

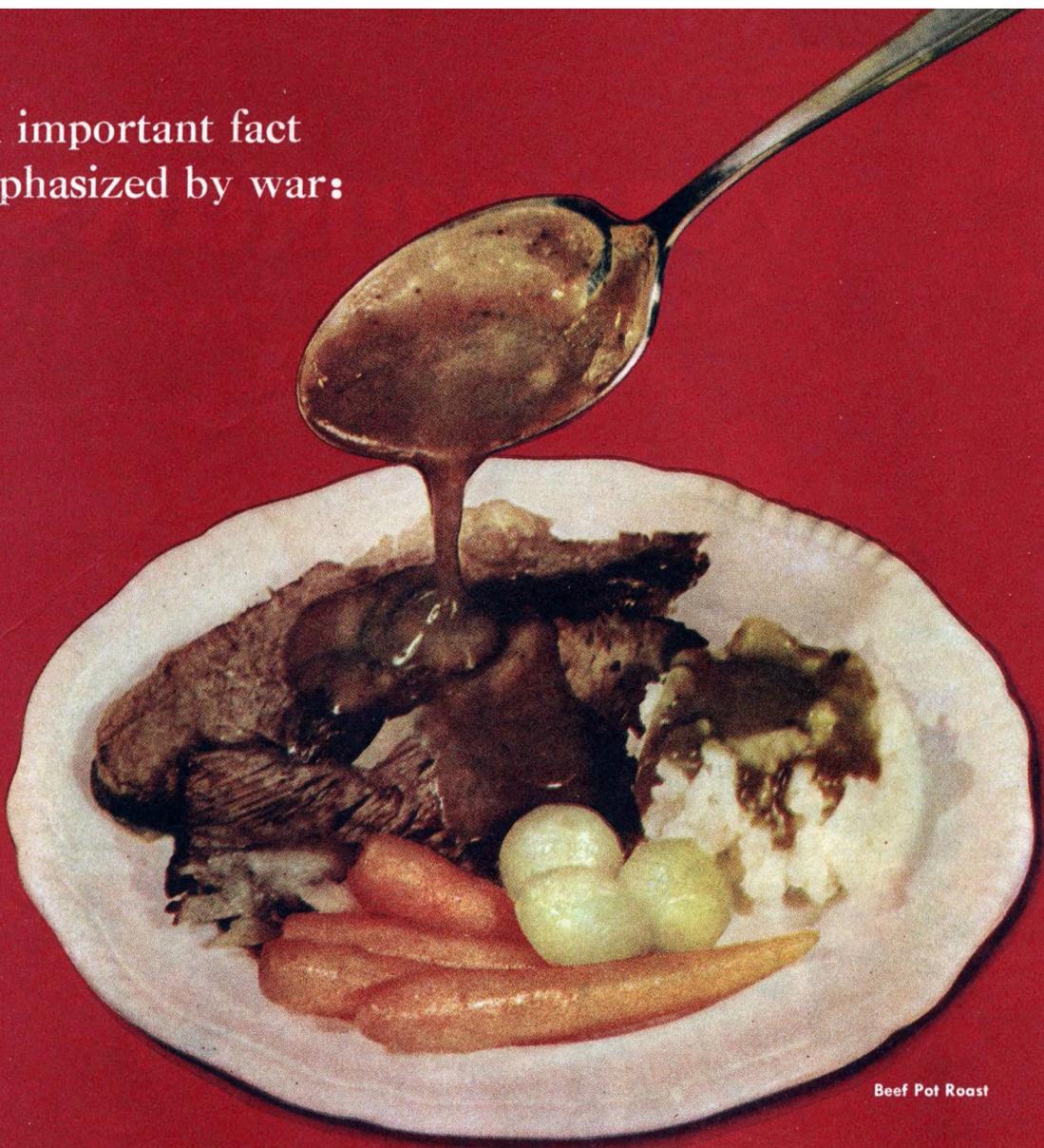
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Everywoman's

MAG OBER 1945



An important fact
emphasized by war:



Beef Pot Roast

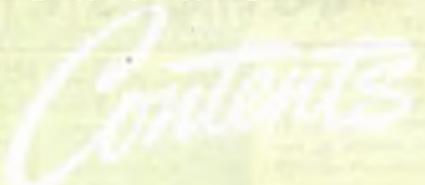
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From the Editor

Time rushes by, scattering miracles. Yesterday, we were still in the machine age, having but partial mastery of the air, sea, and land in our world and not the slightest knowledge of how to control the planets in our universe. Today, we have harnessed the sun! We have revealed the secret of the cosmos, so that not only will we be able to run this world on the greatest source of power and release everyone for the joy, instead of the drudgery, of living, but also we may be able to travel through space to other planets.



Joan Ranson

New concepts are needed for living in such a world. The power of the atom will be a taken-for-granted thing just as the power of electricity now is. Our minds, geared to the machine age, must be adjusted to cope with the atom age. When a man can carry a bomb in his pocket which will destroy a city, of what use are established armies and the old lines of defense? There is no corner to hide in such a world. There is no person immune from destruction. Except through one thing—friendship with all his neighbors. Countries must be friends. War, as the last resort in case diplomacy fails, is unthinkable. Man must not destroy himself. Man must live to fulfill his destiny as the greatest of God's creatures.

This October, we present three new authors. Frances Brentano, who wrote *How to Stay Young*, is a Bostonian by birth, a New Yorker by adoption. Graduated from Radcliffe, she taught at Wellesley. After marrying Lowell Brentano in 1918, she became an editor in Brentano's. Traveler, lecturer, and writer, she contributes to many magazines.



Frances Brentano

Robert Halsband, author of *Be Kind to Dumb Bachelors*, writes on marital problems! His hobbies are serious music, Kerry Blue terriers, the theater, and he teaches English at Northwestern.



Robert Halsband

After reading *Song in the Night*, you will believe Paul Annixter when he says he best likes to write animal stories. He has had three hundred and ninety of them published here and in England since he sold his first in 1916, the year he took up a timber claim in northern Minnesota. Now, he, and his wife, also a writer, live in California. Paul's proudest achievements are two fireplaces that heat and draw perfectly and a swimming pool that has a ladder and a drain in it. He says, "It takes a lot of gumption and intestinal fortitude for a mere word-slinger to achieve perfect masonry."



Paul Annixter

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KITCHEN COMPASS



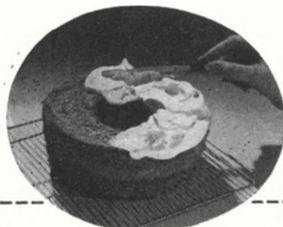
BY

*Elizabeth
Ann Baker*

POINTERS FOR GOOD COOKS

A mother with a soldier son said to me: "You know, it's up to us mothers to make sure that our boys come back to the same kind of homes they left". For months our men in uniform have dreamt of coming home — "coming home" to clean shirts and socks, to pressed suits — and home-baked cakes! Cakes that have never seen a G. I. kitchen or a corner store! That'll do more than coddling to relieve the tension of those long years in uniform.

If you're out of practice, let me help you to a quicker start for the Great Day when he yells through the door, "Hey, Mom, what's cooking?"



Feather Sponge Cake (no shortening)

4 eggs	3/4 c. sifted flour
3/4 c. sugar	1 1/2 tablespoons
1/4 c. cold water	cornstarch
2 tps. Rumford Baking Powder	1 tsp. salt
	3/4 tsp. vanilla

Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Add sugar gradually, beat until smooth. Add water. Sift flour, baking powder, cornstarch and salt, add gradually to first mixture. Add vanilla. Beat egg whites until stiff, fold in. Bake in 9-inch tube pan in moderate oven (325° F.) 1 hour. Invert pan on wire cake rack until cool. Ice as desired.

This "welcome home" Rumford cake that uses so little shortening and sugar is from my Rumford cookbooklet, "Cakes to Cheer About". Let me send you a free copy — with my new "Sugarless Recipes" folder. Be sure to use Rumford Baking Powder with sugarless recipes — it's all-phosphate — never leaves a bitter taste.

Address Elizabeth Ann Baker, Rumford Baking Powder, Rumford 16, Rhode Island, for "Cakes to Cheer About" and "Sugarless Recipes".



Letters From

READERS—With the weather sending us indoors hobbies come out of hiding again. What's yours? We'd like to hear about it whether it's collecting recipes, cookbooks, pictures or perhaps doing some sort of handicraft.—EDITOR

GREEN AND YELLOW BASKETS



My love for collecting baskets may be a throwback to the days when as little girls, we played the game "A tisket, a tasket, a green and yellow basket." A few years ago a friend brought me a very attractive basket she had bought in Mexico City. From that moment I knew I would like to collect baskets and while my collection is not so large in number, it is full of interest. Baskets and pottery have been found in the handicrafts of all primitive people clear back to the earliest history of mankind and there are many references in the Bible—"And they took up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full."

A small basket of peeled bamboo was sent to me by a missionary friend in China. The Chinese have a quaint custom of putting a grasshopper or cricket in a basket and hanging it in the shop or home or even tying it to a rickshaw. Whenever the insect chirps, evil spirits dare not come. The Chinese baskets are simply designed, many having a cover. The workmanship is beautiful.

I have a basket made of Kaffir corn from Africa. No doubt the American soldiers found many types of baskets among African curios. A quaint orange and tan basket to hold thread was sent to me from Balmania, in the northern part of Ireland. I have baskets from



Baskets from China, Ireland, and Africa

most of the states, also from Italy, Canada, Hawaii, Poland, and Mexico. The mountaineers of Tennessee and the Carolinas have their split pine, woven baskets, very sturdy and enduring as the people themselves.

From Florida I have a basket made of coconut shell trimmed with small burrs, finished in bronze. In the Ozarks of Missouri, I found a small basket covered with hickory bark to resemble an old-fashioned feed basket. Several of my baskets were made by American

Indians on their different reservations. They are of many types and I suppose since the Indians do not express their culture in literature or music that basketry, blankets, and crude pottery suffice as their creative aspirations. The individuality of each tribe is definitely expressed in their handicraft. Nature and religious symbols are woven into the basket patterns, mostly made by women.

You may have a cabinet or shelves to display your baskets or if your collection is not too large, you may scatter them about the house where they can be used for whatever purpose they best fit. I have one from Arizona that is just right for unanswered letters, another for a mending basket, and one for my crocheting and knitting. They make interesting table decorations piled high with fruit and a small shallow one with a paper doily in the bottom holds hard rolls or crackers and pretzels. If you have a garden and the pleasure of cutting your own flowers for the house, a handled basket over your arm is a treasure. So varied are the uses of baskets, they were made to live with.

My oldest basket is about sixty years old. Some are valuable, others not, except that they bring back lovely memories of trips I have made and pleasant experiences and thoughts of friends who have helped me collect them.

MRS. S. A. WARD, Colorado Springs, Colo.

NOT OLD ENOUGH

I get *Every-woman's Magazine* every month when I go shopping for my daughter's food. I like the recipe page very much and everything I made on the page came out wonderful. I only wish Barbara Joan were old enough to help me eat it. She is eight months old. She says a few words, and also sings and loves music. She weighs almost eighteen pounds.

MRS. S. MELTZER, North Bergen, N. J.



Gleeful Little Girl

GARDENING'S HER HOBBY

May I join your "magazine family"? I enjoy your *Letters From Our Readers* immensely. Though I haven't any snapshots to send (film being scarcer than hens' teeth around this vicinity), I thought perhaps you'd like to hear from another reader. I am a comparatively new reader. My sister has just started getting the last two issues.

I wanted to tell you about the pansy bed which I have. It is so beautiful now. I picked a huge bouquet because the more one picks, the more blossoms there will be throughout the season. There were enough blossoms to fill one large yellow bowl and three smaller vases. They are Swiss Giants and several different colors, some plain and some spotted. Growing pansies is a special hobby of mine. Their flowery faces have an almost human look sometimes. I think the old-fashioned name of "heart's-ease" was very appropriate for them.

Our Readers

I should like to have a few pen pals if any other readers would care to write to me. I love to write letters and receive them, too. Old, middle-aged, young, and very young, married or single—ladies, I should enjoy hearing from you. I am twenty-three and live in a very small town. I am interested in gardening, music (that is, I'm an appreciative listener), reading books, hiking, crocheting, and sewing.

I look after some children in the neighborhood while their parents are away evenings and during the daytime I help my mother with the housework and the flower and vegetable gardens. I'm collecting soufilé recipes and should enjoy having some more.

MISS FANNIE DAWLEY, Greenwich, N. Y.

THE FEE

*Love is as gay as a ruffle of tulle;
As splendid as newly-brushed hair;
Love is as warm as a red velvet muff;
As heady as late Autumn air.*

*Love is as strong as a fine canvas sail;
As bright as a golden new day;
But he who would hoard it holds ashes and dust—*

For Love must be given away.

Louisa Rydberg

JUST FOR HIM

Everywoman's is a must in our home. We read it from cover to cover. I just couldn't begin to tell you what articles we like best. I've just read a grand poem in the May issue on the Readers' Page. It was by



Pvt. Henry Coenen

Peggy Babinchak and entitled, "Something To Think About." The first stanza of the poem seems to be written just for my brother, Pvt. Henry Coenen, who is serving in the Army somewhere in Germany, but it fits all fine lads everywhere the fighting is thickest.

EDITH COENEN, Franklin Lakes, N. J.

IT'S THE CATS!

It's the cats. Those three words describe my hobby, as I'm a collector of cats, although Timmie is my only live one among the many that I have. My collection includes anything and everything in the shape of a cat, with a cat design on it, or pertaining to a cat. When I was a little girl we lived on a large farm and had as many as twenty-two cats at one time, but city life has restricted my collection to inanimate objects now.

My collection includes water glasses, plates, cream pitchers, candles, salt and pepper shakers, toothpick holders, napkin rings, tablecloths, napkins, and other articles for setting a table. Bottles, bookends, lamps, fishbowls, ashtrays, pictures, doorstops, plant holders, and plaques are everywhere you look. My pillowcases and towels are "catty," too, and I have two cabinets full of china, glass, soap,

bone, and other cat figures. Several scrapbooks are bulging with different cat pictures and I have fourteen card decks with cat designs. Writing paper, cards, seals, bookmarks,



Mrs. Trautwein and her Collection

scratch pads, hankies, jewelry, and other articles too numerous to mention round out my collection.

The most unusual items include an enormous china lace-edged sugar bowl with a cat handle, an antique glass bottle shaped like a cat, a silver Christmas tree ornament over forty years old, and a life-size white china cat with eyes that glow in the dark.

No cat collection would be complete without a mouse or two, so I have a cheese plate with white mice painted on it, a mouse pitcher, and a white china mouse.

Since starting my collection about three years ago, I have tried to obtain a small cat-shaped clock and I once saw a black cat-shaped china teapot which I yearned for but could not obtain. I've been looking for another but have not even seen one. Won't anyone reading this who has any article that might add to my collection please write to me? I'll exchange fairly and have made several exchanges with others. I'm also interested in any old books containing cat poems, stories, or pictures. No item's too great—none too small—so please write me, folks—I want them all!

MRS. A. C. TRAUTWEIN, Buffalo, N. Y.

A SURPRISE FOR DADDY

Here's a snapshot of my six-and-a-half-months-old daughter, which I hope you will print as I want to send it to her daddy. He's overseas in Burma and has never seen her. He's been in the Army for thirty-



Donna Marie

four months and has been overseas eleven months. My husband's very proud of his daughter and I know he will be surprised and happy to see her picture in your magazine. I always clip out poems and interesting articles and send them to him with my letters. He enjoys them very much. Our baby girl's name is Donna Marie. My husband's name is Donald and mine is Marie so we combined the two names for her. She has two teeth, sits up alone, and has accomplished saying Da-Da at last.

MRS. DONALD MATTICKS, Alliance, O.

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the weather,
for happifyn'
eatin



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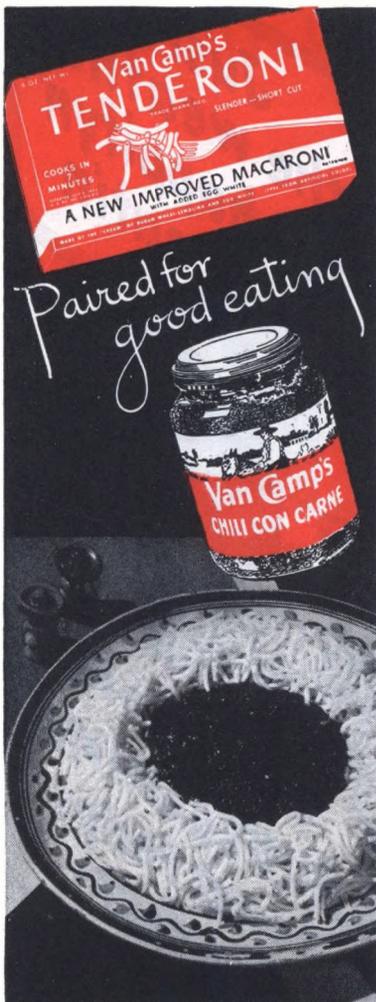
GET BOTH

The red box for pancakes and waffles, the yellow box for buckwheats.



LISTEN TO

Aunt Jemima in person on the Blue Network daily.



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Take it easy with Van Camp's

Parties are Good for Children

BY DR. MARY HALTON

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

IT WILL soon be Tommy's birthday, so his mother tells him he can give his little friends a party. This is a new idea for Tommy—to give social pleasure to others—to look after his guests and see that each has a good time.

Children, as they begin life, are neither friendly nor unfriendly. Friendliness is a thing only some acquire. A child who learns that the success of his party depends on him will make friendly overtures to all the little ones to make every one of his guests happy. Without knowing it he is putting into practice the fundamental principle of getting along with people and making friends, an invaluable accomplishment for success in later life.

To be the successful host at the party gives practice in many desirable accomplishments, all unknown to the child. Not the least of these are self-effacement with leadership, cooperation, understanding, altruism, and poise.

There can be plenty of fun in preparation for the party—fun which teaches the child. Judgment and decisiveness are two of the qualities he learns. What records are to be played? What games would be the most fun to play? What games would be best to include everyone? Should there be a prize competition such as *Pinning the Tail on the Donkey* and what will the prizes be? What does the ten-cent store offer?

Taste and invention, too, are unconsciously learned. How shall the table be decorated and what refreshments shall be served? Laboring for days to prepare the party teaches self-discipline. Rolling out the cookies and threading the pink and white popcorn to make initials for each child's place at the table are pleasant, hard work. Making invitations with some original design develops the artistry of social life.

