

OCTOBER, 1947

Woman's Day ^{5¢}



It cost only pennies to give this room a gleaming "carpet" of wax...



Perhaps you'd rather not put a price-tag on beauty. But isn't it nice to know you can give any room in your house a beauty treatment that costs only pennies!

Millions of women already know it well. They've seen the magic a fine polishing wax can work. That's why every year, for sixty years, more and more women have bought the red-and-yellow package of Johnson's Paste Wax for their homes.

Nothing, they've discovered, contributes so much beauty at such trifling cost. They use Johnson's Paste Wax regularly on their floors to impart a rich polish . . . a polish that grows more mellow after every application. They wax their furniture to keep it gleaming. They wax their window sills to prevent rain-spotting. They wax dozens of other things like radiator covers, leather goods, metal articles, to add a dust-repelling luster.

NO WONDER MORE WOMEN USE JOHNSON'S PASTE WAX TO BEAUTIFY AND PROTECT THEIR HOMES THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS OF PASTE WAX COMBINED. They know there's no finer wax to be had at any price.



To make floor polishing child's play, RENT a Johnson Polisher. Your wax dealer will rent you a Johnson's Electric Floor Polisher for a small charge. Many stores also have the Johnson Electric Floor Polisher for sale — Price \$44.50.



Laughs begin when you tune in . . .
Fibber McGee and Molly
—Tuesday nights — NBC

Five Famous Johnson Polishes

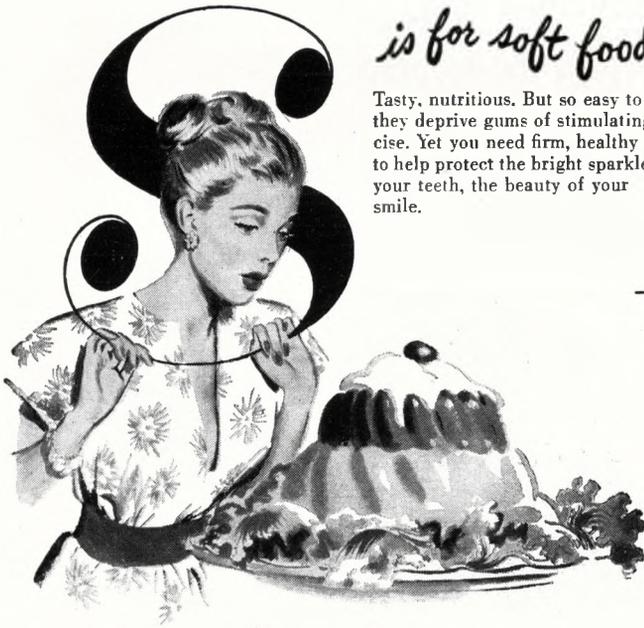


Paste Wax, Liquid Wax, Cream Wax
Self Polishing Glo-Coat, Carnu for cars

New! DRAX* Johnson's new product DRAX gives invisible wax protection to clothes and fabrics. DRAX-treated garments have a satin-smooth finish, resist dirt, keep fresh longer, are easier to wash and iron. Look for the DRAX tag on garments you buy. Ask your laundry and dry cleaner for DRAX service. Coming soon! DRAX for household use. Write for information.

is for soft foods

Tasty, nutritious. But so easy to *chew*, they deprive gums of stimulating exercise. Yet you need firm, healthy gums to help protect the bright sparkle of your teeth, the beauty of your smile.



is for "pink tooth brush"

Which means—see *your dentist*. He's the one to decide if those tender gums are another case where soft foods are robbing gums of exercise. If so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."



is for Ipana

And Ipana is the tooth paste specially designed to help keep teeth sparkling bright and clean. Dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 for their own personal use, according to a recent nationwide survey, which also shows that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend gum massage regularly or in special cases.



is for dazzle

Also delightful, de-lovely. All the things a sparkling smile makes you. So brush your teeth regularly with Ipana. And follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. You'll be thrilled with the brighter, more appealing radiance Ipana helps bring to your smile.



*Ipana tooth paste
for your Smile of Beauty!*

Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. So important is correct massage to sound teeth and a sparkling smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in specific cases, national survey shows. Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty.

Glendale

KNITTING CORP.

makers of

NITEY NITE SLEEPERS

will award

\$2000

in CASH PRIZES

to the best photographs
illustrating the slogan:

**"Time for
Nitey Nite"**

First Prize . . . \$1000

Second Prize . . . 500

Third Prize . . . 300

Fourth Prize . . . 200

Contest Rules

1. The contest is open to *amateurs* only.
2. No member or child of an employee of the Glendale Knitting Corp. may compete in the contest.
3. All photographs must be in black and white photography. Color photographs will not be considered. Prints or enlargements must not measure more than seven inches.
4. The child or children photographed must wear a Nitey Nite Sleeper or similar garment. No photographs will be returned.
5. As many photographs as desired may be entered in the contest.
6. All entries must have clearly written or printed on the back of the photograph the contestant's name and address and the name, address and age of the child or children photographed.
7. All entries must be mailed (and carry the postal stamp showing proof) on or before midnight November 15, 1947.
8. All pictures awarded prizes, their original negatives, and all rights thereto become the property of the Glendale Knitting Corp. Each contestant should be in a position to supply the original negative, assign the rights with the permission of parent or guardian, and furnish publication permission from recognizable people, if any, appearing in the picture.
9. The decisions of the judges will be final.

BOARD OF JUDGES

Miss Kate Smith—Beloved Radio Star
Mrs. Betty Green—Fashion Editor,
Parents' Magazine
Miss Charlotte Becker—Celebrated
Illustrator of Children's Books
Mrs. Margaret Fishback—Popular Author
Miss Margaret Bourke-White—Famous
Photographer

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS

The winners' names will be announced on Christmas Eve, December 24, 1947, by telephone and confirmed by letter.

Mail photographs to—

CONTEST DEPARTMENT

Glendale

KNITTING CORP. PERRY, N. Y.

WOMAN'S DAY • OCTOBER

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What goes on here

by PAYSON S. WILD, JR.

Conscription is a fighting word and Universal Military Training is an idea to get excited about, either pro or con. Professor Wild presents both sides, clarifies the issues involved and makes you the referee



During the next few months there is doubtless going to be a lot of talk about U. M. T. (Universal Military Training). Like a great many Americans you perhaps recoil at the very thought of it. Certainly

military training is not in the American tradition in peacetime. We have had the draft during wars but we have never had conscription as a permanent feature of our domestic scene. And should we have it now? That's what Congress and the people at large will be debating.

The issue really goes far beyond our likes and dislikes. In itself, military training has little appeal for most people. To the majority of us it isn't anything very attractive. Parents of young boys cannot ordinarily be expected to welcome an arrangement which would take their sons from home and put them into uniform for a time. The lads themselves tend to regard the training as a nuisance and as something which disrupts their plans for getting jobs or going on with their education unless such training is coupled with special financial or educational inducements. Even then, their enthusiasm may not be great.

No, if we went on a basis solely of what we liked, the vote against universal service would probably be overwhelming. Back of the almost instinctive revulsion at the idea is the dread and fear of another war. Having just emerged from a ghastly conflict we find the thought of more camps and of more soldiers naturally abhorrent. We hate to face the possibility of a "next war" and so turn our backs on anything which may remind us of that dire prospect. Unhappily for us, however, we live in troubled times when our own particular preferences are not necessarily the best criteria for judging the proper courses of action.

U.M.T. is advocated ordinarily not

on the ground that it is desirable in itself, but as a means to other ends. It must not, therefore, be viewed as if it were something to be adopted or rejected in a world that is settled and really peaceful, but within the somber framework of global conditions in general. As has been said before, it is naive to think we have easy choices between something good and something bad. That would be simple. Given the problems of our day, our choice very often is between something bad and something worse.

For example, when it comes to spending billions to assist in reconstruction abroad, most people would say, if the issue were completely isolated from all other considerations, that they'd rather spend the money at home and reduce taxes. But the alternative to helping out in Europe and Asia is something appalling—economic collapse, political breakdown, spread of Communism or anarchy. So the public appears to realize that it is better to engage in expensive foreign reconstruction programs.

The same approach is needed for U.M.T. What are the alternatives? Would we be worse off without it than with it? That's a safer way to discuss the merits of the proposals than to go by our personal feelings about military service.

President Truman upon several occasions has urged Congress to adopt some sort of universal service measure. In the late spring the special commission he appointed, headed by President Compton of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, came out with a specific set of recommendations. These included the giving of six months' military training to every boy at the age of eighteen or at high school graduation (whichever came later), and the following up of this half-year's training with further programs designed to make the young men technically proficient in a variety of lines. Each draftee would have a wide range of choice in regard to the type of advanced training he wished to pursue, in college or under other auspices.

[Continued on Page 120]

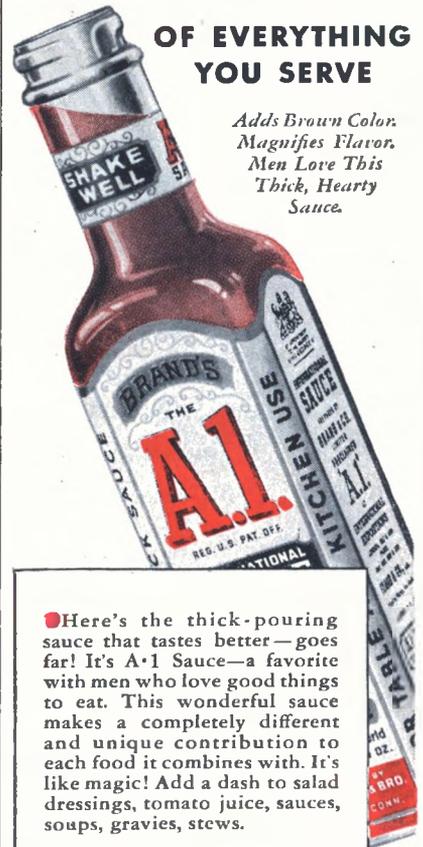
The Dash
that Makes
the Dish
...Because

THIS RICH,
THICK SAUCE

MAGNIFIES the FLAVOR

OF EVERYTHING
YOU SERVE

Adds Brown Color.
Magnifies Flavor.
Men Love This
Thick, Hearty
Sauce.



Here's the thick-pouring sauce that tastes better—goes far! It's A-1 Sauce—a favorite with men who love good things to eat. This wonderful sauce makes a completely different and unique contribution to each food it combines with. It's like magic! Add a dash to salad dressings, tomato juice, sauces, soups, gravies, stews.

For chops, steaks, fish, and roasts... brush lightly with A-1 Sauce before cooking. See how it "points up" the true natural flavor of the food. Yes... the DASH makes the DISH...when it's A-1 Sauce!

Get A-1 Sauce Today

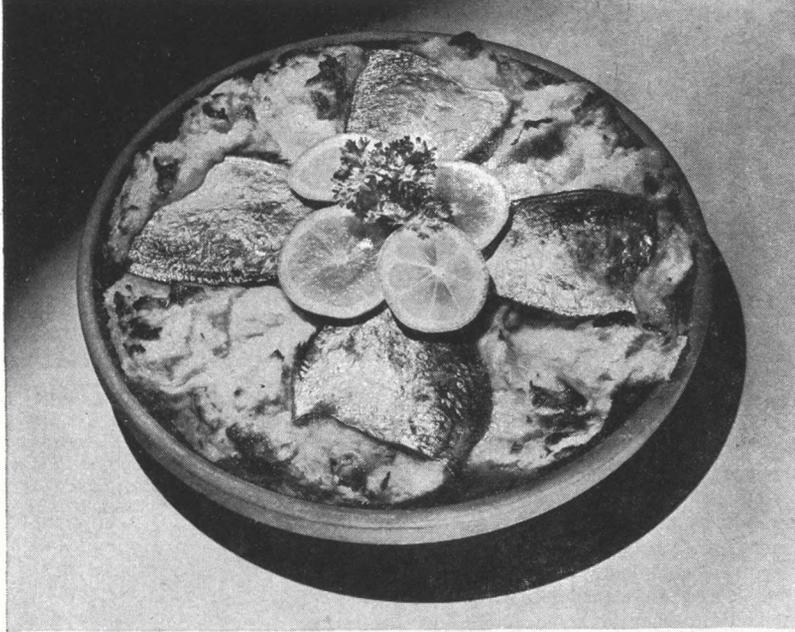
Send for **FREE** booklet, "Cooking for a Man"—G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

FIFTY-CENT FISH DISHES

by BETTY HUTT

For half a dollar* or less these seafood main dishes will serve four people

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT E. COATES



Small low-cost fish are used in this casserole with mashed potatoes

BAKED FISH AND MASHED POTATOES

Costs 50 cents (September 1947)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 3 cups mashed potatoes | 2 tablespoons margarine |
| 1-1/2 pounds small whole fish | Few sprigs parsley |
| Salt and pepper | 1 lemon, sliced |

Put fluffy, well-seasoned mashed potatoes in shallow, greased baking dish. Arrange fish on top of potatoes. Season with salt and pepper; dot with margarine. Bake in hot oven, 425°F., for 15 to 30 minutes, time depending on size of fish. Test with fork for doneness. Garnish with parsley and lemon.

Elizabeth M. Lancer, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

By using small fish such as porgies, whiting, or other small fish costing no more than 22 cents per pound, you can keep the cost of this dish down to 50 cents.

CLAM PIE

Costs 46 cents (September 1947)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 6 medium potatoes (2 pounds) | 1 10-ounce can minced clams |
| 1 medium onion | 1/4 teaspoon pepper |
| 1 medium carrot | Salt |
| Water | 1 cup flour |
| 1/4 teaspoon thyme | 1/4 cup lard |

Cook sliced vegetables in 2 cups water until tender, about 12 minutes. Add thyme, clams, pepper and salt to taste, mix lightly. Pour into 2-quart casserole. Make pastry with flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, lard and 1-1/2 tablespoons water. Roll out to fit casserole; cut a few gashes to let out steam. Put pastry over mixture in casserole. Bake in hot oven, 425°F., about 25 minutes until brown.

FISH ROLL WITH ONION SAUCE

Costs 46 cents (September 1947)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 4 onions, sliced | 1-1/2 cups water |
| 3 tablespoons fat | Salt and pepper |
| 3 tablespoons flour | 1 15-ounce can mackerel |
| 1-1/2 cups undiluted evaporated milk | Biscuit dough (2 cups flour) |

Cook onions in fat until tender and lightly browned. Remove from heat and stir in flour. Add evaporated milk and water; return to heat; bring to boil. Season with salt and pepper. Flake mackerel, using entire contents of can; combine with 1 cup of onion sauce prepared above. Roll biscuit dough into rectangle about 10 x 12 inches; spread mackerel mixture to 1/2-inch of edge. Roll like jelly roll, seal edges. Place roll in shallow greased pan. Bake in hot oven, 425°F., 30 minutes. Slice hot and serve with remaining onion sauce, heated.

CREAMED FISH SHORTCAKE

Costs 38 cents (September 1947)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 2 tablespoons fat | Chopped parsley |
| 3 tablespoons flour | 1 15-ounce can sardines or mackerel |
| 1-1/4 cups undiluted evaporated milk | Salt and pepper |
| 1-1/4 cups water | Eggless Corn Bread |

Make white sauce with fat, flour, milk and water. Add entire contents of can of fish in large pieces. Add parsley and salt and pepper. Cut Corn Bread into 2 layers and pour creamed fish between and on top.

EGGLESS CORN BREAD

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 cup sifted flour | 1 cup yellow corn meal |
| 3/4 teaspoon salt | 1 cup buttermilk |
| 1/4 teaspoon soda | 3 tablespoons melted lard |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | |

Sift dry ingredients together. Add buttermilk and fat. Bake in greased 7-inch square pan in hot oven, 400°F., about 30 minutes.

SARDINE TOMATO RABBIT

Costs 40 cents (September 1947)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1 onion, sliced | 1 can tomato soup |
| 1 15-ounce can sardines | 1/4 pound process cheese, shredded |
| 2 teaspoons dry mustard | Salt and pepper |
| | 8 slices toast |

Cook onion in oil from sardines until tender. Add mustard, soup and sardines; heat to boiling. Add cheese and heat until melted. Season if needed. Serve on toast.

WANTED:

NEW HOT BREAD RECIPES

If your family likes hot breads you've probably worked out some good biscuit and muffin recipes that appeal to them especially. Enter your best ones in this contest. The prize winners will be printed in the January 1948 issue. Of course we can't give prizes for standard recipes for baking powder biscuits, corn muffins, refrigerator rolls, etc., but if you've worked out an interesting new recipe or a variation on an old one, send it along.

There will be twelve \$5.00 prizes for recipes considered best in the opinion of the judges. Mail your entry by October 15th to Food Contest Editor, Woman's Day, 19 West 44th Street, New York 18, N. Y. Please print or type your name and address and don't forget to say "I authorize you to use my material."

*These costs are based on average prices in large supermarkets as we go to press.

ON THE SCREEN IN **TECHNICOLOR!!!**

WARNER BROS.

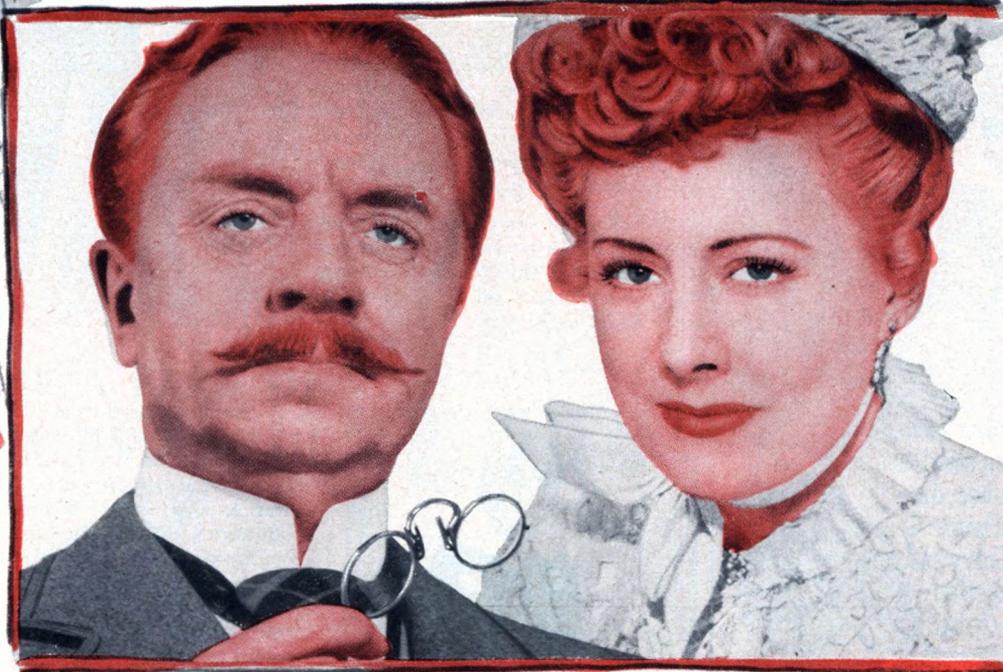
Presents

America's Most Beloved Comedy

Clarence Day's

LIFE WITH FATHER

*Here for all
-all the fun of the
longest-run stage
hit in history!*



starring

WILLIAM POWELL ★ **IRENE DUNNE**

With

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

EDMUND GWENN • ZASU PITTS

Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart

*From the original play by
HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE*

From Oscar Seelind's Stage Production

Music by Max Steiner

Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ

Produced by
ROBERT BUCKNER

MRS. JONES WAS
IN A STEW -- *Over Stew*

Really, I don't know what to do with this finicky family. All that good stew left! It was a little tasteless, but--

Why don't you try Herb-Ox? It gives stew such a grand flavor!



'TIL SHE FOUND THIS
NEW WAY TO FLAVOR FOOD

Swell stew, Ma!

Coming right up!

There's more, I hope.



Herb-Ox makes such a difference in stew! Just stir in 2 cubes, dissolved, to flavor 4 portions. Gravy and Soups are better with Herb-Ox, too!

WHEN FOOD TASTES BETTER
— IT'S BETTER FOR YOU!



So "flavor up" your meals with Herb-Ox!

Write for FREE menu book, illustrated in full color!

BOUILLON CUBES

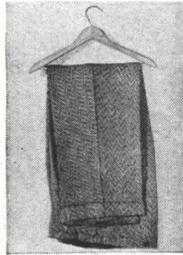
The PURE FOOD COMPANY, Inc.
Mamaroneck, N. Y.

FOUND MONEY FOUND MONEY

FATHER SUITS THE FAMILY

The line forms to the right when the man of the house is about to discard a suit. The size of his suit, the condition it's in, and the needs of the family can decide what should be made. We've been collecting worn suits and working out ideas for you. A woman's classic suit (top right) would be a first choice because, bought new, it represents the largest investment. If the fabric won't stretch that far, there's the short-jacket style (lower right). Finally, if the suit is really worn, it makes pint-sized outfits for the children.

After selecting a pattern for each make-over, we had each suit cleaned, ripped it apart at the seams, and pressed it flat. Before doing any cutting we laid all the pattern pieces we needed on the suit pieces, arranging them to avoid worn spots and tailoring details we didn't want to include in the new garment. Where fabric was skimpy, we made inconspicuous piecings.



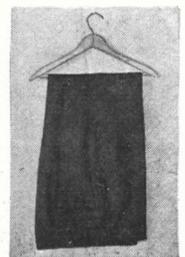
1 (Right) From a blue suit of rough tweed, we got a warm slack suit in size 10 for a young girl. We used Butterick 4132 for the slacks (eliminating the bib top), and the box jacket from Butterick 3970, a suit pattern.

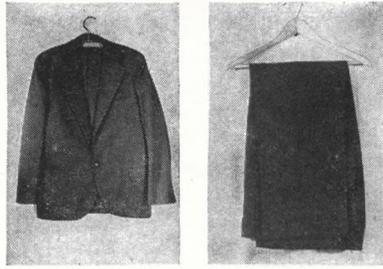
To make the suit, we cut the slacks from the man's trouser's, and the new jacket from the old. We used the original patch pockets on the jacket, cut down to little-girl size.



2 (Left) A hard-worsted in a subtle brown shadow-plaid, made a little boy's Eton suit with two pairs of short trousers, and a matching cap. We used Butterick 3021, in size 6, for the suit, and Butterick 3628 for the cap.

To make the new jacket, we cut the back and patch pockets from the old, the front from the trousers, and the new sleeves from the old. We cut one pair of short pants from the old jacket front, and a second pair from the old trousers. The cap was made from left-over scraps.





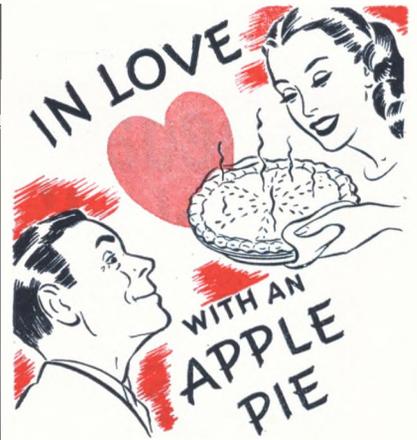
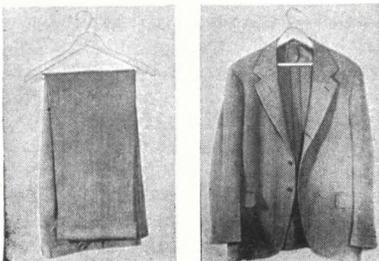
4 (Left) Another hard-worsted suit, this time in blue, made a man-tailored classic type, to dress up or down. For this we used Butterick 4065, size 14, as a cutting guide, combining certain details in views A and B.

To make the new suit, we cut the skirt from the trousers, and the new jacket from the old. To simplify re-cutting the jacket front we left untouched as many man-tailored details as possible. The new jacket keeps the original front closing and pockets. In cutting the jacket front narrower, we shortened the original hip pockets, ending them in the side seams. Because there was not enough fabric, it was necessary to piece each underarm section.

