

JANUARY, 1947

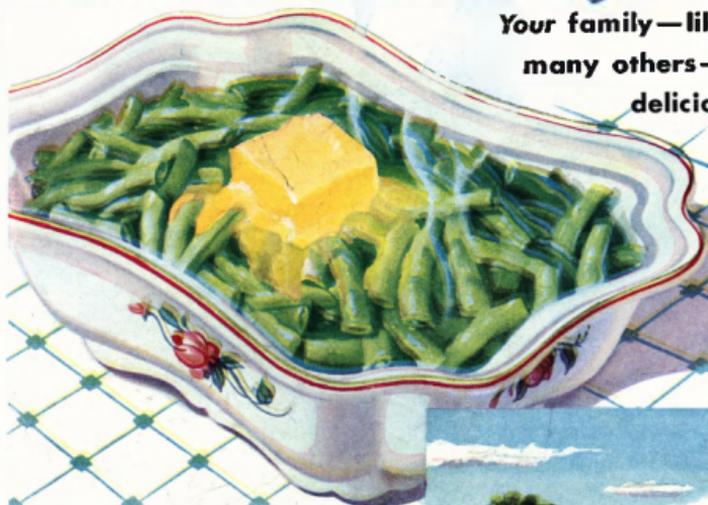
Woman's Day

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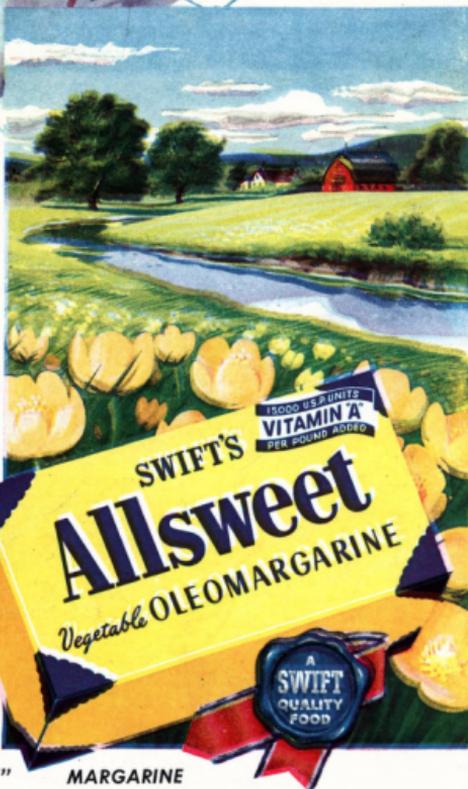
IT'S WINNING MILLIONS to Allsweet—the delicate *natural* flavor you hear so much comment on. For there's nothing artificial about *this* flavor. It comes from cultured pasteurized skim milk! To make Allsweet, the cultured skim milk is blended, by an exclusive process, with clear rich food oils from America's own farms. Just try Allsweet . . . in your cooking as well as on the table. Find out how deliciously *natural* it tastes.

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Smooth-spreading Allsweet comes to you white. To tint it yellow for table use, Swift provides with each pound an exclusive easier-opening packet of pure coloring.



THE "GUEST-QUALITY"



MARGARINE

"It's more fun being a Mother than a Model"

But Phoebe Dunn isn't forgetting the dental "beauty secret" that helped make her a "Powers Girl"

THERE'S only one reason why a girl might give up a glamorous modeling career—and lovely Phoebe Dunn has two of them. Suzanne and Judy. Age 6 and 4. And take their proud father's word for it—they'll be the Glamour Girls of 1940!

Because blonde, slim (105 pound) Mrs. Dunn has taught them the "open secret" that is practically a model's stock-in-trade—the importance of a radiant smile. At their Darien, Conn. farm this "model" mother sees to it that the Duns practice the dental routine that she preaches: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

Phoebe is in good company. Thousands of schools and dentists today teach the same dental truth—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.



Figure One. Naturally, Suzanne isn't quite ready to do Figure Eights. But it's not too early to train for a sparkling smile. "When you brush your teeth, massage your gums gently," her "model" mother has taught her. This brief workout with Ipana helps speed up circulation within the gums... helped Phoebe get her sound teeth and Powers Girl smile.



"Eat at your own risk" would be a wise footnote in the menu Suzanne and Judy are whipping up. Same note of caution applies to many of today's foods. Soft and creamy, they allow gums to become flabby, tender. Which calls for Ipana Tooth Paste—specially designed, with gentle massage, to help gums become firmer, teeth brighter.

Firmer gums,
brighter teeth,
with Ipana
and massage



Sister Act, led by Suzanne. After brushing teeth with Ipana, they help guard against tender gums with gentle massage. Sensitive gums, "pink" on your tooth brush, mean see your dentist. Let him decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



Should parents go to school to learn the value of gum massage? Taught in thousands of classrooms, 7 in 10 dentists also recommend gum massage, national survey shows. (And prefer Ipana 2 to 1 for their own use!) But let your dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.

Making the Most of a Bunch of Broccoli

by BETTY HUTT

Broccoli is really a cheap vegetable if you use the whole stems, all the leaves and the peelings as well as the head



1 Heads of broccoli are cut into convenient-size pieces, leaves removed and thick peel trimmed off. Bottoms of stalks are cut off, then heads standing upright are cooked quickly, uncovered, in boiling salted water



2 Leaves that are small and tender are broken off and saved for use in salad or to be chopped for a garnish instead of parsley. Larger leaves may be chopped, cooked as a green vegetable, drained and dressed with margarine

3 Whole stalks, too large to eat at the same time the head is served, are often wasted. Cut off the ends of stalks before cooking, save to cut into sticks or thin slices to use as a raw relish or in a mixed green salad



4 Peelings and outer stems are chopped, covered with boiling salted water and cooked uncovered about 20 minutes. They are not tender enough to eat, but the liquid will be flavorful and rich in otherwise lost food elements

5 Broth drained from cooked peelings is stored in refrigerator to be used in cream of broccoli soup. Use a well-seasoned thin white sauce made with undiluted evaporated milk and add small pieces of left-over broccoli





A full-length coat with outmoded tuxedo collar and narrow shoulders makes this ripple-back shortie coat to wear over everything. We used Butterick 3890. To get extra width at the shoulders we laid the pattern about 10" below the old neck and armholes. We pieced to widen the sleeves; to make the ripple back we added two wedge-shape sections at center back seam. We recut the old lining to fit.

A Navy officer's uniform in a small size makes a jerkin suit for his wife. For the jerkin, Butterick 3415. It was easy to make a four-gore skirt from the pants without a pattern. We cut away fabric above the crotch, eliminating front closing, ripped the inside seams of the trouser legs, stitched the two front pieces together, then the two back. We fitted the waist with tucks, made a side placket.

A too small, princess-line gabardine coat, worn and shabby, teams with one yard of contrasting gabardine to make an attractive two-piece outfit. The coat was navy blue; we used a blue-cast gray gabardine for contrast. From Butterick 3567, we cut the jacket front from the gray gabardine. The old coat yielded enough good fabric for the jacket back, the full sleeves and the skirt.

To order Butterick patterns, see page 78.

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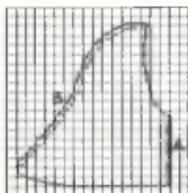
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FOUND MONEY

JERSEY
On Your Head



IT takes only one yard of 54" wool jersey to make this smart zipper hood. It's wonderfully warm, lined in self fabric to keep out cold winds. Zip it up snug under your chin, tack on a dangle fob for ornament. To make a fancy hood for evenings, crochet a gilt edge to frame the face, or stitch sequins all over the top. First make a paper pattern from diagram below. One square equals one inch. Fold the fabric in half, then fold it in half again. This brings it to 18" x 27". Now cut four pieces for the hood and lining. To stitch the hood, take two pieces, stitch them together at dotted line B for a back seam. Then do the same with the other two pieces to make the lining. Next, join the hood and lining. To do this, place hood and lining together, right sides on the inside and stitch along the edges (leaving bottom and sides A open.) Now put in the zipper at dotted line A, inserting it between hood and lining. Next turn the hood right side out (through the open bottom), turn in raw edges and slipstitch.



●To help you bring worn leather, fur and felt back to life, by repairing it or turning it into something new and lovely, there's a new government booklet, "Makeovers from Leather, Fur, and Felt." If you'd like a copy send five cents to the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C. Ask for Misc. Pub. 614 of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.

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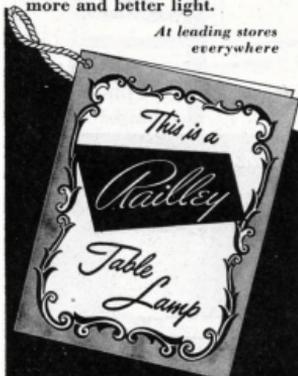
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TENTH YEAR
FOURTH ISSUE

WOMAN

A NATIONAL MAG



Millen Brand and daughter



Lin Root



Jan Gabriel

Our Contributors

Millen Brand ("Double Engagement," page 28) is one of our newcomers this month. He was born in Jersey City, went to school in Montclair, college at Columbia. He had made just seventeen dollars at published writing when his first novel, *The Outward Room*, was chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club and became a best seller. Two later ones are *The Heroes* and the forthcoming *Albert Sears*. We look forward to Mr. Brand as a regular visitor to *Woman's Day*.

Lin Root ("Will They Stay Married?" page 38) studied at Tulane University but took her Bachelor of Science degree at Barnard, and her Master's at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia. She was appointed Research Biochemist at the Psychiatric Institute of the Manhattan State Hospital, wrote a lot of impossible-to-promote monographs on biology and all kinds of things for medical publications. She's been science and medical editor of *Time*, co-author of a play which ran eight months on Broadway, has lived in too many countries to list and babbles a lot of languages. (We like authors who live quieter lives; just reading about Miss Root's going-on is fatiguing!)

Jan Gabriel ("Moment in the Sun," page 37) was born and educated in New York, but lived and studied for three years in Europe and North Africa, then for a year in Mexico. She's been an actress, editorial assistant, dancer and ghost writer. Miss Gabriel has published several short stories but also holds a regular job as good girl Friday to three Hollywood stars.

Our last newcomer is **Irving Jaffee** ("Don't Be Afraid to Fall," page 46). Mr. Jaffee has won three Olympic skating championships for the United States and he holds all kinds of records even up to the 25-mile distance. (But better than all other honors, we think, is the signal one of having his picture on a match pack. That's fame.) Mrs. Jaffee is her husband's writing collaborator. **Dale Nichols**, painter of this month's cover, has built a wide reputation for his snow paintings. They are so much the American scene of today that our grandchildren will probably collect Nichols as we do Currier & Ives. Mr. Nichols lives in Arizona and it was there that our fiction editor **owned** him and suggested this *Woman's Day* cover. (Some day we hope to convince our art editor that snow scenes belong on July covers when you really need them. Along about now we're in the mood where we can take snow or leave it.)

Small Fry

This month's award for blandness goes to our seven-year-old friend who hates to appear ignorant. His aunt was practising shorthand one day, and leaning on the arm of her chair, he watched her in baffled silence. Finally, unable to bear it any longer, he contributed: "You know, I can hardly understand that."

PEV

We've wondered many times what has come up to take the place of all the grinding volunteer jobs women performed so tirelessly during the war. Well, some of this woman-power is being channeled into the PEV classes. PEV (Polio Emergency Volunteer) accepts women between the ages of 25 and 45 without small children of their own. These volunteers are trained in nontechnical tasks which they can perform in homes and hospitals.

'S DAY

"Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbour; execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates."
ZECHARIAH 8:16

A Z I N E F O R W O M E N

Wise Words

They are credited to Alice Duer Miller: "If it's very painful for you to criticize your friends—you're safe in doing it. But if you take the slightest pleasure in it—that's the time to hold your tongue."

Once In A Lifetime

A young veteran friend of ours recurrently dreams that he is umpiring a World Series game where his former top sergeant slides home. Is he safe? Is he out? It's up to our veteran. He always wakes up smiling. We feel a little like that oneself ever since we rejected a manuscript from a former high school teacher . . . a teacher who was less than appreciative of our deathless prose. Had all we could do not to scrawl reminiscently on the rejection slip "Nice try" or "Haven't we been too wordy here?"

WOMAN'S DAY WILL BE 5¢ beginning next month

Starting with the February issue the price of Woman's Day will be five cents a copy.

We have been proud of our two-cent price throughout our nine years. We have worked hard to make Woman's Day a magazine that would interest you and be honest with you. Your response has been warmly encouraging. Today three million women buy Woman's Day, and the support of our advertisers has enabled us to

make the magazine many times larger than our early issues.

But costs, too, have risen. A single copy today costs us nearly four times what it did in 1938.

We want Woman's Day to continue to grow. At five cents a copy it can grow—we plan to add more pages, more color, better and better contents. We want to make Woman's Day an even bigger bargain at five cents than it ever was at two.

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An exchange of opinion and practical experience
by our readers—for our readers



NEIGHBORS

Edited by DOROTHY BLAKE

THE first Neighbor letter this month brings to my mind a quotation that I have long admired. It sounds like Robert Louis Stevenson—but I can't prove it because I have never been able to track it down in print. Goes something like this, "My duty to my fellow man is not to make him better, but to make him happier—if I can." That's a grand enough New Year's Resolution for me. And one I'll try my best to keep

A Package from the Home Folks

If anyone has an opportunity to send packages overseas to relatives, may I suggest some things that are appreciated but seldom thought of because they are not the obvious clothes and canned foods. Thread—black and white mostly, of course any colors are acceptable, then black and several shades of brown mending cotton. Black or white elastic, needles, snaps, hooks and eyes, cotton material, white and colored for patches, and pieces of woolen goods cut from some otherwise useless garment.

Small toilet articles that are a must to us are luxury to them. Tooth paste and brush, talcum powder, shampoo soap can be slipped in a pair of men's shoes, then slip the shoes in socks. Contents are kept snug and protected and no wasted weight for wrapping in useless rags or paper. Don't forget canned shoe polish and an extra pair of laces. A bar of scented toilet soap and perhaps a box of face powder. It's nice to remember

the men with shaving soap, the brushless kind seems ideal, perhaps a safety razor and plenty of blades. Don't pad empty corners with paper. Use steel wool pads, with the soap in them preferably, no one can imagine the help they give when cleaning pans thick with soot from wood fires. In some parts there is no coal available yet and hasn't been for a long time.

Above all, write often, and be sure to explain the use for some articles made familiar to us by advertising and use, but new and puzzling to them.

Instant coffee or cocoa needs explaining as to preparation and the sweetened malted milk or cocoas are mostly liked by young and old.

MRS. FRANCIS JESSUP, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The Good Part of Wartime

I don't believe anyone could have been happier than I to hear that the war had ended. Yet there were so many good qualities wartime developed in all of us that I can't help but hope they will remain.

APPLE RECIPES MADE EASY Rich, juicy, full-flavored Comstock Pie Sliced Apples, stripped for action. NO PEEL... NO CORE... NO WASTE. Easiest way to make delicious apple pies, turnovers, puddings, cakes, sherbet. Keep time-saving Comstock Pie Sliced Apples always on hand. Write for Free Recipe Folder, Comstock Canning Corp., Dept. W-3, Newark, New York.

QUICK RECIPE APPLE MARMALADE CUSTARD

Serves 6

1 jar COMSTOCK Pie Sliced Apples
 2 tsp. sugar
 ½ cup orange marmalade OR
 strawberry or raspberry jam
 ½ cup beaten
 ½ cup sugar
 1 cup thick cream

Mix apples with sugar and heat for a few minutes, stirring lightly. Pour into a 9-in. casserole or baking dish and dot with jam (any preferred kind). Beat eggs well, stir in sugar gradually, add cream, mixing well, then salt and vanilla. Pour custard mixture over apples and jam and bake in moderate oven (350°) for about 40 min., or until custard is set. (Test by inserting knife blade, which should come out dry.)

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**NO PEEL
NO CORE
NO WASTE**



Billy and Sharon Jessup, eleven and half-past two, are winter sports fans. Johnny Hulsey, going-on-four, is a Georgia sunshine product

This is what I mean—

Helping the lady across the street with her canning because she'd been so nice about letting you use her canning equipment. Or letting the bride next door have a hard-to-get item if you were allowed two; stopping in to ask the neighbor on the corner about her son in the Army, even though you should have been home *sooner!*

We all became better acquainted with our neighbors and developed real, honest habits of good neighborliness often spoken of, but seldom seen in action.

Let's still stop and chat with the man down the street, even though we may not need his lawn mower any more. And please let's not lose interest in the young people just because they're away at college, instead of in the service.

MRS. JOHN L. HULSEY, Atlanta, Ga.

A Plea for Little Sister

May I say just a "little piece" in defense of the youngest sister who, along about fifteen or sixteen, is criticized for failing to assume her share of home responsibilities? Sometimes she is even accused of "never growing up!"

I believe I know one reason why in a few homes this seems to be true. To some mothers and older sisters the youngest remains "the baby" until middle age brings her bifocals!

During the growing-up period "little sister" beats the eggs but never makes the cake. Along about her ninth or tenth year, she gets to bast the hem in the new curtains but never to help choose the material. Later, when the company meal is put on the table, folks comment on what a grand cook "Big Sister" is, but it's fourteen-year-old "Little Sister" whose legs have trotted for the vegetables and for the dishes.

In other words, all unintentionally, "Little Sister" caddies while the rest of the family plays golf! If kept up too long, the "little one," now scarcely little any longer, tires of continual "caddying" and thus resents all domesticity. If she were given some real liberty and responsibility as to meal planning, marketing, or sewing, she would grow up faster.

Of course she'll make mistakes!

But parents gladly pay tuition for college education. Why not set aside a little

of the budget for burned meals and awkward spills? It is one way of paying tuition for a kind of home training that will help "the baby of the family" grow up. And she will be more than glad to take off her little bonnet and put on a hat!

MISS EVALINE BALLARD, Crawfordsville, Ind.

Wanted—More Patriots

It has become a habit for so many people to think of college boys and girls as just that. But now there are married men and women coming back to finish their educations. Men who have come back to live the life they have been fighting for. It's pretty sad to see them come to a homeless town. The majority of my "young married" friends are forced to see each other only on week ends due to housing shortages. Others are living in one tiny room, and sharing a bath with twelve others. The lucky few are paying too high prices for the privilege of living together. And some of them have babies, and in one room it's a little cramped with baby crying, husband trying to study, and wife trying to cook on one or two burners. It isn't just our college. It's many college towns. Quonset huts are a good solution, but some of the colleges haven't gotten around to doing it, and don't intend to. They have all the students they can take, why spend the money when they don't have to? It seems to be too much effort. It seems to me that it's the least they could do for the veteran. Other ways to ease the situation would be to take over big, old, empty houses and convert them into apartments, and for the town people to also take pride in helping the college veteran. We want less profiteers and more patriots!

MRS. CHARLES R. MEISSNER, JR., Catawauque, Pa.

A Little of This and That

I've been keeping house for so many years that they add up to nearly a third of a century—lacking four months! You'd sort of think that, in such a span of time, there wouldn't be much left to learn about the job. And you might think there wouldn't be any fun or excitement in the daily routine either. But it hasn't worked out that way. I'm still learning a good many things, mostly from the

[Continued on Page 75]



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THE HOLLYWOOD PICTURE

by SALLIE BELLE COX

If a man's successful, his wife leaves him—on the screen

ALACK of spontaneity has long hampered musicals on the screen. Instead of being lighthearted, high spirited, and breezily carried along, they have for the most part been heavily bogged down with silly plots. Formerly these plots usually revolved around backstage difficulties—will the show go on, or won't it? And of course it always did go on, as you knew it would from the very beginning. More recently we have been besieged with a series of musical romances hinging on the conflict between a career and love. "Do you love me—or do you love your career?" the girl keeps anxiously repeating, between bursts of song, while the poor guy looks helplessly confused and apologetic for thinking of anything but moonlight and roses. And when he stubbornly goes ahead with his work, and makes a lot of money, the girl, wounded to the quick by this callousness, goes off and sulks with tears in her eyes, and sometimes she even runs away for several years. In two musical extravaganzas, "Rhapsody in Blue" and "The Jolson Story," this perverse determina-

tion of men to follow their chosen career—and incidentally make a good living—drove their intended mates right out of their lives forever. The fact that both of these films were based on the lives of actual persons, George Gershwin and Al Jolson, should have made the tragic tales easier to swallow, but neither of them was the least bit convincing. Gershwin was known to have been an indefatigable worker, and the actual truth about his life seems to be that music was his sole and consuming interest. Never, apparently, did he have either sufficient time or interest for women. But this true life story would never do for Hollywood; it had to be embellished with not only one, but two synthetic love affairs. One was with a singer who loved music herself, but

couldn't stand someone else loving it more than she did. But the Big Affair—the Grand Passion—was just plain ridiculous. The woman he was supposed to love was a worldly, sophisticated person, yet she behaved for the most part like a spoiled child of ten.

Supposing a New York housewife suddenly develops the idea that her husband's hanging around an old stock market all day proves that he can't possibly love her, and tells him that she's going to walk out on him. Well, he may decide, hang it all, that he'd rather have her than all the ticker tape in the world, so he misses the 8:15 (which has been boring him for years anyway), and just sticks around the house to see that she doesn't elope with the milkman. While he's telling her for the hundredth time that he loves her, the stock market crashes, and heaven knows who'll pay their rent now, but who cares? So long as he cares for her, and she cares for him?

NOW of course the argument might be projected that brokers, lacking the

volatile so-called artistic temperament, make more solid citizens and have more stability than creative geniuses, and that therefore the serious conflict of love versus career becomes a menace only when it concerns someone in the entertainment world. However, it seems to me that a jealous woman should feel much more assured about a man completely absorbed in a piano in the next room than one who daily runs the hazardous temptations of pretty secretaries, flirtatious customers, and other assorted *femme fatales*.

Nevertheless, Hollywood keeps pounding out the idea that anyone interested in the entertainment of the masses cannot possibly keep the home fires burning. "The Jolson Story" was another pound. If a woman loved a man who was essen-



William Bendix, Ella Raines and Dan Duryea romp in and out of trouble in "White Tie and Tails"



Left: Alan Young and Jeanne Crain in the gay nostalgic comedy, "Margie." Center: Olivia de Havilland and Olivia de Havilland in a tense moment from "The Dark Mirror." Right: Paul Henreid, Bette Davis in "Deception"

tially an entertainer, why would she find it so unbearable that he enjoyed entertaining? After all, singing to an audience wasn't something that he had suddenly taken up like drinking or golf. He had been doing it all his life, and since she too had been an entertainer it seemed to me that she should have understood his love for an audience and applause. Her attitude struck me as being extremely petulant and selfish.

THIS same possessiveness and lack of understanding provided the plot complications of "Night And Day," supposed to be the life story of Cole Porter. Although the Cole Porters in actual life have been happily married for a good many years, the Cole Porter in the pic-

ture had the same old love vs. career trouble. His wife, too, was made unhappy by his absorption in his work, and she finally deserted him for a couple of years. However, in this case they were eventually reunited for the happy ending, but it was a foolish fabrication of plot, and certainly a rank injustice to the real Mrs. Porter who has obviously aided her husband in his career, and taken much pride in it. Is it impossible for Hollywood to believe any woman capable of standing by an artist husband even when such a woman actually exists?

This injustice to wives, or women in general (since in pictures they seem to be forever walking out on the man they're supposed to love) dulled the edge of the superb entertainment provided by

Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire in "Blue Skies." In this picture Bing Crosby had a weakness for buying night clubs, making a success of them, then selling them. This upset his wife no end, and caused her to brood about his instability. Since she was obviously well provided for, and lived in what might be considered highly satisfactory circumstances, her lack of faith in her husband seemed downright caviling. In these musical romances as portrayed on the screen, the leading question in choosing a life mate seems to be "How do you make a living?" rather than "Do you promise to love me always?"

HOLLYWOOD'S peculiar interpretation of the grand passion has not
[Continued on Page 76]

See What We Mean By...

Up-to-Date Ideas?

Windows that capture every glint of sunshine... bright, gay colors to add cheer to your work... modern appliances. And a cupboardful of famous Ann Page Foods to assure grand eating!

Yes, Ann Page Foods are definitely part of the up-to-date kitchen. They're high in quality... and so thrifty, too.

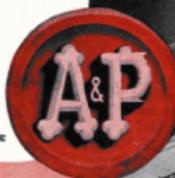
You see, these fine foods are made to A&P's high quality standards. Ingredients, processing, packaging... every step is under strict quality-control. And because they are brought direct from factories to A&P, many in-between expenses are eliminated and you share in the savings.

Keep on the lookout for Ann Page Foods to make good meals *better* every time.

IT PAYS TO CHOOSE

Ann Page
FOODS

SOLD BY A&P WITH A MONEY BACK GUARANTEE



ARE YOU ONE IN 3,000,000?

You are if you become a Neighbor to the displaced persons in the American zone in Germany and Austria served by the American Christian Committee for Refugees. Three million dollars is needed by the Committee to carry on its 1947 program.

Three million Neighbors, contributing \$1 each to the Committee, will make possible:

Bringing 4,000 displaced men, women and children to the United States.

Providing vocational retraining to refugees in France and Germany so they may be self-supporting as they are repatriated or resettled.

Assisting Americans wishing to sponsor relatives or friends coming to America.

The American Christian Committee for Refugees has been serving refugees since 1934. Financed during the war by the National War Fund, now ACCR must turn to friends throughout the country for support.

\$1 of the money you received for Christmas given to the Committee will pay dividends in human happiness.

**RICHARD B. SCANDRETT, Jr., Treas.
ACCR, Suite 906-10
5 Beekman Street, New York 7, N.Y.**

I enclose \$_____ to help your Committee serve Christian refugees here and abroad.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

by GLADYS HUNTINGTON BEVANS



NOT FOR THEIR EARS

What a child hears at home usually sets the pattern of his beliefs and attitudes

THE range of subjects that children have an opportunity to hear or overhear in family conversation is a wide one. It covers life in general and our children gain a pretty clear impression of what we think and feel. High or low ideals, tolerance or violent unreasoning prejudices may be aired. Our children's ideas and attitudes will be colored by what they hear us express. As well in casual chatter as in serious conversation. We are much too apt to forget this.

Are we, for instance, unkindly critical of our neighbors, and do we discuss them and their affairs freely before the children?

A family with several children moved into a neighborhood. The children of the newcomers ranged in age from four to fourteen, and it did not require very keen hearing to detect the quotation marks around their remarks as they began to go along.

"Why don't you paint your house, Mrs. Daniels?" was repeated more than once. Then of a neighbor, "Their little boy will be a sissy if his father doesn't take him to a barber. His mother must be the boss." "Mrs. Bronson ought to be in doing her baby's wash in the morning instead of working in the garden. She must be a terrible housekeeper," echoed from the middle child, while the conversation of the two older girls dwelt upon marital aspects of the neighbors' lives.

One wonders whether those parents had the faintest idea of how their criticisms and gossip, and their own lack of reserve affected their children's attitudes—and of how their talk traveled. Perhaps they didn't care; but that it was unfit for the children's ears was all too plain.

Topics of another sort which frequently come up in conversation and which need deletion are sickness and symptoms. "I want to tell you all about my operation," began the family friend, and the children drew near as their eyes

grew round. Auntie Perkins was always so graphic. But just then Mother happened to remember that the leaves under the apple tree hadn't been raked and must be done before it rained! If she hadn't, the children would have been regaled with all the symptoms, and details of pain, ambulance trips and so on. For the habit of discussing maladies, pains, treatment, diseases in the family and out is a habit that grows on people. And an excess of it, overheard by the children, is not only unwholesome, but often ends by making them aware of every little ache and pain of their own, and generally apprehensive.

Do we spare the children this? Most people don't—but should. The world is full of sickness and we can't try to make the whole subject taboo; but youth is a time when most children are so well that they are not conscious of their bodies as a handicap and it is too bad to make them so. If we want to talk about illness, or our friends do and need our sympathy, or if something is to be gained by the exchange of information or symptoms, we should not do it when the children can hear.

CHIEF among discussions not fit for children's ears are serious marital disagreements or quarrels and accusations. Yet many a man and woman, at a high pitch of feeling or goaded by antagonism, will quarrel, often violently, within hearing of a son or daughter. This can have a far-reaching, disturbing, even shocking effect upon a sensitive child. To hear the two who are his top-ranking human beings attack each other verbally, shakes his sense of security and peace. His first reaction is, "My mother and father don't love each other!"

That a child gives no evidence of this hurt, and most assuredly never mentions it, deludes parents into thinking that it has made little impression. Never were

they more mistaken than to think that a child's silence and blank expression mean that he or she has not felt deeply. And what makes all this more deplorable is the fact that these man-woman conflicts often blow over and are followed by a real reconciliation, leaving small trace, while the child, not sensing this or knowing of it, is scarred by having been witness to the fracas. If husband and wife must quarrel, at least let them spare their children the spectacle.

THERE is a good deal of other talk that isn't suitable for children's ears. Snobbishness, disloyalty, social insincerity or deceit, accent on money as an end in itself and cynicism create an atmosphere unfit for young, formative, human beings.

When our boys and girls become men and women they will be—they must be, free to base their opinions on their independent observations and their own contacts with people. If these, influenced by their temperament, result in intolerance, or strong prejudices, that is not our responsibility as parents. But in their childhood it is up to us not to provide them with our own ready-made ones. They should not hear expressions of bitter antagonism and prejudices from us.

This applies of course to many subjects: politics, religion and races. Tolerance—a realization that each, other than our own, has its points, and a general live-and-let-live approach—is what we should strive to express in our talk. However, I think it important for us not to indulge in blind tolerance—the not caring enough to have an opinion on anything—any more than in blind prejudice. For there are for each of us certain basic human and spiritual truths; and where any political creed, religion or person deviates from these in our estimation, altogether or in some aspects, we should be aware of it and be strong openly for our convictions. We must speak out for what we believe is right. That is what a free mind and a free country should engender in us. But hate and prejudice are not this. They are different and dangerous attitudes—socially and spiritually—for us to pass on to our children.

AT this moment in history—and indeed in our own democracy—perhaps the one prejudice most harmful is racial prejudice. It is not only a cruel weapon to be in anyone's hands, but it is a bitter and destructive feeling for a child to have. One has only to read of the books prepared for children—even for those of kindergarten age—by the Nazi propaganda and education bureaus, to see what a vile growth prejudice can become. In our country, too, unspeakable things have happened. Extreme to relate such persecutions to the expression of race prejudice, here and there, in a normal family? Perhaps, but they had a beginning somewhere.

Of course there's a limit to this matter of being an example and of censoring our conversation. For we are human beings, not just parents. Where we have strong beliefs we expect to express them, and we have to live by our convictions.