Organization is not the least thing a child may begin to learn in connection with his party. There are few good organizers in this world—people whose minds can get behind a project and, out of numerous elements, can evolve an organized whole which effects the task in hand. Mother gently can suggest, can put into the child's mind, without the knowledge that he is not the originator, a complete plan of all the necessary things that go to make the party a success. As the plan unfolds, the child experiences the actual organization procedure. Having learned how to make the wheels go 'round, he has had an experience, new to him, that can serve as a pattern in many organization plans of his unfolding life. And since a party is such fun, he does not even know that he is working at advanced problems. This is the way a child unconsciously learns some of his most important lessons in life. The more we adults



become aware of the ways in which children learn, the more vitally shall we be able to help them.

The child who has worked hard at all the pleasant tasks that go to the making of a party is not liable to be shy and nervous at the party. He has a big delightful job to do as host. I have seen more than one child who was normally anti-social and nervous in company, entirely transformed into a pleasant, busy, friendly little creature, when, coached by his mother, he gave a party for his friends.

The games played at a party are important as they break the ice and make the children forget shyness and join in the fun. Of course, the games have to be selected according to the age group of the children. The six- and seven-year-olds can often remember and play some of the more popular singing kindergarten games. Then there are always some of the good old games that have stood the test of years and can be played by almost any group, such as *Blind Man's Buff*.

The refreshments also should be suited to the age group. Since most children's parties are held between the hours of three and half-past-five, the refreshments had best be in the form of a light, digestible supper served at the end of the festivities so as not to cause trouble by irregular eating.

Grownups should not be at the party. The young host's mother, of course, will have to be there but she should aid unobtrusively, helping her own child to take the lead, finding the less shy of the children at the party and coaching them in how to assist their young host. Children often develop quite remarkable capacity for taking responsibility when it is given them.

Learning social play with its gracious give-and-take is something few of us older people have really mastered. Let us help our children to a lovelier, more wholesome social life than we have ever attained.

Diary of a Housewife

BY MARJORIE HICKEY

Oct. 1. Isn't it obliging of nature to change her seasons—and who wouldn't be glad to see October?



Now is the time for coming indoors. With windows closed against the first fall chill, the world shrinks once more to the size of the house, and life revolves again about the lamp-lit living room with the fire on the hearth . . . Joel asks if they can have a Hallowe'en party, and Judy says . . . and make it scary! Why not? What's October for, if not a Hallowe'en party?

Oct. 5. And now are the evenings when suppertime finds darkness fallen, and the evening meal is pleasantly different with candles lighted behind the low bowl of garden flowers . . . and under the plates place mats snipped out of a roll of floral wallpaper and ironed flat . . . That mock anchovy paste we had for spreading on toast or crackers tonight instead of butter is stuff that could make a woman famous. Cream a 3-ounce package of cream cheese with ½ teaspoon grated onion and 1 beef bouillon cube softened in 1 tablespoon milk . . . Judy asks *how* we'll make the party scary? Said I, we'll tack a sign on the front door, big shivery black crayon letters on orange crepe paper: *Haunted House*, and her guests will have to be scared. Pa rattles his newspaper and says haven't I got enough to do without Hallowe'en parties?



Oct. 9. Pa turned on the radio for the weather report, checked with the newspaper, studied the thermometer, and announced like an oracle we'd have frost tonight, so everybody pell-mell in a rush outside to harvest what we could: little green tomatoes and the last blue grapes, all the fat little gourds hanging higgledy-piggledy over the picket fence and all the lovely sad-to-go annuals . . . there'll be no more . . . Joel asks what we'll eat at the party? That's easy: gingerbread baked in cupcake papers, jack o'lantern sandwiches—cream cheese tinted yellow and spread on rounds of raisin bread with bits of jelly for features—hot chocolate and cider, licorice candy and orange drops, a brimming bowl of apples and nuts. Pa grumbles we'll all get the stomach-ache.



Oct. 17. Gourds picked last week seem dry enough, so today bored a small hole at both ends of each to dry them inside, too, and cleaned them well with a soft brush. Coated some with white shellac, but ran out of shellac and finished the rest with liquid

floor wax. Piled up on autumn leaves, they'll make our table decoration for the party. Such a dither over a party, says Pa.

Oct. 19. Turned small green tomatoes into green tomato pie, and it tastes and looks like mince. Cover 2 cups chopped tomatoes with boiling water and boil one instant. Drain, add ½ cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon each of salt and cinnamon. ¼ teaspoon each of cloves and mace, ½ cup chopped raisins, and 3 tablespoons melted butter. Bake 40 minutes.

Oct. 22. Straightened out mending basket and gave it quite some appeal by tucking in among the needles and threads, a small bottle of hand lotion, an emery board, package of mints, pocket-size book of verse for memorizing. Now let the socks fall where they may! . . . Children spent afternoon cutting pumpkin faces out of orange construction paper for invitations to party . . . Pa growls, don't ask him, he's not coming.

Oct. 29. Joel out and brought back red and yellow leaves and pressed them himself with a warm iron to make them last better. Judy and I made ourselves masks; old pillow slips stitched to fit the shape of the head, slits cut for eyes and nose and then terrifically funny faces painted on with water colors or crayons. Yarn hair adorns the top, or a hat. *Scary!* said Judy, very satisfied. Pa says he won't be able to take it; he'll go see something tame like Boris Karloff at the Bijou.



Oct. 31. I don't know what we'd have done at the Hallowe'en party without Pa . . . I told him. Privately, I thought the party might have gone better if he hadn't kept shouting Boo! at everybody . . . and hadn't got into the refreshments so soon.

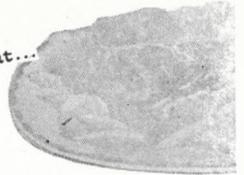


\$1 HERE'S HOW

Here's how to protect that honorable discharge your loved one brings home: Roll it and slip it into a mailing tube or the tube left from your paper towels. Write the contents on top and put away for safe keeping. After the last war, folks found their folded discharge papers did not photostat well. MRS. WILLIAM GEIPEL, Flushing, N. Y.

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 Victory Stamps. No unaccepted Here's Hows will be returned.

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"Mother! Do you want me to look haggard? I tried to get it on like this at least six times."

Susan's First Date

BY HELEN WEBER



Some events in our lives are beginnings—our first day at school, our first kiss, and above all, our first date.

"Oh, Mother, I couldn't stand it another minute. I was so worried about my socks. I was so afraid they wouldn't dry. Oh, hello, Aunt Marge. Oh, I'm so excited! I think I'll get dressed now."

"What time is Victor calling for you?" her mother asked.

"Eight o'clock. He said he'd be here promptly at eight o'clock."

"Why Susan!" Aunt Marge said. "It isn't three-thirty yet. I'm sure you have plenty of time."

"Yes," said her mother. "Why don't you do some studying now, work on your geometry? You have plenty of time to get dressed."

"Why Mother!" Susan was astonished. "Geometry! Did you say I should study now? Why, I'm so excited, I couldn't concentrate, I simply couldn't do a thing. I'm going to put my hair up in curlers now, and then take a bath."

"But Susan," her mother remonstrated gently, "your hair looks very nice."

She turned to Aunt Marge. "I don't know how she slept a wink last night, I don't know how many curlers she had in her hair. Why don't you just brush it, dear? That's all it really needs."

Susan turned to go out of the room.

"Well, I suppose I don't need to put curlers in, but I'm certainly not going to study now. I don't know how you can even suggest such a thing. I'm so excited I couldn't look at a book. I have all week end anyway. My gosh, Mother, it's simply out of the question. I think I'll fix my nails."

She went into the room she shared with her younger sister. "I'd better use some of Carol's polish before Barbara comes home," she whispered. "Barb would be sure to tell. She's such a child. I'm sure I had more sense when I was her age."

While she was holding her fingers stretched out before her, turning them gracefully to the right and then to the left, the phone rang.

"Susan, answer the phone please. I'm sure it's for you," her mother called.

"Mother!" Her voice was close to tears. "Gosh, Mother, how do you expect me to answer the phone? My nails! They'll be ruined, simply ruined if I touch anything now. Please, Mother, I just can't now."

She could hear her mother at the phone.

"No, Muriel, I'm sorry, Susan can't come to the phone now. Yes, I'll tell her to call you. Bye."

"Oh, thanks, Mom, thanks a million!" Susan called. "I'll call her just as soon as the polish is dry." She looked at her hands held stiffly in front of her, gazing critically at her short, stubby fingers. "I don't know why my hands couldn't be the long tapering type. Just look at those short stubby fingers. I hope I grow yet. Gosh! I hope I'm not going to be the short, stocky type. I might even be fat. I'll die if I am. Muriel is lucky! She's so tall and willowy. Oh, but I'm happy. Imagine Victor asking me to go to the dance with him. He's so super!"

She rubbed a fingertip gently over her thumbnail. "I suppose I can risk it now, I'll call Muriel." She went to the phone and dialed the number, then looked at her nails to see if the polish had streaked.

"Muriel? Yes, it's Susan. Yes, my socks are dry. Oh, they look wonderful, so white and soft and fluffy. I'm dressing now. Imagine, Mother thought I might be able to study! Why I couldn't concentrate on a thing. No! I'm dressing. I fixed my nails. I used Carol's silver slipper polish. It's the most beautiful shade. Muriel, do you want to know something? Carol said I could use her perfume. Oh, of course, I know that! Just a little behind the ears and on the wrists. Well, look, Muriel, I better get back to dressing. Aren't you dressing yet? Well, it's almost four, and he's coming at eight. I wouldn't want to be late. I'll see you tonight. Isn't it thrilling? 'Bye, Muriel!'"

She returned to her room and found Barbara stretched out on her bed.

"My socks!" Susan exclaimed. "Oh, my socks! Don't you dare touch my socks, Barbara, you know how white angora is!"

"Oh, Susie, for heaven's sake! I'm not touching them. You'd think I'd been playing with mud or something."

"Well, leave them alone and *don't* call me Susie! Why don't you go away? Go on, Barbara!"

"You'd think I were two years old the way you act. I'm almost fourteen, Susan dear, and you are only fifteen and two months. Anyway you used Carol's polish and I'm going to tell her, so there!"

"Now, Barbara, don't be so silly, and go away."

"Oh, be still! You make me sick! Just because that Victor asked you to go to the dance you sure think you're something." She picked up a fluffy sock. "Oh, dear," she mimicked. "Why look, Susan dear, a bit of dirt! Dirt on your precious sock, Susan dear."

Susan made a dash for the socks. "Mother!" she screamed. "Please get Barbara out of here. I can't do a thing with her watching me. Please, Mother, get her out of here!" Her voice trailed on, "Please, Mother!"

"All right, but don't think I'm not going to tell Carol about that polish, Susie!" Barbara's slam of the door shook the walls.

Susan rested her elbows on the dressing table and held her face in the palm of her hands. "Oh, my nose," she groaned, "and those freckles! I wish I were as pretty as Muriel. Muriel hasn't a freckle on her face, not one. Muriel hasn't a kid sister to annoy her, either!"

She picked up the hairbrush and began to run it vigorously through her hair. "Well, at least my hair isn't so bad, but if I miss a night wearing those curlers, I'm a mess, simply a mess." She brushed her hair over and over again until her scalp tingled from the sharp bristles. Then she stared at herself critically as she tried the effect of various colored bows. "The white one is best," she decided after long deliberation. "It will look best with my white sweater."

Suddenly she put all the bows hastily in the drawer and called, "Mother, how about dinner? Aren't we going to eat tonight? I'm starved! Why don't we eat?"

"It's only a little after five. There's plenty of time. Why don't you take your bath now, dear?" (Continued on page 27)

SUSAN ran all the way home from school. "Gosh," she said. "Gosh, I hope my socks are dry. Wouldn't it be awful if I couldn't wear my new white angora socks? I'd die, I'd simply die." She burst into the kitchen slamming the door behind her.

"Mother," she called breathlessly, "Mother, my socks! Are they dry? Mother," she wailed, "are you home, where are you?"

"I'm in the sunroom, Susan. Aunt Marge is here."

Susan went into the sunroom, clasping the white angora socks to her breast.



Song in the Night

BY PAUL ANNIXTER

A stranger to the forest, Ledyard despised its laws. But even he was to discover they meted out inevitable justice.

"NEVER kill a porcupine" is an old maxim of the green timber country that one hears everywhere—from guides and hunters around their night fires, even in clubs where sportsmen foregather. Ledyard had heard it innumerable times and put it down as sentimental rubbish. The porcupine was an utterly harmless animal, slow-moving and unwary, ran the argument; also he was good eating, what there was of him, and was to be found abroad at almost all seasons. Numerous times, according to record, human life had been saved in a pinch, by the killing of a porcupine, and because of this it had become a sort of unwritten law among hunters to let Porky go unmolested.

To Ledyard it was a lot of stuff and nonsense, like the shibboleth hunters had built up about shooting a sitting grouse or partridge. It wasn't sportsmanship, they claimed.

Ledyard scorned these traditions of the game. He was young; had an intellectual outlook on such matters and prided himself that he could set up his own fetishes and break them at will. On the rare occasions when he could get away from his job for a hunting trip, he delighted in knocking over sitting birds and walking birds whenever he saw them. In fact, he wasn't above taking a pot shot at anything that ran, hopped, or crawled. Any way that he could bag a few tasty meals of wild game was okay with him.

His miserable two weeks' vacation had come 'round as usual in October and he had decided to spend at least a week of it in the woods, with his rod and rifle. Three days of that week were already gone, and so far as hunting went they had been a perfect blank. Twice he had sighted deer disappearing in the distance, much too far off for a shot. Twice

he had heard cock partridge drumming on some distant ridge. Beyond that, nothing, except the squirrels that chattered at him as he threaded the pines, and the insolent jays that razzed him about camp and stole his bread and hardtack. Each day he had managed to pull two or three trout from the swift stream that came rushing down from the mountains. He had eaten them till he was sick to death of trout.

The fact was, Ledyard was no better woodsman or hunter than he had been as a boy with his .22. It had been six years since he had been out in the woods. So news of his coming traveled ahead of him in numerous ways unguessed by him. The sound of his ax, the smoke of his fires, the reek of his fish and bacon warned the wild of his doings for a mile around, so that while many eyes took note of his comings and goings, he himself was alone with his crabbed thoughts and his troubles, and the many small mishaps that accompany one who is not in tune with the forest.

It was toward sunset on this third day, near his camp, that Ledyard saw the por-

cupine. The animal was slowly descending backward the trunk of a great pine, accompanied by the rasping of claws on bark and a total disregard of who or what might see him. From time to time he emitted small grunts and snuffings of petulance or satisfaction, pausing to wrinkle his blunt, black nose.

Ledyard's rifle had gone up on the instant and he was about to put a bullet through the animal when sheer curiosity stopped him. The porky had turned its black-gray gnome-like face to eye the man with an expression at once mild and ludicrously irritable. He rattled his quills with a sound like someone rubbing two dry sticks together, then continued his downward progress, utterly fearless, calm with the immutable calm of the forest itself. Then Ledyard almost chuckled in spite of himself at the sounds that issued from the little beast's throat—a little elemental song, it seemed to be, a sort of crooning interspersed with faint chatterings and squeaks of indubitable delight and anticipation. It was almost too low for human ear to catch, yet it held Ledyard enchanted. It was one of the rarest sounds in all nature, a sound few men have ever heard, for woodsmen deem the porcupine to be mute.

Ledyard tried to appraise the creature with the eye of a hungry man. Scarcely two feet long and covered from his eyes to the tip of his blunt tail with needledike quills, there was obviously little meat on the animal's body, and the devil of it would be to get what little there was through that panoply of quills. Ledyard let his rifle drop into the crook of his arm again.

"All right, you little beggar!" he growled. "You win this trick. On your way!"

The porcupine had reached the ground by now and Ledyard stood a few minutes more

watching as it trundled away amid the thickets. Of all the wild folk this little beast was unique in that he dispensed with both speed and caution. He had no need of them, for neither wolf, bear, nor cougar dared try conclusions with him. He was an armored pin-cushion whose barbed quills, once they had entered the flesh, worked in and in, festering as they went.

Moving with that unhurried calm that none but the great achieve, Quills disappeared in the general direction of Ledyard's camp. About him, if one were sensitive enough to catch it, was the feeling that he was as mystically attuned to nature as the silent, ineffable march of the forest trees.

Next morning as he rolled out of his blankets, Ledyard caught another glimpse of the porcupine. It was making its way off into the woods at its usual rate, which was about three miles an hour in a straightaway. Ledyard made a hurried check-up on his food supply and it was as he feared: A considerable chunk had been gnawed out of his precious slab of bacon. Quills had chewed a hole clear through the heavy knapsack in search of this chief abandonment of his kind. Ledyard cursed himself for a fool for not having shot the animal the day before. If he crossed the porky's path again, he vowed, he would kill it on sight.

Thus another day began badly. It was one of those tranced and pristine days of October. The stillness of a prayer lived beneath the high conifers and the distant song of a snowbird struck a note as melancholy as the remote line of pine spires that cut the blue skyline. But Ledyard was cut off from all this peace and beauty, walking alone in the moil of his irritations.

It was that afternoon that he met with a

crucial accident. He had bagged a partridge on the way to camp and as he was cutting firewood to cook the bird, his ax glanced off a pine knot, cutting his leg to the bone.

That effectually put an end to this farcical hunting trip of his, Ledyard decided, as he gave himself a hurried first-aid treatment. It behooved him to get back to civilization quickly before infection could set in. He had five forest miles to travel to the nearest settlement. He would have to start at once. But by the time his packs were in order, his wound pained him so that he rolled into his blankets.

For a long time he lay looking up through the pine branches to the blue sky, greening with the coming dusk. His wound throbbed and burned and by the time he finally drowsed off, fever was running through his entire body.

How long afterward it was he awakened he never knew, nor what it was that seemed to cry out a sharp warning through the mists of unconsciousness. Something certainly akin to those guardian instincts that animals know, and without which all wild things would soon become extinct. The same thing that had warned him brought him back to full consciousness smoothly and subtly so that no slightest jerk or start accompanied it. Almost before his eyelids parted he was aware of the nature of the danger that threatened.

Overhead, the cold sky was pollened with stars. A segment of waning moon shone feebly through the branches. In the faint light Ledyard half doubted the testimony of his eyes, though at the same time something within him did not. Something about the outline of the great pine branch directly above him drew and fixed his attention. And all at once, he knew that a huge cougar was crouching up there; (Continued on page 35)

All at once, he knew that a huge cougar crouched above him — waiting to spring!



In a case like this, the question is always—"What of the child?" Do you like the answer you find here?

ARE you enjoying the ride, Emily, dear?"
"Oh yes, Mother. This is a grand carriage."
"It's only Hal Hobson's hack.