3 (Right) A cocoa tweed suit, when combined with matching velveteen, made a short-jacket, two-piece style. We used Butterick 3952, size 14, as a cutting guide and because of shortage of fabric we eliminated the peplum.

To make the new suit, we cut the skirt from the trousers, the new jacket back from the old, the new jacket front from the best parts of the old and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of velveteen, and the new sleeves from the old. In cutting the skirt, we had to add wedge-shaped piecings at the sides to get the full width indicated in the pattern. To avoid using the fabric where pockets were made in the old jacket front, we cut the new front in three sections for each side; a tweed yoke ($4\frac{1}{2}$ " wide at the narrowest part, next to the sleeve seam), a 9"-wide panel of velveteen, and a 4"-wide waist-fitting band of tweed. We stitched them together to get the full length shown in the pattern.

To order Butterick patterns used in these make-overs, turn to page 74



He'll love you, too—when you use Comstock Pie Sliced Apples! Prepared—they're the quick, easy way to make pies and other apple recipes that are sure to be lickin' good! And what a time-saver! NO PEEL—NO CORE—NO WASTE! Just plump, firm slices of tree-ripened apples, juicy and fragrant—ready to flavor! Get a can of Apples By Comstock at your grocer's today!

APPLE FRITTERS
1 can or jar COMSTOCK Pie Sliced Apples
Powdered Sugar

FRITTER BATTER

1 cup flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
2 tbsp. powdered sugar	1 egg beaten
$1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking powder	1 tbsp. melted butter
$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt	

Sift dry ingredients together. Add milk slowly, mixing well, then the beaten egg and butter. Dip apple sections in batter and fry in deep, hot fat (375 degrees) till browned. Drain on brown paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar while hot. Serve promptly. Serves six.

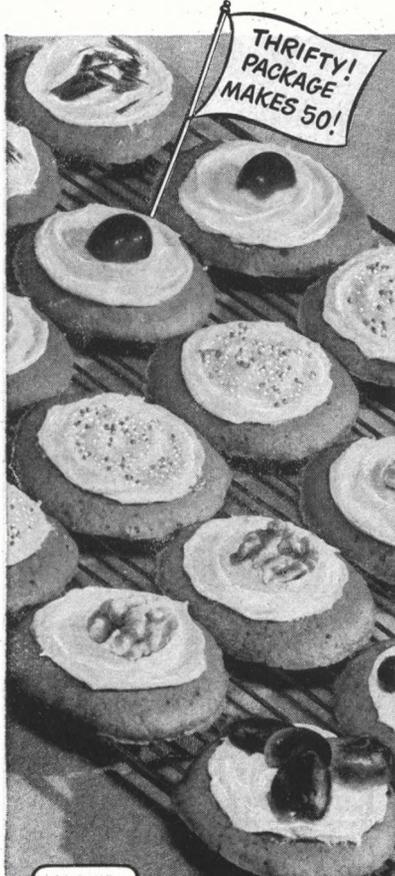
FREE RECIPE FOLDER
Write for Apple Recipe Folder.
Comstock Canning Corporation,
Dept. W-4, Newark, New York.

COMSTOCK
PIE SLICED APPLES



Quick 'n Yummy Dromedary Spangles!

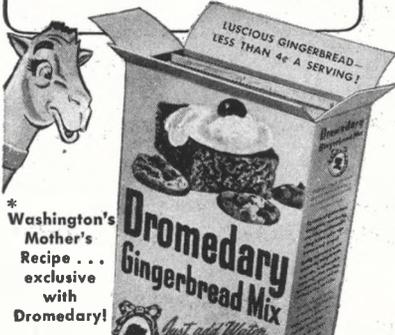
Add water, bake, frost! Serve the same tempting cookies that Mrs. Washington made for her George!*



COOKIES

READY TO EAT IN 10 MINUTES!

They look so festive . . . taste so temptingly tangy . . . and cost mere pennies a dozen! *That's Dromedary . . . the finest for less money!* Add 1½ cups water to Mix. Bake. Frost or serve plain. Delicious with milk or coffee!



*Washington's Mother's Recipe . . . exclusive with Dromedary!

ELEVENTH YEAR

FIRST ISSUE

WOMAN

A N A T I O N A L M A G



Marie Wilsman



Martha Robeson Wright



Mary Knowles

Our Contributors

Stewart Holbrook ("Western Males Are A Pack of Sissies," page 27) is new to *Woman's Day* but not to *Who's Who*, where a list of more than half a dozen books is credited to him. Mr. Holbrook saw action in France (World War I) and after that worked in logging woods and on the river drive; he's been a log scaler in British Columbia, emerging from the woods in 1923 to become associate editor for a lumber magazine, covering every logging camp and sawmill in the Pacific Northwest and taking in all the larger forest fires and lumber strikes. No wonder the author thinks Western males are a pack of sissies—he probably tells that to all the boys, N., E., S. and W. . . . We asked Mary Ellen Chase, Professor of English Literature at Smith College, if she didn't know something about our young people that we as parents don't understand. She pondered it a few minutes and then asked obliquely, "Why are you afraid of your children?" Our first reaction was a blustering "Nonsense"—but after thinking it over, decided it might not be a bad idea to have her explain herself. She has—in "Are You Afraid of Your Children," page 44.



Stewart Holbrook

Martha Robeson Wright ("Best In Show," page 28) was born in Dayton, Tennessee, educated in Chicago but married a native of Utah and lives out there. The background of her story came from her Doberman-Pinscher pup Conta Von Hirschberg—Koko for short—whom the author entered in the local dog show. . . . Mary Knowles ("Remember This Day," page 36) is also from Utah. She started her writing the hard way, what with doing the housework for her family of two small sons and a daughter. Luckily, Janet, then ten, took the two- and three-year-old boys under her eye and that's all that saved the author. . . . Annette Victorin ("Tuesday Was Always A Nightmare," page 65) was born in Vienna, Austria, and came to America when she was five. She's been writing short stories since 1930 but is best known for her verses, of which hundreds have been published. . . . Marie Wilsman ("Tess And The Rain," page 24) didn't think of writing professionally until her twins were born and the kitchen linoleum wore out just at the same time. Went in debt for a typewriter and wrote for four years with no success. Then suddenly she began selling everything she wrote.

Marjorie Hickey ("Jane and the Leviticus-Deuteronomy," page 35) is a native New Yorker. She likes the short story as a medium but may tackle a novel soon, mostly, she says, because she'd like to be photographed for publicity in a black dress with a single strand of pearls and a glamour hairdo. And she has the ambition to go into politics some day. . . . Frank Farrington ("Humor and Spite in Old Hooked Rugs," page 32) has been a free-lance writer for a long time. He contributes to business papers as well as literary periodicals with once-in-a-while verse to the *Saturday Evening Post*. . . . James Reid Parker ("Small World," page 15) you know from "At Home Wednesdays" (W. D. April 1947). For a long time he's been promising to get at a column of small doings in a *Small World*. We hope he'll stick with it now that he's started.

'S DAY

"Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds."
PROVERBS 27:23

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

Cover Talk This month's cover is of and by one of the famous Wyeth clan. The subject is Anne McCoy, the daughter of John McCoy and Anne Wyeth McCoy, and the granddaughter of N. C. Wyeth. Ten years ago next month, Woman's Day's cover was "The Corn Huskers" by N. C. Wyeth. That was our second issue and since then we have had many paintings by him, others by Andrew Wyeth, his son, and now we welcome his daughter, **Henriette Hurd**, who painted the portrait on this month's cover. Mrs. Hurd lives in New Mexico with her artist-husband, Peter Hurd, and is the hostess of a ranch we understand is always overflowing with guests and portrait sitters. Anne McCoy lives at the family seat at Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, with her artist-father and composer-mother. An overwhelming heritage we'd say for one small girl to live up to.

Male Solidarity We hear that the postmaster of Hastings, Nebraska, directly above the letter slots in his post office has placed a conspicuous sign: **HAVE YOU MAILED YOUR WIFE'S LETTERS?** The gal we'd like to meet is Mrs. Postmaster.



Our Own Book-Of-The-Month This department's award goes to Elisabeth Ogilvie—and not because she's a W. D. contributor either ("Eighteenth Summer," W. D., July 1947). *The Ebbing Tide* (Crowell) leaves one with the feeling that life lived anywhere but among the lobster pots of Maine is mere existence. The action of the story moves too steadily, if not swiftly, forward for you to wring the last drop from the picturesque and vivid writing—or maybe what the author does with damp black earth, the slosh of sea water over the dories and bluebirds on raspberry canes, speeds up the tempo of the story as a musical score whips up your response to the screen's action. Anyway, unreservedly we say—it's good.

Yrs Respy Albany Business College has polled a lot of businessmen to get their ideas on secretaries. We learn that they make too many personal telephone calls on office time, dress too fussily or too daringly, aren't polite to callers, are given to profanity, gossip at the water cooler, make up in the office, flirt with the male employees (the males are presumably standing during all this with their eyes downcast and digging an embarrassed toe into



the composition flooring), the girls roll their stockings (we never happened to notice), they weep or lose their tempers, have loud, shrill and squeaky voices. If male executives would take the time they spend in studying these secretaries and in filling out questionnaires about them and would devote it to their business, maybe they could type their own letters and save a tidy sum!

One Campaign Once A Year The Community Chests of America, an organization which has made the problem of giving practical and economical for all of us by making one drive do the work that used to require many costly campaigns, has a straightforward appeal in its paragraph: "When trouble hits a neighbor every normal individual has an impulse to help. That same impulse, broader and less personal, exists in a society which has a heart and a conscience. Our democratic society, committed as it is to belief in the dignity and worth of every individual, wants to keep faith. To that end it has long since accepted responsibility for the health and welfare of all its citizens."



Jimmy's lunch is "Peanut Crunch",
Mary's "Peanut Creme".
Mommys hunch is buy 'em both
and watch those kiddies beam!

I LIKE
Peanut Creme
PEANUT BUTTER

— the smooth peanut butter that spreads easier! Try its rich, tempting peanut flavor that everybody's calling the new taste sensation!

I LIKE
Peanut Crunch
PEANUT BUTTER

— the different kind of peanut butter! It's a blend of crispy, toasted peanut bits and smooth, luscious peanut butter . . . first choice of millions of families!

I LIKE BOTH ..
for wonderful
sandwiches,
desserts and
pastries that are
family favorites!

You'll like whichever you choose! Peanut Creme and Peanut Crunch Brands of peanut butter are packed with nourishing, satisfying goodness. Wonderful in sandwiches — delicious for cakes, pastries, appetizers. Tip for mothers: get both—send for free recipe folder today.

HOLSUM PRODUCTS • MILWAUKEE 1, WIS.



NEIGHBORS

Edited by DOROTHY BLAKE

IT won't be long now until, just after dusk, the doorbell will ring and we'll be scared half out of our wits by strange little figures in even stranger garments. After giving a satisfactory show of terror we'll bring out the peanuts, the cookies, the hard candy and donate to each bag or basket held so hopefully before us. And so the Eve of All Saints will go on until our donations begin to run out and we scurry for that package of chocolate bits we'd put aside for special baking. Portioned out into sandwich bags they go a long way and no ghost, witch or goblin leaves empty handed. The neighborhood doorbells get quite a workout—but a good time is had by all.

Apples for Free

I have a home in a small town, on North Main Street which is a favorite speedway for youthful bicycle riders. In spite of their speed, their eyes always located the shining red and yellow apples on several trees in my garden plot of two lots. To get the fruit they threw sticks and pulled down branches, often breaking them.

I believed that removing the motive for wrong doing was half the cure. So I gathered ripe apples, washed them, and placed a box of them on the walk in front of my house. Against a nearby tree, I leaned a section of blackboard on which was written: "Take one. These apples are washed and safe to eat." (They had been sprayed.)

The first child to discover them, lost no time publishing the news. All ages

of grade and high school paid visits. And only once did I ever see a child take more than one apple at a time, though he might return later.

The box was emptied often for a couple of weeks, then the novelty wore off. My trees were not damaged, and the children's appetites were satisfied. I'm happy to add that a smile and greeting come from my young friends wherever I meet them.

JULIA FORCE, Chandlerville, Ill.

Play-pen Parties

Having no eyes in the back of my head, and only the usual number in front, I find it quite difficult to keep two small fry simultaneously out of mischief. Especially difficult for me was the runabout hour when Master One was

released from his play pen.

After reaching the banging-my-head-against-the-wall stage, and only then, it dawned on me to "invite" Master Four to occupy the play pen while young brother is on the run. I was in for a big surprise! He beamed! He took to the idea so excitedly that play-pen exchange is now SOP (standard operating procedure) at the Bush quarters.

We refer to Big Brother's cagings as Play-pen Parties and to entertain him we supply old magazines, blunt scissors, crayons, puzzles, beads to string, and such like. We make a huge to-do over him as he climbs into the pen, agreeing with him quite heartily that Larry will absolutely, positively be unable to mess up his playthings now!

So much less nerve-racking, and so much more enjoyable, is baby's runabout hour for us these days that we hasten to recommend to similarly frustrated young parents Play-pen Parties for little big brothers or sisters.

MRS. LESTER E. BUSH, Atlanta, Ga.

Thirty Minutes a Day

For years house cleaning cracked the whip over me. I slaved at it. I had sore muscles and an aching back; even the family suffered—from mother's crankiness! But last year I made house cleaning duck its tail and run, with my thirty-minute schedule.

I resolved when the kitchen walls needed washing to work at it thirty minutes each morning—no more, no less. After finishing breakfast dishes, I washed walls for half an hour. Then I forgot about it until next morning. The results were gratifying. Not only did I painlessly accomplish that once hated task, but I cut the washing time by two hours: instead of eight it took me only six.

I even washed the curtains and hung them in half an hour. You see, I have curtains made of seersucker that can be washed in the machine and require only pressing. Their red and white crossbar pattern is pleasing to the eye and steam

[Continued on Page 126]



Miss Julia Force believes that both gardens and good will thrive on careful cultivation

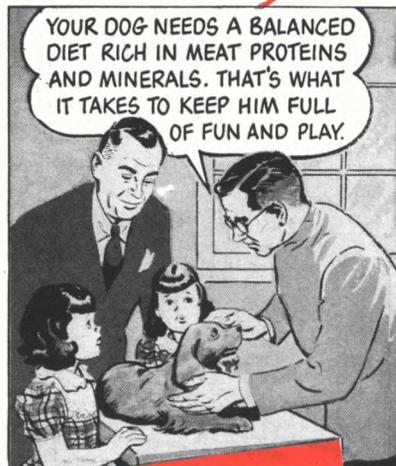
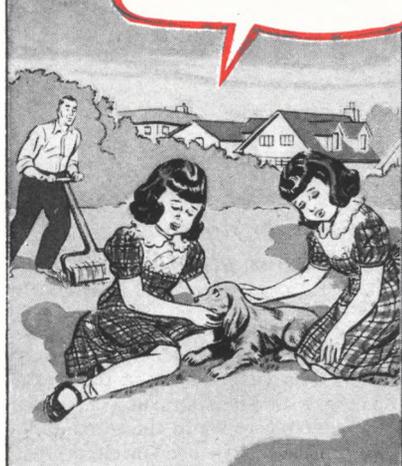


Little and big brother, Larry and Les Bush, Jr. "What one doesn't think of, the other does"

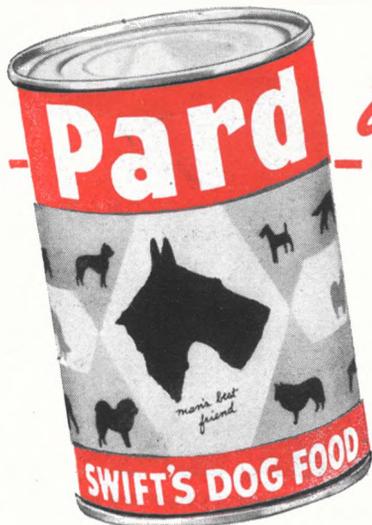


"Wish I had a picture to send taken with my six-foot, 15-year-old son," writes Mrs. Best

Brownie's no fun anymore... He's always tired!



MAKE A PARD OF YOUR DOG WITH



the "One-Dish-Dinner!"

● Thousands of dog owners, breeders and veterinarians acclaim this great, nourishing food the "one-dish-dinner" that's got everything! Just look at the long list of health building ingredients on the Pard label—and you'll see that the balanced formula is abundantly rich in meaty proteins—the kind that's needed to keep an active dog's tissues always in top shape. In fact,

Swift's Pard is simply brimming with all the ingredients so good for dogs. That's because Swift has based Pard's nutritionally correct formula on actual feeding studies, scientifically conducted by experts right in their own great research laboratories. And so perfect is the balance—no additional meat is ever needed. Get a supply of Pard now—the "one-dish-dinner" for your dog!

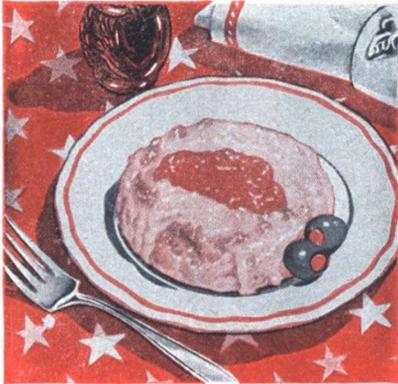
Tonight...serve

CHATEAU

CHEESE SIZZLERS



Spread deviled, sliced or chopped ham and a little fine-chopped sautéed onion on toasted halves of English muffins. Top with thick slices of Borden's Chateau* and a dash of tomato catsup. Broil slowly till the cheese melts and is flecked with brown.



Serve piping hot! The real cheese goodness of Borden's Chateau blends in a wonderful way with the savory ham and spicy catsup. That zesty mellowness that is Chateau's alone comes from a blending of fine aged and mellow-mild American Cheddar cheeses.

Get Borden's Chateau at your store. It's the perfect cheese food for sandwiches, snacks, Welsh rabbits, and cheese sauces.

Available in 1/2-lb. package (plain or pimento) or 2-lb. loaf. *T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

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Borden's Fine Cheeses

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

by SALLIE BELLE COX

THE HOLLYWOOD PICTURE

The movies have now set out to do something about one of today's serious problems

THIS month marks the advent of the racial question on the screen, a subject that up to now has been skirted, shunned and plain ignored, with the exception of the RKO short feature "The House I Live In" with Frank Sinatra. RKO now boldly ventures into open attack on anti-Semitism with "Crossfire," an excellent melodrama that holds no punches and calls a spade a spade. Whether it will accomplish anything in its purpose of spreading tolerance, or pointing up the unreasoning viciousness of anti-Semitism remains to be seen. Nevertheless, it is a courageous and laudable effort.

"Gentleman's Agreement," the current best seller, is now in production at Twentieth Century-Fox, and "Earth And High Heaven," the forerunner of the novels on this same subject is also to be made by Samuel Goldwyn. The movie rights of "Focus" were sold a long time ago, but for some reason the picture was never made.

Let us hope that we're not in for a complete deluge of pictures on racial hatred which will only defeat the purpose of the admirably outspoken writers who have dared to air their views on a

highly incendiary problem. Hollywood has a lamentable tendency to get itself caught in a vicious cycle of pictures all dealing with the same subject, until it is completely run into the ground. We are still being oversurfited with psychoneurotics. Two other worn-out ideas are the musicians—usually pianists—crossed up with broken hearts or romantic obsessions, and The-Doomed-To-Death martyrs who go around suffering in noble silence.

This hounding of an idea by Hollywood could become a serious menace to a worthy purpose, and if we seem to be apprehensively counting our clichés before they're hatched it's only in the sincere hope

that the newly launched racial question will not become another subject so harped upon that the idea of tolerance becomes a weary bore to movie audiences instead of a shining hope for the future.

CROSSFIRE (RKO) with Robert Young, Robert Mitchum and Robert Ryan. This blast at anti-Semitism has an ingeniously conceived plot and excellent acting by a briskly directed cast. It's forceful and absorbing, with the most



Young Franklin Delano Roosevelt with his father and mother in "The Roosevelt Story"



Sam Levene, George Cooper and Robert Ryan in "Crossfire"—an open attack on prejudice

convincing group of G.I.'s ever portrayed on the screen. Robert Mitchum as a bored, bluntly cynical sergeant seems the perfect composite of all service men in wartime. Robert Young is fine as the detective captain. RKO deserves credit for being the first to break through the heretofore strict silence on the screen regarding racial prejudice. And it's a good picture any way you look at it.

THE ROOSEVELT STORY (A Tola Production). A superb presentation of high lights in the private and public life of F.D.R., edited from newsreels covering a period of forty years. The commentary shrewdly voices both sides of public opinion regarding "that man in the White House," and there is no whitewashing of the fact that he was strongly reviled during his career, as well as idolized. Recommended without reservations.

LURED (United Artists) with George Sanders, Lucille Ball, Charles Coburn, Boris Karloff, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Alan Mowbray. Excellent comedy-melodrama, glossily mounted, and well paced, with a sure-footed cast that knows its way around a good plot. Lucille Ball swaggers lustily through the role of a brassy, brash taxi dancer who is persuaded by Scotland Yard to trap a murderer who lures his victims through a



Lucille Ball and George Sanders head the cast of the brisk comedy-melodrama "Lured"

personal column in the newspapers. She wades amusingly through bird lovers, music lovers, erratic artists and other assorted crackpots before she meets the murderer. You know who he is all the time but it's good fun anyway.

MERTON OF THE MOVIES (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) with Red Skelton, Virginia O'Brien, and Gloria Grahame. Red Skelton is a natural for Merton, the naive, movie-mad numbskull who blunders into stardom. Virginia O'Brien surprisingly reveals herself as a poised and assured actress, by blending her familiar dead-pan comedy with straight sincerity. She creates a heroine of refreshing distinction. Very funny!



Virginia O'Brien and Red Skelton as the ham actor who turns star in "Merton of the Movies"

BLACK GOLD (Allied Artists) in Cinecolor. A simple, touching story of an Indian, with a great love for horses, who becomes wealthy through the discovery of oil on his property. Anthony Quinn has the time of his life in the role of the Indian, and his warm, straightforward interpretation is both moving and impressive. Katherine DeMille (Mrs. Anthony Quinn in private life) was an extremely happy choice for the part of his wife. She is strikingly attractive, and her acting leaves nothing to be desired. "Black Gold" in its crystal-clear simplicity is a nice change from the current overabundance of neuroses, crime and violence.

[Continued on Page 123]

WIN \$5,000.00 CASH or a 1948 NASH!

Enter Aunt Jemima's Jingle Contest Today!

How would you like to see YOUR NAME on a check for \$5,000.00? Someone—it can be you—will win \$5,000.00 cash in Aunt Jemima's thrilling new contest. Other winners will drive three 1948 Nash Ambassadors; own 25 new Kelvinator refrigerators, 50 Maytag washers—and hundreds of other prizes.

Here's all you do to enter this \$60,189.00 contest. Just write half-a-dozen words (or less) to finish this jingle:

**"Aunt Jemimas can't be beat
As my favorite breakfast treat;
Fragrant, tender, fluffy-light—"**

(Write last line of jingle to rhyme with "fluffy-light.")

One answer might be "I love them morning, noon or night." But you can think of a better line! Mail in your entry with one package top from Aunt Jemima Ready-Mix for Pancakes or Buckwheats.

Send in as many entries as you wish. Remember, each entry must be accompanied by one Aunt Jemima package top. Write each of your jingle lines on a separate piece of plain paper. You'll find entry blanks at your grocer's, too. Be sure to print your name and address plainly on each entry. Remember, this great contest closes midnight, Wednesday, October 15, 1947. Mail your entry today!

