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Everywoman's

MAGAZINE • MARCH 1946



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EVERY WOMAN'S

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From the Editor:

Pessimists predict that the divorce rate will go shooting up as a result of the war. Present appalling statistics on divorce are that it happens to one marriage in every four. Gloomists maintain that according to present indications one in every three marriages may break.



Joan Ranson

Why not look at the other side? True, war tends to divide, especially if the marriage was the result of war hysteria. On the other hand, all of us who have been separated from our husbands for perhaps the first time in our married lives have had a chance to get a preview of divorce—for, have we not trod the lonely road? Have we not gone into married circles as the extra spoke on the wheel? Have we not had to buffet (as we never had to do with the protection of a present husband) the advances of the "wolves" who prey upon lone women? Have we not had a foretaste of the bitter brew of divorce and—knowing the feeling, totally unlike the feeling of an unmarried woman who happens to be alone—resolved never, never to let it happen to us? Yes, we have!

Perhaps this has been a good and needed lesson for many couples. I have seen wives behave as though their husbands didn't count at all. I have heard women nag men as they could never do if marriage weren't forcing the men to bear it—as the women themselves would never dare speak to a sweetheart, a male employer, or even men acquaintances. And I have seen men exploit their wives, expecting them to drudge, requiring a negation of their wives' interests and personalities as they could not demand of their secretaries or any woman not bound to them legally.



Virginia Teale

Many of these men and women have been jarred out of their ruts by the war and been given a new perspective in the enforced absence of their mates. That is why I say that maybe the war won't increase the divorce rate. Maybe it will balance out in the end so that hysterical war alliances will be cancelled out by the marriages that are renewed and refurbished.

Virginia Teale, author of *Mr. Peplum's Parrot*, hails from California. She says — "Education — a dark dank alley, best left unexplored! First prose published in 1943 by Los Angeles Times Home Magazine. I have gratefully willed them my Aunt Grace's lavalier."



Lucile Hasley

Lucile Hasley, who wrote *House of Merlin*, is married to an English professor at Notre Dame who writes (and sells) poetry. She adds, "I started writing about five years ago (heaven knows why) and it has turned out to be quite profitable and entertaining."

Until next month—

Joan Ranson

KITCHEN COMPASS



BY

Elizabeth Ann Baker

POINTERS FOR GOOD COOKS

The lengthening days of early spring always remind me of times when my sister and I used to hurry home to supper while ice skimmed over shallow sidewalk pools and blue shadows fell through bare branches.

Mother always had some special treat for her hungry brood. It might be fluffy Baking Powder Biscuits with hot maple syrup, or a Washington pie-layer cake with filling of warm cream custard. My favorite was her Chicken Pot Pie topped with fat cloud-light dumplings. Here's the way she made it.



Chicken Pot Pie

1 four-pound fricassee chicken
Water or stock
1/8 pound salt pork
Salt and pepper
Rumford Dumplings

Cut chicken into serving pieces; dice pork. Cover with water or stock and simmer until tender, seasoning when about half done. Add Rumford Dumplings 15 minutes before serving time.

Rumford Dumplings

1 1/2 c. flour
1/2 tsp. salt
About 2/3 c. milk
1 1/2 tsp. Rumford Baking Powder

Sift flour, salt and baking powder. Mix thoroughly but quickly with milk and drop by small tablespoons into the chicken stew. Cover closely and cook 12-15 minutes without removing lid.

Mother always used reliable Rumford Baking Powder for her dumplings, biscuits and cakes. Of course the reason why Rumford is always reliable is its dependable double action. Rumford is all-phosphate too, so no bitter taste of alum can creep in to mar the baking.

For a superb collection of Rumford Kitchen-tested recipes, send for the 16-page booklet, *Biscuits and Biscuits Glorified*, to Elizabeth Ann Baker, Rumford Baking Powder, Rumford 16, Rhode Island.



Letters From Our Readers

READERS—This month we've got a grand group of letters from far and wide, but we haven't heard from readers in Tennessee, Wisconsin, New Mexico, Vermont, or West Virginia in a long time. Drop us a line, won't you?—EDITOR

IN PROTEST

I read with interest the article "Remodel Your Worn Fur Coat" by Verde Whiting, appearing in the October issue. I attended a meeting of my social club the other evening and found that several of my friends had read the same article. You may be interested in our reactions. The article would lead you to believe it is child's play to remodel a worn fur coat. Even a worn fur coat is valuable. To try to remodel the coat and not succeed might prove rather expensive.

The author states that only with a manicure scissors, a razor and a pattern cut out of newspaper and practically no other equipment, she succeeded in transforming a worn, old-fashioned fur coat into the rather stylish coat shown in the picture. This may be so but we just couldn't believe it.

It is one thing to attempt to remodel even a cloth coat, but I can honestly say that I have never heard of anyone besides a furrier remodeling a fur coat.

Then the article concludes by saying: "Don't attempt to make a fur coat unless you have had some dressmaking experience." Several of the girls and myself have had a few years of sewing school and we wouldn't think of tackling such a job. But this may be that we just lack confidence.

As constant and avid readers of *Everywoman's*, we thought you would be interested in knowing this is the first time we all agreed to disagree about one of the articles appearing in your magazine. But rest assured, this could never lessen our interest in future issues.

JEAN COVIELLO, Union City, N. J.

SUPER SALESGIRL

A few months ago my little girl decided she wanted a copy of your magazine as it had some puppies 'on the cover. When I got home, of course, I read the magazine and enjoyed it so much, I've bought it ever since. I especially enjoy the patterns and special features. "Furlough Father" in a recent issue was of special interest as my husband has never seen our little girl and the tips on how fathers should get acquainted should be of use to him. Here's our little Linda in the grass skirt which her daddy sent from Hawaii. She is now twenty-two months old.



Music Please!

MRS. B. D. VANCE, Houston, Tex.

OUR BOYS FIRST

I agree heartily with Mrs. Perry of Chicago whose letter appeared in your January issue. She's absolutely right. All our boys waiting in distant lands should come home before foreign brides are transported on the already over-crowded troop ships. Our boys certainly are entitled to come home first. Let's see that they do!

MRS. L. BROWN, Boston, Mass.

FROM FLORIDA

Here is a picture of my nine-months-old daughter, Linda Joyce, taken when she was four months old. At the request of the photographer, the baby has been photographed many times with some unusual results. She is rather small for her age, the seemingly proud possessor of an insatiable appetite which probably accounts for her chubby appearance. Linda's favorite toys are those that make lots of noise such as rattles and wheel toys. She is an extremely active little busybody, but best of all, she is a very healthy child.

I am just plain Muriel Evans, housewife, home with my painter husband as the result of an extended leave of absence as elementary classroom teacher and former Jeanes Supervisor of Negro schools in Washington and Holmes counties, Florida.

MRS. R. V. EVANS, Melbourne, Fla.



Merry Miss

GUEST TOWEL

*Guest Towel is a linen
All worked with curlicues;
Which hangs in dainty splendor,
But was never meant to use.*

*It is usually in a drawer,
Where it lies aloof and chaste;
Until a special guest arrives,
When it is hung in haste.*

*You may admire it greatly,
But dear guest, have a care,
If you wish to please your hostess,
Just leave it hanging there!*

Louise Hercus

VERSATILE READER

Everywoman's certainly lives up to its name—as a former school teacher I enjoy its articles on child care; as a homemaker I find its suggestions on decorating very helpful; as a reader I enjoy its stories; as an amateur cook I appreciate its recipes; and as a woman I look forward to its sewing hints, its needlework ideas and its knitting and crocheting patterns!

My three main hobbies are reading, stamp collecting and fancy work, mainly knitting. I have been knitting ever since I learned in the fifth grade. I made my own sweaters in high school and college and started in on

baby clothes before my oldest son was born. Since then I have knitted for a profitable hobby.

In case any readers are interested, I make baby mittens for \$1.25; booties for \$1.25; baby jackets at \$2.75; sweaters to size two at \$3.00; and very special sweaters with animals, planes, trains or boats knitted into the designs for \$3.75 (up to size four).

I supply all materials and patterns and they are included in the above prices.

I keep a loose-leaf notebook of patterns and ideas, many of which I have clipped from your magazine. The enclosed snap of my two boys will show you what great pals they are. (The sweaters are handmade.)

I was born in a small town called Nawahganj in India. My parents were missionaries.

I played with the native children and learned Hindu before I did English.

Falling asleep to the sound of the jackal howling and the beating of village drums, the delicious taste of spicy Indian curries, rides on elephants, the beauty of wild dahlias, the fern-covered tree trunks in the monsoons, moonlight on the Taj Mahal; these and a million other memories have to be experienced to be appreciated. I remember visiting America when I was five, soon after my father's death. I was awed by the large white bath tubs and the powdered sugar that fell from the sky in winter. I went to a boarding school in the Himalaya Mountains, eight thousand feet above sea level. Then I came back to America, went to college, taught school and married.

MRS. J. CHIDESTER, Port Huron, Mich.

ACROSS THE SEA

I have just received a parcel of *Everywoman's* from America and I am taking this opportunity to tell as many Americans as possible what I think of them. In your own language, I think you are all "simply swell." As for *Everywoman's*, it's sheer delight to read of your homes and families over there. I am deeply interested in your cooking and fashion pages, but then every page holds fresh delight. I read them over and over again.

A year ago I wrote to the states for pen pals and now I am proud to say I have the friendship of several people in Newark, New Jersey and right here I'd like to thank them for that friendship.

I love writing and receiving letters so if anyone seeing this letter would care to write, please do so. I don't care if I'm snowed under with letters, the more I get the better I like it. All will be answered.

MRS. B. HICKMAN, N. Newark, Notts, Eng.



Brotherly Love



Mrs. Betty Hickman

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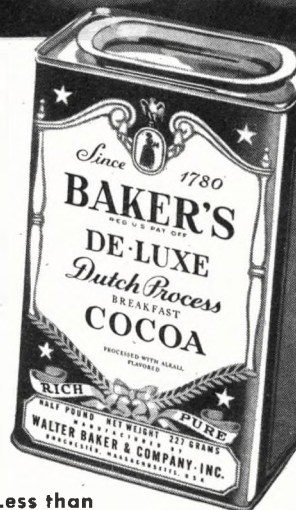
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AT OUR EXPENSE we invite you

to try it! This new de luxe Walter Baker blend of rare and costly cocoa beans, Dutch-Processed the old Holland way, produces a cocoa richer in flavor than even the finest imported cocoas. Even before you take your first sip, the aroma will tell you that here is a truly superb product . . . your family and friends will tell you they never knew cocoa could be so good. Whether you serve Baker's De Luxe as a beverage, or in any recipe that calls for cocoa, it's richer, more "chocolaty"—the finest-flavored cocoa that money can buy!

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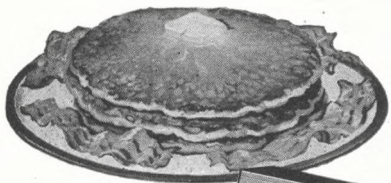
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Controlling Children's Diseases

BY DR. MARY HALTON

Obstetrician, Gynecologist, Chairman "Equal Rights for Babies" Committee.

THE common diseases of childhood are far less terrifying to parents today than they were twenty years ago, for within that period of time the death rate from these diseases has been reduced ninety-three per cent, and science still carries on with promises of even greater safety.

Most prevalent of all children's diseases is the common cold. Although not a great menace in itself, if improperly cared for, it can do much damage leading to such serious afflictions as pneumonia and abscess of the middle ear which frequently leads to deafness.

Children with large, infected tonsils are prone to contract colds constantly, also anemic children and children who have little outdoor play. Those children who have respiratory allergic attacks are constant victims of the common cold, and children who have not had their proper quota of cod liver oil are very vulnerable. It is wise to have all the children examined by the doctor so that these types of abnormalities can be corrected.

When a cold first strikes, to break it up is an important strategy. Nose packs left in for five minutes on a toothpick-swab, gargles and aspirin are helpful. Rest in bed, hot liquids, too, are very useful. Vitamin C given in large doses, 300 milligrams a day for children, frequently will disrupt it speedily.

Whether your child has merely a common cold or something more serious can be most wisely decided by the clinical thermometer. Low degrees of fever mean safety but the higher temperatures, 103° to 105°, warn that you should consult the doctor at once.

There has been much talk of an oncoming influenza epidemic for this spring. Science has proved that types A and B of the influenza germs are the ones responsible for the epidemics thus far studied. We now have vaccines for these types, so if an influenza epidemic comes to any locality a mother may safeguard her children by having her doctor immunize them against influenza.

The old enemy diphtheria has now been completely bereft of its terror. Modern methods of immunization with follow-up Shick tests can protect every child from this once deadly killer.

The whooping cough menace is on the run. Modern methods of whooping cough immunization protect even the tiny infants to whom this disease was so often fatal in years gone by. Many large cities are now giving this immunization free to babies in clinics.

Since wartime, the use of immune serum has proved very valuable in protecting children exposed to measles infection, helping them to escape entirely or making their measles attack a very light one. Many Departments of Health throughout the country are giving immune



Armstrong Roberts

serum service without cost. Perhaps the most important thing in the treatment of measles is the protection of the child by bed rest and warmth for some days, so that the after-effects of measles, ear disease and pneumonia do not attack the child in convalescence.

Mumps is one of the ordinary infections that has still eluded scientific research. Its chief danger is that of attacking the sex glands of children. This is a rare complication but one which mothers should bear in mind.

Chicken pox is more of a nuisance than a real menace to a child's health. Infection of the pox blisters mostly through scratching can generally be avoided by using a soothing antiseptic lotion on the spots.

German measles is also a very mild disease of childhood. The rash resembles that of real measles, but this is practically the only resemblance. It comes and goes generally within a very few days causing little indisposition and leaving no aftereffects.

Impetigo is a common skin infection among children. It is very contagious and often spreads rapidly in a school. It begins as a red spot, but soon becomes raw, and unsightly crusts and scabs form. It gives rise to no constitutional symptoms and is easily cured with a sulfathiazole lotion.

Scarlet fever is a disease which had been greatly feared in days gone by. At present in the United States it occurs in a very mild form which yields easily to good treatment and antitoxin.

One of the common troubles of childhood which needs the alert attention of mothers is the subacute rheumatism known as "growing pains." These pains must never be neglected and the child's temperature must be watched carefully. Any rise above normal is a danger sign which may mean the child is headed for rheumatic fever with so often a crippling heart complication. Early and constant medical care of these children is the surest way to prevent lifelong cardiac disease

Diary of a Housewife

BY MARJORIE HICKEY

March 1. The things a woman thinks about while she's running a mop around the house! Was thinking very seriously about parsley this morning. Why can't I get the family to eat it? Everything you read says parsley's just full of vitamin C . . .

March 4. Such a to-do today! Joel searching for his catcher's mitt—Judy wants to go to school without leggings. Spring arrived with the first robin, and everybody eagerly to the window like astronomers sighting a long-awaited star—all except Pa who growled *Robins, lawns to mow, and sunburn!* Wouldn't parsley improve Pa's disposition? I've tried everything else. Discover it's my own fault nobody in this house will eat it. This sprig-on-the-side-of-the-plate approach is all wrong. Tonight's paper says: "If your family frowns on eating sprigs of parsley, snip it with shears and hide it in soup, salad, etc. Then they'll eat it and like it. Remember parsley is just full of vitamin C!"

March 11. I'm really excited about this!—isn't life full of little dramas?—got some parsley at the market—almost an armful. All that vitamin C for only a dime! Now what shall I hide it in? . . . Spring-cleaned the pot-and-pan cupboard, but resisted impulse to scour cake and pie tins, because the tarnish on tin utensils is tin oxide which makes them bake better and wear longer.

March 15. What's nicer than the children's faces shining around the supper table of a rainy March evening? Even if they do keep putting their elbows on. And what's nicer than a cake that's thick and sweet with frosting even though the sugar bin's been scraped? For sugarless frosting, beat 1 egg white stiff with $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt; add slowly $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white corn syrup and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon almond extract and beat until the toothsome stuff stands up like mountain peaks . . . Shifted parsley from refrigerator to pantry so no one sees it while I think what to hide it in. Wonder why I bought so much?

March 17. St. Patrick's Day. O'Pa full of good humor and bad Pat-and-Mike stories on strength of the fragrant steam rising from the kettle of corned beef and cabbage we're going to have tonight. Having Irish potatoes, too. And breadsticks for shillalaha. Wouldn't the parsley give a lovely green touch if only I didn't have to conceal it which I can't think how to do anyway?

March 21. Parsley begins to look a little pale. Dash it madly with water every morning. I wish I could think of something to do with it. I wish I knew if it has any vitamin C left in it . . . Weather warm and windy so sent down quilt to cleaner and tubbed the wool and cotton filled comforters myself. Fold quilt to fit tub, lower into heavy suds, press and knead to wash; lift out, change fold, wash again in fresh suds, rinse well, taking care not to disarrange

filling; squeeze out as much water as ye strength allows and dry over several lines.

March 25. Judy and Joel off to school, so brisk walk to library—there's always something new to learn about cooking, and the woman who doesn't think so is just the one who ought to browse for some new recipes among the cookbooks at the local library—and home again with a country recipe for fried sauerkraut. Saute $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sliced onions in a whacking good spoonful of butter until of a delicate brown; stir in 1 pound drained sauerkraut and simmer a half hour. But no recipes for parsley even in a library. Why? I mean, if parsley has all that Vitamin C, why don't people invent recipes for it? Wonder what the parsley growers would pay me if I did a whole cookbook on parsley myself—call it maybe *Partial To Parsley?* Parsley pudding? Parsley preserves? And why not a Parsley-for-breakfast-instead-of-orange-juice League?

March 28. The parsley looks garsley.

March 31. A good day today. I used up the parsley. Put it in the dog's dinner. It would have been awfully good for him if only he'd eaten it. (It was just full of vitamin C.)

