleeves or Harlequin coats made of felt patches laid like parquet flooring.

Among long capes is a hooded black velvet model with silver stars, a cockcomb collar, worn with a dress in black and white. A velvet cape under Scotch influence is plaided from top to toe, and partners a pale green satin frock embroidered in gold thread and paillettes.

Frocks for festive nights include slim "stalks" of glowing laces, sparkling paillettes, and a whole flock of full-skirted styles. Models in stiff satins, failles and moires are built on suave princess fitted lines, ending in rippled hems. Flounced laces, tiered tulle, bouffant taffetas, are seen crinolined to exotic widths.

High-dressed coiffures display some striking touches, a little velvet mask with curls coming through an eye-hole, or a face-framing hood falling like a cape behind. Jewel-flashing combs, waving paradise and ostrich, also appear in holiday coiffures. Gaudy velvet toques for somber evenings in the beaten whites at the last to give a light texture. Serve this pudding hot with hard sauce.

**Simple Modern Charm in Small Rooms**

The new trend in modern furniture with lighter and more graceful lines is interestingly illustrated in this group by a Swedish designer. Chartreuse and brown, with touches of scarlet in the Chinese picture and ornamental pottery, establish the color scheme. The sectional divan, of break-apart chairs is covered with chartreuse will and upholstered in a new rubberized hair which scientists call nukraft and which assures cushions that retain their shape. The bookcase and tables are of harvest brown mahogany, the rug is in chartreuse and the wall a soft biscuit shade.

The opposite wall of the room is done in wall paper in a diamond shaped design of maple sugar brown and white. An arm chair upholstered in a linen with a homespun feeling picks up the strawberry red highlights of the room.

## Entertain for Brownlee Martin



Honoring Brownlee Martin, who with her parents, Congressman-elect and Mrs. Thomas E. Martin, 122 McLean street, will leave for Washington, D. C., Tuesday morning, Grace Jean Hicks, daughter of Mrs. Mabel Hicks, 807 Rides street, entertained at a party Tuesday evening in her home.

The evening was spent in playing games and making of a photograph album for the honoree. Miss Martin was also the recipient of a handkerchief shower.

Guests at the party were (first row, left to right) Phyllis Hedges, Betty Towner, Dorothy Wallace; (second row) Marion MacEwen, Marjorie Sidwell, Dorothy Lorenz, Mildred Burger, Jane Spencer; (back row) Ann Waterman, Grace Jean Hicks, Brownlee Martin, Mary Helen Raymond, Anne Martin and Anne Mercer.

## Santa Claus Brings Cheer to Children Of Juvenile Home

Gifts of fruit and candy from the hands of Santa Claus beneath the 28-foot Christmas tree in the lobby of the Jefferson Hotel featured the annual Christmas party for children of the Iowa City juvenile home yesterday afternoon given by E. C. Kuenzel, manager of the hotel.

Included in each of the gifts from Santa Claus to the children was an article of clothing. The gifts were transported to and from the party by the Yellow Cab company.

## Group Elects New Officers

### Mrs. Everett Means Named Matron By Jessamine Chapter

Mrs. Everett R. Means was named worthy matron of the Jessamine chapter, Order of Eastern Star, at a business meeting of the group Wednesday evening in the Masonic temple.

Other officers elected included Herman Smith, worthy patron; Eula Van Meter, associate matron, and Carl S. Kringle, associate patron; Mrs. I. A. Rankin, conductress; Mrs. J. H. Schuchardt, associate conductress; Mrs. M. H. Taylor, secretary, and Mrs. J. L. Records, treasurer.

Installation of these officers is scheduled for January 6. At that time ten appointive offices will also be named.

## Hot Lips! Milady's War Paint Is All Ready

By BETTY CLARKE

Once upon a time purple lips meant huckleberry or blackberry pie—or a quick trip to the doctors.

Nowadays, they're just a whimsy in make-up.