\$60,189.00 CONTEST, 2,054 PRIZES

- \$5,000.00 IN CASH
- THREE 1948 NASH Ambassador 4-Door Sedans
- 25 KELVINATOR REFRIGERATORS
- 50 MAYTAG WASHERS
- 200 KINGSTON WRIST WATCHES
(100 Men's; 100 Women's)
- 200 WESTINGHOUSE "CAPTAIN" VACUUM CLEANERS
- 100 FIVE-PIECE SETS OF CLUB ALUMINUM HAMMERCRAFT WATERLESS COOKWARE
- 100 HOLLYWOOD ELECTRIC TABLE BROILERS
- 100 TRAUBEE "Time-Saver" Pressure Cookers
- 275 SHEAFFER PEN AND PENCIL SETS
- 1,000 AIRGUIDE INDOOR-OUTDOOR THERMOMETERS

These 2,054 valuable prizes will be awarded to contest winners in above order

Easy Contest Rules: 1. Write a last line for the jingle. The last word must rhyme with "fluffy-light." Use an entry blank from your grocer—or a plain sheet of paper. Print your own name and address plainly.

2. Mail entries to: Aunt Jemima, Box D, Chicago, Ill. Enter as often as you like. Each entry must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Each entry must be accompanied by one package top from Aunt Jemima Ready-Mix for Pancakes or Buckwheats.

3. Entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, October 15, 1947.

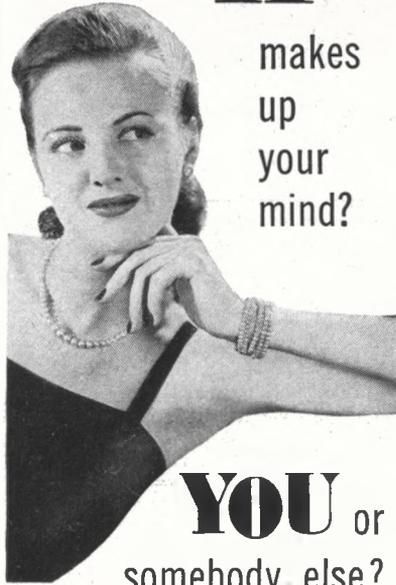
4. Entries will be judged for originality, suitability and aptness of thought. Judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned and no correspondence will be entered into. You accept the conditions of these rules when you send in an entry. Entries, contents and the ideas therein become the property of The Quaker Oats Company.

5. All winners will be notified by mail. Complete list of winners will be available about November 15, 1947. For list send self-addressed, stamped envelope.

6. Any resident of the United States may compete, except employees of The Quaker Oats Company, their advertising agencies and their families. Contest is subject to all federal and state regulations.



WHO



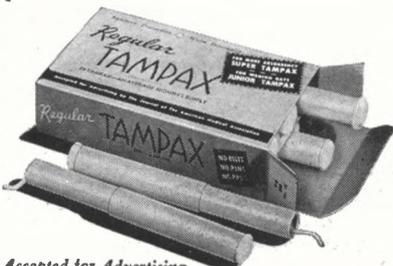
makes
up
your
mind?

YOU or
somebody else?

Every woman who discovers Tampax through this advertisement will probably be very glad she acted for herself instead of waiting for other women to lead the way.... Make up your own mind! Start right now to use this Tampax method of sanitary protection, which does away with belts, pins and external pads.... Tampax is a simple internal absorbent, invented by a doctor. When in place, it is neither seen nor felt!

Tampax is intended for use on every one of those "less pleasant" days of the month—and the difference it makes is real. No bulk to hamper you or show an edge-line under dresses. No extra warmth in overheated or crowded rooms. No worry about odor because odor cannot form.... Made of pure absorbent cotton, each Tampax is compressed in an applicator for easy insertion. Quick to change; and so small it is discreetly managed in restrooms; readily disposed of.

Get Tampax this very month. At drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior). Month's supply slips into your purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

by HELEN VAN PELT WILSON



THESE NEVER FAIL

Patience plant, wax begonia, marguerite thrive and bloom indoors

MOST of us enjoy flowering plants in winter. The trouble is so many of them need lots of coddling to bring forth bud and blossom. But not the wax begonia, patience plant and marguerite. These never fail.

First there is the everblooming, wax or *semperflorens* begonia, as it is variously called. It probably has the most agreeable disposition of all indoor flowering plants.

There are red, pink and white ones of such pleasant blending shades that you can have all three in the same window. Or you might emphasize a single color in some decorative scheme. One September I placed white begonias with grape ivy, philodendron and some pretty little green ferns in a north window. In December I added three small red poinsettia plants for a lovely picture on Christmas Eve when two white candles burned there all through the evening. Another year—in an east window—I combined pink begonias with purple African violets. These made a lovely colorful symphony all winter long.

WAX begonias are tolerant of different locations and will flower constantly in any fully light place. An east window is ideal. At south windows you must draw a shade or curtain during very sunny hours or foliage may burn. In light windows without sun, flowers will not be so large or so numerous but you can still depend on a pleasing succession.

These begonias thrive in a temperature from sixty to seventy degrees. They are pest and disease resistant and will be constantly attractive provided they are pinched back enough to keep them stocky and branching. In fact, it does them good if now and then you cut off a few sprays to use for a table bouquet.

Beware of overwatering. It is true they look succulent and transparent, as if they wanted to be soaked all the time. But they don't. Between thorough water-

ings let the top soil dry out just a little so that it feels a bit crumbly when you touch it. And never let these begonias stand in water. When excess collects in the plant saucer, empty it promptly.

ABOUT once a month cleanse and refresh foliage with a light water syring of foliage. (If the leaf breathing pores are covered with city dust the plant always suffers.) And at the same time insert a plant tablet in the soil at the edge of the pot. The extra food will produce a little extra size in flowers. But don't overdo it. Of course, snip off faded flowers to prevent plant energy going into seed production.

When June comes, begonias are inclined to be a bit spindly—despite constant pruning. Cut plants back severely to about two inches and also give them a one-size-larger pot. Make sure the necessary additional soil is light and porous. Perhaps you can find some leafmold around your outdoor shrubbery (or in the dime store), and also a little sand. Wax begonias won't thrive in a stiff, clayey mixture. And when you repot, place a layer of stones or broken flower pot in the bottom of the container for drainage, but don't block the drainage hole.

Through the summer keep your begonias on a shady porch or sink them in their pots in a lightly shaded spot outdoors where there is protection from wind. Take care they are adequately watered but omit the monthly feeding until September. A little rest in summer will prepare them for more beautiful efforts next winter.

If you want more wax begonias for yourself or for gifts, those long pieces you break off for a table bouquet will oblige you with roots in a few weeks. Just pinch off the flowers when they fade and keep the branches in a vase of water in a light place. Change the water weekly to keep it fresh. When roots are

[Continued on Page 119]



Small World

by JAMES REID PARKER

A new minister in Our Town created a sensation a couple of Sundays ago. When he had finished reading the announcements, he said in a pleasant, matter-of-fact voice, "After this, there will be no conversation inside the church, either just before or just after the service. Exchanges of greetings between friends will be made in the vestibule or outside the building." This edict was especially hard on Walt McNellis. For years Walt has been discussing baseball, Congress, the fruit fly, and other secular matters during the organ prelude and postlude. It was rough on the Ticknor sisters, too. Appraising hats was *their* specialty.

...

Public health interests young Dr. Edrington more than anything else in the world. "Doc, suppose you had a lot of money," I said. "What would you do?" His eyes glinted. "I'd buy a couple of hogsheads of carbolic acid and a couple of cases of kitchen soap," he said, "and I'd have them sent to the public health officer at the Town Hall. Then I'd go over there and heat about fifty gallons of water, and brother, I'd give that public health joker the first real bath he's ever had!"



When Mr. and Mrs. Fred Elsom had their golden wedding anniversary, Bert Saunders, the editor of our local paper, sent Verda Frye over to the Elsom's to get a story. May Elsom greeted Verda in the friendliest possible way and said, "Come out to the kitchen and sit awhile. I've got some yellow-tomato conserve on the stove and I want to keep an eye on it."

Perhaps I'd better explain that Verda is a recent graduate of State College, where she majored in journalism.

"I understand that this is your golden wedding anniversary," Verda Frye explained. "I thought perhaps you and Mr. Elsom might be planning a celebration."

"Well, we are having some people
[Continued on Page 107]

At last! ANTI-SHRINK and ANTI-MATTING KNITTING YARNS



Hand-knit socks and baby hand-knits, too, will stay true to size no matter how often you wash them—IF you knit them of Fleisher or Bear Brand *Wonderized* Yarns. *Wonderized* is a new, different process that controls shrinking and matting *permanently*... keeps the original softness and liveliness of the natural wool.

Ask for these Fleisher and Bear Brand *Wonderized* Yarns at good stores everywhere: Argyle Sock Kits; Babyfair for baby hand-knits; Fleisher's Heathglen or Bear Brand's Heather-Laine for socks and sweaters.

FREE! "The Wonderful story of *Wonderized*"—tells you all about this anti-shrink, anti-matting process. Write to *Wonderized*, 30-20 Thomson Ave., Long Island City 1, New York. Dept. W-107



Wonderized

ANTI-SHRINK
ANTI-MATTING

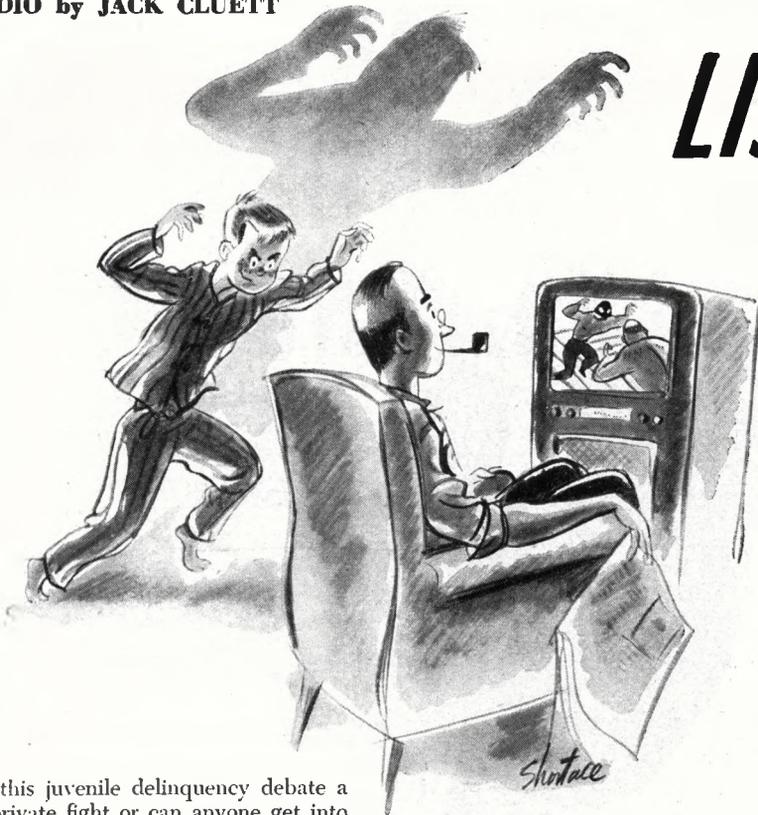
FOUND ONLY IN

BEAR-BRAND YARNS

Fleisher's Yarn

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LISTEN HERE



If you think radio has a bad influence on your little boy just wait until he comes under the spell of television

IS this juvenile delinquency debate a private fight or can anyone get into it? Radio, according to many critics, is fast undermining the youth of the nation. The whodunits, they would have you believe, are responsible for more crime than Fagin, the old rogue in *Oliver Twist*. Well, if these reactionaries think radio is bad for kids they ought to take a squint at television.

"Big Brother" Bob Emery puts on a thing for the kiddies in the New York area each weekday evening (WABD, 7 p. m.) called "Small Fry Club" which is as innocuous as a Sunday-school picnic, but if perchance it happens to be Friday night and mommy is shortsighted enough to let junior stay up until 8:45, the young fry may, for the flip of a switch, be treated to the most appalling view of legalized mayhem this side of a waterfront saloon. Whereas "Big Brother" gives his juvenile audience such sage advice as "Don't play with matches," "Don't be a jaywalker," "Don't stick your fingers in the electric light socket" and "Don't play with knives and scissors," the professional wrestling matches from Jamaica Arena bring to little Jimmy and Dorothy, in unforgettable detail, the manly art of hair-pulling, eye-gouging, strangulation, finger-twisting, face-slapping, stomach-kicking and sundry other tricks of the trade which can't help but send the little tots off to bed with the screaming meemies.

It's fortunate in a way that the televisionaries have so far been unable to televise these wrestling orgies further than fifty miles from the source, but,

like the Japanese beetle scourge, the radius keeps ever expanding until ultimately it will cover the forty-eight states.

Me, I love the wrestling matches; but I strongly suspect that Gino Garibaldi and Prince Emir Badoui, two of the fiercest looking mountains of flesh and muscle I ever saw, are secretly very fond of each other, and that when one jumps up and down on the prostrate form of the other with both feet or throws him over the ropes with such force that chairs are reduced to kindling wood, the boys are only fooling. A child, however, is far too immature to realize that wrestling is a racket and that the grimaces of pain and extreme anguish on the faces of the participants are all part of the act.

AT this writing there are thirteen television stations in operation and applications are now on file with the FCC for fifty-two more through the country, so the day is not far distant when you will own a television set and the chances are that wrestling will be on the agenda. Don't be surprised, therefore, if your young son suddenly leaps across the room and kicks you in the teeth with both feet, twists your arm back into a hammerlock and sends you sprawling to the carpet. It will serve you jolly well right for not exercising better parental supervision.

Let's be fair in this juvenile delinquency controversy. It seems to me that in any medium—movies, books, radio or

television—you will find a great deal of material unsuitable for children, and it is, therefore, your job as a parent to pick and choose those books, movies and programs which are suited to their tender years. Many a fine book is in your bookcase which might well be dynamite for kids. If you leave it around where the child can get at it that's *your* fault, not the publisher's. By the same token, radio is being blamed, unjustly in many cases, for the apathy of the parents.

Radio and television, on the other hand, could co-operate in no small degree if they would schedule their "not-for-children" programs at an hour when the kids are, or should be, in bed. They might even sound a nine o'clock curfew as a warning to parents that "the programs about to follow are for adults only."

When my son is old enough to fully understand that human beings sometimes do strange things for money, then it will be time enough for him to see the wrestling matches, and I sincerely hope he gets as hearty a laugh out of this comedy routine as his old man. Meantime, he is perfectly happy with "Small Fry Club" and an occasional baseball game and I am happy in the belief that for several years more, at the outside, I can walk around the house without the danger of a flying mare or a rear chancery taking me unaware.

ALLOWING for the fact that people in different parts of the United States have varying tastes in food, recreation, dress, religion and politics, and even allowing for the time differential and opposition programs available at the same time, I am still at a loss to account for the popularity of a given program in one segment of the country and the utter lack of interest in the same pro-

[Continued on Page 111]

Spark up Scrambled Eggs...

The top of the morning to you—with a sunshiny plate of scrambled eggs before you, and plenty of Grandma Snider's Country Style catsup to add zest. Not too sweet! Not too tart! So tasty and tangy! There's just something about the homey flavor of Snider's Catsup that sure perks up eggs. Does the same for meat, or fish, or baked beans, too!



Besides Snider's Catsup...there's Snider's Chili Sauce  the real Old Fashioned kind.  Made from Grandma's wonderful secret recipe, chock-full of good things...cooked real spicy and chunky. And for seafood, there's Snider's  spicy, tangy Cocktail Sauce  Both with that Special Snider Flavor!



with Snider's Country Style Catsup

Snider's Catsup is really special! We're proud of the way it truly does taste like home. And the way it pours smooth as silk. And that wonderful true tomato red! Grandma says catsup ought not only taste delicious—it ought to look that way!

made with luscious Super Tomatoes!

That's why she's so fussy about the tomatoes that go in it. Nothing but Farmer Snider's Super Tomatoes! No wonder Snider's Catsup has made so many friends it's outgrown Grandma's kitchen! But it's never outgrown that country flavor. Ask your grocer for a bottle today—and see!

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...If the Snider Folks put it up — it tastes like home —

FOR

Frosty-Autumn Appetites



HOT 'N HEARTY MAIN DISH — SERVES 6 FOR 78¢*

Sausage Macaroni Casserole

1 package (8-ounce) Ann Page
Elbow Macaroni
½ pound sausage meat
1 onion, sliced
½ green pepper, sliced

2 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups milk
½ pound American cheese
(2 cups grated)

Cook macaroni according to package directions; drain. Fry sausage, onion and green pepper until lightly brown. Stir in flour and salt. Add milk; cook over low heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Place alternate layers of macaroni and cheese in greased 1½-quart casserole. Pour sauce over all. Top with cheese. Bake in hot oven 400° F., for 25 minutes. Garnish with sautéed apple rings. 6 servings.

When there's an October-y tang in the air, Ann Page Macaroni makes a 'specially satisfying, energy-rich meal. Try it in the recipe above for a thrifty one-dish dinner with sure-enough "Autumn Festival" flavor. And try Ann Page Spaghetti and Egg Noodles, too. They're all top quality . . . at modest A&P prices.

*Priced on cost of ingredients in A&P Super Markets at press time.

HOW TO SERVE BETTER DISHES FOR LESS

Make Ann Page Foods your kitchen standbys. These 33 famous foods are produced to A&P's high standards of quality, under rigid supervision and exacting laboratory control. They are economical in price because many unnecessary marketing expenses are eliminated and you share in the savings.



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Foods



AMONG THE **33** FAMOUS ANN PAGE FOODS ARE SUCH FAVORITES AS BEANS, PRESERVES, KETCHUP, SALAD DRESSING, OLIVES, EXTRACTS, ETC.



How to be a Girl

by SUSAN BENNETT HOLMES

You should; you shouldn't. All your life people have been tossing what they think back and forth across you. "Parading around like that in pants!" "Twelve o'clock is too late for girls that age." "Mary Ann is a nice companion for you—such a well-brought-up child." "That's not a place for kids to go." "S no job for a girl." Opinions, kind and critical, about your friends and all the things you do. And like stones skipped on the water, they've touched you lightly and landed on the other side. Until that one that dropped rockwise to the bottom with a final plop. "I don't know about your going out with that Alex you met at the students' conference. Mrs. Lucas says they're a very *different* family. Not our kind at all."

There it is.

For the first time, you are really up against What Other People Think. To you Alex is the most fascinating male you've ever met. But because Mrs. Lucas doesn't think so, you can't go out with him. What has Mrs. Lucas got to do with it? You're fed! You're going to do as you want to.

Now that you're aware of it, you've begun to realize that the town's full of characters with ideas about your life. Some of them you find very nosy indeed; some of them, let us be honest, are very welcome, like the suggestion that you'd look better in your green dress and their Mouton jacket. Problems come when you are bothered in your mind or seriously affected in what you can do, by what they think. Assorted opinions about everything are a fact of society. And it stems, mostly, from something sort of nice: the interest and affection of your friends and neighbors. But because they are all individual people, they have human differences of taste and standards by which they judge things. As long as you live in a community you will have to learn to adjust to all these. What you have to decide is: when does what they think matter?

It isn't easy. The entire question is a tangle of personalities and circumstances. But if you could keep three main lines more or less free and clear in your mind, you could cut down tremendously on the confusion: who thinks so; what they are talking about; your relation to it. If your best friend's five-year-old brother stamps his foot and says he hates you, you aren't going to let it warp you. He's only five. He's just angry in general. You just happen to be around to be mad at. On a deeper note, this is a way to consider a more serious crack at you or an idea for you.

[Continued on Page 20]



We were talking about playing the piano with Messrs. Whittemore and Lowe one evening—they of the two concert grands, and something fell on our ears which we want to pass along to you. They said that almost everyone has a tendency, at least early in his musical work, to play louder when playing fast, and softer when he comes to *lentamente*, regardless of the character of the music. It also seems to be true about practicing scales. You tend to get louder as you near the top. They think the way to overcome it is to go into reverse; to try to play the slow parts louder than the fast ones. And to try getting louder as you come down the scale. (This, they add, makes scales tougher. Isn't that wonderful?) You know what we think of Whittemore and Lowe; so we don't need to repeat the fact that they're our favorite of all two-piano teams!

GAY AND TOASTY. These are the cutest items for reviving the feet after the football game we almost ever saw. Darling too for sitting around the house in, with your skirts and slacks. They're just old socks—with bits of bright wool and felt attached. So go through your drawer and your brother's—he's the one with the Argyles—for toeless and heelless hose and turn them into slipper socks!

[Continued from Page 19]

YOU can make these slipper socks out of any wool socks you happen to have around, plus $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36"-wide felt for each pair. The soles are all made the same way. To make a pattern, stand with a piece of paper under one foot and outline the heel. Then mark the widest points at the ball of the foot and the point where your big toe ends. Join the points to make a symmetrical sole that will fit either foot. (Diagram 1)

and shape it as in Diagram 2. Whipstitch lower edge of strip to edge of sole, working from heel to toe. Next, baste the upper edge from heel to point C. Try on, trimming off line D-E to make it fit smoothly. Finish basting from C to D. Whipstitch together the edges from D to E, then whipstitch top of trim to sock. Tack on a strip $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 14" for a bow.

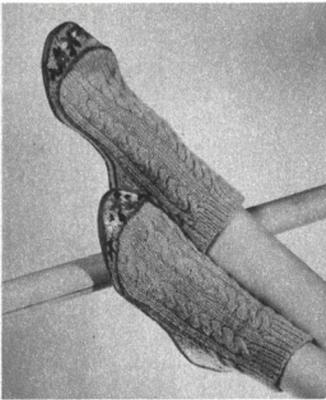
(Before we test this out, let us point out that family thoughts, family instructions, come under a different heading and we aren't going to go into them. They are closer to you and of quite another nature.)

"Parading around like that in pants!" This is a typical carper crack. Carpers have a psychological need to criticize; it makes them feel superior. You can recognize them by the smallness of the complaint and the big-hearted way they apply it to everybody. They live across the street and saw you rushing out in dungarees. Whether you had them or a bicycle skirt on isn't too important. But what you were doing was: you were going down Main Street on the double to get your mother some baking powder she needed right away quick. So what the carpers thought doesn't seem to amount to much, does it?

Then there are the kindly, older friends of your parents and grandparents who seem to you to shock easily and often. They find twelve o'clock too late for you to be out at. And they pick the dullest leaks among your friends to praise. Both of which are inclined to make you conclude "fuddy-dud" and the heck with it. But they are members of another generation and you must remember that. They honestly are shocked. The hours you stay out are a relative matter. Staying out until four a. m. would shock you. They are shocked a little earlier, that's all. Your prissy friend is well-brought-up. And what they are talking about is good manners. They can't know that as a day-in, day-out companion she has all the zing of a very small mouse. Where do you stand? They are older people and entitled to all-out courtesy. You must listen, which won't hurt you. You can explain that on Friday nights, most all mothers let their kids stay out until twelve. You can agree that Mary Ann has nice manners; you don't have to make a best friend out of her over it. What they think is the point of view of people different in a certain way and it's interesting, and sometimes informative: They've done a great deal of living!

What about the Mrs. Lucases whose opinion about Alex impresses your mother and therefore affects you very severely? In everyone's life—your parents', yours and your friends'—there are people whose ideas and judgment they've learned to trust. This is the case with Mrs. Lucas and your mother. Throughout the years they have tested each other's ideas and found them sound. Mrs. Lucas or your father's friend, Bill Johnstone, have developed through ex-

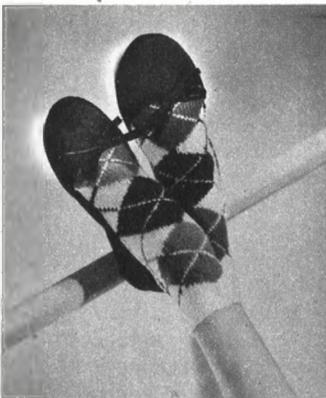
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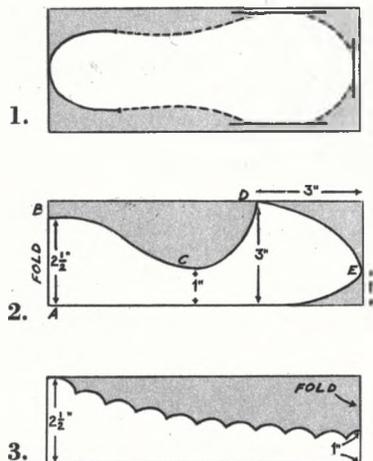
Embroidered Slipper Sock Whipstitch soles to bottom of sock with heavy thread. All around the edge embroider outline stitch in a contrasting color. Then work a second line of outline $\frac{1}{2}$ " up. At toe and heel curve the stitching to make it 1-3/4" up from first line. Fill toe and heel panels with embroidered flowers. Repeat for other foot.