\$1 HERE'S HOWS

Here's how to use that old clock or watch that refuses to run any more: Use it in the sickroom to tell when it is time to give the patient the next dose of medicine by moving the hands to the time it's to be taken. It may also be used to tell baby's next feeding time. MRS. ORLIN A. TRUETT, Dothan, Ala.

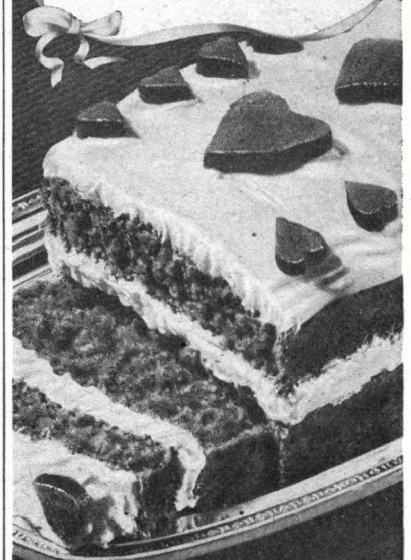
Here's how to protect wallpaper from paint stains when painting or polishing the woodwork: Hold a piece of cardboard with the left hand over the wallpaper next to the place where you are working with your right hand. MRS. HARRY THOMAS, Beacon Falls, Conn.

Here's how to save a lot of confusion and probably lives: Gather your entire family together and plan what to do if the house catches fire. Every member should learn how to use the fire alarm box and whoever turns in the alarm should stay at the box and direct the firemen to the fire. See that everyone can escape safely from the building. Decide before what should be saved first if there is a chance to save anything. Every family should have the procedure for such an emergency drilled into them. MRS. MELISSA WARD, Evansville, Ind.

WHAT IS YOUR "HERE'S HOW"? Send it to Here's How, *Everywoman's Magazine*, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, New York. For every one we print we will pay one dollar. Make yourself money for Savings Stamps. No unaccepted Here's Hows will be returned.

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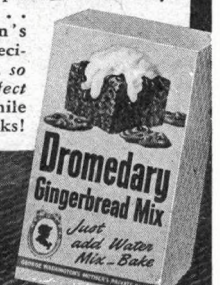


SWEETHEART LOAF. What a sweetheart of a cake... fluffy, spicy gingerbread, lusciously tender! Simply add water, bake. Cool and split. Top and fill with sweetened whipped cream. Add cranberry or jelly hearts. 1 pkge. of Dromedary Mix serves 8.



WASHINGTON'S CHERRY SQUARES
Rich, delicious squares of Dromedary Gingerbread . . . Washington's mother's own recipe! So easy . . . so sure to be perfect . . . bake it while your coffee cooks!

JUST
ADD WATER . . .
BAKE!



Mr. Peplum's Parrot

BY VIRGINIA TEALE

They say parrots cannot think but only echo what they hear. Nevertheless, sometimes they're smarter than humans when it comes to psychology.

STEVENSVILLE had become more and more crowded as a steady stream of workers and their families gravitated toward the plant.

It was in July that I talked the thing over with myself and concluded that it was downright selfish for one person to hog a whole seven-room house. The children were scattered around the country and rarely came to visit any more, and there was I, a middle-aged widow, rattling around alone in all that space. So I decided to take in a roomer.

I put an ad in the *Gazette* and the first one to answer was Mr. Peplum; he came carrying a cage, and in the cage was Swig. At first I balked at having a parrot, but Mr. Peplum was a charming gentleman, and when he explained the circumstances of Swig to me, I just couldn't refuse lodging to him.

Swig had belonged to Mr. Peplum's nephew who had been lost when a torpedo struck the oiltanker on which he was Chief Engineer. One of the surviving sailors had sent the bird to Mr. Peplum with a note telling how, through those long trying days in the small lifeboat, Swig had played the role of morale-booster with his inexhaustible repertoire of songs and limericks.

I had had my guests for about a month when the affair of Sybil Nolte became common talk. I had known Sybil since she was that high. She kept house for her father around the corner on Belden Avenue. She was a good girl, never had been the wild kind, but all at once people were talking about her and Tom Bennett.

Tom Bennett was one of the transient workers who had come in from Colorado. He was a tall chap, good looking in a dark sort of way. A little older than Sybil—probably around thirty or so.

Some of the plant boys had seen Sybil and him quite openly enjoying waffles in Pop's Place at the end of Main Street. And practically everybody in town saw them when they attended the Sunday Band Concert in the Park.

The trouble was that Tom Bennett was married. Married and had two children. I was sorry about the whole thing, and mostly sorry for Sybil, though I suppose my sympathy should have gone to Mrs. Bennett. But I didn't know Mrs. Bennett. No one did. She seemed to keep pretty much to the house.

Everyone knew that Tom did all the shopping and that he walked to school with the children mornings on his way to the plant. They were nice clean looking youngsters, a boy and a girl, about eight and eleven respectively.

I don't suppose much would have come of it if it hadn't been for Marybelle Pfister. Marybelle was postmistress in Stevensville, had been since the year one, and she knew everyone in town, even our new citizens, and somehow, every detail of each person's affairs. Marybelle had a sharp and active tongue and she considered herself sole guardian of public morals.

For example, there was the time she took out after old Mr. Schultz who ran the Elite Bakery. She pointed out that he had come to Stevensville just five years before the war. And who knew where he had been before that? He might have come straight from Germany. And now here he was right cheek-by-jowl with one of the biggest powder plants in the country!

Well, being postmistress, she had lots of opportunity to spread that kind of talk, and pretty soon Mr. Schultz had to close down his bakery, and not very long afterward he and his family moved away.

Marybelle crowed as though she were a Federal Agent and single-handed had succeeded in thwarting a plot to "blow us all up in our beds," as she put it.

Of course, Marybelle was the pivot of the talk about Sybil Nolte and Tom Bennett. Things finally reached the point where none of the ladies would speak to Sybil at church, and it even got so bad that the school children were poking fun at the two Bennett youngsters.

I'm not a meddler, but I felt I had to do something. My first move was to go out to the edge of town to the Bennett house. I brought some apple butter for Mrs. Bennett and an invitation for her to join our Wednesday Red Cross Group.

When I found the number, I unlatched the neatly whitewashed gate and made my way through the yard to the house. The front door was open and I knocked at the screen door. There was no answer. I went around to the back, climbed the back steps and rapped on the door. It was then that a voice came thinly through the open window at the



side of the back porch. Bedroom window, it looked like.

"Tom?" the voice quavered. "Come in, Tom." I cleared my throat. "Mrs. Bennett? It's Mrs. Harmon, a neighbor. May I come in?"

"Come in, Tom," the voice repeated.

I entered a spotless kitchen and went through a short hall to the bedroom.

Propped up in an enameled iron bed was a thin figure, the patched counterpane neatly folded back to the level of the blue flannel bed-jacket. Gray hair was carefully combed into braids, the face was delicate and may have been even pretty at one time. Blue eyes stared at me expressionlessly. With a start, my mind said "blind."



"Draw up a chair, boys, and I'll break out a bottle!" yelled Swig.

But almost immediately I knew I was wrong. The woman's thin fingers reached to a bedside table and held forth a small vase containing a single bright sturdy zinnia. She smiled at me, a child's smile:

"Flower," she said. Then she looked past me, "Tom?" she asked.

I felt tears well to my eyes. I looked around the room helplessly to see if there were anything I could do. The room was in order, there was water in the covered pitcher on the bedside table. I smiled at the woman and went out to the kitchen. I could see that Tom had come home and fixed lunch, but had hurried back to the plant, without washing the dishes. I rinsed them and dried

them, then I went back to the bedroom.

Once again came that trusting child's smile, and once again the question, "Tom?"

I smiled back at her. "Mrs. Harmon," I said.

I went out and set my jar of apple butter on the kitchen sink and left the house, closing the kitchen door softly behind me.

When I got home, I sat down on the veranda and thought about the thing. About Sybil, Tom, that poor woman in the bed, the townfolk, Marybelle.

I couldn't go to Marybelle and explain about Mrs. Bennett. Knowing Marybelle, I knew she would find out soon enough. As for Sybil, I felt that she already must know.

Maybe it was because I was so confused that I confided in Mr. Peplum.

It was evening and we were sitting in the old wicker rocking chairs on the veranda watching the fireflies wink around the syringa bushes.

"Mr. Peplum," I began hesitantly, "there is something I would like to talk over with you. It's about—well, have you heard anything about Tom Bennett and—well, anything about Tom Bennett?"

Mr. Peplum filled his pipe. "There's always a certain amount of gossip in a town of this size, Mrs. Harmon. I suppose you mean about the Nolte girl?"

I was relieved. (Continued on page 31)

Debut

BY HAZEL CULLEN

**Sometimes Joe wished he hadn't been born with a voice
—or foreign-born parents who didn't like football.**

JOE was playing football. He could hear the rise and fall of the piping voices. "Come on, Joe, come on!" Joe ran with the ball and slid to the goal in a blaze of shouts. He stayed down a minute or two to enjoy the cheering voices around the empty lot. All the kids of the neighborhood were out this morning to see the game. Even the girls were there, standing in groups, a little away from the shouting boys. Their scarves and bright dresses swam in a maze of color before Joe's eyes. He was a hero, all right, and now all of them knew it—all of them. He'd played a swell game, all right, all right!

Joe got to his feet and struck a pose. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a small figure running down the street. Black braids stood out straight behind a familiar face. Short skirts played around the leaping knees.

"Gosh!" Joe said back of his teeth. "Gosh!" "Joe! Oh Joe!" the voice belonging to the knees and braids shouted. "Joe!" She stood on the walk facing the game. She shouted right into the football game of the season. "Joe—Mama says to come right home, right away."

"Yeah." Joe didn't look at his little sister. "Mama says, if you don't come she'll..." "Go home, Mary, go home!" Joe ran to the center of the lot. The first half was over. "Mama says," Mary continued, "that if you don't come..."

The boys went into a huddle. A ball was passed. Feet tore into the dust of the hard, lumpy earth. Mary backed away and saw the figures change places and chase each other. She waited calmly.

When it was quiet again, she began, "Joe, you gotta practice before Papa comes home. Mama says..."

Joe swung around. "Sure. Mary, right away. Tell Mama, right away."

"Okay, I'll tell her. You better make it right away, or else!" Mary turned away.

Joe finished the game. He wanted to hang around and talk to the gang, go over every play and shout and argue, but he had to hurry home. He called "So long," and sauntered off the lot. When he was out of sight of the gang he broke into a run.

Joe wanted to get home as quickly as possible, before Mama got too worked up and excited. She'd be yelling at the kids and she'd yell at Papa when he got home and there'd be no peace for two days or more.

It wasn't that he didn't like to practice. He did, and Mama and Papa knew it. But to send one of the kids for him today of all days! He told Mama before he left that the big game would be on all morning, that

he'd be home at noon to practice. Now she had to go and send Mary after him. The gang would think he was some kind of a ninny from some kind of a ninny family.

Mama was waiting for him. "Well, whera you been? Da music can wait, huh? You... Papa should worka all day and you maka da play."

"Aw now, Mama, I told you..." "Don't talka so much. Begin..." She pointed indoors.

Joe went to the piano. He sat down and banged out two chords. Every day it was the same, over and over. You'd think they were in the old country, the way Mama and Papa acted. Practice, practice, practice. This was America and kids felt differently here.

Joe played for an hour. He enjoyed it. It wasn't that he didn't like to practice, but he wished Mama and Papa would be like other people. Other people would have waited until the game was over and then they would have asked if their son's team had won. But not Mama...

Mr. Sensoni was excited when he came home. He stamped up the front steps and banged the door. Before they saw him, both Mama and Joe knew something had happened. All the kids came running: Mary, Toni, Angela, Carlotta.

"Papa—Papa—whatcha got?" they shouted. "Wotta I got? Not one ting. Guiseppe—coma here. Wotta you 'spose?"

Joe came into the hall. Mama stood in the kitchen doorway with her hands on her hips.

"What, Papa—what now?" "Guiseppe—wotta you think? You seeng next week." He threw his lunch box on the little table and came over to Joe. He clapped the boy on the shoulder and chuckled and beamed at him. His big white teeth gleamed and his short stocky body shook with joy. "You seeng for the peop' next week—you hear?"

"Yeah Papa? Honest? Where?" "Italian-American Society. The day for Chris' Columb'! They ask me eef my boy, my boy..." Mr. Sensoni thumped his chest twice. "Eef my boy would seeng. Wotta you think?" He sang a bar from "Santa Lucia" and danced around.

"Aw, gee whiz, Papa. Do I have to?" "Looka dat, Mama!" Mr. Sensoni stopped his dancing and singing. "Looka dat!" He faced his wife. His shoulders were up and his hands were questions at his sides.

"Sure he seeng. Joe, you seeng for society." Mrs. Sensoni did not move as she stared at her son.



Joe felt sick and dizzy as he faced the audience. He couldn't remember one word of the song.



"All right, Mama. Okay, Papa. I'll sing."
"Sure you seeng. Thinka dat. They ask me if my boy would seeng!" Mr. Sensoni took off his coat and hat and followed his wife into the kitchen.

Mary, Toni, Angela and Carlotta followed without a word.

"Can we go to hear Joe?" Mary asked, breaking the children's silence.

"Sure you go. We all go. Alla family go. Alla aunts, uncles, everybody go to hear my Guiseppe seeng . . ."

Joe felt sick in his stomach. This was what he had been dreading. It was all right to practice in the front parlor and go for lessons and play for Mr. Balistreri, but not before a lot of people. Not yet! And he had to sing! His throat tightened as he thought of that.

"Papa—oh Papa," he called into the kitchen. "Wotta now?"

"Mr. Balistreri said I shouldn't sing any more. Remember, he said I should wait a long time, until my voice was changed, Papa?"

"Sure he said no seeng. I know—and I stopped to see heem on my way home." Papa was shouting with real joy now. "He said one or two is okay, but no more. Don' worry, my Guiseppe, I no maka you seeng for no good. Don' worry."

"Papa . . ."

"Wot?"

"Don't call me Guiseppe. Papa please."

"Okay Joe, I no call you Guiseppe."

Joe went back to the parlor. He could hear his father laughing.

Joe did not tell any of his friends he was singing for the Italian-American Society. They wouldn't understand. If anything, they would twist it around and make fun of him. Right now he was the football hero and he wanted to remain that for a while longer.

Joe intended to be a great musician some day—a great singer. He practiced piano now to fill in time until he was old enough to study voice. But all that was far away—three or four years away and by that time he would be able to tell everyone and even brag when he got a radio contract or won an audition or something big like that.

If only Mama and Papa would try to understand and let him alone for a while.

Joe lived through the next few days in agony. He couldn't imagine himself singing. It all seemed impossible. No one wanted to hear him anyway. Papa had talked and talked and now everyone thought he was Caruso or something. Joe was sure his voice would break. Playing the piano wouldn't have been so bad, but as soon as he would open his mouth, he knew something awful would happen.

Every day after school he had to hurry home. His mother waited for him and followed him into the parlor.

"You practice nice, so Papa weel be proud?"

"Sure, Mama."

"You go out and play after while—then be home when Papa come. He weel run!"

"Sure, Mama."

"Thatsa nice. You good boy, Joe."

Every day it was the same. Mama said the same things and Joe answered. He should be out practicing football, but until after Christopher Columbus Day he would have to be around every minute or Mama would get mad and Papa would get mad and they'd make everybody feel bad. All the kids would hide and look at him with mean looks.

Sometimes Joe (Continued on page 34)



"That digitalis is a deadly poison in the hands of anyone but a physician."

The Swellhead

BY IDA T. LEMONT

What Has Gone Before:

CARLOTTA THOMAS, known to friends as Totty, owns a boarding house in the cannery town of Robinhood, Maine. Outstanding among her boarders is GUY ENGERS, young ne'er-do-well nephew of RHODA GREGORY, the rich spinster who has just bought the town's main business, the Robinhood Cannery.

Totty suspects that Rhoda has bought the cannery only to get even with JIM THORNE, her former sweetheart who jilted her years before. Jim Thorne, founder of the establishment at the end of World War I, lost it when the depression wiped him out financially. Jim, now a widower, and his beautiful daughter, LINDA, live on their heavily mortgaged farm next door to Totty.

When Linda gets a job at the cannery as secretary to CHRIS NEILSON, the young superintendent, Totty watches with anxious

eyes. Guy Engers works in the same office and Totty realizes that his crush on Linda is potential dynamite. But that is not Totty's only worry. There is already dissension in her boarding house. DR. DANIEL TOBEY, the town physician and Totty's senior boarder, complains that Guy uses his private phone. VINAL GROVES, cannery field inspector, and Guy argue over draft status. Chris Neilson, who is energetic and efficient, constantly chides lackadaisical, devil-may-care Guy. GLADYS OAKES, Totty's servant girl whom Guy has dated several times is jealous of him. And CORNELIUS, Gladys' father, cherishes a grudge against Guy for insulting him at the cannery.

Things come to a head when Rhoda Gregory sends for Totty to tell her to warn Linda that if she marries Guy, Rhoda will cut him off without a cent.

The next day, SADIE PERKINS, Rhoda's housekeeper, telephones Totty . . . "I can't wake Miss Gregory up. I think she's dead!"

Now Go On With the Story:

PART II

THE strange thing about that phone call from Rhoda Gregory's housekeeper, Sadie Perkins, was not so much the



news it gave as the fact that my reaction was one of complete non-surprise. As they say in the murder thrillers, I'd felt tragedy haunting my footsteps all day yesterday.

So it was considerable of a shock to my powers of foreshadowing approaching doom when Dr. Tobey came back from Rhoda Gregory's house in something less than an hour and calmly sat down and helped himself to what was left of the Sunday morning bacon and eggs without a word.

I stood it as long as I could. Then I exploded, "Well, my land, Doctor, I must say you keep cool in emergencies. What . . . how . . . I mean, is Rhoda dead or isn't she?"