When fashion dictators started to work on this winter's blacks, browns, dark greens—and especially the new mauve and fuchsia shades—they discovered that last summer's pastel make-up was decidedly out of focus in the fashion picture as a whole.

So they set to work to re-hue lipstick, nail polishes, rouges and powders. They tried a bit of rose here, a bit of mauve there and deeper, richer reds elsewhere—until they arrived at some luscious fruity shades.

Powders, as usual, were the major problem. Mixing extra quantities of mauve into them often produced the old-fashioned mauve powder that gave grandmother's face the deadly look of old marble.

So roses tints were introduced to give life and vibrancy. Rose and mauve tints were introduced, too, into the new vintage nail

## Mrs. Parizek Entertains Past Senior Regents

Mrs. William J. Parizek, 917 E. Fairchild street, entertained the past senior regents of the Women of the Moose at their annual Christmas dinner Thursday evening in her home.

Table decorations were carried out in the holiday theme.

The evening was spent in playing bridge.

Lightning Strikes Twice

MONTICELLO, Ky. (AP)—Steve Abbott, 71-year-old father of eight children, was killed recently on his farm when a tree he was sawing fell on his head. Four years ago, in December, his wife was killed when a limb of a tree she was cutting fell on her.

polishes. And rouges took on a Blue-rose caste.

Orchid mascara and eye-shadow completed the 1938-39 winter make-up chart.

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## Wear Fur, What 'Fer?' Because Parisians Provide Animalistic Motif to Wardrobe

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**Youngest Member**

Lindley G. Beckworth, 25-year-old Texan, is shown in Washington preparing for the January opening of congress, in which he will be the youngest house member in recent years. A former school teacher, he defeated Morgan G. Sanders, a house veteran of 18 years.

To YOU GUYS AND GALS FROM S.U.I.-

Here's A Sure To Please Idea, Folks

For the Guy That Pays the Bills, Santa Suggests—

"A Gift Subscription till June to THE DAILY IOWAN"

Just a hint -- Now that you're home ask the folks how they like getting the Paper Iowa Students read. And Point Out That The Price Is Just Right

ONLY 2.50 TILL JUNE

The idea is they'll dig up the \$2.50 themselves







# ROOM AND BOARD

CHAPTER 43

YOUNG GURLEY turned to run from the washroom as excitedly as he had run into it. He had announced his intention of getting the police because of the planted bracelet, this still being the only course he could think of. And he had been hurt by finding Holgate in such a surprising situation, practicing gambling with whiskey at hand.

"Stop, I tell you!" the older man commanded. He darted after Gurley and caught his arm. "Wait! Come back here and let me explain! You must not do this! You mustn't do this!"

Holgate was stronger, and older. And a professor as well. He could command obedience. Moreover, Worthington was relieved to have someone actually direct him, for he himself had been terribly confused.

"Now sit down here, Gurley, and listen to me." Dr. Holgate's chin was firmly set now. "I want you to know I have been a fool. I apologize deeply. I am not—not like that at all, Gurley. I want you to believe me!"

He looked intently at the lad.

"That whiskey—it was a mistake. I drank none of it. I tell you the truth—I did buy it, and planned to drink it, just to see what the effect would be. I wanted to learn—I wanted to be accepted by some of the young people who do drink, and I fancied this was the proper way to go about it. This and the gambling, too. I see now it was a mistake. I do not countenance such things! I am deeply ashamed. In your presence, sir, I humbly apologize."

"Why, it's all right, Dr. Holgate." Young Gurley was astonished anew at this confession. "It's nothing. I mean—I wanted the police for—"

"Oh, but it was! It was disgraceful. But any man will make a fool of himself at times, I fancy. I am genuinely ashamed of myself, Gurley. You brought me to my senses. You—you frightened me, I suppose; shocked me. I am glad that you did. I owe you a debt of gratitude."

"No, sir. I wasn't intending to butt in on you anyway. I was trying to tell you about Sara Sue!"

"Eh? What?"

"Yes, sir, Peaches and Sara Sue. Peaches is trying to frame her, I tell you!"

"Frame? You mean—?"