Scalloped Slipper-Socks After attaching felt soles, find the total number of inches around its edge. Cut a rectangular strip of this length and 2 1/2" wide. Shape the strip as in Diagram 3. Whipstitch lower edge of strip to sole with widest part at heel. Whipstitch 2 edges of strip together in back. Tack scalloped edge from back of heel to middle of sock. Cut out 2 small hearts and 4 small leaf shapes from scraps of left-over felt and applique them to instep of sock.



Ballet Slipper Socks After attaching felt sole find total number of inches around its edge with a tape measure. Cut a rectangular strip of this length and 3" wide



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**ACTIVATED
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Takes Less Rubbing!

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Your Dealer Has It! Try It! Compare It!

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NEW ACTION! You'll be amazed at how fast New Postwar Old Dutch Cleanser dissolves grease. See how much rubbing you *save* as Activated Seismotite (exclusive to New Postwar Old Dutch) cleans away dirt and stains with new, miracle-like speed in hard or soft water.

NEW EASE! Thrill to the new, almost

effortless ease of cleaning with New Postwar Old Dutch. Cleans, polishes with new *gliding action* that is utterly different, amazingly smooth!

NEW APPEARANCE! Now *snowy white*—New Postwar Old Dutch made with Activated Seismotite rinses away quickly, leaves no sediment. Use it in *all* your cleaning. See if New Postwar Old Dutch Cleanser doesn't clean in *less time*, with *less rubbing*, than any other cleanser you've ever used. In the same familiar package.

* Patent applied for

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WHITE!**
Leaves No
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are
 punctuation
 marks!

by MARGARET CRAIG

! () ? , " - ' : , ; ? ; () " ' , ! ? : - ! .
 No, I'm not swearing, although if you've been brought up on the funny papers I'll bet you're wondering why such plain and fancy cussing. I'm merely telling you that if you study the above symbols closely, and do a little soul-searching, you'll discover that *you* are a certain kind of punctuation mark, yourself.

We've been classified as complexes, we've been pigeonholed as neuroses, we've even been typed as flowers. So why not punctuation marks?

Let's start with the exclamation point. He's bound to be a gay, exciting person with some "git up and git." He has an alert mind, is very much up on what's going on in the world and is interested, really interested in things and people. An exclamation point has a most expressive face, and when he talks, people listen because he puts a lot of zing into what he's saying. An exclamation point is smart as a whip and, if a woman, the smartness is not only mental. No dowdiness, no fussiness for her. Exclamation points make this world a fascinating place in which to live. Never know what's going to happen next when they're around.

BUT all the people in the world can't be as stimulating as exclamation points. Take Miss Parenthesis, for example. A shy violet if there ever was one. Afraid of her own shadow. Lives her life within the narrow confines of her own routine existence. Wouldn't you like to *shake* her, sometimes? The parentheses have gentle, meek voices. They dress in drab colors. They have a few friends of their own kind, but what they talk about is beyond me.

What they *do* is anybody's guess. If you're a parenthesis, you'd better push down those encircling walls. At least, you could join the ranks of the commas.

What are commas? Commas are the backbone of the nation. They are John and Jane Doe. Plain, ordinary citizens who go about their jobs and their play with the same earnest attitude. They dress nicely but not faddishly, they go to the movies, they go to church. Their homes all look alike. They are proud of their radios, their refrigerators, their children. They have family picnics and birthday parties. The men belong to civic clubs, the women play bridge. They are nice. Commas have their troubles and they solve them. Their worries are mainly financial but in the end they all wind up owning their own homes, sending the children to college, and building up an emergency fund in a savings account. Being a comma's not bad, not bad at all. If you are a comma, more power to you.

But I hope with all my heart that you are not a semicolon. Semicolons are deadly. They're lazy and they're selfish, they take the easiest way out every time. They're always shifting responsibility and just can't seem to make a go of things on their own. Semicolons are crafty, too. If they get a chance, they'll pass the buck for their own mistakes over on some poor, unsuspecting comma.

COLONS are in the same family, and they just can't understand how they ever happened to be related to a black sheep like semi. Colons are the cautious people who look before they leap. They're sober as all get out. They weigh every move carefully, are unhurried in making decisions and by golly they make the right choice every time. Sometimes their plodding ways drive others to distraction. Colons are the most patient people in the world. If they are men, they are almost sure to be good with figures, with tedious work of all kinds. Women colons are calm, motherly souls who can knit a mile a minute. Colons may seem a little placid, a little smug, but they're okay. If you're ever in trouble, hunt up a colon and you'll find out what loyalty means.

Speaking of loyalty, I hope you avoid the quotation marks. Quotation marks are the world's worst gossips. The malicious kind who dearly love smear campaigns and always have the latest misinformation. We have to put up with them but we don't have to listen to them. And, if you are a quotation mark, you'd better mend your ways. Or you'll be left without a friend in the world. An apostrophe might put up with you for a while because, after all, an apostrophe is a quote within a quote, so to speak.

I feel more sorry for the apostrophes than for anybody. They are the leftovers.

[Continued on Page 54]



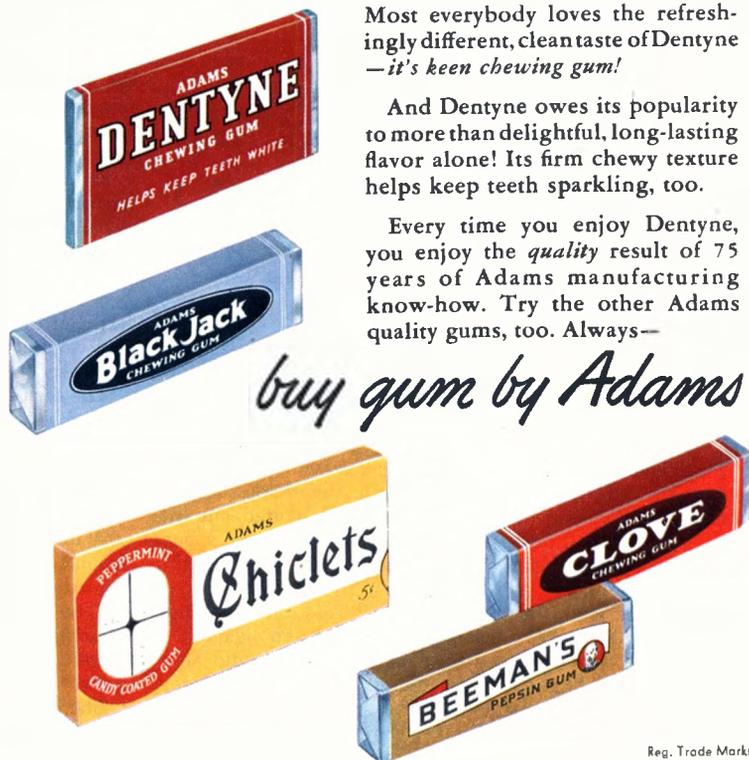
It's keen chewing gum

Most everybody loves the refreshingly different, clean taste of Dentyne — it's keen chewing gum!

And Dentyne owes its popularity to more than delightful, long-lasting flavor alone! Its firm chewy texture helps keep teeth sparkling, too.

Every time you enjoy Dentyne, you enjoy the *quality* result of 75 years of Adams manufacturing know-how. Try the other Adams quality gums, too. Always—

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She sprang out of bed and opened the screen. The voice of the rain was all about her

TESS and the RAIN

by MARIE WILSMAN

Tess was rebellious. She had prayed and she had promised to be good. And still there was no rain

TESS raced her skinny little shadow down the path, but as she reached the silent windmill, the shadow disappeared. A silver-rimmed thunderhead had blotted out the sun. Tess set the brass-bound wooden pail under the spout. The wheel made a faint, helpless sound as she released the chain.

"It doesn't matter if you don't turn," Tess told the windmill. "It's going to rain. Soft water in the cistern, again!"

Rain water, to wash Gram's hair, she thought, and hers, and Gram's wool-filled winter bedding. Tess stopped to reroll the leg of her dungarees.

"It's because I said my prayers last night." She felt a tremor

of awe. Her very own prayer was being answered. It was going to rain.

She left the mill and ran down the dusty cowpath, past the barn. The cloud came booming up from the west. A few dark wet spots dimpled the dust. The smell of rain was fragrance in Tess's nostrils and as she ran, she turned her face to the sky. She felt good.

She reached the cow lane, squirmed lithely between the barbed wires of the gate. Sunflowers stood tall along the lane, heavy heads bent low on their sapless stems. The buffalo grass was like dry wool beneath her bare feet. It smelled like stale spice. Dusty cows stood close together beneath drooping willow trees and switched their tails, hopelessly, at the flies that settled on their ribs, out of reach. The rain would wash off the dust, scare away the flies.

"Pretty soon, now, bossies," Tess told them.

The corn stood stiff and straight but without courage. The blade-like leaves were lopped down. The husks had shrunken away, revealing the yellow ends of the ears.

"But you can still make corn . . . now it's going to rain."

A cool drop wet Tess's lips and she licked it in. She could find no word to describe the taste of it.

A turtle dove left its skimpy nest and fluttered along the ground before her, its wings spread, bill parted. She pretended to believe its pretense and chased it a little way.

"You'd better get back to your babies. It's going to rain."

Going to rain, going to rain, she sang in her teen-age treble. A rabbit left its shelter of love-grass and skittered for the draw. "Tell everything it's going to rain," Tess cried after it.

She reached the top of the hill nearest the sky. She looked

[Continued on Page 60]

Let **Taste**
settle the soup
question!



Judge for Yourself

● Look at the deep, rosy color—get a whiff of that spicy aroma—*taste* the deep-down real-tomato flavor of Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup! See for yourself if this delightful blend of sweet cream and vine-ripened "Aristocrat" tomatoes isn't the heartiest, richest, most inviting tomato soup you ever tasted.

A rich
concentrate of
"Aristocrat" tomatoes
and thick,
rich cream!

Recipe for Better Spaghetti Sauce

● Sauté ½ cup chopped onion in 3 Tbs. bacon drippings. Add ½ lb. ground beef and brown. Add an 11-oz. tin Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup, ⅔ cup water, ¾ tsp. salt, dash pepper, 1 clove garlic. Simmer 30 min., stirring occasionally. Remove garlic. Serve over 6 oz. spaghetti, cooked and drained. Sprinkle with sharp cheese. Serves 4.



Heinz
Condensed
Cream of Tomato Soup

By adding one
tin of milk or water
to one tin of soup you
double the quantity of
this delicious
soup



Supper delight

**Add Appetite-Appeal
With Creamy-Rich
White House Milk**

Here's a dish that will rate three cheers. Made with creamy-rich White House Milk, it's as delectable as it is nutritious. In fact, White House gives you *extra-tasty, extra-smooth, extra-nourishing* dishes every time. There's none better for cooking, baking, and beverages.

WHITE HOUSE RAREBIT

- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
- Dash of cayenne
- 1 cup White House Milk
- ½ cup water
- ½ pound (2 cups) grated cheese*
- Toast or crackers



Melt butter, stir in flour and seasonings. Gradually add White House Milk and water and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Add cheese and stir until melted. Serve hot on toast, toasted English muffins, or crackers with a slice of tomato. 4 servings.



BABY'S FIRST SMILE

Such a crinkly, twinkly little grin! What mother wouldn't be thrilled? Yes, every mother wants her baby to be sunny and healthy. That's why White House Milk is a favorite for infant feeding. Doctors approve it, because it supplies each essential nutrient of fresh milk, plus generous amounts of pure vitamin D₃. There's none better!

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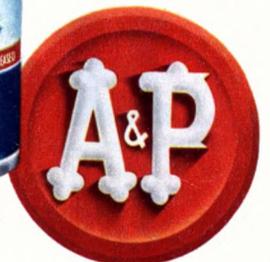
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Mother's First Thought for Infant Feeding

and for Every Milk Need!



*Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.

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If the rough, tough he-men of the Old West
could see their grandsons, they'd say that . . .

WESTERN MALES ARE A PACK OF SISSIES

By STEWART HOLBROOK

PERHAPS the most popular piece of folklore in the United States is that we men of the West are astonishingly he-fellows—rough, tough, quick on the draw. It is alleged, even believed, that we are also more than six feet tall, except for a few weaklings who measure a mere five feet eleven inches and hence are susceptible to pneumonia, tornadoes and rattlesnake bites.

The myth is pretty and it doesn't stop there. It goes on to say that all Western males are not only tall but handsome as the very devil, bronzed all over, and with clear, level eyes that reflect the hills and the great open spaces, of which we have a good many left out here. It is further alleged in our folklore that we godlike lads are capable of performing feats of strength and endurance that would pop the weak eyes of any sissy who lives east of the Mississippi, or east of wherever it is the West begins.

I think it is high time to look into this matter. *Are* we Western males as he as tradition has it? Is it true that the males populating what we still refer to as the effete East are a bunch of daisy-pickers compared to the males of the Great Plains and high mountains? And are we of the West in the true line of succession to the Injun fighters, the prospectors, the cowboys, the lumberjacks and those noble pioneers of the covered wagon?

Well, so far as daisy-picking is concerned, we really don't go in for it in the West. We go in for roses, for tulips, cherry blossoms and such things. Every year in the Pacific Northwest, that Last Frontier, the he-males of Portland go stark mad in June over the annual Rose Festival. And the people of Portland, not content with the Rose City, hounded the Union

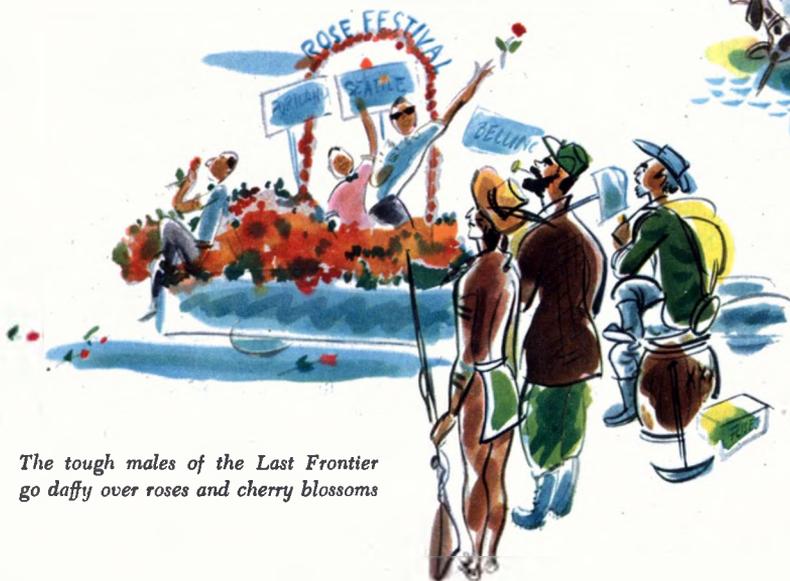
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The tall, bronzed athletes play a tough game of badminton, batting a feathered cork around



The West's mighty hunters go forth these days with seats strapped to their rears



The tough males of the Last Frontier go daffy over roses and cherry blossoms

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LEONARD SHORTALL



BEST IN SHOW

by Martha Robeson Wright

High stakes were involved in judging the dogs. And Mort Daniels had to square his choice with a lifetime of integrity

MORT Daniels sat at the piano and played "Little Grey Home in the West," and around the long table in the hotel private dining room the voices rose joyously, loudly, in the lyrics. He played pretty well, he thought, though he couldn't read a note and his fingers were getting stiff with arthritis.

He hadn't wanted to play tonight. But they had begged, and playing the piano always went over big at these dog-show dinners. It took the tenseness away and put the exhibitors in a genial frame of mind for his final judgments the next day.

As he played and his fingers ached, his heart ached, too. This was his last show. He was giving up the life he loved. He was getting too old. His arthritis made the trips he used to enjoy become tedious. And the tenseness and excitement of the shows left him weary and shaking when it was over. He had begun taking too many nips from the bottle, and that wasn't good for arthritis. He hated to admit it, but his show days were over. Maybe he could get a job answering questions from dog lovers in some magazine. He had barely enough to retire on, but not enough to live in any comfort. He wished he could settle in some nice little place in the country. It would be nice to have had more laid by, but this was the way it was. If he kept on he'd find himself sick in the hospital or somewhere that would eat up his small capital.

He loved being a dog-show judge. You never got rich at it, if you were honest. There were a few he knew of who had feathered their nests pretty well. Nothing could be proved, of course; but fees for judges were never any too large and expenses were becoming heavier. You were a dog-show judge because you loved it. You loved dogs and everything about them. He couldn't remember when he hadn't, even as a tiny lad back in England where his grandfather had been kennel manager for one of the big landowners, then with his father, and finally on his own in the States. The Daniels had always been respected for their knowledge of dogs and their honesty in judging. Mort was proud of that reputation. He carried it on for thirty years.

"Great going, Daniels." Web Talmadge laid a light hand on his shoulder. Marian, his wife, smiled at him over her highball glass, and nodded. Nice people, the Talmadges. Rich as fleas, but nice. Had one of the finest great Dane kennels in the country. Web liked to show his own dogs, though he always brought one of his kennel men along in the station wagon. It was too bad that Web hadn't been able to produce a champion yet. Some of



ILLUSTRATIONS BY GWEN FREMLIN

his dogs had been pretty good, five pointers, and once a ten pointer. But he had never quite made the grade. This year, he had a good dog, Hercules, who had won thirteen points so far. Mort had been glad to give him the best of breed in this afternoon's judging. That gave Hercules fourteen points. He hoped the dog would be able to make the fifteen points it takes to be a champion.

Web and Marian were both tops. He had heard a lot about them at dog shows before he had met them. Then he had judged their entries a number of times, and he was always sorry when he had to eliminate them. But the Talmadges were always such good sports, and several times they had bought him a drink, or taken him to lunch, just out of friendliness.

Yes, Hercules had a good chance tomorrow. But there was going to be pretty stiff competition. If he made it, he would be the first Talmadge dog to do so. This was one of the best shows Mort had judged in a long time. All good entries with class and breeding in every line. And Mort was glad. He liked going out of circulation with memories of work well done, stiff competition and a fair decision.

Mort ran his fingers in a trill between the cords. Yes, Hercules had a chance. Other visiting judges had never questioned a decision of his. And sometimes there was such a fraction of difference that it wasn't an easy job.

"How about a little ride before turning in, Mort," Web said over the noise of the singing.

"I've never been in this part of the country before," Marian said. "Let's ride up to the dam. The scenery is gorgeous."

Mort pounded out the last few chords of the song with a flourish, and sat still while the singers clapped and begged for more. His knuckles hurt. He shook his head at the crowd and nodded to Web. "Cool us off some, too," he said.

He turned to the singers. "Good night, folks, I'm going to get cooled off before turning in. See you in the morning."

He walked out with Web and Marian. Most of the other guests would
[Continued on Page 82]



They stood like living statues, muscles raised, heads high





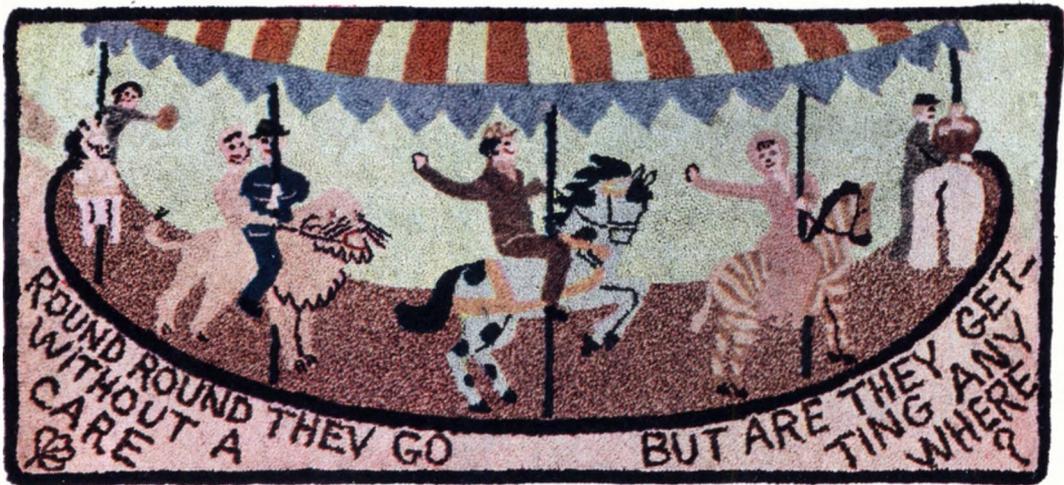
PACKING-CASE FURNITURE

This sturdy pine furniture, ideal for a boy's room, was made in Woman's Day Workshop from used packing cases. More pictures and details on Page 57 — directions in How To Section, Page 89.

MARGUERITE DODD AND WILLIAM WHITLOCK

SEE
HOW TO
SECTION

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM HOWLAND



HUMOR AND SPITE IN OLD HOOKED RUGS

In the days when making hooked rugs was a means of self-expression, their makers had something to say and said it in no uncertain terms

by FRANK FARRINGTON

WITHOUT regard for suitability of colors, for resemblance to nature or for perspective and proportion, the old hooked rugs were nevertheless remarkably representative of their makers' personalities. Often in these one-of-a-kind rugs, many of them now collectors' items, a vital and dramatic story is apparent behind the original picture and motto or verse.

Though the sentiments with which many were inscribed are often weak in rhyme and weaker still in reason, they usually have a biting humor. Many examples show that bitterness sometimes crept into the minds of New England spinsters as well as sailors' neglected wives, and frequently the makers seem to have let their feelings get the better of their needles. Witness the following verse which appears on a rug under the picture of a sailing vessel:

*Maidens Accept an Old Woman's
Advice
I married a Sailor Not One Time but
Twice
On Shore so Devoted and You Will
Adore
Then Up Goes the Anchor, You see
Him No More*

Another twice-widowed woman reproduced her two husbands' portraits (as well as she could) on a rug, with the inscription:

*This Hallowed Pair I Work with Care
Upon This Humble Carpet*

*They Were My Husbands Kind and
True
Now from This Life Departed*

And then, presumably, she laid the hallowed pair on the floor to be trod upon.

A picture of a sailor in white ducks, waving his hat from up in the ship's rigging, is accompanied by the warning, "Never trust a Man from a Square Rigger, So Evil-Eyed for a Pretty Figure." And a sailor's critical wife thus inscribes a rug to meet her husband's eye when he comes home from a cruise to the Orient: "My Husband Likes to Brag and Boast, What a Devil He Was on the Barbary Coast."

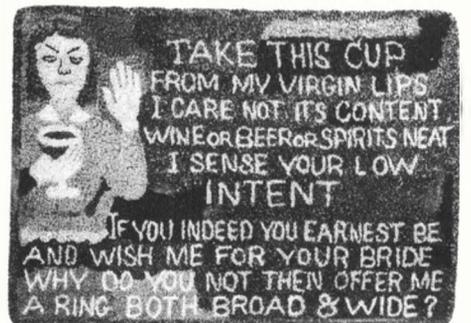
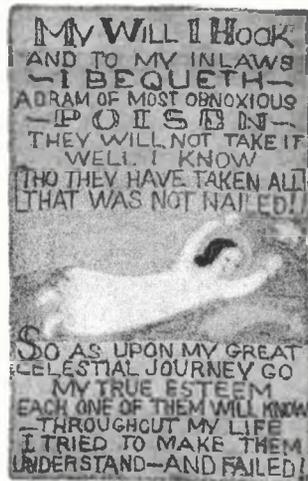
"Am I Maid, Wife or Widow?" queries the wife of a sailor away at sea, offering the following:

*Uncertain the Life of a Sailor's Wife
If Wife Indeed She Be
A Sailor Will Disappear for Years
Might Well Have Left This Vale of
Tears
And Never a Word Has She*

The sailors catch it from all sides, perhaps because as one woman hooks the opinion: "A Sailor Man Adds to Your Sorrow, He's Here Today and Gone Tomorrow."