I used to ride in it when I was your age."
"It's much nicer than the hacks in the city."
"My goodness, yes. This is much fancier. I've always loved the brass lamps. Emily, you'll be a big girl and not cry when I go back alone, will you?"

"I'll—I'll try. How much farther is it to Aunt Amelia's?"

"About a half mile."
Emily knelt on the seat and watched the clouds of dust swirl and blow behind them. She blinked her eyes fast so that Mother wouldn't see the tears.

A block later, when Emily felt quite sure of herself, she settled around and watched the great hump of the horse that clopped ahead of them.

"Not far now, Miss," the driver called back as he snapped the reins.

"I haven't forgotten, Mr. Hobson. It seems only yesterday that you drove me to the station the last time."

"It does that, Miss. 'Spect it's ten years or more, though. Your sister expecting you?"

"Yes, she knows we're coming. Will you come back for me in about an hour? I want to catch the eight-fifteen."

"Leaving Washeka so soon?"
"Yes, I must get home tonight."

Emily found the tears forming again. She switched around and knelt on the seat. Through the dust, she could see the sun setting. It glowed a pretty pink over the housetops.

"Turn around now, Emily. We're almost there."

The carriage stopped and the driver jumped out. Mother gathered up her skirts and slid out gracefully. She stood at the door and held out her hand. Emily gulped because Mother looked so beautiful. Her long red velvet skirt swirled around her slim body. A huge hat with a red plume sat on top of her black curls.

"Come, Emily."
"Yes, Mother."
She stood beside her mother and hung onto her hand. "Does Aunt Amelia look like you?" she asked hopefully.

"A little. Now be a big girl, darling. We don't want Auntie to think you're a little baby."

"Oh no!"
"Come in, Esther—come in! Don't stand there on the walk," Amelia called from the doorway.

Mr. Hobson carried the suitcase to the door. "I'll be back, Miss," he told Mother and winked.

"Thank you, Mr. Hobson . . . We're coming, Amelia."

The door was closed carefully behind them. "Well, you got here! Sit down, sit down. So this is Emily."

"Yes, this is Emily."

"It's just about time you brought the child. I don't know what you were thinking of. Andy and I have the papers all ready and

"Please—Amelia. Not now. Emily, this is your Aunt Amelia."

"How do you do, Aunt Amelia?"
"The child has nice manners. How do you do, Emily? Can't say she looks like you, Esther."

"No—she doesn't."
"Well, take off your things. I have supper about ready."

"I'm leaving in an hour, Amelia. The eight-fifteen . . ."

"You're right. It's better that way. I don't want the whole town talking. As it is . . ."

"We'll have time later, Amelia, to talk about that."

"Don't be so touchy. You should have known how it would be. I'll fry the potatoes now. Show Emily around. She'll feel better."

Mother pulled the rubber from under

Emily's chin and took off her stiff, flat hat. "Which bedroom, Amelia?" she called.

"Yours, of course!"
"Come, Emily. We'll hang up some of your things."

Emily followed the red figure to the bedroom off the little parlor. A great bed stood against the wall. It had four posts that soared into the air and almost touched the ceiling. The top of the white spread was out of sight. All Emily could see was the long, lacy fringe that just missed the floor.

"How can I get in, Mother? It's so high!"
"Just as I used to. Here's a little step." She pulled it out from under the fringe. "It's fun, you'll see. The last hop is the most fun. Try it."

Emily climbed the steps and threw herself on the bed. It sank beneath her like a great soft wave. Emily rolled over and sat up.

"Like it?"
"It's—it's almost like a cloud."

"Your grandmother made that feather bed before I was born. You stay there while I unpack a few things for you."

"I'd like it better if you stayed," she told her mother timidly.

"I know, dear, but . . . Well, that's enough. Amelia can finish unpacking the rest later. Let's sit in the parlor." She put her hands on Emily's waist and swung her off the high bed. "Here we go!" she sang.

Emily sat next to her mother on the stiff

horsehair sofa. It was slippery and humped in the middle. Emily felt herself sliding.

"That's Grandpa on the easel," Mother told her. "Grandma's on the wall over there."

Emily looked from one picture to the other. Long, solemn faces looked out from the heavy gilt frames. Aunt Amelia looked just a little like them. Emily glanced at her mother, so pretty in her red things.

"They were your mother and daddy?"
"Surely. They were Amelia's parents, too. They're your grandparents, Emily. We used to all live here years ago."

"Maude has *two* grandmas and *two* grandpas."

"Emily, I forgot to tell you, dear—it won't make much difference—but we decided that we would change your name. As long as you are going to live with Aunt Amelia and Uncle Andy, we thought it would be so much nicer if you all had the same name. Emily Tyne, it will be, instead of Emily Pricherd."

"Will you change your name, too?"
"No, darling. I won't live here. I'll only visit you . . . and you will visit me sometimes."

"All right, Mother, but I'd much rather have your name."

"Supper's on," Amelia called. "Come on,

The Red

BY HAZEL

Esther. Come on, Emily. I'm ready now."
They sat down at the big dining-room table.

"I'm sorry Andy isn't here to see you, Esther. He'll be in the store until nearly ten o'clock tonight. I must say, though, that he wouldn't approve of the rigin'g's you have on. Esther, is it necessary to dress like a—like a . . .?"

"Yes, it is necessary. It's my livelihood. What would my customers think if I didn't dress as stylishly as the clothes I make?"

"But *red!*"
"I love it, Aunt Amelia. Mother looks beautiful."

"Esther, how do you explain the child? We've often wondered."

"I wish you wouldn't speak of it now, Amelia. Well . . . I'll tell you. I don't explain. She is Emily, my daughter. I am Madame Pricherd of Madame Pricherd's Dressmaking Establishment."

"But—but . . ."

"It's been hard at times, of course. Some people guess and that's why I'm here. I'll pay you well, Amelia, to take care of the child. I want her to get a good education."

"Money doesn't make one bit of difference! Emily is my niece. I'll send her to the sisters' school. She will bear our name and be our daughter. It won't be long before everyone will forget."

"Forget what, Mother?"
"Your name, (Continued on page 24)

Emily clutched her mother's hand fearfully. "Does Aunt Amelia look like you?"

Plume

CULLEN





WILD RICE & MUSHROOM RING

2 cups wild rice	1 1/4 cups cream
1 cup button mushrooms, whole	1/2 tsp. salt
3 lbs. olive oil	dash, mace
1 leek, minced	1/2 cup stuffed olives, sliced
3 tbs. flour	paprika
	watercress

Soak rice in cold water to cover, overnight. Drain. Drop into large pan with rapidly boiling salted water and cook until done, about 20 minutes. Drain into colander and rinse with cold water. Press lightly into well-greased ring mold and heat through in a medium (350° F.) oven. Prepare this center filling: Brown mushrooms in olive oil and remove from pan. In remaining oil, sauté leek until straw-colored. Blend in flour and cream, stirring constantly. Season with salt and mace. When mixture thickens, add mushrooms and olives. Heat through. Pour into center of unmolded ring, sprinkle with paprika and garnish with watercress.

Delightfully Different

FLAVOR determines the enjoyment we derive from food. This esthetic pleasure is entirely apart, and need not in any way be influenced by the many prevailing shortages. If anything, the current shortages may serve to challenge our well known American ingenuity. For there are literally hundreds of ways to satisfy even the most discriminating eaters or, if need be, to tempt the weary ones.

Won't you write us your flavoring tricks? Some of you have the imagination, or experience, or whatever it takes to cope with a constantly changing grocery scene. If so you'll be helping a good cause along by sharing your way to give taste appeal to those foods we can buy. Perhaps you've discovered that marinating eggplant in French dressing, before cooking it, improves that vegetable immeasurably. Or, that Brussels sprouts and chestnuts in casserole, served with Hollandaise sauce can make anyone forget about the meat shortage.

For every good tip on flavoring printed on this page, we will pay \$1.00 to the sender. (No recipes need be included.) This contest is separate from our regular "Delightfully Different" recipe contest which will continue as usual. Address entries to "Culinary Secrets," *Everywoman's Magazine*, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. No entries will be returned. Contest closes Oct. 31st.

PRIZE RECIPES

PERSIMMONS PUDDING

1 tbs. butter	1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 cup sugar	pinch, ground cloves
1 egg	1/4 tsp. powdered
1 cup flour	ginger
1 tsp. baking powder	1 lb. persimmons
1/8 tsp. salt	(about)

Cream butter and sugar. Add lightly beaten egg. Sift flour, measure, and sift again with baking powder, salt, and spices. Wash per-



simmons, cut in eighths, and rub through a coarse sieve. Put a few drops of milk on the seeds and rub more, for that is where the flavor is. Measure 1 heaping cupful of persimmon pulp and add to cake dough, blending well. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake in a medium (325° to 350° F.) oven for about 45 minutes. Serve warm with cream. Approximate yield: 6 servings. MRS. K. W. WILLIAMS, Cleveland, O.

SPICED APPLE MUFFINS

2 1/4 cups flour	4 tbs. shortening
3 1/2 tsps. baking powder	1/2 cup sugar
1/2 tsp. salt	1 egg, beaten
1/2 tsp. cinnamon	1 cup milk
1/2 tsp. nutmeg	1 cup apples, finely chopped
	2 tbs. sugar

Sift flour, measure and sift again with baking powder, salt, and 1/4 teaspoonful each of the cinnamon and nutmeg. Cream shortening and

sugar. Stir in egg, then flour mixture alternately with milk. Fold in apples. Pour into greased muffin tins. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar and the remaining spices. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.), 20 to 25 minutes. Makes twenty 2 1/2-inch muffins. MRS. F. P. SCOTT, Tampa, Fla.

TUNA-SPAGHETTI CASSEROLE

1 cup cooked spaghetti	3/4 cup crushed corn flakes
dash, minced garlic	1 cup cheese, grated
1/4 cup pimentos, chopped	1 cup milk
1 small (7 oz.) can tuna fish	2 eggs

3 tbs. parsley, minced
Mix spaghetti, garlic, and pimento. Add tuna fish, broken into large pieces and mix lightly with 2 forks. In a separate bowl, blend corn flakes and cheese. Butter a casserole, and line with alternate layers of spaghetti and cheese mixtures. Top with cheese mixture. Pour combined milk and slightly beaten eggs over all, sprinkle with parsley, and bake in a slow oven (350° F.) for 45 minutes. Serve with *Tomato Sauce*: Sauté 1 onion, 1 pepper, finely minced, in 2 tablespoonfuls fat. Stir in 1 cupful thick, canned tomato soup and add salt, pepper, and chili powder to taste. Simmer gently for about 5 minutes. MRS. M. NEWMAN, Buffalo, N. Y.

TIPSY PRUNES: Cover 1 lb. prunes with red wine. Add 1/4 cupful sugar, 1/4 bayleaf, a 2-inch stick of cinnamon, and a curl of lemon peel. Simmer 30 minutes, chill.

PRIZE ECONOMY recipes will be published next month in the November issue. We will pay \$1.00 for each contribution printed on this page. Address "Delightfully Different," *Everywoman's Magazine*, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

Breakfast to the Queen's Taste



Best Bran Bread

1 cake compressed yeast
2 tsps. salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses
3 cups bran
 $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups water
5 cups sifted flour
2 tbs. melted shortening

Crumble yeast into a bowl; add salt, molasses, and lukewarm water. Mix until smooth. Add 3 cups of the flour and beat well. Add shortening and beat thoroughly. Stir in bran and remaining 2 cupfuls of flour, mixing thoroughly. Sprinkle kneading board lightly with flour, turn dough onto board and knead until smooth and elastic. Put into greased bowl, turning several times until outside of dough is covered with thin coating of fat. Let rise in bowl until dough is doubled in bulk or until blisters begin to appear on top. Punch dough down in center, fold over from 4 sides to center and punch. Turn dough over, let rise 45 minutes, punch down and turn over again. Let rise 15 minutes. Shape into loaves, place in greased pans and let rise until light (about 1 hour). Bake in hot oven (400° F.) for 15 minutes, then reduce heat to 350° F. and bake 45 minutes longer. Yield: two 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. loaves.

Be sure to set the kitchen door ajar when you treat your family to a batch of baking and let the tantalizing fragrance of home-made bread permeate the house!



Crumbly Coffee Cake

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar
1 egg
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour
2 tsps. baking powder
 $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. nutmeg
 $\frac{3}{5}$ cup milk

Blend shortening and sugar; add egg and beat well. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, stirring just enough to mix. Pour into a greased 8 x 8-inch pan and cover with Topping: Roll 1 cupful corn flakes into fine crumbs, and mix with 1 tablespoonful melted butter or margarine, $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful brown sugar, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cinnamon. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400° F.) for about 20 minutes. Approximate yield: 9 servings.

Spring an occasional surprise on the family for breakfast, and you'll have no trouble getting the sleepy ones to put in a prompt appearance.

Home baking, though, no matter how simple, deserves sufficient time to be fully savored. So—better extract a solemn promise of all hands on deck—say, ten minutes earlier than usual when you're planning a special treat. And what could be more tempting these brisk mornings than freshly baked muffins or tall stacks of velvet textured pancakes made fluffy with lightly beaten egg? You'll like the bran yeast loaves, too, for the new-old fashioned way of Saturday morning baking.

For those who mourn the temporary absence of bacon as a natural accompaniment to eggs, you might try to substitute the salty tang of red caviar—a rich source, incidentally, of that all important sunshine vitamin—D.

BY KATE VAN DOREN



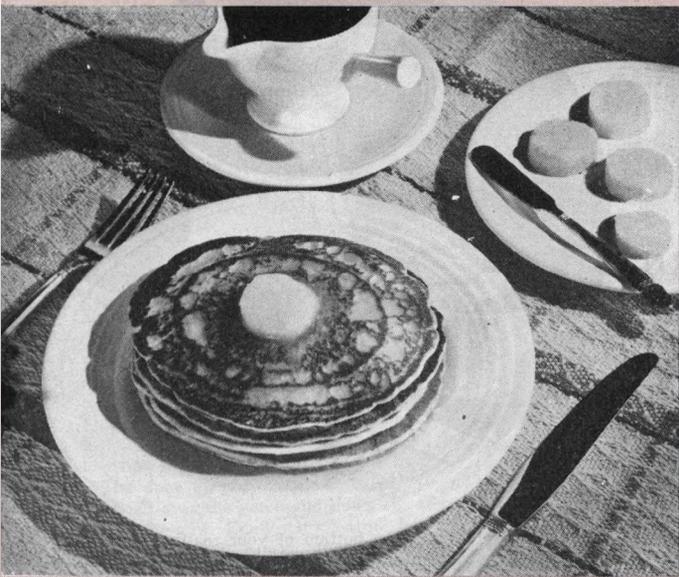
Fruited Cereal

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups whole wheat cereal
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dates, chopped
3 cups milk, scalded
 $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. salt

Stir cereal into scalded milk in the top of a double boiler. Add salt. Place pan over direct heat and cook 1 to 2 minutes. Add dates. Cover, and cook over boiling water for 30 to 40 minutes, stirring occasionally. Serves 6. Chopped figs, prunes, or raisins may be used instead of dates.

For other types of cereals, follow the directions for cooking on the package, substituting milk for water if, for instance, you have trouble getting the children to drink enough milk. Or, just to add more protein to the diet on meal-less days.

Note: To save time in the morning, any cooked cereal may be started the evening before.



Griddlecakes

2 cups self rising cake flour 1½ cups milk
2 eggs, separated 4 lbs. margarine, melted

Sift and measure flour. Beat egg whites until stiff. Set to one side. Beat egg yolks well. Add to flour alternately with milk. Stir until smooth. Add the margarine and fold in egg whites. Bake on a heavy frying pan, a soapstone griddle or an aluminum griddle. (There is enough fat in the batter to prevent sticking.) Turn cakes only once before they become dry on top. Yield: 1 dozen 3- to 4-inch cakes.

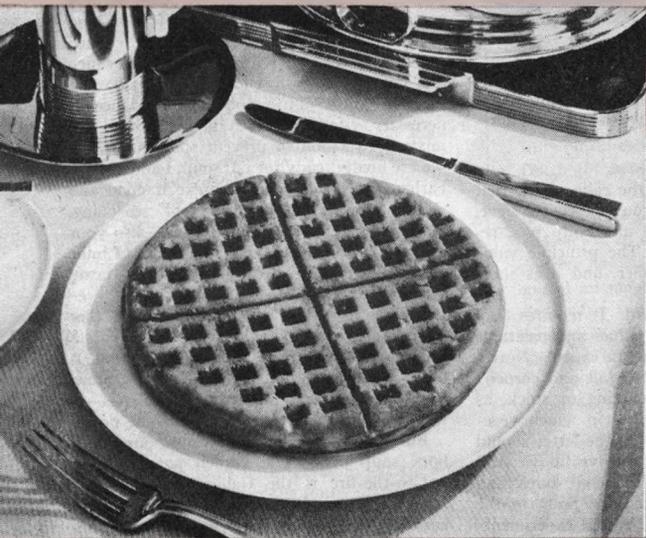


Prune Muffins

2 lbs. shortening ¾ cup milk
¼ cup sugar 1 cup sifted flour
1 egg ½ tsp. salt
1 cup bran 2½ tsps. baking powder
 ½ cup chopped, soaked prunes

Blend shortening and sugar thoroughly; add egg and beat well. Stir in bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add prunes and combine with first mixture, stirring lightly. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) about 30 minutes. Yield: 12 small muffins or 8 large ones.

Note: When sour milk or buttermilk is used instead of sweet milk reduce baking powder to 1 teaspoonful and add ½ teaspoonful soda. Remember not to overmix muffin dough. . . . Easy does it!



Crisp Waffles

2 cups cake flour 2 eggs, separated
2 tsps. baking powder 1 cup milk
½ tsp. salt ½ cup melted shortening

Sift flour, measure, add baking powder, salt and sift again. Combine egg yolks and milk. Add to flour mixture, add shortening, and mix until smooth. Beat the egg whites until they will hold up in moist peaks. Stir quickly but thoroughly into batter. Bake in hot waffle iron. Makes four 4-section waffles. Serve with syrup, jam, jelly, or marmalade and plenty of fragrant steaming coffee.



Baked Eggs and Red Caviar

If yours is a venturesome palate, you'll enjoy the full bodied goodness of red caviar, spread thinly on crisp Melba toast to escort the familiar breakfast eggs. Cook these to firm perfection as follows: Grease individual baking dishes. Slip one or two eggs in each. Pour a tablespoonful of cream or rich milk over each egg. Bake in a hot (400° F.) preheated oven 12 to 20 minutes depending on firmness desired. Serve at once.

Soups that Stick To Your Ribs

BY ETHEL REMINGTON HEPBURN



Expert soup making requires only a knowledge of nutritive values and palatable combinations. Any meat (except salted or corned), fish, or vegetable may be utilized in the making of stock.