He smiled and reached for a hot biscuit. "No, of course, she isn't dead. Mrs. Perkins got panicky because she couldn't wake her up."

Even Chris Neilson stopped eating and looked up. I'd told Chris what Sadie had said as soon as he came downstairs to breakfast. If he'd felt any emotion he managed to conceal it, just saying that he'd go up to the Gregory place right after breakfast.

Now we both sat there rather stupidly watching the doctor butter his biscuit. Glancing up after a minute he caught the way we were looking and said contritely, "Oh, I'm sorry, Mrs. Thomas. I forgot that Miss Greg-

ory is an old friend of yours. You must have felt terrible when Sadie telephoned."

Chris leaned across the table. "What is the matter with her then? Do you mean that she's unconscious?"

The doctor nodded, his eyes grave. "Yes. The heart action is below normal, too. If she doesn't regain consciousness within a reasonable length of time . . ."

I interrupted. "Could she have taken sleeping pills? People do, you know. And she was pretty much disturbed yesterday I happen to know."

Chris demanded quickly, "What about? The cannery?"

"Oh, just things in general," I hedged. "Was it, by any chance, sleeping pills that you left her when you treated her yesterday, Doctor?"

There was a worried crease between his eyes. "Yes, but I've warned her about taking an overdose. They're really quite harmless if taken in the proper dose and she has used them before."

Chris pushed his chair back noisily and got up. "How soon will she . . .?" He stopped, a little embarrassed.

The doctor finished for him. "Regain consciousness? I can't say, of course. It all depends on whether (Continued on page 22)



If Your Man Has Lost a Limb

... he can lead a normal life.
Here's how you can help him.

BY GERTRUDE GORDON SACHS

PERHAPS your happiness in having your man home for keeps is marred by the sad fact that he has not returned as you sent him off to war. Perhaps his hands were frozen in a forced landing and had to be amputated to save his life. A kamikaze plane may have plunged into the deck of his ship causing the loss of a leg. Or perhaps his foot was blown off by a land mine. Casualties such as these are typical of the price that has been paid for victory.

If your loved one has been wounded and lost a limb, these words apply especially to you. First, be reassured—in most instances these men are not so handicapped as victims of infantile paralysis. Your man can count on leading a virtually normal existence with your loving help.

Don't expect him to return to you broken and bitter in spirit. He has seen so many others worse off than himself that he's thankful to be alive and back with you again. He wants your practical help, reassurance and affection—but not your pity.

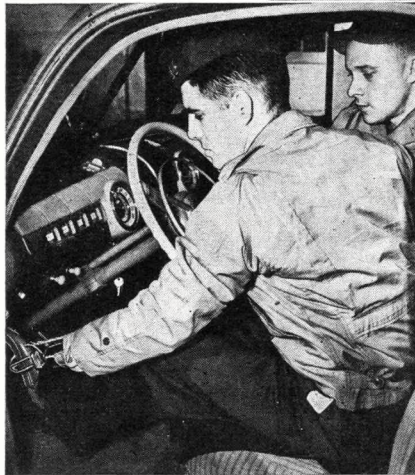
Take the case of William Pakele of Staten Island. He's a soldier down at England General Hospital in Atlantic City which is the largest Army amputation center in the States. In Germany, Pvt. Pakele stepped on a mine that blew off one of his legs. Since he's been back, he's been home on furlough to see his wife and two-year-old baby. Now he's looking forward to the time when he's well enough to be discharged so he can go home and take up life where he left off when he was drafted. He'll go back to his old job as a machinist. Certainly he doesn't think the loss of a leg is going to affect his family life, his earning capacity or the plans he made before he went away.

Of course, you say that's just one case out of about 6,000. What of the men who have lost more than just a few fingers, a foot or a leg? Perhaps your man has lost both legs, or both arms. There are even a few whom death spared only to deprive of all or nearly all their limbs. Then you are the one, more than any other person, who can put his mind and heart at ease and convince him that life still has much to offer.

When you get word that he has been brought back from overseas, probably you are wondering how long before he'll be home. Usually it takes from six to twelve months. He will be sent to the hospital nearest his home. If he's in the Navy, Marines or Coast Guard, he'll be shipped to Mare Island, California or to the Philadelphia Naval Hospital. The Army, because it is so much larger, has seven such centers scattered about the country. Your man will be in the one nearest you to make it easier for him to get home or for you to visit him, if possible.

You can rest easy about the medical care he gets in either Army or Navy because it will be the best. He'll get good food, too, and plenty of entertainment and passes as soon as he's able to be up and around. Everything possible will be done for him to make him comfortable and keep him in good spirits.

Let's say he's at the Philadelphia Naval Hospital where he's been brought from a base hospital in England. Of course, you're anxious



● Pfc. Bill McGuire, a former Broadway actor, who is now a patient at the England General Hospital, Atlantic City, New Jersey, takes a stroll along the famed boardwalk using his artificial leg.

● Capt. Roland M. Beetham, a former patient at the England General Hospital, takes driving lessons from Sgt. James Barnum. Capt. Beetham, an arm amputee, is using the hook prosthesis.

to know just what happens here but may not feel like pumping him if he doesn't feel like talking about it. Well, in a general way, this is it:

Over there only emergency surgery was performed to save his life. When he arrives at Philadelphia—as soon as he is able to travel—either by air or hospital ship, he may undergo a secondary operation in preparation for the fitting of an artificial limb. The best surgeons and technicians in the country will be taking care of him, so you can be assured that everything known to medical science is being done. Before the operation the surgeon will consult with Ensign Basil Peters, one of the best prosthetics experts in the country who is now working for the Navy. (Prosthesis, by the way, is the scientific term for any artificial part of the body, even false teeth. Prosthetics is the study of prosthesis.) By planning where the limb should be fitted, before the operation, chances of complication in later life are just that much less and he will get the utmost comfort and movement out of the limb.

Ensign Peters' limb shop will build your man a custom limb that will be permanent. But of course when he gets out, he'll need a spare, too. To make these devices requires the highest type of skilled workmanship and takes from two to four weeks.

You'll want to know something about prosthetics so that in later life you can help him when he has to (Continued on page 39)



"I want you girls to honestly study your faces in the mirror," she cooed.

House of Merlin

BY LUCILE HASLEY

We had all taken our looks good or bad just for granted until Mrs. Baxter came our way.

THERE were twelve of us sitting around the dining room table, not counting Mrs. Baxter, and before each of us was an upright mirror and a small paper kit. Mrs. Baxter stood at the end of the table, a fixed pleasant smile on her face as she waited for us, the Tuesday Night Bridge Club, to give her our full attention. At the first lull, the fixed pleasant little smile broke into an official toothsome welcome.

"Girls," said Mrs. Baxter, "I am here to represent the House of Merlin. You women have demanded, in a recent nation-wide survey, this type of beauty clinic demonstration, and here I am at your service."

We all stared gravely back at her. We were there only because Ethel Kaufer had thought it would be fun to have this demonstration instead of our regular bridge and, besides, Ethel was going to get six free products for her trouble. Still, it gave us a nice feeling

of power to realize that we, the American women, had only to demand something and it was ours.

"The House of Merlin feels," Mrs. Baxter continued graciously, "that you women want to test out your cosmetics in much the same way as you do other purchases. You wouldn't buy a dress without trying it on, would you? You wouldn't buy a hat without looking at it from all angles, would you? You wouldn't buy shoes without making sure you had the right size, would you?"

"No!" she concluded triumphantly, having labored the point to an early and bloody death. "You're too intelligent, too discriminating for that. Well, the House of Merlin—in this friendly fashion, meeting a group of you in your own homes—now brings you the products to create a new and lovelier *You*. Too, the House of Merlin feels that you want no conflicting odors about your person. The

House of Merlin, accordingly, offers you a complete line of everything—from toothpaste to eye cream—with the same subtle blended fragrance. We *must* have no conflicts."

She paused, and we all sat there feeling guiltily odorous. The Kaufer dining room seemed suddenly charged with warring elements that we, intelligent, discriminating women though we were, had unwittingly mingled on our persons. Mrs. Baxter let our guilt sink in for a few seconds and then said brightly:

"Speaking of fragrance, we carry a perfume that was especially created for the House of Merlin, and I know you're going to just love it. And, girls," here her voice dropped to a cozy, intimate plane, "do you know where to apply your perfume? On your *waistline!* You'll find the heat of your body will keep sending the fragrance upward, in soft recurrent waves, throughout an evening. Now this is our de luxe gift bottle size, and I'm going to pass it around for you to try out."

Mrs. Belnap stiffened. "On our waistlines *now?*" she asked, her voice ending in a little helpless squeak.

There was a general hoot of derisive laughter and Mrs. Belnap flushed defensively. "What was really bothering me," she said, a little too loudly, "was that I haven't got a waistline anymore. Lost it about five years ago." This time she looked around pleased and rather vindicated when we laughed.

Mrs. Baxter tapped on the perfume bottle for our attention. Her carefully built-up mood for *les parfums* was completely shattered, but Mrs. Baxter carried on. "Well, girls," she said, playfully, "a good laugh like that is good for our facial muscles, isn't it? But suppose we come back to the perfume later. Now let's get right down to business, shall we? First, I want you to tie your hair back with the little ribbon you'll find in your beauty kit. And then, I want you to study your face—honestly—in the mirror."

The little ribbons wrecked havoc with a few of the fancier hairdos, but who were we to thwart the House of Merlin? Then there was a little silence as we peered, as in a mirror darkly, at our reflections. I, myself, looked sternly at a shiny nose, circles under my eyes, and a blossom on my chin that I swear wasn't there when I'd left home.

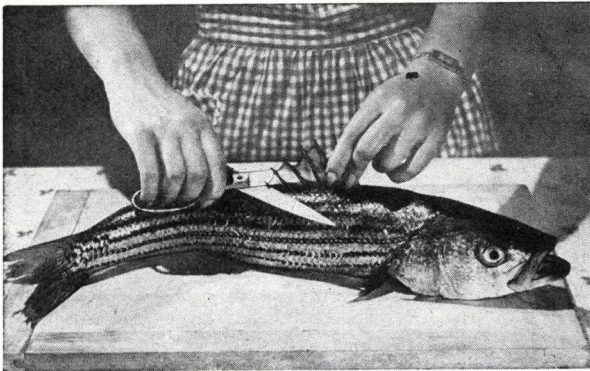
"Is there anyone here," asked Mrs. Baxter, arching her eyebrows, "who is completely satisfied with what she sees?"

Squeals, protests, and giggles rippled around the table, and Mrs. Baxter smiled appreciatively. Mrs. Baxter, you could tell, knew how to run the gamut in getting her responses.

"Very well," she said, "we shall proceed from that point. If you will pick up your charts, you will notice that the categories include dry skin, oily skin, normal skin, sensitive skin, and teen-age skin. I think we are safe in crossing out the teen-age skin?" She paused indulgently for the subsequent gust of laughter and then a somber shadow seemed to pass over her face. "Girls," she said, leaning forward slightly, "after we pass twenty-nine we must watch for the danger signals. How many of you, I wonder, are preparing to fend off the day of the *crêpy* throat?"

With the greatest effort I kept my hands in my lap instead of letting them steal apprehensively to my throat. Here I'd been buying Savings stamps, carrying life insurance, and going to church on Sundays, but I hadn't been doing one blasted thing about my throat. It's only a matter (Continued on page 37)

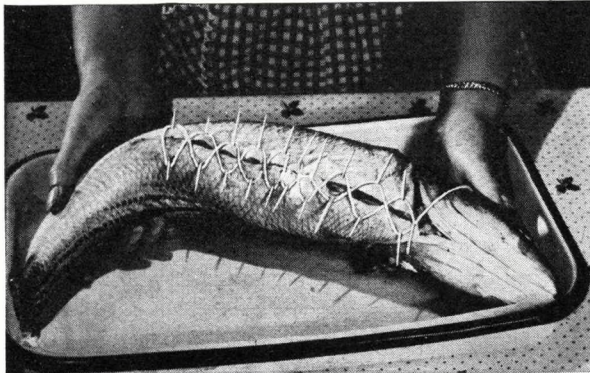
Delicious Ways to Prepare Fish



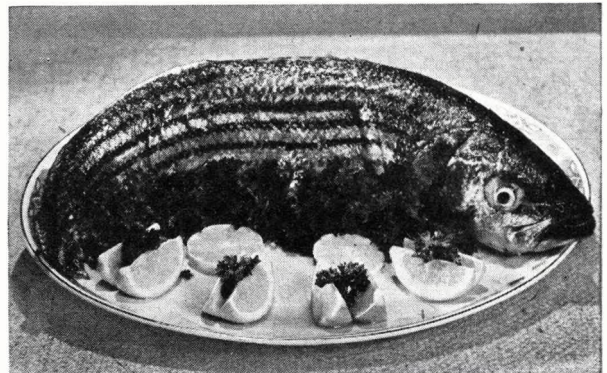
1 Baking fish: Allow 2 servings per pound of fish. Ask the fishman to clean and scrape fish and to remove bloodline along the backbone. Wipe clean with a damp cloth, trim the tail and remove spiny fins with sharp scissors. Head and tail may be left on or removed.



2 Fill lightly with the following stuffing: mix 3 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 medium-sized onion minced, 1/2 cup celery chopped, 1/2 tsp. salt, 1/8 tsp. thyme, 1/8 tsp. marjoram and 2 tbs. melted margarine or cooking fat. Stir in just enough water to hold the dressing together.



3 Insert toothpicks at right angles to cavity and lace the opening together with clean kitchen string. Lay a piece of greased waxed paper or cheese cloth in bottom of baking dish to facilitate removal of fish. Rub or sprinkle fish generously with melted margarine or fat.

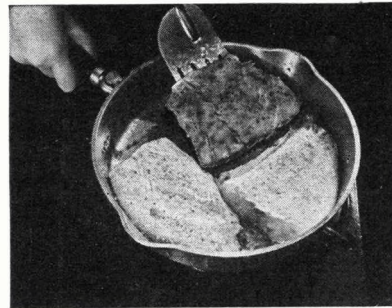


4 Bake in a preheated (400° F.) oven, allowing 12 minutes per pound of striped bass (or 16 minutes per pound if head and tail have been removed.) Remove carefully to a warmed platter and flank with a bed of crisp parsley and a generous amount of lemon wedges.

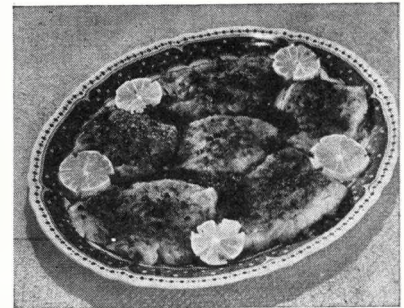
HOW TO FRY FISH



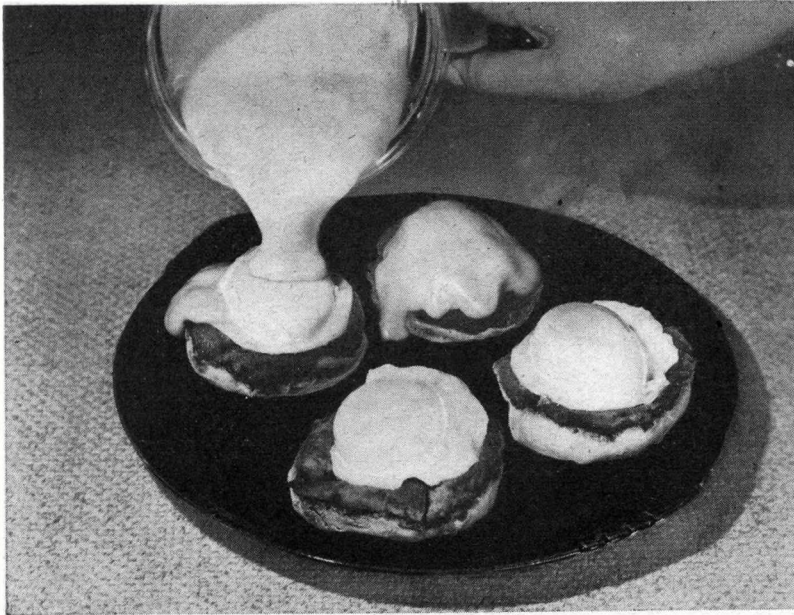
1 Small whole fish, steaks and fillets may be fried. Clean fish with a damp cloth, dry on a towel or absorbent paper and cut into desired amount of serving sections. Dip into milk or slightly beaten egg and coat with seasoned cracker or dry bread crumbs. 1 lb. of fish serves two.



2 Heat enough cooking fat or margarine to cover bottom of a heavy frying pan about 1/8 in. thick. Cook fish over medium flame until brown, turn and brown other side. Cooking time depends on thickness of fillets, between 8 to 12 minutes in all. Drain fillets on absorbent paper.



3 Fish will be golden brown, juicy and tender. Place on a warmed platter and serve at once. If desired, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley. Garnish with lemon wedges. Good with new, plain boiled or baked potatoes, a crisp salad and any green vegetable in season.



Delightfully Different

If imitation is the sincerest of flattery, Hollandaise sauce deserves to be placed on a pedestal all its own.

Thumb through any cookbook and you'll have no trouble finding mock, quick, easy and jiffy Hollandaise sauce imitations. Most of these are downright good and do a noble job of pinchhitting for the original. But there's only one Hollandaise—the sauce superlative, a bewitching blend, capable of goading on the appetite with lusty persuasion! To make it, slightly beat 4 egg yolks in the top part of a double boiler; add 1/3 cupful butter and 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice. Place over hot water, just below boiling point and cook over a low flame, stirring constantly. When butter is melted, add another 1/3 cupful butter and beat with a wire whisk. When mixture thickens add a final 1/3 cupful butter and cook until creamy and thick, stirring constantly. Remove at once from fire and add a pinch of salt and a suggestion of cayenne. Sauce may be kept warm over hot water, providing it is not placed on the fire. Yield: about 1 1/4 cupfuls. NOTE: Sauce will not curdle if directions are followed and care is taken that the water in double boiler never reaches the boiling point. If it *does* curdle, add about 3 tablespoonfuls hot water, drop by drop, beating vigorously.