The women, too, have to take it from spiteful rug weavers. A rug pictures a silly-looking blonde with a butterfly flitting about her head, a hand mirror on

[Continued on Page 68]



CLEAR IT WITH MIRIAM

by CHARLES LANIUS

A man built Alaska's first concrete buildings and its largest radio station, as well as developing many of its resources. But he gives most of the credit for helping him to a woman

A NEW switchman on the government - owned Alaska railroad recently watched a white-haired man in a battered slouch hat, dirt-streaked overalls and a torn, faded mackinaw swing onto a southbound freight train pulling out of Fairbanks.

"Say," he remarked casually to a trim young woman standing near the tracks, "that old bum has a lot of nerve, hasn't he?"

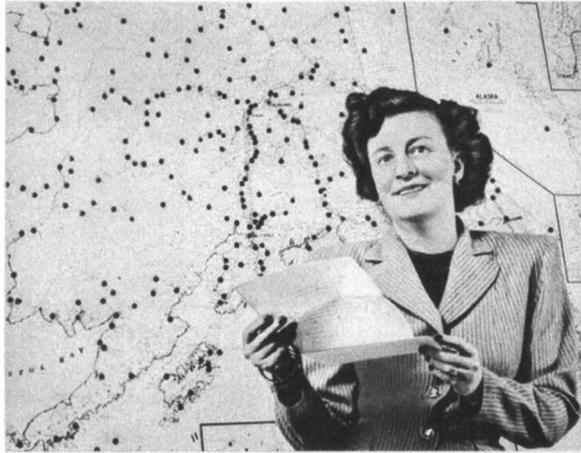
"Yes, he certainly has," she replied. She might also have added, "In case you're thinking of putting him off, that 'old bum' is the richest man in Alaska. He's my boss."

Captain Austin Eugene Lathrop, Alaska's 81-year-old, home-grown millionaire, was heading for his Healy River coal mine, only one of his many enterprises. When "Cap," as he is known to Alaskans, travels, he grabs the first transportation handy, freight or passenger train, airplane or, as he did years ago, dog team.

Besides the coal mine, Cap Lathrop owns Alaska's biggest and most northerly radio station, two newspapers, two banks, five theaters, two large modern apartment houses, a bowling alley, a hog ranch, a large department store and stocks and directorships in a dozen other enterprises including a Seattle bank and brewery.

Miss Miriam Dickey, his Montana-bred executive secretary, had come to see him off and wind up some last-minute business details. For sixteen years she has been the liaison between Lathrop, who trusts her judgment implicitly, and all others.

The title "executive secretary" probably produces a misleading impression of Miss Dickey's job. Besides running the main company offices in Fairbanks, she is capable of taking over and operating any single unit of the organization. She is Cap's general manager, adviser, trouble-shooter and official hostess wrapped into one package. When Cap is in town Miss Dickey's day begins early and seldom ends before nine or ten o'clock at night. She is busy all day seeing managers and employees of the company and others who have business



MIRIAM DICKEY KEEPS AN EYE ON REPORTS OF KFAR RECEPTION

with Cap. "Clear it with Miriam" is a familiar expression around the Fairbanks office.

Often at a moment's notice Miss Dickey flies to Seattle or San Francisco to buy mine machinery, general merchandise or transact other business. Mining men particularly are surprised to find that a woman can talk a specialist's language. She learned about mining when in an emergency she spent several months unknitting problems at Cap's mine as a timekeeper and makeshift utility boss.

AT least once a year she goes to New York to negotiate radio contracts or to Washington, D. C., on legal matters or to do a bit of mild lobbying. She buys all the films for Cap's five theaters, in Fairbanks, Cordova and Anchorage, usually previewing them in Seattle. This is necessary, she says, because "Alaskans won't stand for junky motion pictures." In addition, she writes and broadcasts a woman's radio journal over Cap's station KFAR three times a week.

"People in the United States," she says, "shouldn't think that because we Alaskans live on a frontier we are necessarily backwoodsmen. Women in Alaska today are home-builders always looking out for new ways to make their homes more comfortable and attractive."

Miss Dickey says she was never hired for any of these jobs. She was born

in Kalispell, Montana, where her father was a not too successful county politician. After high school she got a degree in journalism at the University of Washington at Seattle. She worked her way through the university as a secretary and as a general handy-girl at a radio station.

A Seattle businessman told her about Cap Lathrop, then in Seattle on business. Cap had gone to Alaska in 1896, broke and in debt for a half interest in a small trading schooner. He made some money. Then, attracted by oil seepages on the west coast of Alaska, he brought the first oil drilling rig into the territory.

He went broke again. He started all over as a teamster at Cordova; while draying he built the first moving picture theater in the town and was so successful that he was made a director of the Cordova bank.

Cap branched out and as his businesses expanded, he needed help. He found it in Miss Ruby DeGraff, his secretary for seventeen years until her death. For four years he looked for someone to take her place. He was sixty-five when Miriam Dickey met him. When he looked her over he decided she was too young for the job. He tried to discourage her with stories about the inconveniences and hard life in Alaska. Miss Dickey persisted and finally Cap suggested they take a walk.

"I THOUGHT he was trying to get rid of me," she told me, "but Cap went to a store and bought a portable typewriter. Without any further conversation we went back and I started work. There was no discussion of salary and there hasn't been to this day. In fact I was never even hired."

The job of being Cap Lathrop's right arm isn't an easy one. He is an exceptionally hard worker and expects those around him to work just as hard. Alaskans generally consider him a shrewd but fair businessman with plenty of temper when upset. His language is often colorful and forceful and always to the point.

[Continued on Page 68]

MY Aunt Laura, my godmother, is the tall thin member of the Ladies' Aid, Burke Union Church, Cleveland, who always manages to wear her hat on the exact mathematical middle of her head so that she looks all strength of character and no fiddle-faddle.

An excellent woman, Aunt Laura—stiff as starch, but devoted to Presbyterianism. For her entry into the next world there will be special harp arrangements, bunting on the pearly gates, and a little flurry of excitement among the angels as her square-set hat and resolute brow rise into view. In spite of her marriage to Uncle Harvey, who turned out to be something of a tippler and a terrible trial until he died, Aunt Laura is that good and fine a woman.

It would seem strange at first glance, therefore, that even a letter from my admirable aunt gives me a chill and I have to shut my eyes a minute until the little spots go away.

"I hope," she wrote to me from Cleveland in July, "I hope you will not neglect to send your little Jane to Sunday school." And at this point, my eyes still shut, I distinctly saw Aunt Laura stay her hand and press her lips together.

As a godchild I had turned out to be a very bitter pill. . . . The summer I visited her in Cleveland—because my mother was doing something mysterious which had to do with a new baby—except for the time there was a strawberry festival at the Sunday school, Aunt Laura had to escort me right up to the door every Sunday morning, her hand tight around my elbow, to make sure I went in.

I didn't like Sunday school. Instead of telling the teacher good morning, you were required to draw a deep breath

[Continued on Page 72]



"We are a fish'n Mary band," sang Jane

Jane and the Leviticus- Deuteronomy

by MARJORIE W. HICKEY



ILLUSTRATIONS
BY FRED IRVIN

"Isn't it lovely to see you!" I kept saying
as we tried to pry her out of her rubbers

There was nothing half-hearted about Jane in Sunday school. But she was exceedingly doubtful about Aunt Laura's God



Gay was the little girl she would have someday, with whom she'd share all lovely things

R emember this Day

BY MARY KNOWLES

Zina opened her eyes, and it was morning and the rain had stopped. She thought, This is my wedding day. She turned her head toward the window to see if the sun were shining, and then the palms of her small hands came together on the coverlet as it in prayer, for she was looking at a miracle.

The limp white rayon curtains that had hung at her window the night before were gone, and in their place were curtains of spun gold. Curtains so newly created that they glistened, so fine that you could gather them to you, and it would be like holding an armful of sunbeams.

She took in the beauty of the curtains until her heart could hold no more, and she had to share it with someone. She wanted to jump out of bed and call Mrs. Farraday to come see. But she knew her landlady would say, "What's wrong with them curtains? Good for a whole year yet, they are!"

She wanted to tell Case Newcombe. Run all the way to his garage and cry, "Oh, Case, come and see the curtains at my window."

No, she couldn't tell Case. She was going to marry him today, but she couldn't tell him about the curtains of spun gold. Case whose talk was of spark plugs and brake linings. He would hitch up his trousers the way he did when he was annoyed, as if to say, "What kind of a crazy woman are you, anyhow?" Or he might laugh and show the space where two teeth were missing beneath the jagged scar on his upper lip.

There was no one with whom she could share her discovery. It was like being mute, feeling all the beautiful words and thoughts built up within you and not being able to speak them.

I'll remember how they look so that I can tell Gay, she thought. And she looked hard at the curtains remembering every little detail, because she knew in a moment they would be gone. Gay was the little girl she would have someday, the person with whom she could share all the lovely things stored within her heart.

She knew so well what Gay would look like. In her mind's eye she always saw her as three years old. She had blue eyes and long golden hair. Not braided so tight that it made her eyes slant, but simply tied back with a ribbon and left to hang free to her waist. Gay always wore a

[Continued on Page 79]

To Zina, who had

always been lonely, it

was a wonderful discovery —



that she could open her heart to someone near her

It does make a difference

Cutting the same vegetables in different ways changes the appearance, texture and often the flavor and cooking time

● It is very easy to tire of preparing, serving and eating the more common vegetables time and time again. Even with variations of seasoning and sauces and dressings the ordinary vegetables can become monotonous. We find that some of the sameness is lessened if carrots are not eternally sliced or diced, if snap beans are not always broken in the usual-size pieces. It is a relief to meet up with cabbage which is not chopped or served in wedges. On these two pages we offer some suggestions for a few of our pet cutting tricks for carrots, snap beans and cabbage. The carrot cuts may also be used on beets and turnips. For equipment, a good sharp knife and cutting board are needed. The vegetable peeler and the two types of shredders shown are low-cost but exceptionally useful gadgets generally found in house-furnishing departments and five- and ten-cent stores.



CARROTS To make sticks or julienne strips, cut peeled carrots crosswise into 2-1/2-inch pieces, cut each piece into 1/4-inch lengthwise slices, then cut each slice into 1/4-inch lengthwise strips



To make raw carrot chips, use a vegetable peeler to remove thin peelings from carrots, then whittle off paper-thin diagonal slices. Use in salads or as a raw relish to be eaten by hand



Peeled carrots may be cut into shreds on either a fine or coarse shredder, then used raw in salads or sandwiches. Or to serve hot, cook quickly in a little salted water or milk and season to taste



SNAP BEANS cook much more quickly if each one is cut into three lengthwise slices with a sharp paring knife, after the ends and any strings have been removed. Of course, wash the beans first



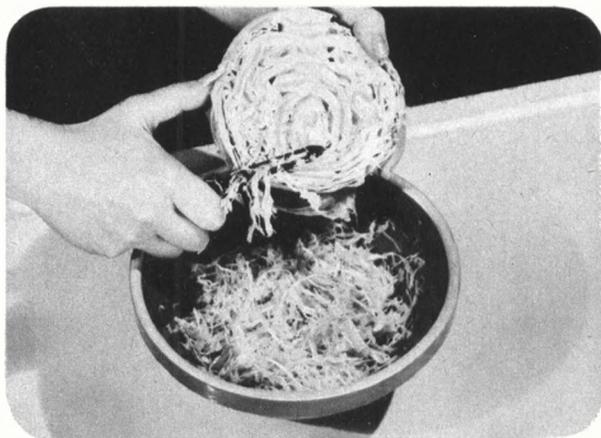
It's a timesaver to dice snap beans. Wash beans, remove ends and strings, if any. Put a handful on a board and slice evenly in 1/4-inch pieces. These cook in salted water in about 8 minutes



Diagonally sliced snap beans are good served hot, but especially nice if cooked, chilled and put in salads. Remove ends and strings from beans, cut into 1/8-inch diagonal slices with sharp knife



CABBAGE can be quickly cut on a coarse shredder for slaw, other salads or fast cooking. A solid, small or medium-size head of cabbage works best. Cut head in half unless it is a very small one



Very, very thin cabbage shreds for slaw can be made if a vegetable peeler is used. Cut cabbage in half and whittle off slices. If you have patience, this can also be done with a sharp knife



If a large quantity of finely chopped cabbage is needed for a good-sized dish of slaw, run it through the food chopper (medium blade). Excellent when making relishes and pickles or church supper slaw

1. NARROW SILHOUETTE DRESS
2. DRESS WITH WRAP SKIRT
3. FULL SILHOUETTE DRESS
4. DRAPED DRESS

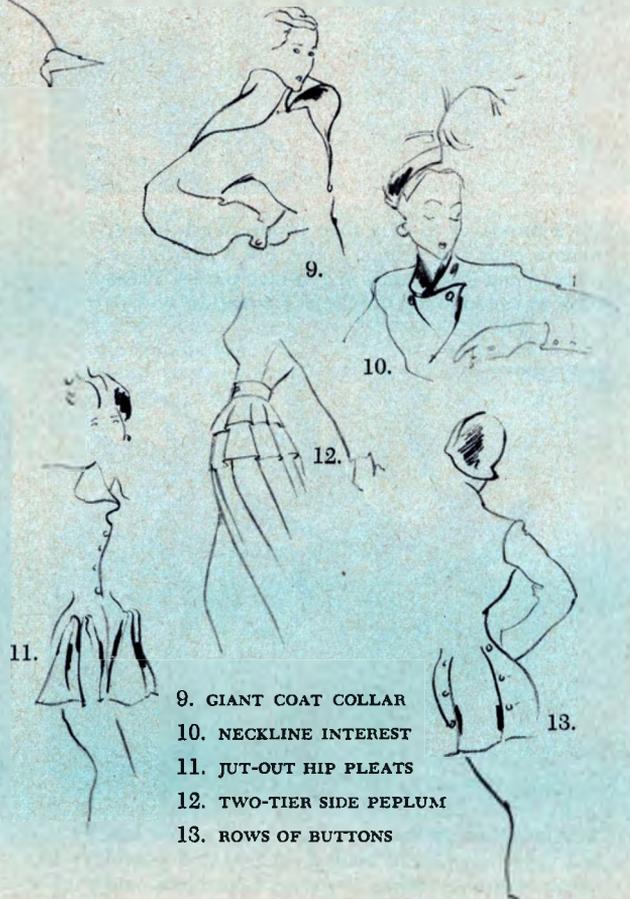
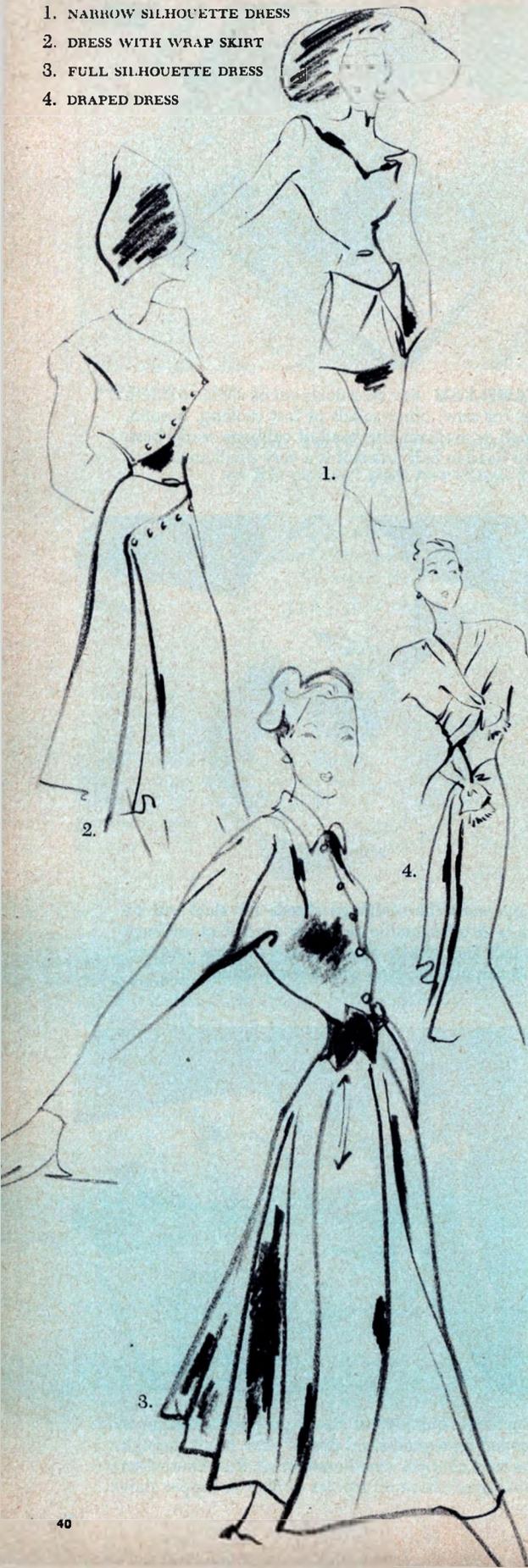
Window Shopping

by Katherine Lanitia

Women have a real clothes problem on their hands this year. For the first time since the war, even those who don't go in for the high-style or extreme will have to make some concessions to a new silhouette. For example, thought has to be given to the length, the fullness, the shoulders of any new purchase.

In illustrating the fall collections, we have purposely chosen the trail-blazers or trend-makers among the designers. While the chances are that few of us will go in for the startling changes pictured, practically anything we buy from now on will be affected by, or a modification of, these trends. This is no season to buy a marked-down-from-last-spring suit or dress or coat . . . certainly not without first studying the fashion picture as it looks today. (Even a slip that may turn out to be six inches shorter than the next dress you buy is no bargain.) This is the year to do some homework . . . a little concentrating on the fashion magazines . . . and a lot of window shopping.

Even if you're going to buy cannily and thriftily—splurge on your window shopping. Visit the exclusive shops, where they're way ahead of the market. You will find that many of their styles seem eccentric, too exaggerated for the average figure and too conspicuous for everyday wear. But they are guideposts to modified versions we'll all be wearing fairly soon. We had our artist sketch for you some high lights in the preview showings of seven outstanding New York designers. [Continued on Page 101]



9. GIANT COAT COLLAR
10. NECKLINE INTEREST
11. JUT-OUT HIP PLEATS
12. TWO-TIER SIDE PEPLUM
13. ROWS OF BUTTONS

- 5. WRAPPED COAT
- 6. FULL-LENGTH FITTED COAT
- 7. SWING-BACK GREATCOAT
- 8. BARREL-SHAPED SHORTIE



5.



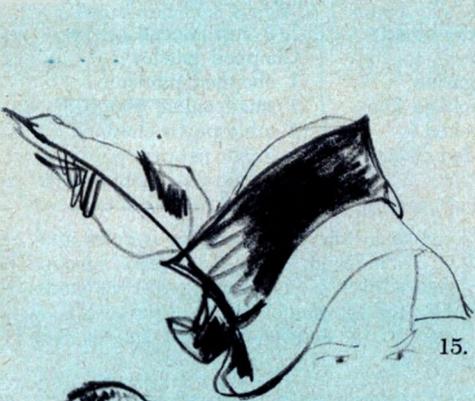
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7.



8.



15.

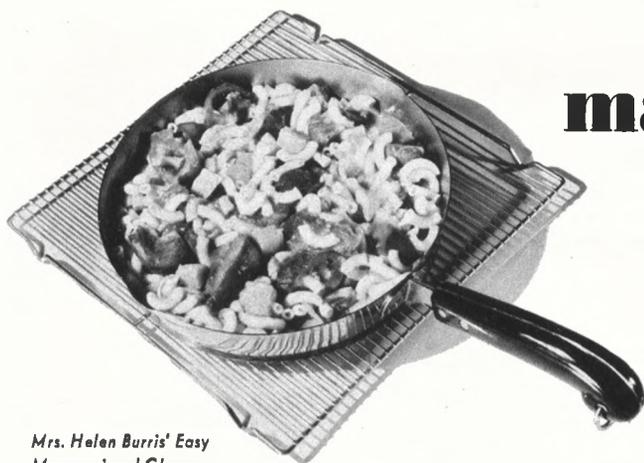


16.



14.

- 14. PUFF-BALL HELMET
- 15. MANIPULATED CLOCHE
- 16. WIDER, FULLER CROWN



Mrs. Helen Burris' Easy
Macaroni and Cheese

macaroni spaghetti noodles

These twelve prize-winning main dishes, costing from 8 cents to 26 cents* per serving, fit into moderate and low food budgets

EASY MACARONI AND CHEESE

Costs 63 cents (September 1947)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 4 medium tomatoes | 1/2 pound sharp cheddar cheese, diced |
| 1/4 cup margarine | 1 teaspoon paprika |
| 1 8-ounce package macaroni | Salt and pepper |

Cut tomatoes in wedges or slices; cook in margarine in skillet until lightly browned and soft. Cook macaroni according to package directions; drain. Add macaroni, diced cheese and paprika to tomatoes; season to taste with salt and pepper; mix well. Cover skillet and simmer 10 minutes, or cook over high heat, without cover, for 5 minutes, stirring constantly.

Mrs. Helen Burris, Scarsdale, N. Y.

SPAGHETTI, BACON AND CHEESE CASSEROLE

Costs 62 cents (September 1947)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|--|-----------------|
| 1 8-ounce package thin spaghetti, cooked | Salt and pepper |
| 1 cup grated sharp cheese | 2 slices bread |
| 2 cups milk | 6 slices bacon |

Mix spaghetti, cheese and milk; season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour into greased 1-1/2-quart casserole. Break bread into small pieces; sprinkle over spaghetti mixture; top with bacon slices. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., 30 minutes or until bacon is crisp.

Mrs. Karl S. Keller, Baltimore, Md.

MACARONI PANCAKES

Costs 29 cents (September 1947)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 8-ounce package elbow macaroni | 2 eggs, grade B, beaten |
| 6 cups water | 1/2 cup grated sharp cheese |
| 2 teaspoons salt | 1/8 teaspoon pepper |

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water about 1 hour until macaroni is cooked to pieces and water almost evaporated; stir often. Drain and add remaining ingredients, mixing thoroughly. Drop by tablespoonfuls on hot greased griddle and cook until brown on both sides. Serve with butter, syrup or jam. Makes about 16 2-1/2 inch pancakes.

Mrs. Harry Clark, Melrose Park, Ill.

BAKED EGGPLANT AND NOODLE MAIN DISH

Costs 56 cents (September 1947)
Serves 4 to 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---|
| 1 small eggplant, sliced thin | 1 5-ounce package broad noodles, cooked |
| 2 eggs, grade B, beaten | 2/3 cup grated Parmesan cheese |
| Flour | Salt and pepper |
| 1/3 cup melted fat or oil | 2 cups milk |

Dip each slice of eggplant in egg, then in flour; brown in hot fat in skillet. Arrange alternate layers of eggplant and noodles in greased 1-1/2-quart baking dish, sprinkling each layer with cheese and salt and pepper to taste. Pour milk over all. Bake in moderate oven, 375°F., about 40 minutes.

Mary Wilbur, Tampa, Fla.

NOODLE AND VEAL CASSEROLE

Costs 86 cents (September 1947)
Serves 4 to 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 1/2 cup fine dry bread crumbs | 1/2 cup minced celery |
| 1/4 cup margarine | Chopped parsley |
| 1 5-ounce package fine noodles, cooked | 1 chopped pimiento |
| 2 cups shredded cooked veal | 1 small onion, chopped |
| 1 cup shredded cheese | 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper |
| | 1/2 cup veal broth or milk |
| | Salt and pepper to taste |

Brown bread crumbs in margarine; add to noodles and veal, mix well. Combine with other ingredients, mixing well. Bake in greased 1-1/2-quart baking dish in moderate oven, 350°F., for 30 minutes or until brown.