WHEN I was a very small child and lived with my grandmother, we were ardent patrons of the *table d'hôte*. But, while I conscientiously swallowed every last item on the bill of fare, I observed that she invariably refused the soup, with an air of extreme disdain. When I finally asked the reason, her answer was, "Dishwater!"

Which preamble is by way of assuring you that when I say "soup," I mean "soup!" The sort of soup I'm going to tell you of is the kind that needs only a couple of slices of whole wheat bread to make it a good, nourishing meal.

Probably most of you know how to make several different sorts of soup stock. If not, any good cook book will tell you. I find that about two-thirds lean meat (the cheapest cut is quite as nutritious as the most expensive) one-third bone and fat is a good proportion. Have the bone cracked and the meat cut into pieces, so that every last atom of goodness will surely be cooked out, then cover with cold water and let it come slowly to a boil. Simmer on back of stove or over low flame for several hours. Many housewives skim off the scum that rises to the surface, but I prefer to allow it to remain as it contains valuable coagulated albuminous juices. Let your stock stand overnight to

cool, carefully removing the cake of fat that forms on top. Strain through a coarse sieve, remove bones, and shred meat into bits, returning it to the stock. The principle value of the meat is in the fiber, and it is sheer waste to discard it.

Soup making is not hard. It requires only a knowledge of nutritive values and palatable combinations to make one an expert. Nearly any meat (if we except the salt and corned) may be utilized in the making of stock, as may also fish and the water in which vegetables have been cooked. To the latter should be added milk or cream to give body. And be sure, in making both cream soups and purées, to bind with butter and flour, or the ingredients will separate. A little experimenting will tell you what combinations of vegetables go well together, and don't be afraid to put plenty in. They are cheap and very, very good.

In my pantry, I always keep a supply of rice, barley, lentils, noodles, macaroni, spaghetti, together with a variety of herbs, spices, bay leaves, curry, chili powder, etc. When celery and parsley are in season, I put up a few jars of the dried leaves. They are better than what you buy, and really simple to do. Just wash the leaves, shake free from superfluous moisture, and spread

over the bottom of your roasting pan. Put in oven, with door open, and let remain until thoroughly dry. Then pack into jelly glasses and store in a dry place. You'll find the flavor quite as good as from the fresh vegetables, and prepared this way the leaves keep indefinitely.

In my own family, soup making is anything but an exact science. With a large family and an income which is constantly threatening to disappear altogether, I am eternally faced with providing the maximum amount of nourishment at the least possible cost. So I have fallen into the French habit of keeping a pot of stock on the back of the stove, and daily dropping in such leftovers as may come to hand—odds and ends of meat and vegetables, bits of bacon, dabs of cooked cereal, and the outer leaves of lettuce which are not quite fresh enough for salad, but shredded into soup supply an abundance of necessary vitamins. Each night I bring the mixture to a boil to prevent spoilage. When we are finally ready for our soup, I add enough barley, rice, or noodles to make it good and thick, together with plenty of seasoning. Here is where your herbs come in—also your art! My kids call this conglomeration of mine "Surprise Soup," because it never tastes twice alike, but is *always* good.

I have recently discovered, however, that "Surprise Soup" is not nearly so original as I had thought it was! It appears that it bears a close relationship to Hunter's Stew, into which go rabbits, grouse, squirrels—in fact, anything not too large to fit the pot.

But suppose we take a peek into our neighbors' soup pots. The French *pot-au-feu* or pot-to-the-fire is the Gallic version of my Surprise Soup, with probably a clove of garlic added! While the Spanish people contribute *Olla Podrida*, a mixture of several kinds of meat chopped fine with vegetables, highly spiced and cooked in an olla or earthen pot. I am assured by those who have partaken of it that the literal translation, "Rotten Pot," is a malicious slander!

From East India we get *Mulligatawny* (pepper water), a soup made of chicken or other meat with a strong flavoring of curry. If you like it at all, you will like it very much. Turkey gives us soup made from brown stock with rice and strained tomatoes to which have been (Continued on page 39).



How to Stay Young

BY FRANCES BRENTANO

ARE you a young sixty or an old thirty? Old age is not a matter of wrinkles and gray hair, of failing strength, or chronic illness. Doctors and scientists have created a world in which more than fourteen per cent of the population can look forward to three score and ten. New discoveries, modern sanitation, experiments with diet and exercise, magic medicines have all lengthened life. Nowadays, old age is, more than anything else, an ossified state of mind—an attitude toward life and the world.

What kind of person do you want to be twenty or thirty years from now? Think carefully, for you will get your wish. Whether you know it or not, you are daily drawing the blueprints for "Yourself, Incorporated"—1970 model.

One asks a child, "What are you going to be when you grow up?" One takes it for granted that the boy will have a twenty or thirty year plan for his future. But one would never think of asking an adult, "What are you going to do with your later years?"

Yet that is the very question the best psychologists ask. They urge you, while you are still young, to deposit plans for the future in the bank of youth, to choose a business or profession, to cultivate talents and projects that will last as long as you do. Even health and a bank account offer no guarantees against boredom and loneliness, if you have failed to cultivate your inner resources.

Although the basic necessities, money and health, are still the chief concern of old age,

You can still be youthful thirty years from now if you follow a few simple rules.

they are not enough for happiness and efficiency in our last years. We still want the more durable satisfactions; friends, work—and to be active cogs in the machinery of life. Mr. Cicero's words, "Nor is it the body alone that must be supported, but still more the intellect and the soul; for they are like lamps—unless you feed them with oil, they go out."

After all, growing old is a universal process, a development, not a disease. Recently, doctors have begun to realize that, after making allowance for the wear and tear of life, there should be no essential difference between the treatment of older and younger patients.

Fortunately, most of us are not in desperate need of constant medical or psychological aid. But there are many Rip Van Winkles, sleepwalking their way through life. Millions die before they have lived! With blinders on their eyes, cotton in their ears, and clamps on their brains, they repeat the same motions until they wear a rut deeper than any grave.

Even if you belong to this group, you can regain your zest for life, by studying and practicing the ten steps to youth. Good for men and women alike!

1. *Have faith.* What we can see, hear, feel, and touch—the materialism of the senses—is not enough. Faith, "the evidence of things not seen," whether expressed through a traditional religion, modern cults, or pure mysticism is essential to serenity in our later years. It creates a new set of values to live by, a truer and more practical range of ideals.

2. *Keep busy and active—mentally and physically.* If you think you're overworked already, take a sheet of paper and write down exactly what you do in a single day from cock's crow to curfew. This is your time budget. You will be astounded to see how much of the precious stuff of life is being wasted because you have no goal! Yet this very want of purpose is the basic cause for everything that's biting you.

3. *Find out what you avoid doing—then go ahead and do it.* This is what some mental hygienists call "overcoming the resistance or habit pattern." Do you hide in a corner and expect people to wait on you, just because you enjoy being treated like a piece of antique china? It is essential to make a determined effort to overcome handicaps. Wholesale resistance will end in complete isolation.

4. *Welcome change.* The minute you become smugly satisfied with yourself and your lot, ivory begins to (Continued on page 36)

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT PERIOD FURNITURE



● Sheraton designs are extremely popular for today's dining rooms. Their grace of line and adaptability of scale make them "naturals" for our use in small houses and in apartments as well. This sideboard, server, and dining table are Sheraton, while the chairs were inspired by Hepplewhite.

Mr. Thomas Sheraton

BY MAUDE HILL BASSERMAN



PAGE 18 ● This pedestal lamp table is strongly reflective of Sheraton's influence in the delicate curve of its legs which are turned and reeded, and the use of reeding atop table.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES, in England's County Durham, was the birthplace of Thomas Sheraton. The year was 1750 and the stars must have been performing aerial gymnastics right about then, for here we have the most complex personality of our Golden Age. Thomas Sheraton had a hard time and most of his difficulties seem to have been his own fault, or the fault of his nature. Born of humble parentage he was to be always poor, resentful of the success of others, narrow-minded, crabbed, sharp of tongue, and without charm of manner. Who would ever think it to look at his work? Here is a breath-taking beauty and with it the evidence of an esthetic appreciation that transcends most similar talents, however rare. Here is the man whose influence lives with us today more vividly than that of any other in his era.

In his day an education was not easy for a poor boy to acquire, but Thomas managed to pick up a fair, if unbalanced, one. He taught himself drawing and geometry and was probably apprenticed, at an early age, to some local cabinetmaker. All his life he divided his thoughts and efforts between furniture design and religion. He was a narrow-minded fanatic and wrote copious religious tracts.

How characteristic of the man that he did not go to London until he was forty years

THE GOLDEN AGE

The 18th Century is known as the Golden Age in furniture design. No furniture made before or since has ever been more beautifully proportioned or more inviting to live with than that produced in this period. The proof lies in the fact that every other home in America today houses pieces which stem in inspiration from that era. The three 18th Century designers so responsible for the kind of bedroom, living room, and dining room furniture which we now use are Thomas Chippendale, Thomas Sheraton, and George Hepplewhite. You can pick up scarcely a book on current decorating or walk through any furniture department without running into them.

old and that when he did go he picked the year 1790! It was a bad year for any new business venture. It saw France in the throes of a revolution only some twenty-five miles from the shores of England, with the country shortly to be filled with refugees carrying tales of horror. A war in Europe seemed imminent. England had lost her American colonies only seven years before

and the aristocracy—who bought the furniture in those days—were jittery, to say the least. What worse time could any journeyman cabinetmaker have picked to start out for fame and London?

Moreover, Sheraton was not the type to toady and he had neither money nor a workshop. He had, however, a considerable knowledge of the artistic side of his profession and an above average knowledge of drawing.

Finally he was able to open a small shop in one half of his living quarters in London's dingy Soho but he was no businessman and

fond of painting his woods but never allowed ornamentation to interfere with practicality. He used very little carving.

We can generally recognize a Sheraton-inspired piece by the turned and reeded legs which he used so largely on most of his furniture. Reeding appears, too, on his table tops, bureaus, and sideboards. His chairs were mostly square of back. The urn motif in decoration was a Sheraton favorite.

He is most famous for his tables and sideboards. He was a master of small bijou pieces for ladies' toilet articles and for liquor cases

and small cabinets. We'll find a key to the complexity of the man's inner conflict in his passion for secret drawers and intricate mechanical devices.

Sheraton is the inventor of the "pouch" table which was a work table or sewing table with a silk bag suspended from its frame to hold milady's "fancy work." He made ingenious tables that opened out to form writing desks . . . dressing tables with hidden mirrors . . . both tables and desks loaded with secret drawers . . . library tables with disappearing steps, book rests. Often, many of these mechanical additions were too complicated to be entirely practical.

His sideboards oftentimes had sliding desk pieces for the use of the butler in keeping his accounts! He liked to put green silk behind the glass doors of bookcases.

Sheraton has another popular invention to his credit—that of twin beds. It all began when he designed what he called a "summer bed." This was a regular full-sized bed divided in the center to give greater circulation of air in hot weather! Four posters were favorites of his and he devised wonderful curtain arrangements for them. He made alcove beds, sofa beds, French beds, and beds with intricate canopies and domes.

And so we salute Thomas Sheraton—a man whom we would probably not have liked personally. Little did he dream that now—one hundred and ninety-five years after his death—he would be so vitally alive through his work!



● Here is a true antique which was made in England around 1800. It may well have been worked on by Sheraton! Notice the highlights on its beautifully grained wood and how the leg treatment is a turned and reeded tapering which ends in "spearheads."

his output was small indeed. After 1795 he gave up cabinetmaking and devoted all of his time to designing and to publishing books. All of the time, at least, that he was not eking out the balance of a meager living by teaching drawing—whenever he could find pupils—and by preaching on street corners and writing stronger and stronger religious tracts.

Sheraton's books were all published by subscription. He did much of the canvassing for them and often travelled as far as Scotland and Ireland in this thankless task. Among them were "The Cabinet Maker & Upholsterer's Drawing Book," "The Cabinet Dictionary," and "The Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, and General Artist's Encyclopedia."

Chippendale and Hepplewhite gave their undivided attention to their work. Not so Sheraton, and in later life he became dreadfully embittered by his own lack of success and by the better luck of his rivals.

In his designing, Sheraton used rather straight, severe lines and with them he made furniture of exceptional grace through a superb feeling for proportion. He insisted that such furniture would be independent of passing fashion. How right he was! His favorite woods were mahogany and satinwood but he also used a good deal of sycamore, tulip wood, apple wood, rosewood, kingwood, hare wood (sycamore stained a pale brown), and whitewood dyed apple green. He was



● A classic example of Sheraton's major love of straight, severe lines without any sign of curves whatever. Few craftsmen can design a piece as simple as this and have it turn out to be a thing of beauty! This is of a finely-grained mahogany used with a real leather top.

● That perennial favorite with today's families—a more-than-handy nest of tables! Again we note the use of one of Sheraton's favorite features in its turned and reeded legs. These lovely tables are mahogany and each one is topped with satinwood inlay lines.

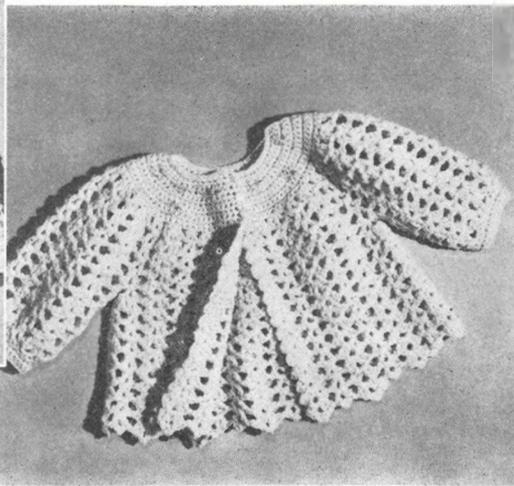
Make These for the

Our babies will need lots of woolies this fuel-short winter ahead. We've made this selection with an eye to indoor comfort and outdoor health. Instructions to make the articles illustrated here are printed on

BY LOUIS



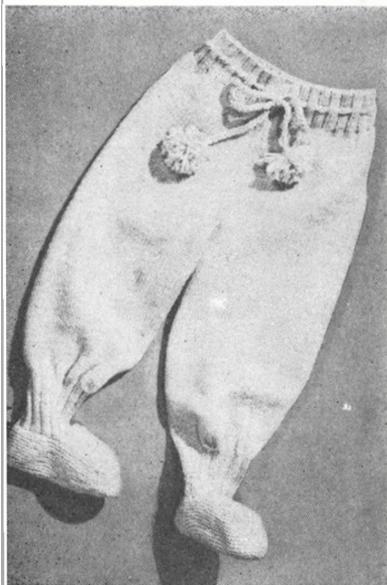
K1. Fresh air and plenty of it makes for healthy youngsters and sound sleep. This cozy bunting gives ample protection against chill, wintry drafts. Crocheted in puff stitch. To make it, you'll need twelve balls of Chadwick's baby wool plus ribbon.



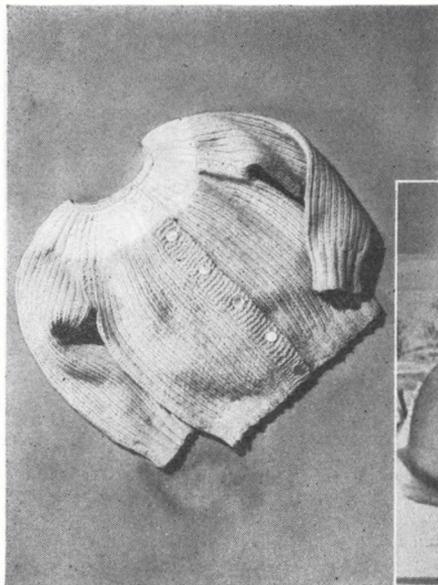
K2. For formal introductions all around to friends and relatives, the new baby wears its most becoming sacque. This one is worked in shell stitch with single crochet for yoke.



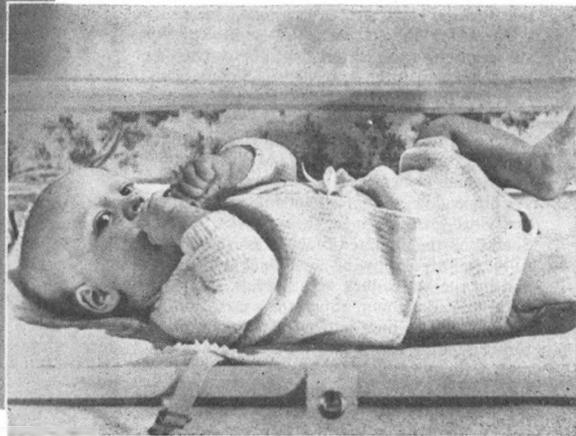
K3. Pretty openwork sacque and matching cap. These work up quickly in double crochet and chain stitch. Eight balls of Chadwick's baby wool make both the jacket and bonnet.



K4. Smarty-pants leggings with warm stocking feel and tassel ties. Knit these for the two-year-old. Or leave off foot part, if baby prefers a walk to his stroller.



K5. Cardigan—Becoming as it is useful for young toddlers of two or three years old. It is knit, purl stitched and has a contrasting yoke. You'll need four balls of pastel and one of white Chadwick's baby wool.



K6. Separate panties and jacket, simplify dressing for young babies. This set may be slipped on in a jiffy—after the bath or at feeding time. Simple to make in easy knit, purl stitch.