Because of its generous butter content only a few spoonfuls are needed to glorify lean fish when it is broiled, poached or steamed—as well as asparagus, broccoli, cauliflower and artichokes. And Hollandaise is truly the making of *Eggs Benedict*: Split open English muffins and toast to a golden brown. Spread lightly with butter and cover

each half with a slice of baked ham; top with a poached egg, medium done, and pour Hollandaise sauce over each serving.

COFFEE CREAM FROMAGE

1 envelope unflavored gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
1/2 cup boiling water
3 envelopes graham crackers
2 tbs. sugar
1/4 cup cold coffee
1 cup cream cheese
1 egg, separated
Soften gelatine in cold water about 5 minutes. Add boiling water and sugar; stir until dissolved. Add coffee. Soften cream cheese, add egg yolk and blend. Add to gelatine mixture and mix well. Chill until mixture begins to set. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white and chill until set. Unmold and serve with crisp cookies. Yield: 6 servings.

Prize Winning Recipes

PINEAPPLE PUDDING

1 3/4 cups sugar
4 tbs. flour
4 tbs. butter
3 eggs, separated
1 quart water
1 small can crushed pineapple
Mix together sugar, flour and butter. Add the beaten egg yolks and water. Cook in top part of double boiler until mixture thickens and gradually add juice from canned pineapple. Bring to a boil again and remove from fire; add the crushed pineapple. In a greased baking dish place alternate layers of broken graham crackers and pineapple custard, finishing with a layer of custard. Top with the beaten egg whites to which 1 tablespoonful powdered sugar has been added. Bake in a medium (350° F.) oven for about

35 minutes or until golden-brown. Cool and chill several hours in the refrigerator.
MRS. C. R. FLEMING, Leonardsburg, O.

FRENCH COCOA

4 tbs. cocoa
4 tbs. sugar
1/4 tsp. salt
1 quart milk
1 egg yolk
1 tsp. vanilla
1/2 cup heavy cream

Mix cocoa, sugar, salt; gradually add milk, mixing well. Add beaten egg yolk and cook ten minutes in top part of double boiler. Cool, add vanilla and chill. Whip cream; stir half of whipped cream into cocoa and use remaining half to top each serving.

MRS. J. M. WHINERY, Kansas City, Kan.

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I always add a pinch of rosemary to water when boiling fish. This also gives a good flavor to turnips and cauliflower.

MRS. P. S. GOODRICH, Gulfport, Miss.

For lunch or supper, add one cupful of diced leftover chicken or turkey to pancake batter. Serve pancakes with a sauce made by adding mushrooms to thickened broth.

MRS. M. D. ROBINSON, Lakewood, R. I.

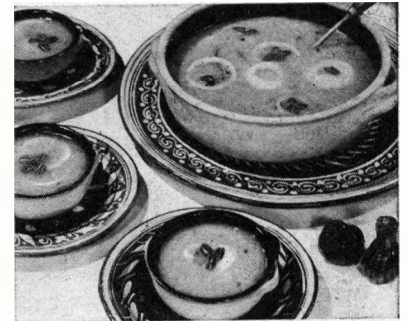
A pinch of sugar added to diced carrots before cooking improves their flavor.

MRS. K. S. SCOTT, Terre Haute, Ind.

When making pea soup, put in three shakes of poultry seasoning and one stalk of leek, sliced. This gives a guess-what-it-is-flavor.

MRS. H. MURRAY, Hazel Park, Mich.

We will pay \$1.00 for every "Delightfully Different" recipe and "Culinary Secret" printed on this page. Please address *Everywoman's* 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.



LIMA, PECAN SOUP

1/2 lb. dried lima beans
1 1/2 qts. boiling water
1/4 tsp. poultry seasoning
1 tsp. salt
1/8 tsp. pepper
1 tbs. fortified margarine
3/4 cup pecan nutmeats
2 onions, minced

Wash beans and soak overnight in cold water to cover. Next day, add the boiling water and seasoning. Simmer for about 3 hours, adding boiling water if needed. Rub beans through a coarse sieve. In a frying pan melt the margarine; add the finely crushed pecan nuts and minced onion. Sauté over low heat until pecans are toasted and the onions soft but not browned. Add pecan onion mixture to bean soup and reheat. Garnish each serving with a few lightly fried onion rings and whole pecan nuts. 6 servings.

Taste-Tempting Recipes for Lent

It isn't so much the kind of fish you serve at Lenten meals as how fresh it is. So let your decision wait until you get a "look-see" for yourself at the market. Be sure the fish is firm and elastic and, when your choice is a whole fish, the eyes should be full—not sunken, and the inside of gills a reddish pink.

Providing fish has been cleaned when you buy it, you'll need only to wipe it with a clean cloth. Holding it under running water will wash away much of the natural flavor. But if you feel that it must be washed, use salted water, then drain on absorbent paper. For all but broiled fish a short cooking period is the piscatorial password—overcooked fish becomes dry and loses flavor.

And finally, let your selection of accompanying dishes such as crisp winter salads, beets and colorful greens do their share to step up the pleasure of Lenten meals.

BY KATE VAN DOREN



Spinach Ring

1 box quick frozen spinach	1 egg
1 cup boiling water	2 tbs. butter
1 tsp. cornstarch	1 egg hard boiled
	scallops

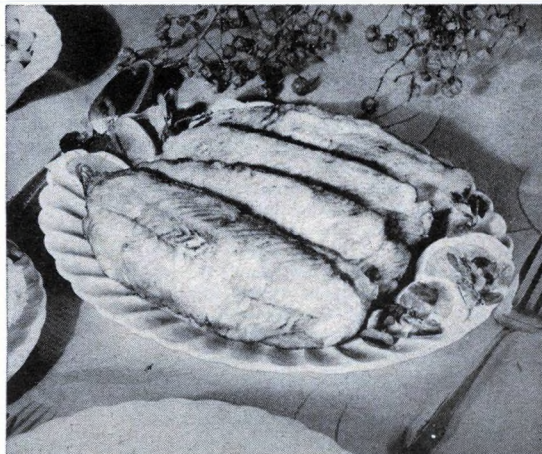
Drop frozen spinach into briskly boiling salted water. Bring again to a boil and cook 4 to 6 minutes or until just tender. Separate leaves during cooking. Drain, reserving liquid and chop coarsely. Blend liquid with enough cornstarch to thicken (about 1 teaspoonful); add the slightly beaten egg, butter, and combine with spinach, mixing thoroughly. Turn into small well greased ring mold. Place in pan of hot water and bake in moderate (375° F.) oven for about 20 minutes or until firm. Unmold and surround with fried or broiled scallops. Garnish with lemon wedges, parsley and hard boiled egg slices. Serves 4. Note: For special occasions, fill center of spinach ring with creamed mushrooms.



Vegetable Main Dish

1 head cauliflower	½ tsp. salt
1 head broccoli	¼ tsp. powdered mustard
2 tbs. fortified margarine	1 cup milk
2 tbs. flour	½ lb. grated cheese

Wash cauliflower, broccoli and boil in salted water to cover until just tender. Drain. Place in greased baking dish. Make a sauce as follows: In a saucepan, blend margarine with flour, add salt, mustard and gradually stir in milk. Cook over a low flame until smooth. Stir in the cheese reserving 2 tablespoonfuls. Pour sauce over vegetables and sprinkle with remaining cheese. Place under broiler flame until top is golden brown. Serves 6 to 8.



Broiled Fillet of Flounder

Two pounds of filleted fish will serve 4 persons. Separate fillets if they are quick frozen—if fresh, wipe with a damp cloth and dry on absorbent paper. Brush over with margarine or butter and place on a piece of waxed paper (cut all around to same size as fish). Place on greased broiling rack in preheated broiling compartment, under a high flame. Allow about 7 to 10 minutes to cook and brown, depending on thickness of fish. Do not turn fillets. Remove to a warmed platter and sprinkle with salt and if desired, pepper or paprika. Serve piping hot with lemon wedges, Hollandaise sauce (recipe on page 15), or tartar sauce.

Note: This recipe may be used for any fillet of fish.

A suggestion for this spring, while clothing is still scarce, might be to get out your knitting needles and make yourself a goodlooking basic suit or dress. Then with the money that you save, get a really impressive leather bag, a fine new sailor, hand-stitched gloves and quality shoes. Provided you've done a good job with your knitting, you'll be the star of any Easter parade between Broadway and the Golden Gate.

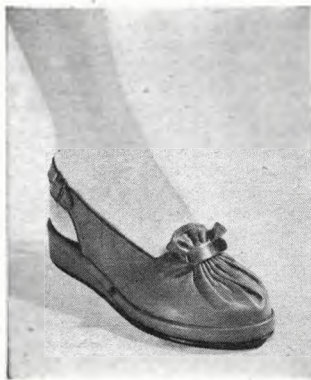
And of course, accessories are always the answer to good clothes held over from another season. An outstanding blouse and a change of headgear make all seem bright and new. The nice part of using the accessories philosophy in dressing is that all of us can afford it. The very best in garments takes you up into the three-figures class. But ten dollars will always buy a pair of top-quality gloves, a belt that can make a whole outfit or a piece of pure printed silk for a scarf or blouse. You can do a lot by replacing trimmings that hint at poor quality or bad taste, by seeing that your hats are always handstitched, your handkerchiefs and scarves handrolled, that costume jewelry is interesting and above average and that you plan each costume with but a single focal point.

This spring you will wear longer skirts, natural rounded shoulders, small-waisted and fuller-skirted frocks. There is much sleeve interest; armholes are cut deep and full; jackets are longer. More matching of accessories and more colors will be available, too. Grays, beige and greens are important on the color list.

BY GERTRUDE GORDON SACHS



Matchbook covers from swank New York night clubs form the motif of this hand-painted suit topper also by Edwina Patterson. This designer's special method of painting silk ensures long wearability.



A new look in shoes inspired by the ballet slipper is this sapphire blue casual with soft gathering over instep fastened with a silver bar. Designed by Morris Wolock, this will be a favorite.



Tailored casual of du Pont black and white chateau check with crisp worsted appearance. Black twill corselet and sleeves adds fashion interest to this young two-piecer.



Dressmaker coat with soft front fullness and deep wing sleeves that stem from belted waistline. Precision tailored by Molly in Forstmann's melton-type cloth. Note shorter length, bloused top with patch pockets.



Money that goes to the head for a superior chapeau will pay interest by flattering you and all your clothes. Try an airy concoction inspired by the top designer Lily Dache's creation of lace straw and flowers.



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SANI-FLUSH saves disagreeable, messy scrubbing. Just sprinkle it in the toilet bowl—that's all. It's safe in septic tanks, effective in hard and soft water. Two handy sizes sold everywhere. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.

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(Continued from page 23)

twenty-five years ago? It certainly looked that way. Not only had she bought up the cannery to flaunt in his face but now she was about to sit back and enjoy the spectacle of seeing him deprived of the very roots of his being—the thing that next to his daughter he loved best in the world, and that was the Thorne lands.

I decided then and there that it was not surprising to me that Rhoda couldn't sleep nights. Revenge is not a restful emotion.

Rhoda's Persian kitten drifted in just then through the open door, stepping daintily sideways with her green eyes on me. Without apparent effort she leapt for the bed and minced up the length of it like a bit of drifting blue-gray thistledown.

I didn't move until she suddenly crouched in tiger-like intent to spring. Her aim was the bedside table at my elbow and since Sadie had told me that she had left there the list of places where the doctor could be reached I decided I'd better rescue it from possible destruction. So we both pounced at the same time and between the two of us everything on the table landed on the floor.

AFTER shooing the kitten downstairs I returned to pick up the mess. Among other things we had upset a small box of white pills.

I suppose I was getting bored because as I picked up the pills I made them into a neat design in the box. It just held four rows of three.

I was putting on the cover that bore in Dr. Tobey's neat handwriting the words "Sleeping tablets" and the dosage when some movement from the pillow brought me back up to my chair.

Rhoda's eyes were open and looking at me. I said cheerfully, "Oh, hello! you back again?"

She frowned and blinked her eyes. "What . . . why are you here?"

"Waiting for you to wake up. You've had Sadie and me almost numb. It's nearly one o'clock in the afternoon."

Her eyes had a funny look. I couldn't guess whether it was the result of taking the pills or something that was taking place in her mind.

I went on, "Better not take any more sleeping pills if this is what they're going to do to you."

SHE looked up then and stared at me for so long that I began to feel uncomfortable. Her eyes still had that queer shocked look and I wondered with a sinking feeling if her mind was shocked, too.

I got up. "I'm supposed to let Dr. Tobey know when you wake up. Let's see, I can probably catch him at Doughy's. You lie right still while I go call him."

When I came back from using the phone extension in the upper hall she had raised herself on the pillows. I told her, "The doctor says you're to stay in bed until he gets here. Which will be in about twenty minutes."

She sat up and thrust her feet over the opposite side of the bed. From that position she swung around and addressed me.

"My dear Totty, I'm not in the habit of spending a day in bed and I don't intend to start now. Just because I couldn't sleep last night and took an extra pill you and the doctor have no reason to think I've lost my mind completely. I'm sure you meant well, both of you, but I have no intention of being coddled. I'm getting dressed."

And with that she stalked off toward the bathroom, managing even with her hair in braids and clad only in a chaste white lawn nightgown to look regal and dignified.

Well, I didn't know what to do. Plainly I'd been dismissed but the doctor had asked me over the phone to stay until he came. In my dilemma I absent-mindedly took the cover off the pillbox and put it back on again.

THE second time I took it off my eyes focused on it. Then they dropped to the box. There were only three rows of three where formerly there had been four.

For a moment my mind didn't function to the possibilities in this discovery. Then the sound of water running in the bathroom brought me to with a start.

I yelled, "Rhoda!" The water stopped and thankfully I heard her voice say, "Yes, what is it?"

I couldn't yell, "Well, please don't take those pills." That sounded too inane. So I called instead, "Are you all right?"

She opened the door then and stuck her head out. "Go on home, Totty," she ordered, with a snap of her blue eyes. "And when you see that nephew of mine tell him I want to see him. Immediately."

She made the closing of the door an emphatic period. Plainly there was only one thing for me to do. I left.

There wasn't any sign of Sadie in the downstairs rooms but her husband, Hosea, was watering the front lawn. So I stopped to tell him to let Sadie know I was leaving.

HOSEA was a big man and it was always a little startling to me to hear a thin tenor voice issue from that rotund frame.

"Yes'm, Miz Thomas. I'll tell her. Gosh! I sure am glad to hear Miss Gregory's awake. Give us quite a scare, Sadie an' me."

"It must have, Hosea. Dr. Tobey will be here any minute now."

"Specially," went on Hosea, just as if I hadn't spoken, "seein' as the new will can't be filed 'til tomorrow."

"Oh," I said flatly. "A . . . a new will, Hosea?"

He nodded, enjoying the importance of telling me. "Yup. Me an' Sadie witnessed it. Last night. Jest before Mr. Neilson came in."

That was something to digest as I went home. Totty and the strange business of the box of pills. A new will made out and then Rhoda becomes unconscious. A will that disinherited Guy. It didn't look so good. And what was Rhoda's idea in trying to make me think she had taken the sleeping pills by removing them from the box? This thought only presupposed the fact that she *hadn't* taken them. Then whom was she protecting? And what had been given her? For it was only too clear that her condition was not something self-imposed. My thoughts ran around and around in circles like darting little mice playing tag. And I didn't like any of them.

CORNELIUS OAKES was in the kitchen talking with Gladys when I arrived home. Dinner was evidently over for the dishes were washed and put away and Gladys was making a hurried job of washing out the dish-wipers. From the spiteful way in which she wrung them out I figured her temper wasn't at its best.

"Easy, Gladys," I admonished her. "Here, I'll finish those. Your grip is too strong for good linen and dishtowels are hard to come

by nowadays. These have to last a while."

She didn't object but turned to her father and said, "I'll be right down." Then she went up the back stairs to her room.

Corby didn't even lift his eyes from the linoleum pattern. So I asked conversationally, "What's the matter? Truck broken again?"

He looked up, startled. "What? . . . Oh . . . Oh, yeh, Miz Thomas. The truck's all stove up. Jest dropped to pieces Friday when I got home from the cannery."

I laughed. "Well, I must have been having a nightmare last night for I certainly thought I heard you go by here. You were driving as if pursued by demons, as I remember. Funny what you'll dream sometimes."

There was the sound of the front door opening and simultaneously Gladys came clicking down the stairs with the hurried clap-clap of high heels.

SHE said to Corby with peculiar urgency, "Let's go, Pop." And with a brief, "Don't worry; I'll be back early," to me she hustled him out the back door. I wondered if she thought it was Guy coming and, in the light of the late unpleasantness between them, was determined to keep them apart.

It wasn't Guy though but the doctor who came through the dining room doorway. And I was mighty glad to see him.

After I'd fixed lunch for us both and we were sitting at the kitchen table I told him about the sleeping pills.

He looked worried. "That's funny. I mean about her taking the three out. Sadie could easily have found the box after I left and put it on the table. But I can't understand why she wants it to look as if she'd had an overdose when she certainly didn't take any at all. I put an even dozen in the box. I always kept it down to that number."

"She didn't tell you about them just now? What if she has really taken them this time?"

He shook his head. "I don't think so. I examined her and she seemed all right. Except for her heart, of course."

"What do you mean? Is there anything the matter with her heart?"

HE HESITATED; then, "It's not exactly a professional secret and I don't usually talk about such things. But it might be just as well for you as her friend to know that her heart isn't so good."

"Is that why the pills . . . but she didn't take the pills. Then what in thunder was the matter with her?"

He countered with another question. "Did she give you any intimation of what happened last night? Was anyone there with her?"