Mrs. C. L. Sawyer, Western Springs, Ill.

MACARONI WITH WINE CHEESE SAUCE

Costs 69 cents (September 1947)
Serves 4 to 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 onion, minced | 2 hard-cooked eggs |
| 1/2 green pepper, minced | Salt and pepper |
| 2 medium tomatoes, sliced | 1/2 pound processed cheese, shredded |
| 2 tablespoons butter | 1/4 cup sherry or sauterne wine |
| 4 cups cooked macaroni | |

* Costs based on average prices in large supermarkets as we go to press.

Cook onion, green pepper and tomatoes in butter until tender; add to macaroni; add chopped eggs, and salt and pepper to taste; mix well. Turn into greased 1-1/2-quart casserole. Melt cheese in top of double boiler over hot water; remove from heat, add wine; mix well and pour over macaroni mixture; bake in moderate oven, 350°F., about 30 minutes.

Mrs. H. N. Schmackers, Springfield, Ohio

ITALIAN-STYLE SPAGHETTI AND MEAT BALL PLATTER

Costs \$2.08 (September 1947)

Serves 8 to 10 *Woman's Day Kitchen*

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------------|
| 6 slices bread | 1 6-ounce can tomato paste |
| Warm water | 2 8-ounce cans tomato sauce |
| 2 large green peppers | Pinch dried basil |
| 2 large onions | 1-1/4 pounds spaghetti |
| 1 cup celery tops | 1/2 pound grated American cheese |
| 1 clove garlic | 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese |
| 2 pounds chopped beef | |
| 2 eggs, grade B | |
| Salt and pepper | |
| 1/3 cup salad oil | |
| 2 cups water | |

Soak bread in warm water (about 3/4 cup). Put peppers, onions, celery tops and garlic through food chopper using coarse blade; add 1/2 of this mixture to chopped beef, reserving other half for sauce. Add 2-1/2 teaspoons salt, 1/8 teaspoon pepper, eggs and drained soaked bread to beef-vegetable mixture; mix well. Shape meat mixture into 16 balls about 2-1/2 inches in diameter; brown in oil in large heavy kettle. When meat balls are browned, remove from

kettle. Add water, tomato paste, sauce and remaining 1/2 of vegetable mixture, 1 teaspoon salt and 1/8 teaspoon pepper; mix well. Bring to boil; lower heat, add browned meat balls. Cover and cook over low heat about 2 hours. Add salt and pepper if needed and a pinch of dried basil if desired. Cook spaghetti according to package directions; drain. To serve, arrange a layer of hot spaghetti on platter; sprinkle with grated American cheese; pour over layer of sauce; continue alternating layers until all spaghetti is used. Top with layer of sauce; arrange meat balls over all; sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese.

Miss Ruby V. Stankard, Anniston, Ala.

MACARONI VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

Costs 50 cents (September 1947)

Serves 4 *Woman's Day Kitchen*

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1-1/2 cups chopped celery | 2 tablespoons margarine |
| 1 carrot | 2 tablespoons flour |
| 2 onions | 2 cups milk |
| 1 red-and-green sweet pepper | 1-1/2 cups shredded processed cheese |
| 1/2 pound macaroni | Salt and pepper |

Cook chopped vegetables and macaroni in 4 cups boiling salted water until tender and water almost evaporated, about 12 minutes. Drain, saving 1/2 cup cooking water. Make white sauce with margarine, flour and milk; add cheese and stir until melted. Add macaroni-vegetable mixture and reserved 1/2 cup liquid. Season to taste. Pour into 2-quart casserole. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., about 20 minutes until lightly browned.

Mrs. Ray Prisby, Youngstown, Ohio

[Continued on Page 67]

Miss Ruby Stankard's Italian-Style Spaghetti and Meat Ball Platter



are you afraid of your children?

Thirty years of teaching other people's children have convinced the author that most of them would rise to greater demands and greater respect from their parents

Recently a friend of mine, the mother of a son and a daughter aged seventeen and fifteen, excited a party of women, most of them mothers like herself, by a very honest if somewhat startling announcement.

"Thank God," she said, "that vacation ends tomorrow! I can't stand another day. What I've learned about myself during these two weeks. It's just too awful! And the worst part of it is that I'm afraid the next vacation will leave me in exactly the same state. I'm beginning to think I'm a complete washout as a mother!"

Her remark was received, I could see, with a measure of disapproval, for mothers are slow to admit either that their children sometimes get on their nerves or that they themselves aren't always equal to their job; and yet, I felt equally sure, it evoked uneasy echoes in more than one mind and conscience. Ever since that day I have been going over in my own mind the reasons for my friend's discomfiture, for I think I know what some of them are.

I AM, it is true, not a mother. Instead I am a teacher of other people's children. And yet after thirty years and more spent in this profession, I have learned a great deal about American mothers, not to say fathers, and about American homes as well. For the teacher who is concerned with the manners, morals, thoughts and values of young people quite as much as she is concerned with the history, or English or mathematics, which she teaches them, garners a surprising amount of knowledge about the homes from which they come and sometimes a tragic amount of knowledge about their feeling toward those homes. Often such knowledge is pleasant and reassuring; too often it is neither. What, then, is the matter? What lies behind the rather bitter remark of my honest friend? And what had she discovered about herself during those days when her children were let loose from the relative confinements of school? For whether boys and girls come trooping home from college and boarding school, or whether they are freed from the restrictions of grade and high schools, the same fact remains: they are at home for a season, presumably under the authority of their parents and in the good, or bad, companionship of them.

FOR these vacation inroads parents almost pathetically prepare. Mothers bake the favorite cakes, spend hours on some change in a son's or a daughter's room to make it more attractive, and have a new permanent so that their children may not be ashamed of their appearance. Fathers tot up available sums to see what vacation gifts and gaieties can be afforded, get the family car in shape, and more than once inwardly determine that they will be more co-operative

[Continued on Page 103]



Since instructions for making all the crochet shown on the following eight pages could not possibly be fitted into the How To Section, we have prepared a booklet entitled "Woman's Day 1947 Crochet Annual," shown above. It consists of sixty-four pages devoted entirely to crochet. There are instructions not only for the articles shown in this month's issue, but over thirty additional ones—more than one hundred original designs in all. Every piece is illustrated and, for the beginner, there are step-by-step directions for the basic stitches. You can order your copy of "Woman's Day 1947 Crochet Annual" by sending 20 cents in coins (no stamps, please) to

**Box CA1047,
Woman's Day,
19 West 44th Street,
New York 18, N. Y.**

CROCHET

LUCINDA BARDSLEY

All through the year letters from our readers say "Give us more crochet."

This form of needlework is more popular with them than any three others combined.

Here are 68 original designs for making things to wear and to live with.



1. Simple, gold-flecked sweater to wear with short or long skirts. To make of wool, \$6.40



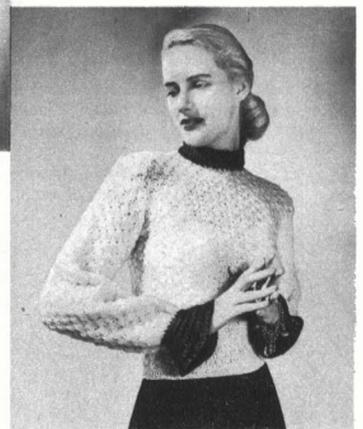
2. Spiked ribbon binding on party sweater. Cost to make of worsted \$4.25



4. Comfortable sports jacket ties at the waist. Cost to make of knitting worsted, \$6.75



5. Lacy mesh blouse with a solid stitch yoke. Cost to crochet of cotton thread, \$1.75



6. Dark high roll collar and dandy cuffs on white slip-over. Cost to make of worsted, \$4.00

3. Two-toned sweater with a new shoulder-wide yoke. Cost to make of wool floss, \$2.65

DIRECTIONS FOR THESE PIECES ARE IN THE NEW CROCHET ANNUAL. TO ORDER, SEE PAGE 44

MORE CROCHET ON FOLLOWING PAGES

CROCHET *(continued)*

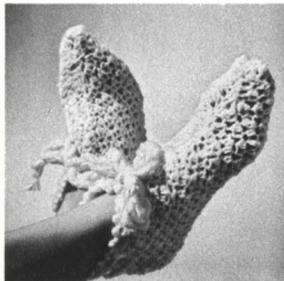
Here are twenty-six inexpensive ways to add to your own wardrobe and simplify your gift giving



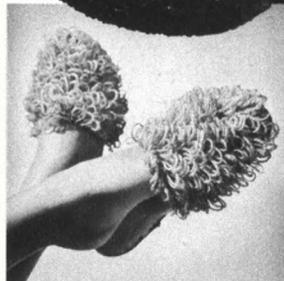
7. Gaily striped carry-all you can crochet of cotton for \$3.00



8. New roomy pouch bag. Make of pearl cotton, \$3.75



9. Cozy foot warmers. Cost to make of worsted, \$1.25



10. Fluffy, poodle scuffs. Make of wool floss, 80 cents



11. Bead-edged purse belt of wool. To make, 50 cents



12. Solid-stitch bed jacket. To make of worsted, \$2.90



13. Ruffle-collared bed jacket. Make of wool, \$2.10



14. Wool scarf with touches of gold in the borders, \$2.00



15. Filmy, circular shawl of baby wool. To make, \$4.25

25. Striped toque gives new covered look. Make of wool, \$1.25



26. Self-banded casual. To make of cotton, \$1.25

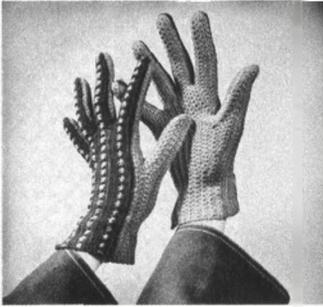


27. Large, drapeable beret of wool floss. To make, \$1.50



28. Roll-brimmed hat of worsted. Cost to make, \$1.80

16. Mesh gloves with contrasting trim. To make of cotton, 50 cents



17. Light palm, dark-patterned back. To make of cotton, 60 cents



18. Red, white and blue wool mittens cost \$1.50 to make



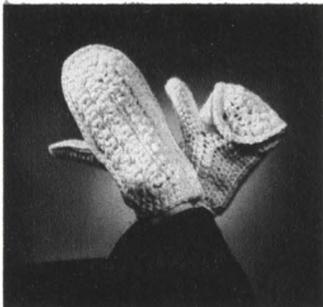
19. Embroidered flowers gay up worsted mittens. To make, \$1.25



20. Cool, summer shorties cost 30 cents to crochet of cotton



21. Smart gauntlet mittens. Make of sock and sweater yarn, \$1.75



22. Chunky, wrist-length mittens of knitting yarn. To make, \$1.50



23. Black and gray gloves. Make of fingering yarn for \$1.25



24. Candy-stripe stripes on back of wool mittens. To make, \$1.75



29. Pixie hood striped with gold. To make of wool, \$2.10



30. Head-hugging toque of wool. To make, 90 cents

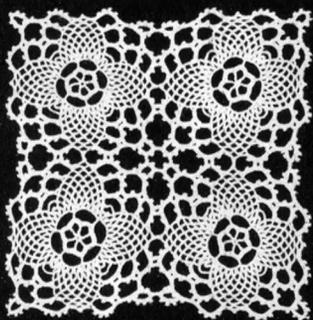


31. Skirt-brimmed cavalier hat. To make of wool, \$2.25

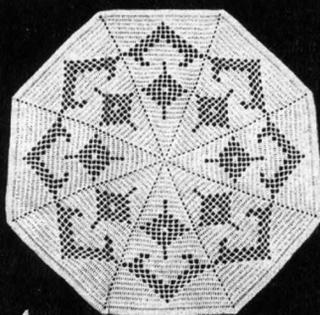


32. Circle-motif beret of worsted. To make, \$1.25

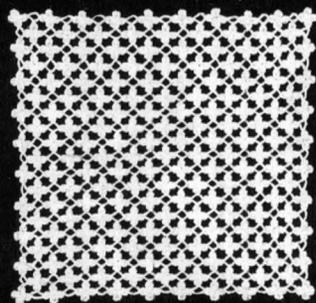
DIRECTIONS FOR THESE PIECES ARE IN THE NEW CROCHET ANNUAL. TO ORDER, SEE PAGE 44



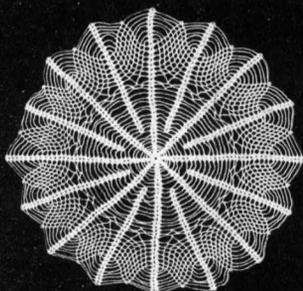
33. Flower motifs set in frosty filigree. Cost to make place mat of cotton, 30 cents



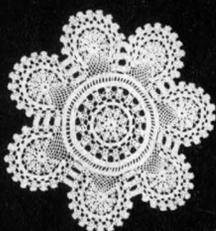
34. Octagon doily of filet crochet can be made of size 30 cotton for 30 cents



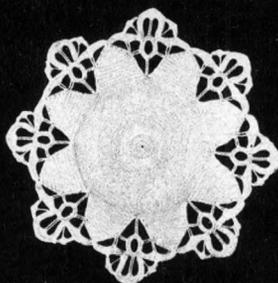
35. Four leaf clover all-over pattern. To make place mat of cotton, 30 cents



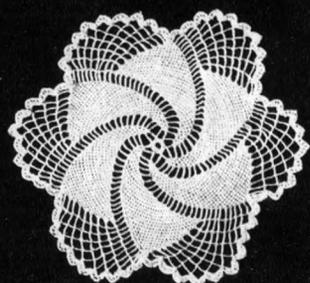
36. Superfine web doily of size 50 cotton. To make, 30 cents



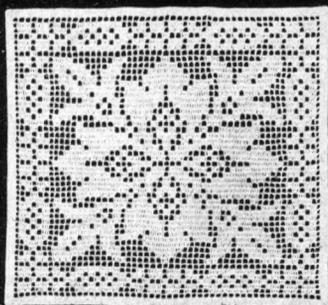
37. Circle-edged doily. Make of size 50 cotton for 25 cents



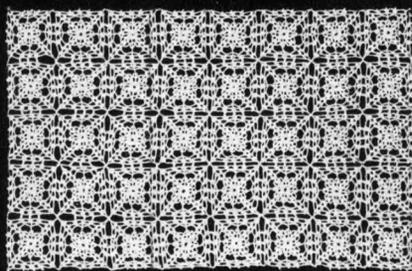
38. Solid crocheted center. To make of size 30 cotton, 50 cents



39. Swirling pinwheels of size 20 cotton. To make, 35 cents



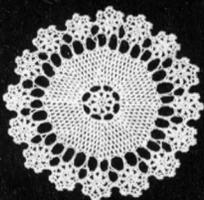
40. Effective floral-filet table mat of size 30 crochet cotton. Cost to make, 50 cents



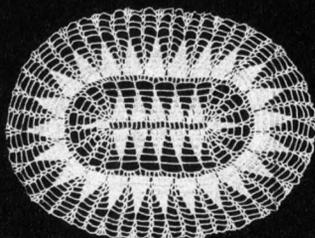
41. Repeat-motif tray cloth. Cost to make of size 30 crochet cotton, 60 cents



42. Square-on-square filet table mat. To make of size 30 crochet cotton, 35 cents



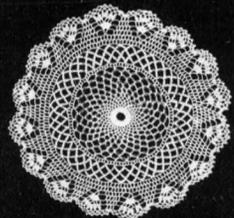
43. Flower-edged doily. To make of size 30 cotton, 20 cents



44. Oval table doily of size 30 cotton. Make for 20 cents



45. Shell-bordered doily. To make of size 50 cotton, 15 cents



46. Fine, intricate doily of tating cotton. To make, 20 cents

47. Tomorrow's heirloom, the state flower bedspread—48 squares with a flower and state name in each square. To make of bedspread cotton, \$13.00

MORE CROCHET ON PAGE 50
WOMAN'S DAY





48. Handsome afghan in warm, autumn colors will be treasured by generations to come. To make of wool, \$17.00

*DIRECTIONS FOR THESE PIECES ARE IN THE
NEW CROCHET ANNUAL. TO ORDER, SEE PAGE 44*

Shown on following page, 49 through 55. 49, Baby-sized puffs edge the ribbed cap and sacque. Make set of baby wool for \$1.00. 50, Open-stitch set of cap, sacque and booties to get ready for the expected summer baby. Cost to crochet of baby wool, \$1.25. 51, Miniature-size afghan for carriage or crib. Cost to make of wool floss, \$3.60. 52, Fancy white carriage robe made of baby wool. Cost to copy, \$4.15. 53, Dainty pink three-piece set for a very tiny girl. Cost to make cap, sacque and booties of baby wool, \$1.25. 54, Lacy 3-piece outfit for dress-up wear. Cost to make of baby wool, \$1.00. 55, Tight, firm stitch with a definite masculine air. Cost to make the three pieces of baby wool, \$1.25

FOR MORE CROCHET, TURN TO PAGE 70



49

52

53

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51

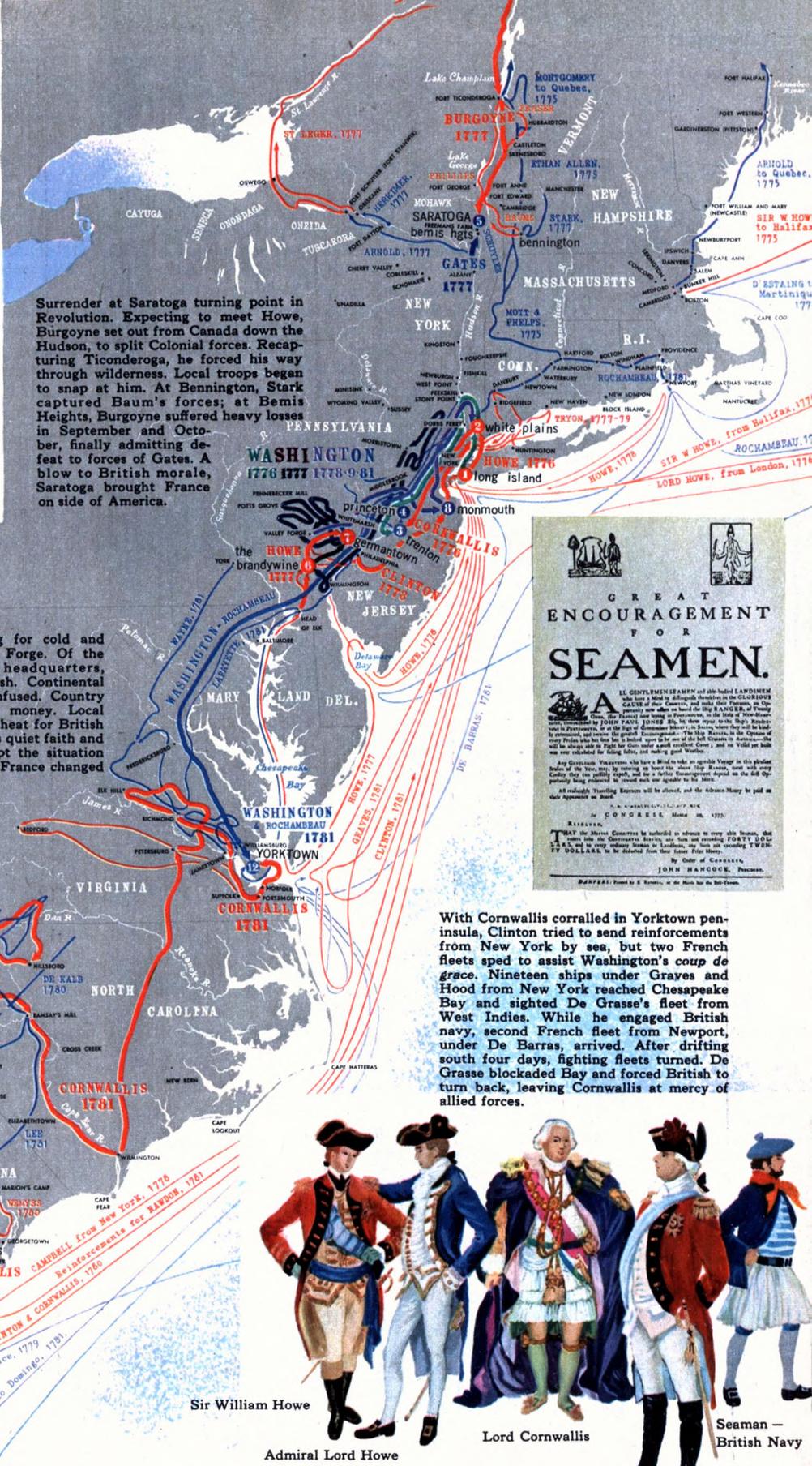


General Lafayette

General George Washington

Surrender at Saratoga turning point in Revolution. Expecting to meet Howe, Burgoyne set out from Canada down the Hudson, to split Colonial forces. Recapturing Ticonderoga, he forced his way through wilderness. Local troops began to snap at him. At Bennington, Stark captured Baum's forces; at Bemis Heights, Burgoyne suffered heavy losses in September and October, finally admitting defeat to forces of Gates. A blow to British morale, Saratoga brought France on side of America.

Winter of 1777-8 long for cold and hungry men at Valley Forge. Of the 9000 at Washington's headquarters, 3000 deserted to British. Continental Congress weak and confused. Country flooded with worthless money. Local farmers sold beef and wheat for British gold. Washington, by his quiet faith and force of personality kept the situation in hand till entrance of France changed whole aspect of war.



G R A T
E N C O U R A G E M E N T
F O R
SEAMEN.

ALl GENTLEMEN SEAMEN and able bodied LANDMEN who love a Medal to distinguish themselves in the glorious CAUSE of their Country, and wish to share in the Rewards of Honor, Liberty and Prosperity, in the State of New-Deer-Mounted by JOHN ADAMS, President, on the 14th of September 1776, in Pursuance, as the Right of Commander in Chief, where they will be paid, will be always able to fight for their Country and their Country's Cause, and will be ever rewarded for their Gallantry, and making good Watch.

Any Gentlemen, Seamen who have a Mind to take an English Voyage in the pleasant State of the Year, by setting on board the above Ship, will not only enjoy Liberty they can possibly expect, but also a better Reward, as they will be paid for every day they are employed, and will be always able to fight for their Country and their Country's Cause, and will be ever rewarded for their Gallantry, and making good Watch.

R I S I N G
T H A T the Marine Company be authorized to advance to every able Seaman, that will enter into the above Service, one Year and six Months FORTY DOLLARS, and to every ordinary Seaman, one Year and six Months TWENTY DOLLARS, to be deducted from their future Pay Money.

By Order of the BOARD,
JOHN HANCOCK, President.

PUBLISHED by S. KNEELAND, at the North Side of the City-Street.

With Cornwallis corralled in Yorktown peninsula, Clinton tried to send reinforcements from New York by sea, but two French fleets sped to assist Washington's coup de grace. Nineteen ships under Graves and Hood from New York reached Chesapeake Bay and sighted De Grasse's fleet from West Indies. While he engaged British navy, second French fleet from Newport, under De Barras, arrived. After drifting south four days, fighting fleets turned. De Grasse blockaded Bay and forced British to turn back, leaving Cornwallis at mercy of allied forces.

Sir William Howe



Admiral Lord Howe



Lord Cornwallis



Sir Henry Clinton



Seaman - British Navy

Tea Makes The Team!