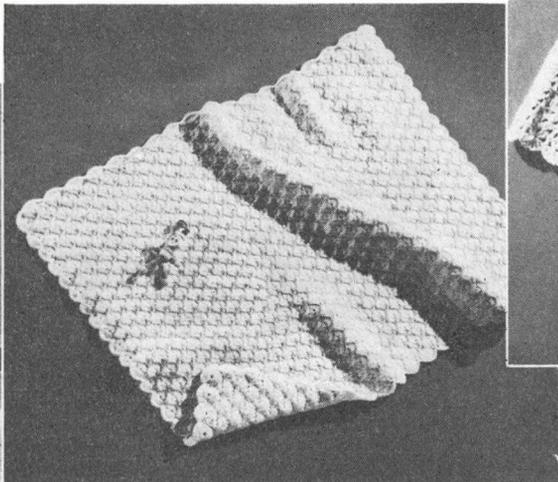
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separate leaflets. They are 6 cents each to cover mailing and handling. Please order by number. Address Readers' Service Department, *Everywoman's Magazine*, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

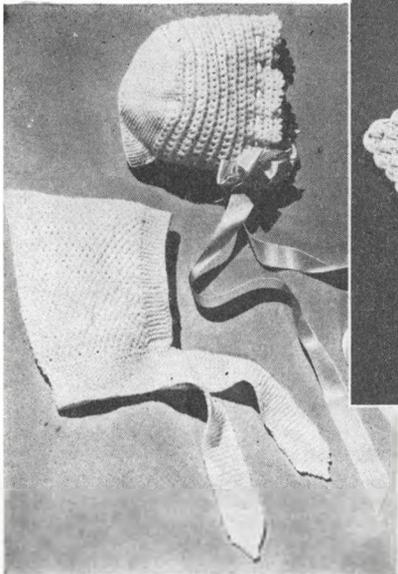
BUTLER



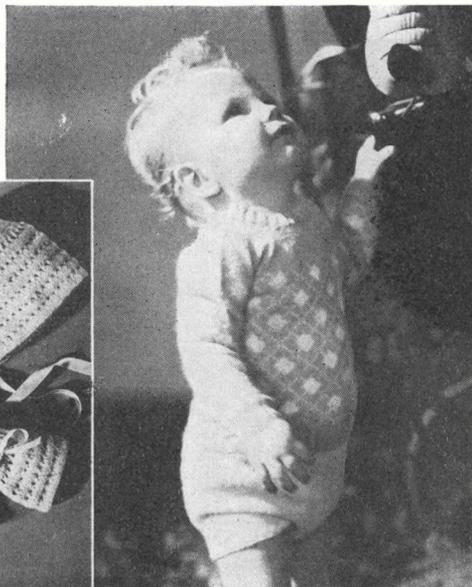
K9. For leisure hours: A most useful and comfortable robe, long sleeved and extra long for warmth. It is crocheted in open shell stitch with four balls of Red Heart Baby wool. Especially nice to make as a gift, with ribbon drawn through the front edging and neck.



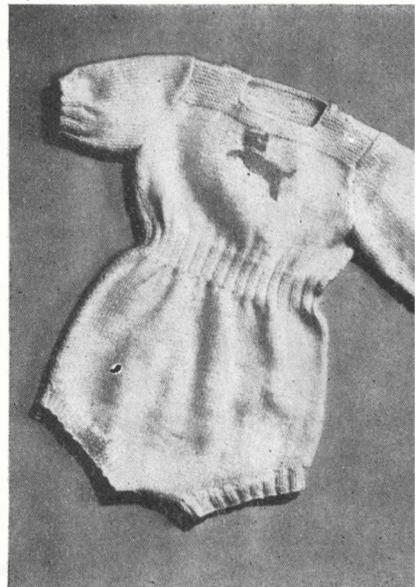
K8. This blanket is equally useful for crib or carriage. When finished it measures 26 x 32 inches. Crocheted in closed shell stitch to give it a soft-as-down appearance.



K7. Boy and girl bonnets. The peaked hood is knitted in moss stitch with garter stitch trim. Girl's bonnet is worked in single crochet. Picot edge gives it the feminine touch.



K11. So-o Big! This young man is all of 3 years old and mighty proud to be dressed up for a party. He wears a blue and white slip-on. Its beautiful Argyle pattern is knitted all in one piece with four needles.



K12. Pussy cat creepers for sizes two and three. These are a safeguard against sniffles—nothing to hitch up or sag down. Arm, leg, and waist bands are ribbed for added warmth.



K10. Prospective Grandmas, please note! Here's a complete set to make at leisure. And a variety of stitches to show off your skill with the needle. Instructions are easy to follow.



● Plaid pops up in an unusual wool party dress with gold buttons and belt. Peasant neckline, miniature puff sleeves, rounded hips are new. With it, gold ballet slippers are nice.



● Shepherdess laced midriff accentuates hand-span waist look of the new fall silhouette. One-piece black rayon alpaca has black and white check bodice, gathered apron skirt.



● Pied piper dress with half a bodice and one sleeve of blue with cerise band contrast set into simple black crepe. Notice high collarless neckline, loose three-quarter sleeve.



PAGE 22

● Demure basque silhouette combines gray and white taffeta stripes with a black velvet bodice. Full skirt, covered shoulders, and big bow give this model a sweet young look.



● Winter white is a popular fashion feature of the season. For a refreshing midwinter change, choose a simple one-piecer like this ribbed wool with scalloped zigzag front closing.

Budget Clothes

WHERE is the little dress of yesterday? That attractive, but inexpensive number that was the backbone of most of our wardrobes?

Low-priced clothing of acceptable quality and workmanship has been disappearing faster than a snowball in June. The reasons are: Money that in more normal times would go to buy washing machines, automobiles, and refrigerators is now being spent for furs, alligator bags, lush hats. The result has been that more and more of the ever-scarcer textiles have been channeled into upper bracket garments, leaving supplies for modest income groups just about as low as the food in Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

This increased demand and extra money pouring into the garment industry coupled with growing textile shortages has caused a serious inflation threat with soaring prices; not to mention hidden rises from deterioration of merchandise.

As wearing apparel for the masses became increasingly difficult to procure, the War Production Board stepped in with its program for essential clothing. Under the new order—known as M-388—eighty per cent of the yardage allotted to the American dress industry for 1945 must go into garments retail-

BY GERTRUDE



● Gray sweater dress for sports or country has red wool knit ribbing at sleeves, neck and waistband. Skirt is flared for easy walking. Casual rayon gabardine in junior sizes.



● Draped afternoon dress flattering to women has low swag swathed across skirt of royal blue crepe. Such high colors often replace black these days. Rounded shoulders, lapped waist.



● Stripes in gray and black viscose and wool herringbone mixture make an exceedingly smart coat dress flattering to the mature figure. A Chinese type standup collar is kind to neckline.

Are Here Again

ing at less than \$23, a price most Americans can afford.

The entire U. S. output of textiles is 11,250,000,000 yards. Of this, the Government takes forty-seven per cent. The dress industry gets five per cent of the remaining six billion yards from which it must make some 100,000,000 garments annually for us.

It is hoped by channeling more fabric into the hands of producers of women's low-priced fashions to increase supplies of much needed budget frocks by about twenty per cent. This, however, doesn't mean there will be *more* low-priced dresses. With shrinking supply of fabric this is not possible. It means that of all available dresses, *more will be low-priced.*

On these pages you see some of the new priority fashions as they were shown to the nation's press by the New York Dress Institute. All are in the essential under \$23 bracket. Trademark of all '45 fashions is the new wing or dolman-like sleeve. Other highlights of the new trend are widened softened shoulders, rounded hips, a feeling of more skirt, high necklines, strong midriff interest. Color and fabric combinations are frequent. Gray is a leading color, followed by brown, black and lots of pink, green, gold, and blue.

Photographs Courtesy of The New York Dress Institute

GORDON SACHS



● Winter blond crepe, a flattering beige tone, does things for your figure when molded cleverly. This afternoon frock has front shirring with self tie. New winged sleeves are deep-cut.



● Sophisticated formal with clinging Grecian drape gives round hip line. Of shocking pink jersey with single cap shoulder, the strap over bare arm is embroidered with silver beads. **PAGE 23**



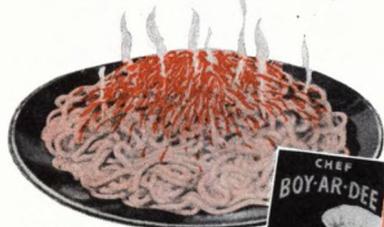
WAS that my son saying he preferred a school day to Saturday? Bruce looked incredulous till Sonny explained, "Thursday's my fav'rite day 'cause we always have Mom's extr'y special Spaghetti Dinner. Jeepers, is it good!"



Soon Bruce's mother was phoning for my spaghetti recipe "Though I'm so busy," she added, "I doubt if I can find time to fix a home-cooked spaghetti dinner."



"But my way takes only 12 minutes!" I replied. "I get spaghetti, sauce and grated cheese all in one carton. Just ask for Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner. You can get it at any food store."



Chef BOY-AR-DEE
Spaghetti Dinner

Spaghetti—Sauce—Cheese
All in ONE Handy Carton
Ready in 12 Minutes



THE RED PLUME

(Continued from page 10)

darling. You'll go to a new school, just like the one at home and you'll meet some little girls to play with." Mother's chin trembled a little. "Now eat your supper and go out on the porch. You can call me when you see Mr. Hobson coming."

Emily hurried with her food, excused herself, and ran out to the porch. She pulled up her dress and sat on her petticoat. Putting her chin in her hand, she tried to figure things out. Everything was so strange. Why should Mother leave her here in a strange town, in this funny house, with Aunt Amelia and Uncle Andy? Why should she change her name? Wasn't Mother's name good enough? Why should she be Aunt Amelia's and Uncle Andy's daughter? What should people be talking about, and what should they forget?

Emily heard the two women's voices, mumbling. Mother's was soft and slow; Aunt Amelia's was hard and fast. Sometimes they both talked at once.

MOTHER said, "What do you expect me to do, Amelia—wear a scarlet 'A'?"

"You've almost gone that far, Esther. That awful red plume could be left off!"

"I had Emily and the best thing I could do was to bring her up as well as I was able. But you're right, Amelia. Why do you argue? I came and I brought Emily. Isn't that enough?"

Emily heard tears in her mother's voice. She wanted to do something, put her arms around Mother's neck and tell her she loved her, tell her to please not leave her here . . .

Emily heard the clop-clop of Mr. Hobson's horse. She stood up and saw the hack coming down the street. The brass lamps gleamed like two big stars through the dark.

"Mother, he's here—he's here!" Emily called as she ran into the house. "Can't I—can't I . . . go too?"

"My, you make a lot of noise for a little girl," Aunt Amelia told her.

"Scuse me, please. Mother, can't I . . ."

Mother took her hand and looked through her tears at Emily's screwed-up face. "Please, dear, don't cry. Remember your promise? See, Mother isn't crying."

EMILY shook her head from side to side vigorously to swallow the tears.

"That's a good girl." Mother leaned over and kissed her.

"When will you come and visit me, Mother?"

"Real soon, darling."

"Now, Esther! You know we decided visiting was not a good idea," Aunt Amelia put in sternly.

"I know, Amelia." She took her sister's hand and looked very serious. "I'm very grateful to you and Andy and it is—it is the only way. Good-by, Amelia."

She took Emily's hand and they went to the porch. Mr. Hobson was waiting with the doof open.

"Right on time, Miss," he told Mother.

"Thank you, Mr. Hobson."

Emily stood on the top step of the porch. She watched Mother gather up her long skirts, glide down the steps, and enter the hack. Mother leaned out and smiled and waved. Her red plume danced on her head.

Emily waved frantically until they were out of sight.

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"You'd better come in now, Emily. It's getting chilly."

"May I just stay here a minute, please?"

"Well, I 'spose so. I'll get the dishes done and your bed made up."

EMILY sat on her petticoat again. She pulled her dress around her shoulders. It was a little bit cold and so quiet! All the night noises whispered. Crickets sang in the grass, sleepy birds chirped above her. A horse clop-clopped in the distance. Maybe it was Mother, going to the station. Footsteps echoed nearby on the wooden walk. Emily heard Aunt Amelia tapping through the empty house.

It was all so different! At home with Mother, there was never any quiet and everything was fun. Emily remembered evenings at home. Supper had candles, lacy cloths, pretty ladies. They were always coming in and out, trying on the beautiful dresses Mother made for them. Maude, across the hall, was Emily's best friend. It would be lonesome without Maude to play with.

The door opened. A long yellow ray of light fell over the porch and down the steps. "Come in now, Emily. It's getting late for little girls." Aunt Amelia stood at the door with a kerosene lamp in her hand. Its light threw funny shadows on her face.

"Aunt Amelia, are there any little girls living next door?"

"Not right next door, but there's Clara across the street. I'll ask her to come over on Sunday."

EMILY followed Aunt Amelia and the light. Long shadows walked ahead of them and climbed the walls and ceiling. The kitchen clock ticked noisily. She followed her into the bedroom off the parlor. It was so scary, not at all like home with its bright chandelier and stacks of pretty cloths, bolts of braids in every corner and lovely half-made dresses draped over the hangers and chairs.

"Can you get undressed alone?"

"Oh yes, Aunt Amelia."

"Emily—do you think you could call me Mother? I will be, in a way, you know." Her voice was almost like Mother's now.

"No, Aunt Amelia. I—I just—couldn't. It would mix me up a little."

"Well, never mind. Maybe later."

Emily hung her dress over the chair and folded her underwear in a neat pile. She fluttered the long-sleeved nightgown above her. Two hands poked out, then her brown head appeared through the ruffled opening.

Aunt Amelia put the kerosene lamp on the table and helped Emily into the high bed.

"I can get in—Mother showed me."

"Good night, dear," her aunt whispered.

"Good night."

THE tall figure with the lamp left the room and took with her the funny scary shadows. Emily was alone on top of the high bed that sank down like a cloud.

It was much more quiet inside. She couldn't even hear the crickets—only faint footsteps, way off some place, clicking on the wooden walks.

Emily closed her eyes and tried to picture Mother. Why wasn't it all right to live with Mother? Both Aunt Amelia and Mother thought it was wrong. Why?

Emily kept her eyes shut tight, so she wouldn't see the darkness of the room and the two posts way at the foot of the bed that soared to the ceiling.

(Continued on page 27)

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Wear Your Party Apron

BY JOAN SMITH

MY INVITATION came in the mail, written with red pencil on the back of a small-size paper sack.

Wear your party apron and come to Libby's at eight on Thursday. Bring one pint of canned food. Bring a one-meal recipe. Bring a lazy-day dessert recipe. Bring your favorite recipe.

I blessed my mother-in-law for sending me my white organdy, ruffled pinafore-style apron last Christmas and rushed to press it.

Looking over my shelves of home-canned food, I chose a pint of applesauce and took along my newest applesauce cake recipe, just in case we were going to spend the evening cooking the pints of food we were taking.

But that wasn't the idea, as I found to my surprise when I arrived a few minutes late. The others were all in their best aprons and sitting in the living room. On the fireplace mantel was arranged a row of pints of fruit and vegetables and one pint of something was hidden in a paper sack.

Libby was passing around shiny cookie sheets that she had decorated with a scalloped edging of fancy oilcloth on one side and on each there was a small doily of the same oilcloth. Then she brought around a heavy skillet filled with tiny candies arranged in cups which she had made by shaping corn flakes mixed in sweetened melted chocolate. Putting these cute little candy cups on our trays, she said: "These candies are to munch while we play Bingo." Then she passed out the bingo cards and seating herself on the floor in the middle of the room, she drew the numbers and put beans on the master card and we played.

To our delight, our bingo prizes were the pints of home-canned foods we had brought with us. I won a pint of delicious pear preserves. The pint of foodstuff in the paper sack as the mystery prize was a jar of biscuit mix ready for use when one-third of a cup of milk was added to two-thirds of a cup of the mix prepared by the hostess.

Libby went around the room and collected the three recipes she had asked us to bring. As there were nine guests we had a total of twenty-seven cherished recipes.

All of us raised our voices for pencils and paper. We wanted to copy each of them, so Libby suggested: "Let's mail them to each other, like a round robin letter."

Libby let Rosemary, who was a neighbor and in on some of the secrets of the party, help her serve refreshments.

On an assortment of cake tins, pie pans, and a bread pan or two, we were served



huge wedges of graham cracker nut cake which had a lemon custard filling and almond flavored icing. Using a breadboard as a tray, Rosemary brought in coffee in every conceivable type of measuring cup. (I have a bad reputation among my intimate friends concerning the amount of coffee I drink, so mine was served in a quart-sized pitcher-like measuring glass.) Cream in a milk bottle and a wooden mixing bowl filled with sugar and a wooden spoon were passed.

Our napkins were dishrags made of string, machine crocheted and edged in colors which Libby had purchased at one of our stores.

Libby then came into the room carrying nine brown paper sacks tied with string. "Open them at home, please. It'll be more fun." And it was, for me, at least. My husband was as curious as I about the contents of my surprise sack. It contained samples of Rosemary's three favorite recipes.

The first package we opened was a tiny glass (the kind cheese comes in) filled with chocolate sauce and pasted on the outside was the recipe.* Next, we unwrapped the oil paper from a miniature cake.* It was about 2 x 5 inches and looked as though it had been baked in a pan from a child's toy pastry set. It was an un-iced sample of the cake we had been served at the party.

And last but not least, were two sugared baked French doughnuts* with the little message tucked in the package: "For your breakfast."

Cross my heart, I believe that was the nicest, cleverest, most enjoyed party I have ever been invited to. So I told you about it. Maybe you would like to give a party like it.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

1 cup sugar	1 cup canned milk
2 squares chocolate	½ cup water
1½ lbs. flour	1 tsp. vanilla
	1 lbs. butter

Mix sugar and flour and add to melted chocolate. Add milk and water. Cook over low fire until thick. Remove from flame and add vanilla and butter.

BAKED FRENCH DOUGHNUTS

5 lbs. butter	2¼ tsps. baking powder
½ cup sugar	¼ tsp salt
1 egg	½ tsp. nutmeg
1½ cups flour	½ cup milk

Mix butter and sugar together until creamy, add egg. Mix dry ingredients and add to other mixture alternately with milk. Fill buttered muffin tins half full. Bake 25 minutes at 350 degrees. Brush while hot in melted butter and dip in mixture of ½ cup sugar and 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

GRAHAM CRACKER NUT CAKE

½ cup shortening	¼ tsp. salt
1 cup sugar	2 tsps. baking powder
3 egg yolks	1 c p milk
2 cups graham cracker crumbs	1 cup chopped nuts
2 lbs. flour	3 stiff-beaten egg whites

Cream shortening and sugar; add egg yolks and beat until fluffy; mix graham crackers with sifted flour, salt, and baking powder; add alternately with milk, then fold in nut meats and egg whites. Bake in 2 greased 8-inch layer pans in a moderate oven about 30 minutes.

FILLING

5 lbs. flour	2 cups scalded milk
½ cup sugar	2 slightly beaten eggs
½ tsp salt	1 tsp. lemon extract

Mix flour, sugar, and salt, stir in scalded milk and cook over hot water until thick. Continue cooking about 15 minutes, stir in beaten eggs combined with a little of the hot mixture, cook 3 minutes longer. Add lemon extract.

FROSTING

2 cups confectioners' sugar	Milk or cream
	Pinch of salt
	Almond flavoring

Add to sugar sufficient milk or cream to make frosting of spreading consistency. Mix smooth, add salt and almond flavoring to taste.



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(Continued from page 25)

Early morning was a great clatter of noise and sunshine. Roosters crowed in the back yard, the birds sang loudly, church bells rang, footsteps clattered on the walk below the bedroom window. There were breakfast noises in the kitchen.