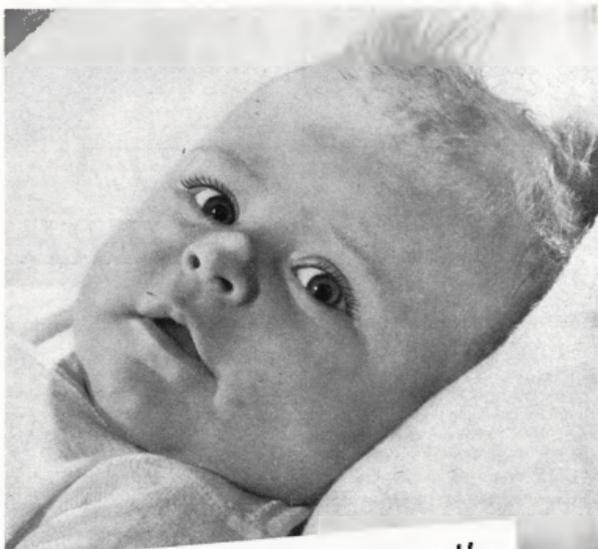
[Continued on Page 58]



ONE MOTHER TO ANOTHER

My, how we Mothers wait for baby's first smile - cherish each succeeding one. There's such a world of reassurance in watching the corners of that tiny mouth curve upward, as if to say, "Everything's fine with me."

Mrs. Helen Tucker



Who says babies can't talk

Any mother knows what this baby's eyes are saying: "Hurry, Mom, I'm hungry for something good."

And millions of mothers know Gerber's are good to eat and so good for baby. Babies enjoy the natural taste of Gerber's. Carefully selected vegetables and fruits are washed in pure, deep well water, cooked by steam under pressure to retain precious minerals and vitamins. Smooth, uniform texture means easy digestion.

So, get Gerber's—with America's "Best-Known Baby" on the label!

YOUR CHOICE OF THREE SPECIAL CEREALS

Serve all three Gerber's Cereals for variety! Cereal Food (Blue Box) Strained Oatmeal (Red Box) new Barley Cereal (Yellow Box). All are rich in added iron and 15 complex vitamins. Pre-cooked—just add milk or formula. It's wise to check baby's feeding program with your doctor.



Gerber's BABY FOODS

FREMONT, MICH.—OAKLAND, CALIF.

CEREALS
(3 Varieties)

STRAINED FOODS
(18 Varieties)

CHOPPED FOODS
(13 Varieties)

FREE SAMPLES—Please send me samples of Gerber's Cereal Food, Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Barley Cereal. My baby is now _____ months old.

Address: Gerber Products Co., Dept. 33-7, Fremont, Mich.

Name: _____

Address: _____ City and State: _____

JANUARY RITTER *talk*



● January is named for Janus, ancient deity who looked backward and forward at the same time, symbolizing that at this time of year we look back over time past, and ahead to the future.

So, we chose this January column to give you a preview of the new Ritter trademark. For back of this trademark is the experience Ritters have had in putting up quality foods for the past 92 years. And, at the same time, the Ritter trademark identifies the most modern of foods, the last word in modern food progress.



This is the new trademark
you'll be seeing soon on all
Ritter Foods

RITTER CATSUP

●
**RITTER White Label
PORK AND BEANS**

Fine Foods Since 1854

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LISTEN HERE

*Stand . . . sit . . . or do nothing? Even the authorities
can't seem to agree*

WE had a table of bridge at our house not so long ago and I had agreed, under pressure, to make a fourth provided I could listen to the Louis-Mauriello fight with one ear, and the bidding with the other. My wife scowled and said my bridge always suffered when I tried to do two things at once, and I told her so did my radio column.

Bill, sitting West, opened with a diamond. My wife, North, after sizing up her hand, asked Jane where she had bought the stunning new dress she was wearing. Jane, sitting East, said it wasn't new it was an old thing she got last year but it was back in style again. I leaned over and turned on the radio just in time to hear the announcer say,

“. . . and now, our National Anthem.” Bill stood up at the first note of “Oh, say, can you see. . .” hesitated, then sat down again. He grinned sheepishly and mumbled something about force of habit from three years in the Navy. Jane lit a cigarette, took out her compact and said the war was over and anyway it wasn't the same as if the band was playing the National Anthem where we could see it. My wife asked me what the proper procedure was and I said I didn't know. Bill fidgeted and bid his opening diamond again. By the time the bidding had come around to me and the Anthem had ended I had made two decisions: One, to jump to three no trump, and the other, and more important, to find out what measure of respect, if any, should be accorded the playing of our National Anthem over the radio.

This question has been crying for an answer ever since radio came of age some twenty years ago, and yet, as I shall presently show, no practical rule has ever been formulated for the edification of the vast listening audience. The result

is unintended disrespect or bewildered inattention.

I think you will agree wholeheartedly that there is something amiss when a group of people drape themselves around a radio, sometimes with their feet propped up on tables and chairs, and pay no more attention to the playing of “The Star-Spangled Banner” than if it were a soap commercial or a tooth-paste jingle. However, one would hardly presume to offer a set of rules on the subject without first consulting those in authority. To this end, I wrote the Secretaries of War and Navy, the American Legion and several congressmen. Some of the replies only tend to strengthen my conviction that the issue is obscured in a deep fog.

IN days gone by, when the source of all music was a band or orchestra within earshot, there was no question of your actions during the rendition of “The Star-Spangled Banner.” You faced the music and stood at respectful attention until the last note. Unlike the flag, which is a visual symbol, the National Anthem is an aural symbol. We don't honor the source of the music, we honor the music itself. A case could easily be made, therefore, for adhering to a single custom regardless of how the strains of the Anthem are brought to your ears. Indeed, Public Law 829, enacted by the seventy-seventh Congress and approved by the Secretary of War, December 22, 1912, states: “That when the National Anthem is played and the flag is not displayed, all present should stand and face the music. Those in uniform should salute at the first note of the Anthem, retaining this position until the last note. All others should stand at attention, men removing the headress. . .”

This law, you will note, does not limit the observance to brass bands within

your full vision. As stated, the law would apply to phonograph records, film tracks, public address systems or radio, and unless we can advance some valid argument to the contrary, the issue is clear. That the law is impractical is something else again. I sincerely hope that a realistic approach to the problem will result in a practical revision which everyone as befuddled as I am will welcome and be glad to follow.

Let me quote part of a letter from the office of the Secretary of the Navy. "It is our carefully considered opinion," Commodore E. M. Eller writes, "that when there is a formal gathering with a planned program of which the playing of the National Anthem is a part, everyone should rise, face the source of the music and stand at attention. However, if the National Anthem is played as incidental music in a radio program, no honors are rendered."

In trying to interpret this opinion I find myself confused over the words "incidental music." Is the National Anthem played on an invisible organ by Gladys Goodings before the opening of a large sports event to be construed as "incidental music"? Should we at home sit while 30,000 baseball fans in the Yankee Stadium rise to their feet? Neither group can see the source of the music. The Stadium fans hear the music over a loud-speaker and the home fans hear it over the radio. Wherein lies the difference?

THE War Department called my attention to Public Law 829, from which I have previously quoted, and further stated, "... It is beyond the War Department's province to prescribe what action should be taken by civilians."

The American Legion's pamphlet, called "Let's Be Right on Flag Etiquette," says: "It is recommended that persons pay respect only when the National Anthem is played by a band, orchestra or other musical instrument actually in the room. The office of the National Americanism Commission believes that when the National Anthem is played over a radio... it would seem more or less forced... to pay special respect."

To my way of thinking, this rule is far from satisfactory, because, according to their interpretation, if a boy were playing the National Anthem on a harmonica "or other musical instrument actually in the room" they would have you stand at attention, whereas if the United States Marine Band were playing in Arlington National Cemetery on Memorial Day, and it was brought to you over the loud-speaker in a theater "it would seem," according to the Legion, "more or less forced to pay special respect."

BOYD Stutler, managing editor of the *American Legion Magazine*, is much more realistic in his approach to the problem. He writes, "Proper respect is paid to the National Anthem, when the music is piped into a room or gathering, by respectful silence. Custom does not require that one rise and stand at attention or at salute in such circumstances..."

While it is true that Mr. Stutler's opinion
[Continued on Page 69]

"I Lost that *Lordosis Bulge in my SPENCER"



*LORDOSIS is an incurve at waistline in back which forces abdomen forward and downward, causing a bulge at lower back, too. Tired, aching back and nervous fatigue often result.



In the support she was wearing

In her Spencer Fashion Support

You can lose your bulges, too!

Bulges are ugly. They ruin the lines of even the costliest clothes. Get a Spencer! For a Spencer does much more than conceal your figure faults—it corrects the *cause* of your bulges and they actually vanish.

Your Spencer will effectively correct any figure fault because we create a fashion support *especially* for you in which every line is individually designed to solve your figure problem—and yours alone. You'll be amazed to find how little your Spencer will cost. And it is guaranteed never to lose its shape.

Have a Figure Analysis

Any dealer in Spencers will gladly give you a complete figure analysis. You'll find it fascinating! Spencers are sold by women dealers who are expert corsetieres qualified to consult with you on your special needs.

See Your Future Beauty Lines In Interesting Free Booklet

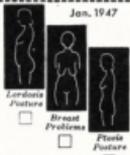
To receive booklet send coupon below—or look in telephone directory for "Spencer corsetiere" or "Spencer Support Shop."

Note lovely lines which her Spencer gives her gown!

We're Back to Normal Deliveries

Do You Want to Make Money in a professional type of business? Experience not needed—we train you. Profitable—interesting. Check here for information.

Also made in Canada at Rock Island, Quebec.



Jan. 1947

TO: ANNE SPENCER
Spencer, Incorporated

SEND TODAY

143 Derby Avenue, New Haven 7, Conn. Please send your free booklet. I have marked my posture problem at left.

Name _____ (Please print)

Street _____

City & State _____

SPENCER INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED **SUPPORTS**
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

How to be a Girl by Susan Bennett Holmes



ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM SKORSKI

TEMPER, TEMPER, Being, undoubtedly, a gal of spirit and plenty of it, you must have worked yourself into a lather and sounded off a lot of times in your career. This is described by your parents as being in a temper. (By ours too, but we always maintain we were perfectly calm—only just explaining, that's all.) It usually occurs with just cause, when things happen that are more than a person can take. You come home of a Friday night and what do you find? Your brother strangling a possible date for you before you can hit the phone. "Nope, Bill. Don't know. Yeah, probably. Don't know when, thought. O.K." As if you weren't home for dinner at the same time practically every night.

And thanks to your precious brother you're
[Continued on Page 70]

LINGO IN LEGIT—Us and our large ideas! Since we started setting ourselves up as drammer and musique critic we've just made life more unintelligible for ourselves. We do all right talking about the all-wool pencil skirt but we had to make a glossary to understand what the theater crowd at Sardis is talking about. Would you know, for instance, what they mean by:

LEGIT—that's the real stage as opposed to the musicals.

YAK—it's a big laugh, as in "Did I get a yak?" (*Pro-mused yakk*).

LAY A BOMB—to fizzle. It means the gag flopped completely if you say you certainly laid a bomb with that one.

SLOW BURN—reaction of anger but very, very slow, as in *Edgar Kennedy*.

OLIO—a musical act, having no relation to the play, which is put in between the acts.

FLUFF—to mess up your lines! "I d-d-didn't go-go go-go go to so-sa-so-hool today!"

BLOW—to forget your lines completely.

ANNIE OAKLEY—a pass or free ticket. The story goes that Annie Oakley used to give tickets and the ones she punctured were given away free.

QUICK STUDY—someone who can learn his lines fast.

MAKE A PRODUCTION—if you're "certainly making a production out of that," you're making too much of a small part, over-acting.

FRIGHT WIG—This is our favorite. "Fix her up. Her hair looks like a fright wig." It's a wig worn by vaudeville comedians to express fright. It has a string attached which he pulls to make the hair stand up!

Whittemore and Lowe Concert Schedule!

On account of we promised to keep you posted on their whereabouts, and also on account of we're protecting this two-piano team and intend to see that they get plenty of runs, we present herewith the tour schedule of Messrs. Buck Whittemore and Jack Lowe for the month of January: the 6th, Altoa, Illinois . . . 8th, Kansas City, Missouri . . . 10th, Chickasha, Oklahoma . . . 11th, Granville, Ohio . . . 15th, Columbus, Ohio . . . 17th, Painesville, Ohio . . . 20th, Athens, Ohio . . . 22nd, Lebanon, Pennsylvania . . . 24th, Berlin, New Hampshire . . . 29th, **CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK CITY.**





Magic Snowtime Menu

53¢ TO 59¢ A PORTION

When the wintry winds blow and the world's white with snow, it's easy to satisfy keen appetites. That's particularly true when you serve this savory supper of rich, creamy soup, baked stuffed tomatoes, fluffy sweet potatoes and all the tempting trimmings. Yet this honey, heart-warming fare is yours for less than 59¢ a serving!*

What's more, this is just a sample of the many exciting, budget-saving meals you can enjoy—when you shop regularly in the Fresh Fruit and Vegetable Department of your friendly A&P Super Market. Come in today for thrifty selections of nature's choice gifts!

ATLANTIC COMMISSION COMPANY

AFFILIATE OF

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

JANUARY, 1947

Menu

Cream of Spinach Soup
Fluffy Sweet Potatoes
Baked Stuffed Tomatoes
Savory Green Beans
Bread Spread
Lettuce Sections with Olive Dressing
Fresh Pears in Orange Juice
Coffee Tea Milk

Recipe

BAKED STUFFED TOMATOES

4 tomatoes, medium
1 bouillon cube
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup rice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery
2 tablespoons chopped onion
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup buttered bread crumbs



Wash tomatoes; remove stem ends and scoop out center pulp. Place pulp, rice, celery, onion, bouillon cube in water in small saucepan. Cook until rice is tender. Fill tomatoes with rice mixture and top with buttered bread crumbs. Place in shallow greased baking dish and bake in moderate oven, 375° F., for about 20 minutes. 4 servings.

*Cost based on average prices in A&P Super Markets at time of going to press.



**Flavor! Nutrition!
Economy-e-e!**
Blue Bonnet Margarine
gives "ALL 3"



Flavor-yes, BLUE BONNET has a delicious flavor! Fresh, delicate, country-sweet! Grand on griddle cakes, toast, baked potatoes.



Nutrition-yes, proved nutrition! Every fresh, sweet pound is rich in Food-Energy, rich in Vitamin A. It's a real food for growing youngsters, everybody!



BLUE BONNET comes white—color her table too.



Economy-e-e- yes BLUE BONNET

saves you real money. And you couldn't ask for a finer, more delicious spread!

A PRODUCT OF THE MAKERS OF FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

**SHE HELPS MAKE
THE U. N. TICK**

by CHARLES LANIUS

ON a cold, black night early in 1945 a good-looking, slender brunette took a deep breath and leaped from an airplane into the heart of Nazi-occupied France. Her parachute jump was the beginning of a hazardous secret war mission which lasted fifteen nerve-racking months, each day of which was a test of courage and will.

"I was mortally afraid," says Miss Jacqueline Nearne, the parachutist, now a liaison officer in the United Nations' protocol section. "When people tell me they like to make parachute jumps—well, I just find it hard to believe."

Miss Nearne joined the United Nations in November 1945 and was sent to the United States last May. As protocol section liaison officer, she is in close touch with all French-speaking delegations and committees and is usually the visitor's first and most intimate contact. The innumerable problems, large and small,



Jacqueline Nearne

which beset foreigners in a strange country all fall into her lap.

Her job calls for considerable diplomacy and tact and necessitates a thorough knowledge of all departments of the intricate organization. She must advise members how to make contacts with each other and the public. She shows them how to transact business in the shortest possible time. She tries to be prepared for every question a delegate is likely to ask. Often she provides transportation and accompanies delegates to the Lake Success headquarters, steers them to the right offices and returns them safely to New York City.

Members desperate for scarce apartments appeal to Miss Nearne. She handles requests for everything from bilingual secretaries to tickets to Broadway shows directly or channels them to the proper agencies. In short, Miss Nearne does hundreds of things to uncomplicate the life and work of visiting members.

ALTHOUGH born in Brighton, England, and accredited to the United Kingdom, Miss Nearne appears to be more French than English. Her French is flawless but though her English is gram-

matically perfect, her words carry a slight French accent.

When she talks about her nightmarish life as a British undercover agent she gives the impression of being a little surprised that she is still alive. She speaks with a controlled sureness, which doubtless springs from her training to think before opening her mouth. Occasionally, her swift movements betray what seems to be a waning tension, left over from agonizingly long months in France when she practically lived on her nerves—an experience which has made her a passionate worker for the United Nations.

When Jacqueline was seven her well-to-do English father and her Parisian mother, a rare mixture of Cuban and Irish, took her to France to live. She was educated in convents in Paris and Boulogne-Sur-Mer. At nineteen she found herself in a carefree prewar French social whirl. She spent her winters in Nice, followed the "season" to French watering places and traveled to Paris to shop.

Jacqueline's gay life came to an abrupt end on September 3, 1939, two days after Hitler's armies invaded Poland. Then came the Nazi sweep into France and the occupation of Northern France. The Nearne family, along with other British nationals, was sent to Grenoble by the Vichy government.

There the young woman followed the war news avidly. As time passed she began to feel more like an Englishwoman than ever before. She determined to go to England and do something useful. After months of waiting, she was issued travel papers by the Vichy authorities and, crossing Spain and Portugal, she reached England in May 1942.

A FEW months later the Americans invaded North Africa and the Germans occupied the remainder of France. The British decided to use women undercover agents in the newly occupied part of France, but bilingual women capable of doing the risky job were not plentiful. Jacqueline's background, intelligence and temperament made her a natural. When British officers asked her to return to France she was willing.

The British needed information quickly. There was no time for extensive training. In three weeks of diversified cramming Jacqueline was taught map-reading, codes, how to handle a gun, elementary methods of self-protection and fundamental security rules. Five attempts to drop her by parachute in France failed when adverse conditions forced the pilot's return to England. The sixth try was successful. Jacqueline, with an "organizer" and radio operator, plunged into enemy-held territory.

"We hid our parachutes," she says, "and started for Brioud, a small village where we were to take a train to our destination. In the dark we got on the wrong road and walked nearly thirty kilometers before we got there. We separated near the village. I had a *café au lait* at the station buffet and boarded a train for Clermont-Ferrand.

"Almost the first person I saw was a cold-looking Nazi officer with a monocle. For some reason I couldn't shake the feel-

[Continued on Page 52]

1 FLOATS AWAY HIDDEN DIRT
...without rubbing, and dissolves cloudy soap curd and hard water caking!

2 DISSOLVES GREASE INSTANTLY
...leaves dishes, glasses, pots and pans sparkling clean and streakfree without towel drying!

3 SOFTENS HARD WATER ... makes billows of fast-cleaning, hard-working, soft blue suds in even hard or cold water!

4 BLUES WHILE WASHING ... saves you the work and time of a separate bluing rinse with suds that blue while washing!

7 reasons why

you wash everything easier, faster, cleaner with

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soft blue suds



5 HELPS TO PROTECT DAINTY FABRICS...adds longer life to lingerie and hosiery. Floats away grime without rubbing!

6 WHITE THINGS COME WHITER ...COLORS BRIGHTER...because RAIN DROPS really cleans and brightens all clothes as well as dishes!

7 LEAVES HANDS SOFT AND SMOOTH ... your hands stay lovely-white and soft with RAIN DROPS gentle, soft blue suds!

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Libby's *TWICE-RICH** Tomato Juice

* *RICH IN FLAVOR*

In your best party goblets or every-day glasses—relish the tangy, sunripe goodness of Libby's tomato juice. Its richer flavor has a true country freshness.

* *RICH IN VITAMINS*

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Keep a few cans of this twice-rich juice in your refrigerator. Serve Libby's smartly or simply—but serve it often! LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, Chicago 9, Ill.



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on reaching
MIDDLE AGE

by NEWMAN LEVY

OF ALL THE BLESSINGS OF MIDDLE AGE,
 PERHAPS YOUTH IS THE MOST DELIGHTFUL

THIS morning, before setting out for what I jocularly call My Work, I looked into the mirror for a quick, over-all survey. The sight was not displeasing. I saw a slim, well-set-up, youngish looking man, fashionably and immaculately dressed. There was strength and determination in his face, and yet, withal, humor and kindness. The premature grayness at the temples gave an air of added distinction. A perfect model, I thought, for a well-known whiskey advertisement.

My wife and daughter assure me that I must have been looking at a couple of other fellows. Their unkind judgment is corroborated by my tailor, a low fellow, who tells me that I wear what he vulgarly calls "a forty-two stout." My wife, whose appreciation of masculine charm has apparently been blunted in the past twenty-seven years, occasionally remarks that I look as if I slept in my clothes.

These and other portents lead me to suspect that sometime or other, when I wasn't looking, middle age crept up on me. The picture I have of a slim, energetic young fellow is not shared by my public. However, I don't feel bad about it. In fact, I am looking forward to the next twenty or thirty years of middle age with a certain amount of enthusiasm.

Youth is a time of doubt and insecurity. The young are therefore apt to be timidly conformist. It is only with the mellowness and security that come with experience that one dares to adventure and experiment in ideas. And especially, if he has the capacity, he dares to enjoy himself.

I would hate to have to visit all the picture galleries and listen to all the symphonics, violin recitals, and chamber music that I punished myself with in my early years, under the impression that I was acquiring culture. It was the thing to do in those days, and I had the satisfaction of believing I was a very superior young fellow. In fact I persuaded myself that I enjoyed those ordeals, thereby acquiring an undeserved reputation for being a highbrow that has afflicted me ever since.

BUT the "forty-two stout" and the premature gray hairs have emboldened me to declare my independence. From now on, if Mr. Heifetz wants to fiddle, that's his business. I'll go if I feel like or stay away if I feel like. If Mr. Shostakovich wants to write a new symphony, and I rather expect he will if our relations with Russia don't improve, I intend to emulate Mr. Gromyko and stay away until the agenda contains something I like.

The great joy of reaching middle age is the liberation it gives you from pressures that in youth you are too timid to resist. I don't want to give the impression that I am opposed to Art. I like a bit of Gershwin or Kern now and then, and I can appreciate the great masters of painting like Varga and Petty as well as anyone. But from now on no one is going to tell me what I ought to like.

Another delightful feature of advancing years is that people of my generation manage to remain younger much longer than they did when I was a boy. They seem to be young in body

[Continued on Page 52]



The TRINKET BOX

by NETTIE WOLCOTT PARK

CORDELIA HOWE was suddenly tired. She sank down on the porch step and watched the bonneted heads of her guests, bobbing along the lane on their way home from her quilting bee. The buzz of their voices drifted to her on the still October air, and she knew them so well it seemed, almost, that she could hear what they were saying:

"Neat's a pin. 'Delia is; her home shines like a copper kettle. . ." "How she manages to keep her figure is past me; forty years old, if she's a day, and still as slim's when she was a girl. . ." "Shucks! If she had eight wild Injuns, like me, she wouldn't have the figure—nor the shine. . ." "Well, she always wanted a houseful of young'uns, 'Delia did. Ten years she was married 'fore she had even one. And what a child! The spittin' image of her ma—same blue eyes, same quiet ways, same pale pretty hair—and such a perfect little lady!"

Yes, Cordelia knew, they were talking about her and her husband, about her child and her new frame house. But she also knew they were discussing drunken Belle Rennert, who had been a girl with them twenty years ago, talking about her with a bitterness the years had failed to sweeten. Belle was the reason they had to walk home from the bee tonight: their husbands had ridden the horses to the log house beyond the Great Swamp to Belle's funeral. Queer, Cordelia thought, how even in death Belle had the power to draw the men around her as spilled syrup lures the flies.

"Eunice," Cordelia said to her daughter who sat beside her with her doll, "run to the pantry and fetch a pan of potatoes. Your pa'll be home soon."

The child obeyed and returned with her mother's apron and an extra pan. She dusted the step with a cambric handkerchief and sat down to help peel the potatoes. She had on a blue pinafore, the color of her eyes.

Cordelia looked at the small replica of herself and sighed. If she'd had eight children, like Emmy Pucker, and they were all like Eunice, she'd still have the shine—and, most likely, the figure; Eunice was that little care.

Eunice asked thoughtfully, "Ma, why didn't you and the other ladies go to the funeral?"

"'Cause yesterday's rain washed some of the logs from the causeways. The men didn't think the wagons could get through. They could swim the horses but we'd a-got our petticoats wet if we'd gone." She broke off. "Here comes your father now. Sakes alive! Who's he got with him?"

BUT she knew, even before she got a good look at the frowsy-haired child who sat astride the horse's withers, knew with a sinking heart and a keen feeling of resentment: Jason was fetching Belle Rennert's orphan home with him because nobody knew what to do about her. Land sakes! She'd almost forgotten Belle had a child. Well—

"Hello," Jason said and slid to the ground. He lifted the ragged little girl off the horse. "Cordelia, this is Jill, Belle's daughter. Doc Sheldrake was to the funeral. He said Belle asked him, 'fore she died, to fetch Jill over to us and ask us to keep her till somebody went down to Ionia and could take her along to her grandmother's."

Jill looked up at the two on the porch. At Jason's words her black-fringed eyes suddenly smoldered. "I won't go down to grandma's," she burst out. "I'll—I'll run away first! Grandma's a cantankerous old witch! She thrashes me for every little thing."

Cordelia took in the tangled black hair of the child, the ragged calico dress, the small pine box clasped tight in one small fist, and knew a sudden interest. "Why'd your grandma thrash you? What'd you do?"

[Continued on Page 47]



Every time
Cordelia looked
at Belle's
daughter she saw
the child's strong
resemblance to
her own husband



Jill was crouched under a fallen tree in a hollow beside the road, weeping in wild fright

giesen



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT E. COATES

SOUPS TO EAT

by GLENNA MCGINNIS

This is the kind of fare that sticks to your ribs on a cold winter day

CHEESE AND VEGETABLE CHOWDER

Costs 74 cents (December 1946)

4 large servings Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|---|--|
| 3 cups water | 2 tablespoons margarine |
| 4 cups finely chopped raw vegetables (onion, potatoes, celery, carrots, green beans, parsnips, turnips, etc.) | 4 tablespoons flour |
| 1/2 cup green peas | 2 cups milk |
| | 1/2 pound process American cheese, diced |
| | 1/4 cup parsley |
| | Salt and pepper |

Cook water and vegetables together for 20 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Melt margarine in heavy saucepan over low heat; stir in flour and slowly add milk. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add cheese and cook until cheese melts; combine with vegetable mixture. Add parsley; season to taste with salt and pepper and serve at once.

RANCHO SOUP

Costs 65 cents (December 1946)

4 large servings Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|------------------------------|--|
| 2 tablespoons fat | 2 cups diced potatoes |
| 1 cup chopped onion | 1 No. 2 can tomato juice |
| 1/2 cup chopped green pepper | 1 17-ounce can chili con carne (without beans) |
| 1 clove garlic, minced | 1/2 cup minced salami or bologna |
| 1 quart water | |
| 1/4 cup elbow macaroni | |

Cook fat, onion, pepper and garlic together in large heavy kettle until yellowed. Add remaining ingredients. Cover and simmer 45 minutes. Add salt and pepper if desired. If too thick add more water.

PORK AND POTATO SOUP

Costs 63 cents (December 1946)

6 large servings Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| 2 pounds pork feet, tails or neck bones | 6 cups diced potatoes |
| 2 1/2 quarts water | 1 tablespoon salt |
| 1 tablespoon vinegar | 1/4 teaspoon pepper |
| 1 cup chopped celery and leaves | 1 teaspoon sage |
| 1 cup chopped onion | 1 cup undiluted evaporated milk |
| 1 cup diced carrots | Chopped parsley |

Have butcher cut pork part way through. Wash thoroughly and put in large kettle with water, vinegar, celery and onion. Cover and simmer 2 1/2 hours. Remove cover; let cool slightly and remove meat. Take meat from bones, returning it to broth and setting aside the fat part for other uses if it is not liked in soup. Cover and chill several hours or overnight to allow fat to solidify on top of broth. Remove fat and save for other uses. Add carrots, potatoes, salt, pepper and sage. Cover and simmer 3/4 hour or until potatoes fall apart. Mash vegetables slightly with potato masher. Add milk; heat and serve garnished with parsley.

LAMB BONE AND LIMA BEAN SOUP

Costs 38 cents (December 1946)

4 large servings Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 2 cups dried lima beans | 1 cup chopped celery and leaves |
| 2 quarts water | 1 No. 2 can tomato juice |
| 1 leg or shoulder of lamb bone | Salt and pepper |
| 1 cup chopped onion | |

Soak beans in water in large heavy kettle for 2 hours; do not drain. Crack bones in several places and add with onion and celery. Cover and simmer 2 hours. Remove bone and mince any bits of meat adhering to it. Return meat to soup. Mash beans slightly with potato masher, do not drain; add tomato juice. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Heat thoroughly before serving.

BLACKEYE PEA AND FRANKFURTER SOUP

Costs 76 cents (December 1946)

6 large servings Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 pound dried blackeye peas | 3/4 pound frankfurters, sliced |
| 4 quarts water | 1 tablespoon leaf marjoram |
| 1 clove garlic, minced | 1/4 cup chopped pimiento |
| 1 cup chopped onion | 2 hard-cooked eggs, 1/2 lemon, sliced |
| 1 tablespoon salt | |
| 1/4 teaspoon pepper | |
| Dash cayenne | |
| 3 tablespoons margarine | |

Let peas soak in water for 1 hour; add garlic, onion, salt, pepper and cayenne. Bring to a boil; lower heat; cover and simmer 1 hour. Melt margarine in skillet; add frankfurters and brown lightly. Add to peas; add marjoram and pimiento. Cover and simmer 1 hour. Push frankfurters aside and mash peas with potato masher. Serve in large bowl garnished with chopped egg and thin slice of lemon.

SOUP WITH BEEF BALLS

Costs 89 cents (December 1946)

6 large servings Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 1/2 pounds boneless shin beef | 12 soda crackers |
| 2 1/2 quarts water | 6 sprigs parsley |
| 1 large onion, chopped | 1 teaspoon garlic salt |
| 1 bay leaf | 1 egg, well beaten |
| 4 teaspoons salt | 1 tablespoon Worcestershire |
| | 1/2 teaspoon pepper |

Have beef cut into 1-inch pieces. Cook slowly with water, onion, bay leaf and 3 teaspoons salt in large soup kettle for 2 1/2 hours. Remove meat; let cool. Put meat, crackers and parsley through food chopper, using medium blade. Add egg, Worcestershire, pepper and 1 teaspoon salt. Mix together and shape into 1-inch balls. If not moist enough, add a little of the broth. Chill balls in refrigerator at least 1 hour. Just before serving, drop balls into boiling soup; cover and cook 10 minutes.