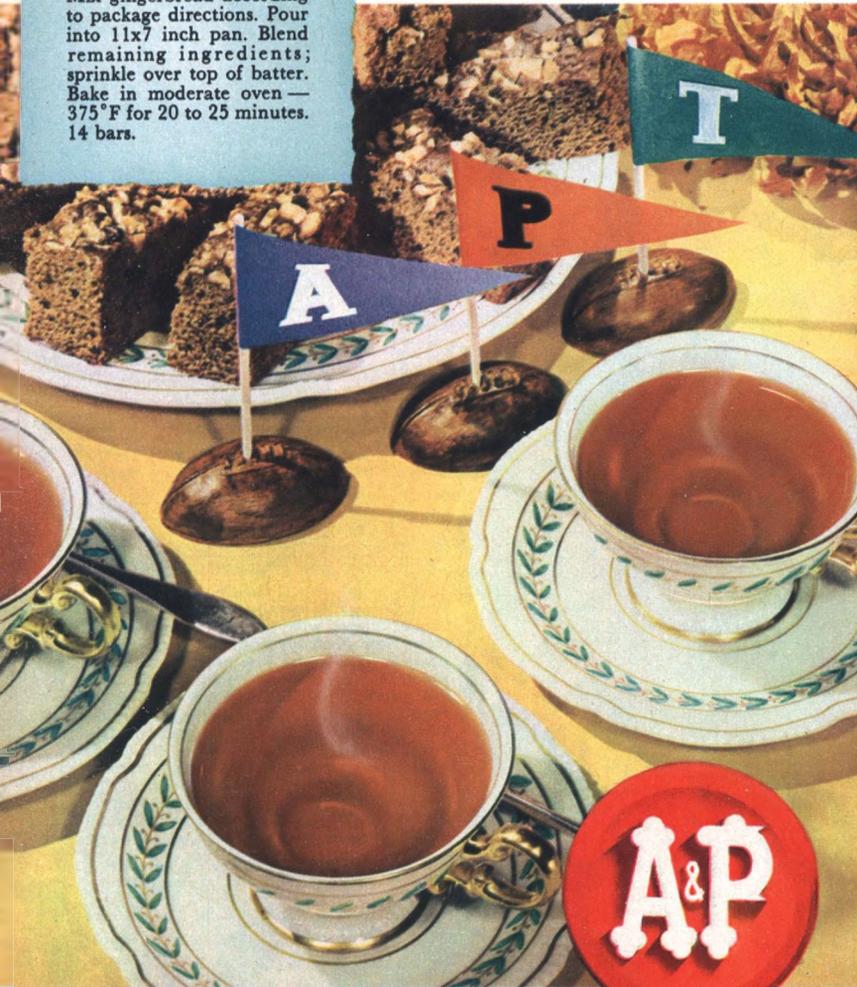
YOU CALL THE PLAY FOR LESS THAN 6¢ A PORTION

Gingerbread Bars

1 package gingerbread mix
3 tablespoons brown sugar
1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon fat
3 tablespoons chopped nuts

Mix gingerbread according to package directions. Pour into 11x7 inch pan. Blend remaining ingredients; sprinkle over top of batter. Bake in moderate oven—375°F for 20 to 25 minutes. 14 bars.

Here's the perfect after-game snack — fragrant, feather-light gingerbread bars and bracing hot tea. And when you serve Our Own, Nectar or Mayfair Tea, you have a winning combination. Yes, each of these three famous teas is Flavor Tested to assure you tempting, warming goodness in cup after cup. Select your favorite blend of Flavor Tested Tea today — you can serve each one for less than a penny a cup.



A POPULAR BLEND



FULL-BODIED AND VIGOROUS

A NATIONAL FAVORITE



RICH AND FLAVORFUL

A LUXURY BLEND



DELICATE AND FRAGRANT

Flavor Tested Teas and Tea Bags

PEOPLE ARE PUNCTUATION MARKS!

[Continued from Page 23]

They never seem to get a toe hold anywhere, and they try so hard, too. Apostrophes are the ones who are dressed in hand-me-downs, from childhood. They are the ones who get the wing of the chicken, who get the dirty deals all the way around. They are substitutes for everything, from teaching to filling in at card parties. They gaze wistfully and admiringly at their more forceful relatives and friends. They give their *all* to everything they do but somehow they just never make the grade.

A QUESTION mark is a study in contradictions. At one end of the line, he represents the vaguest sort of person but if you go to the other extreme there he stands—a Quiz Kid. A question mark is either one or the other. Either he doesn't know what it's all about and lives his life in a perpetual fog, or he's so thirsty for knowledge that he can't lap it up fast enough. He's a dunce or a genius, and that about sums him up.

So, let's go on to Dash. A dash likes to do things up in style. Two-on-the-aisle-fifth-row-center—that's Dash. Prefers a red convertible to a black sedan. A dash is very often witty, in a tongue-in-cheek sort of way. He talks well and fast. Apt to be moody at times but snaps out of it quickly and is ready to go at the drop of a hat. Dashes are fun—both male and female. They have a lot of sparkle and they are quite often attracted to periods. It's a happy combination.

A period is a right person. A period is definite in his opinions and in his actions. Periods know all the answers. They are dependable. Right there when you want them. Salt of the earth. Periods will never let you down. Periods are the finishing touch to a world full of punctuation marks.

THE END

How Many More Meanings Can You Find?

by WILFRED FUNK

SET of tennis
SET of dishes
SET at bridge
stage SET

SET look
SET on having it
all SET
SET your hair
SET you right

And now that we're all through, let's SET 'em up!

For get-up time... bed time... between times, too!

Libby's **TWICE-RICH*** Tomato Juice

***RICH IN FLAVOR* RICH IN VITAMINS**

No other juice-drink tastes so good all 'round the clock! Libby's is a sparkling "wake-up" juice. Satisfying with bedtime snacks. A between-time thirst-quencher. Make this sunny, rich-ripe tomato juice "The Drink" at your house, Mother—for goodness, convenience, and vitamins.

You see, Libby's has more than just the rich Vitamin C you expect from a once-a-day breakfast juice. It is also rich in Vitamin A! Actually, a single 6-ounce glass of Libby's provides, on the average, a grown-up's daily minimum need for Vitamin C! Three such glasses take care of Vitamin A needs the same way! And Libby's is a ready source of Vitamins B₁ and B₂!

So keep plenty of Libby's Twice-Rich Tomato Juice chilling in the refrigerator—ready for any time, any occasion!

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, Chicago 9, Ill.

LISTEN in on the lives of real people! "MY TRUE STORY" every morning, Mon. thru Fri. 10:00 EST, 9:00 CST, 11:30 PST, American Broadcasting Company.



IN ALL CANNED FOODS
LOOK TO **Libby's**
FOR PERFECTION



Lady!
...measure it yourself!



**feet of
front-row
food!**



For Faster, Easier Breakfasts



For Faster, Easier Lunches



For Faster, Easier Dinners



MODEL SE 947

THE NEW **CROSLLEY**

Frostmaster



Compact Storage for
100 Pounds of Frozen Foods!

Here's a kitchen-size frozen food cabinet that gives you thrifty facilities to take full advantage of the amazing convenience and health values available today in frozen foods. Smartly styled with practical flat-top work surface . . . quiet mechanism that operates at peak penny-pinching efficiency . . . adequate capacity for trip-saving quantity shopping. Freezes 12—18 pounds of meat, up to 10 pounds of properly processed vegetables. See it at your Crosley dealer's when you go in to look over the Shelvador.*



CROSLLEY *Shelvador**

A WONDERFUL NEW EXPERIENCE every time you open the door! That's what you get in the Shelvador,* the only refrigerator door that doesn't steal time at meal time. The food you want is *where* you want it *when* you want it . . . everything handy, right at your fingertips . . . a quick "food-inventory" at a glance.

That's a tremendous help in any kitchen. It saves time and steps . . . minimizes stooping and hunting for foods . . . reduces spilling and pesky mop-up tasks.

The *exclusive* Shelvador* convenience is backed up by a host of mechanical improvements to give you the finest home refrigeration available. Stop in at your nearest Crosley dealer's soon, to see these advantages for yourself. While there be sure to ask for your free copy of the helpful new book-chart, "How To Arrange Food In Your Refrigerator." It's a guide to efficient, money-saving food storage. Get your free copy at your Crosley dealer's today!

CROSLLEY Division—**AVCO** Manufacturing Corporation
Cincinnati 25, Ohio © 1947

HI-BROILER RANGES—new gas range convenience—also electric models for better, easier cooking.



TELEVISION SETS—You're really there with a Crosley! Table models and television radio-phonograph combinations.



MATCHLESS CARROLLTON RADIO-PHONO WITH F. M.—and Floating Jewel Tone System that says "Goodbye" to needle noise . . . chatter . . . hiss . . . and scratch! Records last up to 10 times longer . . . and sound better.

GEM-LIKE RONDO—end table radio, smart and new from every view.



*TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. PATENTED

FURNISH YOUR KITCHEN—Beautiful Crosley Servisink and Cabinets—simplify all kitchen tasks. Save time and steps. Easily installed.



PACKING-CASE FURNITURE

[Continued from Page 31]

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM HOWLAND

Simple design and rugged construction that the amateur carpenter can tackle with assurance

IN our "Sidewalk Lumber" article (Woman's Day, March 1947), we showed furniture and accessories made from apple boxes and small crates. This time we've been more ambitious and have experimented with large, heavy cases and crates, the kind used for packing hardware, plate glass, furniture, plumbers' supplies and such. These yield long, sturdy boards. Though rough dressed, this lumber is in most cases dry and seasoned (much, much better than lots of new green lumber). It took elbow grease and sandpaper to get the boards in shape but it was a pleasure to work with material that didn't curl up overnight, or split after it was cut.

This is furniture built to "take it." Scars and scuff marks won't show and it won't come apart easily. It has several features that children love. For example, the table has a neat arrangement on the side for storing notebooks and games; the benches have troughs for pencils, and small-toy storage-space underneath; a pegged clothes rack at an easy height. There is a game-and-exerciser for small fry with steps and platform. Below it storage space for toys—above it a bulletin board. The pirate chest, also for toys, has convincing-looking hardware made of hammered tin.

The furniture was designed especially for amateur construction. One piece of wood overlaps another in a casual way, so that close fitting is not important. A crooked saw cut can only improve the design of the piece, while any nail holes



PLATFORM FOR FUN AND EXERCISE, AND FOR EASILY ACCESSIBLE TOY STORAGE. FOR THE BULLETIN BOARD WE USED SOFT INSULATING BOARD, STAINED IT WITH THINNED-OUT PAINT

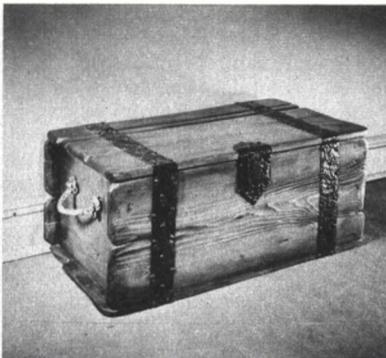
or cracks add to its weather-beaten charm. Furthermore, the beds are bolted together at the corners, and the drawers, instead of being dovetailed, are box construction with false fronts added.

If you prefer a double decker instead of twin beds, it is easy to build them from the same design. The square corner posts make sturdy supports for the upper bunk. A drawing in the *How-To* Section shows the construction.

We shopped around, buying a few cases at a time from stores and small businesses. You may be able to get some for nothing from stores that wish to get rid of packing cases. But even by buying them, it cost us only \$11.00 for more than enough to make all the furniture shown. In addition, the following materials were used: 2 quarts stain; ½ gallon shellac; 1 quart varnish; bolts, screws

and nails; sandpaper; rope for chest; insulating board; 1 hasp; knobs for chest. All of which cost us \$11.50.

We took the packing cases apart carefully, prying each board loose with a claw hammer or a pinch bar. After the wood was sawed to pattern size, each piece was rubbed down with coarse sandpaper, then with fine. The ends of the pieces were filed off round with a wood rasp. In nailing the pieces together no attempt was made to conceal the nail holes. Saw marks and scratches were disregarded too, for in staining we let plenty of stain sink in around these spots to give variation in color. The finished furniture was given an application of pine stain, then a coat of shellac, sand-papered when dry, then a coat of satin-finish varnish.



PIRATE CHEST WITH WEATHER-BEATEN LOOK. EASY ENOUGH FOR A BOY TO BUILD HIMSELF

SEE
HOW TO
SECTION

[Continued from Page 20]

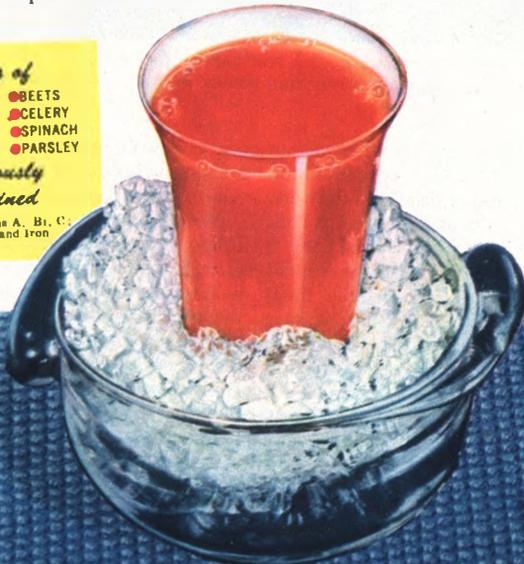


a *Wealth* of garden goodness in every delicious sip!



There's a bracing *freshness* in the flavor of chilled V-8* Vegetable Juices that wakes up your taste for breakfast; there's a tempting cocktail goodness that keeps the appetite for *any* meal. And in taller glasses of V-8 there's a mother's answer to the quest for something wholesome and *good* with children's sandwiches and snacks. For, remarkably, V-8 has only a whisper of added seasoning—the *right combination* of many fresh-vegetable juices creates that distinctive wealth of garden flavor. So for this abundance of vegetable goodness, as tasty as it is nourishing, keep *extra* cans of V-8 on ice. Serve it often—and generously.

- Juices of
- LETTUCE
 - TOMATOES
 - CARROTS
 - WATERCRESS
 - BEETS
 - CELERY
 - SPINACH
 - PARSLEY
- Deliciously Combined*
- Contains Vitamins A, B₁, C, and Calcium and Iron



ASK FOR V-8 VEGETABLE JUICES AT YOUR FOOD STORE, FOUNTAIN AND RESTAURANT

* V-8 is a trademark owned in the United States by Standard Brands Incorporated; in Canada by Standard Brands Ltd

perience a good, workable code which they expect their own and their children's friends to measure up to. Those who don't, have usually let them down and they don't want it to happen to you. Your mother, who doesn't know Alex's family, is respecting Mrs. Lucas' judgment. If Alex is the most fascinating man you ever met, it is a vital matter. You ought to have all the available dope to think about. Mrs. Lucas' knowledge of longer standing than yours about him is valuable. Before you explode into a million sparks over this, let us point out that her say isn't final. It is just something to pause and consider.

THERE is one field where you ought to have the final say, in which you ought to be influenced as little as possible by others except those who help you in the direction in which you really want to go. That's in what you want to do with your life. You may be planning to do something that meets with everybody's approval or you may have a deep determination which bucks them all. If you want to graduate and marry a sweet guy whom you met two years before, the whole community will turn out with showers for you. They understand perfectly. But they may find your desire to graduate and go on to journalism school strange. A woman reporter! But if this is what you want to do and you're *sure* you know what you're talking about, stick to it. Listen to no one except those who have worked at it or who have had some experience with it. Or who have enthusiasm for your taking it up. All too often pressure is brought on us to swerve us into a less unknown, more familiar road. Don't take it. You have the right to direct your own life. It's yours.

Right now you are living at home, the daughter of parents whom everyone knows well and is fond of. Your standing is firm and favorable. But as you grow older the way people of a community judge you becomes more serious. That's why we are discussing it early so that you will be prepared to meet it when you're on your own. As Dr. This or Mrs. Somebody Else you will be a new person. A community can be hard on you or it can be very helpful. If you can swing along with it, accepting its conventions and meeting its overtures openmindedly, and retain at the same time your own integrity, it will be loyal to you as your town is loyal to your parents. The people who surround you, after all, make up your life.

Don't make square curls. We heard something that will send you into a double take. Your hair is lovelier now than at any other period in your life.

That's what Mr. Jungst said. Go look in the mirror again.

We went to see Mr. Christian Frederick Jungst because now seemed a good time to take up hair grooming. The summer sun can and usually does do wonders toward rooking your hair, at least temporarily. While we are coping with its dryness we might as well consider the general care of it, was our theory. So we took off our hat and said we wanted the works!

First we asked him about shampooing. There are many kinds of shampoos, soapy and soapless. If you have a dry scalp, you will have to experiment until you find one that makes your hair come out as it should, clean, soft and shining. Once or twice is not enough. You ought to use a shampoo for a couple of months before you decide whether it's right or wrong for you. If you have an oily scalp, however, choose only those which are free from alkali to experiment with. Others may irritate your scalp however slightly and nature, in order to offset it, will cause the oil glands to become more active and add more oil to your already oily condition. Such shampoos are like soap, but soapless without alkali is what you must have.

Don't make square curls. All too often you wind a curl carelessly with a straight piece left at the end which you simply stick a pin over. This Mr. Jungst calls a square curl. A pin curl must be wound in a real circle, and not just piled up in layers of strands. Careless rolling on metal curlers can split the ends of your hair. When you roll your hair up on them, make sure that you place the curler at the very tip of the hair and then roll it so the hair goes around the curler. If you place the curler carelessly you will have little ends sticking out which will be bent back and thus split.

ASKED about permanents, Mr. Jungst said it is better to have no permanent at all than to have a bad one. He thinks that at your age the chief reason for having one is psychological. If you cannot handle your hair and are self-conscious about the way it looks, all right. But you don't need it. If you do have one, remember that a permanent wave is an unfinished wave: it requires setting. All it does is to give the hair the condition of wavy hair so that it can be more easily set. Too many people assume that a permanent wave is a permanent setting which will stay from that day forth.

Brush. Brush. Brush. In your teens your hair is at its most gorgeous. Mr. Jungst urges you to take advantage of this. Feature its natural beauty. Brush it ten minutes a day at least. He points out that the difference in the coat on the milkman's horse and that of the Derby winner is due to brushing. As far as style goes, choose something simple that will

[Continued on Page 60]



Presenting the new
RITTER label

The only Catsup flavored with Tabasco. Wonderfully piquant. Also made Regular Style, for you who like mild Catsup.

You'll soon be seeing this new modern label on all Ritter Foods. While "beauty is its own excuse for being" the new label has a deeper significance than its beauty alone. It's a symbol of the fact that every Ritter food is an ultra-modern food achievement, perfected as a result of 93 years' experience in making good foods even better and better and better! Yes, the new Ritter label brings to your table distinguished foods that are different from any others of their kind . . . combining best of old-fashioned goodness and the latest in modern food progress.

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ALL RITTER FOODS on the market today are of the same high quality, whether you find them with the former, long-familiar Ritter label, or the new label which all will soon wear.

Fine Foods Since 1854

Copyright 1947 P. J. Ritter Company, Bridgeton, New Jersey

HOW TO BE A GIRL

[Continued from Page 59]

display the texture of the hair itself. He says it's like having a beautiful piece of material. You want to have a dress pattern that shows it off, that isn't fussy with frills and flowers to distract the eye from the material. It is the same with your hair. But you have to keep it looking like a million or you won't have anything to display. So brush it 'til it shines!

What do you want to be some day?

Because of the great shortage of nurses in the country, we started with that in the hope that it would interest some of you who hadn't thought about it as a career before, and encourage those of you who had. We wanted to bring you some first-hand information on it, so we went out to interview a top-notch nurse we know. Training programs differ so we left their investigation up to you.

The nurse we talked to wants us to start off by saying that nursing in the hospital is not like nursing in the movies or even like nursing during visiting hours. Anyone who considers it glamorous work should be around in the morning at bath and treatment time when it is really bedlam. She feels that the first requisite for nursing is an intense desire to take care of people who need help and to be able to do it cheerfully. The tasks of keeping patients clean and comfortable and of giving the necessary treatments are not always easy and you have to have the temperament to take it and feel compensated by the patients' recoveries.

Becoming a nurse takes time and patience, she warns. It means long hours of work and study. But once you've become one you can branch out into any one of several fields, which you've had opportunity to investigate while you were taking your training. She herself went from her training into private nursing which she thinks is valuable because every case is different and pretty serious if it requires a special nurse. This gave her confidence and also showed her from nursing children that pediatric nursing was what interested her most. She says taking care of children, since they can't be specific about their pain, and getting them to co-operate in unpleasant treatment is quite a test of nursing!

Nowadays, most nursing hours are eight-hour duties. It used to be twelve and even twenty on contagious cases. But she says your work is never done and you have to be strong physically and mentally to bolster up the patient!

Nursing has two great advantages over and above its actual achievement. It is wonderful preparation for taking care of a family of your own and it is a profession to rely on and one in which others can rely on you.

S.B.H.

TESS AND THE RAIN

[Continued from Page 24]

back down on the dusty gray roof of the house; on the barn, with the pigeons fluttering to roost on the cupola. The windmill squeaked dryly, as a gust of wind turned the wheel half around.

"It's going to rain!" Tess threw herself down on her back and her face seemed so close to the sky. "The pond will fill. The grass will get green. The cream will be yellow again. The new wheat will sprout. The late tomatoes may even bloom, and the beans."

Rain. A word with magic in it. It had been three months since a drop had fallen. Each day the sun beat down mercilessly. The moon seemed hot at night. The stars seemed to burn with the heat from the earth.

But now drops of rain, big and wet, fell upon her face, upon her hair, on her breast as her shirt fell open when she spread out her arms.

"I'm sorry, Up There!" She stared at the darkening sky. "Sorry I said You were mean and didn't care, Up There where it's always cool and nice. When I go back, I'll clean up my room, and help with the chores without being told. I'll be nicer to Gram. I won't wear lipstick again till I'm a Senior, or hang around the drugstore to watch the boys."

RAIN changes everything, she thought. It's better than medicine. Than money, even. But it was something you had to wait for. You could work out, and earn money. You could make the hens lay by putting lights in the laying house. You could help pigs to grow by feeding them skimmed milk. You could do something about almost anything but rain.

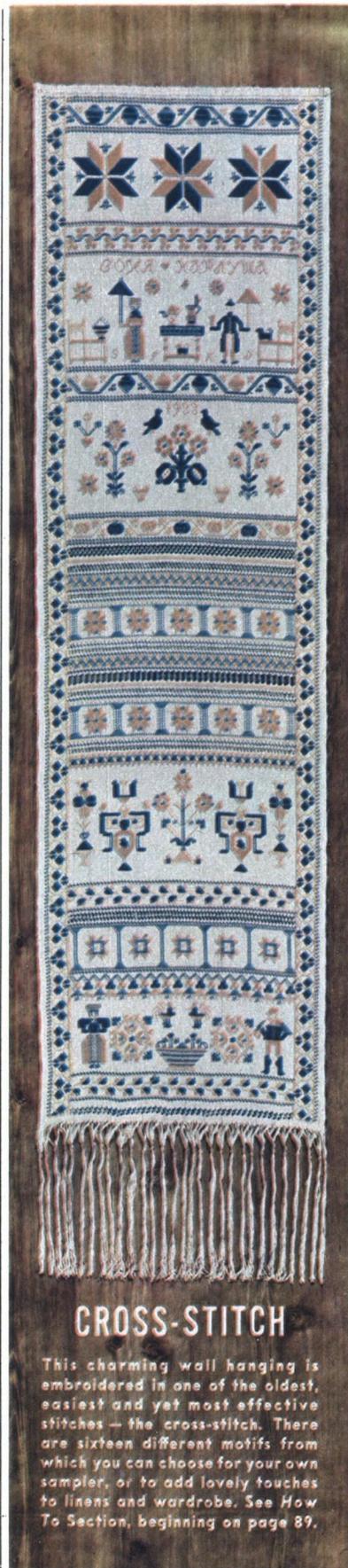
You had to wait for rain while your heart dried out and the men sat on the back porch and watched the west and swore softly. While your mother sparingly sprinkled used cooking water on the kitchen floor to hold down dust so you could eat, and put damp towels over Gram's shoulders to stop her panting.

You had to wait for rain and you hated everything and everybody and you thought of all the bad things you might just as well be doing. You sassed your mom and went to bed without saying your prayers . . . But last night you said them, and now . . .

The windmill squeaked suddenly, went on squeaking. Tess sat up. She wet a finger and held it out. The west side of her finger was cool.