"She didn't say." I began to see then why he had asked that.

"Oh, my heavens, doctor; do you think . . . could anyone have given her something?" I stopped because too many wild ideas were running through my mind.

The doctor finished his dessert and got up. He looked very grave. "I don't know what I think, Mrs. Thomas. Nahum Benn will probably be in later to get my report on Joel Goodwin. I'll talk it over with him, although of course the matter is really up to Miss Gregory herself. If she's covering up for someone . . ." He spread his hands expressively.

"Oh, by the way, have they located the hit-and-run driver yet?"

"Not so far as I know. But Nahum's

working on it and I gathered that they had a pretty good idea of who the guilty party is."

I sat for a while after he'd left and looked across into the Thorne orchard. Sunday afternoon is always a lonesome time for me.

Today, the house was, all at once, too unbearably quiet. I felt a desperate need of someone to talk to. So I just left everything and went over to Thorne's.

LIKE so many old New England houses the Thorne place had what many people call atmosphere. To me that's too cold a word. Just as living—and I mean a full rich living—will give a human being personality so will it fill and mold a house and give it too the attributes of personality.

You felt these things as soon as you entered the Thorne place. They were in the faint perfume of spice and apples and smoke-mellowed timbers of the big old kitchen that had catered to the material needs of bygone hungry Thornes. They were in the steady deep-throated ticking of the grandfather clock in the hall. And more than anywhere else you felt it in the large informally furnished living room. Here where the old fireplace had witnessed so many passions and loves, so many quarrels and ecstasies one could actually feel a brooding peace. Here was sanctuary.

I stood a moment in the doorway letting the quiet peace of this room work its comfort on me. Then, hearing no one around, I just stood at the bottom of the stairwell and called.

From somewhere near the top of the house Linda answered.

"I'm in the attic, Aunt Totty. Can you come up?"

Could I? I'd always had a healthy curiosity about the treasures I was quite sure must be up there.

Linda evidently had been having much the same thoughts. When I reached the attic door and looked in she was standing by a heap of furniture that was piled haphazardly in one corner.

SHE looked like a slim dirty youngster in her blue denim overalls and her face dirt-streaked. She didn't meet my eyes but merely pointed to the furniture and said, "Aunt Totty, look at those things. Do you suppose they're worth anything? I know they're very old."

I looked them over. I said, "Well, I know a dealer downstate who would give his eyeteeth for that Adam mirror even though the glass is cracked. And that rose-carved sofa is in better shape than one I saw advertised in the Boston paper for an ungodly sum the other day. If those are samples I should say . . . hey, what's that you've got in your hand?"

"Oh, just a funny pitcher I found under some papers. It's a cow. Must have been some child's."

I took the little brown-mottled pitcher away from her. "Is there anything else like this around?"

"Oh, yes," she said carelessly. "There's a bigger one over there with a dog for a handle. Gloomy old things, aren't they?"

I didn't try to tell her that they were Bennington pitchers and that any antique dealer would practically foam at the mouth to get his hands on some of these things. Not just then I didn't because, with one fingertip to her cheek, she was thinking out loud.

(Continued on page 29)

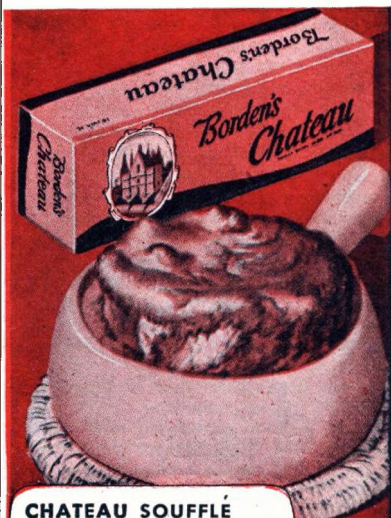
Cheese Soufflé-



It's delicate brown and a golden puff inside!

It's mild yet mellow, with a tang of American Cheddar! It's this new dream-soufflé—made with that grand cheese-fool-of-a-hundred-uses, Borden's Chateau!

Quick! Get yourself some Borden's Chateau. (Better get the 2-lb. package—you'll use it for salads, sandwiches . . . *everything!*) Then try this wonderful recipe . . .



CHATEAU SOUFFLÉ

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour • ½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon dry mustard • ¾ cup milk
½ lb. Borden's Chateau, diced
4 eggs, separated

Melt butter over low heat. Remove from heat, blend in flour and seasonings. Add milk; mix until smooth. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add cheese; stir until melted. Add beaten egg yolks and cook over low heat for 2 minutes. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Carefully fold ¼ of cheese mixture into beaten egg whites. Continue adding cheese mixture in fourths, making as few folds as possible. Pour into buttered 1-quart casserole. Place casserole on 2 thicknesses of paper toweling in shallow baking dish filled with water to depth of ½ inch. Bake in slow oven (325°F.) 1¼ to 1½ hours. Serves 4 to 6.

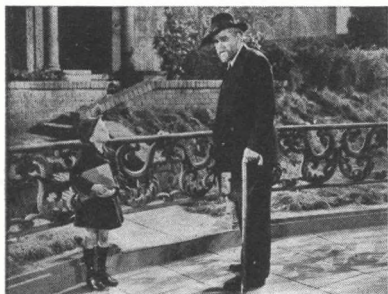
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BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

Movies I Like—

BY EMILY
BERCKMANN



Orson Welles and youthful Natalie Wood in a poignant scene from "Tomorrow Is Forever."

TOMORROW IS FOREVER

Produced by David Lewis

Directed by Irving Pichel

Released by RKO

Cast: Claudette Colbert, Orson Welles, George Brent, Lucile Watson, Richard Long, Natalie Wood, Sonny Howe.

I believe we're all a bit weary of war stories and rightly so. We want to settle down to the almost forgotten ways of peace even in our entertainment, but there's an exception to every rule and "Tomorrow Is Forever" is it. This is a war story in a sense but a unique one because it is treated from the home front angle. The story is laid in Baltimore and begins with the first World War and chronologically carries through to the beginning of the second and what we all hope history will record as the last.

Orson Welles and Claudette Colbert give splendid performances as the couple to whom war brought an entirely different future from the one they had planned.

Heavy in drama and beautifully enacted, this picture has something that sets it aside from the usual run of sentimental films that attempt to depict the aftermath of war.



Ann Todd and James Mason in "The Seventh Veil," the fascinating story of a pianist.

THE SEVENTH VEIL

Produced by Sydney Box

Directed by Compton Bennett

Released by Universal

Cast: James Mason, Ann Todd, Herbert Lom, Hugh McDermott, Albert Lieven.

Don't let this title fool you. It doesn't

have anything to do with dancing girls, but refers to the mental veil that hides the profound secrets of the human mind.

A successful classical pianist attempts suicide and won't give any reasons for her acute mental depression. An eminent psychiatrist endeavors to discover the cause of her melancholia by means of narco-hypnosis. This he hopes will drop the veil and free the thoughts which have been locked within the recesses of her troubled mind, and these will in turn give him the clue to the cure. So much for the plot—the rest you'll want to see for yourself.

This English-made psychiatric film is a masterpiece. Well acted, full of suspense and conflict, it leaves nothing to be desired. Both Ann Todd, as the young pianist, and James Mason, as her strange and forbidding guardian, should go over big with American audiences.

The accompanying musical sequences bring to mind the unequalled "Intermezzo" of a few years ago starring Ingrid Bergman and the late Leslie Howard. The selection of favorites such as Chopin, Beethoven, Greig, Rachmaninoff, Mozart, etc., played by the London Symphony Orchestra increase the enjoyment of this drama and make it one of the best pictures to come this way in a long time. See it by all means!



A very dramatic moment in "Leave Her to Heaven" starring Gene Tierney and Cornel Wilde.

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN

Produced by William A. Bacher

Directed by John M. Stahl

Released by Twentieth Century-Fox

Cast: Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde, Jeanne Crain, Vincent Price, Mary Philips, Ray Collins.

All the descriptive beauty of Ben Ames Williams' best seller has come to Technicolor life in this lavish production. So vividly in fact that the audience can almost smell the fragrant pines at "Back of the Moon," a lodge in Maine; soak up the sun in New Mexico; and feel the sting of the salty spray at Bar Harbor.

Gene Tierney plays the unsympathetic role of the jealousy-ridden woman who is determined to get what she wants in life no matter how much she hurts others, no matter if she has to murder to achieve what she wants.

Cornel Wilde, her dazed husband, will receive your heart-felt sympathy for being

married to a creature so overcome by the green-eyed monster.

Just what she does and how she does it will send shivers up and down your spine. It just doesn't seem possible anyone could be so venomous.

If you're one of the many who like movies to follow the book, you'll find "Leave Her to Heaven" to your liking. It follows the book as closely as can be expected, but just between you and me, didn't you visualize Ruth as being a bit older? See what I mean? Never satisfied!

Better see this one without the youngsters. It's a bit grim for them, though very exciting and entertaining adult fare.



Cornel Wilde as Robin Hood's son has a dangerous time in "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest."

THE BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST

Produced by Leonard S. Picker and Clifford Sanforth

Directed by George Sherman and Henry Levin

Released by Columbia

Cast: Anita Louise, Cornel Wilde, Jill Esmond, Edgar Buchanan, Henry Daniell, George MacCreedy, Russell Hicks, John Abbott.

Now Robin Hood's son, Robert of Nottingham, is here to thrill us with his daring feats in beautiful Technicolored Sherwood Forest. Cornel Wilde plays the keen marksman who follows in his father's adventurous footsteps and falls in love with lovely Anita Louise, a lady in waiting to the Queen Mother.

The year is 1216. England has a boy king, Henry the Third, but the Regent, William of Pembroke, the real ruling power, has resorted to unjust methods and the people are oppressed and down-trodden. He plans to murder the youth and seize the throne for himself. Robin Hood assembles his band once again to right the wrong and promote the people's cause. He is considerably older now and takes paternal pride in his son's skill and places in his hands the problem of rescuing the boy king whose life is in immediate danger.

This is a good choice if the whole family is movie-going together. It will entertain the adults and the small fry will blissfully be transported back to the swaggering days of knighthood. And if the young would-be knights in the shiniest of armor aren't rescuing the fair ladies in waiting for days after, I miss my guess.

(Continued from page 27)

"And there's the Hadley chest in my room and the clock great-grandmother brought from Salem with her and the eight Hitchcock chairs in the dining room . . ."

I couldn't stand it. "Linda Thorne! You're surely not thinking of selling these things. Why, you'd break your father's heart!"

The look she gave me didn't belong on a nineteen-year-old face.

"Someone around here has got to start facing facts, Aunt Totty. And I'm it."

I sighed. I knew she was right, of course. "Will the bank hold the mortgage for you?"

She picked up the little brown cow again from the shelf where I'd carefully put it and rubbed her fingers almost lovingly over its smooth mottled molasses-brown and yellow patina. "There are some candlesticks like this downstairs," she said irrelevantly. Then, lifting her head, "No, it's too late to save the house. But this way I'll get enough to take Dad right away from here."

I SUDDENLY felt weak in the knees and sat down on an old trunk.

"So you're not going to marry Guy Engers?"

She put the cow pitcher back beside the hound-handled one before she answered. Her voice sounded unnaturally sharp.

"No, I'm not. Why should you think that?"

I was embarrassed. After all, the question was pretty personal.

So I said, "I'm sorry, Linda. I've heard rumors but it was none of my business."

I thought she was going to break then. Her young mouth trembled and I swear her eyes filled with tears. Then she controlled her emotion and came over and sat on the trunk beside me.

"Please forgive me, Aunt Totty. I don't know what makes me be so snappy nowadays." She pushed her hair back with a weary gesture. "Guy did ask me to marry him," she went on. "I thought I could at first. For Dad's sake. But . . ." She got up and went to a half-window that gave a view of the front lawn. She said in a whisper, as if it were forced from her, "I've changed my mind. I can't go through with it."

MY FIRST reaction to her words was one of relief that I wouldn't have to tell her of Rhoda's threat to cut Guy off without a penny if they had persisted in going on with plans to marry. Then I remembered that she had been out with Guy last night and he undoubtedly had told her of his aunt's disapproval himself. Probably that was why Linda had come home early instead of going to the dance. There was something out of focus in Linda's acting this way that I didn't like. It would have been more like her usual frank nature to come out and admit that she didn't want Guy without his money, rapacious as that might sound. I didn't like this subterfuge.

Looking back over everything that happened I can see that that was the first time I was to realize that I didn't know everything that went on in this girl's mind, that there were things beneath the surface of her apparent immaturity that were developing fast under the stress of circumstances.

The distant sound of a bell ringing downstairs brought her around from the window.

"That's Mr. Neilson," she said, starting for the door. "I saw him coming up the drive. He's coming to look over the house."

I got up from the trunk. I said incredulously, "Chris Neilson is? What does he want with a house?"

Her eyes were hard. "Why not?" she demanded. "It might as well be he as anybody."

It was, of course, inevitable that I should wonder as I followed her slowly down the stairs whether or not Chris Neilson's interest in the house had anything to do with her decision not to marry Guy.

SHE opened the lovely fanlighted front door and let him in with a poised graciousness that was part of her birthright. To neither of them did the blue denim overalls or the smudges of dirt on her face seem in the least incongruous. He greeted her politely if somewhat coldly and, from my place at the head of the stairs, I watched and wondered if his coldness were merely a cover for any embarrassment he might be feeling at this meeting where they were no longer boss and efficient secretary.

She took him into the formal living room first—the one that had always been saved for special occasions, such as funerals and weddings. It contained all the choicest pieces. But somehow I wasn't prepared to see Chris Neilson appreciating that fact. As I quietly arrived at the bottom of the stairs I could see him rubbing his fingers almost lovingly over the satin finish of an old drop leaf tea table. Then he lifted his head and his eyes went quickly around the room and I knew one thing for certain. Chris Neilson wanted this place and he wanted it badly.

He was saying, "I understand from the Bangor bank that you are giving up the place. I wonder . . . would you be selling the furniture, too? It seems to belong here."

Linda looked up into his face with an expression that dates back to a lady named Lilith. I don't know what she answered but presently she turned to the fireplace and her voice reached me, " . . . cosy on cold winter nights."

I thought I'd better get out before she had him asking if she went with the house, too. I'd seen enough. The snow in his native Norway never melted any faster under the sun's rays than did that icy wall of reserve of his under the sweet rose-blush smile and sparkling eyes she raised to him.

SO THAT was her game. I had been right; it was a case of love me, love my house. Or vice versa. I wondered what Guy would say to this development. It looked to me as if, rather than being the innocent bystander, Linda was become the fuse to set off that dynamite.

Jim was just going into the barn with a pair of oars over his shoulder. He set them down against an empty stall, picked up something from the floor and came out again.

I said, "Hello, Jim. Been out on the lake?"

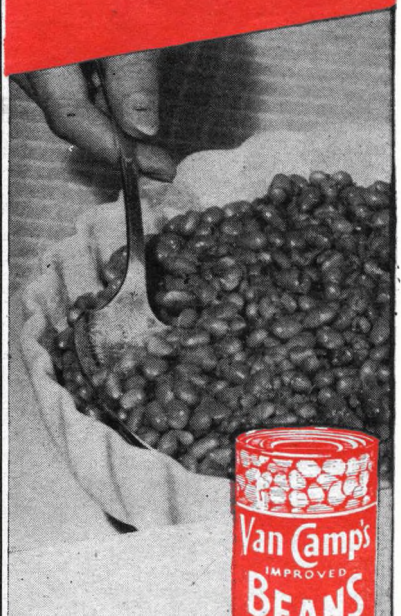
He was pulling on a pair of cotton gardening gloves. "Yes," he said slowly with a glance toward the house, "I've been across to see Luther Patterson." (Luther is senior deacon of our federated church as well as being head of the cannery processing room.)

"Oh. How is Luther? I thought he was looking completely played out when I saw him at the cannery yesterday."

Jim came close to me. He spoke in a low urgent voice. "Luther isn't well, Totty. No matter what happens we've got to remember that."

(Continued on page 30)

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THE ELMO OOMPANY Dept. 645, Davenport, Iowa

(Continued from page 29)

I felt a little 'shudder of repulsion. Years ago there'd been a poor idiotic boy around town and one of the things that set him apart was the fact that he treated the most casual remarks with a deadly seriousness. I couldn't help thinking that Jim was doing that, too.

He had the gardening gloves on now and to change the subject I exclaimed, "Why, Jim, the thumb of your right glove is entirely gone. Let me take it and mend it for you."

He drew back quickly. "No. No, thank you, Totty. I fixed it ~~that~~ way myself. So I can kill things better."

"Oh. You mean, of course, bugs . . . and things."

He looked at me with his eyes wide. "Yes, that's it." And picking up a spray gun he went off to tend the rose bushes.

I DON'T usually do much for Sunday supper but tonight I felt like having someone to fuss over so I made an especially attractive chicken and avocado salad and beat up a mess of nut waffle batter and then, hopefully, rang the dinner bell.

Guy responded almost immediately. And that was surprising because he usually disappeared about Sunday noon and I wouldn't see him again until along about the same time on Monday.

Dr. Tobey came out of his office bragging about having found time to take a nap and Chris Neilson arrived via the kitchen door looking as inordinately pleased with himself as the well-known cat who ate the canary. For once he and Guy buried the hatchet and we four sat around the table in what I like to remember now as a last brief interlude of something resembling family harmony.

The first jarring note came with the entrance of Vinal Groves and Gladys. Vinal explained, with a peculiar look over his glasses at Guy, that he'd been up to see Gladys' brother Jed, and since the date Gladys was expecting to call on her had stood her up, he'd given her a lift back.

Gladys had followed him to the table. She took her stand behind his chair and, elaborately ignoring Guy, brushed an imaginary speck from Vinal's white shirtcollar shoulders. She said in a breathless pseudo-Hepburn voice, "Rally, Vinal, you don't need to explain. That date would have bored me terribly. It was so much nicer . . . with you."