UNCLE ED'S FISH CHOWDER

Costs \$1.06 (December 1946)

6 large servings

Woman's Day Kitchen

- 1/3 cup bacon drippings or margarine
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1 1/4 cups chopped onion
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 2/3 cup chopped green pepper
- 1 1/4 cups diced potatoes
- 2 cups tomato purée
- 1 1/4 quarts water
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire
- 12 whole cloves
- 1 bay leaf, crumbled
- 1 tablespoon paprika
- 1 bay leaf, crumbled
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 1 1/4 pounds fish fillets
- 1 lemon, sliced

Cook drippings and flour together slowly in large heavy kettle until flour is golden brown. Add onion, garlic and green pepper. Cook 5 minutes; add potatoes, tomato purée, water and seasonings. Cover and simmer 1/4 hour. Add fish cut in 1-inch pieces, cover and simmer 8 minutes; add lemon slices. If desired, substitute one 8-ounce can tomato paste and 2 cups water for tomato purée.

SHIP FROM



AMERICA

WARM-HEARTED GIVING TO THOSE LESS FORTUNATE THAN OURSELVES, HOPE FOR THE
DESPAIRING—ALL THIS AND MORE IN A SIMPLE PHRASE KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD

By FRANK LEON SMITH

ONE winter afternoon, some years back, I was stepping down the street with bundles under my arm and cigars in my pocket. It seems that I had just been to see an editor. The editor said he was taking a story of mine, and he smiled expectantly as though waiting for me to turn a cartwheel and give three loud cheers. Naturally, I was pleased. Any writer is always glad to know that characters he has brought to life are going to have a good home instead of dying in the files. But, at the same time, I was resentful. Writing is a business. A salesman isn't expected to go into paroxysms of joy when he gets an order for a case of canned corn or ketchup. Why demand it of a writer?

With no expression I said, "Fine," to the editor, and after some conventional exit dialogue I went away. And then I was ashamed. I knew that editors got a kick out of spotting a buyable story, and they got a kick out of passing the good news to the scribe. So I went into a booth and phoned the guy, and lied a little. "Listen," I said, "maybe it's the English in me, or maybe I'm trying to imitate those Hollywood comedians and their double-takes. Anyway, the big news has just seeped through and touched my wiring! Hooray for you and your magazine and all your staff! May you have a good appetite and all your teeth at ninety-two!"

I left the booth in a glow. I thought back to a period when, as a young writer, every sale had called for a celebration. Maybe I had been gyping myself of some of the by-product emotional rewards of my profession by taking lucky breaks for granted and dropping celebrations from the program.

Accordingly, I bought a lot of little things for the family, including a box of cigars and some loose ones for my wife's father. Remembering to make that purchase pleased me because I'm a pipe smoker and guys of one habit are not too tolerant of the fellow with one that's different.

As I turned into my street, I saw my father-in-law coming toward me. He was a portly little man, then about seventy; he had been on the stage all his life—fifth generation of a family that had written, directed and played in fairy tales all over Europe. They had even put on their gentle shows for audiences of fierce Tartars on

horseback, with torches for footlights. He had come to this country in the bad year of 1893, to perform at the Chicago World's Fair. But to that guy no year was a bad year, and everything in this country was wonderful. Now, after a long career as an actor and stage director, he was in semi-retirement, keeping himself busy with a hundred little projects of his own.

One of them was putting on plays with a cast of children. For children, he had a fabulous gift. They couldn't resist him. Like the family and his mature friends, they called him by his nickname, "Dixie"—his favorite tune, and they followed him instinctively, joyously, as the children of Hamelin followed the famous piper. Now he was on his way to rehearse a little Christmas play, and he was feverish, glassy-eyed with excitement and anticipation, moving along with his quick short steps which in the family we called "chugging."

The guy had a grand sense of humor. He saw me from a distance and evidently he and I got the same idea at the same time: we would ignore each other. So we passed without a glance, but in passing, I held out two cigars, and in passing, he took them. Then we stopped, turned back, and gesturing with the cigars at the bundles under my arm, he pulled the line for which all this is background:

"Ship from America?"

I could have cheered. I have never heard three words with so much meaning; three words that lighted up so much territory. Intuition at once told me some of the story for which Ship From America was the title, and later, Dixie filled in the blanks. It was an old, old story, but from a different angle.

IT happened that I was an American. My people had been Americans for three hundred years and more. I was used to being an American. I took it for granted. This, my native land, was the land of the free and the home of the brave, but over and above all that, it was the land of Hope; a place where we Americans could hope; the hope of the peoples across the sea; of those who could get here, and those who had to stay at home.

I'd had a lesson in courage and hope. When I was a young guy in New York, in the early nineteen hundreds,

I used to go down to the Battery and watch the immigrants come off the Ellis Island ferry and put their feet for the first time on the mainland of America. In the strange dress-up clothes of their native lands, they poured ashore, tags tied to their lapels, huge bundles in their arms, and in every right hand a paper with an address

Some of them had people to meet them; most of them were on their own. Not only at the Battery, but on the highways, uptown, where they had wandered, bewildered, confused. They'd thrust their little paper at you and ask, "Where?" Sometimes they had a couple more words of English: "Please, Mister—" but mostly it was just, "Where? Where?" And you'd look at the scrawl and direct them to a railroad station or to one of the ferries.

I put myself to the test: how would I like to land

the farms, the mines, the mills, and built homes and towns and cities. They did the country's hard work, but they didn't forget the folks at home, those first-generation immigrants. From their small money that came the hard way they set something aside, to help feed and clothe and brighten the lives of those who remained in Europe. It was right and proper that those who had come here in hope should send some of the fruits of their toil back home, on the liners eastbound.

Ship From America Dixie told me that no phrase in the English language had been translated into so many languages and dialects. Up and down and across Europe, they knew the words, and they knew the joy that followed the docking of one of those vessels. Ship From America Something to eat, something to wear, some of America's hope, in the form of money in a letter, but above all,

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT FRANKENBERG



somewhere in Europe, without knowing more than a word of the language, without a friend, and on from there? The thought gave me gooseflesh. I made up my mind that the bravest person in the world is the immigrant, who will pull up stakes where he lives and forsake known ways and short cuts to start from scratch in a new country.

The older I got, the more respect I had for those people. For one thing, they would work; they had always worked, they knew no better, they came here to work, and this was well for themselves and for the country because so many of the Americans who'd been here a few generations were always outsmarting themselves and getting all balled up in the illusion that life here, or anywhere else, was possible and bearable without work.

Anyway, the new ones came and built railroads, worked

those priceless tangibles, food and clothes. You could have your Aladdin and his lamp, your legends of magic; to them, the miracle of life was the Ship From America and the bundles it brought. Adults sustained themselves with its hope. Children were inspired by it: "Be good and study your books and work hard. Soon comes the ship from America, with maybe something wonderful for you from your uncle. Things will be better for all of us

Oh boy, could I understand what that meant! Once, when I was a kid, my family got stranded in the Berkshire Mountains. A flood and landslide had put my father out of business. He left to go back to our old base and make a new start so he could send for us. The days passed, and Christmas was coming up fast. It looked like a pretty

[Continued on Page 60]



*If you were Eddie
what would you
do about Tina, whom you
loved more than
anyone else in the world
except Pop?*

*She opened one hand
which had within it
the engagement ring he
had given her, but which
she had not yet worn*

DOUBLE

ENGAGEMENT

BY MILLEN BRAND



THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER CAME UP AND KNOCKED ON EDDIE BENZ'S DOOR, and the knock reverberated in his big room with a certain urgency. He opened the door and she gave him a telegram. "The messenger's waiting," she said. He read through the telegram, which was from Hillbourne, Florida, and was signed by a doctor. It said: YOUR

UNCLE CRITICALLY ILL MEMBER OF FAMILY SHOULD COME AT ONCE.

"Is there any answer?" she said.

"Member of family" meant him. There was no other member of family.

"No, no answer," he said. I'll send an answer later, he thought.

He went at once to the house telephonic and called his boss at his home. "Hello, Paul," he said, "this is Eddie. Say, I just got a telegram that my uncle—Pop—is in bad shape in Florida. It says 'critically ill.' Do you think you could spare me for a few days?"

"Yes, you go on down."

"Pop is practically like my old man to me."

"That's all right, you go ahead."

"I'll make it back as soon as I can."

"Don't rush it, Eddie."

Eddie told Paul where the latest markings list was.

"You just go and don't worry about anything," Paul said.

"Thanks a lot."

The thought of Tina had been working strenuously at the back of Eddie's mind, but he deliberately blacked it out while he thought of how he would get to Florida. Airlines were out, he figured, without a reservation, and the same with fast trains. He called Penn Station and they confirmed the fact that he could not get a fast train without a reservation. The train he could get would take two days and left in an hour. To work in an aircraft plant and have to go down by slow train!

Then the thought of Pop "critically ill" swept over him, and what should he do about Tina. . . That was what made it really hard. For tomorrow Tina's folks were having a coming-home party for her brother Ted, out of the Navy after three and a half years in the Pacific. And the party was planned to have a special importance for him and Tina, being the occasion for publicly announcing their engagement.

TINA, of course, put weight on such things—once planned, everything must go forward as planned. Well, you loved her and you understood, you took all that as part of her and gave in and actually wanted everything done her way. Yet here was the train for Florida leaving in an hour and he would have to be on it.

He dropped a nickel in the slot of the house telephone and the dial tone came on and he gave the disk seven stubborn twists. Tina herself answered and he could almost see the dark line of her eyebrows.

"Yes?" she said.

"Tina?"

"Eddie!"

"Darling. . ." Immediately he felt a catch in her breath. She seemed to know before he spoke. "Darling," he said, "I just got a telegram that Pop is critically ill. I have to go down right away."

"To Florida?"

"Yes, there's a train leaving in an hour."

"But tomorrow. . ."

"I know. I feel terrible about it."

[Continued on Page 65]

DECORATIVE LIGHTING

With light used knowingly you can round a harsh corner with soft shadow, conceal an architectural defect with the reflection of beautiful foliage, center attention on a lovely ornament, direct illumination to your favorite reading spot, diffuse a soft glow throughout a room. When you conceal the source of light, you also get freedom from the glare of exposed bulbs in wall or ceiling, and make your rooms pleasanter to live in. Construction details are on page 47

Made by WOMAN'S DAY WORKSHOP



The mirror seems to float in space and the light from within the shadow box glows around the edges of the mirror's frame, a flattering way to greet guests in the entrance hall



An unattractive side-wall fixture is concealed by a box with picture molding around the top edge. A taut wire mesh across the top supports foliage or bric-a-brac



A glass panel in the top of a bookcase allows the light beneath to shine through the leaves and bark arrangement above, casting graceful shadows on the walls and ceiling



A light is hidden in this copper pot which has half its lid cut away so the light will flood upward into the branches



Designs on this page by Geo Bergal

If you like to read while you recline, this bookshelf, intended to be hung over a couch, will direct light downward on the page while it also illuminates the book titles through glass panes

Sweater Spree

A star collection of knit sweaters to start your 1947 wardrobe off on a warm note. We've included soft sweater-blouses, gay outdoor jackets and the perennial casual classics



1. Sweater blouse with rows of crocheted loops on collar and cuffs. Make of worsted for \$5.00

2. Team-mates, striped pullover with cap-sleeve jerkin. Make both of fingering yarn, \$6.75

3. Roll-collar sweater with military stripes . . . perfect fall for belt. Make in fine yarn for \$3.50

4. Slightly daring, off-the-shoulder party sweater. Copy in fingering yarn for about \$3.85

5. Stripes focus attention on dolman sleeves. Knit sweater and ascot of wool floss, \$2.25

6. A nubby-knit, cap-sleeve sweater to make of worsted for \$3.25. Wear with suits or skirts

7. Short waist-length jacket with surprise red trim on pockets. Make of worsted for \$4.25

8. Striped wide bertha collar makes a dress-up sweater. Copy in fingering yarn for about \$4.00

9. Peter Pan collar and bib in shocking pink against navy. Make of fingering yarn, \$2.75

10. Half-red, half-white vest finished with big gold buttons. Copy in wool for about \$4.50

11. Classic sweater set . . . loose fitting and comfortable. Cost to make of wool floss, \$5.75

12. Perfectly plain basic sweater that never loses popularity. Knit in wool floss for about \$2.40

13. High-style turtle-neck sweater with push-up sleeves. Make of fingering yarn for \$4.50

14. Companions for outdoors. Jacket and bonnet in Fair Isle Stitch. Make in wool, \$9.00

See page 35 for ordering instructions

LUCINDA BARDSLEY



2 TURN TO THE NEXT TWO PAGES FOR CHILDREN'S SWEATERS



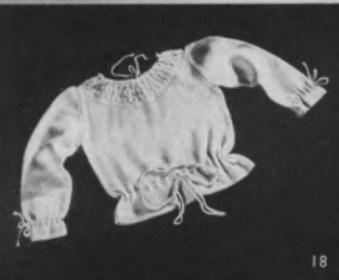
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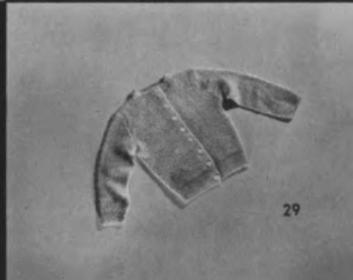
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28



29

15. Ribbed blue bands on white sweater that buttons at neck. Costs \$1.85 to make of baby wool

16. Pullover and beanie to match in broken cable stitch. Make of baby wool for \$1.85

17. Sleeveless vest . . . style note for those under five years. Cost to make of fingering yarn, \$1.25

18. Cross-stitch gives yoke a shirred look on blouse for young lass. Knit of wool for \$2.25

19. Tie-on ribbed cardigan with ruffled stand-up collar. Costs about \$1.75 to knit of baby wool

20. Rows of ribbing across yoke and top of sleeves. Costs about \$1.10 to knit of baby wool

21. Wide-ribbed knit cap and sacque for afternoon promenade. Make of baby wool for \$1.75

22. Surplice sweater for baby. Crisscrosses in front, buttons at waist. Make of wool for \$1.45

23. Miniature breast pocket in closely knit, warm pullover. Costs \$1.00 to make of wool

24. Cardigan and bonnet set in wide rib with diamond pattern. Cost to make of baby wool, \$2.50

25. Snug zipper cardigan with cable-stitch ribbing. Make of baby wool for about \$2.50

26. Belge cardigan zippers up front too. Cost to make of fingering yarn, about \$3.00

27. Stockinette, garter and rib stitches used to knit cardigan. Make in heather yarn, \$4.75

28. A sleeveless, striped pullover and cardigan set costs \$6.50 to make of heather yarn

29. Novelty-knit cardigan for the toddler set. Costs \$1.85 to knit of fine baby wool

30. Made just like a blazer jacket with white corded trim. Knit of worsted for about \$3.75

31. Little brother is all smiles in his yellow ribbed pullover. Make in fine wool for about \$2.50

More Sweater Fun

Designed especially for the young . . . from newcomers to the grade-school crowd. Smartness wasn't overlooked in these sweaters which were chosen for their sturdiness and warmth

HOW TO ORDER INSTRUCTION BOOKLET

We have prepared a special booklet called "Sweater Spree," including directions for all the knitted sweater designs shown on pages 32 through 35. In order to get your copy, please send a 3-cent stamp with your request to the Home Service Editor, SS147, Women's Day, 19 West 44th Street, New York 18, New York



Grace and Charm for the Mature Woman

Here is a lovely-to-look-at, easy-to-manage hairdo designed for us by William of J. Schaeffer. It has that look of elegance which goes with professional hair-styling and yet it's simple enough to do for yourself at home.

The softness across the forehead is fashioned to give added height to a broad face and the waves brushed back over the ear make a lovely line in the side view. Across the back the hair is combed smooth and the ends are turned up in a neat, ear-to-ear roll.



Above are all around views of the hairdo shown on the left. How-to-do instructions appear on page 59

MOMENT *in the SUN*

BY JAN GABRIAL

The movies proved the Yankee señoritas were looking for a man just like Pepe

PEPE came out of the wooden shed which was called a station and sat restlessly on a crate which had lain for several weeks in front of it.

The train was late, but the train was always late, and its few passengers had come to time their arrivals accordingly. Pepe was station master; the title had thrilled him two years before when he was seventeen; now the fact that there was but a single train a day, whose passengers seldom exceeded twenty-five, outweighed the nominal dignity of the role. He was bored, and he was mournful, and his head was full of dreams.

As he sat staring idly at a small dog with a lame and hairless paw, three vultures landed one by one on a cross-barred lamppost near to him. He threw a rock at them—it had lain alongside and he did not have to reach far for it—and after brooding jointly and thrusting out their blunt strong beaks in disapproval, they flapped across the narrow-gauge tracks and landed in the dust beside a row of grass-roofed houses.

The lame dog joined them, and then another dog, the color, thought Pepe dreamily, of horse dung. Like old frock-coated men taking grotesquely long and hopping steps, the vultures began to walk. One broke into a run with an off-beat, awkward and illy-balanced. The brown dog chased it, but the others turned and screamed at him.

The train was nearly late enough. A woman large and smiling, comfortably pregnant, waddled along the tracks and went inside to buy her ticket. Pepe stared moodily at her skirts and rose to sell it to her.

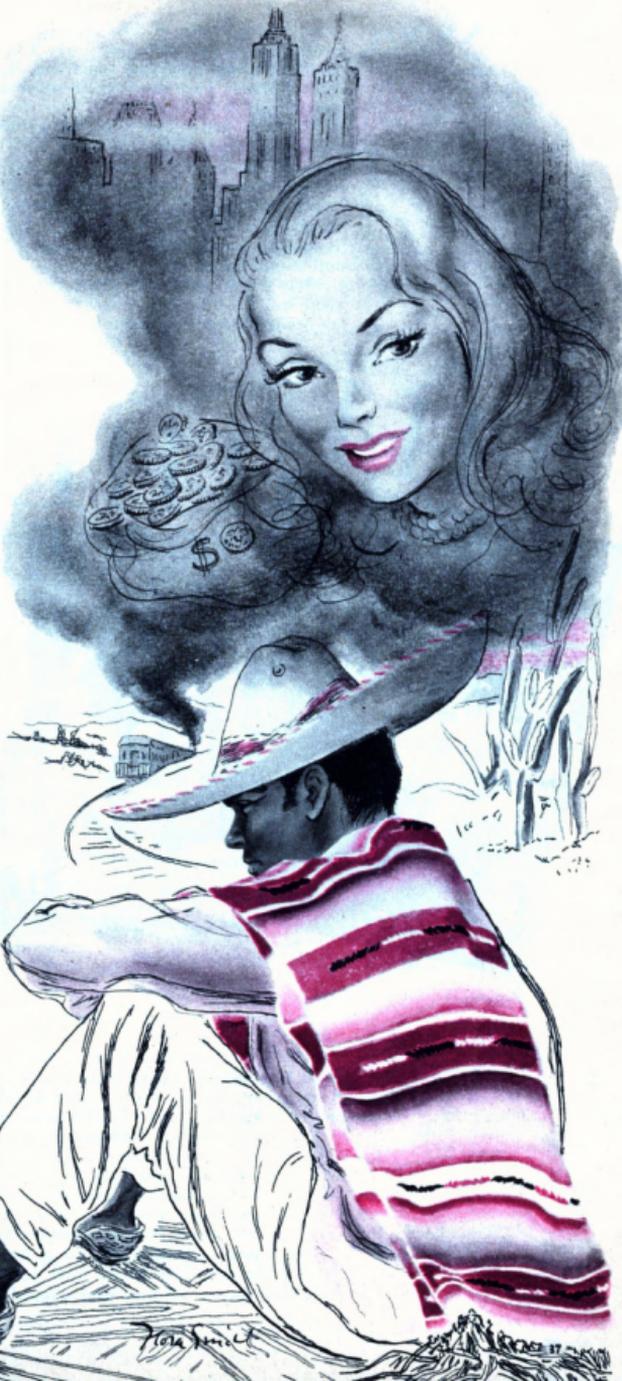
"It is a fine day, no?" she asked him with abundant cheer.

"No," Pepe said. "But weather for an earthquake."

"Aie, just imagine," she breathed sympathetically.

[Continued on Page 62]

*He was bored and he was mournful
and his head was full of dreams*



by LIN ROOT

The marriage rate of 1942 was the highest ever recorded in the United States. Between 1940 and 1943 there were 1,118,000 more marriages than would have been expected under peacetime conditions. These figures are the Vital Statistics of the United States. They don't specify what the well-dressed groom wore, but for the most part he was in uniform.

The rush started even before we were actually in the war. In 1938, there were 1,330,780 marriages. In 1939, 1,403,633 marriages took place, against the estimated normal of 1,342,000.

1940: Planes and tanks were rolling off the lines, ships were moving down the ways, wages were going up, and so was the marriage rate. There were 1,595,879 marriages as against a normal expectancy of 1,353,000. Man does not live by bread alone, but it certainly influences his mating. The marriage rate rises in every period of full employment.

1941: A new high; 1,695,999 marriages against an expectancy of 1,362,000. Of course there was the draft. If you were married, perhaps it couldn't touch you. That this was no negligible factor is shown by the statistics of eight states. There were 50 per cent

WILL THEY STAY



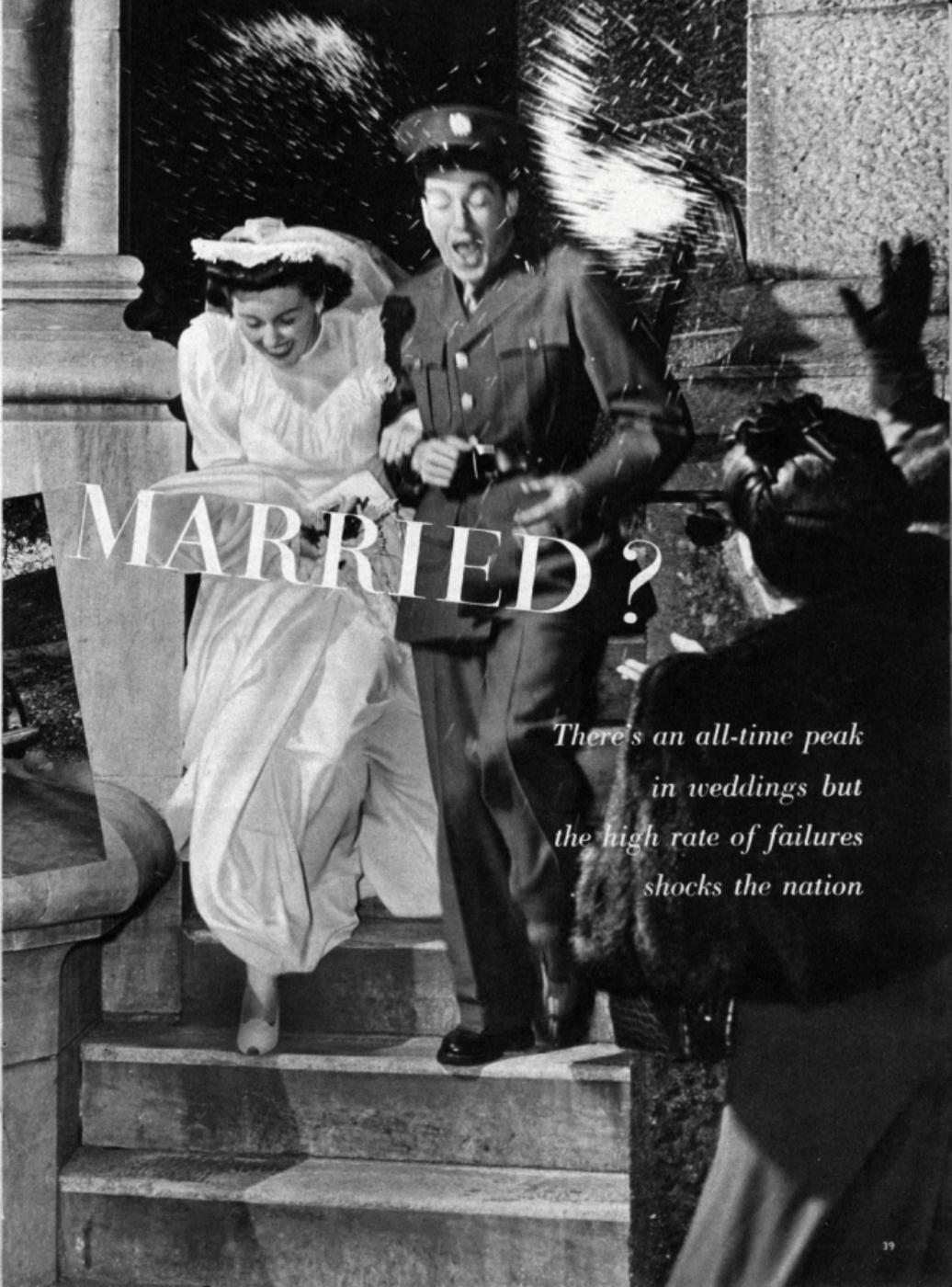
more marriages in the Pearl Harbor month than there were in December of 1940 or 1939. The Selective Service Act also sent the marriage rate soaring.

1942: The draft laws were straightened out, the boys were leaving by the boat load. Washington analysts looked for a sharp decrease in the number of marriages. They guessed wrong. Marriage had become a mass movement. When they came to add up the score, they found 1,772,132 newly married couples.

The analysts plotted their graphs, charted their vital statistics. 1943 must show a drop. Troop ships were carrying the men off by thousands. With all the marrying that had been going on, there couldn't be many eligibles left. There were 1,577,050 of them. A drop in numbers from the previous year to be sure, but still enough to keep the rate well above normal. And in 1944, when by all the laws of precedent our marriage rate should have been subnormal, it was smugly perched 4.9 per cent above.

This is news. The marriage rate in wartime generally rises at the beginning, then drops as the men leave for the front. In World War I, there was a sharp increase for 1915-1917; then as the men were shipped overseas in 1918, the rate fell below normal.

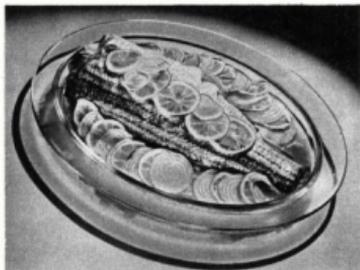
[Continued on Page 56]



MARRIED?

*There's an all-time peak
in weddings but
the high rate of failures
shocks the nation*

FISH WITH A ZIP

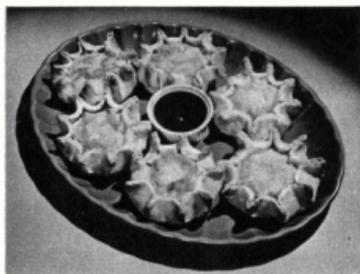


FISH BAKED WITH LEMON AND ONION Clean whole fish (about 2½ pounds) and remove head, tail and fins, if desired. Sprinkle inside and out with salt and pepper. Cut 3 lemons and 3 medium onions in very thin slices. Stuff fish with lemons and onion slices, reserving some for outside. Truss fish if necessary to hold stuffing. Arrange on baking platter and put remaining onion and lemon on top and around fish. Dot with 2 tablespoons margarine or butter, or brush with salad oil. Bake in moderate oven, 325°F., about 45 minutes or until flesh loosens from bones when tested with fork. Baste occasionally with drippings in pan. Serve with tartar sauce, if desired. Serves 4 to 6. Costs about \$1.07*. *Mrs. Catherine Treadwell, Beaumont, Texas.*

FISH IN SOY SAUCE Any mild, white fish may be used in this recipe: that shown in the photograph at right is haddock steak. Lightly brown 1¼ pounds fish steaks or 1¼ pounds fish fillets in 2 tablespoons fat or oil. Add ½ cup soy sauce, 1 small clove garlic, minced, and 1 small piece ginger root or ¼ teaspoon powdered ginger. If ginger root is used, break it and pound it a little before using. Add 1 tablespoon white wine or sherry, if desired. Simmer until fish is done and liquid nearly evaporated, adding a little water if needed. Turn once during cooking, being careful not to break fish. Serve garnished with a sliced lemon. Serves 4. At time of going to press the cost is about 66 cents *Mrs. H. C. Hamlin, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.*



FISH PASTRIES Freshen a package of shredded codfish as directed on label; drain and add to 1½ cups mashed potatoes; season to taste with salt and pepper. Add 1 beaten egg. Season with a little grated lemon rind, if desired. Shape fish mixture into 6 patties. Make pastry with 2 cups flour; roll thin and cut into circles size of saucer. Put a fish cake on each pastry round and bring edges up; crimp together, leaving opening on top. Dot with butter and sprinkle with cheese, using 2 tablespoons butter and ¼ cup shredded cheese. Bake in hot oven, 425°F., 15 minutes until well browned. Serve with ketchup or with creamed hard-cooked eggs or other sauce. Serves 6. Costs about 57 cents*. *Mrs. R. H. Waldron, South Portland, Maine.*



TOASTED CHEESE SANDWICHES WITH CODFISH GRAVY Soak ¼ pound salt codfish in water overnight; drain, add fresh water and simmer 5 minutes; if fish is still very salty, drain and cook again in fresh water. Make white sauce with 2 tablespoons fat, 2 tablespoons flour and 2 cups milk; add drained shredded codfish; season to taste with salt and pepper. Toast 8 slices rye bread; make 4 sandwiches with ¼ pound cheese; arrange in baking dish; cover with codfish gravy and bake in hot oven, 425°F., about 10 minutes or until lightly browned. If desired, make toasted cheese sandwiches and serve with hot codfish gravy without baking in oven. Serves 4. Costs about 57 cents*. *Josephine Van Valkenburg, Bellevue, Mich.*



SHRIMP COCKTAIL OR SALAD Wash 1 pound fresh shrimp; cover with boiling salted water and simmer about 15 minutes; drain and cool. Remove shells and black veins. If a can of shrimp is used instead of fresh, simply drain and remove black veins from shrimp. Add ¼ cup minced onion, ¾ cup minced parsley, ½ cup salad oil, ½ cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Put 1 clove garlic, peeled and cut in half, on a toothpick; add to shrimp mixture. Let stand in cool place at least 1 hour, stirring gently once or twice. Remove garlic before serving. If used for an appetizer, serve in cocktail glasses. If used for a salad, serve with greens and garnish with egg, celery, etc. Serves 4. Costs about 95 cents*. *Mrs. Marvin Hummel, Leighton, Pa.*



FISH BALLS WITH SOUR CREAM-WATERCRESS SAUCE Force 2 pounds boneless raw fish through food chopper, using fine blade. Add 1 teaspoon soft margarine, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, 1 beaten egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup top milk and 1 small onion, minced; mix well. Shape into about eighteen $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch balls; dip in 1 egg beaten with 3 tablespoons water, then coat with fine dry bread crumbs. Let stand in refrigerator for several hours. Brown slowly on all sides in a little shallow fat. Serve with Sour Cream-Watercress Sauce made by mixing $\frac{1}{2}$ cup salad dressing, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sour cream, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper, few drops Tabasco and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped cress. Serves 6. Costs about \$1.13*. Mrs. James H. Hall, Anderson, South Carolina



FISH CHILI Slice 1 large onion and mince 1 clove garlic; cook until yellowed in 1 tablespoon fat in large saucepan. Add 1 No. 2 can red kidney beans, one 6-ounce can tomato paste, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon chili powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Cover and simmer 15 minutes. Thicken with flour-and-water paste, if desired. Break cooked fish into large pieces to make 2 cups; this will require about 1 pound boneless fish. A can of flaked fish may be used instead of freshly cooked fish. Add fish to kidney bean mixture and simmer 5 minutes. Serve piping hot. If you have your own home-canned tomatoes, use a pint of them instead of tomato paste and water. Serves 4. Costs about 64 cents*. Mrs. Wilbert Scott, Bridgeton, N. J.