"Absolutely! She's a devil, that Peaches girl is, Dr. Holgate! She is. I admit I did get a surprise finding you here like this, but it's all right. I know people can make mistakes. If you didn't want the liquor, what were you doing with it?"

It wasn't a very coherent speech. But then, Worthington was still excited.

"I changed my mind, after you caught me. I am grateful for that. Never again will I so ignore my own pride and self-respect. Gurley! But what are you saying? About the girls—?"

"Don't mention it, sir. Any man can make a mistake. Everybody knows you are swell, Dr. Holgate. I do myself. I—I won't mention it. You see, I—"

"Tell me, Gurley! What about Sara Sue?"

Sara Sue!

Thornton Holgate had just vowed to himself that he despised Peaches Pomeroy. Now when he had mentioned Sara Sue Davis something stirred profoundly in him.

"She's in danger, I tell you, sir! That's what I doing—I mean—I was trying to find somebody, trying to do something. You see, I was hid in the palms, and this Pomeroy woman got Sara Sue's coat and tore open a hole and then put her diamond bracelet—you know that expensive one—in the lining and—"

He talked fast, but he told the whole story. He had to be probed several times. But Dr. Holgate got every detail. His own mental fog had been cleared. Facts were assembling themselves in his brain, significant facts. Somebody had been plotting a mean, sneaking trick. Sara Sue Davis was in danger!

"Yes, sir, every bit of it! It was no joke. Peaches looked like a she-devil, I tell you. Gosh, I'd hate to have that girl down on me! And she hates Sara Sue. You maybe didn't know it, but Bob Towne used to run around with Peaches all the time. People said they were engaged. I guess he got wise to her, too. Anyhow, he dropped her this year, and he's going to marry Sara Sue."

Dr. Holgate's mouth popped open in fresh surprise.

"Marry Sara Sue?"

"Yes, sir. I know all about it. I was close to them, until my Marcia and I got married. Sara Sue helped us. Bob is crazy about her. He's out of training row, and he'll be making love hard. We've got to help them, don't you see, Dr. Holgate? Sara Sue helps everybody else with their love affairs. She helped Marcia and me. I'd do anything

to help her. Don't you see? Indeed he did see!

He, Thornton Holgate, understood far better than the young student realized. Nobody knew how close to Sara Sue the professor had been, how he, too, had been receiving her guidance, had been coming more and more to admire the lovely widow.

And now—Bob Towne was to marry Sara Sue! The freshman had declared it.

No! No! No! The thought appalled Thornton.

Why—he loved Sara Sue himself! Oh, he did! He had not realized it until lately, had never quite admitted it fully in his own heart before. He had felt duty bound to go on with wooing Peaches Pomeroy. Obligated. Promised. A matter of pride and principle. But now—Oh, my Lord!

"You say that Towne—Towne is—courting her?"

"Sure! He's crazy about Sara Sue, and I don't blame him. You ought to know her, Dr. Holgate. I'll introduce you. Or I guess maybe you have met her already, but I mean she's swell and all! If she wants Bob she ought to have him. She ought to have whatever she wants. She ought to—"

Dr. Holgate almost groaned. Introduce him! Why, he knew Sara Sue intimately. Knew her and loved her—and hadn't told her so. He could and should have been paying court to her all these weeks. All the fine days since school opened. He who had been so damnably blind!

Of course she would like Towne. Towne was a hero, a football hero. And about her own age. He, Holgate, was almost five years older than Sara Sue. That dawned on him now as another terrifying fact, as if it were a sudden high wall between him and the girl he loved—and with Bob Towne on her side of the wall. She at 23, and he at 28. It was heart rending, he felt.

"T. J. Sanders is crazy about her, too," the excited freshman was babbling on. "He brought her tonight—Bob was still under football rules. I guess I could go tell T. J. And Howie Ladd likes her, and Al Taylor, and Fred Randolph. They all—"

Dr. Holgate grabbed the boy's arm.

"You mean that these others have been courting her, too? Calling on her?"