Guy did an unforgivable thing. He laughed.

He said, turning to Chris, "There's a new one for the book. The farmer's daughter and the city slicker! And she was bored!" He leaned back in his chair and roared with laughter. "My God! How she was bored!"

IT WAS, of course, a brutal thing to do. There was absolutely no excuse for it. But I prefer to believe now that if Guy hadn't been almost driven to distraction by other things he would never have forgotten himself and stooped to deliberate hurt. Especially of anyone as weakly vain as Gladys.

Gladys took one look at him. Her eyes filled with tears and she seemed to swell up inside. Giving an hysterical gasp she clapped her hand to her mouth and ran for the kitchen.

Vinal got slowly to his feet, his eyes behind his glasses flashing flame. But before he could speak I put a hand firmly on his arm and pushed him back into his chair.

"Forget it, Vinal," I said. "It wasn't very kind but Gladys might as well learn now as anytime."

He subsided but he still continued to glare at Guy who was looking pretty uncomfortable now.

"It was bad enough, standing her up that way," he accused, "but when I told her about the woman you met so gallantly at the station this noon, all dolled up like a prize race-horse . . ."

Two things happened. The telephone in the hall shrilled loudly and Guy's knife clattered noisily to the floor.

WHILE the doctor went to answer the phone I busied myself pouring coffee. Chris was the only one completely at ease. Guy's brown eyes were unfathomable as he quietly refused coffee.

I was about to relieve the situation myself and go to the kitchen when the doctor returned. He looked quickly around the table and then at me.

"Mrs. Thomas, do you know of anyone being in my office while I was out last evening?"

I said, puzzled at his grave expression, "Why no, Doctor. That is, not when I came back from next door. Before I left I noticed the usual number in your waiting room. Why? Is anything wrong?"

Lines of soberness etched the doctor's face. He said, not looking at anyone in particular, "It must have happened when I had to help old Mrs. Brown out to her car. That's the only time I left the closet unlocked."

I said, when he paused. "My land, Doctor! What must have happened?"

"Something was stolen from my drug closet. A bottle of digitalis, to be exact."

"Oh, the heart medicine." From that startling thought it was a mere step to the next one. "But, Doctor, that's bad stuff, isn't it? Could that have been . . . I mean, do you suppose that Rhoda Gregory somehow . . .?"

Chris Neilson interrupted. "Wasn't it a little careless on your part, Doctor? Leaving the closet unlocked? Doesn't that lay you open to a charge of carelessness or something?"

THE doctor's face darkened. "Don't be a fool, Neilson. When there's a fainting woman on your hands you can't stop to see that everything's locked up tight." He looked around the table at all of us in turn. "That digitalis is a deadly poison in the hands of anyone but a physician. I shall have to report this to the police." He left immediately.

Guy hadn't said a word but his face was ashen. He lit a cigarette with trembling fingers.

Chris said disgustedly, "I suppose that means that we'll all be subjected to some kind of questioning about our whereabouts last night. And a bumper crop of peas coming in tomorrow morning!"

Guy leaned toward me across the table. "Mrs. Thomas, didn't you say this morning that my aunt had taken too many sleeping pills? Isn't that why she was unconscious?"

He looked so young and upset and frightened that I assumed a casualness I was far from feeling. "Perhaps I did, Guy. But it doesn't matter what it was; the main point is that it wasn't . . . fatal. Don't worry anyway. She's all right now. I was up there myself this morning."

Vinal, who had been sitting with his chin on one hand and stirring his coffee endlessly with the other, suddenly offered without looking up, "In detective stories they say

'Cherchez la femme'. I think the doctor had better 'cherchez' the bottle."

Chris said, with a sideways look at Guy, "Very plausible. And what then?"

Vival said, "Fingerprints," and returned to his coffee stirring.

Chris got up. "Amateur sleuthing, eh? Well, in my opinion you're all getting agitated over something that probably has a perfectly reasonable explanation." He put his hand on Guy's shoulder in passing to the door. "I'd like to see you down at the cannery for a short time. There are a few things I'd like you to look over."

Guy looked at him as if half of his mind was elsewhere but he mechanically nodded his head and got up.

IT IS with difficulty that I write of the next few minutes. No matter how long I live, I think I shall never forget the look on Guy Engers' face when he reached the doorway and turned back to speak to me.

He had walked from the table to the door with the unseeing eyes and automatic gait of a somnambulist. But somewhere on the way between a change had taken place. When he turned to me the dazed look had gone from his eyes, the strain from his mouth, and there was a complete letting down of all the emotions that had been tearing him within. I know now that it was the relaxation coming from having at long last reached a decision, a decision that revealed the way he had to go or be forever damned. And in spite of all the blackness that came afterwards I firmly believe that for Guy it was a shining moment.

He smiled at me. "I'll go up to see Aunt Rhoda very soon, Mrs. Thomas. I'm afraid I've been little comfort to her. But I'll do better now, you can count on that." Then he turned and joined Chris who waited for him.

It had been a long day. So, being very tired, I went to bed early. As is my custom, I read for a short time before putting out the light.

That night I was reading one of Hugh Walpole's Herries stories—the one the great author was writing when he died. It seems to me particularly arresting that I should have marked these words that night,—"I know not what it means, but men, I think, are not masters of their fate but only of their characters." I like to think that at the end Guy Engers was just that—master of his character. As for his fate, that had already been taken out of his hands.

The positive evidence came when next morning old Hiram Chambers who fires the cannery boilers appeared at my back door almost hysterical to tell me that Guy's body lay in a lifeless huddled heap on the floor of the cannery office.

To be continued in the April issue of Everywoman's, on sale at your grocer's March 20th.

MR. PEPLUM'S PARROT

(Continued from page 7)

"Yes, about that." Then I poured out the whole story, my visit to the Bennett house, the schoolchildren's cruelty, and mostly about Marybelle Pfister. I even told him about Mr. Schultz so he could see what can happen through talk.

He sat there silently awhile after I had

finished talking. He just smoked and rocked. Presently he said thoughtfully:

"It appears as if the crux of the whole thing is Miss Marybelle. Someway or other, that lady should be made to learn the real meaning of Christian charity."

And that was all we said about it that night.

Swig's verse and Marybelle's come-uppance took place about a week later. It happened just before supper time on a Friday evening. Most of the men on Maple Avenue had come home from work and were sitting on their front porches. Mr. Peplum had eaten an early supper at the City Grill and was sitting in the corner of the veranda smoking his pipe. Swig was cracking sunflower seeds in his cage, and I was cutting a few flowers for the vase in Mr. Peplum's room.

Marybelle came down the street, I could spot that walk of hers and the bright red cherries on her hat a block away. I turned my back and bent attentively over the flowers, but I heard her pause and turn in. She wrinkled her bony nose and launched into the purpose of her visit: "Something has got to be done about that Nolte girl, Susan. Absolutely shameless the way she gallivants around town with that Tom Bennett. Know what she was brazen enough to do today? Had those two Bennett kids setting right up to the soda fountain in the drugstore, just as bold as you please, all of 'em eating ice cream. Somebody ought to make a call on Miz Bennett and open her eyes to the goings-on. That's what I think and that's what I might do. Why, like I told Miz Wright—"

"ARWRK!" yelled Swig. "Draw up a chair, boys, and I'll break out a bottle!" Then the bird's voice swelled to its full bellowing volume:

*"There once was a spinster named Pfister,
A frustrated dried up old blister,
Each year she got leaner
And meaner and meaner
For nobody ever had kissed her"*

Swig chortled and cackled. "Run and tell, Marybelle," he squawked.

Marybelle's face turned white, then red—red with a kind of purple tint.

Mr. Symes next door had had his feet propped up on his porch railing and I heard his chair crash down onto all four legs, he gave a muffled snort as he rushed through the screen door into the house. The fourteen-year-old Miller boy had been slowly pedaling by with the *Gazette*, and suddenly his front wheel was wavering crazily. I think about five people heard Swig's limerick.

Marybelle turned without a word and marched up the street. And I stole around behind the house until I could get myself under control. I could hear Swig repeating the verse over and over. The slam of a screen door told me that Mr. Symes had come out again and was listening to Swig, maybe even memorizing the limerick.

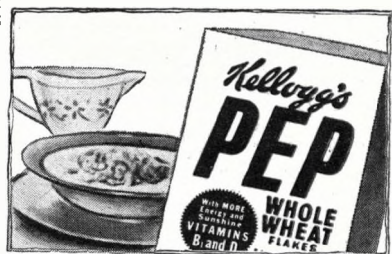
By the next day, the whole of Stevensville chortled over the story. Even Tom Bennett got to hear of it and it was then we found out that Tom was a widower and that the bedridden lady was his mother. Poor Marybelle had a pretty bad time for a while. The schoolchildren learned the limerick and would chant it gleefully at her rigid back.

It all blew over after a while, but I know that Marybelle is not talking like she used to, because Mr. Peplum and I have gone twice to the movies and once to the Band Concert, and so far not one word about it has come to my ears.

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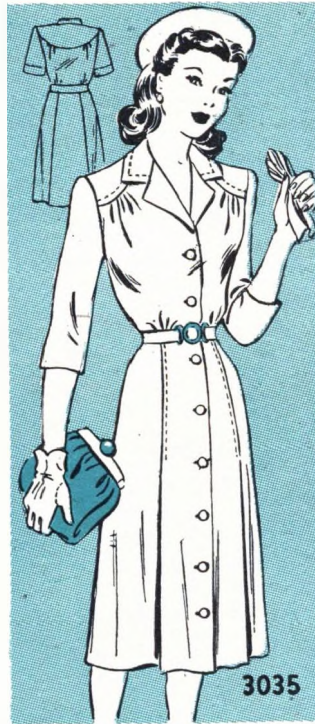
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3035

3044. A beautifully cut two-piece dress that will be smart in either handsome rayon crepe or crisp cotton. Sizes 12 to 46. Size 36, for dress with three-quarter sleeves, $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 39-inch material; for short-sleeved version, $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 35-inch material.

3035. Classic shirtwaist style that is becoming to most figures and fits into any occasion. Sizes 12 to 48. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch fabric.

What shall I wear? How many times have you asked yourself that question? And how many times have you gone to your closet only to find that nothing there suits your mood or the occasion? Why not remedy the situation? Next time you automatically ask yourself, "What shall I wear?" have the answer in the form of one of these winning styles.

This season clothes are more and more in the spotlight as social activities come into their own again and you know yourself that a new outfit and a suitable one goes a long way toward having a good time. Any party seems twice as much fun if you know you're looking your best.

For all you mothers who have requested us to remember your little boys as well as girls, this month we include a little overall suit and rompers for the young men in your busy lives. We haven't forgotten the little girls either for they'll be just as much at home in the overalls as in the dainty dress shown below.

B Y L E E M .



3046

3028

3046. A gay group of aprons sure to take every trick, cut in one size, and each taking $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 35-inch fabric or less. 3028. Princess cut dress that will be easy to make and is sure to be becoming. Sizes 12 to 48. Size 36, $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 35-inch material.



3048

3048. Slip and panty designed to fit smoothly under your dresses. Sizes 12 to 48. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39-inch, with $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards lace edging.



3012

3012. Contains both a little dress and sturdy rompers for the creeping age. Size 6 months, 1, 2, and 3. Size 2, dress, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35-inch; rompers, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35-inch.

For Smartness

Two-piecers are especially nice for spring. They're so fresh looking. 3044 made up in black or your favorite new shade in rayon crepe could even double as a little suit with a perky blouse underneath. Ruffled 3092 would be ideal with its brief sleeves.

When you order more than one pattern at the same time, we try to fill the complete order promptly. When we occasionally run out of stock on a number and size you select, we fill part of the order at once and send the rest as promptly as possible. Under present conditions, we ask that you allow a week after receipt of the first pattern before notifying us that you have not received your entire order.

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LAWRENCE



3016. Princess jumper, buttoning smartly on the shoulders. Sizes 10 to 20. Size 16, jumper, 2 1/4 yards 39-inch material; blouse, 1 1/2 yards 39-inch.



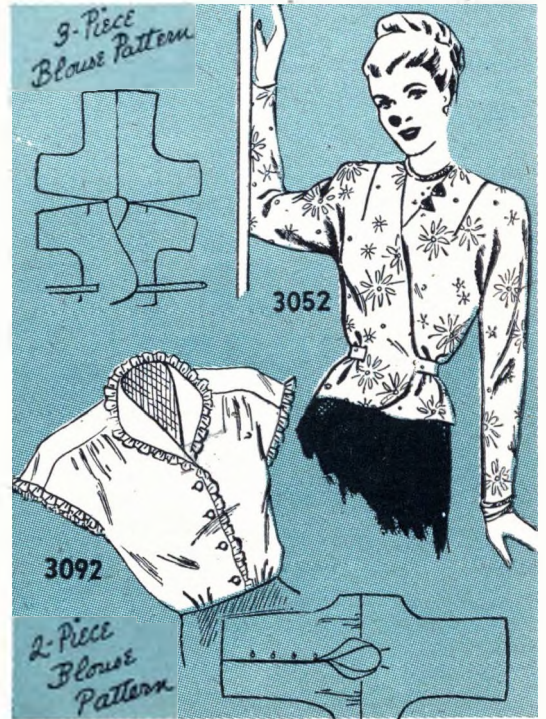
3031. Two versions of an excellent basic dress, closing on the side, to wear under your new spring coat or make later on as a summer dress. Sizes 12 to 48. Size 36, three-quarter sleeves, 3 1/2 yards 39-inch fabric short sleeves, 3 1/2 yards 35-inch material.



3032. A wonderful practical overall suit for the early spring days when there is still a chill in the air. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 4, 3 yards 35-inch fabric.



3047. Saucy dress to have ready when warm weather has come to stay. Bright outton trimming. Sizes 10 to 40. Size 16, 3 1/2 yards 39-inch material.



3052. Side-wrapped closing, kimono cut, and perky peplum below a snug waist. Sizes 10 to 20. Size 16, 2 1/2 yards 39-inch. 3092. To wear with your spring suit, a soft ruffled blouse. Sizes 12 to 44. Size 36, 1 1/2 yards 39-inch; 2 1/2 yards ruffling.

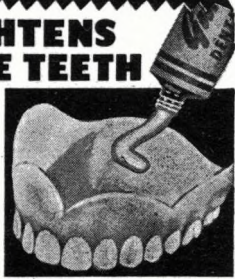
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Lydia E. Pinkham's **TABLETS**

DEBUT

(Continued from page 9)

wished he hadn't been born with a voice. It made everything so hard, right now. The gang asked what was up and he couldn't tell them. They'd think he was some kind of a foreigner, singing for the Italian-American Society! And who knows, maybe they'd kick him out of the football team. Why couldn't Papa have waited until he was a little older? There was plenty of time—then he'd do some bragging himself when he got a big radio contract or something. Things were bad enough as it was, having parents who spoke with an accent, without having the extra burden of music and singing around at places. You'd think Mama and Papa would try a little harder to be more American, or at least to let their children try. Mama and Papa didn't even care about football!

Papa came home more excited than usual on Christopher Columbus Day. "Guiseppe—Guiseppe—today is eet! You alla ready? Alla set, Joe?" He chuckled and sputtered and rubbed his hands together. "Mama—whera you? Da keeds—taka da bath?"

MAMA came out into the hallway and Joe stuck his head out of the parlor.

Mama was grinning. "Keeds alla set! You wash, we eat—thena go, eh?"

"Sure theeng. Guiseppe—Joe—my Joe—you alla set?"

"Sure, Papa."
"You know alla words? Notheeng wrong?" He laughed. "My Joe seeng tonight. Thinka dat." He sang a little of Joe's song.

Joe felt like getting sick again. What if he did forget the words or his voice broke? He pictured the sea of faces, all laughing at him, making fun . . . Gee whiz, why did Papa go bragging around that he was a singer, telling everyone he could sing, maybe even asking if they would let him sing tonight! Joe half-hoped he would get real sick so that he wouldn't have to go.

He went to the piano and looked at the songs. He glanced at the words and mumbled them over and over.

Mary stood in the doorway. "Joe . . ." she started.

"Whadda you want?"
"What if you forget?"
"Aw scram! Go fly a kite!"
Mary flew out of the room.

THE whole family walked to the Italian-American Society. Mary, Toni, Angela and Carlotta were in front—scrubbed and stiff in new clothes. Mama, Papa and Joe walked behind them. Mama and Papa were smiling and swaggeringly proud. Joe carried his music in a tight roll. His face was set in long downward lines.

The little hall was brightly lighted. Christopher Columbus' picture was on an easel on the stage. It was draped with an American flag.

The Sensonis were among the first to arrive. Papa led Mama and the children to the front row. "Don't forget to clap for Guiseppe. Clap loud!" He couldn't keep the laughs down. They bubbled from his mouth and shook his solid, strong body. "Tonight they alla hear my Joe."

The accompanist was waiting on the stage. Papa took Joe's arm and led him up the steps. "You tella Joe where to stand? Thees is Joe's first time to seeng."

"His debut is it? Sure, I'll show him, Mr. Sensoni." He led Joe to the front of the stage. "You stand right here and look straight ahead. When the lights go out, you won't see any faces, only the footlights. When you've finished, bow to all sides—like this." The accompanist bowed gracefully. "You go on third, right after the alderman's speech. We'll wait in the wings and I'll give you the high sign."

JOE didn't say a word. He felt numb all over as he followed Papa and the accompanist backstage. He wondered how he'd ever be able to walk out on the stage when his turn came.

They sat on hard kitchen chairs and waited. Joe listened to his father's comments as he peeked out at the auditorium. "Beeg crowd—all come to hear my Joe, eh? I tella alla the peop'. There's Professor Balistreri, Joe. He tella me he come." A chuckle followed every sentence.