FISH BUNS, ITALIAN STYLE Cut 4 hard rolls in half lengthwise. Arrange thin slices Italian or other cheese on the 8 roll halves; spread each with tomato paste (one 6-ounce can for all); add a little minced garlic or a dash of garlic salt; season with more salt unless a salty fish is being used. Add a layer of canned sea food ($\frac{3}{4}$ cup crabmeat, anchovy, lobster, tuna or flaked fish); sprinkle each roll with salad oil and a little oregano, sage or marjoram. Put on baking sheet and heat under broiler or in hot oven until piping hot. Garnish each with a dash of paprika and a slice of stuffed olive. Arrange on a large serving plate. Serves 4. Costs about 99 cents*. Mrs. G. D. Clark, Livingston, N. J.



HADDOCK CASSEROLES To make white sauce, melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine in saucepan, add 2 tablespoons flour and mix well; remove from heat and stir in 1 cup milk; return to heat and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. To sauce, add 2 cups cooked flaked haddock, 1 can New England-style clam chowder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped pimiento and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped green pepper. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Heat thoroughly and serve in individual casseroles; top with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft bread crumbs lightly browned in 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Casseroles may be topped with crumbs mixed with melted butter and browned in hot oven, if preferred. Serves 4. Costs about 89 cents*. Mrs. Charles H. Tracy, Brewer, Maine.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT S. COATES

ANCHOVY STUFFED PEPPERS Cut out center and remove seeds from 4 large green peppers; cover with boiling salted water and simmer 5 minutes; drain. Cook $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped onion until yellowed in the oil drained from one or two 2-ounce cans of anchovies with capers. Remove from heat; add 1 small clove of garlic, minced, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped ripe olives, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 4 cups soft bread crumbs and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese. Reserve 4 of the anchovies for tops of peppers; chop remaining anchovies and add to crumb mixture; mix well. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Fill parboiled peppers with stuffing mixture; top each with an anchovy. Put in baking dish with a few tablespoonfuls of water and bake in moderate oven, 350°F., 30 minutes. Serves 4. Costs about 84 cents*. Mrs. Helen Provo, Cambridge, Mass.

*Costs of these recipes based on average prices in large supermarkets throughout the country as we go to press



HERE IS A FINE COLLECTION OF PRIZE-WINNING FISH RECIPES FROM TEXAS TO MAINE

She makes her



Every girl craves nice clothes, but it's the girl with the nimble needle
who can look well dressed on a small budget

first dress

KATHERINE LANITIS

THE dress shown at left is a good style to start her on her sewing career. We like its clean simple lines, and the way it can be done over and over again in different ways. She'll love it in corduroy for semi-dress-up. And once she's mastered the pattern, she'll probably want to try some of the smart little dresses below as variations on the main theme. Naturally, new yardage must be figured where contrasting fabrics are used. Butterick 3782, sizes 12-20, 35 cents.

Your Size. Although pattern sizes run from 12 to 20, what governs your size is your bust measurement. Look it up on a chart on the back of the pattern envelope, and you'll find the pattern size corresponding to your bust measurement. (If your hips are larger than the pattern, allow the extra inches needed when you cut. If they're smaller, then cut exactly on the pattern and make the adjustment in fitting.)

Study Your Pattern. It isn't really hard to read a pattern, although at first the very idea might be frightening. In every pattern envelope there's an instruction sheet that tells you what to do every step of the way. It's almost as good as a sewing course.

So take it out and study it. On one side are cutting instructions. On the other side, the sewing instructions. Turn to the cutting side and check the version you're going to make. (We made view A, so that's the one we're going to talk about.) Next, be sure to look at the diagram of pattern pieces. This is a chart which identifies all the pieces for all versions (see sketch). You'll have to study each piece, check those you'll need for making

View A, and put away those you won't need . . . in this case, discard pieces 11 and 12 which are the short sleeves.



Your Fabric. If it's creased from folding, press with a warm iron on the wrong side. To understand what the instruction sheet says about your fabric at this point,

you'll have to know some dressmaking terms. See sketch above to identify—"Selvages": the two woven edges of the fabric that won't ravel.

"Lengthwise Thread": the thread that runs in the same line as the selvage (see A). "Crosswise Thread": the thread that runs across the fabric (see B). Before folding the fabric and laying the pattern pieces on it, it's a good idea to straighten the raw edge, even if it doesn't look uneven. To do this, draw a crosswise thread close to the very edge, and cut along the line it makes. See sketch above.



Now you are ready to cut. And this is the most important part in making a dress. Success in cutting depends on how you lay the pattern on the fabric. It must be laid on the grain, the "straight of the goods." This means that the three pattern perforations marking the grain line must be placed right on a lengthwise thread. If the fabric is so closely woven that you can't identify a lengthwise thread, then measure accurately with a ruler from the selvage to each of the three pattern perforations, see sketch above. You are sure to be on the straight of the goods if the three perforations are exactly the same distance from the selvage.

[Continued on Page 68]

1. Try making a school dress; have it look like a jumper—checked wool sleeves and collar on solid gray. 2. Or a play dress in wonderful wool jersey, with navy top, white skirt, red belt.
3. And perhaps a party dress of bright red velvetene with gold cuffs, and a gold belt. 4. Then a town-country gingham dress in solid black with a loud plaid front. 5. A very special date dress in grown-up rayon jersey—striped skirt, striped cuffs, black top.



1



2



3



4



5



WHERE NO ONE EVER LIVED BEFORE

Home for a veteran and his wife and baby
was onetime a cluttered storage basement

MARGUERITE DODD

THE housing shortage is everybody's problem. If you're lucky enough to have a roof over your own head, then you're probably helping friends in their frantic search for a home. About the only hope is to find a place "where no one ever lived before." It might be a garage such as we fixed up and illustrated in our October issue. Or a shed—the kind of lean-to you find on older houses. (Woman's Day tackled one and showed it in November.) And then there are basements . . . you mustn't overlook these.

In Nyack, New York, we found a veteran and his wife and baby living in a converted basement. It had served as a

"trunk room"—actually, a cluttered catch-all for junk—in a large house that long ago had been turned into apartments. When housing began to grow scarce the owner felt that this amount of space should be put to better use. He was surprised to find that when the junk was removed, there was enough space for a living room, 12 x 20 feet in size, and an ample kitchen and bath.

In this project a considerable amount of construction work was necessary. The walls as well as the new partitions had to be studded and wallboarded. Mineral wool insulation was used in the walls and also under the flooring to make the apartment warmer in winter and cooler

in summer. Plumbing fixtures, including a shower, toilet and washbowl in the bathroom, and sink in the kitchen, were installed and the pipes connected to those already in the house. New wiring for the room was also connected with the main installation. New windows opened up a view of sloping lawn behind the house. The fireplace shown in the photograph below was made by tapping into the house chimney.

The total cost of this job, including the final painting, was about \$750.00. A sizable sum but the rent will pay for it in time. (Before planning alterations for such new living quarters, be sure to investigate your local regulations governing housing restrictions.)



Apartment-house trunk room becomes a pleasant living room. Studio couch for two and baby's crib are against wall not shown in the photograph

THE flowering and fruiting plants of the holiday season can carry the good wishes of friends far into the new year. That is, they will if they are tended by a knowing hand. But when kept too warm, set in a draught or insufficiently watered, poinsettia, cyclamen, kalanchoe, cherry and pepper are soon reduced to an unsightly condition. Now how shall we tend these so as to enjoy each one to the maximum this year and perhaps next too?

Poinsettia Avoid high heat, sudden chilling and a dry atmosphere. There will be no second bloom this year but you can expect at least a month of good looks and years of future flowering. Place in a light not sunny window where the day temperature is preferably 65° and the night not below 60°. Keep the soil moist, neither soggy nor dry. Single stemmed plants in small pots may need thorough watering twice daily, very large specimens once a day or even less.

Slip a saucer filled with stones or pebbles under each plant. Keep a constant supply of water in the lower depths of the saucer, below the level of the plant roots. These may decay if kept constantly wet. The evaporating water supply will provide a healthful mist of humidity around the poinsettia even though the air of your house or apartment is very dry indeed.

In February, or perhaps not until March, when leaves turn yellow and the scarlet bracts fall, slow up on watering for about two weeks. At this time pot any ferns that may have come with the poinsettia. Then store the poinsettia in a cool (60°) place without water until spring.

In May bring the plant in, to the sun. Cut the top back to six inches. Shake the roots free of old soil and return the plant to the same container or to a pot just one size larger, if roots indicate the need of more room. Around the roots work in fresh soil. A mixture ½ loam, ¼ sand and ¼ leaf mold or humus is good, with a scant teaspoonful of bonemeal or some prepared fertilizer added according to the manufacturer's directions. This soil may be mixed at home or purchased as "potting soil" from a florist. Water the repotted plant well.

In June when the weather is warm and settled, sink the plant in its pot, with a layer of ashes or stones beneath it, in a fairly sunny garden bed. If you live in an apartment, put your poinsettia on a porch, or roof. It wants an outdoor vacation.

In August, prune according to future use. For a table plant, cut the branches right back to two inches. For a larger window garden plant, cut off about one third of the growth. This will tend to delay flowering until Christmas, when you most want it. Only don't count too much on it then. Without greenhouse timing, flowering plants bloom when they will, not when you will.

Persian Cyclamen In the course of three months, this mock orchid will open for you every one of its twenty or more buds if you will grow it very cold and feed it very well. The florist nurtures the cyclamen at 50°. It will not thrive for you much above 60°. In higher heat it will promptly take on that wilted lettuce look which is all the sadder since the cyclamen's flowering can be so long.

Place the cyclamen preferably in an east window where it can

[Continued on Page 61]

How to treat your holiday plants

by HELEN VAN PELT WILSON

Kalanchoe, Christmas Cherry, Poinsettia, Cyclamen, Christmas Pepper all can last long after the season



DON'T BE AFRAID TO FALL



DID YOU THINK YOU COULD NEVER LEARN TO ICE SKATE? HERE'S ADVICE FROM A CHAMPION WHO SAYS IF YOU NEVER FALL YOU NEVER SKATE

by IRVING JAFFE

MAYBE you think you're not the type for sports. Maybe you're not. But you should be—for some sport. One sport in which any girl can participate is ice skating. You don't have to be a Sonja Henie, but neither must you be a Gertrude Eder.

Perhaps you'll say you tried it once, and your body froze as cold and stiff as the ice. Your legs, which you were certain until that moment were strong and sturdy, became rubber. And the ice was suddenly your worst enemy. So you clutched the nearest rail, groped your way back to the first seat, flopped into it, wiped the sweat from your brow and drew a deep sigh of relief.

It's not as bad as all that, take my word for it. It's just that you got the wrong initiation to the healthiest and most inexpensive beauty treatment of all.

I've taught thousands of people to skate, including Kate Smith, Jane Withers, Betty Grable and Jack Dempsey. Each one felt the same as you at the beginning. In fact, I find my unique method of teaching skating is barely appreciated—at first.

Maybe that's because I throw my pupils down on the ice! "Get up," I say, gently but firmly, after having sent them sprawling. Then I stand back, expecting to see them get up, grateful because I put them on their own. Are they grateful? No.

"You murderer!" they yell. "You sadist! My legs are broken. I'll sue you!"

Somehow, though, they never get around to suing. That's because I keep pushing them down, and after a while they realize that ice skating is not really the bugaboo they feared. They begin to be able to "take it." And they've mastered the biggest psychological step toward becoming a good and happy skater.

In fifteen years in the skating game, from the time I swept the ice off a rink because I had no money to pay my way in, to the present, I've found falling the biggest single mental hazard to would-be skaters. It's normal to be afraid of falling. Yet, it's the most neglected subject in instruction. That's where I come in. I'm your "fall" guy.

If you can walk, if you want some fun and exercise, and if you want to graduate from the flopping flops' class, here's some ten-dollars-an-hour instruction at bargain prices.

FIRST of all, there are three types of skates—hockey, speed and figure. For those women just learning to skate I recommend a pair of figure skates as the best investment. Not only are these skates built closer to the ice than hockey or speed skates but also the blades are wider and the shoes are much sturdier. This means less leg and ankle strain. While figure skates have a set of prongs or teeth at the toe of the skate to which you might have slight difficulty in becoming accustomed, the other features compensate for this. For men and boys, however, I recommend hockey skates unless they have ambitions to become fancy skaters.

Don't let anyone sell you a shoe too large or too small, as a large part of your skating pleasure depends upon a properly fitting shoe. You should wear skate shoes one size smaller than your street shoes, except in a figure skate. That should be the same size as your street shoe. Use a medium-weight sock, not too bulky, and lace the shoes loosely over your toes for proper circulation and snugly around the instep and ankle for firm support.

Wear gloves for protection and comfortable, loose-fitting clothes for freedom of movement. If you are a beginner, you'd better dispense with the thigh-length skirt.

Remember, no matter how much they wobble on those blades, there is no such thing as a weak ankle, unless there has been a deformation or a former injury to the ankle. Since there are many unused muscles that come into play when your weight is balanced on a pair of ice skates, it is only natural that they are going to pain you a bit at first. Never wear ankle supports and straps. They are not only a waste of money but a hindrance to normal circulation and the development of ice-skating ankles. A shoe that fits well is the best support you can have. The skaters who need ankle supports

[Continued on Page 73]

THE TRINKET BOX

[Continued from Page 22]

"Well," Jill ran a bare toe over the edge of the board walk, "once, she singled me for tracking up her clean kitchen floor; and 'nother time she near licked the stuffin' out o' me 'cause I fell into a barrel of flour. But I didn't mean to do it."

"Fell into the flour! Land sakes!" In spite of her resentment, Cordelia had to laugh. "Well," she invited, "come up on the porch and talk with Eunice while I get supper."

Jason followed Cordelia out to the kitchen. He kissed the top of her head as she touched a sulphur match to the kindling in the stove. She knew he had sensed her resentment, and turned, looking up into violet-blue eyes that were oddly flecked with brown. "Oh, Jason, why'd it have to be us to take her?"

"He ran a hand over brown sideburns. "I don't know. Reckon Belle liked us better'n the others. And don't be mad, 'Delia. Remember, if it hadn't been for Belle, you and Eunice both would a-been in kingdom-come now—and where would I be?"

"Most likely husband to some other woman and pa to a dozen brats," she said, with a smile. "Here, take this corn and feed the hens 'fore dusk."

She wanted to be rid of him so she could think. And she thought fast as she moved swiftly about. Yes, Jason was right: if Belle hadn't happened by, nine years ago when Eunice was born, both she and her baby would have died. Again she felt the loneliness of the log house with her man gone to war; felt the unexpected pain, and knew again her terror as she realized how isolated she was from the rest of the settlement because of a freshet that had washed away the bridges. But when things had seemed the worst, Belle had come, on her way home from seeing her man off to war, and had asked to stay the night because she couldn't get through to her own home, fifteen miles farther on.

Cordelia knew that she had gone down into the Valley of the Shadow and that Belle had dragged her back by sheer power of will. Cordelia recalled her first wakening, when she saw everything double. There were two Belles, and four bedposts in her line of vision. There were two shaggy dogs in the doorway, whining. She'd even heard two babies crying; and there had been two roosters walking past the doorway, though she knew they had but one. She slept again and when next she wakened, her eyes were focused properly. She remembered asking Belle weakly, if her baby was born yet, and Belle's hoot of derision as she laid the tiny Eunice in her arms with word that her baby was three days old!

Belle's care for her had been efficient. Cordelia had lain in bed, watching her wash and feed the baby and sing to her, and had marveled at her beauty. Although Belle had grown heavier, bulging over her stays, her eyes were still as blue as a Michigan lake, her hair as black as a marsh blackbird and her lips as red as the patches on his wings. Her voice, too, was soft and crooning. No wonder the men had flocked about her when she first had come to the settlement! Jason, who

had been one of the flock, had explained patiently, that they hadn't flocked because of Belle's dark beauty, but because of her rosewood melodeon which she could play with great skill; and all the boys liked to sing. Every woman who had been to the quilting today, Cordelia knew, had had reason to resent Belle for the way their swains had buzzed around her. But it was Emmy Pucker, she with the "eight wild Injuns," who'd had the greatest reason for resentment, for Belle had appropriated Alonzo Rennert, a beau to Emmy for three years. Poor, plain Emmy took the jilting hard and had come close to being buried in her bridal gown. She was beloved by all, and the women of the settlement were so incensed at Belle that Alonzo declared bitterly he'd make their home in the wilderness where the cats were only wild! And that he had done.

Belle had stayed with Cordelia several days, till the bridges were safe and Cordelia's sister had come; and Cordelia had never seen her again. She was as surprised as anyone when she heard, nearly four months later, that Belle had a baby of her own.

But Cordelia's pleasure over that news was genuine, for she knew, through Jason, who was Alonzo's best friend, just how much Alonzo had longed for a child and she wrote to Belle and asked her to come for a visit. Belle replied that she hadn't been well since the birth of her baby and didn't dare ride any more. She invited Cordelia over to see her. But Cordelia had once been thrown and been badly scared, and she would have jumped into one of Michigan's bottomless bogs as soon as have mounted a horse. Belle lived so deep in the woods that only a man or beast could at that time negotiate the rough trail through the forest and swamps.

Yes, Cordelia summed it all up as she dished up the supper, Belle had done her a good turn. And now by caring for Belle's girl for a while, Cordelia could repay the debt; but, oh dear, she just didn't want that untamed child of the wilderness tracking up her fine house!

CORDELIA'S house was really no better than other frame dwellings in the neighborhood; and no different, save in one respect: where the stairs of the other settlers climbed steeply, between narrow walls to the upper floors, her stairs were open and curved to a graceful landing at one end of the sitting room. Jason, a skilled wood worker, had finished off the straight balusters with a polished rail that was Cordelia's pride and joy. She could just see Jill sliding down that rail when her own back was turned!

With a hot tureen of potatoes in her hands, Cordelia suddenly paused and berated herself. She should be ashamed not to want the bother of Belle's child, after all Belle had done for her! Well, she was ashamed! But it was Jason who took Jill to the bench outside the kitchen door and scrubbed her face and hands

and combed the tangles out of her black hair.

Later Jill lit into the food with the greediness of a hungry piglet. She looked up suddenly at their stares. "I reckon I got awful hungry," she gulped.

Pity overcame every other emotion in Cordelia's heart. And she dressed Jill in one of Eunice's frocks and braided her hair into two long pigtails. The child preened before the bedroom mirror while, beside her, Eunice fussed with her own pale curls. She told her mother privately that she didn't have to give Jill her best frock.

Cordelia looked at her in surprise. "Don't be selfish, Eunice. You've a dozen pretty dresses. Poor Jill has only rags."

"I'm not being selfish, Ma," Eunice replied. "It's just that I like that yellow dress best."

Cordelia felt as though she'd been rebuked by a grown woman.

That night she put Jill into the spare room.

"You're making yourself a lot of extra work," Jason said. "Why not let Jill sleep with Eunice?"

Cordelia wrinkled her nose. "Because, the child's been mothered so long by a drunken, half-crazed woman, there's no telling what she's got. I'd hate to have Eunice catch the itch—or something."

"Shucks! 'Taint likely Jill's got anything soft soap and water won't wash off."

"Well, tomorrow I'll give her a good bath and wash her hair."

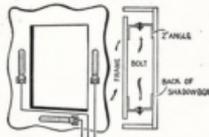
Her benevolent feeling toward the child lasted through the night and almost through breakfast the following morning

[Continued on Page 49]

CONSTRUCTION DETAILS: DECORATIVE LIGHTING

[Continued from Page 31]

1. SHADOW BOX An old shadow box with its frame suspended by angle irons (see sketch below, right) was fitted with a new mirror. The wires from the fixtures are attached to the back of the frame and pass through a hole drilled in the bottom of the shadow box to a three-way socket. Use hard rubber bushing around the wires where they pass through the hole. You can achieve a similar effect by building a shadow box to fit a modern frame.



2. WALL BOX You can build a box of wood and picture molding to conceal an unsightly wall fixture. Two angle irons screwed from the inside ends of the box fasten it to the wall. Line the box with asbestos or tin to protect it from the heat

[Continued on Page 50]

I collect rejection slips

by KATHLEEN BLAIR MEREDITH

In which the writer recommends authorship as one of the harder ways to meet one's taxes

IT all started with the Income Tax, and the appalling fact that I had to produce \$60.00 from some place in a hurry. This was a blow, not only to my pocketbook, which was in no state to stand such a shock, but also to my trusting disposition. All through the year, as I collected my weekly pittance, much diminished by the withholding tax, I had said happily to myself, "At least the Income Tax is taken care of. Comes March all I will have to do will be sign the little slip. No money will enter into the picture at all, that having been taken care of week by week."

On the last Saturday in February, I nonchalantly sat down to sign said little slip. Idle curiosity made me glance at the total deducted for the year and compare it with the chart of tax payments. Growing consternation made me work out my return The Long Way, always supposed to result in a saving, according to Those Who Know. Gradually it dawned on me that for some reason I still owed \$60, and my amazement was quickly succeeded by despair.

Monday morning saw me at the Income Tax office. I would give them an opportunity to explain themselves, and there was always the delightful possibility that I had been wrong in my arithmetic. I walked along the row of desks, and selected a fatherly looking gentleman with silver hair and a kind face. "I came here to have you tell me I'm wrong," I said brightly, and handed him my papers. He talked while he checked over my figures, and somehow, as the words "decreased exemption," "increased rate," and, most sinister of all, "retroactive to January," fell from his lips, he looked less and less fatherly. I took a deep breath and stood up. "At least I can pay it in four installments," I quavered. "Oh no," he said benignly, "it must be paid all at once when you get the bill. Next, please?"

Somehow I found myself outside the door. My problem now was the immediate procurement of \$60. Robbing a bank was an alluring prospect, but I had been given an academic education which overlooked such practical subjects as safe-cracking. Saving all my spending money week after week, and hoping that the bill would not arrive until the necessary amount had been accumulated, was an obvious, but dreadfully dreary solution. What I needed was an additional income.

FIRST I thought of sending a question to one of the quiz programs. If I "stumped the experts" on "Information Please," I would get a government bond and the Eucyclopedia Britannica. It wouldn't be patriotic to cash the bond, but I could always pawn the Britannica. I could see myself trundling a wheelbarrow through the streets of New York, piled high with EDWA to EXTRACT, RAYN to SARR, etc., looking for the sign of the three golden balls. I came back to earth with the realization that I couldn't think of a single question to send in.

The *Reader's Digest* was another potential source of revenue. They, it seemed, would pay a really handsome sum for certain types of anecdotes. I searched my memory for something suitable for "Life in These United



ILLUSTRATION BY BURHAH BUIRIS

States," and finally decided that I knew the wrong people.

There remained but one possibility—turn author myself and produce a story or a couple of poems. The fact that this was a new and wholly untried field troubled me not at all. Had I not had a poem published once in my high-school magazine? There was only one cloud on my horizon. If I earned \$60 to pay my income tax, that \$60 would in turn become subject to tax, and anything I succeeded in earning to cover the tax on that would in its turn become taxable.

ABANDONING that unsatisfactory train of thought, I turned my attention to what I should write. Making up a short story seemed to involve the least mental effort. It was the physical labor of writing it all out in long-hand, and then typing it with two fingers on a borrowed typewriter that deterred me. Eight lines of poetry, on the other hand, would necessitate a lot of brain work, but would be well within the scope of typing ability. Let it not be said that I was lazy; rather that time was short.

With the optimism of inexperience I started in to write a poem. It was about a child, and it had too many feet, the poem, that is, not the youngster. I juggled the meter back and forth, and decided that eight lines of poetry were full of more pitfalls than twenty short stories. I began to wonder how many poems one had to write to amass \$60. It was while I was thus engaged that a silly little rhyme popped into my head, inspired by the wretched spring weather we were then having. Promptly deserting my first brain child, I fell to work on this one, and with what must have been second sight, named it "Impasse." Realizing that it had a definite timeliness, I rushed it off to one of the metropolitan dailies. I mailed it on Thursday. They received it on Friday. They mailed it back on Friday. I received it on Saturday. It seemed they could at least have let it stay overnight. The rejection was couched in two brief lines of typing. For a moment I toyed with the idea of having it framed and hung in my room with the title, "Tis better to have tried and failed than never to have tried at all."

Time, however, was flying, and if the poem were to have any point at all, it would have to be published before the weather changed for the better. I could brood over my rebuff later; the immediate job was to give "Impasse" new fields to conquer. This time I picked a weekly magazine, and on Monday I sent forth my effort. On Tuesday the temperature began to rise. By Wednesday people were beginning to say that it was very warm for March. I, who have always longed for the end of the

(Continued on Page 66)

THE TRINKET BOX

[Continued from Page 47]

when, on the impulse of the moment, she made a pancake animal out of the buckwheat batter and put it down on the little girl's plate. Jill's delighted laughter rang through the house.

"Look, Eunice," she squealed, "it's a cow—a pancake cow!"

Eunice made no comment. They all watched Jill, smiling at her chatter. "Guess old Ranger chewed off the cow's tail: it's a stub. She's got a crumpled horn, too. Well, good-by, bossy; I gotta butcher you now." And she cut off the cow's head and plopped it into her mouth.

Eunice's tone was plaintive, "Ma, you never made me a pancake cow."

Suddenly Cordelia realized that her perfect child wasn't so perfect, for, if jealousy and selfishness could find a place under that placid exterior, Eunice was no different from other children. The discovery gave Cordelia a lift.

"I didn't know you'd like a pancake cow. I'll make you one now, dear."

Jill looked up eagerly. "Make her an ox. I want to see what a pancake ox looks like."

Through the window the sun shone directly into Jill's eyes. And Cordelia

New Food Contest

Tricks with Canned Soups

Are you one of those cooks who can turn out an excellent soup or other dish that seems to have taken hours of cooking, but is really a quickie because it is based on canned soup? We'd like to know how you give your own home touch to canned soups. There are the usual combinations—tomato and pea soup, tomato and bouillon; almost everyone also knows how to make the popular tuna fish casserole with the addition of mushroom soup and noodles, so don't send us these suggestions. Some new trick you have developed yourself in your own kitchen may bring you a prize.

Write the directions for your best recipe, using canned soup, on a penny postcard and mail before January 15th to Food Contest Editor, Woman's Day, 19 W. 44th Street, New York 18, N. Y. There will be ten \$5.00 prizes and ten \$2.00 prizes for recipes considered best in the opinion of the judges. Prize winners will be announced in the April issue. Please print or type your name and address on your entry, and don't forget to say "I authorize you to use my material."

noticed that they were not dark, as she had supposed, but violet—a deep blue-violet, with tiny brown flecks in the iris. She stared into them, fascinated; then she turned and went to the stove. She made a fat ox, hitched to a stoneboat, but her hand on the batter jug trembled so that the long curved horns locked together and the tail trailed off to a thin wisp.

Jill got as much fun out of the caricature as Eunice. Cordelia listened to them

[Continued on Page 50]

Apple Dessert every Adam will love!



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*Top Premium Crackers with your regular meringue mixture, dot with nutmeats and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until delicately browned. Serve with baked apples. A dessert Premiums make so delectable no man can resist it! Fresh . . . flaky . . . flavorful . . . Premiums are the crackers that wake up all the sweetness and tang in every fruit under the sun — cooked, fresh or canned! Premiums are delicious other ways too — with soups, salads, spreads or just a plain glass of milk! Try Premium Crackers — you'll say they're wonderful!



French's



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Ham with that French's Flavor!

Wrap a tender smoked ham loosely in wrapping paper, place fat side up on rack in uncovered roaster. Add no water. Bake ham in moderate oven (325° F.) allowing 3½ to 4 hours for 10 to 12 lb. ham.

Now take ham out, remove paper and skin. Score fat surface in squares. Spread with 4 tablesp. French's Mustard. Cover surface with 1 cup brown sugar mixed with 2 tablesp. flour. Stud squares with whole cloves. Bake in moderately hot oven of 400° F. 15 minutes or until golden brown. Serve with pineapple slices browned in ham liquor.

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THE TRINKET BOX

[Continued from Page 49]

discussing its points, toying with her food. "You're not eating, Cordelia," Jason said.

"I don't seem to be hungry," she replied and for the second time that morning, she looked into a pair of violet-blue eyes with tiny brown flecks in the iris.

In the days that followed, Cordelia valiantly tried to end the awful suspicion. It was just a coincidence, she told herself, that Jill had eyes like Jason's. Belle Rennert meant no more to him than a friend with whom he had danced and sung when he was young. Besides, Alonzo had been his closest friend, so close indeed that, until Alonzo had been killed in the War of the Rebellion, Jason had spent a couple of months every winter with him, hunting and trapping. No, Jason just wasn't the reasonable kind.

One evening, when the four were gathered around the light of the new coal-oil lamp that sat proudly on the Bible stand, Jill, who had nothing to do, looked up from the small rocker near the fire.

"Could I rock your doll to sleep, Eunice?" she asked.

"No," Eunice said in decision, "you might break her."

"Well, could I play with your picture book, then?"

Again Eunice shook her head. "You might tear it."

Jason looked up over the top of the *Big Rapids Pioneer*. His eyes met Cordelia's. He wagged his head unhappily and returned to his reading. Jill got up and ran upstairs. She returned with her hand-carved trinket box. Sitting down with it, she reached into her frock and extracted a tiny key on a narrow black ribbon, and unlocked the chest. She lifted the cover, ever so little, and peeked within. Then she closed it and rocked the box in her arms, as she would a doll. Her actions intrigued Eunice.

"What's in the box?" she asked.

Jill's voice was teasing. "That's for me to know and you to find out." She peeped into the box again.

"I'll let you play with Edwina if you'll let me hold the box," Eunice said.