Emily sat up straight in the bed. She couldn't remember where she was for a moment, perched up so high on the cloud-bed. Then she remembered all of it. Mother was gone—this was home—she had a new name—Emily Tyne—Emily Tyne.

Her eyes widened. Why hadn't she thought of it sooner? The only thing to do was to go home right away—this very morning!

She'd tell Aunt Amelia that they were all wrong. Mother was wrong. They were doing this for her and it was up to her to decide where she wanted to live, whose name she would keep. Emily hugged her knees and felt happier than she ever had in her life. She could see Mother's smile and hear her happy laugh when she told her what she had decided.

EMILY heard fast clicking heels on the walk below the window. She twisted around and hung over the bed to see who it was. A red plume danced and fluttered by.

"Mother," she called and put her feet on the cool top step.

The front door banged and Emily heard Mother's voice.

"I'm back, Amelia! Emily is going home with me."

"Esther, have you lost your senses?"

"No, I've just found them. It's all wrong—all wrong—do you hear? I turned right around and came back before it was too late. I walked from the station. . . . Amelia, I tell you, I can't give her up!"

"You're acting like a fool again!"

"Maybe I am. . . ." Her voice faded.

Emily couldn't hear much of the rest.

Uncle Andy boomed out, "Do you realize what will happen to a child without a name? Amelia and I feel it is our Christian duty!"

Then Mother said in a low, quiet voice, "It's my Christian duty, too. . . . I am a good mother to her. . . . better this way than . . . than. . . . heartbreak. . . ."

Emily hurried out of bed and got into her clothes. She put on the stiff, flat hat and snapped the rubber under her chin. She folded her nightgown in a small bundle and laid it on top of the open suitcase. Tiptoeing out to the parlor, she hoisted herself up on the slippery horsehair sofa and waited.

Very soon the door opened and Mother stood there. She looked very beautiful and sad in her gay red velvet dress and her lovely, lovely red plume that floated over her black curls.

"Darling," Mother said softly. "We're going home."

"Yes, Mother," Emily answered in a little, cracked voice. "I'm all ready."

SUSAN'S FIRST DATE

(Continued from page 7)

"Only after five!" Susan exclaimed, "Why don't we eat earlier tonight, Mother? I'm not going to keep Victor waiting. Mother, please! Please, Mother."

"All right, dear, we'll have dinner just as soon as Carol and Dad get home."

"Where's Rob?" Susan called out. "We're not going to wait for him! I don't know

(Continued on page 29)

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To look like the picture, sift a little fine sugar through a paper doily. Remove doily carefully. Package serves 8.



**KEEP ON THE
LOOK-OUT FOR
DROMEDARY
PASTEURIZED
DATES!**



Is It Really Good as Gold?

BY SEYMOUR M. MONAT

IT'S Barbara's sixteenth birthday next week, and you've decided to splurge and buy her that solid gold bracelet she's had her heart set on for so long.

But wait. Is it really solid gold? Or is it just a cheaper metal, with a plating added to make it look like gold?

On almost every piece of jewelry you'll see certain identifying words stamped. You may see "14K," "Sterling Silver," "G. P. Sterling Silver," "G. F. Sterling Silver Base," or "G. F. Stainless Steel." To most people, these words don't mean very much. Each marking, however, denotes the material from which the article is made.

The law requires that when any precious metal such as gold or silver is used, the amount of the precious metal in the article must be clearly marked. This is to prevent unscrupulous sellers from misleading the public. When you buy an article which the seller says is gold, you can make sure by asking to see the marking directly on the piece of jewelry—not on the box. (There's a severe penalty if the composition of the article is misrepresented.) Also, the price of gold is fixed by law, and the price of silver is fixed by its relation to gold. If the amount of gold in jewelry were not marked, the value of

the gold might be determined haphazardly. And a dealer or mining firm having a tremendous amount of gold or silver, could flood the market with it and force the price of gold down. Marking of the gold content is known as hallmarking. The amount of gold in any article is measured according to two systems. The first has the karat (abbreviated K) as a unit; and the second tells the gold content in terms of fineness.

According to the karat system, pure gold has a value of 24 karats. For most jewelry purposes, however, this pure gold is too soft and too expensive. Therefore, certain alloying materials—copper, silver, nickel or tin—are added.

The most common alloys are 18K, 14K and 10K. 18K gold has eighteen parts of pure gold and six parts of alloying material. Thus the percentage of gold is seventy-five per cent. 14K gold has fourteen parts of pure gold and ten parts of alloying material. The percentage of gold in this case is approximately fifty-eight per cent. 10K gold has ten parts of pure gold and fourteen parts of alloying material. Therefore the gold content is approximately forty-two per cent.

In terms of fineness, pure gold is 1000 fine. An ounce of 1000 fine gold (also

known as a fine ounce of gold) has its price fixed at \$35. According to this scale, 18K gold is 750 fine, 14K is 584 fine, and 10K is 419 fine.

The law allows a leeway in hallmarking of one-half a karat. Thus an article which has thirteen and one-half karats of gold is allowed to be marked 14K.

Silver, on the other hand, is *always* spoken of in terms of fineness. Pure silver, 1000 fine, is, like pure gold, not very suitable for jewelry. Pure silver has an extreme tendency to tarnish. Therefore silver is also alloyed. The most well-known type of silver is called sterling. The name was adopted by the British government as the name of one of its coins. This coin was made of 925 parts silver and 75 parts copper. Thus sterling silver is 925 fine. Mexican silver is a silver alloy which has a lower silver content, and is therefore cheaper.

To overcome the tarnishing of silver, certain processes are applied. These processes consist of oxidizing, gold plating, and gold filling.

Oxidized silver is silver which is chemically tarnished. This one layer of tarnish prevents any further change. This type of silver jewelry appears gray or black, and has an antique appearance.

Gold plating places a very thin layer of gold over the silver. This plating is done electrically. Usually the film of gold is so thin that it can be worn away by constant handling. As soon as the gold plating is worn or scratched, the underlying silver will tarnish. "G. P. Sterling Silver" means gold plating on a sterling silver base.

In gold filling, a very thin sheet of gold is placed over, or all around, a piece of sterling silver, which is the base of the article. Then either by welding, soldering, or hammering, the two metals are joined. Thus we have a relatively thick piece of sterling silver and a very thin sheet of gold. "G. F. Sterling Silver" means gold filling on a sterling silver base.

Gold filled sterling is usually more expensive than gold plated sterling because the thinnest which gold can be rolled or hammered is 1/1000 of an inch. The thinnest film of gold that can be plated is about 1/10,000 of an inch. Therefore, more gold is usually used in gold filled articles. Because of this greater thickness of gold the wearing qualities are much better.

Gold filling can be done over practically any metal. Today stainless steel bases are becoming popular. Watch cases and watch bands are often made of stainless steel. "G. F. Stainless Steel" does not occur very frequently, but in the future it may become a very familiar marking.

The higher the percentage of gold in an article, the higher, of course, will be the price. But if you have to budget, remember that for most purposes the less expensive alloys or plated metals will serve just as well. It takes a practiced eye to determine whether a piece is 14K or merely sterling silver gold-plated.



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(Continued from page 27)

why he always comes home so late. If he keeps dinner waiting, I'll kill him, I'll simply kill him. Why doesn't this family cooperate with me? Why do I always have so much trouble every time I have to do something?" Her voice became tearful, "Mother, please let's eat early."

"Susan, why don't you take your bath? We'll be ready to eat just as soon as you finish."

"Oh, all right." Susan conceded. "But remember, we're not going to wait for anybody."

SHE tucked her shiny brown hair in a gayly colored kerchief and trailed into the bathroom, clasping her robe tightly around her. She turned on the hot water faucet and poured some of her sister's bubble bath into the water. "Carol would slay me, if she knew I was using her precious bubble bath. Muriel sure is lucky! Her mother gets her all that stuff. It's swell to be an only child. I never get anything like that. Oh gosh, I hope Rob isn't late. I'll simply collapse if he isn't home by the time I'm through."

When Susan stepped out of the bathroom an hour later, she found her family seated around the dinner table.

"My gosh, Mother, why didn't you call me? Oh, now I know I'll be late. The very first time Victor calls for me and I'm late. What will I say?"

"What's the excitement?" her father asked. Susan turned to her father, amazed that he had forgotten.

"Why, Daddy! It's tonight! Tonight is the dance and I'm going with Victor. He'll be here any minute. Don't you remember he asked me two weeks ago?"

"Victor? Who is Victor?" her father asked.

"Oh, Daddy," Susan said weakly. "You have plenty of time," her mother said. "He won't be here for hours yet."

"Susie!" Carol sniffed. "Susan Batch, did you use my bubble bath? Honestly, Mother, I can't keep a thing around here. Susan and Barbara are always using my things. And after I was good enough to say you could use my perfume."

SUSAN pushed her plate away from her. "Please, Carol, honestly I'll never touch another thing of yours as long as I live."

"Oh, all right," Carol said then, "but remember if you ever use my bubble bath again."

Susan gulped at her food, "I don't care for any dessert," she announced. "May I be excused now?" She arose from the table and went into her room. She closed the door and leaned against it dreamily; then with a burst of energy, she carefully laid her clothes out on the bed. Her navy blue pleated skirt, her white boxy sweater. She pulled at it gently. It was only size forty-four. Forty-six would have been better, but Mother had said, "No, forty-four is large enough." Just because they wore their clothes skin tight in those days. My gosh, sweaters had to be loose. My gosh, if her sweater was any smaller, the girls would be talking about her the way they did about Marilyn Jones. But wouldn't you think Marilyn would have sense enough to buy a sweater larger than size thirty-six? Some girls just didn't have any sense.

She took her brown shoes out of the closet. Oh, how she loved her shoes. So brown and dark and shiny. What a time she had had getting them. And when Dad had said,

(Continued on page 31)

YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!



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K.P. the Easy Way

Reduce it to method, and you can relax in even the madness of housework without help!

FRANKLY, don't you like to spend as much time *out of* the kitchen as possible? Certainly you do! So here are some suggestions that will help you accomplish that pleasant result, and incidentally, make your kitchen a pleasanter place to come back to.

The stove and the refrigerator are the two major pieces. Nothing impairs a gas stove's efficiency as much as clogged burners. Remove them from the stove and scrub them thoroughly with hot soapy water. A toothpick will dislodge any especially stubborn particles. After you are sure the burners are one-hundred per cent clean, give them a scalding rinse. When they are back in place, lighting the gas for a moment will dry them in no time.

The broiling pan and rack are sometimes overlooked or neglected just because they are out of sight. Plenty of suds plus some steel wool will go far to keep them in good condition. While these removable parts are out of the oven, go over the inside with a soapy cloth. This will remove any stale odors. Don't forget that the tray under the burners may need extra cleaning if foods have boiled over when your back has been turned.

Of course, you wipe off the outside enamel of your refrigerator regularly, too. But remember it should also have a thoroughgoing inside cleaning at frequent intervals. It is a good idea to make this a routine part of your weekly cleaning schedule. Remove all the food, then take out the shelves and scrub them with warm water and plenty of soap. Use thick tepid suds for the walls and door of the food chamber, working the soap well into the corners. One of the new "square" sponges of rubber or composition material is helpful here. Rinse with tepid water and dry

thoroughly before replacing the shelves. A piece of chamois is excellent for this purpose. If you have an ice-refrigerator, remember that an important part of the weekly cleaning is scrubbing the ice-chest and scalding the drain pipe.

If you have oiled silk covers that fit snugly over the rims of bowls as protections against ice-box odors, these should be dipped daily in thick lukewarm soapsuds followed by thorough rinsing.

The garbage pail is one piece of kitchen equipment which is sometimes neglected. As soon as the refuse is emptied, make a practice of filling the container with hot soapsuds



Garbage pails need a suds dunking to keep them from smelling sour. Use a long-handled dishmop.



Modern stoves are really easy to clean. Scrub pieces individually with suds and a brush.



Because of cooking, kitchen walls get soiled more easily. Superficial dust can be removed like this.

and scrub thoroughly. A long-handled dishmop or brush is handy for this. Turn the pail upside down to drain dry or air in the sun. Many women like to use manila bag-containers inside the pail, but this does not eliminate the necessity of washing the pail itself at regular intervals.

Whatever kind of floor covering you have in your kitchen, a good rule is to go easy on water but use plenty of soap. Change the water and replenish the soap as soon as the suds begin to look gray or flat. And by the way, if you find yourself putting off changing the water because the pail is hard to lift, try the new trick of using a dishpan for the water. Lots of women who have tried it once swear by this back-saving method.

Be sure your mop or cloth is clean. Wring it out of the suds and do a small area of the floor at a time. Then squeeze the mop out in clear water and go over the surface a second time. For linoleum-covered floors or varnished or waxed wooden floors, use tepid

water. For uncoated wood use hot water. Waxing linoleum after you clean it keeps it clean longer.

Kitchen walls are especially susceptible to soil. From time to time you can remove superficial dust with a wall brush or a broom covered with a clean cloth, but every so often the walls will need a good soap-and-water washing. The tools you need for the job are two sponges, a basin or pail for the suds and another basin to hold water, lukewarm, for rinsing, and a goodly supply of soap jelly.

Soap jelly, which, by the way, you will find useful for any number of other household tasks as well, is made by boiling half a cup of packaged soap or shaved bar soap in five cups of water. Let it cool into a thick jelly which can be stored in the refrigerator for use as needed. Then just beat up the desired amount into a thick frothy lather with the eggbeater. This is a particularly good trick to follow these days of vanished soap flakes.

Start at the bottom of the wall and wash *upward*, doing only a small area at a time. Soap well with the first sponge and then wipe with the second, well wrung out. This will leave that area practically dry. Then go on to the next, being sure that each area overlaps. One advantage of working upwards is that if any water runs down it will run over a clean part of the wall and hence not cut streaks through soil which will be doubly hard to remove.

Many people, otherwise meticulous in their kitchen cleanliness, use a dish towel for several batches of dishes, hanging it to dry in-between. Fresh towels should be used for each dish-washing session. As a matter of fact, if towels are washed frequently it is easier on towels and on you. Give them a swishing in warm soapsuds and a thorough rinsing. Then spread them on the rods to dry, ready for next-time use. Many housewives also make a weekly practice of boiling dish towels. This helps keep them white.



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FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., NEW YORK

(Continued from page 29)

"You've got your brother's shoes on," she thought she'd just die. You'd think parents would keep up with things. All the girls were wearing boys' shoes now. It was the latest thing! "Gosh!" she exclaimed aloud, her mind wandering from parents' shortcomings, "I wonder if Carol would let me wear her pearls? Wouldn't it be super if she would?" She stuck her head out of the door.

"Carol," she called. "Oh Carol, dear, would you mind awfully if I wore your pearls? I promise to be very careful with them, please."

She could hear her mother whispering, "Why don't you Carol? After all, it's her first date!"

"All right," Carol answered. "But remember, be careful!"

AT FIVE minutes to eight Susan walked sedately into the living room. She sat down primly, her shiny brown shoes firm on the floor, her white sweater, big and boxy reached her hips shapelessly. Her blue pleated skirt spread out in a half circle. Her brown, thick hair hung to her shoulders and the white bow stood pertly on the side of her head. Her lips were applied generously with lipstick.

"For pete's sake," said Rob. "For crying out loud! You've got too much lipstick on. Wipe some of that junk off!"

"I do not have too much lipstick on," said Susan. "It's a new shade, it's called Violet Blue. Mind your own business anyway."

"Susan, please," said her mother. "Rob is right. Take some of it off, dear."

"Mother! Do you want me to look haggard? I tried to get it on like this at least six times."

"Look, Susan," Carol offered. "All you have to do is take some tissue and go like this. It's not too much, it's just that you didn't remove the excess." Carol walked into the bedroom and Susan trailed after her. Carol reached for the tissue and put it against her sister's lips. "See what a difference it makes? You don't want to look amateur do you? You don't want Victor to think this is your first date, do you?"

The door bell pealed through the house.

OH, HE'S here! Oh, Carol, I'm scared! I feel faint, really I do."

"Do you want me to go to the door?" Carol asked.

"No, don't! No, I'll go. Oh, Carol!" Susan walked to the door.

"Hello, Victor," she greeted. "Come in, please."

She stood with dignity at the entrance to the living room, a gawky young boy at her side.

"I'd like you to meet my family, Victor. This is my mother."

"How do you do, Mrs. Batch?" said Victor in a voice that cracked.

"And my father. Daddy, this is Victor." Mr. Batch arose and shook hands with Victor.

"How do you do, sir?" said Victor timidly.

"Sit down, boy, sit down," boomed her father.

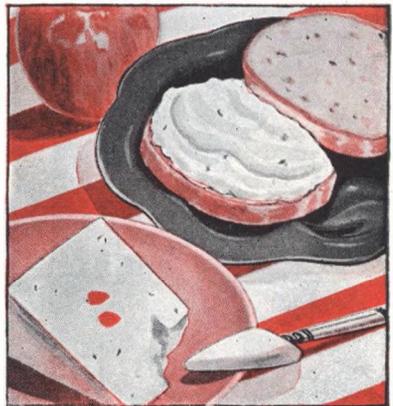
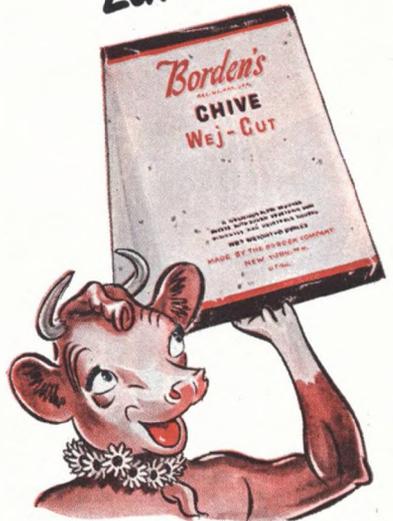
"And this is my sister, Carol," Susan continued.

"I'm glad to meet you, Victor," said Carol. Victor blushed and said, "I'm glad to meet you, too."

"And this," said Susan, "is my brother, Rob." Rob rose from the chair in the corner of the room and walked over to shake hands.

(Continued on page 35)

Oh! What this
does for a
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Get some fresh rye bread or pumpernickel.

Spread it thick with Borden's Chive Wej-Cut Cream Cheese—that creamiest-of-cream cheese with chopped green chives already blended in.

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POINTS AND PENNIES



2973

2973. Cut smartly and simply, this lovely dress is only one piece from shoulder to hem and is especially easy to make and to wear. Sizes 10 to 20. Size 16, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 39-inch material.



2547

2547. Wing-like sleeves give a broad-shouldered look that will narrow your figure to a flattering width. Sizes 12 to 44. Size 16, 39-inch, jumper: $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards; blouse: $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards fabric.