The other performers joined them and sat on chairs and waited. There was an accordionist, a dancer and an actor who was going to read some Italian poetry. The alderman was in the auditorium, shaking hands with everyone. The accompanist told them that he'd come up at the last minute as he usually did.

When the program started, Joe felt his hands trembling. He stood up and tried to control himself. His knees shook and felt like water. He wanted to run, get out of this place and run for blocks. Papa got him into this and what for? Just to make him feel sick! If all of this hadn't happened, right now he could be with the gang, in the drug store or over at the library . . .

THE alderman started his talk. Joe heard something about Christopher Columbus, the great Italian—how all of us followed him over to America to make our homes—to help build this country to be great—how we wanted to raise our children here to be Americans—that that was why we came—so our children could have advantages the parents did not have . . .

The applause was sharp and long. Joe saw the alderman bowing to all sides. He saw him go down the steps.

"Now! We're next, Joe. Go on!" Joe felt the accompanist poking him.

"Guiseppe—you seeng now!" Papa whispered loudly.

Joe walked out on the stage. He felt dizzy as he turned and faced the audience. He couldn't remember one word of the songs or even the melodies. The accompanist ran an arpeggio up and down the piano. Joe looked back at him. The accompanist smiled and nodded.

JOE looked into the wings. There was Papa, standing as far out as he could. His short arms were laid over his stomach. His shoulders were slumped a little. The smile was gone. He looked as if he were going to cry. He looked like Joe felt right now, sick and shaky. Joe saw the thick calloused hands, fingers interlocked stiffly. He saw the strong, short body, usually straight and proud and full of chuckles, now slumped with longing. His face was slumped, too. There were no laughs now, only a great tender yearning and love for Joe, his Guiseppe, the seenger.

The accompanist started the introduction of the song. Joe looked into the black hole of faces, then back again to his father, standing in the wings. Suddenly, Joe knew. *What he*

was doing tonight was what Papa always wanted to do and couldn't. Papa wanted to be a singer! He did everything and gave everything so that Joe could be. Joe remembered the alderman's words, "We came here so our children could have the advantages the parents didn't have."

Joe opened his mouth and sang. It all came back to him, just as it had been in the parlor yesterday, smooth, flowing tones in a clear high soprano. The words were all in his throat and did not disappear. They flowed easily and clearly. He finished the song and heard a burst of applause. Joe smiled and felt happy. He bowed to all sides. It was a nice feeling to know that everyone liked the song. It was like giving them a present. Joe looked in the wings. Papa was still standing there the same way.

JOE sang his second song and bowed to the applause again. He walked off the stage proudly and stopped before his father. He saw big tears were in the creases of his cheeks. One big drop hung on the corner of his mouth.

"Papa—what's the matter?" Joe smiled. His father turned and looked at him. The big drop fell down to his chin. "My leetle Guiseppe—my leetle Joe! I tella them you seeng—alla peop' I tell. Now they know—everyone know!" He put his strong arms around his boy and hugged him tight. "One day you bigga Americano seenger in whole world, eh?"

Joe felt his father's chuckles before he heard them.

COMFORT AND LUXURY IN ONE ROOM

(Continued from page 19)

came to \$42.00. You can see from the picture, again, how effective the whole unit is. In addition, the entire idea gives the room a much-needed feeling of width and cuts down the narrow look it had originally.

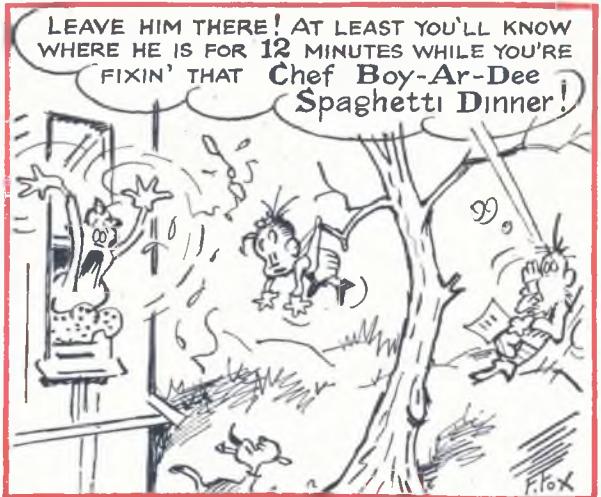
In a store that sells secondhand theatrical props and furniture they found, for ten dollars each, the two small armchairs that flank the fireplace. They were upholstered in a material that had seen more-than-better days so they ripped that off and—neither of them ever having done any upholstering in his life before—they re-upholstered the chairs in a rough-textured coral colored homespun which they bought in a department store. It was fifty inches wide and cost \$1.85 a yard. Five yards gave them enough to cover the two armchairs and two small side chairs plus a little Victorian chair. Total cost of providing new life for the five chairs—\$9.25.

Then they realized that they needed a coffee table and they wanted a good big one. They shopped around and found prices far too steep. So off they went to a secondhand store and bought—for one dollar—a huge old-fashioned golden oak dining room table. They removed the pedestal, turned the legs upside down and put them back on the top and there they were! Naturally, the finish was a horrible "golden" varnish and there were many coats of it, too. With paint remover, steel wool and sandpaper they removed all of the finish, wiped it off with alcohol and waxed it. Now the top is natural or blond oak and is really beautiful. The lower part of the top and the

(Continued on page 36)

TOONER- VILLE FOLKS

by
FONTAINE FOX



A Real SPAGHETTI DINNER ... in 12 Minutes

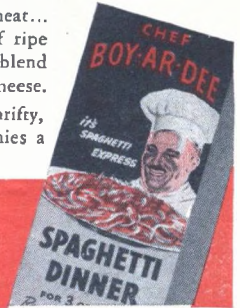
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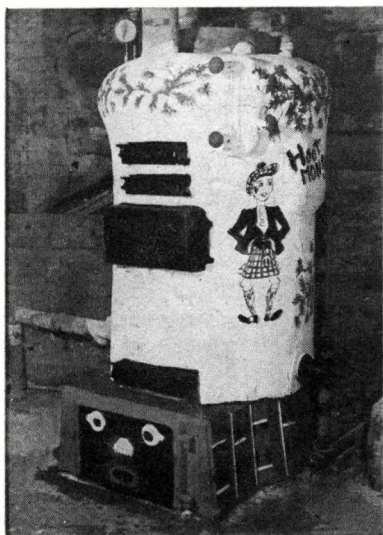
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FUN IN THE BASEMENT

Why envy the Jones' tricked-out rumpus room? Fix up one in your own basement. And if there's a faithful old anthracite furnace to dampen your decorative sense, don't give up! Let rugged informality be the keynote of your playroom.

You can start with the furnace and make it into an object of amusement like the one in the picture. Cover it with a coat of white-wash, after filling any cracks in the boiler jacket with powdered cement. (Get ten cents worth at the hardware store—it fills and dries like putty.)

If yours happens to be a warm air furnace instead of a boiler, prepare the surface for decorating with a solution of zinc sul-



phate powder (from the drug store) and your paint will cling to the surface.

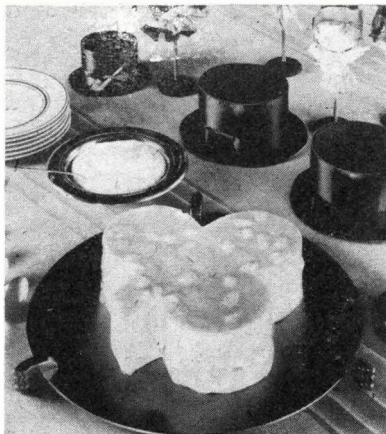
Now for the decorations! With a whole basement to work in, you can let yourself go. Enamel or plain flat paint work equally well. Gay riotous colors are just the thing against a spanking bright background of whitewash. Don't worry about ideas—that rotund furnace is a natural prop for humor to inspire local cartooning talent.

Or, you can turn camouflage artist and cover it with stenciled patterns of flowers and leaves.

Is yours a musical crowd? Then paint black clefs on the white surface and add the notes of your favorite song. Or, apply gay patches of color from the family supply of half used paint cans and let your friends autograph the patches in nail polish or black crayon.

To protect the finished job from wear and tear of basement fun, a sealer coat of varnish or lacquer with an oil base will do the trick.

You'll naturally want to do some of the decorating yourself, but (remember Tom Sawyer) there's no objection to letting your pals help out.



ST. PATRICK'S DESSERT

1 pkg. lime flavored gelatine	½ cup almonds, chopped fine
1 pint hot water	12 dates
½ cup cream	6 marshmallows
	12 drops almond extract

Dissolve the gelatine in hot water. Cool and chill in the refrigerator until syrupy. Fold in the cream which has been whipped until thick and shiny, but not stiff. Fold in the finely chopped almonds and the dates and marshmallows, cut into small pieces. Add almond extract; turn into mold and chill until firm. About 6 servings. Note: A tiny amount of green vegetable coloring may be added.

H-OBJECT PUZZLE



ANSWER TO H-OBJECT PUZZLE

Hammer. Hair. Hand. Hand. Handkerchief. Handle. Hare. Harness. Hat. Hatchet. Head. Heel. Hen. Hill. Hinge. Hoe. Hob. House. Hoop. Horse. Horseshoe. Hose. Heart. Hound. Hook. Hip. Holly. Horn. Hide.

(Continued from page 35)

legs are painted with a flat black paint which forms a stunning contrast to the light wood. Cost of their big coffee table—under \$3.00.

Draperies were a real problem. These were extremely high windows and awkward to treat attractively. To make the room look wider, once more, they disregarded the two single windows and treated them more or less as one by hanging the material right over to the wall on each far side. They bought a sage green rough-textured fabric with a self stripe—which would blend well with their gray walls—and they bought eleven yards of fifty-inch material at \$2.25 a yard, totaling \$24.75. This material was heavy enough not to require lining to hang well. They made a valance board of plywood and stretched a Chinese red rayon material across it, finishing it with upholsterer's braid in silver and green. The medallions are nothing in the world but gilded papier maché though they look exactly like heavy metal.

J. owned an old portable radio and victrola combination before the war. It had been in storage and was not in good shape and its case was far from handsome. A few more trips to the secondhand store neighborhoods and they had found an old marble-topped washstand made of oak but covered by layers of ugly dark-brown varnish. They went to work scraping, wiping and waxing and the result was more than worth the effort. The stand is finely proportioned and has some really lovely hand carving on it and now, in its natural shade of light wood is a beauty to behold. It cost them \$25.00.

J., besides being musical, knows radios inside and out and backwards and forwards. In their washstand he installed his old portable radio-victrola, making a front panelling of plywood which he stained to match the finish of the piece, lining the interior with dark red felt and adding molding for a finished look. A new speaker cost only a few dollars. That, plus the weight of the marble top, gave both radio and victrola a deeper, richer tone and more volume.

"WELL," they thought, "that's that," sitting down and easing their straining back muscles with welcome relief. Then, like a bolt from the you-know-what, came the dire realization that they still had no table at which to eat . . . no place for those informal dinners they wanted to give. What to do? If they could find a dining table they could afford, there wouldn't be one spare scrap of space in which to put it! It would have to be a folding table. But they both said a firm "No!" to the idea of a card table and they started trying to figure out something better. And they certainly succeeded.

Would you ever dream that the good-looking dining table you see in the picture was, in reality, an old window display platform with an old shelf forming its one leg? I certainly wouldn't have. At the other end are two plain everyday hooks which, very simply, hook on to part of the book shelf at dinner time. They painted the one leg with flat black paint and, for the top and sides, used a mixture of jade green, medium blue and black enamel. This gives a deep, soft lacquer green color and the enamel finish makes it easy to wipe off and keep clean. When the table is not in use the one leg folds underneath and it stands, very tidily, in a relatively small space against one of the kitchenette cupboards. It cost them exactly \$8.35!

A real "success story," isn't it?

HOUSE OF MERLIN

(Continued from page 13)

of time now, I thought glumly, before I'll be propping up the wrinkles with a black velvet neck ribbon.

Suddenly Mrs. Belnap's voice penetrated the heavy, settling gloom. "My neck is the nicest part about me," she said complacently.

Mrs. Baxter looked at her. "It is nice now, dear," she said gently, "but none of us are getting any younger, are we?"

"Gosh, no," said Mrs. Belnap cheerfully, "but do you all know what? Yesterday a saleslady took me and my daughter for sisters. Me for the oldest sister, of course," she added parenthetically, "but I thought I'd die laughing."

"Hmmm. Yes," said Mrs. Baxter. "But we mustn't rely on salesladies, must we? We must look searchingly in our own mirrors. Now! We're all among friends, so we're going to strip our skins to rock bottom!"

SHE started passing around jars and bottles. "First we'll use the cleansing cream. Feel how it soaks in and draws out your impurities. Next pat on the freshener—feel how it tightens and tingles your facial muscles. And doesn't it make you feel just *yummy*? And—oh, yes, girls, I almost forgot—check on your charts the products you'll want to order. All the ladies particularly like our Liquid Satin powder base and you all know how vitally important *that* is in our make-up. Without a base, there can be no structure."

There was a pleasant bustle as all lubricated and tingled and tightened and felt *yummy*, and then we gazed around at our naked sisters.

Mrs. Belnap gave a little screech. "Oh, Edith," she said, "you look just like a ghost. Honest."

Edith Rayburn rolled her cleansing tissue up into a little wad. "I'm anemic," she said stiffly. "I was pale even as a child."

Mrs. Belnap shook her head wonderingly. "You need liver injections," she said, "not a batch of cosmetics."

Mrs. Baxter, bending over the charts, reared backwards, her nostrils fairly quivering. "Our health comes first, of course," she said, "but cosmetics aid nature. Moreover, cosmetics lift our morale, and a high morale in turn helps us physically."

"Sure," said Mrs. Belnap, "but my husband says a woman can get as much morale from a jar of lard if the label says it's going to make her beautiful."

"Lard!" cried Mrs. Baxter, her restraint scattering to the four winds, "does lard contain olive oil or glycerine or turtle oil or . . ." With a visible and commendable effort she pulled herself together. "I'm sorry. For a moment I thought you meant it. But, seriously, girls, I hope we *do* appreciate that our scientists have made it possible for us American women to be the youngest-looking and most beautiful women in the world."

It was like a bugle call to the colors, and we all instinctively cast disapproving side-glances at Mrs. Belnap. She wasn't even a bona fide bridge member; she was just substituting for Gladys Nelson who was having a goiter operation.

Mrs. Baxter, with public approval solidly behind her, once again drew us under the spell of Merlin. "This next part is really interesting," she said. "I'm going around the

table now and analyze each of your skins."

She firmly lifted little Mrs. Novak's chin and looked at her piercingly. Mrs. Novak blinked. "You're the pink-and-white type," said Mrs. Baxter, "and I'm dreadfully afraid your present rouge is too orangy. And your skin is dry, sensitive to the wind, isn't it?" Mrs. Novak shook her head no, and then nodded yes, in confusion. "Yes, I guess it is a little," she said.

Mrs. Baxter filled a little paper plate with a small mound of powder and two dabs of cream rouge, on toothpicks, and passed it to Mrs. Novak. "Now work the rouge in high," she cautioned. "And don't, don't, wet your lips when you put the lipstick on. Make up your lips, then powder them, and then put on a second coating."

Mrs. Novak accepted the plate with a rather blurred look in her eyes, and Mrs. Baxter moved on to Mrs. Belnap.

"Oh," she exclaimed, in high surprise, "what have we here? An oily, oily skin, I'm afraid. I want you all to look, girls. This oily skin is caused by the excessive secretion of the sebaceous glands plus the relaxed condition of enlarged pores which secrete."

"Come again?" asked Mrs. Belnap. Her tone was ominous.

"But oily skin can easily be checked by the House of Merlin," added Mrs. Baxter, hastily, "and you're fortunate to be the warm-golden type."

"Wow!" cried Mrs. Belnap, entirely mollified. "I'll have to wake up the old man when I get home and show him how warmly golden I am."

Everyone laughed and Mrs. Baxter said archly, "I think we have an *enfant terrible* with us this evening, haven't we, girls?" She plunked Mrs. Belnap's little plate of selected powder and rouge before her, and then rather hurriedly moved on to the next person. One after one she lifted our respective chins, passed a verdict, and handed each of us, in accordance therewith, our little plates holding the Merlin key to beauty.

SUDDENLY the *enfant terrible* looked up and pointed with a reddened fingertip across the table. "Look," said Mrs. Belnap. "Look at Mrs. Novak. That isn't right, is it?"

Mrs. Novak looked up guiltily, two bright rosy triangles darting up into her eyebrows.

"It's a splendid job," said Mrs. Baxter swiftly. "See how it molds her cheekbones and brings out her eyes. Notice how smoothly it has blended in with her skin texture. When she gets her powder on, Mrs. Novak is going to be delighted with herself. Now, Mrs. Novak, lavishly splash the powder on your cheeks and stroke upwards so as to cover all the fuzz on your face."

"I haven't any fuzz on *my* face," said Mrs. Belnap. "My skin is possibly oily but it isn't fuzzy."

"We all have fuzz," said Mrs. Baxter briefly. She put a final pat on Mrs. Novak and then said, in the tone of one unveiling a monument, "There you are girls."

Mrs. Novak looked fine. She still had that blurred, timid look in her eyes but she was undeniably pink and white and smooth.

"You need to wet your eyebrows," began Mrs. Belnap and then stopped short. "Hey," she said, turning to Mrs. Baxter, "weren't we supposed to have put on that powder base that's so important?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Baxter in a rather strangled voice. "Oh, I'm so sorry girls. I completely forgot to pass it around. I—it—"

(Continued on page 39)

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How to Teach Your Dog Tricks

BY EDWARD FAUST

AS A RULE I don't go all out for teaching a dog tricks because many are the sort that are wholly out of character for our four-legged friend—such as teaching it to hold a pipe in its mouth and wear ridiculous clothes or hats.