"Can't," Jill declared. "Ma told me not to let anyone touch it or see what was in it—anybody!"

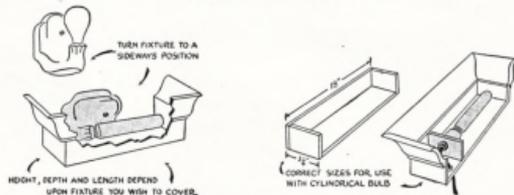
Later, she laid the box down and ran to the kitchen for a dipper of water for Jason. Eunice picked up the box and shook it, turning it this way and that. Suddenly Jill appeared in the doorway, and she lit into Eunice like a furious

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CONSTRUCTION DETAILS: DECORATIVE LIGHTING

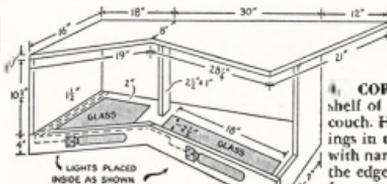
[Continued from Page 47]

of the bulb. Suggested dimensions for box are given in separate drawings.



GLASS PANEL shown on page 31 is self-explanatory.

3. **COPPER POT** Fasten an electric porcelain socket under in the bottom of a copper pot by drilling holes in which bolts can be inserted to hold it firmly. Drill another hole slightly above the socket in the side of the pot through which the wire goes, protected by a rubber bushing. Half of the lid of the copper pot was cut away with tin snips.



4. **CORNER SHELF** Build a corner shelf of plywood to hang over a studio couch. Have the glass cut to fit the openings in the bottom and hold it in place with narrow strips of wood tacked along the edges underneath. Strip of wood in front conceals light fixtures. Wiring is indicated by dotted lines in drawing. Attach shelf to wall with rawl plugs.

little cat. The dipper landed on the family Bible and the water went all over Cordelia. Jason pulled the two apart.

"Here, what's all this?" he demanded.

The little girls glared at each other. Eunice was the first to recover her poise. She shook free of her father's hand, smoothed back her disordered hair.

"Don't spank her, Pa. It was my fault; she told me not to touch the box. I didn't think she meant it." She handed the box to Jill who took it with a jerk and fled to her room. Eunice bade her parents good night and quickly followed Jill up the stairs.

Yet as she was, there was a song in Cordelia's heart. "What are you thinking?" she asked the bewildered Jason.

"I'm thinking that I don't know my own daughter," he grinned.

The following evening Jason came in from the cornfield, looking like a cat that has caught a blue bird, and handed Jill a cornhusk doll, with braided legs and arms, shredded husk skirt and dried silk hair. Jill's quick, eager look at him, the darkening of her violet eyes, was so like Jason that, again, Cordelia felt the net of suspicion pinning her down. When Jill ran out to find Eunice, Cordelia said, "You like that child, don't you, Jason?"

"Well," he lit his pipe and gave it a puff, "you've got to admit that she makes life interesting."

Cordelia didn't sleep much that night. But before daylight she knew what she must do; she must get Jill down to her grandmother's before the neighbors had a chance to see and wonder at that striking resemblance between the child and Jason. Although Jill's hair was as black and her lips were as red as her mother's had ever been, her eyes and her manners were all Jason's. There was nothing about her that reminded one of big blond Alonzo Rennert.

THE next day Cordelia hitched Sulky to the buggy and drove off. Later, at the supper table, she said, "Ezra Beebe, that's been visiting his aunt, Lize Butler, is going back to Grand Rapids tomorrow morning. He's driving through Ionia, and he'll be glad to take Jill and drop her at her grandmother's, he says."

The color slowly drained out of Jill's face. Jason dropped his fork and stared at Cordelia. Even Eunice looked sorry and pleading. "I wish she didn't have to go, Ma."

"Of course she has to go," Cordelia said impatiently, trying not to see that stricken face. "No telling when she'll have another chance to ride down. I'll get her things ready tonight. She can have my old satchel. Ezra'll be here early."

"I won't go!" Jill stormed. "I won't!" And she fled from the room.

After Eunice had followed her, Jason said coaxingly, "Delia, why don't we keep her? You always wanted another child, remember? You was afraid Eunice would grow up selfish. Jill is good for her. She's learning to give and take. And I hate like fury to think of that grandmother. She is a hateful old witch; and she won't want Jill. Let's keep her."

But he only succeeded in tangling Cordelia more hopelessly in the net of sus-

[Continued on Page 54]

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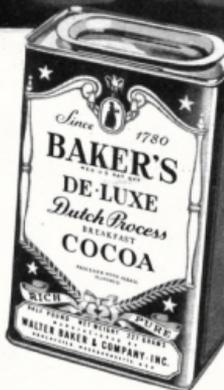


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[Continued from Page 19]



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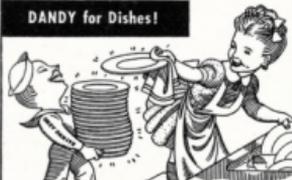
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ing that I had deception written all over my face, but the German scarcely looked at me. When the conductor touched me on the shoulder and asked for my ticket, I trembled and blushed shamefully. That feeling of utter transparency gradually wore off.

"At Clermont-Ferrand I stayed three weeks with a French family. Six months later the family was arrested and sent to Germany. The mother and father never came back. Their daughter was found in Germany after the war ended. They were brave, fine people. When I think of them my present work seems very important."

MISS Nearne's adventures in the months that followed could fill a large volume. Her job was to organize resistance, arrange for "reception committees" for subsequent British parachutists, carry messages, gather information for transmission to England and sabotage the Germans by every possible means. Once she helped demolish a rubber manufacturing plant; another time she aided in blowing up a bridge.

Several times she was almost caught. Once the Nazi-directed Vichy militia surrounded a resistance hideout she had left five minutes before and trapped the occupants. A few days later a militia officer discovered her living in a hotel in Chateauroux. For some reason he didn't question her too closely. When he left, she fled from the hotel. A short time later the hotel was raided and all the lodgers arrested.

Sometimes she posed as a young woman of independent means, or a visiting

friend of some family in the district. For a long period she pretended to be a representative of a pharmaceutical firm. Luck was with her but Intelligence chiefs in London knew it couldn't last. Besides, the strain of months of playing hide-and-seek with the enemy, knowing the slightest mistake could cost her life and the lives of others, was beginning to tell. In April 1944 the British sent a small plane for her and she returned to England for a sorely needed rest.

D-Day came and Miss Nearne was sent back to France to work with the people she had helped prepare for liberation. The rest was anti-climax. She left the service shortly after the armistice with Germany. She could have returned to her prewar way of living, although possibly on a modified scale, but the war and what she saw during those dangerous months in France left too deep an imprint on her character.

"I KNOW of nothing more desirable than peace," she says, "and I wholeheartedly believe in the United Nations as a means of preventing wars. I decided when I left the service that I wanted to be definitely connected with and work actively for the organization's future. Of course I am only a small cog in a big wheel," she adds, "but I feel the same about this work as I did about my underground work in France. I believe people like myself are just as necessary to a successful United Nations as the top delegates. We keep the wheel in motion."

THE END

ON REACHING MIDDLE AGE

[Continued from Page 21]

and spirit, and mature in experience, a perfect combination. Take my wife, for instance, who for the past year and a half has been a grandmother. Recently she has gone in for something called Yoga. It appears to be a form of physical culture with philosophic overtones, or a philosophy with physical culture overtones. I don't know what that means, but that's what it is.

One of the principal objectives of Yoga, as near as I can ascertain, is to be able to stand on one's head. My wife, who practices it assiduously, maintains that it promotes her physical well being, and produces a relaxed, contemplative outlook upon life. In view of the present cockeyed condition of the world I am not sure that these Yoga apostles of the inverted position haven't got something. My wife assures me that in the course of time she will be able to stand on her head for an extended period, and at the same time draw in her diaphragm so that all her ribs will show.

I mention this because I have a vivid recollection of my own grandmother, a plump, rolypoly old lady, with gray hair and silver-rimmed spectacles, whose most vigorous occupation was rocking in a

rocking chair. I find it difficult to imagine her standing on her head, much less drawing in her diaphragm to show her ribs.

It is evident that fashions in grandparents have changed, and for the better, I am convinced. My granddaughter will escape many of the neuroses that have afflicted me since childhood simply because her grandfather wears a wrist watch. The significance of this will be apparent when I mention that my grandfather carried one of those hunting-case affairs and I was brought up in the devout belief that if I blew on it the lid would snap open. I have been a pushover for magicians, tricksters, and charlatans of every kind ever since.

Yes, we who are nearing what used to be called middle age, but what I prefer to think of as late youth, remain young longer than did our ancestors, and I believe that the greatest contributing factor is the Sartorial Revolution, the amazing sanity that has gone into the fashioning of clothing.

I can remember, when my father was the age I am now, that dressing in the morning for business was a solemn, laborious rite. The foundation of his attire was that survival of the medieval

hair shirt, the ankle-length, woolen undergarment. Having thus dedicated his day to temper-shattering, itching discomfort, he proceeded to the next instrument of self-torture, the white, stiff-bosomed shirt, known as "boiled," that had the pleasant flexibility of armor plate.

There was, first, the preliminary ceremony of inserting studs in the bosom, and cuff links in the detachable cuffs, no simple task in those nonmechanical days. Then came the supreme, athletic feat of climbing into the shirt. I have no doubt that those pull-over shirts were invented by the same fellow who thought up the idea of undressing in a Pullman upper berth.

By the time Father arrived at the breakfast table his demeanor had the solemnity of one who had passed through a chastening, penitential experience. It is more than a figure of speech to say that Victorian parents seldom unbent; they just physically couldn't unbend.

We didn't dare to be familiar with anyone so awesomely arrayed. The pleasant relationship that exists nowadays between many parents and children is a direct result of the invention of the soft shirt with the soft, attached collar. With the emancipation of the body has come a liberation of the spirit. The mind cannot be free if the body wears a strait jacket. I have noticed with this rejuvenation the youngsters are beginning to accept some of us almost as equals.

AS I run over in my mind the things I never have to do any more if I don't want to, I realize why this period has been described as the Prime of Life. Not only do I not have to trudge through art galleries and sit through violin recitals, from now on I never need to go on a hike, climb a mountain, or attend a lecture. It used to be a matter of concern to me that I had never read Milton's "Paradise Lost." I have paved the half century mark, and the hell with Milton.

"Youth," Bernard Shaw said, "is such a wonderful thing, what a crime it is to waste it on children." Of course Shaw who is beginning to approach old age is speaking retrospectively, from the viewpoint of a fellow of ninety or thereabouts. When I get to be his age I may feel the same way about it, but at the moment I believe that of all the blessings of middle age, youth is the most delightful.

THE END



False Teeth?

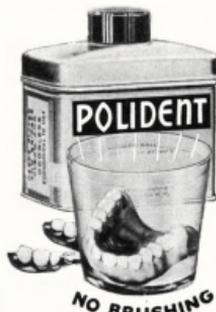


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[Continued from Page 51]



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for meat or chicken pie

(For best results, use **dexo** with other fine ingredients and follow this recipe carefully)

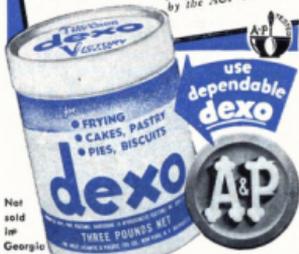
1½ cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup **dexo**

1 egg, slightly beaten

2 tbsps. lemon juice

Sift flour and salt together. Cut in **dexo** until shortening is size of large peas. Add egg and lemon juice. Mix gently with a fork. Form into ball. Roll on lightly floured board to fit 12 x 8-inch casserole. Prepare your favorite cooked meat or chicken pie mixture and top with pastry. Bake at 425° F. 20 to 30 minutes.

Prepared and Tested
by the A&P Kitchens



Not sold in Georgia

picion. She was obdurate. It was their first quarrel, and neither slept much that night. Long before dawn Jason was up and dressed. "I'm going over to Lin Warden's oak forty to help get out some stave bolts," he told Cordelia and was gone. Cordelia knew he went early so he wouldn't have to say good-by to Jill.

She arose after a while and cooked breakfast; it was still early and a thunder storm was brewing. Eunice came downstairs, sleepy-eyed, but Jill did not appear at her call. Cordelia called again. There was no answer. She looked at Eunice. Then they both ran upstairs and burst into Jill's room. It was empty. The satchel stood on the chest at the foot of the bed, where Cordelia had put it the night before. It was still packed with Eunice's clothes which Jill had been wearing. The pine box, the cornhusk doll and the calico dress were gone.

"She's run away home," Eunice cried in alarm. "She told me she was going to, but I didn't think she'd dare. How can she live in that old log house in the wood all alone? Ma, we've got to fetch her back! It's going to rain. Jill's awful scared of lightning."

Cordelia, herself, was afraid of lightning. But her one thought was that she must get the child back.

"You stay here," she told Eunice, "and try to hold Ezra till I come. I'll have to ride Cordelia; your pa's got Sulky and the buggy."

She was shaking, she decided grimly, like a man with the double-barreled ague. But she saddled the tall horse and mounted him. It had been years since she had ridden; years since her father's frisky black colt had pitched her off into a stump fence and broken a couple of ribs. Colonel didn't like the coming storm. He tossed his sorrel mane and all but leaped from under his rider. But Cordelia got a grip on the reins and hung on for dear life. Past the Puckers' and the Johnsons' they flew, straight north. Soon they turned west down the road that led across the Great Swamp and through the woods to the Rennet clearing. In spite of her fear of being thrown, Cordelia knew some of the old thrill of riding. Here she was, forty years old, and racing with a storm on a madly galloping horse.

WHEN they reached the corduroy roads across the swamp the horse slowed and picked his way. The storm burst with wild fury as they emerged into the forest. The wind lashed the branches of the great trees. Lightning blazed along the trail. Thunder crashed. But Cordelia rode on.

Jill was crouched under a fallen tree, in a hollow beside the road. Weeping in wild fright, she ran to meet the rider and clambered hastily upon the horse's back. Safe in Cordelia's arms, she buried her face in the woman's wet shoulder. Gradually her sobs lessened and she slept. The ragged little body, leaning against her so confidently, brought a lump to Cordelia's throat. But she hardened her

heart and urged Colonel to a faster pace on the back trail. Maybe she would yet catch Ezra before he left for Ionia.

But Colonel was not a young horse, and he seemed to have expended his energy. The storm was over when they reached home and Ezra had gone.

Life settled again into its old routine. Jill was happy as a prisoner whose execution has been stayed. She often got into trouble, and occasionally she got the prim Eunice into trouble, too.

One day when the preacher came to call, just at dinnertime, Cordelia was so flustered she paid no heed to the two children who had come in from the woods, giggling and grimy. She was having bean soup and she set an extra bowl for Mr. McCausland, a strict and dignified old Wesleyan Methodist minister, with grizzled burnisides and jutting brows.

After a brief blessing the minister started right in on his soup. Cordelia asked Jill to pass him the salt risin' bread and she, herself, passed up the butter. Jill freed her hand from whatever she was holding in her lap and lifted the bread plate. At the same moment a little frog leaped from her pinafore pocket to the table. It sat on the white cloth for a moment, blinking. Cordelia drew her breath in sharply and dropped the plate.

"Oh," Jill cried, "that's my Horace!" And she tried to catch the frog which jumped to the floor and out the door. Cordelia declared, afterward, that she had never been so mortified in her life.

BUT it was on the day that Emmy Pucker came over to borrow some salt that Cordelia made her resolution. Emmy had said something about the child resembling someone she knew but she couldn't think who it was. It was then that Cordelia decided that Jason would have to take Jill to her grandmother's.

Jill, herself, strengthened Cordelia's determination late that afternoon. She had coaxed Eunice to seasaw with her. But when she got Eunice high up in the air, she suddenly executed a back somersault onto the ground. Eunice's end of the teeter came down with a thud, and she was tossed into a nearby hog wallow. Picking herself up, she ran to the house, her usual self-possession completely gone.

"Ma," she cried angrily, "see what Jill did to me! She let me down into the hog wallow!"

Cordelia was so provoked that she turned Jill across her knee and paddled her hard—just as Jason came in from the barn.

"What's this?" he asked.

Cordelia turned her blazing eyes on him. "Jason, you're going to take Jill to Ionia tomorrow! I shan't put up with her longer! Look what she just did to Eunice!"

"I didn't mean to do it," Jill gulped. "They—they was a massauga on the plank that I thought was a crooked stick. When my end of the teeter come down he started to wiggle toward me. I—I was so scared I didn't know what to do. That's

why I got off so fast. I didn't mean to do it."

Eunice opened a mud-smeared eye. "She's right, Ma. There was a stick on the plank, and it did wiggle."

Jason got his gun. "Come with me, Jill, and show me where it was."

Ten minutes later there was a shot. The two returned with the thick stubby rattler looped across the gun barrel.

Eunice, cleaned of the mud, tried to win Jill from her black mood, but Cordelia was still angry and didn't feel like apologizing. She simply ignored the child. Jill wouldn't eat. Later, she sat in the small rocker in the sitting room, staring blackly into the fire.

Cordelia, who was sewing, bit off a thread and said to Jason, "I wish you would get me some ticking when you go to Ionia tomorrow. I want a bolt of calico, too."

"All right," Jason said briefly.

JILL got up from her chair and slowly mounted the stairs. When she came down she had the little pine box in her hands. Her violet eyes were big and dark and full of unshed tears. Cordelia watched her, fascinated. Her heart was suddenly wrung with an emotion she could not analyze. Looking down at the flames in the fireplace, Jill started to lay the box among them. But Cordelia sprang up, caught her arm.

"Don't, Jill," she said gently. "You mustn't burn it; it belonged to your ma. It's her trinket box. It's something she'd want you to keep—always."

Jill looked at her uncertainly. Suddenly the tears brimmed over. Cordelia knelt beside her, gathered her close, all her defenses crumbling. She didn't care, she thought wildly, how naughty Jill was nor whom she resembled. She loved her. They all loved her.

"Look, dear her," she said, wiping away Jill's tears as well as her own, "I'm sorry I spanked you; I didn't know about the snake. How—how would you like to stay here and be Eunice's sister, and not have to go to your grandma's to live? How'd you like it?"

"You—you mean it?"

Cordelia nodded. The thousand-candle light in Jill's eyes was dazzling. Jason said hastily that he guessed he'd got cut the kindling for morning, and stumbled out. Eunice let loose an unladylike whoop and cried, "Come on, sis; let's go to bed and play with our dolls. She can sleep with me now, can't she, Ma?"

Again Cordelia nodded, because she couldn't speak.

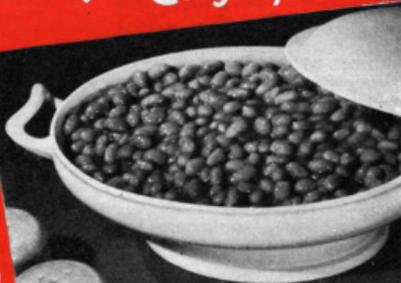
SOMETIME later, Jill appeared in the sitting room in her long muslin gown. Her braids fell over her shoulders, reminding Cordelia of the black beauty of Belle's tresses. The child picked up the jewel box, which had lain forgotten in a chair, and carried it to Cordelia who sat on the fireside bench, within the circle of Jason's arm.

"Here," she said shyly, "you can have it."

Cordelia lifted it to her ear and shook it.

"There's nothin' in it," Jill said, backing away, her hands behind her, "but

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a piece of paper with som writin' on it."

"What does the writing say?"
"I don't know; I ain't never gone to school."

Cordelia asked curiously, "Why are you giving it to me?"

"Ma said I was to. She said if you was mean to me I should burn up the box and not let anybody see what was in it—not ever—but if you was good to me I should give it to you. You been awful good to me. Here's the key."

"Good night, dear," Cordelia said, and watched the child up the stairs. Then she opened the box and took out a piece of paper. She read aloud:

"Dear Cordelia: I'm sending you back something I borrowed nine years ago—something you never knew you owned—Jill. She's your child, not mine. You had twins that night I was with you, and you never knew it."

Cordelia gasped as the full impact of the words hit her. She caught Jason's arm. "Jason, she's ours! Jill's really ours—here, you read the rest. I—I can't see."

Jason took over the letter with trembling hands, skipping here and there in his hurry to get at the truth: "Wanted a child for Alonzo... never had one... Hid the littlest twin in the barn in a basket in the hay... When your sister came, I carried her home in the dark... Nobody happened by our house for nearly four months. It was Lize Butler's pa, out hunting turkeys. I told him the baby was mine, born a month back. She



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was so tiny he believed me . . . Poor Alonzo got killed before he ever saw her . . . conscience bothered me as I got older . . . took to drink to forget . . . near went crazy. Be good to her."

The letter dropped from Jason's fingers. "She's ours," he whispered. "Jill's really ours."

Happiness streaked through Cordelia like chain lightning. "Yes," she echoed him, "she's ours. That's why—" She stopped, appalled. The picture of the child, ready to feed the locked box to

the flames, flashed before her eyes. How close she had come to not knowing, how terribly close!

"Yes," Jason urged her, "that's why—what?"

Cordelia looked at him in a panic. What had she been going to say? Something about violet-blue eyes. But Jason must never know what she had thought!

"That's why," she repeated, "that's why we all love Jill: 'cause she belongs to us."

THE END

WILL THEY STAY MARRIED?

[Continued from Page 38]

But in 1942, three times as many boys under twenty married as in 1939, and never have there been so many brides in their fifties.

What makes us so marriage minded? Well, for one thing we have always been a marrying nation, especially in time of plenty. One of our most popular ways of celebrating financial independence is a wedding boom. Ever since Colonial times the average age of first-time brides has been dropping until, before the war, one half of all native white women had married by the time they were twenty-two. And the war helped the marriage minded by providing money to marry on. There were also other factors: the "last chance" panic, the compulsion to grab your man, regardless of whether you really loved him or not. There was the competitive angle, too. Marriage was the social stamp that proved you were as good as the rest of the girls in your group.

Adolescent idealism also played its part. All e . . . were on the boys. Girls were useful to be sure, but they were not desperately needed, except by the boys. For many girls, this need answered their own yearning to serve. They married in a romantic confusion of love and patriotism. Many a girl was just plain khaki-wacky. Boy met girl in new and exciting ways. Time was short, here today and gone tomorrow. The dice were loaded against deliberation. Everything in wartime tends to make marriage irrational.

But in comparison to the adolescent idealists were the coldly rational types who sat down with pencil and paper to figure out allowance, insurance, pension, bonus. These were often widows or divorcees with dependent children. Under the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act each child by a previous marriage becomes eligible for allowance. Thus three children would bring their mother one hundred and twenty tax-free dollars each month.

Some women became so hypnotized by high finance that they kept adding husbands and allowances until the law caught up with them. One *femme fatale* filed for thirteen family allowances as the wife of thirteen servicemen.

We have accounted for certain reasons that impelled the girls to marry, but what about the boys? In large measure they married, to use a paradox, because they were, and were not, men. Catastrophed from adolescence into adulthood, marriage was for them, too, a badge of belonging. Cut off from the routine of

their lives, from family, friends, school, they had a sense of liberation and recklessness. They had also a feeling of panic and a sense of being lost. Their uniforms proclaimed them fighting men, but underneath the bravado was a constant awareness that their next steps might lead to danger, injury, death. What could the boys hold on to? What magic could they invoke that would guarantee a safe return? They could not turn to Mother. That would be sissy. Mama's boy, apron strings. And so, perforce, they got themselves wives. Marriage was the big builder-upper. Marriage was the public proof of manhood, the private assurance of being loved and looked up to, the mystic guaranty that they would live, that they would be longed for wherever they might be.

And after the ceremony what happens when wartime youth is on the move? For nobody ever marries a real person at any time. Reality emerges only as the marriage has time to develop. Only when John and Mary have time to accept themselves and each other as separate individuals can they begin to share a common life. A similar background and a similar foreground go a long way toward helping them accept each other's differences. If they have been brought up with the same ideals, if they share the same interests, their chances for a successful marriage are good.

Dr. Ernest W. Burgess of the University of Chicago and Dr. Paul Wallin of Leland Stanford University made a study of one thousand engaged couples. They found broken engagements came where similarities of background and ideals were few. They also made a check-up on the couples who married—three years after the wedding. Where there were many common interests, they found engagements were followed by highly successful marriages. Drs. Burgess and Wallin feel it may be possible to predict marital success from engagement ratings.

But in wartime often the only common interest of a couple is their marriage. Thus these war marriages not only started from unreality; they stayed there. The first years consisted mostly of wishes and dreams, with romantic letters for nourishment. Meanwhile John was being trained for war. Every day he became less like the boy Mary married. And every day Mary became more of a stranger to him; whether she were working and developing new interests; whether she were living at home with too few cares; or whether

she had borne a child and had too much responsibility.

Now the war is over and they are together again—these husbands and wives who know so little of each other and of marriage. They are going into their first experience of life together, into their first experience of full financial responsibility, of looking for a job as jobs grow scarce, of looking for a home as the housing shortage increases. Quite a handful of experiences, in many cases more than can be endured.

So they are being divorced by the thousands. The backwash began just after the marriage tide reached its peak. There were 319,000 divorces in 1943, 400,000 in 1944, 502,000 in 1945 and although the total figure for 1946 is not yet available, the crest seems still to come.

Thousands of cases had been on ice because of public opinion. During the war years this was focused on the sons and husbands who might never see home again. Even the girl who didn't give a hoot what the neighbors thought was not free to start proceedings unless her uniformed husband agreed. Under the Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act, a serviceman or woman is immune from judgment by default until six months after the duration.

Wives not in uniform had no such immunity. Many a one, whose husband was "stationed in an out-of-state, found her allotment cut off without warning. The legality of these divorces has been challenged on the grounds that the men were not legal residents; the wives were ready and waiting with papers drawn up for the fight. Everything was set for a bitter contesting of wills, property rights, inheritances.

There were thousands of cases under every category recognized by any state. War has changed the popularity of the categories. We used to operate under a gentleman's agreement whereby the ladies were always the injured parties, regardless of the true cause. Wives always used the husbands for "cruel and abusive treatment," whenever possible. But men came back from World War II to find themselves forgotten by their wives. And, as the men had little use for polite formalities, many women were sued for adultery.

Many unsatisfactory prewar marriages also have been terminated as a by-product of Army life. Husbands have had more time to think about marriage, talk about it, get advice from the legal assistance officer in camp. Both husbands and wives became aware of social agencies to help them, like the Legal Aid Society. In 1930 the records of The Boston Legal Aid Society showed only 17 per cent of their cases involved domestic relations. During 1945 the percentage had climbed to 40 per cent and in 1946 the figure was still rising.

Other prewar marriages were too feeble to take up the slack of long separation. He expected marriage to erase years of misery and mind; she expected it to efface years of loneliness and weary waiting.

Of course many husbands and wives did rise to the challenge, making their

(Continued on Page 58)



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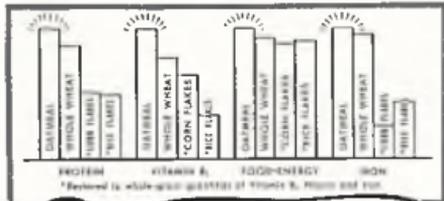
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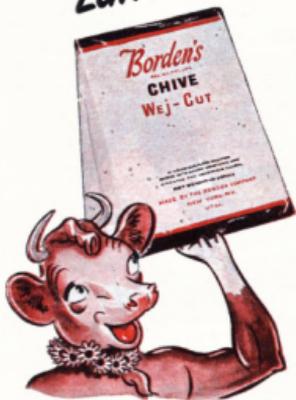


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marriage stronger thereby. Many others are telling it to the judge.

After the last war there was a similar rush to divorce courts. England's divorce statistics for 1920 were three times what they had been in 1918; France quadrupled her figures; in our own country, where divorce has always been more common practice, they went up 47 per cent.

Divorce like marriage can be contagious. For many couples the question will be, Why not? The rush anticipated this year will possibly be unprecedented.

Social scientists, lawyers, statisticians, are trying to find an answer. Before the war we had reached the startling figure of one divorce for every five marriages. Now the rate is one for every three.

THE facts, however, are not as gloomy as the figures. People don't get divorces because they've soured on marriage. On the contrary, they want to be free because their particular marriage has failed, and they feel they can make their next one a success. Many of our young people are running around today with a divorce decree in one hand and a marriage license in the other. The latest 1946 statistics show there were 49 per cent more August marriages in our cities than there were in August 1945. How many of them were repeaters it is impossible to determine. One fact is clear, despite the cracks about career girls and independent females, American women still see happiness in terms of husband and home. And so do American men.

Then why can't we stay married? Maybe we're too unrealistic. Certainly there is no other function to which we automatically apply the words "happy" or "unhappy." But those words should be applied to people, not to institutions. And marriage is an institution, primarily a private affair which no amount of legislation can make work.

It fails, not because getting divorced is easy, but because learning to live together is hard.

Multiple marriages do not necessarily increase the learning process. Second marriages, third marriages, even fourth marriages are too often a repeated pat-

tern of failure. And here, marriage becomes a public as well as a private affair. Too often broken homes and bitter marriages mean unhappy and delinquent children. Here is where legislation has its place. Here is where the wise, impersonal guidance of professionals in human behavior can take a hand, in the objective atmosphere of the classroom, the consultation room, the clinic.

Facing the overwhelming divorce rate, we cannot do much about it in frontal attack. But the concern which all social agencies feel, both for bewildered children and restless parents, shows that society is beginning to diagnose divorce as a sign of its own ill health.

A healthy beginning has been made in child centers and guidance clinics. We have learned from the mouths of babes how broken homes affect little lives. We cannot put the homes together again, but we are learning to mend shattered personalities. The more such centers, the better start we can give tomorrow's citizens.

Teen-agers themselves have made the most intelligent counterattack on divorce. Clear-eyed and realistic, they put the responsibility where it belongs: on society and on themselves. All over the country they have demanded college courses in preparation for marriage, their biggest job. These courses have been so valuable that plans are afoot to introduce elementary versions into high schools.

For the thousands of marriages in fact, such training might make them marriages in act. General education for marriage and family living, marriage counseling for individual problems, would give a confused young couple immediate help and confidence; a sense of their place in society; and the assurance that they are not alone.

The government has planned an elaborate program to help G. I. Joe adjust his postwar world. But Mrs. Joe and the kids form the center of that world. Their stability is just as much the nation's concern.

THE END

NOT FOR THEIR EARS

[Continued from Page 13]

But where they are critical and disappointing we can express them without singing a hymn of hate. And where we suspect ourselves of unworthiness or blind prejudice, those of us who have children or are with young people most of the time should put a guard upon our tongues—at least until we can get our thoughts and emotions in better order.