"Sure. Everybody's crazy about Sara Sue, Dr. Holgate. Why, I even dated her myself before I met my Marcia. That's why I can't let Peaches—"

The significance of that struck Thornton forcefully. If other men, apparently several, other men, were making love to Sara Sue Davis, it must be that she was not yet committed to one man. Conceivably Bob Towne wasn't yet the victor!

"What about her?" he suddenly demanded of Worthington. "Is she favoring just one? Has she chosen one of them? Towne, maybe?"

"No, I don't think so. But say, I can't sit here and talk! I've got to do something about that trick, haven't I? About the bracelet!"

"Yes! I should say so, Gurley. Come on."

They departed at once.

An hour later a colored janitor drifting through the washroom with brush and duster picked up cigar butts, found two dice and a full bottle of whiskey—to his combined delight and surprise. He never knew how they came there.

The professor and the freshman found the checking room still deserted. They had come around the dancing crowd without attracting attention. Worthington ducked back of the counter and got Sara Sue's coat at once.

"See? See? Feel it—it's still here!" He was squeezing the bottom of the garment.

Dr. Holgate took it and felt the bracelet within. His alarm mounted as he began to verify what he felt might have been just a hoax, or an error on the boy's part.

It was quite a job to remove the bracelet without tearing the coat. It had to be worked up the lining to the small hole that Peaches had made, a rip almost invisible. But when he finally had the piece, Thornton knew it was of great value.

"Amazing!" muttered he. "Something knavish was afoot here!"

"I told you so, didn't I?" Worthington whispered. "We gotta do something!"

(To Be Continued)

**Hybrids Prove Better**  
COLUMBIA, Mo. (AP)—Hybrid corn outyielded standard varieties in nearly every case in a series of tests by the Missouri college of agriculture, G. F. Sprague, assistant professor of field crops, has announced. Highest yielding hybrid was U. S. White, which produced 88 bushels per acre.

The cantalope is a native of southern Asia.

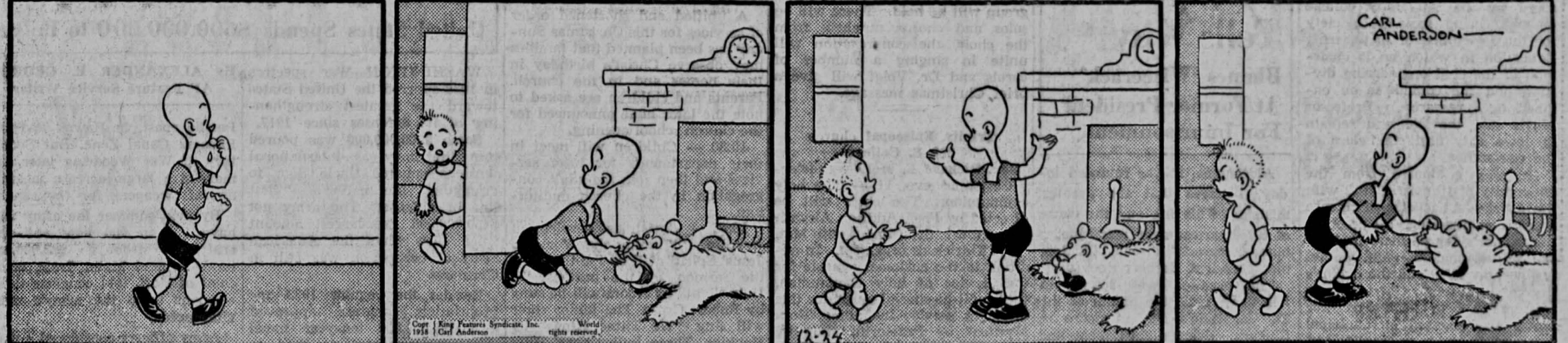
## POPEYE



## BLONDE



## HENRY



## BRICK BRADFORD



## ETTA KEYS



## OLD HOME TOWN



## ROOM AND BOARD BY GENE AHERN