I'm convinced, however, that the average smart dog likes to master tricks because such a dog is usually keenly aware of its master's approval, wants to earn it and enjoys being admired. If you don't believe the latter is true, watch any wide-awake pup perk up when it has become the center of attention. Remember, though, that the dog's ability to learn tricks is only a minor indication of intelligence. It does not hold that the dog is smart in dog sense. It simply indicates some intelligence, plus desire for approval, plus willingness to obey. But then, can we ask any more of our dogs? I don't think so.

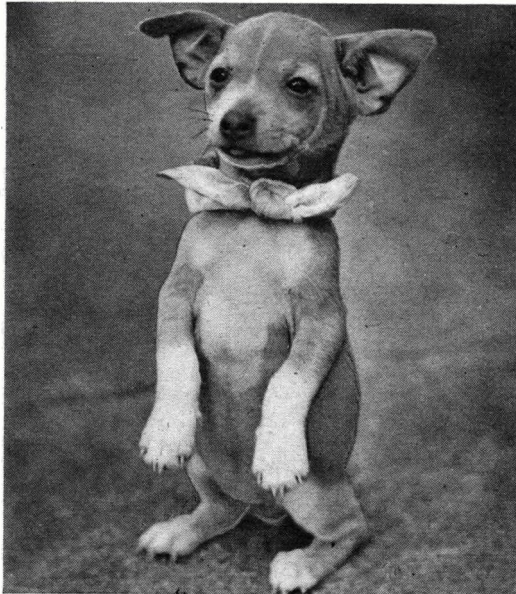
In the teaching of tricks, the breed means nothing. It is individual intelligence regardless of whether the pup is mixed or thoroughbred. Nor does size count except for perhaps some few tricks that very small dogs cannot perform because of physical limitations.

Study the dog. Anything a dog is inclined to do naturally, it will learn to do better as a trick. With a few dogs, tricks do not come easily, or some tricks are more difficult than others. Be patient. Nothing will ever be gained by losing your temper. Nothing will ever be accomplished by shouting and positively nothing will come from punishing or whipping, other than a complete distaste for training on the part of the dog and consequent failure for the trainer.

Perhaps one of the easiest and simplest tricks to teach is jumping. To teach your dog to jump at command, back him into a corner of the room so the side walls prevent escape. Hold a stick a few inches off the floor in front of the dog and give the command word, "Jump." Snap your fingers to coax the dog over the hurdle or have someone else call the dog to him or her. After your pup has learned the command to jump, then raise the stick a few inches. Keep raising it until you have reached a reasonable height. Don't, however, raise it so high that the dog can't clear the barrier. When the lesson is thoroughly learned move the dog to the center of the room and continue to use the stick for the obstacle. Still later, substitute your arm, and before you know it your dog will leap over your arm at command from any part of the room, or outdoors. Other than to call the dog for the first early lesson it is best not to have anyone else in the room when giving this lesson. In fact, unless a trick calls for assistance of a second person, it is best not to have anyone around at any time you are schooling the dog.

Keep all lesson periods short; ten to fifteen minutes twice a day are ample.

To teach your dog to fetch is another fairly easy stunt. Most dogs are, more or



Fred Lewis

less, natural retrievers. Begin by showing the dog the object you want retrieved. Name the object to the dog and keep repeating that name and never change it. Throw it away from you in plain sight of your pup. Give the command word, "Fetch." It will be an unusual dog that will not chase the object, but the dog must learn to bring it back to you. After your Fido has sought out the object, then give the command word, "Here." There's all the chance in the world that your dog won't pay the slightest attention, but don't let this bother you too much. Simply go to your dog and make it return to the place from whence you have thrown the article. Lead the dog back by its collar. If it shows signs of wanting to drop what it is carrying, clasp one hand firmly around its jaws and give the command, "Hold it." To assure more prompt results you might tie a long rope to the dog's collar and when it refuses (as it may) to return to you, haul that pooch back hand over hand. When at your side the dog should get the command word, "Sit" followed by the command, "Drop it!" If the dog does not readily drop the object gently press its nose between your two fingers. Keep repeating the command.

An important lesson is for your dog to sit at command. To teach this, grasp the collar. With your free hand, gently but firmly press Fido's caboose to the ground. Give the command, "Sit!"

Another equally important and easy lesson for the dog (and it's much more than a mere trick) is standing in one place as long as you desire. One of the quickest ways to teach this is to use your long rope again and run it through a ring on the far side of the room, or if outdoors, to a distant tree, wall or post. Walk your dog to the ring and then back away slowly while you give the command to the dog, "Stand!" If your dog starts to

follow, jerk your end of the rope so it cannot proceed any farther. You'd best begin this stunt indoors by grasping the dog's collar with one hand and its tail with the other so you can hold your dog erect while giving the command to stand. In time, if you are patient, you can leave the room or walk away from your dog and it should remain standing in one place until you give the command, "Come here."

To teach the dog to fetch articles while it is out of your sight, show the dog the object, name it and then take the dog with you into another room and show it where you are putting the object. Let the dog first thoroughly smell the article (it will help if you'll rub a bit of meat or cheese on it so the odor will be more powerful and thus make the finding easier for the dog). Always put the object where your dog can reach it easily. Lead your dog back into the first room and unleash it, giving the command, "Fetch it." Always employ something small and light that can be carried by the dog with little effort. If your dog does not get the

idea, snap on the leash and lead it to where you have placed the object in the next room. Make a big fuss over this. Make it exciting for the dog but don't use any words other than the command words so as not to confuse the dog. Keep repeating this lesson until your dog has learned it. A pup I sold to a friend of mine learned within two weeks to fetch cigarettes and matches from an adjoining room on command and is now learning to fetch other small objects.

Pretty nice to have a dog that will close the door when you forget, isn't it? This isn't hard. Open the door slightly, raise your dog's front legs so they rest on the door, give the command, "Close it!" Release your supporting hand from the dog's collar. The dog's weight will close the door. Repeat this lesson over until the dog will stand up against the door at your command without your help. Then, each time thereafter, move a little farther from the door until your dog has learned to obey the command from a distance.

Almost any dog can be taught to "speak." Begin this trick by standing in front of dog with a small piece of meat or other tidbit. Show it to the dog and let him smell it. Pretend to eat it yourself. Hold the article just out of the dog's reach. Give the command "Speak!" Continue until the dog barks which he or she, unless a very unusual pup, will do. Always reward the dog with the eatable. In time you can dispense with any bait and rely entirely on the command word. Still later, if you always have used a hand or finger signal at this time, your dog can be taught to speak on signal only. If you gradually reduce the motion of the signal you can—and many animal acts that seem so uncanny—are governed this way—train your dog to watch for just a slight movement of one of your fingers while your arms remain close to your sides.

(Continued from page 37)

Her voice petered out weakly and then she gathered her forces. "Girls," she said, in a this-hurts-me-more-than-it-hurts-you voice, "I'm afraid we must remove everything and start all over again if we're to give the House of Merlin a fair trial. I can't tell you how sorry I am. This is the first time I've ever slipped up, the very first time."

She looked Mrs. Belnap squarely in the eyes as she began to pass out more cleansing tissue.

IF YOUR MAN HAS LOST A LIMB

(Continued from page 12)

be fitted for a new limb. The experts say the simplest prosthesis is the best because it is easier to manipulate, less likely to break down and is generally lighter. The Navy has been experimenting and thinks that the principals of pneumatics and hydraulic control can be used to procure more flexible limbs. (Pneumatics and hydraulic control are engineering techniques by which movement is accomplished by means of air pressure and liquids.) A light plastic is now being made. A full leg for an above-knee amputation of this material averages 8½ lbs. with the shoe on. A working arm with hook weighs 2½ lbs. and a dress arm 18 oz. This new plastic is impervious to atmospheric conditions and perspiration.

DURING hospitalization, your man will be encouraged to be up and active, to engage in sports and hobbies, even to take a job on the outside if he wants to. These activities make fine exercise for him, help re-establish muscle coordination. Then, too, building up self-confidence is a big part of the job. When he sees other men like himself do all these things, it encourages him to be active.

"When we go to town, strangers often stop us and tell us how sorry they are. Well, we're sorry, too. We agree that it's too bad it had to happen. But a lot of maudlin sentiment can't mend matters. It just makes us feel worse. It's not that I mind talking about it, if the conversation is intelligent," says Marine Pfc. Leonard Moody of Buffalo, New York, who lost a leg above the knee at Tarawa and is now at the Philadelphia Naval Hospital. "But anybody would shy away from the morbid curiosity and funeral consolation we get offered to us gratuitously—and usually from women, too."

I talked with some of the Red Cross girls in the hospitals where other wounded like your man are recovering. "When they get to know us real well, they confide in us," one of the girls said. "The thing that troubles them deep down is how the womenfolk back home will feel when they get back. The single men often ask me if I think a girl will marry them, now that they've had this accident. Sometimes a married man dreads going home because he fears his wife may no longer love him—may be revolted at his appearance."

Keep this in mind—the fear that his changed appearance will affect your feeling toward him. It is terribly important that you get over to him your own reaction—that he is the same person he was before; that his physical deformity cannot possibly affect his personality, his love for you, his mind or his spirit. Everything you loved him for he still has—his point of view, his smile, his com-

panionship, his interests, his feeling for you. If you would help him to readjust to the new life that is ahead for both of you, these are the thoughts you must communicate to him.

So if he's restless, distant or cold when he comes home, try to realize how he feels—that he may be super-sensitive and self-conscious. Don't get discouraged. You can thaw him out eventually. Just like all returned veterans, he's going to have a hard time getting accustomed to being a civilian once more. Take the advice of the psychologist who know; keep him busy and interested. It doesn't have to be a job right away if that's beyond his strength or mood at the moment. But how about hobbies? Get out those sail boats he used to make and start on a new model. Remember how pleased he was to see his dog again? How about adding a couple of puppies to the household? Pets have a way of keeping the owner busy and infinitely amused. Before he went away he was always meaning to take a course in photography and he wanted to learn Spanish. There's no better time to start than now.

TRREAT him as you would any other member of the family. To the world—and especially his family and friends—he wants to seem like anyone else. It will take patience and sympathy to help him make the necessary adjustments. Should you run into snags that you can't iron out alone, don't fret by yourself. Go to a trained person for help. If you're at a loss, ask the Red Cross to help.

Have you stopped to think how many lives have been saved that would have been lost in the last war? Because of newly discovered drugs and prompt front-line treatment, the Medical Corps was able to save many critically wounded. Of those who have lost limbs, there have been few fatalities, and these were usually from other complicating factors. Military doctors say that shock and other wounds as well are generally present when men who have lost limbs are brought in. But once recovered, your man will be just as healthy as before and his chances for a long life are good.

In your anxiety to do the right thing, you might make mistakes that will hurt. Perhaps you'd like to look over these suggestions by hospital staffers who know how these men feel. This is what they say:

Don't be patronizing. Don't be shocked. Don't hover over your returned serviceman and attempt to wait on him as though he were helpless. If he needs help, he won't be bashful, he'll ask for it. *Let him be independent.*

IF YOUR man is a soldier, he might be at any of the Army's seven centers where such wounded are sent. The Army limb shop at England General in Atlantic City will fit a limb for him using stock parts supplied by private manufacturing firms. The fitting of these parts is, however, done individually. He'll be put through an intensive physiotherapy (treatment by heat, light, water, massage, etc.) that will get him back to normal in short order. Because the Army believes in fitting limbs as soon as possible, he'll get a temporary limb that will be constantly adjusted to his changing condition.

In fact, it will take two or three years before gradual shrinkage of wound tissue is completed. So your man will require medical attention even after he becomes a civilian. But as a veteran, the Armed Services no longer have jurisdiction over him. He should

(Continued on page 40)

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(Continued from page 39)

apply for all benefits and treatment to the Veterans Administration—or VA—upon discharge.

This is what the VA will do for him:

FIRST of all, he is entitled to a pension. This may range anywhere from \$11.50 to \$300 monthly, depending on the degree of disability. The VA will also help him to learn a trade, study for a profession or get a job. And, as it should be, he is entitled to lifelong medical attention. If he needs a permanent limb, the VA provides it. It also keeps the limbs in repair and will refit a temporary limb as a spare. The VA won't give you the money to go out and buy the limb, but it will order it for you from a private manufacturer. Don't go out and buy a limb expecting the VA to reimburse you the cost. The VA has no legal authority to hand over money to you. You'll just be out of luck. Perhaps you and your man may feel a more expensive limb than that provided by the VA would be more beneficial and you're willing to chip in the difference. Sorry, the VA isn't allowed to do this either. But VA officials say they'll try to fulfill these special requests if they are necessary.

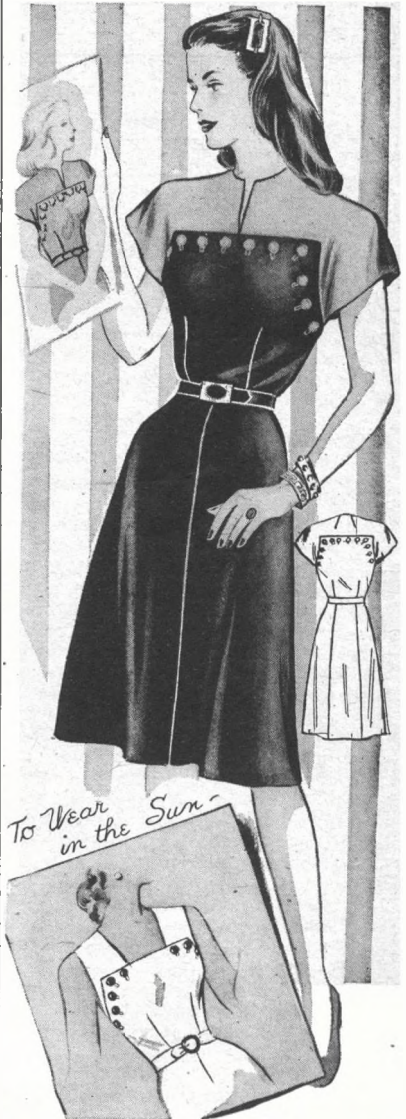
Are you concerned over the newspaper reports you've read in past months that veterans are dissatisfied with the Army limbs that have been provided them? Charles G. Bolte, Chairman of the American Veteran's Committee, who lost a leg at El Alemain, says these gripes are:

THE limbs are too heavy. They don't fit properly. They break down too often. Prices are too high. Some veterans have had to resort to private concerns in order to get a permanent limb. In general, all prostheses are mechanically primitive since no advances have been made since the Civil War.

You can rest assured these complaints have registered and the newly reorganized VA announces that it has this problem near the top of its list. VA Surgeon General Paul R. Hawley has plans to spend \$1,000,000 in research. An advisory committee of veterans is to pass on these improvements. Carrying on work begun by the Army, the National Research Council and the American Academy of Sciences are working on these problems now. It's too early yet to see any practical results but in a few years the experts are certain there are going to be better artificial limbs. New plastics will replace odorous leather and rigid metal parts. They can now make natural-appearing hands, ears and the like. If mechanical parts can be concealed in these, the improvement will be tremendous.

In the meantime, don't you get discouraged and don't let him! Stick to the VA. Don't go off on private shopping tours that will put you on the sucker list of profit-hungry dealers. Last December the papers reported a Federal Grand Jury summons of a number of artificial limb manufacturers on charges of conspiring to fix unreasonable prices in violation of the anti-trust act. In many cases, the fancy prices a veteran may pay out of his own pocket are merely for a lot of extra frills that cannot improve the efficiency of the artificial limb. Be careful both as to fitting and price. Don't put up with inferior limbs or attention. Your man is entitled to the best that science can make available. His government is paying for it and has set up the machinery to see that he gets it. If he feels there are shortcomings, he should make his complaints known.

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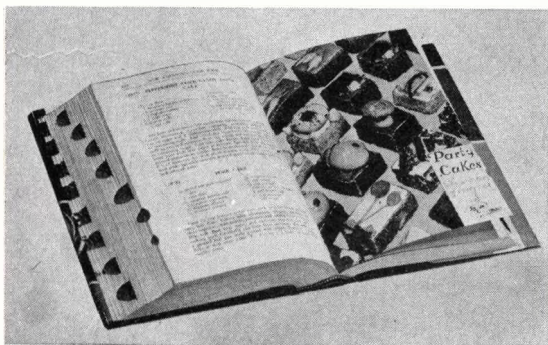
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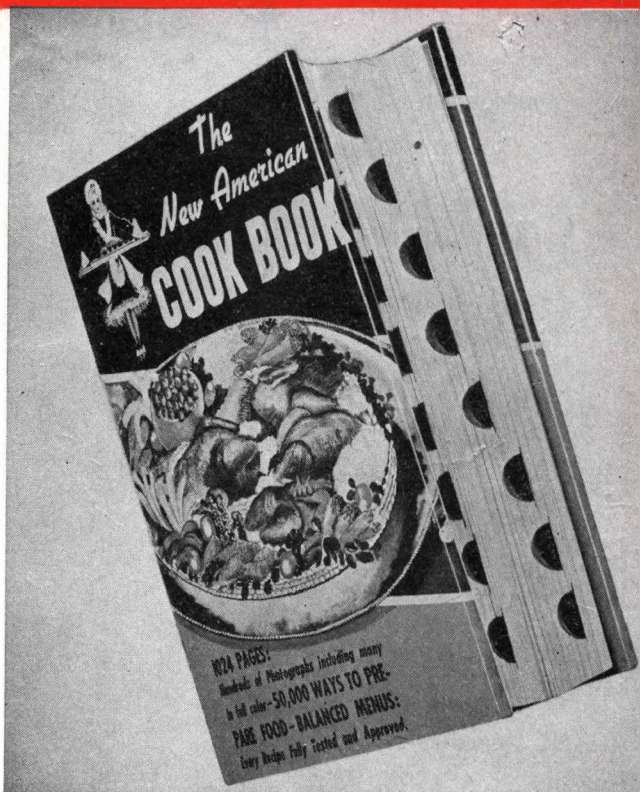


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