IN any case, it isn't too much for us to expect ourselves to take thought as to what—in small and large ways—is fit for our children to hear. We still cherish the dream that they will make the world over—in which case we should do well to scrutinize our own beliefs and attitudes and should think twice before we voice some of them too freely. We have such a responsibility, especially in this

lively, changing, wonderful and rather terrible world we live in; and especially because our children, not being brought up under the to-be-seen-and-not-heard system, are pretty much underfoot.

That doesn't mean, however, that our young people should be sheltered from everything controversial, or unpleasant, or tragic, or sordid in life. This would be a poor preparation for realistic growing up. Certain topics enter logically, or even inevitably into general or intimate conversation with our children present. Then what becomes important is the way in which we deal with it.

"Is it fit for the children's ears?" is one more thought-provoking question for mothers and fathers.

THE END

INSTRUCTIONS for hairdo

Appearing on Page 36

After shampoo, towel your hair until it is almost dry. In setting hair, William uses a small amount of beer instead of wave set to give added body to hair and make it easier to work with.



● Mark off center section with parts on each side and across top. Comb forward. Start working from rear and set back row of curls clockwise. Set three forward rows counter-clockwise.

● On left side, section off one inch of hair in front and pull rest of hair back out of the way, securing it with a comb. Set first row of curls clockwise. Mark off another inch for next row of curls, which is set counter-clockwise. Third row is also counter-clockwise.

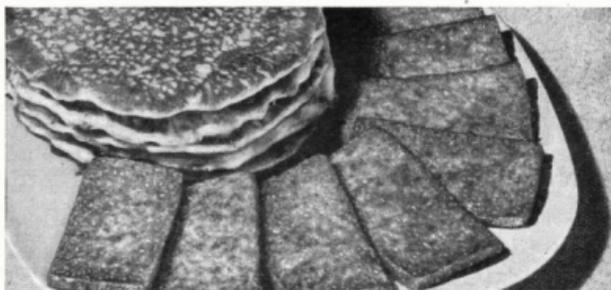


● On right side, follow same procedure of sectioning off hair inch by inch. Set the first row of curls counter-clockwise and the next two rows clockwise.

● Make a slight part at top center in setting back section. Set top curls to right of part counter-clockwise to blend into side wave. Set top curls on left of part clockwise. Set two bottom rows counter-clockwise.



When dry, brush front section into a fluff, then shape around your hand. Sweep side sections into waves over temples. Bring back section slightly forward, then comb back into a plump roll from ear to ear. Secure with pins.



Recipes

PAN-FRIED MOR

Cut MOR into 8 slices. Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. fat, add MOR and brown on both sides.

MOR "SCALLOPS"

1 can MOR 1 egg
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup fine bread crumbs deep fat
 Cut MOR into 5 slices; cut each slice into 10 squares. Roll each piece in fine bread crumbs, dip in beaten egg, and roll again in bread crumbs. Fry in deep fat, heated to 375° F, until browned. Makes 50 "scallops."



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When it's for a nice dinner, with folks you'd like to impress, let me suggest our MOR "scallops"—with crisp, "french fried" crust and delicious centers of MOR.



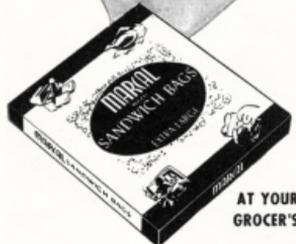
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School and on-the-job lunches taste better, are fresher, when packed in Marcal Sandwich Bags . . . for Marcals are extra waxed to seal goodness in . . . prevent drying out. They are extra large, extra heavy, and economical, too—cost about 1/4¢ per bag. At your grocer's.

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WAXED SANDWICH BAGS
PRODUCT OF MARCALUS MANUFACTURING CO., INC.
MAKERS OF THE GREATEST VARIETY OF PAPERS
FOR HOUSEHOLD USE

SHIP FROM AMERICA

[Continued from Page 27]

hollow Christmas. It looked that way until Christmas Eve, and then a guy drove up through a snow storm to deliver a big express box—surely the most wonderful box that ever was opened. . .

Now it is right and proper for the member of the family who has gone away from a small town and prospered in the big city to think of those at home and to take care of them. It is right for the lucky to do for those less lucky. Every man, every woman, who has prospered has known the experience—all right, the irritation—of appeals from kin who were not doing so well at home. Well, it's his duty, and he might as well make it his pleasure to do what is expected of him, and maybe a little more. Same way with the immigrant.

I'll admit there were times when my thoughts did not operate on this lofty plane; when I was doggone resentful of this business of sending things out of the country to foreigners on the other side. As a dug-in, established American, I was resentful of "foreigners" anyway. Of course I'd lost sight of the fact that my own forebears had been foreigners from the other side. I wasn't bothered with any demands from, or responsibilities to, blood kin on the the other side, because my whole tribe got here in the sixteen hundreds.

BUT contact with my chubby little father-in-law corrected a lot of my thinking. He was an Austrian, born in Bohemia, from which his folks had had to flee in the political kickovers of 1848. He'd had to work since childhood. The theatrical troupe with which he came here went gebust, and he had to put on baggy pants and a fez and go to work in the Turkish Village at the World's Fair and keep his mouth shut while he went through the motions of being a Turk, because the only language he knew then was German.

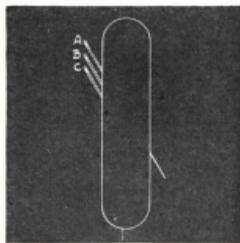
He brought only himself to this side, but he was a valuable import. He put in his whole life at giving pleasure to others. I never knew a person so selfless, so thoughtful of others, so consistently amiable.

He was always tinkering, making things. "Never give Dixie a fountain pen, a watch or clock. He'll take it right apart." True, he had a gallon of pen, clock, watch and gadget parts, and apparently it was his aim to combine incompatible elements of these items and make something new and amazing. But, if he had more ambition than genius at gadget tinkering, he was marvelous at anything connected with the stage. He was familiar with every opera, every symphony; he knew the life of every composer, every great playwright. He thought nothing of making all the costumes, the settings and the props for the shows he put on for kids, and these were not little impromptu affairs but real productions. But all that is in the upper register. Coming down the scale, he had an astonishing skill at making portrait dolls and miniature stage settings and groups, with

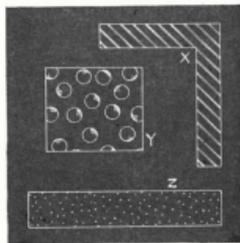
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Eye Teasers
For the Ladies

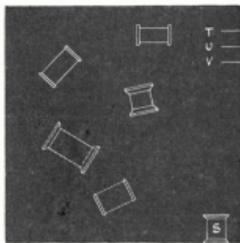
by RONALD EYRICH



1. The pincushion above has three needles stuck in it, with one of them going all the way through it. Which one do you think it is?



2. These remnants were bought by Mrs. X, Y and Z. Each paid the same price. Who received the most cloth for her money?



3. If all the spools shown in this diagram were stacked in a single column upon spool S, would the top one reach line T, U or V?

ANSWERS

1. A goes all the way through.
2. Mrs. Y got the best bargain.
3. The top spool would reach line T.

materials he picked up. Once he made a papier-mâché caricature of me with a wheelbarrow in a rural setting, and all he had to start with was paper, paste, cloth, a little paint and some dead grass from Central Park. The job was a museum piece, but he took it in his stride. Kid stuff, made by the kid in him for the kid in me.

I learned a lot of tolerance from him, but apart from his friendship, the finest thing this little guy from the other side gave me was that phrase, Ship From America. I use it to this day to take out the kinks that will form in some of my thinking. Now, when Europe is so much worse off than it ever was before, and when I catch myself in a dog-in-the-manger mood, and when I find myself ready to roar about sending stuff across, I pull myself up.

WAIT a minute, I think, this is still the land of the free and the home of the brave and the lucky; it is still the land of Hope. We're the Hope of the world, just as we have always been. It is our duty to keep it that way. It is our duty and our privilege, and it should be our pleasure. I don't mean we should give away our wealth, our substance, our production. I don't mean irritating charity, and I don't mean playing politics.

I mean that we should help because it's great to be the guy who has gone away and prospered, and because it takes so little from us and gives so much to them. And if some guy says, "Oh, so we should support the world, eh?" I say NO! We shouldn't support anybody, here or abroad, who can support himself. But, to the guy on the other side, who is going around with his pants held up by a rope tied tightly around his waist—what sailors call "soul and bodylashing"—things which are humble necessities to us will come not just as necessities, but luxuries, too.

Maybe in the long run we'll only get a kick in the teeth for our trouble. I wouldn't know. Nobody would. It's too soon to know. The world is very old, and this country is still very young. In all history, no country has ever before been in a position to be Santa Claus. This is the only country that ever found itself to be rich enough and good-natured and big-hearted enough for the role. Indeed, this Santa Claus capacity is in itself one of our finer riches, and we'd be poorer if we decided not to use it any more.

SO I'm much obliged to my dear friend, the cheerful, long-gone little Dixie. His three magic words became family slang to cover the embarrassment of giving little un-holiday presents when good luck came our way. I cherish those words. I think that the small-town boy or girl who has migrated to the big city, and made good, should remember the old folks at home. And I think that whether or not we have kin on the other side, it should be the pleasure of all us immigrants to keep on sending our tokens of hope to the less fortunate, the despairing, the hopeless, in that unique vessel of all times, of all seas: the finest craft in our Merchant Marine—the Ship From America.

THE END

TIME OUT FOR
CHOCOLATE *Bites* COOKIES!

IF I BEAT YOU, JUDY,
I GET ALL YOUR SHARE!



See the easy-to-make recipes on the neat red-and-white package—and make delicious Cookies and Syrup with ROCKWOOD'S SEMI-SWEET CHOCOLATE *Bites*

ROCKWOOD
The finest in chocolate



HOW TO TREAT YOUR HOLIDAY PLANTS

[Continued from Page 45]

have two hours of morning sun. Set it in a soup bowl. In this keep a constant inch of water. As you add more, add it warm. The cyclamen is one of the few plants which seems to be benefited by wet feet.

Until the last bud has opened, offer rich rations. You can place a plant tablet, as often as directions suggest for your size plant, right in the water-filled saucer.

Never water this plant from the soil level or syringe the foliage. Dust leaves with a soft brush to keep them clean.

Sometimes even in a cold room and with moist soil, cyclamens begin to turn yellow. If this happens, suspect an attack of mites. Pull off any affected leaves at the base of the plant and, of course, always take off faded flowers.

Next remove water from the saucer and for half a day fumigate your cyclamen with a thin layer of naphthalene flakes spread in the saucer. Then replace the flakes with water. Repeat this treatment if necessary. Unless the mite attack is advanced, you will usually be able to save your plant.

Holding cyclamens over for a second year is not always satisfactory. It is better to enjoy a long season and then to discard the plant.

Christmas Cherry A cold, light location not above 60°, a fresh atmosphere with
[Continued on Page 62]



PERFECT KNIT! PERFECT FIT!
by Susan Bates Knitting Needles

This little tot's mother, like thousands of women, looks to Susan Bates for the finest in knitting needles.

And this means Susan Bates Precision Knitting Needles*—with precisely the right taper and flexibility—precisely accurate sizes clearly marked on each needle. Ask, by name, for Susan Bates Luxite or Silvalume Knitting Needles. Every one is stamped with the name. Look for it—it's your guarantee of quality.

Send 50¢ For Glamour Knitting Aids Packet—Contains Susan Bates aids every knitter wants and directions for adorable baby boy suit shown above. No C.O.D.'s please.



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THANKS TO
CLOROX, MY
BATHROOM IS
SPARKLING-
CLEAN, MOTHER!

YES, DEAR, AND
CLOROX MAKES
THE BATHROOM
FRESH AND
SANITARY, TOO!



CLOROX DEODORIZES AND DISINFECTS MANY HOME "DANGER ZONES"!

MOTHER knows... she has relied on Clorox for many years to provide greater home sanitation. By passing this knowledge on to her daughter, she is helping create another American household that guards against home infection risks the effective, dependable Clorox way. Regularly used in routine cleaning of bathroom and kitchen "danger zones" Clorox imparts the type of disinfected cleanliness recommended by health authorities. It also bleaches, removes stains. Simply follow directions on the label.

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HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT

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Years of unsurpassed quality and performance have made Clorox the choice of millions... it's always uniform... it's always dependable!

In the February issue...

THE MARDI GRAS—

NEW ORLEANS

another article by our

artistic-correspondent

C. C. Beall

**GRANDMOTHER'S
OLD-FASHIONED
GARDEN**

OF EASY GROWING FLOWERS
Marvelous mixture of hardy, all-
season blooming varieties. 19 kinds;
everything from Anemone to Zinnias.
Seed enough to plant 3 x 15 ft. bed.
Big \$1.00 value for only 10c post-
paid. Also my New Seed & Nursery
Catalog FREE. 500,000 customers save
money annually buying seeds and nursery
items from me. Send for "Plant Growing".
R. H. SHUMWAY SEEDSMAN
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WORTH
10¢ FOR

not a trace of gas in it, a soapy washing of foliage if little green bugs appear, and thorough deep watering which saturates the entire root system—these constitute comfort for Christmas cherries. Let the top soil dry out just a little between moistenings. With such care this brightly bedecked shrubby little plant will gaily display its fruit until the end of January.

Then loss of fruit is a healthy plea for rest. Leaves will fall too. By early March cut each branch back to two leaf buds and place the cherry in a full light, rather than sunny, 40° spot. Water it about once in two weeks.

In late spring, as new growth appears, bring the cherry to a sunny 60° place and water it as you did at first. Fresh leaves will soon cover the plant which is transferred to porch or garden in June. At this time do not report but scoop out as much top soil as you can and replace with some of the same fresh mixture recommended for your poinsettia.

Do not fertilize. It has been discovered that a tight, compact soil and an almost starved condition induces the cherry to

fruit. With loose soil and rich living it tends to leaves only.

Through the summer, water the soil daily and syringe the plant tops too. A spot in a semi-shaded garden or on the porch is ideal. Return to a sunny window in September. Even so, outside a greenhouse, fruit may not turn rich orange until February.

Christmas Pepper This is another plant to discard once its good looks fail but this need not be until June. Meanwhile a sunny window, heat up to 65° and daily watering preserve its pretty red and green harmony.

Cool growing for almost all house plants is essential. There is one, however, for you to consider because it also has notable heat, drought, and every other tolerance. This is the kalanchoe (*Kal-an-koh-ee*) with thick rosy-tinged leaves and December-to-May scarlet or coral blooms. Perhaps next time some one suggests giving you a plant, you can let it be known you would like this one because it is bound to like you.

THE END

MOMENT IN THE SUN

[Continued from Page 37]

thetically, and rolled outside and sat upon his box.

Leaning on the shelf across which tickets and money passed, Pepe thought of the future. He had once seen a film in which a golden girl rescued her lover from a most unamiable jail. He had seen another in which a dark heiress with enviable legs had married a taxi-driver, and still a third in which a fragile blonde had selected a worthless one from a dump heap and taken him home with her to be her butler—and after a while had taken him further still. They were all *gringo* films, and had bred in Pepe a confused sense of oneness between the terms *lovelies* bore their mates from the most unlikely spots.

Los Cocos was an unlikely spot, so it was not beyond the bounds of possibility that one of them would be one day passing through it and would see him.

HE dreamed about this hungrily and often, and in his free time—which was usually—constructed the pleasant fabric of their conversations.

She would come in the shed, and her eyes—blue with the fabulous lashes—would widen at him. "But a station master, oh boy!" she would cry, not knowing of the twenty-five lonely passengers.

"It is a nothing," he would tell her *calmly*.

Her voice, caressing his cheeks, "No, for you perhaps, in such a place—" Like all Americanas she would cut through to her point, directly. "But up there, in the *Estados Unidos*, how far you could not go. Alas that my husband, poor thing, is no longer young. And for his business too, alas. One such as you now, what changes you could not make!"

"Here I am much needed," he would tell her staunchly, not to appear too easy. "Yet if it is what you would—"

She would be very beautiful, more than Rita Hayworth, more even than the golden leggy ones, with eyes that slowly closed upon a pleasant meaning.

"Aie Pepe, it is what I would. Swear only one thing, that you will be to me faithful."

He would have a swift mind's flash of America, with its incredible women, and then he would swear, solemnly, knowing even a *Gringa* must be comforted with lies.

So, with the passing months, Pepe dreamed, waiting, but she did not come. Los Cocos, some miles out of Vera Cruz, was so unlikely that the tourists did not find it.

"A ticket please to Alvarado."

"Two tickets to La Piedra."

"And one for Paso del Toro."

The passengers were beginning to arrive. A man with red and blue striped pants and a cornyellow singlet; a small and furry looking Arab—a *comerciante*; a man with strings of *patos*, wild ducks, dangling from a pole. A man with two live chickens.

Pepe looked at these coldly. "No," he said with authority. "One animal is very *sublime*!"

This sally provoked laughter, but not from the butt of Pepe's wit, who swung at him. The Arab, interested, wandered towards the window. The man with the two birds was swearing wildly.

"*Andale pues*, forget it," Pepe said, appeasing. He had not expected violence. The man and the offending chickens secured their ticket and stalked away in outrage.

Pepe went out once more to scan the distance, but there was still no train. The *patos* merchant was doing a small business at thirty centavos a duck. The two dogs were asleep right in the middle

of the tracks. The vultures paraded staunchly in the dust.

Then up the road a girl came, carrying a wooden box with brushes strapped outside it, and a camera, and a folding thing with many wooden legs. She wasn't Spanish, she certainly wasn't Indian; in a moment which banished the horizons of Los Cocos, Pepe realized that she must be from "up there." She was American! It was her long thin legs and yellow hair which told him.

He set his eyes in a sultry stare, passionately wishing he hadn't worn dungarees, and sauntered towards her, for haste would be unimpressive, summoning to him all their conversations, remembering to hope she would be speaking Spanish.

"Buenos dias, Senora," he said, flattering with his teeth, and pointed to her parcels. "May I not help you, no?"

"That taxi!" she said. "Letting me out away to hell and gone!"

She would be speaking in a fashion only Spanish.

"It is my duty, station master," Pepe explained, confused.

SHE let him take the thing with all the legs, and he bore it aloft, resting it proudly on one shoulder. Everyone looked at them: it was wonderful.

With a visible effort the girl conquered her irritation. "Station master," she said. "Well, well! The company must think you're pretty sharp."

Her tones were brisker than he could have wished, but the words—the words filled the outlines of their careful "conversations" and fell on his ears with the sound of golden coins.

He struggled with ambiguity as he said, "This is a nothing. I will soon go away. To—the States." And with a quick look at her, "I have studied two years now management."

"Management?" How blue her eyes were, and fabulously lashed. "What kind of management?"

"All kinds," Pepe announced magnanimously.

They turned into the shed, and Pepe set down the case and crossed behind the barrier to the ticket window.

"To Alvarado," she told him, "one way only. Second class."

HIS duties and his dreams had locked in conflict, and his wits were scattered. "Second class?" he repeated. "You mean first class, Senora, non e vero?"

Her smile was warm and wide. "Second," she said, and waited.

Pepe coughed stubbornly. "This train has only first and second class. Second is very bad. You will go first class, no?"

"No," she said, beginning to look strained again. "One ticket, second class."

He lost his head and tried to argue with her. "Everyone here goes second class, Senora."

"That's good," she said. "That's what I want. Now may I have my ticket?"

He couldn't understand her. Belatedly he had an inspiration. "The Senor would so very much so not approve."

She was no longer smiling. "What senior?" she demanded. "Say, who are

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you, the Mexican Vanderbilt? I want a ticket, one way, second class."

How could she be so stubborn, he thought wondering, as he passed the bit of pasteboard over to her, picked up the pesos, and handed back her change.

She put the ticket in her purse, gathered her things together, and strolled outside.

All at once he wanted to beat his head for stupidity. What had he done, what had he ruined here? Gringos were crazy, every one knew they were. What difference did it make which way she traveled? She was eccentric, she was American, she had perhaps a purpose. Vanderbilt, she had said. It was a rich name; without placing it, his mind sniffed wealth along the syllables. Maybe she wanted to inspect the train. Maybe she even wished to buy the train. She had her reasons, she knew what she was wanting. Somehow he must get back to her to make her know he too knew. Oh but he was a burro, idiote. He beat a closed fist on his head and groaned.

A rush of customers delayed his exit, and he served them with incivility and patent anguish. By now, Dios, she might be taking someone else up there for her mysterious and profitable enterprises. She had been interested when he said he managed things.

As soon as he could he closed the ticket window and rushed outside, trying to look the master, bold, simpatico.

She was standing near the tracks and staring at the vultures as though they were the first she'd ever seen. When she

[Continued on Page 64]



DO THIS

**If Baby
Has a Cold**

Best-known home remedy you can use to relieve distress of baby's cold is to rub his little throat, chest and back with Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Results are so good because VapoRub:

Penetrates to cold-irritated upper bronchial tubes with special soothing medicinal vapors.

Stimulates chest and back surfaces like a nice warming poultice.

While baby sleeps VapoRub's penetrating-stimulating action keeps working for hours to bring relief. Often by morning most distress of the cold is gone. Try Vicks VapoRub tonight!

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MUFFINS

Easy to make with Duff's—

By setting your alarm clock just 10 minutes earlier than usual, you can serve super-delicious muffins, hot from the oven. Just add water, mix, bake—that's all! Extra good with Coffee. Coke topping. Directions on box!

Other Tasty Tricks with Muffins

Hot muffins made with Duff's add a touch of genius to any meal. Try these new muffin tricks.

APPLE MUFFINS: Add 1 tsp. cinnamon, ½ tsp. nutmeg, 1 c. chopped apples to regular batter.

BANANA MUFFINS: Add ½ to 1 c. mashed bananas to regular batter.



Just add
WATER
—that's all!

The February issue of
WOMAN'S DAY
is scheduled to go on sale
Thursday, January 30th

SEASON WISELY SEASON WELL



MAKES GOOD FOOD *Still* BETTER!

A Product of General Foods

heard him approaching she turned and waved towards them.

"They're wonderful," she said, "they look like my grandfather. What do you call them in Spanish?"

"Zopilotes," Pepe said caressingly. It was a poor topic but he had to get his mood across. Determinedly he barged away from them. "How long do you stay in Alvarado, Senora?"

"Oh I don't know," she said. "Several days maybe. Have you been there?"

"Oh yes," he smiled and dimmed his eyes, keeping them firmly on her. "There is nothing in Alvarado. Only fish."

"Well that's what I want to see. Or anyhow the fishermen and the boats and nets and things."

"One fisherman," said Pepe, "is like another. The sea has made its lines across his face. And he smells—" and he held his nose, but delicately, "worse than a red snapper."

It made her laugh and her laugh made Pepe gay. He laughed too, infectiously, and they stood together chuckling, which was unfortunate.

FOR the next moment the little Arab, wanting laughter too, was there beside them. He was as humble and obsequious as a mongrel dog. Why doesn't he go and lie down in the tracks with those two others, Pepe thought violently. But there was no help for it.

"Ah it is so late, this train," the Arab smirked. He missed three vital teeth and his breath whistled plaintively when he spoke. "Even in my country we have better service!"

The blonde girl looked at him. "Aren't you a Mexican?"

"I am from Syria," said the Arab humbly. "Oh, Syria. Then you can speak French."

She didn't ask, she made a statement of it, and the Arab's face grew gleeful. "Bonchou memsel, comma ce ve!" he cried, and then again, "Bonchou, bonchou—"

"Bonjour," the girl said, laughing. Pepe made a determined nervous effort. "How long have you been in Mexico, Senora?" he asked in tones of stubborn intimacy.

"You are American, no?" the Arab grinned and scraped.

"Oh yes," the girl said. "I am from Nueva York."

"Nueva York, ah si, yes, Nueva York, Washington!" He shot it out triumphantly.

"No," she said gently, "not Washington, Nueva York."

Tonto, thought Pepe, he was still gibbering.—"Yes, si, Nueva York. It is in Washington memsel, nest pass?"

This was as good a chance as any, under the miserable circumstances, and Pepe raised his brows and smiled with superior wisdom. "Washington is the capital of the Estados Unidos," he informed the Arab. "And Nueva York," and here he glanced smartly at the girl, "Nueva York, that is the port, no?"

"Oh yes," she said. "Nueva York is the port."

Pepe drew in his breath. A familiar cry came from inside the

station; he ignored it.

"Big buildings," he said confidently. "Sky wipers. It is where I am going."

"Well now," she teased. "Maybe I'll see you there. Why don't you look me up?"

"Ah," said the Arab happily. "Here it is the train."

Pepe lost all sense of perspective as the small and old and feeble train crawled towards them. The two dogs raised their heads calmly towards it, then rose deliberately, crossed a few paces and lay down beside the tracks. The vultures rose as one into a tree.

This was the moment of decision, Pepe knew. Should he go with her now to Alvarado?

Even as he clutched at the final act, two agitated raggy children yammered towards him, insistent and querulous. They reached him, still yammering, and began tugging at his sleeves.

"Tickets, come quickly, tickets, come quickly, tickets—"

"They want their tickets," said the Arab kindly.

The blonde girl raised her brows, "Well?" she said. "Station master—"

"Aie Dios, please," Pepe beseeched her. "Please. Don't go away." And turned and ran, the children at his heels.

He pushed into the shed and cursed with his black eyes the woman standing furiously by the window. As she upbraided him, he dithered back at her for being late. He couldn't find the half-fare stubs, and when at last transactions were concluded, all four of them pelted out frantically towards the train.

The blonde girl was nowhere to be seen.

Pepe began to trot beside the carriages, seeking a glimpse of her pale silky hair, and as he trotted longingly the train started to move in senile jerks. It gathered speed slowly; there was time for him to see her, by the window, and back of her the Arab, fawning still. Beside her sat the man in the striped pants.

If she had smiled at him he would have bounded on the train. But she was looking the other way and did not see.

The quick caressing look left Pepe's face as though a rag had cleaned it. He walked listlessly back towards the crate and slipped down upon it.

IT was his fault. Everything was his fault. Why hadn't he followed those careful conversations he had built? Why had he argued with her about tickets? Why had he thought to change a Gringa's mind?

Then his chin settled a little with determination.

She would come here again, the dream Americana, perhaps with a maid, who knew? And next time, even if she wished to run beside the train, he would not argue with her.

As the train faded into distance, noise and all, the three vultures spread their lazy wings and zoomed back to the lamp post, settling one by one with a firm rustling sound.

From force of habit Pepe reached around him for a rock.

THE END

DOUBLE ENGAGEMENT

[Continued from Page 29]

"But couldn't you telephone down there and ask exactly how he is?"

"Well, it says 'critically ill.' It says 'member of family should come at once.'"

"But if you telephoned, don't you think maybe you could wait just another day?"

There seemed something reasonable about what she said, but against it there was his terrible urgency to get to Pop. The words of the telegram were perfectly plain—"critically ill."

He said, "I'm afraid of waiting. I can't get any reservation and I have to take the slow train. It'll take me two days to make it."

Her voice changed suddenly.

"Well, I guess you're right," she said. "I'm awfully sorry about Pop, I hope he's better when you get there."

"Thanks, darling."

Pop had taken care of him since his parents died in a storm at sea. Pop had been father and mother to him for years. He was alone except for Pop, and Pop was alone except for him. As he packed his bag, he thought of Pop with his long, slightly flattened nose, his dark eyebrows, his way of opening his pale-blue eyes.

EDDIE spent two days and nights in the agonizing blur of a crowded day coach and staggered off the train before dawn at a way station some hundreds of miles below Jacksonville. He walked through the warm night to a local hotel and called the Hillbourne Hospital. They said his uncle was "all right," whatever that meant, and to come at ten o'clock and he could visit him. Eddie stared down at his feet, on which lay a few grains of Florida sand, and sank into a wicker chair. He was conscious of a large section of blue rug fading out and then, in the silence of the half-dark lobby, he went to sleep.

After the sun rose, he walked through strange streets to an all-night lunch counter and got a cup of coffee. That woke him up and, with a dry feeling that spread back from his eyes, he returned to the hotel. The lobby had too much morning traffic now to sleep in, and he sat down on a bench outside the hotel. On a low fence a vine spread some deep, flame-colored blossoms that were unknown to him.

He thought of his job. Everything about the job was in order. He was a beginning engineer at the plant and in terms of the whole plant, his job was relatively inconsequential. He designed a series of slight modifications in the plane's oleo struts. Well, it was a start. Tired as he was, even now his mind kept reverting to one of the current problems.

But that would wait till he got back. He thought of Tina. Tina, too, had a job and he and Tina were saving money to get married on, they put it in a joint savings account. You needed money to get married on, according to Tina.

Did you really need money to get married on? He sometimes wondered. Some people just got married and let the money take care of itself. In the meantime they

A Message to the Women of America

You all know that the making of good gravy is one of the trickiest tasks in cooking. Many of you have mastered the art so that your resulting product is something to be proud of. But to those of you who have difficulty making a gravy to your own satisfaction, may we suggest that next time you try making it with Gravy Master. We are sure you will then find it very easy to make a gravy that has flavor and appearance of which you too can be proud.



had something better than money.

But Tina was definitely different. There were curtains of sorrow—different of fear—at the dark center of her eyes. When she had been a little girl, in the first depression years, she had been frightened—her father had lost a job and the family had been actually on the edge of starvation for a while. Perhaps there had not been actual want or suffering, but the insecurity had sunk deeply into Tina, to remain like a splinter in her soul.

Eddie thought, if she hadn't been so young, if she had been able to understand things better then. For her father had lost courage only temporarily. Gradually the family circumstances had improved and recently they had prospered.

Tina feared a coming depression. Eddie wasn't making much now. What if he lost his job? And so on.

There was that curtain of fear in Tina. It made him want to do something to help her. What it might be he did not know. All he had done so far was somehow to shield her, to give in to ghosts that troubled her, and he was not sure that that was wise.

When he got to the hospital a little before ten o'clock, he climbed slowly to the second floor. And the floor nurse said, "Oh, you're Mr. Benz's nephew," and took him at once to one of the rooms. "It's a semi-private room," she said, "the only place we had." She said the doctor would be right up to speak with him.

Pop was sitting up in bed, well propped

[Continued on Page 66]

Don't be a Rubbit!



Don't scrub a stained, stale coffee pot with a lazy dishrag! Use Brillo!

Be BRILLO wise!



Lickety-split! A square metal-fiber Brillo pad whisks your coffee pot sweet and clean. Use Brillo daily for all pots and pans. The special shine ingredient in Brillo soap sparkles 'em!



RED box — soap pads
GREEN box — soap and pads

Shines aluminum fast!

I COLLECT REJECTION SLIPS

[Continued from Page 48]

A BIG MENU HELP

Fish helps you plan meals that are appetizing and nourishing, and it can be cooked many delicious ways. Serve fish, fresh or frozen, often, even though you cannot temporarily get Gorton's Ready-to-Fry Cod Fish Cakes. Ample supplies of this product will again be available as soon as restrictions on tin are lifted.