2710

2710. Turnabout's fair play when you can make this smart jerkin suit from a man's suit. Sizes 14 (men's sizes 35-36) to 20 (men's sizes 41-42). Size 18, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch material.



2521

2977

2977. Gracious lines combine with smooth hip and shoulder treatments in this pleasing dress. Sizes 12 to 44. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 39-inch fabric.
2521. Easy-to-make pouch bag in one size.



2949

2949. A lady sailor in miniature wears this cunning outfit topped off with a tiny nautical beret. Sizes 2 to 8. Size 4, jacket, skirt, and beret: $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch material, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards braid.



2928

2928. It's really easy as pie to sew for your little daughter. The panties are included in the pattern. Sizes 6 months, 1, 2, and 3. Size 2, dress and panties: $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 35-inch material.

Everywoman's

We're quite smitten with the cuddly toys below and even though it's only October, they conjure up visions of crowded Christmas toy departments. How much more fun it is, though, to make the youngsters' gifts—especially this adorable little bear family which will be almost as much joy to make as to find under the Christmas tree. And no little girl ever has too many dolls.

If Johnny's come marching home and his

B Y E M I L Y



2859

2859. Two kick pleats give this trim little button-down-the-front shirtwaist dress an easy fullness at the hemline. Always in style. Sizes 14 to 48. Size 36, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 39-inch material.



2982

2982. Trim, suave lines are beautifully worked out in the simplest cut. News in the high neckline and the deeper cut of the armhole. Sizes 12 to 44. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39-inch material.



2948

2948. Tabs are popular this year and an easy way to add distinction to a well-cut dress. Soft fullness in bodice and gored skirt. Sizes 12 to 46. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 39-inch fabric.

Fall Fashions

old clothes aren't quite his size, make them over into smart jerkin suits for yourself when he gets his new wardrobe.

How To Order Patterns: Send 20c for each pattern to Readers' Service Department, *Everywoman's Magazine*, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. Be sure to state size. Please don't forget to include your name and address. For Fashion Book of over 175 pattern designs, send 15c.

B E R C K M A N N



3320

3320. Momma, Papa, and Baby bear—all three yours for the making. Delightful toys for a girl or boy, especially cute if you can find some plushy fabric. In one size, 14 inches tall.



2522

2522. A chic rag doll with clothes, a lifelike stuffed doll that is almost as tall as the little girl. The design for the face is included in the pattern. Cut in one size, 27 inches tall.



2968

2968. This one-piece belted model is amazingly simple to sew up. The new cut of the sleeve with the deeper armhole is so easy to put in. Sizes 10 to 40. Size 16, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch fabric.

Remodel Your Worn Fur Coat

BY VERDE WHITING

THE furrier may have told you it isn't worth remodeling, shortages of labor and materials have made them pretty independent these days. Or maybe it would cost so much that you have about decided that you might as well buy a new coat. Don't do either—remodel it yourself!

I once made over a fur coat in one day when I was marooned in a hotel by a blizzard. The only implements I had besides the needle, thread, thimble and pins from my little traveling sewing-kit, were a razor blade and a pair of manicure scissors. The razor blade was the key to the situation. I couldn't have done it without that. Fur has to be cut with a sharp knife.

The coat was out of style and had some badly worn spots. It was the only one I had with me. Once I ripped it up I had to finish it while the blizzard raged, so I started right in after breakfast. The chambermaid probably thought I was a mental case when she arrived to make the bed and found me slashing my seal coat with a razor blade. When she came in that same evening to turn down my bed, though, and saw the transformed coat with its snappy little rolled collar and built-up shoulders instead of the old-fashioned wide collar and narrow shoulders, she knew there was method in my madness. All the worn bare spots had disappeared, too.

The collar had been much too wide and the shoulders much too narrow for the prevailing style. With the manicure scissors I cut a pattern for a rolled collar out of newspaper, experimenting with it until it fit the neck of the coat. I also cut crescent-shaped pieces to build out the tops of the sleeves, adjusting the pattern until I got the right effect. These patterns judiciously laid out on the old shawl collar worked out beautifully. There was even plenty of fur left to patch the worn places.

One beautiful thing about it is that the smallest scraps of fur can be used. A collar can be contrived out of a dozen pieces providing they are carefully matched. If there isn't enough fur for a rolled collar, a small "Johnny" collar requires very little and is easy to fashion even without a pattern.

Look your coat over with a speculative eye and decide how much of it is still good. If there are only a few worn places and it needs only minor alterations, the chances are it can be left in its original form. If the front and under-sleeves are badly worn, it can still be completely remodeled into a topper or short jacket, depending on the amount of fur in good condition.

It may need a new lining. Anyone can re-line a fur coat. The old lining is just carefully ripped out and the pieces used as a pattern for the new one. The shields at the back of the neck and under the arms are stitched in place before the parts are put together and if you want it to look really professional, put back the little cording around the edges. As a rule it is a braid and survives the lining, so it can be ripped off the old lining and applied to the new. The only tricky part is the bottom of the coat. It is a good idea to let the coat hang for a day or two before finishing the bottom. That gives it a chance to settle into place.

Be sure to have your coat cleaned before you start work on it, particularly if it has been lying away. It is better for the coat and easier on your hands.

Perhaps you will decide on the new jacket. Cut the body from the skirt of your old long coat. The upper part of the back and the good part of the sleeves will make new sleeves and collar, or the collar can come off the sides of the back if it is wider than the new pattern.

Choose a good commercial pattern of the approximate length coat you think you can get out of the good part of your fur. Rip up the old coat and go ahead. Remove the lining. You will find a soft gray or white interlining usually tacked to the skin. This must be cut over to fit any remodeling lines and replaced the same way. The taped edges of hem, front facing, and sleeves are caught down to this with loose basting stitches. The lining is hemmed or blind-stitched to the tape. Rip the seams of the fur on the wrong side by cutting along the edge of the stitching with the blade.

The essential difference between making a fur coat and a cloth one is in the method of cutting and sewing. Fur is always cut with a sharp knife on the skin side and the seams are overcast together. This requires very little seam allowance, a quarter inch is enough



or you will find your coat too big and fur wasted unnecessarily.

The terrifying moment is when your blade is poised over the fur ready to cut it out. But if you are sure of your pattern, having fit it to yourself beforehand, and it is properly pinned to the wrong side of the fur, just proceed as you would for a dress or cloth coat. *Don't* attempt to make a fur coat unless you have had some dress-making experience. *Don't* cut with too heavy a hand. The blade must only penetrate the skin, not the hair on the other side. *Don't* work too long at a time no matter how enthusiastic you feel about getting it finished. It will take but a few days even to make a completely new garment. If you sew beyond the fatigue limit you get nervous and mistakes are more apt to result.

Fur allows more leeway for mistakes than cloth, though. You can't stick corners on a cloth garment (Continued on page 30)

(Continued from page 31)

"Hi, Vic," he boomed enthusiastically.
"Hi, Rob," said Victor. The two boys looked seriously at one another and gravely shook hands.

"And this is my sister, Barbara."

"Hello, Barbara," said Victor.

"Hi," said Barbara.

The introductions over, Susan politely asked, "Won't you sit down, Victor?"

"Well gosh, Susan, don't you think we ought to go? The dance begins at eight-thirty."

"If you think so," said Susan. "Excuse me a minute." She walked out of the room and returned in a few moments wearing her coat.

"I'm ready, Victor, shall we go?"

"Sure," he said. "Sure, let's go. We don't want to be late. Good night," he gulped. "I'm glad I met you all."

Susan daintily walked over to kiss her mother.

"Good night, Mother," she said.

"Good night, dear," her mother answered. "Have a nice time."

"Thank you, Mother," said Susan. "I'm sure we shall." She kissed her father sweetly on the forehead. "Good night, Daddy dear."

She turned and preceded Victor out of the room. He tripped and mumbled, "Oh, gee, excuse me."

"Certainly," Susan answered with dignity.

Walking down the front stairs, Victor put his hand under her elbow. "Gosh," he said.

"Gosh you sure smell nice, Susan."

"Oh," said Susan airily. "It's my perfume. It's very special. I always use it when I go out."

"Gosh," said Victor, "it sure smells good. Gosh."

SONG IN THE NIGHT

(Continued from page 9)

that it had been the grim fixity of the beast's regard that had jerked him out of sleep.

The limb of the pine was nine feet above him. The cougar had doubtless reached it by climbing another pine tree some hundred feet away and picking his way among the interlapping branches. Even in the midst of shock and amazement Ledyard figured that out. The fever had left his blood, he noted, but the pain still throbbed in his leg.

The cougar was stretched out along the limb, its powerful foreclaws unsheathed and gripping the bark in tense but silent savagery. Its yellow, notch eyes glowed lambently in the flat, downthrust head. By the fixity of those eyes and by every contour of the crouching form Ledyard knew that had he made a single abrupt movement on awakening, the cat would have sprung.

He knew the nature of the cougar to be about eighty per cent ferocity, which is just another name for cowardice, and that under ordinary circumstances man had nothing to fear from him. But there were certain times, under certain conditions, when there was no more dangerous enemy in the wilderness. Let a hunter fall ill or be wounded, or let a woman or child be lost in the forest and it is always the cougar that will sense his predicament and skulk for days if necessary on the trail. This was one of those times. The great cat had sensed his plight in the uncanny manner of its kind, and in those eyes, burning like live coals in the darkness, fear and murder struggled for mastery.

Sheer intuition dictated Ledyard's actions

in those grim moments. He kept his eyes but partially open, that the beast might not catch their gleam; and his whole body remained still, in a semblance of sleep. So long as he feigned sleep the cat would not bring itself to spring. The ingrained cruelty and indirection of the beast kept it from pouncing until its victim should move or attempt to escape.

The moments dragged by, horrible, heart-thudding moments which taxed every atom of Ledyard's physical and mental control. His whole body ached and cried out to be moved and stretched, yet he dare not move a hand.

THE cougar remained frozen in an attitude of basilisk concentration, every muscle set except for the slow, undulating twitching of his tail tip, waiting for that moment when his ingrained fear of man should be swallowed up by the rising tide of his blood-lust. Ledyard's limbs grew cramped and numb from tension, and sweat broke out about his set mouth and eyes. He had located the exact position of his rifle, leaning against the trunk of the pine, but he knew that a single move to reach it would precipitate a lightning spring.

As the minutes passed the impulse to move, to risk all on a desperate grab for his rifle, became almost overpowering. His cooler faculties told him that he would never live to fire a shot into the malevolent watcher above, yet his torment was becoming too great for calm judgment.

And then, even as he was on the verge of desperate action, came interruption.

A sound smote upon his overstretched nerves—slight, but magnified like the report of a rifle by the crepitant stillness of the forest. And he saw a tremor pass over the lithe form of the killer above him. For a bated instant he held his breath. The slightest thing now, he knew, might draw a hurtling attack. Then he gasped in silent relief, for he had located the sound. So had the cougar. The flat head shifted in attention, and the eyes glared downward on the other side of the branch.

QUILLS, the porcupine, had recalled his stolen meal of bacon in Ledyard's camp and had returned in search of more. He was rummaging about in the vicinity of Ledyard's dead campfire, giving vent to short grunts and faint rodentlike chatterings. Fearless and one-pointed in his quest, he was quite unaware of either man or cougar. Out of the tail of his eye Ledyard saw him come upon the knapsack filled with supplies. His chattering changed at once to the crooning elemental little song the man had heard the day before as he reached a handlike paw into the hole in the sack and began to explore.

Above him Ledyard saw the cougar quiver throughout, its tail lashing softly. The cat's shallow brain could focalize upon but one thing at a time, and for the moment the porcupine held his stage. It was the chance for which Ledyard had prayed!

Stealthily, almost imperceptibly, the man lifted the blankets and reached for his rifle, eyes never leaving the crouched form above him. His hand closed on the weapon and with a single follow-through movement he dropped to his back again and fired.

Almost in the same instant the cougar's head whipped round and he launched himself frenziedly downward. Ledyard fired once more from his prone position and in mid-air the cougar's outstretched body buckled and

(Continued on page 36)

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A "Hazard Hunt" is fun and, what's more important, the Fire Chief of your town needs "Hazard Hunters." He has lost one out of every eight of his firemen to the armed forces. So, while your regular firemen are fighting for Uncle Sam, you can do some of their work right here at home.

You may not realize it, but it is every fireman's duty to *prevent*, as well as to fight fire. Your fire department needs your help in carrying out that part of the regular fireman's job. Hazard hunting prevents fires.

Here are the rules for a Hazard Hunt. If you follow them well, your teacher may be able to persuade the Fire Chief to give you real badges, something like the ones older firemen wear. . . . First, get a group of your classmates to volunteer as Hazard Hunters. Then, select a leader who will be your "Fire Chief." Preferably the oldest boy or girl in the group.

Next, the Chief chooses one Captain, several Lieutenants, and a few Inspectors, depending on the number of children playing. Each one will need a blank book or inspection book, in which he must keep a record of the fire hazards he discovers and corrects.

Now you are ready to begin your Hazard Hunt. First of all, though, you must understand what fire hazards are. Oily mops and rags are often fire hazards. When you find them on closet floors, see that they are removed. Explain to your mother that these oily materials often catch fire by themselves in stuffy closets and attics. This kind of fire is known as a spontaneous ignition fire. If Mother insists that she needs her oily rags and mops, see if you can't find a metal container to store them in. That will be much safer. When you've found a closet hazard and had it corrected, mark it down in your inspection book.

Another common fire hazard is the frilly kitchen curtain which can blow in against the flame of a gas stove. Call your mother's attention to this hazard. She'll realize at once how dangerous such a curtain can be and will either tie it back securely, or replace it with a flat window-tight curtain with rods top and bottom. Mark this hazard down, too.

More fire hazards are to be found in attics and cellars. Old newspapers, clothing, and inflammable cleaning fluid are dangerous to keep about. All they need to set them afire,



Give your Hallowe'en party in the kitchen where the kids can make merry and have fun fixing their own refreshments.

is one spark. Ask Mother if you may remove them. Take old newspapers and clothes to salvage headquarters.

While you're correcting these fire dangers around the house, suggest to your father that he keep his hand fire extinguisher in an easy-to-reach spot—at the top of the cellar steps, or in the kitchen near a door and, if he has a second one, in the garage. Inspect the tag on the extinguisher, too, and see if it's time to recharge it. Remind Dad that extinguishers must be charged once a year.

Wherever you hazard hunt—in the living room (where you should check the fireplace and see that it is clean and always screened), in the kitchen, or in the bedroom—see that there are plenty of deep ashtrays. Remind Mother and Father that they can't be too careful about putting out cigarettes thoroughly before they leave them. See that matches are kept well out of reach of your younger brothers and sisters. Children playing with matches cause a great many fires every year in which they, themselves, are always burned and which sometimes cause the loss of their homes.

Now, if your Lieutenants and Inspectors show they can readily recognize fire hazards in their own homes, maybe they can go on to hazard hunt the neighborhood. Vacant lots often need to be cleaned up. And maybe your neighbors would be glad to have you clean up their yards. Outdoor trash often spreads fires. And, don't forget that no real Junior Fireman would ever be guilty of turning in a false alarm!

Try a Hazard Hunt soon and let us know how much fun you had and how much good work you did.

IDENTIFICATION GAME

From magazines or newspapers cut out pictures of well known people, real or comic strip characters. Paste them all on a piece of thin cardboard. Cut out each figure and cut off the heads. Place all the heads face up on the center of the table and divide the body cut-outs among the players. The idea of the game is for each player to find the corresponding heads for each one of his cut-outs. A prize to the one who finishes first.

This game is best for four or more players but two may play it.

(Continued from page 35)

crumpled. He was dead before he struck the ground.

As the breathless silence of the night and the forest fell once more over the camp Ledyard found himself trembling all over with a cold that had nothing to do with the night frost. For a time he lay looking at the shattered body of the cougar which lay with unsheathed claws stretched out but a foot from his blanket. Then his eye was drawn to the squat form of the porcupine, every quill erect and faintly limned in a patch of milky moonlight.

At the shattering sound of the rifle shots Quills had quickly doubled up in self-defense, thrusting his nose between his forefeet. The raising of his quills had brought the light fur beneath them into view, so that he had the appearance of having actually paled with rage and fright. Minutes passed before the bristling spines slowly lowered and the little meddler returned to his rummaging. Ledyard smiled and made no move to stop him.

It was only now that the man actually sensed how near the end he had been, and with that a host of grim finalities trooped through his mind. He thought of the many hunting codes he had dubbed as sentimental, and knew himself all at once for a neophyte. He thought with a shudder of the inevitable outcome of this night had he shot the quill-pig the day before as he had been tempted to do. By a quirk of chance he had refrained, invoking protection from the equivocal gods of wilderness affairs, who had been objectified for a space in this inquisitive little beast. By a small act of tolerance he had been saved a fearful end.

Nature's laws, though cruel at times, were infinitely far-reaching and protective in the balancing of scores. Ledyard sensed this in the soft warmth of her sunlight and all her ambient airs as he limped down trail the following afternoon.

HOW TO STAY YOUNG

(Continued from page 17)

grow in the old dome. Even if you are over fifty, there's no law against having a belief in your own abilities, an interest in the future, and a love of adventure. This doesn't mean that you should go through life shifting homes, jobs, and matrimonial partners like a juggler. Naturally, you should have a basic program and a routine. But don't let it bind you too closely. If you are a Republican, glance at a Democratic newspaper occasionally—and *vice versa*. Walk to work by different routes. Learn a few new jokes or songs.

5. *Live in the present.* Anyone who constantly talks about the wonders and beauties of the past is simply advertising the emptiness and failure of his life. It is bad for you to exercise your muscles in a Victory garden and your mind in a garden of memories. For neither memories nor vain regrets will help you to keep abreast of the times.

6. *Learn all you can about this wonderful world of ours.* Follow the best radio commentators. Read newspapers, books, and magazines intelligently, with a view to remembering and discussing current events. Get in touch with your public library and its many aids to gracious living. In most of our cities and rural districts, a cultured and highly trained librarian directs a reader's advisory service. Your education is never com-

pleted . . . and what you get out of every educational experience is in proportion to what you put into it. Through lectures, extension courses, night schools, and similar opportunities, *renew or refurbish old skills and acquire new ones.* No matter how limited your mental and physical abilities, there will be some socially useful task for you, if you have not permitted your mind and muscles to gather rust.

7. *Be a joiner.* The individual cannot exist alone in a vacuum. To lead a real life, you must belong to a group. The church is one of the best centers, for it provides a beehive of activities. You best know your own interests. Find the particular unit closest to them and throw yourself wholeheartedly into its projects. You will get ahead faster, be happier, and render a more unselfish service by traveling, not alone, but with your community.