GET THIS 40 page, color illustrated recipe booklet of 134 delicious deep sea dishes. Yours upon receipt of one label from any Gorton product. If you can't send label because grocery hasn't Gorton's, mail us his name. Send to Gorton-Pew Fisheries, Gloucester, Mass.

Gorton's

famous
SEA FOODS



Codfish Balls with Vegetables

In our next issue . . .
HEAVEN ON WHEELS
a love story by
DOROTHY THOMAS

for SPAGHETTI TOMATO SAUCE

For smoother, finer flavor, make your sauce with **BON OLIVE OIL**. Pure Imported. Bonoll Packing Corp., 4005 Second Ave., Brooklyn 32, N. Y.



LOOK FOR OUR BURRO

winter and the first signs of spring, could have cheerfully pushed the iris spears back into the ground, and decapitated the crocuses. Why, oh why, couldn't the ice and snow have lasted just a little longer! By the time the poem came back to me, people were walking abroad minus hats and coats, mopping their brows, and "Impasse" read like something from another world. The rejection slip was a printed one this time, courteous, but leaving no illusions.

It was at this point that my mother suggested that perhaps I could earn a little money making potholders of a type that had proved popular as Christmas gifts. This suggestion I treated with the scorn which I felt it deserved. Potholders, indeed! I had reached the stage where getting my poems published, getting, in fact, *anything* published, had become more important than even \$60. By hook or by crook I was going to be a writer.

In the meantime I had finished the poem about the child, and had consigned it to a well-known monthly periodical. Days passed. The longer a poem is kept, the more seriously "they" are considering it, I heard once, and my spirits soared as time went by and my little homing pigeon failed to return. Two weeks later a long white envelope lay by my place at the dinner table, and as I opened it

my castle of dreams tumbled into my lap. This rejection contained a phrase that is still haunting me. "Your poem did not quite make a place for itself with us." It was a touching little remark that seemed to put my brain child in the class with all the people who don't take the advice of the ads, who don't achieve the right clubs, who are left waiting at the church, etc. I feared it would give my poem an inferiority complex, and it wouldn't want to be sent to any more magazines. I sent it right off to another publication. Two weeks later it was back, but with a difference. For the first time an editor spoke to me, "We really like the poetry you have sent us—we'd like you to send us more, one of these days soon." Oh beautiful rejection slip, the most prized item in my collection! Oh dear and kindly editor!

At the moment I am all set to try again, but there is one point on which I am growing increasingly curious: just how is an acceptance worded? Do they say, "Your poetry is very amateur, but we'll print it anyway," or "Your work shows promise. We'll take a chance?" It may be a long time before I find out, but it seems to me that only three words are really necessary—"Enclosed find check!"

THE END

DOUBLE ENGAGEMENT

[Continued from Page 65]

up with pillows. He stared out ahead with his steady blue eyes. When Eddie came in Pop turned his head and saw him. He looked surprised and shocked.

"Eddie," he said and his mouth fell a little, "you shouldn't have come all the way down here. What did you come down here for?"

"The doctor sent for me."

"He shouldn't have done that, I'm all right. No, you shouldn't have spent your money." Then Pop reached out his arms and Eddie held him.

The doctor came in and said, "Mornin', Pop. How you feelin'?"

"Fine," Pop said reproachfully.

The doctor gave Eddie a signal to come out in the corridor. Outside he said, "You're Mr. Benz's nephew?" Eddie nodded.

"Your uncle looks to be in pretty fair shape just now. He's picked up the past two days. But when I sent you that telegram, I didn't really think he was going to live. He has a very bad heart condition, and he must've had some exhaustion. Got uremia with it and there aren't many reverse it like he has. I surely believed the only thing to do was to send for you."

"I'm glad I could come," Eddie said.

"He's still in bad shape and this has affected his mind. It's kind of fogged out."

"He seemed all right just now."

"It's better, but he still isn't too sure about some things. Frankly, I don't give

him six months, even with this improvement."

Eddie thought of Pop's clear but somehow vacant eyes and he had a moment of anguish. "When did it start?" he said.

"About nine days ago. They called me in to see him at the tourist-cabin place where he lives, about three miles out, and I brought him back here in my car. He wasn't fit to care for himself."

"I certainly appreciate it, doctor."

"In a day or two, though, he'll be fit to go back, if he has somebody to take care of him. It's a question of gettin' some local woman."

"I'll see to getting somebody," Eddie said.

"DOC says you're a lot better," Eddie said to Pop when he went back into the room. "You can go home in a couple of days if I can get somebody to take care of you."

"Of course I can go home. I could go home now."

"I don't know. Don't get too sure of yourself," Eddie said and Pop smiled. And the smile washed back the lost years.

Eddie was thinking, seeing Pop himself look so good, perhaps I could have waited that day, if I'd telephoned. It would have meant so much to Tina. But the thought quickly died.

"Can I get you anything?" he asked Pop.

"Cigarettes—no. Doc don't let me smoke." Pop's gaze went to the window.

"What place is this?" he said.

"Hillbourne."

"Hillbourne, Florida?"

"Yes."

Pop gave a strange laugh and said, "I thought it was home. . . He rubbed his face. "Yes, I thought it was home."

FOR the next two days Eddie tried to get somebody from Hillbourne to care for Pop, cook for him at his cabin at the tourist camp till he got stronger. At last a woman agreed to come and Eddie arranged to take Pop home. The woman was to be there to meet them.

They arrived in a taxi which drove up over the sandy soil close to the door. Eddie gently helped Pop out and led him in and made him lie down on the wide bed. To Eddie's surprise the woman wasn't there. He asked a man in a nearby cabin if a woman had come and the man said no, no woman. Eddie came back and found Pop sleeping. Perhaps the woman would come later.

For a while he sat in a chair, silently staring out the small cabin door at a palm tree. He had never been far enough south before to see such a tree, and it seemed fantastic to him that he was looking out of an actual door at an actual palm tree. It was like a movie, like *Rain* or *White Cargo*.

Pop woke up and said, "Hello, Eddie."

"Hello, Pop."

"Where are we, Eddie?"

"At the camp."

"At the camp, hey?"

"Yes."

Eddie thought Pop was going to go to sleep again, but instead Pop said, "How's Tina, Eddie?"

"She's fine."

"When you getting married?"

"Oh, we haven't set the date yet."

"What's the trouble?"

"No trouble," Eddie said.

"It ain't the money you send me, is it, Eddie?"

"No, it isn't that."

"I been wanting to ask you about that," Pop said.

"It isn't that at all," Eddie said. Then he asked Pop if he should fix him some soup.

"I ain't hungry yet," Pop answered.

One of the Miami through express trains went by on the nearby railroad tracks. Eddie could feel its streamlined length scooping along the ground. The train was going north. He wondered if Tina had announced their engagement at her brother's party. In the hurry of leaving, he had not thought to ask her if she was going to do it.

Again the delicate oval of her face appeared to him and he had a moment of acute longing for her. He felt the same dedication to her he had felt when he first caught the full sense of her hurt. It seemed allied with her beauty and with reserves of courage he knew she had.

Pop asking if the money Eddie sent him had anything to do with delving the marriage. . . No, Eddie gave Tina credit for that. That wasn't what had held them up.

By late afternoon it was clearly apparent that the woman he had hired was

[Continued on Page 68]

MORE SOUPS TO EAT

[Continued from Page 25]

CHICKEN-RICE SOUP, GREEK STYLE

Costs 78 cents (December 1946)

6 large servings Woman's Day Kitchen

2 quarts chicken

stock

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups water

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup raw rice

2 eggs

Juice of 1 lemon

1 cup minced

cooked chicken

and chicken

giblets

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped

parsley

Salt and pepper

Cook stock, water and washed rice together for 45 minutes. Beat eggs and lemon juice together with rotary beater for 3 minutes. Slowly add 2 cups hot chicken broth, stirring eggs briskly during addition. Turn heat off under soup. Slowly add egg mixture to hot soup, stirring constantly. Add chicken, parsley and salt and pepper to taste. Serve at once. Do not attempt to reheat. This soup has an unusual tart flavor.

PEASANT SOUP

Costs 66 cents (December 1946)

4 large servings Woman's Day Kitchen

$\frac{3}{4}$ pound

hamburger

2 quarts water

3 cups shredded or

finely chopped

raw turns

2 cups shredded

red or white

cabbage

1 cup chopped

onion

1 clove garlic,

minced

1 bay leaf,

crumbled

1 tablespoon

vinegar

4 teaspoons salt

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper

$\frac{3}{8}$ cup grated raw

potato

Thick sour cream

Brown hamburger lightly in large heavy soup kettle. Drain off most of fat and reserve for other uses. Add water, beets, cabbage, onion, garlic, bay leaf, vinegar, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer 35 minutes. Add potato; cook 10 minutes. Float spoonful of sour cream on each bowl of soup as served.

DOUBLE ONION SOUP

Costs 45 cents (December 1946)

4 large servings Woman's Day Kitchen

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped

yellow onions

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped

white onions

2 tablespoons

butter or

margarine

1 quart beef stock

or 4 bouillon

cubes and 1 quart

water

Salt and pepper

2 cups thinly sliced

yellow onions

1 cup thinly sliced

white onions

4 to 6 slices dry

bread

1 cup shredded

cheddar or

process American

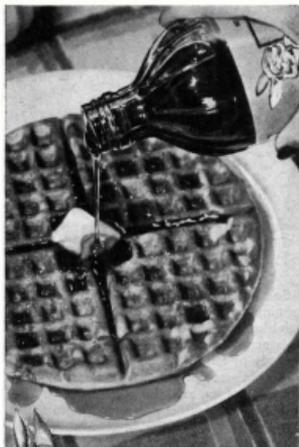
cheese

Slowly cook chopped onions in butter in large skillet until nicely browned but not burned. Add stock; bring to boil and simmer about 3 minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Put sliced raw onions in bottom of large baking dish; add cooked onion mixture. Cover top with bread and sprinkle with cheese so that bread and cheese covering makes an almost airtight layer on top. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., about 35 minutes.

Miss Carla Robison, Lawrence, Kansas

Waffle Treat!

GOLD LABEL Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses



Brer Rabbit

"Meet your family's
need for sweets
with my mild and
sweet molasses"

No need to let shortages deprive your family of the sweets they need. Satisfy their sugar-hunger with Gold Label Brer Rabbit Molasses.

It's fancy light molasses . . . deliciously mild. And over 60% natural sugar—straight from the sugar cane.

✓On waffles, pancakes, corn bread or French toast, Gold Label Brer Rabbit Molasses is a tongue-teasing delight for the whole family. . . ✓As a spread for bread, youngsters enjoy it when they're hungry between meals—and it gives them extra iron! . . . ✓For cooking, Gold Label Brer Rabbit Molasses gives a delicate molasses flavor. (If you prefer a richer molasses flavor, use the Green Label.)

Brer Rabbit Molasses

Rich in Iron

Iron is needed for
good red blood



YOUR SHOES ARE SHOWING!



EMBARRASSING, ISN'T IT? YOU NEED SHINOLA

● So don't be caught short. When you're stepping out for the evening, and want to look like a million dollars—see to it that your shoes are shined. You'll find it pays to keep a supply of Shinola Shoe Polishes on hand. Shinola's scientific combination of oily waxes helps to hold in and replenish the normal oils in leather—helps maintain flexibility—and that means longer wear. It's smart to KEEP 'EM SHINING WITH SHINOLA.



In the February issue . . .

A REMEMBERING DAY

by KAREN PEYTON

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger than one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes, but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box.

KLUTCH CO., Box 4723-A, ELMIRA, N. Y.

not coming and had no intention of coming. The man in the nearby cabin said that that was how they were, you couldn't depend on them. They might come a day or two and then stop. They worked only when they wanted to.

It looked as if the man was right. The doctor's car swung up the sand road between the cabins and the doctor jumped out.

"I was comin' by and I thought I'd look in and see how you're doin'," he said.

Eddie took him into the cabin and Pop sat up on the edge of the bed and let the doctor examine him.

"You look good, Pop," the doctor said. "Yeah, he's right smart—improvin'."

"The woman I got to take care of him didn't come," Eddie said.

"Is that so?" The doctor looked concerned. He moved his hand, as if the statement called for some kind of action. "That's how they are. I don't like to discourage you, but that's how they are."

"It's got me worried," Eddie said. "Even if I get somebody to come now, I'll worry they'll stop coming."

"Yes, that's how it is. They'll leave over night. You know what I'd do if I was you?"

"No, what's that?"

"I'd take him north by plane. He wouldn't be able to stand a train trip—all night without sleep—but he could ride in a plane. You'd be up in New York there in eight or nine hours. Then you'd have him with you—you wouldn't have him down here a thousand miles away."

Eddie's eyes brightened. "I could do it," he said, "but could I get reservations?"

"Telephone the airport you're standing by for a cancellation—maybe you could get one in a day or two. Tell them to leave word at the camp office for you."

Eddie decided to do it. He telephoned the nearest airport and said he wanted to stand by for two possible cancellations. And they told him two was hard—could he manage on one? He hesitated, wondering if he could get somebody to meet Pop in New York, but he realized it was no good. He would have to go with Pop.

"No," he said, "I guess I'll have to have two."

That evening word was left at the office that there was a canceled reservation for him for Saturday morning, two days ahead.

[Continued on Page 77]

SHE MAKES HER FIRST DRESS

[Continued from Page 43]

● To lay the pattern pieces on the fabric most economically, follow the cutting layout on the instruction sheet. Find the right one for View A, in your size and fabric width. (Our corduroy was 39" wide, our

together on wrong side, first the bodice, then the skirt. Then baste over pins, pin in your shoulder pads, and turn dress right side out for your first fitting. It's a good idea to have someone else around to help.



long even lines along the pattern edges. Cut notches carefully. Be sure they're not too deep.

● Marking. While pattern is still pinned to fabric, you will have to make your markings. These will help you in putting the dress together. Use a piece of chalk, and make a mark over each pin. Where fabric is cut double—and this is on almost every piece—you must turn it around and chalk mark other side also. Do not remove pins until you are ready to put the dress together.

● Alterations. Mark all needed changes with pins. Then remove the dress and baste in colored thread over the alteration pins. Baste a line from pin to pin to indicate your new position accurately. If your alteration is on a seam, do not make an actual seam with the colored thread. Just baste separate lines on both layers of the fabric. And later, you can turn the dress wrong side out and make your new altered seam properly on the wrong side. Now put on the dress again to check alterations. And if it fits as you like it, you are ready for machine stitching. Stitch everything except the sleeve seams and armholes. Press as you sew. A garment goes together with greater ease and will have a better finish if the seams are pressed as soon as they're stitched. Just press the iron down and lift, rather than push along as you would to iron out wrinkles. Your second fitting is for the skirt length; for the armhole and the sleeve. Mark any alterations as before and finish the dress.

● Assembling the pieces. The next step is to put the dress together. First—and this is very important because it will be a great help in fitting—mark with long basting stitches the center front and center back of both bodice and skirt. Do not remove these bastings until dress is finished. Then begin pinning the pieces

● The pattern instructions give helpful hints on finishing details. Our dress is buttoned down the back. If you don't want to tackle bound buttonholes, then have them done at a trimming store or tailor's shop. Otherwise use snap fasteners and sew the buttons on for decoration.

THE END

LISTEN HERE

[Continued from Page 15]

ion is at odds with the Public Law and the Legion pamphlet, it emerges as a realistic premise on which to proceed. In the light of all the evidence I have been able to gather, I submit that Section 6 of Public Law 829 be amended to read as follows (The italicized words are my recommended changes and additions):

"That when the National Anthem is heard in a public gathering and the flag is not displayed, all present should stand and face the source of the music. Those in uniform should salute at the first note of the Anthem, retaining this position until the last note. All others should stand at attention, men removing the head-dress. *That when the National Anthem is heard in a private gathering, all present should observe dignified posture and respectful silence until the last note is sounded.*"

Now more than ever, it seems to me, "The Star-Spangled Banner" should be respected as a symbol of our freedom and the ideals for which we fought in the war just concluded, the source of the music notwithstanding. Amending the Public Law as I have above outlined will not in itself guarantee observance. That will come about only through public acceptance of the suggestions and a deep-rooted belief that this manner of respect for our National Anthem is justified.

JANUARY SNAPSHOT Dan Golenpaul, creator and director of "Information, Please," was born in Brooklyn in 1906. After a routine career as a salesman, he went into radio in 1930 as a producer-agent. Obsessed from the beginning with the idea that radio needed a more intelligent, adult approach, he came in contact with such well-known writers and critics as Christopher Morley, John Mason Brown, Hendrik van Loon and Clifton Fadiman. One of Golenpaul's early products was the "Magazine of the Air," "Raising Your Parents," which he also devised, was given a ten-minute spot on "Coast to Coast on a Bus" but was soon dropped. The current "Juvenile Jury" and "It's Up to Youth" are patterned after "Raising Your Parents" but nobody has ever so much as said, "Thank you, Dan, for the idea."

Early in 1938 Golenpaul got the idea that all quiz programs were conceived backwards. In other words, the audience, rather than the experts, was being put on the spot with the result that the programs were short on real information and long on horse laughs at the expense of the contestants. So "Information, Please"—a quiz in reverse—was the result. When he told F.P.A. about his idea Adams said, "Do you want to pay me for this?" Golenpaul did, \$40 per week—which sounds pretty funny now.

NBC auditioned the new show in April, 1938, and a month later it went sustaining with Fadiman as emcee and a panel consisting of F.P.A., Marcus Duffield, Professor Harry Overstreet and Louis M. Hacker. Questions were asked by the

[Continued on Page 70]

IN A MINUTE!...



COLD Discomfort Begins to Change to WARM Smiles

1. **IN A MINUTE**, Minit-Rub on chest and back.

1. **IN A MINUTE**, Minit-Rub begins to stimulate circulation, begins to bring a sensation of warmth. That *quickly* helps relieve surface aches and pains.

2. **IN A MINUTE**, Minit-Rub's well-known pain-relieving action begins to soothe that raspy local irritation.

3. **IN A MINUTE**, Minit-Rub's active menthol vapors begin to ease that nasal "stiffness" feeling.

MINIT-RUB is wonderful for both children and adults. Greaseless! Stainless! Disappears like vanishing cream! Won't harm linens. Get Minit-Rub—today, in the jar or the new handy tube.

MINIT-RUB

The Modern Chest Rub



TOY PASTRY BOARD AND ROLLING PIN

by Woman's Day Workshop



COOK's small helper can really get down to serious baking with this sizable bake board set. And here is how you can make it for her. The bottom board which measures 13" x 18", is made of $\frac{1}{2}$ " wood. The rails at the back and sides are 3" high. Glue and nail the side pieces to the bottom. Paint the inside with white enamel and the outside with green.

The rolling pin is made of a piece of dowel $1\frac{1}{4}$ " in diameter and $5\frac{1}{2}$ " long. Drill half-inch holes in the ends and insert 3" lengths of $\frac{1}{4}$ " dowel for the handles. Paint the handles to match the pastry board but sandpaper the center part smooth and leave it its natural color.

Buy U. S. Savings Bonds

SOW SALZER'S seeds

Salzers 3 Big Offers! All general!

NO. 1: 19 pkts. most popular garden vegetables for complete home garden, all for \$1.00. NO. 2: Salzers Hortiana Parsy—A NEW ROSEY PINK PANSY with lovely dark blotch. Excitingly different! Pkt., 25 cts. NO. 3: 5 Pkts. Salzers popular annual flower seeds for cut flowers. 50c value for only 25 cts. SPECIAL: All 3 offers for \$1.25 postpaid. All seeds 99% plus pure. Send for Big FREE catalog. Complete listing of garden seeds, plants, bulbs, shrubs, trees, field seeds.

John A. Salzer Seed Co.

Box 22-J

La Crosse, Wis.

1947

FREE CATALOG

Waste fats are needed; salvage all yours

Take **BABY** **GO** the happy way!

Comfy SAFE
AutoSeat

EIGHTH MONTH TO SCHOOL AGE
At leading Infants' Depts. or write us.
BOX 106-147

In Your Hair-Do

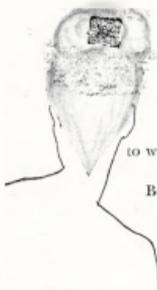
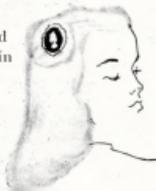
LISTEN HERE

[Continued from Page 69]



1. A mile-long necklace coiled down to bracelet size makes a beaded coronet. Part your hair in the center, set looped necklace on top, pull a hank of hair through each end of the loop

2. An old-fashioned cameo pin nestles in a pancake curl, varies the young down-do. Make a flat curl; the pin goes on top of it, right in the center



3. A jeweled shoe buckle, the kind grandmother used to wear, gives a party air to your top-knot. Bobby pins hold it in place

4. A huge belt-buckle, castoff from a worn belt, holds down your chignon. Thread the buckle with cord, tie it down to hold the hair in place



5. Costume ring strung willy-nilly on velvet ribbon make a sweet circlet for your up-do. Loop the ribbon around your head, tie a bow in back

studio audience, not sent in as they are now. Dan and his wife, Ann Sheridan, the former program director of WINS, were then living in a one-room apartment in the Hotel Ansonia. A bellhop phoned several mornings after the first program and said he had a package for them. The package, it turned out, consisted of 5,000 fan letters, which flooded the tiny apartment, but the program was made and Canada Dry grabbed it. "Info" now draws about 60,000 questions per week. Twelve girls sift this batch down to about 1,000, and an editorial board further sifts to a couple of hundred. These get a final going-over from six specialists who, with Golenpaul, edit them. They are then filed and cross-filed for possible future use. Some are used so long after submission that occasionally the author can't be located because he's since died or moved away.

Golenpaul rules his show with an iron hand. When the American Tobacco Company insisted on using the slogan "Lucky Strike green has gone to war," Golenpaul also "went to war" and tried to enjoin them, because he said the sponsor was ruining his show with such drivel. The courts refused to grant an injunction but a million dollars worth of free publicity resulted. Then "Info" was sponsored by the H. J. Heinz Company and, last year, Mobilgas. Golenpaul says, "We'd still have Mobilgas but this year they wanted

an airplane motor in their commercials in addition to the Flying Red Horse. I told them nix. I was not going to have my show turned into 'Gangbusters.'" Dan thinks Parker Pen will be a nice, quiet, dignified sponsor.



January Snapshot—Dan Golenpaul

Since 1938, "Information, Please" has been awarded 21 prizes for merit as a quiz and educational program. Dan Golenpaul may be a stern taskmaster but he's pyramided a \$400 sustainer into a \$12,500 bonanza in eight short years.

THE END

HOW TO BE A GIRL

[Continued from Page 16]

going to be home all evening too. While you are suggesting certain improvements in his character your mother says for goodness' sake to quiet down. She told Mrs. Tomlinson you'd be delighted to sit with the kids tonight so you couldn't have made a date anyway. Suddenly your normally sweet and peachy disposition explodes. Nobody in this family gives two hoots what happens to you. They don't care if you do nothing but homework night in and night out. Just because you're broke once in a while doesn't mean you want to sit every evening with brats who won't go to sleep. And this is only the beginning. By the time your father comes home you're going but good.

WHY do we take this up? What the heck—you get pushed around a little and you blow up. Then it's over and everything's sunny. That's when you blow up at the family. But every other person in your life will take an explosion from you more seriously. That's why we are taking up temper; because we consider it an extremely dangerous element in people's relationships. Even if you feel you are a pretty well-balanced girl, nobody is above getting mad, so you ought to understand what causes it and how to handle it whether you're dishing it out or taking it.

Temper is destructive. It's like a runaway jeep; out of control and running

up and over or through everything that gets in its way. A temper begins when you first lose control. You say a few things about whatever it is that makes you mad and you get the wrong response. Either the victim argues with you and just irritates the sore spot that brought it on. Or he or she tries to soothe you and nothing is so infuriating as being soothed under the circumstances because you know they're not really taking in what you're saying. Right away you gain momentum in your mad. You say stronger things. And you do it, whether you realize it or not, to get attention. You say something that will hurt, will sting them into listening to you. You probably succeed at last. But in so doing you've hurt or even destroyed part of your relationship; with the person you're in a temper at. This sounds more fearsome than any temper you've been in so far, we know. But it's not an exaggeration for what will happen from now on. As you get older people give you credit for more thought behind what you say and do. If you turn on a friend she's likely to think you mean what you say. If you go through the ceiling about how dull and full of strained carrots your life is when you discover your husband's going bowling with the boys, he's likely to worry about whether your life really is too dull and wonder if you're unhappy. And that will hurt him. You don't honestly want to do

that—not to that darling man whose life you were going to make so wonderful.

As to handling a temper when you feel it rising in your throat, we are great believers in the influence of the gray matter on your behavior. We think that if you understand a thing you can more often than not act intelligently on it. Even if you're madder than hops. We're no psychologist but it is our amateur experience that a temper is brought on primarily by pressure of some sort on you. What made you blow up in the family tangle we made up for you was not your brother's mufing your phone call, really, nor your mother's making a sitting date for you; it was the fact that you were depressed at not going out on a Friday night with the rest of the gang. You were little Miss Dynamite under the pressure of gloom and the family was just a box of matches. Worry is another pressure. If you're flunking math and see no hope, you may be so edgy that your sister's borrowing your bobby pins would send you off. And there are physical pressures—tiredness and nervousness or a bad headache. It is terribly, terribly tough to stand up under pressure and not let go. But you will have to learn to, because life is full of pressure. When you feel your temper rising, hang on to it long enough to think why you feel so sensitive. What makes the world look so black? When you know, you can announce it to the assembled family. "Listen," you say, "my head's full of Zowies and I'd better not be crossed or I'll bite." This will be relaxing. The time you take to think what's the matter with you and to tell the family acts as a brake on your feelings. You cool off and the air is clearer. Secondly, it helps to ease the pressure; telling someone else about it always does. The feeling of being pushed back against the wall feeds upon itself. The more you worry about that math, the more futile it looks; the more you are aware of that pain in your back, the more pressure there seems to be on the old nervous system. And the greater the pressure, the lower your boiling point. Talking about it, making a crack about how fierce you are, relaxes you. You won't feel that terrific urge to pound on the table with your fist and voice. Of course people will cross you. Of course they do things that would make anybody just furious. But without that grim feeling of pressure, you can think quietly how best to handle them so that it will blow over smoothly and not happen again.

Believe us, life's a lot less exhausting if you don't put yourself through a wringer any more than you can help. Better for the face, too. When you get mad, you get splotchy. When you're feeling kindly toward one and all, you're far from being the worst-looking girl in the world, even to your brother's unflattering eye.

Somebody loves us We've been alarmed by the sharp comments made by some returning GI's on American girls. Practically every European female they met would make a better little woman than we would. But we saw a letter from a young Briton who was here during the

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war and who has now gone home to England. He writes that he hopes to find an American girl—thinks we're better adjusted and more fun. Relax, group: the British'll marry us!

Walk—don't slouch—to the nearest entrance We've been out in the park observing walk-types and we collected quite a number of specimens: the creeping Indian, the pelican, the Chaplin slap-foot, the shaggy pony and that well-known variety, the duck. The distressing thing was how many cute slim figures were lost in the slouches and curvatures. We marked more than one girl as Sloppy Work C—, whose closer inspection proved to be special as to face and expensive as to wrapping, but who certainly entered herself in the shaggy pony class with her gait. We finally got in such a state over the wasted effort to look beautiful and the fear that maybe we were contorting our new gray coat, that we went to see Dr. Joseph Interland, the foot specialist, and said, "Listen," we said. "How do you walk?"

Dr. Interland told us. You put your feet down on the ground correctly. Then you'll walk beautifully. He says that bad posture can be caused by deviations in the way you walk. That is because the deviations cause a pull which wrenches you out of line. If you want to see what he means, turn your toes out and try walking. Feel how your spine is forced to curve in? Now turn them toward each other and walk. Very widening across the

[Continued on Page 72]

GRAVY RICH BROWN DELICIOUS

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IN A WORD



by WILLIAM L. WERNICKE

THE whole family can get together on this quiz. Here's a chance to put your wits to work by wrapping up the answers in the smallest possible package—one word. A score of 50% is good, 70% very good, and 80% or over is, . . . in a word, excellent!

FATHER

1. What common object used by businessmen contains "counterfoils"?
2. Compounded annually at 6%, money will double itself in how many years?
3. What American utility was developed by Hill, Harriman, Vanderbilt and Gould?
4. How many sides does the Pentagon Building in Washington have?
5. Is a gentlemen's agreement enforceable in a court of law?
6. From a buyer's viewpoint, which is better . . . 20 & 60 off, or 60 & 20 off?
7. Is a graduate from Oxford University an Oxfordian, Oxonian, or Oxfordite?
8. Is it socially permissible for a butler to wear a moustache?
9. Is the Sturmovik a Russian plane, infantryman, or tank?
10. Of all the creatures in the animal kingdom, which is the highest developed?

MOTHER

1. In cookery, is it just as proper to use the word "receipt" as "recipe"?
2. After how many years is a "tin" wedding anniversary celebrated?
3. Is it socially permissible to use a piece of bread as a "pusher"?
4. What food, often used as a dessert, has its seeds on the outside?
5. Grenadine is obtained by boiling sugar with the juice of what fruit?
6. Would you recommend a "couturier" for a dress, a hat, or a hair-do?
7. What kind of dance is always done in three-quarter time?
8. At birth, what color eyes do almost all babies have?

THE ANSWERS

- FATHER** 1. checkbook 2. twelve 3. railroads 4. five 5. no 6. same 7. Oxonian 8. no 9. plane 10. man
- MOTHER** 1. yes 2. ten 3. yes 4. strawberries 5. pomgranate 6. dress 7. waltz 8. blue 9. sock 10. napkin
- DAUGHTER** 1. springs 2. fourteen 3. no 4. spring 5. ten 6. north 7. living 8. either 9. bridegroom's 10. corduroy
- SON** 1. normal 2. golf 3. apple 4. barometer 5. neither 6. tall 7. Africa 8. experimental 9. maple 10. rowing

HOW TO BE A GIRL

[Continued from Page 71]

thighs. You can't have a lovely figure without walking well and you have to start with your feet.

How do you stand? In the specialist's office they have a lot of purple ink and before you leave they have a lovely purple footprint, but for your purposes a little water and brown paper will do. Dampen your foot and stand comfortably on the paper with your feet six inches apart. Now step off and trace your footprint before it dries out. Study it. The right footmark is straight from the little toe to the outside of the heel. Then draw a straight line down between the first and second toes. Your right heel should come almost entirely to the right side of it; the left to the left side of it—a fraction of an inch one way or the other is all right. And both feet should be the same.



Then what? If your feet practically face each other or are going off in opposite directions, what do you do about it? You walk on two parallel lines six inches apart. Take a long roll of paper and draw two lines, six inches apart, on it and put it on the floor. Or tack two pieces of string down, six inches apart. Walk down the lines so that they come between your first and second toes at every step. That will bring your feet into the correct alignment. When you do it, try to put your heel down first, then the outside edge of your foot and finally the base of your big toe which acts as a supporting spring. You should have a tendency, a tendency only, to place more weight on the outside of your foot than the inside. Practice until you can stand comfortably on the paper and leave the right footmark.

The angel with winged foot—that's going to be you in the park!

Most complete title of the season: the one attached to the song, "That Little Dream Got Nowhere."

Do I have to wear a hat? This is a question we've had several letters about, so here's all we know about it. There are three reasons for wearing a hat: one is to keep your head and ears warm; another is to add to your costume; and the third is to give you an air of formality. If you don't mind your ears dropping off, you don't have to wear a hat for the first reason, ever. As to looks, it depends on what you're wearing and as to formality there is less and less of it all the time, but there is still some. Time was when no lady went out without a hat, gloves and violet spats. Now, however, you needn't wear stockings a lot of the time although we still find no stockings and white gloves an odd combine. There's no reason why you have to wear a hat to school unless you want to. Since people your age go hatless so much of the time you don't have to wear one on a date, but we'd hate to see you just skip the whole idea. An adorable hat is quite an

item in how you look. Also, if you don't wear a hat, your hair has to look shiny like moonlight if you want to look divine. If it doesn't, you'd better wear that turquoise bonnet. You do have to wear a hat in the circles where hats are worn, like an afternoon party with two or more generations of guests. Your mother and her friends consider it a courtesy to the hostess to dress their best. And their best means hat and gloves. They are more formal than your gang. The only person who doesn't wear a hat at a tea or a reception is the hostess. The hostess doesn't wear one because she is in her own home. And, of course, we don't need to remind you that you must wear one to church.

Our answer to whether you have to wear a hat is really, "How do you want to look and would a hat do it better?"

Bye bye now. SBH

DON'T BE AFRAID TO FALL

[Continued from Page 46]

are those with ankle or leg injuries.

You don't have to learn to skate at indoor artificial ice rinks only: most skaters learn on their local frozen swimming hole or river. It's a good idea your first time out to hire an instructor or bring a friend to lean on. If you can't find a friend to come out with you, it will surprise you how much help you can get by using the firm branch of a tree, a stick or the upright post of a chair to lean on for support while you learn your first skating strokes. Outdoor ice is better to learn on because there is more space, and because you will be wearing heavier clothing to cushion the shock of any falls you might take.

Now you're ready to start. Bend your knees, lean body and shoulders forward and look where you're going (as in dancing), not down at the ice or your feet. Relax as much as you can and smile! Remember, you're out for fun. At this point you're in about the same spot as the novice driver on the ten-foot board for the first time. Your solution, though, is not a leap, but a sentence. Say to yourself, "If I can get out there and fall two or three times, I'll learn to skate."

Remember that falling is nothing to be ashamed of. Everybody does it. In fact, the better you skate, the more you'll fall, because you'll try new things. The best skaters fall in practice, and in public, too. Many stars tumble in their solos at ice carnivals, and members of the ice ballet often fall during a routine they've done a thousand times.

If you can look at a fall objectively and sanely, you'll conquer your fear of it. All the top performers once were afraid of falling.

It always amuses me when someone says smugly, "I never fall when I skate." I mark that person down as a poor skater. True, the "rail-holder" and the "never-faller" never fall. But they never skate either.

Every beginner should be taught how to fall, but few are. They have to pick up

[Continued on Page 74]



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TIN CANS INTO TOYS

by MARGARET SCOTT

OUR canned food comes in such an array of sizes that a compound nest of eight that slide into each other may be collected from the average kitchen in a short time. I used a safety type of can opener in removing the tops, then sandpapered the edges smooth. I painted all the cans with different shades of bright colored enamel and decorated them with decalcomanias or transfer pictures from the dime store. So there are my birthday presents for the children—gaily colored, easily made, inexpensive, fun to build with and practically indestructible.

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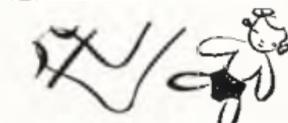
HEEL AND TOE and away we go!

by EVE MEDOFF

Is it pouring madly out of doors, and are your two little girls restless with being housebound? Take heart! Reach into your mending bag and come up with that old bundle of socks, those orphans who have lost their mates and those optimistic ones who wait for the darning that never comes, because they are too small or too faded or just unlucky.

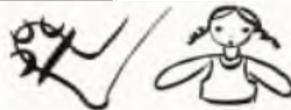
Show your little daughters how to go to work on them to create new, intriguing wardrobes for their dolls. Socks are versatile fellows so don't worry too much about which size doll they are meant for. Cut away, try the little garments on Mopsy or Gwendolyn and see how pleased they look.

beanie This is a good one to begin with. Cut off the toe of the sock, straight across. Pull it down over doll's head. Roll up the edge and that is all. Dolly now has a new headgear. Simple?



shorts Now let's give dolly a pair of play shorts. Cut off another sock toe. This time cut a hole in each side of the closed end. Slip them on and presto—she's ready for a swim.

halter Again use the toe of a sock. Repeat as for the shorts. Then cut a hole in the point of the toe, between the two side holes. Slip it on over the doll's head and arms.



skirt Cut off the ribbed part of the sock. Leaving the finished edge for the waist, cut vertically between the ribs, part way up, to make a fringe at the bottom part and add fullness to the skirt.

sweater Again snip off the cuff of a sock, making it longer than the skirt, and cut two holes out of the sides, about one quarter of the way down. Slip it on over dolly's head and arms and turn down the top to make a turtle-neck collar.



dress For a full-length dress, cut as for the sweater, but longer. Fringe the bottom, split the turtle neck and tie a colored string around the waist for a belt.

wig Finally, if dolly hasn't a hair on her head, make her a wig by cutting off the toe of a black or brown or yellow sock. Cut as shown. Fringe for bangs and tresses and then glue onto the head.



DON'T BE AFRAID TO FALL

[Continued from Page 75]

the pointers by falling countless times in their own inimitable ways.

Here's the right way to fall. When you slip or stumble, don't fight it. Lean forward and stretch your arms out in front of you as far as you can, palms down, and you'll land on your stomach as if you're swimming. That's the forward fall.

The only other kind of fall is the backward fall. When you feel that coming, drop one arm to your side, palm down, the other forward to act as a lever, and squat, letting your backward arm break the fall and letting your legs extend forward as you come closer to the ground.

"But," you may ask, "how do I know when I'm going to fall?"

You don't. But we all have an instinct of self-preservation, so if you'll keep these simple instructions in mind, they'll function automatically when the fall occurs.

When you're down on the ice the easiest way to get up is to turn on your hands and knees. Don't hurry. In a kneeling position with your weight on whichever knee is more comfortable for you, push the ice with your palms and dig into the ice with the toe of the foot in back.

NATURALLY, it takes time for your heretofore unused muscles to develop and there is only one thing to do about it. Be patient. Don't skate too long your first three times out. Rest frequently. After your third or fourth time on the ice, your ankles and leg muscles will be broken in. If you are ambitious, a little home exercise will help, such as rising up and down, heel and toe, about twenty-five times a day.

As you practice skating, you will be very much surprised at the improvement you will make in a short while, but all the instruction that you will ever be able to afford will not do your skating an ounce of good unless you practice often. And don't allow yourself to become discouraged in the early stages.

If you can't, or don't want to go in for strenuous exercise, plain skating is the least strenuous sport in which you can indulge. And you're never too old. You can skate till you're ninety!

Not only does skating develop poise and grace, but it's also a guaranteed panacea for gloom. There's something exhilarating about gliding along with the wind in your face. In addition, the ease on skates carries over to your walking and posture. Socially, too, ice skating has its advantages. There's a gay informal air at a skating rink and it's easy to make friends with other skaters.

Yes, ice skating is gaining in popularity all the time. It used to be just a winter sport. Now it's popular in all seasons. But for the would-be skater, whether you skate in January or July, it's always the "fall" season. Forget the adage about always going onward and upward. Get out on the ice and go downward. Learn the art of falling and you'll learn to be a good skater.

NEIGHBORS

[Continued from Page 9]

Neighbor contributors, and I'm still enjoying homemaking. "Cooking for two can be wasteful or monotonous so I try for as much variety as possible and yet take short cuts. With my muffin batter I make every two muffins different, in a set of eight muffin cups. Put chopped raisins or prunes in two, leave two plain, put a tablespoon of sugar or honey, and a tablespoon of chopped nuts in the bottom of two—pouring batter on top. On the last two I half fill the cups with batter, then put in a tablespoon of any jelly or thick jam I have open, then fill with batter." *Mrs. Dorothy H. Foster, Edgewood Arsenal, Md.*



"I have found how to serve waffles, comfortably and quickly, to a dozen people. Cook most of the waffles ahead of time and place them singly on the shelves in the oven, with a low fire. They stay crisp and warm." *Mrs. H. C. Schuler, Ventnor, N. J.* "Metal crochet and knitting needles, not in use, should be wrapped in a piece of waxed paper. This protects them from rust, and the slight amount of wax that may stick to them makes them easier to use." *Elna H. Pedersen, Ashov, Minn.*

"At baby's feeding time, I wear a bib tied around my neck and turned over my left shoulder. A great help when burping the baby as my clothes are protected." *Mrs. Claire Bologna, Waterbury, Conn.* "When cutting up clothing that simply can't be salvaged any more, I save the larger pieces for window cloths, etc. Then I put the small scraps, left from cutting, right next to my jar of silver cream. Saves so much time from cloth hunting when I want to do any amount of silver polishing." *Mrs. Emery J. Stupar, Kent, Ohio.* "I ripped and washed an Army duffel bag, made two good shopping bags, 20 by 20.



Boxed the bottom about four inches and inserted a heavy piece of cardboard, cut to fit. Inside pocket for sugar station book and money. Handles of several thicknesses, well stitched. Bags were made of wrong side of material, to conceal Army numbers." *Betty Gallagher, New York, N. Y.*



Three dollars will be paid for each letter published and one dollar for each brief, practical Neighbor suggestion quoted from letters submitted. Address Dorothy Blake, Neighbor Editor, Woman's Day, 19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.

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S.O.S.

 the magic cleanser
of pots and pans


HALF-HAT FOR YOUR SUIT

ITS small and headfitting, blends nicely with your updo, looks fine with hair down too. We made it from tiny wool scraps, leftovers from our winter suit, and 2 fur tails for trim. When seamed together, the scraps (the kind we usually throw out) gave us a piece large enough for a half-hat.

For basic pattern, we used an old calot and shaped the scraps to fit the front half-crown of the calot. Then we bias-taped the edges, lined the inside with rayon to cover the seams, and stitched a fur tail to each side of the crown. For an updo we looped the tails around and back of the top-knot, as shown; for a downdo, you can pin them to the back of the hat, or roll them at each side, d'sughnut-fashion.

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The DASH that
makes the DISH

How to Avoid Saving Money

by DANNY KAYE



First, cut off all your pockets. By carrying your money you will—1. spend it, 2. lose it, 3. get it taken from you—quicker! And shun budgets! Just draw your pay and walk down Main Street buying anything you don't particularly hate.

Above all, don't buy any U. S. Savings Bonds—or it's impossible not to save money! These gilt-edged documents pay fat interest—4 dollars for 3 after only 10 years! There is even an insidious Payroll Savings Plan by which you buy bonds automatically. Soon you have closets full. You may even find yourself embarrassed by a regular income!

Danny Kaye

SAVE THE EASY WAY...

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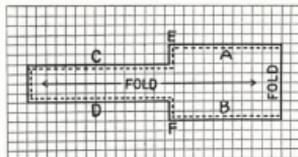
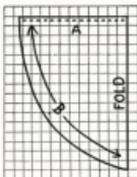


JERSEY MAKES A SNOOD



FROM $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard of 54" wool jersey (or from $\frac{1}{2}$ yard if you piece the headband) you can make this head-hugging snood to wear as you like. See the two versions above. It's cut of two sections, the front tie-band, and the back, elastic-gathered like a pouch to hold your hair.

Cut paper patterns according to the diagrams below; on them each square equals one inch. To make the back (top diagram) fold a 16" x 23" piece of fabric double, bringing it to 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 16". Then lay your pattern and cut. Dotted line A is the front, framing the face. Make a casing at curve B, insert elastic to make it into a pouch. For the headband and ties (lower diagram), fold the fabric to get an 8" x 26" double thickness. Lay your pattern and cut. (If you are making the snood from $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of jersey and piecing it, seam where fold is indicated). Now, open the piece out to get a section 52" long. To make the double-thickness ties you have to fold it in half the other way (lengthwise) with the fabric wrong side out. Stitch the ties from points E to F around dotted lines C and D. Then turn the fabric right side out and press the ties flat. Stitch the headband to the crown, A to A on the wrong side. Then fold the band back over itself and whip-stitch dotted line B to dotted line A on the right side of the crown.



THE HOLLYWOOD PICTURE

[Continued from Page 11]

been solely limited to musicals, however. In "Notorious" Ingrid Bergman though in love with Cary Grant married Claude Rains, and Cary Grant, as her lover, didn't lift a finger to prevent her. The lovers were both government agents and the purpose of the marriage was to trap Claude Rains as a Nazi ringleader. But people in love just don't indulge in marriage for purely business reasons, even when that business is espionage. Or am I being naïve?

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

THE YEARLING (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). If you read Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' Pulitzer Prize novel you have probably been looking forward to seeing this picture with mixed anticipation and dubiousness. Too often a fine novel is so altered and embellished with superfluous Hollywood touches in its transition to the screen that one almost needs a libretto to follow the original thread of the story. But "The Yearling" is a faithful reproduction on the screen of a beautiful and touching story. Greatly aided by Technicolor and superb photography, the real strength of the picture lies in its excellent casting, for it is long, and many of its sequences move with the slow, monotonous tempo of life in the backwoods, which could easily become tedious without the warmth of the characters. Claude Jarman, Jr. as Jody, the little boy who adopts a faun for a playmate, is wonderfully right, and his scenes with the faun are so tenderly moving that the picture would be memorable even without the compelling story of his parents and their valiant struggle for existence in the Florida swamp country. Gregory Peck as Jody's father lends force, dignity and simplicity to the role. Jane Wyman does a remarkable piece of acting as the somber, repressed mother who covers sorrow and grief with harsh words and complaints. The heterogeneous members of the crazy Forrester tribe are like weird caricatures, but they are extremely funny and provide some welcome moments of boisterous comedy.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has been loudly proclaiming for months that "This is the Year of THE YEARNING." I quite agree with them. They really have something to shout about. It's a great picture.

In this month's DECEPTION, (Warner Brothers), Bette Davis is so madly in love with a young cellist that she actually commits murder in order to prevent his learning of her amorous alliance with an elderly and wealthy composer. But this love for the impoverished musician is greatly distorted by the fact that she clings to the expensive apartment as well as the numerous fur coats and beautiful gowns provided by her protector. Great love apparently may resort to murder, but it will not go in for poverty. Well, Hollywood may call it love.

THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL (Warner Brothers) is perhaps the forerunner of a new trend in musicals. For the first time, to my knowledge, the screen has caught the essential spirit

and insouciance of musical comedy as it is on the stage. The picture doesn't take itself the least bit seriously, and prances merrily along, never pausing in its brisk pace for efforts to wring tears for its troubled lovers. There are lovers, to be sure, and they have some trouble, naturally, as who doesn't, but the predominating things are comedy and gaiety.

MARGIE (Twentieth Century-Fox) hasn't the fresh breeziness and mad hilarity of "The Time, The Place, etc.," but it has a great deal of warmth, charm and bright comedy. It will undoubtedly give you a nice case of nostalgia for the days of rolled stockings, flopping galoshes, bright red motor cars and raccoon coats, for the old familiar tunes of that time running all through the picture as a musical background will have you smiling in fond memory almost as much as the amusing antics of Margie.

THE PERFECT MARRIAGE (Paramount) with Loretta Young, David Niven, Charlie Ruggles, Virginia Field, Eddie Albert and Zasu Pitts. Glossy finish high comedy, bristling with bright witty dialogue. Veddly smart, veddly sophisticated, and veddly veddly funny too. A new child star, Nona Griffith, is captivating.

WHITE TIE AND TAILS (Universal) with Dan Duryea, Ella Raines and William Bendix. Sprightly and amusing. Dan Duryea is a young, handsome and very erudite butler who becomes involved in upper-class romance; Ella Raines is the upper class, and William Bendix is a night club owner whose ambition is to be a Well-Dressed Man. You know already that Bendix will make you laugh.

THE DARK MIRROR (Universal) with Olivia de Havilland, Lew Ayres, and Thomas Mitchell. Olivia is twins in this, and one of her is a murderer. It takes a great deal of psychiatry and sleuthing to discover which is the killer. Very tense, exciting, and filled with suspense. Miss de Havilland is excellent, both of her.

THE END

DOUBLE ENGAGEMENT

[Continued from Page 68]

Eddie went to a public telephone booth in the camp store, armed with a large amount of change, and stared at the black mouthpiece. What he would have to do now would not be easy.

Tina came on the phone, she was surprised at his calling from Florida.

He said, "I've got to talk fast, Tina." He explained the situation—Pop was better, but still had to have care. He explained about the woman who didn't come and what the doctor suggested.

At that point Tina interrupted. "But, Eddie," she said, "what will you do with him up here?"

"I don't know yet, but I'll work something out," he said.

"But he may get better and then he'd want to go back there—to Florida. He hates the cold, you said."

Eddie said gently, "He won't get that much better, Tina."

"Wouldn't they take care of him better

[Continued on Page 78]



COUCHING TRIMS OUR TRIPLET BAGS

HERE is a set of decorative bags, in three graduated sizes, which you can copy. Of cherry red wool, they have a geometric design of black cotton rug yarn worked in the easy couching stitch. The little bag can hold a change purse, the middle bag cosmetics and the big one bulkier things. To make them you need $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of wool, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of rayon, one 4" and two 7" zippers and a ball of cotton rug yarn.

Allowing for seams, cut two circles $7\frac{1}{2}$ " in diameter of red wool and two more of rayon. In the same way cut 6" and $4\frac{1}{2}$ " circles. Then with tailor's chalk divide each red circle in half, in quarters and finally in eighths, as shown by dotted lines in diagram below. Couching design for a $4\frac{1}{2}$ " circle is shown by solid lines in upper right of diagram. Lay yarn just inside chalk line and fasten with thread, with stitches $\frac{1}{8}$ " apart. Continue along outside of small circle and back to center, making a sort of triangle. Work two more rows of couching inside first and repeat design around circle. Decorate second small circle and the 6" and $7\frac{1}{2}$ " circles as in diagram.

Sew matching pairs of wool circles together with opening at top for zippers. Stitch zippers to openings, join matching rayon circles and insert as linings. Cut strap handles 2" wide and following lengths: $23\frac{1}{2}$ ", 20" and $15\frac{1}{2}$ ". Fold each the long way, seam and turn right side out. Seam ends and finish with two rows of couching 2" long. Sew longest strap to biggest bag $\frac{1}{2}$ " below zipper ends, then attach handles to other bags. Join three handles by wrapping yarn around them and tacking yarn ends down.



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there—where he's been—if he had to go back to the hospital?"

From her point of view what she said always made sense. Perhaps she might even be right. But Eddie knew he was bringing Pop north.

He said sharply, "Tina, I guess you'd better wire me two hundred dollars here tomorrow. I'll give you the address." She took the address, without further comment, and the operator said his time was up. He called, "Good-by, darling," and hung up.

Confound it, he thought, leaving the booth, he had not handled it right. He had been tired and worried. He had spoken sharply, under a burden of embarrassment at asking her to send him money from their joint account. He left the drugstore where he had telephoned, feeling really depressed.

EDDIE packed Pop's trunk, cleaned and scrubbed the cabin, paid Pop's rent to date, paid the hospital from the money that had come, and left a forwarding address at the local post office. He arranged for Pop and him to be driven to the airport, and on Saturday morning he had all Pop's friends at the camp come and say good-by to him—and it was touching. They knew Pop was leaving for good.

When they reached the airport a half hour ahead of plane time, and Eddie went in to pick up the reservation, the clerk said, "But there's only one reservation."

"Yes," Eddie said, "but it's for two. I have to have two. I can't let Pop go up on the plane alone."

"The clerk did some quick telephoning, but finally he said, 'I'm sorry. One is all there is.'"

Eddie and Pop had been through narrow squeezes before and Eddie had learned one thing—don't give up. Don't admit you're beaten. So he explained urgently how it was: the cabin was closed, the trunk was packed, Pop was ill and had to get north, and they had driven thirty miles to the airport. What's more, the airport had made the mistake, because he had said he needed two cancellations.

"Well, they must've misunderstood," the clerk said, uncomfortably. He jabbed at a piece of paper. "There's nothing I can do," he said. "I just can't clear you both through to New York."

"How far can you clear us through?" Eddie said.

The clerk checked again and said, "Only to the next stop, a hundred miles north. You could check in there and maybe there'd be a cancellation there, but there's no guaranty. If you get to Jacksonville, there's two lines out of there."

"We'll go," Eddie said.

"If you say so," the clerk said. He made out the tickets to the next stop north.

A small transport glided in and Eddie and Pop climbed aboard.

Pop had never been on an airplane before and Eddie was worried about how he'd take it. Pop sat down with a tight-lipped look on his face and gripped the

arms of the seat. Eddie leaned over him and gently buckled the belt across his middle. Pop let go a glimmer of a smile. The plane taxied to the end of the field, turned and roared. A few moments later the ground dropped away under them.

"Well, you're in the air, Pop," Eddie said.

"It ain't goin' up—it's comin' down," Pop said. He seemed to look at the ground, dropping off under them, with a certain disinterest. "Where is this?" he said.

"It's still Florida."

"Florida, hey?"

"Yes, but we're going to New York."

Pop still held firmly to the seat arms and did not look at the ground as Florida changed from a place of living flowers to a dead map of continual swamps.

At the next stop, Eddie got a seat to Jacksonville, and at Jacksonville was able to change planes within a couple of hours and continue on to New York.

TO ORDER PATTERNS

shown on pages 4 and 42-43

If these patterns are not sold in your local store, you can order them from The Butterick Company office nearest you. Be sure to state the size and pattern number and include correct purchase price. Patterns on page 4 are: coat, 3890, 12-42, 35½; suit, 3567, 12-20, 50; jerkin, 3415, 12-42, 35½. On pages 42-43, dress, 3782, 12-20, 35½. The Butterick Company offices are:

161 Sixth Ave., New York 13, N. Y.

Rhodes Building Annex,
Atlanta 3, Ga.

536 South Clark St.,
Chicago 5, Ill.

Santa Fe Building Unit 2,
Dallas 2, Tex.

552 Mission St.,
San Francisco 5, Cal.

Approaching Norfolk, Pop turned pale and his head began to fall forward.

"The old man not feeling well?" a neighboring passenger said. "The attendant can give him something to sleep."

Pop seemed to hear and, by a stubborn effort of will, he straightened up his head and managed a smile.

When they arrived at Eddie's rooming house in New York, about eight o'clock that evening, Pop sank into a chair and said, "I'm glad to be here, Eddie."

"I'm glad you're here, Pop," Eddie said.

Pop looked all around him and settled himself more comfortably in his chair. He said, "You know I figured if we were going to crash, we were going to crash. You only die once."

Eddie stared at him and thought, so he was afraid. But Pop hadn't let out a word about it. And that was like him.

Later Eddie went down and telephoned Tina. She asked how the trip had been and how Pop was, and he told her. He said he himself was tired.

"What will you do about Pop?" she said.

"The landlady's putting a cot in for me tonight and Pop will sleep in my bed. But I'll have to find some place that'll take care of him tomorrow. I think maybe I can find some boarding place that'll give him a little extra care."

So far what Tina had said was all right, but her voice—something was wrong with her voice.

He said, the fatigue dragging into his own voice. "I want to see you, Tina."

"Yes," Tina said.

"Yes," he thought, was not exactly the way to put it and it was not said with the right expression, but they arranged to see one another the following afternoon.

The following afternoon Eddie soberly approached the rather pleasant, gambler-roofed house on Long Island where Tina lived with her parents. When she came to the door in a dark flurry of hair, he wanted to kiss her, but he saw at once that something in the nature of frightened self-consciousness got in the way.

"Come in," she said.

The house was warm and he slid the topcoat off his shoulders. As she took it from him, she smiled, and the smile was a kind of relief between them.

"I'm sorry Ted isn't home," she said. "Nobody's home." She and Eddie went together into the living room and sat down on a sofa of banded lavender and silver stripes. Tina let her closed hands rest on the lithe angle of her knees and stared intently before her.

HE thought it would help to tell about Pop and with words not too well put together he tried to convey what Pop meant to him and he to Pop; he tried to convey the mixture of courage—and weakness—he had seen in Pop. All this, he thought, would explain why he had had to bring Pop north.

Against it was something not to be reasoned away, something beyond explanation and reason. It had something to do with unreason, which filled the very air. It was strange, he thought, the dread that hung between them.

"Eddie," she said, "Eddie, I think—we're not going to get married."

It was unreason all right. "Did you announce the engagement at the party?" he said.

"No," she said.

"We are going to get married," he said.

"No." She opened one hand which had within it the engagement ring he had given her, but which she had not yet worn. She held it out to him.

"What's the trouble, dearest?" he said quietly.

"Nothing."

It probably was nothing she could explain. It was something that had happened between the time of his leaving and getting back, a kind of reversal. She had had such a hard time making a decision and then it had not gone ahead

[Continued on Page 80]



Susie S. asks: "How can square bathtubs get a ring around them?"



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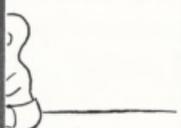
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A
HOME MOVIE
OF
JUNIOR

by FRANCIS DAHL



right. When it swung over "wrong" for her, it was nothing she could put in words. But there was his preoccupation about Pop—almost like he was leaving her—his blind concern for Pop, going down and then bringing Pop back. It was a symbol and it was a dark, paralyzing thing for her. All Eddie's understanding of her told him that; he knew what it was for her. She was in dread probably of his saying it was Pop, or the drawing of the money from the bank—and it wasn't that. It wasn't those things and she need not have any fear of his saying so.

He said, "Tina, I love you. Keep the ring."

She said nothing.
"I want you to come tomorrow night and see me and Pop. Will you?" he said.

Her eyes wavered. "All right," she said. He knew that had taken courage.

"You can tell me tomorrow night about the ring," he said.

SOMETHING of Pop's old inner light seemed to follow the gentle strokes with which Eddie scraped off Pop's small growth of beard.

He smiled as Eddie ran his fingers over the smooth-shaven cheeks. "I guess I look better now," he said.

After the shave Pop sat down in a chair by a front window of Eddie's room. He said nothing and seemed to dream.

When the knock came Eddie crossed to the door and threw it open. Tina stood before them, opening her flaring black woolen coat and just raising her head. She wasn't smiling.

"Hello, darling," he said, "come in." He brought her across to Pop and introduced her.

"So this is Tina," Pop said, like he wanted to get a fact very definite and clear.

"That's right, Pop."
"Lovely," Pop said.

Tina flushed but said nothing. Eddie watched to see the effect Pop was having on her. Her eyes softened. He knew Pop would have his inevitable effect and that she would understand at least that much.

He took Tina's coat and she sat down with a flick of her skirt, setting her knees first close to one another and then relaxing them. Her hands seemed to move of themselves with a vague tension, then they, too, relaxed. Eddie drew up a chair between her and Pop, and Pop glanced from one of them to the other.

"Tina," he said, "well . . ."
To gain time, Eddie said, "I've found a place near here where Pop can board."

Pop said, "A real good place. That woman there is a real goodhearted woman."

"Yes, she is," Eddie said.
After that had been said, quiet fell on them all.

Eddie felt in Tina now, though deeper hidden, the same old bafflement and dread. If there was to be any real "break," he thought, it would have to come from touching that deep-hidden spot in her, not from anything else.

Then it came—fast. Pop said, "So you're going to marry Eddie."

Tina turned to Eddie with a look that

said, "You haven't told him! Her face hardened and she said, "No, I'm not going to marry him."

"It must be my mind," Pop said. He turned to Eddie. "Wasn't you going to marry her, Eddie?" he said.

"I am going to."
"What's the matter? What's happened?" Pop said to Tina.

"Nothing."
"When did this happen?" Pop said. A preternatural understanding came into his eyes. "This happen since Eddie come down there to Florida?"

Tina nodded.
"Is it me done it?" Pop said.
Eddie saw the dread mounting in Tina. She shook her head.

Pop's voice and look changed and he said quietly to Tina, "You was engaged to Eddie, wasn't you?"

"We were going to announce it," she said.

"You sure you wanted to get married to him before?"

Tina cried, "No!" as if relieved to say it.

"I know," Pop said. "I know that feeling in a woman, a girl. My mind ain't what it should be, but I know that feeling. You love Eddie, but you got that other feeling." Pop glanced at Eddie. "Eddie," he said, "I'm going to tell her about Jane Allen."

"Pop," Eddie said, feeling his palms get moist, "no . . ." That wasn't necessary.

"When Eddie here was about ten," Pop said, "I fell in love with a girl by the name of Jane Allen. She loved me all right, but she had that same feeling in her—that woman fear, like I said. It's part fear to leave home, part fear to give in. I don't know. Anyhow there was Eddie. I thought maybe it was Eddie, so I shoved Eddie in an orphan asylum . . ."

"Pop!" Eddie said.
"It's told now. It's the most shameful thing I ever done."

"You got me out again!" Eddie said.
Pop said, "I got you out because I needed you again, Eddie."

Eddie said, "No," in a low voice.

"This Jane Allen, that's the point," Pop said. "She was scared even when I put Eddie in the orphan asylum. I'd hoped she might lose her fears then, but I guess she seen I was suffering from giving Eddie up and . . . Well, the whole thing never panned out." He rubbed his face. "I missed out and Jane Allen missed out. Jane Allen never did get married."

Pop was looking at Eddie. "Now I told it," he said. His blue eyes had a somber clarity. "You forgive me, boy?"

Eddie nodded.

LATER, going home, Tina handed Eddie the engagement ring and said, "I guess we don't need a party." She held up her finger and Eddie put the ring on it.

"I wouldn't ever have married anybody else," she said. She smiled a little. "I was scared. But I know I won't get scared any more." She raised her lips to him and he kissed her. "I know what happened to me now," she said, "and Pop knew."

"I counted on Pop," Eddie said.

THE END

Listen! Oh's and Ah's all
'round the table!

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