8. *Do a boy scout deed daily.* Life is not worth living without the knowledge that you are needed. The more people you help, the more you extend yourself for others, the more you make yourself indispensable. Even diapering a baby is an acceptable contribution—to both baby and mamma.

9. *Keep old friends and make new.* The village bum, who counts every kid in town as his pal, is happier by far than the "successful" business man, whose cousins are already figuring how they can break his will. Old friends, like old wines, are best; but we must make allowance for breakage. Friendship and marriage never stand still. Keeping them in good repair is a job. It is much easier to drift apart than to cling together. So start your life with as large a collection as possible and keep on adding to recoup your losses. And always look forward to new ties and fresh contacts!

These, then, are the steps to youth. If you will climb them daily, you will soon toughen your spiritual muscles and re-educate your point of view. For regardless of age, happiness never springs from what we *have*, but from what we *are* and *do*. Only a pessimist or a fool believes that you can't teach an old dog new tricks. Successful old dogs acquire

so many new tricks in the course of a busy life that they can even pass on a few surprises to the puppies!

**BE KIND TO
DUMB BACHELORS**
(Continued from page 12)

(I didn't ask her, but will that keep her from telling me?) The theater . . . symphony concerts—not too often, she adds, as a sop to my lowbrow tastes . . . dancing the rumba . . . All of them, I notice, are activities that are usually shared. By now I am sitting in a mildly paralytic state and she notices it.

"Let's have some music," she says brightly. She skips over to the radio. (Yes, *skips*—as though that will subtract five years from her age!) My luck—a rumba. Naturally she'd love to dance. After two shakes on her part, I can see that if Arthur Murray taught her dancing in a hurry, it was by correspondence course. And she must have failed *that*. Joe's carpets get in the way, I remark, thankful for an excuse to end the struggle that could never be dignified into being called dancing. Joe's wife comes in then with the sandwiches and an inquiring gleam in her eye. It finds *no* answering gleam of victory in Edith's.

Comes the time to go home—many centuries later. It would be a joyful moment except for the gruesome good nights. Joe's wife hints with sledge-hammer casualness that we *all* ought to get together again. "Soon," she adds, looking to me to set the date. I'm too busy straightening my coat to answer her ultimatum.

Edith lives on the other side of town (The Ediths *always* do) so I offer to use my precious jalopy with its threadbare tires to drive her home. Edith volunteers, unconvincingly, to take the bus that stops at her door, but Joe's wife won't hear of it. What I dread are the long drawn-out good-bys when I see her to her door, *her* familiar hints, my studied

(Continued on page 39)



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Don't Guess About a Sick Dog

BY EDWARD FAUST

THOSE who haven't had a good deal of experience with dogs are not likely to be able to correctly diagnose a doggy sickness even when it is a simple disorder. Fleas? Well, yes. Anyone can spot those fur hoppers. Worms? This requires a trifle more discernment plus some knowledge of the difference between the various kinds. Indigestion? Here we begin to guess because indigestion may be due to a number of different causes and have several differing symptoms. Common colds? Not so easy as you think! It's one of the trickiest of all ailments because while the symptoms are clear the cause may back-track into something as deadly dangerous as the threat of distemper which usually begins with what seems to be no more than a cold.

Worms were the first mentioned. Well, there are three varieties of these pests, round worms, hook worms, and tape worms. (There are two other secondary kinds, rectal worms and ring worms. These are not so common.) You'll find the first three types in the dog's stool; the round worms are as described and are colored white to waxy yellow. They're a bit long, too, from one-and-one-half to seven or eight inches and are pointed at the ends. Symptoms? Well, Fido gets that all-gone look. Coat gets dull; skin gets dry; gums become pale. Eyes water, and appetite and digestion both go on a strike. Dog may skate around on its caboose and a pup, if the condition becomes aggravated, may develop fits. There's a prepared medicine for this. Hook worms are thinner than a pin, have a hook at the end which they use to fasten into the dog's intestine, and are very small, seldom more than an inch long. There's a prepared medicine that will knock this bandit for a loop, too. Then there's that Ol' Debbil Tape Worm, flat, tape-shaped, and as persistent as your income tax. He usually emerges in the stool in pieces, long or short, and if neglected or unnoticed by an unobserving owner can be the means of a doggy funeral due to sapping the dog's vitality to the point of death. Your druggist has a commercial remedy for this chap but, when buying it and other such preparations, be sure you get the correct kind. There is one for puppies and another for grown dogs. The dose for grown dogs if given to a pup can play the very dickens with that pup while the puppy dose given to a grown dog isn't strong enough. Basically, the action of such medicines is to gas the worms and thus hasten their expulsion. It is absolutely necessary to get the head of a tapeworm out of the dog otherwise this parasite will continue to grow indefinitely. Of the secondary worms, rectal worms also cause doggy to skate along the floor but are not serious although they can be an almighty nuisance to both dog and owner. An internal flushing through the rectum with warm water, a quart to which a teaspoonful of salt has been added, will remove them. Ring-



Harold Lambert

worms are easily communicated between animals and are a fungus-like rash that spreads on the skin and in aggravated cases causes extreme shedding with sores. Hair should be clipped over infected areas and parts bathed with a good dog soap allowing lather to remain for ten or fifteen minutes. Old crusts should be removed and infected parts anointed with a good mange medicine every day for about a week. The eruptions of ringworm usually begin around the eyes, legs or lips. They're round, inflamed itchy spots and you can easily detect them on your dog. On the seventh or eighth day give your dog a good over-all bath with the dog soap rubbing it into the skin briskly.

In the flea department all you have to look for are tiny, brown hoppers and you won't need a microscope to find them. Use a good dog flea powder, use it persistently enough and as the manufacturer directs and you can say good-bye to them. But don't forget that you also should disinfect the dog's sleeping quarters or bedding, too, otherwise there will be a new crop of visitors before you know it. To these gentry we'll add lice, faintly yellow at first and then bluish after having fed on the dog's hide. That's the sucking louse. The biting kind is smaller, wide-headed and with dark markings on yellow. A cresol disinfectant bath should be followed by applications of mange medicine and flea powder.

Indigestion may be due to improper feeding, worms, bad water, poisoning or sheer nervousness. It is usually accompanied by loss of appetite, thirst or vomiting. If the dog is constipated give a mild laxative such as milk of magnesia. If it has colic then apply warm clothes to the abdomen. If vomiting occurs then cut down on the drinking water and give a piece of ice to lick occasionally. If the condition persists then take the dog to your vet.

Beware cold symptoms and if your home doctoring (See April, 1945, *Everywoman's*) fails to get results after a few days,

then take the dog to the vet because what sometimes seems like a cold may be the forerunner of bronchitis or worse, that often deadly malady, distemper.

For ordinary rash, there are one or two prepared products that will check this and will in many instances effect permanent cures.

For ailments other than these I strongly urge you to take your dog to a vet. To attempt to home-doctor a sick dog that is down with something that you cannot correctly diagnose is about the most ungrateful return an owner can give to a loyal friend.

Yes, I string along with the vets, the good ones. After all, there's a science very much akin to that of the medical doctor. Their training is long and arduous. They have put not only time, but often much money in learning their craft. Many have effected amazing cures.

Unfortunately, and this is as much deplored by the good vets as it is by some dog owners, there are some who practice dog medicine and surgery who are not what they should be in ability or probity. A doctor's incompetence can in time be detected in most cases but the inefficient vet can travel far before the public becomes awakened. So few people know so little about canine pathology, so many are unfamiliar with symptoms. The poor dog can't tell where it hurts and the owner can only guess.

"How can I tell if my vet is a good one, honest and capable?" you ask. Fair enough. I can only tell you how I would judge. First, the reputation of the man, what other people whose judgment seems sound think about him. What has he done for animals? How does he house them, hospitalize them? What kind of assistance has he? (But bear in mind that many good vets do not have assistants these days due to labor shortage.) Is he unduly concerned to keep your dog for an unreasonable length of time—I know that this is often open to question because what may seem to an owner an unreasonable time may be vitally necessary to the dog in the eyes of a good vet. What kind of equipment has he? How does he keep it? Is he clean? Are his office and hospital clean, hospital-clean? Does he render his bills correctly and promptly? These two may not mean much but they do indicate an orderly, businesslike establishment. Does he seem able to gain the confidence of animals? Does he seem kind to them? Does he refuse to be a "yes" man to you? A good vet won't permit you to tell him how your dog should be treated. He knows his business and knows that he knows it. Is he willing to tell you what is wrong with your dog in words of one syllable or does he go into a technical dissertation that leaves you in a fog? He need not be a master of English, but if he knows his stuff he'll know it well enough to make almost anyone understand him. And these, my friends, are about what I look for when choosing a vet.

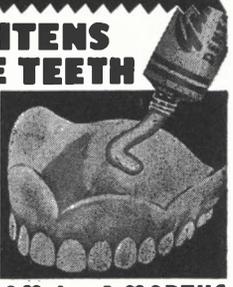
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stupidity. Then the bursting sensation of relief as I walk back to my car—alone!

I'm not against blind dates. I'm not against marriage. But I am against being used as potential matrimonial timber for every candidate who's looking for a running mate. Thanks. I'll do my own running—when I choose to.

If only Joe's wife didn't have such missionary zeal in wanting to see everybody else neatly coupled off in marriage. If she had said that Edith was thrice-married and determined never to go through it again, or that Edith was engaged to the most eligible man in town! I wouldn't have tried to make her change her mind, in either case, but I wouldn't have shunned her like a deadly contagious disease.

And Edith! If she had treated me like just someone who was there and not like the answer to her maidenly prayer. If she had insisted on helping with the sandwiches. If she had allowed me to become accustomed to her charms gradually and voluntarily. If she had been less ostentatious in showing off her social graces. She's popular with her girl friends (if she is) because she's relaxed and natural. She's not conscious then of the battle of the sexes, a battle in which she's far too anxious to capitulate.

For every married friend I have, there's always an Edith lurking in the background, ready to try to hook me. But I'm getting less dumb. One of these days I'll leap out of the frying pan of bachelorhood and into the fire of marriage. If I do take the leap, I'll make a solemn promise to myself not to expose any of my bachelor friends to the husband-thirsty Ediths. That is, unless my wife forces me to. In that case my bachelor friends will have to defend themselves as best they can.

SOUPS THAT STICK TO YOUR RIBS

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added onions, salt, pepper, a bay leaf, butter, and flour. *Creole Soup* goes the Turkish one better by adding green peppers, grated horseradish, vinegar, cayenne, and macaroni rings. *Bortchock* which, if I am not mistaken, comes to us from Russia is made of beef stock to which have been added carrots, onion, parsley, celery, salt, pepper, cloves, allspice, butter, and one beet cut into fine pieces. The vegetables are cooked in the butter for five minutes then added to the stock with the other seasoning. Vinegar and beet are added last. If served at once, the color will be a brilliant red.

The Scotch, true to tradition, are economical, but their famous broth is good health value for the small outlay in money. For this, a mutton stock is used. Discard all fat before putting the meat in water or the broth will have an unpleasantly strong taste. Carrots, turnips, and a bit of onion are used, together with salt, pepper, flour to thicken, and plenty of barley which has been soaked overnight and cooked separately.

Italian cabbage soup is delicious if served with a sprinkling of cheese; and the Norwegians make most delicious fruit soups.

Probably because I dislike to cook, I am a great believer in simple meals! What better could one want on a cold night than a big

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steaming dish of bean or split pea soup? Lentil soup is good, too; but be sure to fry some cubes of salt pork and drop them in before taking from the fire. Serve with your soup, besides your whole wheat bread, some crisp salad, and you have a meal fit for a king.

Searching through an old Southern cook book, I find numerous recipes for nut soups—almond, chestnut, and pecan! Which brings me to the conclusion that soup is what you make it, and you can make it of anything!

Two soups which are wholesome and which I am sure your small children will like are Oatmeal Soup and Peanut Butter Soup. For the former, use six cups of white stock. Bring to boil and add ¼ cup of oatmeal. Boil about an hour. Rub through sieve, then add 2 cups of scalded milk, pepper, and salt. Bind with butter and flour. For the second, boil one glass of peanut butter with three cups of water. Thicken with butter and flour. Add 2 cups of milk and let cook for a moment more. Good served either hot or cold.

Not the least part of the art of soup making is played by the garnishings which may add both to its nutritive value and to its appearance. Croutons, halves of sliced lemon, parsley, pulled bread—all add a festive air to the lowly soup plate. Grated cheese, sprinkled liberally, is an addition to many soups. Egg balls, made as follows are both nutritious and palatable:

- 1 hard boiled egg,
- 1 teaspoonful cream,
- bit of finely chopped parsley, salt, and Cayenne.

Run egg through meat chopper. Mix all ingredients together with the yolk of one raw egg. Roll in small balls and poach in salted water.

If you can make *Quenelles* (those little balls of force-meat which taste so delectable), your place in the hearts of the male members of your family will be assured.

To quote from the Mock Turtle's song:
"Beautiful Soup! Who cares for fish,
Game, or any other dish?
Who would not give all else for twop-
Ennyworth only of beautiful Soup?"

**REMODEL YOUR WORN
FUR COAT**

(Continued from page 34)

without it showing. But it will never show on fur, especially the long-haired varieties. Long-haired furs are easier to match but the skin is heavier and harder to handle. The short-haired ones require more care in matching but are easier to work with. It is amazing what can be done in patching worn places successfully. Squares, circles, diamonds can be inserted until the back looks like Grandma's patchwork quilt and the right side will still be an even smooth expanse of fur just as if it were a single whole skin. The trick is in the matching. In cutting a patch, the new piece must be laid on the fur side and carefully matched to the surrounding fur for length color and the direction of the hair. Slightly worn pieces usually fit better than glaringly new ones.

I have my own little method of putting in patches and it works to perfection. I outline a worn place on the right side with pins, turn the fur over and cut along the pins. The worn piece forms a pattern for the patch. Only a tiny seam is allowed as the edges are overcast together. After the patches are all sewed in, the slight puckering that results is smoothed out by brushing over the skin with a soft moist brush. The fur is then stretched flat, pinned to a board if it is badly puckered, and left until it is dry. You can't press fur but this dampening, stretching process gives nearly the same result.

A stout, fairly short needle and strong thread are best for sewing fur. Squeeze the edges of the skin together, tucking the fur down out of the seam as you sew. All seams as well as the edges of the front, sleeves, bottom and collar, must be taped. Hold narrow black cotton tape along the seams as you whip it with close, firm overcast stitches. (Of course, professionals have machines that do this.)

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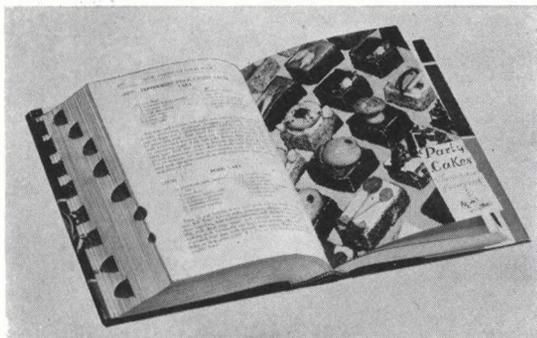
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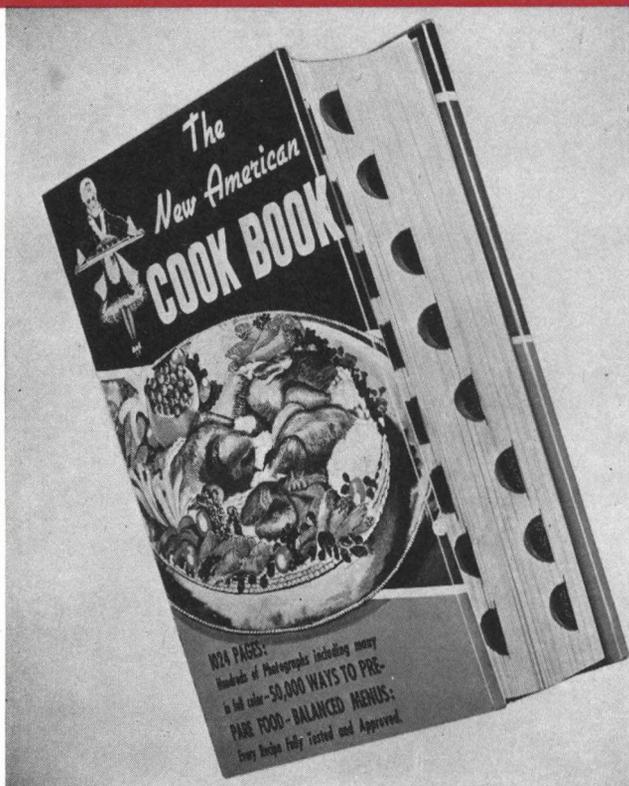


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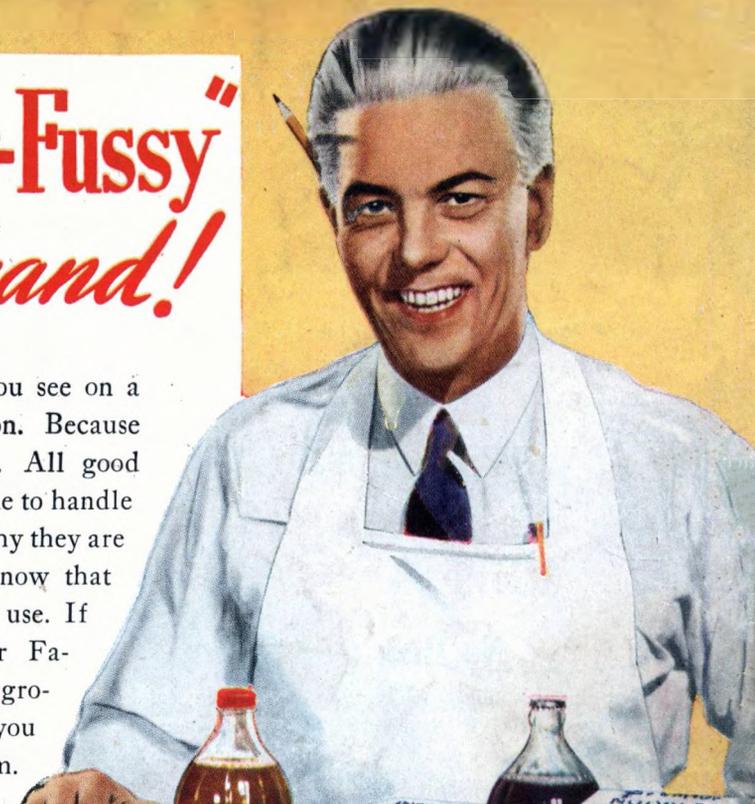
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