"The wind has changed. It's in the west. It's breaking the clouds up." She looked up, frowning, suddenly. "What are You doing, to let the wind get into the west?"

There appeared a red streak on the
[Continued on Page 62]



CROSS-STITCH

This charming wall hanging is embroidered in one of the oldest, easiest and yet most effective stitches — the cross-stitch. There are sixteen different motifs from which you can choose for your own sampler, or to add lovely touches to linens and wardrobe. See How To Section, beginning on page 89.



Menu

63¢ TO 69¢ A PORTION *

- Grape, Pear and Apple Cup
- Cauliflower
- Steamed Carrot Rings Harvard Beets†
- Meat Pattie in Bacon Ring
- Rolls Spread
- Tomato Cheese Salad
- Apple Gingerbread
- Coffee Tea Milk



HARVARD BEETS

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 2 bunches beets | 1/2 cup reserved |
| 1 tablespoon | liquid |
| cornstarch | 1/4 cup vinegar |
| 3 tablespoons sugar | 4 whole cloves |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 2 tablespoons butter |

Wash beets. Pare and slice. Cook in small amount of salted water in a covered saucepan over low heat for about 25 minutes. Drain. Measure remaining liquid and add water to measure 1/2 cup. Combine cornstarch, sugar, and salt. Add reserved liquid, vinegar and cloves. Cook gently about 15 minutes. Add butter and beets. 4 servings.

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

Glamorous Fare

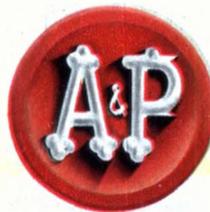
FROM AUTUMN GARDENS

There's a heaping measure o' good eating in this enticing harvest supper. It's a happy combination of creamy white cauliflower, spicy Harvard beets, and golden carrot cubes. As crowning touches, add the flavorful fruit cup, tempting salad and luscious dessert. Then rejoice at the thrifty cost—less than 69¢ a portion*—when you shop in the Fresh Fruit and Vegetable Department of your friendly A&P Super Market. Come in today for a shopping treat!

ATLANTIC COMMISSION COMPANY

AFFILIATE OF

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY



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TESS AND THE RAIN

[Continued from Page 60]



This is the Pyrex Utility Dish. It comes in two sizes, 50¢ and 75¢. You'll find it and dozens of other lovely Pyrex dishes at your favorite store today.

"It IS clean—you can SEE it's clean—it's PYREX ware!"

DISHWASHING isn't ever fun, exactly. But there is satisfaction in washing dishes when they are transparent PYREX Ware. You can see when they're clean because dirt just can't hide. You can see what you're cooking, too. And you can bring PYREX dishes right to the table because they look so nice—and whisk leftovers right into the refrigerator when you are through.

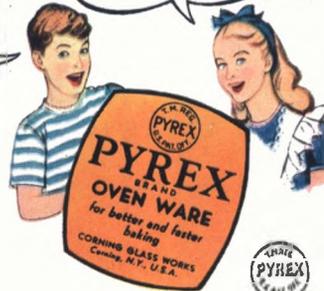
Ever popular knob-covered PYREX Casserole! Keeps food hot for second servings. Cover is better-looking and easier to pick up. Offered in four sizes... 1 qt.—60¢; 1½ qt.—75¢; 2 qt.—85¢; 3 qt.—\$1.



It's new! A complete PYREX Nurser Set that's just right for preparing a full day's feeding at one time. Six 8-ounce bottles and six Faultless nipples, packed in gift box... only \$1.45.

THERE'S ONLY ONE PYREX WARE

AND IT'S MADE BY CORNING GLASS!



Now! The popular fluted-edge PYREX Flavor-Saver in a new small size! The loveliest pie plate you ever saw. Just right for small families. EXTRA depth keeps juices in. Glass handles. 10" size, 50¢; new 9" size, only 40¢

All isn't PYREX Ware that glitters. So don't be fooled. Insist on seeing the orange label or the "Pyrex" trade-mark pressed in the glass. Corning spent millions on research to bring Pyrex Ware to you!

"PYREX" is a Reg. Trade-Mark of Corning Glass Works in the United States and in Canada of Corning Glass Works of Canada, Ltd.

horizon. The sun had set clear. Tess sprang to her feet and shook her fist at the red streak and at the clouds over her head. They were parting, forming soft round balls, scudding eastward. Stars peeped through them like dry, disappointed eyes.

"It's not going to rain, after all." Her voice was a croak.

Tess ran down the hill and dust spurted up between her toes. The dark wet spots had dried, leaving pockmarks in the path. Only the smell of rain lingered, like the perfume of a dressed-up woman who has passed you on the street without looking at you. Like a taunt.

Tess tore handfuls of sunflowers off as she passed them and crunched them in her hands. They were hard and scratchy, dry. Her pail was half-full of milky water. She threw it out onto the ground, refusing that scant gift. She flung the pail against a post and left it lying there, with dust inside of it.

IN the kitchen, Tess's mother had lit the lamps. She was getting supper and her dress clung to her thin, damp shoulder blades. Gram was fanning herself with the big palm-leaf fan, bound in red calico.

"Set the table, Tess," her mother said.

But Tess ran up the steep, narrow stairs to her hot little room under the eaves. There was a big blue fly buzzing dryly at the window. She butted it against the pane with her thumb. It left a sticky grey streak down the glass.

Tess tore off her dungarees and shirt and got into bed, pulling the covers up over her shoulders and her face. She lay there, sweating, oozing from every pore, inviting discomfort, welcoming her misery.

"He hates us. He hates farmers. He hates the whole world. He hates my folks and me. I prayed and He just made fun of me. All right, I'm going to be bad. I'm going to run away. I'm going to town on Saturday night and stop at the filling station and put lipstick on and rouge. I'm going to stand by the drugstore and when the boys whistle at me, I'm going to look at them, instead of looking the other way. I'll smoke, too, and go to dances before I'm eighteen. How'll You like that? You don't care, anyhow, no matter what it says about the sparrow falling."

She lay there and planned. Some of her thoughts were too bad to put into words. Some too nebulous for thinking. She felt seeped in sin, as she was seeped in sweat. She hugged her thoughts rebelliously to her, suffering already, because of them, as she held the damp covers and was tortured by the heat.

[Continued on Page 76]



PART OF
THE AMERICAN SCENE

Plantation House—gleaming whitely through the dark beauty of ancient live oaks. Its classic lines reflect a great tradition in American architecture—its air of gracious welcome is a symbol of Southern hospitality...part of the American Scene. Painted by Ogden Pleissner.



Throughout this nation of coffee lovers **MORE PEOPLE BUY AND ENJOY MAXWELL HOUSE THAN ANY OTHER BRAND OF COFFEE!**

Because that “Good to the Last Drop” flavor adds so much real enjoyment to good living, Maxwell House is America’s favorite—of all coffees, at *any* price! Yes, North, South, East, or West, Maxwell House is truly part of the American Scene!



NEWS! Now in
Instant form too!

Good to the Last Drop!

Products of General Foods

● TUNE IN . . . MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME . . . STARRING GEORGE BURNS AND GRACIE ALLEN, NBC, THURSDAY NIGHT

Here's a day-full of good eating

- good and quick to fix, too!

Pick your next meal — breakfast, lunch or dinner — right off your pantry shelf! It's no trick at all when that shelf's well stocked with Armour Star fix-easy meats. They're such versatile foods — simple to prepare for any meal of the day, varied enough to keep your menu appetizing

day after day. In fact, you could fix a different meal three times a day for weeks on end and never run out of exciting new ways to serve these ready-cooked meats. Exciting, too, is the low cost of all this good eating! Try a day-full of Armour Star "pantry-shelf" meats — today!



Look how appetizing Armour Star meats can be



Breakfast — Eggs on Deviled Ham.



Sure there's something new under the morning sun — this appetite-awakener, for instance! Toast bread just on one side after cutting off crusts. Spread other side with Cloverbloom Butter and plenty of Armour Star Deviled Ham — so smooth, yet so spicy. Toast lightly under broiler, top with poached Cloverbloom Eggs — and then resign yourself to making a repeat serving for everybody at the breakfast table!



Lunch — Tamales Caliente.



Perfect pattern for the easiest luncheon you ever served — a platterful of Armour Star Tamales, heated in their own sauce over boiling water. (Don't forget to remove individual parchment-paper wrappers before serving!) The white cornmeal on the outside holds its shape — locking in the rich pork and beef, zesty with seven different delicate spices. Add the hot tomato-red sauce — for extra color and flavor!



Dinner — Barbecue Treet 'n' Corn.



Hats off to fresh corn-off-the-cob seasoned with green onion slices and Cloverbloom Butter — topped off with slices of Treet that have been baked for 15 minutes in your favorite barbecue sauce! It's a dinner that does full justice to the full, rich flavor of Treet — a delicious blend of two meats, tender pork shoulder and sugar-cured ham. Watch your guests do justice to it!

You'll want these in your pantry, too!



The best and nothing but the best is labeled

ARMOUR ★

For other new and interesting Canned Meats recipes, write Marie Gifford, Dept. 151, Box 2053, Chicago 9, Illinois.

EVERY Monday, Maminka (that means Mother in Czech) washed clothes for the Kirk family. Mrs. Kirk selected Maminka from all the women in the block. Maminka boiled all the white clothes, blued them twice and starched the intricate pieces just right. On Tuesday, she ironed and mended. And before supper we delivered the finished laundry. And that was where the nightmare came in.

When I came home from school, Maminka sent me to Ocasek's butcher shop. She told me to get half a pound of soup meat off the ribs, three bones with marrow in them and four pounds of leaf lard. She always chopped the swanlike leaves into small squares, put them in a deep pot and cooked them gently until rendered. Then she strained the hot lard through a cheesecloth and stored it in a stone crock.

I liked to go to Ocasek's butcher shop. Mr. Ocasek greeted me with, "*Tak, na zdur slecno,*" which means in Czech, "So, hello, young lady." The way he said it I knew he liked me. Then he tore off a half of a frankfurter and handed it to me over the counter.

"Umm," I grinned very pleased. He never threw it at me the way he did at Mamie Cerny and Lizzie Putz.

As I was leaving, Mr. Ocasek called after me, "Tell your mother not to forget Friday!"

Friday was the day the ladies would gather in the back of Ocasek's butcher shop to strip feathers from geese and ducks. That was so he could display them in the window for Saturday's buying. The ladies could keep all the feathers they stripped. They also got some giblets for their work. For extra good measure Mr. Ocasek let Maminka take home lots of drippings. Maminka combined the drippings with milk and dots of butter and poured this mixture over stale buns. She baked this, and Tatinek (which means Father in Czech) smacked his lips over this dish.

I didn't go to Malik's bakery on Monday or Tuesday. Because we still had lots of Houska and Kolacky left over from Saturday. Maminka baked pans and pans on Satur-

[Continued on Page 114]

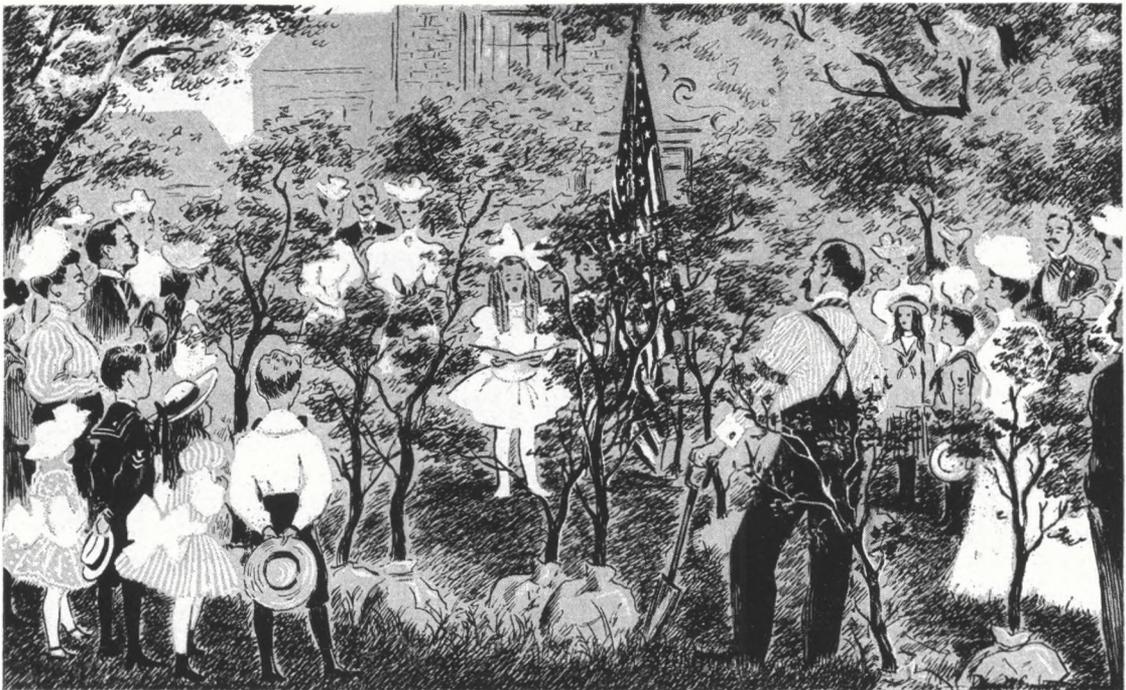
Tuesday Was Always A Nightmare

By ANNETTE VICTORIN

It can make a girl very uneasy to run into her greatest admirer on washday



ILLUSTRATIONS BY FLORA SMITH



When I sang I had curls. I knew I sang nice because no one made any noise when I sang. And once I caught Harold looking right at me

How to make a pin curl

ANNE McCAUGHEY

WE asked John Hall, a hair stylist in New York City, why so many women have difficulty setting their hair at home. He says there's an art to making pin curls which few women have mastered and, according to him, their chief trouble lies in the fact that they do it too casually. They follow the touch system, making dozens of little anchovy curls while they're reading a book. That the results are disappointing goes without saying.

Mr. Hall gave us some tips on making pin curls and showed us how to make three different types: those to be combed into a wave, those for a wavy bang, and those for soft curls.

1. To set wave, make a three-inch part on the left, then section off a piece of hair about one inch square to make top back curl on left. Hold strand halfway up and twist end of it into a counterclockwise curl around index finger.

2. Mr. Hall's suggestion is to regard the curl as a wheel and the lower half of the strand as a track. Roll wheel along track to scalp.

3. Anchor curl with two pins, one headed in one direction and the other at right angles to it.

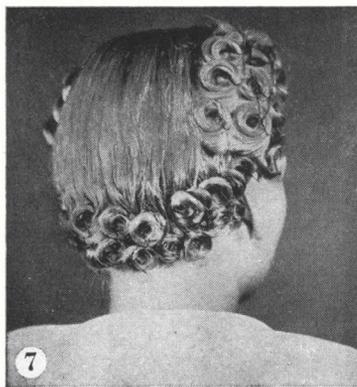
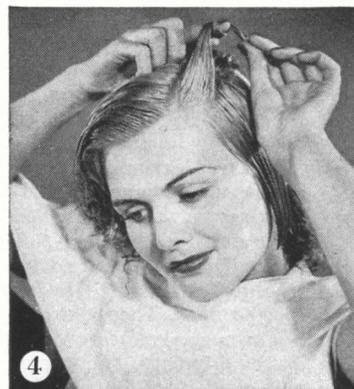
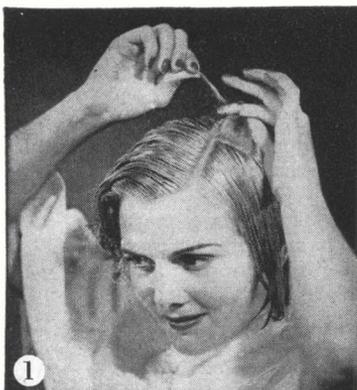
4. Using the same technique of the wheel on the track, at front left make a clockwise curl from a section of hair about two inches square. This is twice as large as back curl and goes in opposite direction to make wide wave.

5. Set left side with five large clockwise curls in front and five smaller counterclockwise curls in back, each secured with two pins. Curls touch but do not overlap. Insert additional pins to make front curls blend together.

6. To set wavy bang, section off front hair with horizontal part about two inches back on side part. Make two counterclockwise curls next to side part, then two rows, of two clockwise curls each, to the right of them.

7. a. Set right side, which is to be combed into soft curls, in three rows of three counterclockwise curls.

b. To make tighter curls in back, use $\frac{3}{4}$ inch sections of hair. Set in two rows, with counterclockwise curls at right and clockwise curls at left. Make the change in direction a little to the right of center in the top row and slightly to the left in the bottom row, to prevent hair from dividing.



The finished hairdo is shown in Photograph 8. The left side is brushed into a wave and the front section into a bang. Back curls and those on the right side can be shaped into soft curls, or they can be turned under in a pageboy roll

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT E. COATES

MACARONI, NOODLES, SPAGHETTI

[Continued from Page 43]

MACARONI AND HERB SCRAMBLE

Costs 29 cents (September 1947)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

1/2 pound shell macaroni	Chopped parsley
2 eggs, grade B	3/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup grated sharp cheese	Basil or poultry seasoning
	1 tablespoon fat

Cook macaroni according to directions on package; drain. Add beaten eggs, cheese, and seasonings. Heat fat in skillet; add macaroni mixture and cook until eggs begin to set, stirring gently.

Mrs. E. J. Lynch, Livingston, N. J.

VEAL AND MACARONI

Costs 96 cents (September 1947)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

3 slices bacon	1-1/4 cups sour cream
3 medium onions	1 cup broken uncooked macaroni
1 pound boneless veal, cubed	1 teaspoon paprika
Salt	

Cook chopped bacon until almost crisp; add chopped onions; cook 2 minutes. Add veal; brown. Add remaining ingredients. Cover tightly; simmer 1 hour.

Mrs. R. Kolanczyk, Manitowoc, Wis.

MACARONI WITH SALMON

Costs 70 cents (September 1947)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

1 15-ounce can pink salmon	3/4 cup light cream
2 eggs, grade B	1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
2 cups cooked elbow macaroni	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 onion, minced	Dash of cayenne

Flake undrained salmon; add egg yolks, onion, cream, mustard, salt and cayenne; cook over low heat, stirring constantly, for 5 minutes. Beat whites until stiff but not dry; fold into cooked salmon mixture. Put macaroni in greased 1-1/2-quart casserole; pour salmon mixture over top. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., about 35 minutes.

Mrs. H. I. Dannecker, New Castle, Ind.

CHEESE, SPAGHETTI AND BACON

Costs 82 cents (September 1947)
Serves 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

1/2 pound bacon	1/2 pound cream cheese
1 8-ounce package thin spaghetti	Salt and pepper

Dice bacon and cook until crisp. Cook spaghetti according to package directions; drain. Pour fat drippings and bacon into hot spaghetti. Add small pieces of cream cheese and mix well. Season to taste. Bake in greased 1-1/2-quart casserole in moderate oven, 375°F., for 30 minutes or until brown.

Mrs. Joseph Volkel, E. Northport, N. Y.



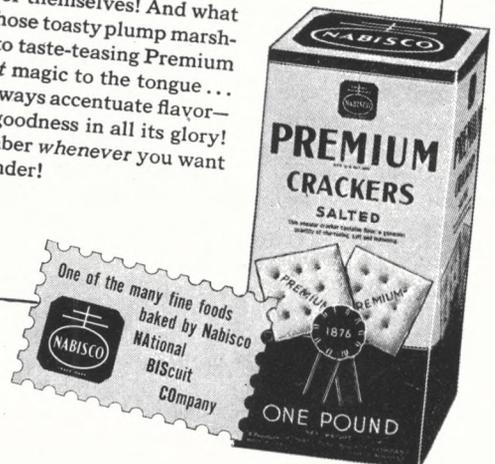
Throw a Hallowe'en Party
'round the Pumpkin!

MARSHMALLOWS



PREMIUM CRACKERS

All fun—no fuss! Just have plenty of Premium Crackers and marshmallows... and a few twigs scoured and sharpened for the toasting! Then light the candle in your Jack-o'-lantern for the fire—and share the fun your guests will cook up for themselves! And what enchanting eating—those toasty plump marshmallows plopped onto taste-teasing Premium Crackers! Such sweet magic to the tongue... because Premiums always accentuate flavor—bring out any food's goodness in all its glory! A fine point to remember whenever you want to serve up a spell-binder!



"I don't know where some people got the idea hard work ever hurt anyone," he says. "I wake up in the morning thinking about what I'm going to get done during the day. I live for the future, not the past."

Alaskans give Cap credit for scores of creative developments in the country he regards as the "greatest in the world." What many of them don't know is that Miss Dickey is at least partly responsible for some of Lathrop's most successful enterprises.

The idea of a radio station for Alaska was hers, for example. At first Cap was doubtful, but once convinced it would be a good thing for Alaska, he organized the Midnight Sun Broadcasting Company.

The 10,000-watt station, larger than the average station in the United States, brings up-to-the-minute news to thousands of isolated Alaskans. In addition, KFAR has saved many lives. A woman at Fort Yukon was about to eat some potatoes when the radio warned her they were poisoned. She had picked up the wrong sack at a store in Circle City. During blinding winter snowstorms the station is often asked to keep the power on to guide Army and commercial planes into the airports.

Trappers and prospectors now carry portable radio receivers when on the trail. They stop their dog teams and listen carefully for messages which may be for them at news broadcast times. Many, learning of injuries or illnesses at home over the air, have been able to hurry back in time to be of help when ordinarily they might not have had the news for months.

CLEAR IT WITH MIRIAM

[Continued from Page 34]

"The radio station was 100 per cent Miriam's idea," says Cap, who is so pleased with KFAR he is building another and larger station, KENI, at Anchorage. "The other day a woman who lives 40 miles from her nearest neighbor, told me she just couldn't stand the solitude if it weren't for KFAR. The station has done a lot of good and I only regret I didn't build it sooner."

Whatever Cap builds, he insists on the best materials and furnishings, regardless of price. His Lacey Street theater in Fairbanks, completed in 1940, was more expensive, per seat, than any ever built in the United States. A new theater in Anchorage, now under construction, is designed to be more modern and luxurious than the one in Fairbanks.

WHEN Cap first began putting up concrete buildings, skeptical Alaskans said they would never stand up under the northern cold. They did and Cap's concrete buildings are the easiest to heat in town. When fire took a row of Fairbanks' stores, Cap's concrete theater next door was only scorched. As a result of Cap's pioneering, Alaskan builders are now concrete-minded.

Cap's four-story modern apartment house in Fairbanks is another project in which Miss Dickey had both hands. She worked out different designs and color schemes for each separate apartment and selected the furnishings.

The apartments are completely equipped with modern electric kitchens

and cedar-lined closets. The bathrooms are fitted with indirect lighting and colored tiles. The woodwork, including heavy doors, is Philippine mahogany throughout and instead of ordinary raucous door buzzers, gongs peal when the buttons are pushed.

Cap has one of the apartments but he has cleared out most of the furniture and installed three iron beds for visiting sourdough friends and men from the coal mine.

• • •

Miss Dickey is proud of Cap's progressive record. She, like other Alaskans realizes that farming, mining, building, communications and transportation in the territory owe a great debt to his progressiveness. He has made a fortune but has given much of it back to the country from which it came.

Cap, on the other hand, is fully aware of the important part Miss Dickey has played in building up his empire. Before I left Alaska, I asked him why he had a woman managing his domain rather than a man. His answer was to the point as usual.

"Women are more dependable," he replied. "You don't have to worry about them doing their job. I've been lucky in having two of the most wonderful secretaries a man could ever have. One built the foundation of my success and the other has carried it through. I doubt that any man could be as loyal and industrious as Miriam has proved to be—nor half as smart either. Why, she can do anything."

THE END

HUMOR AND SPITE IN OLD HOOKED RUGS

[Continued from Page 33]

one side and on the other something labeled "Book." These lines voice a mother's feelings:

*What's the Matter with My Poor Son
A World of Women & He Picks This
One
Unable to Churn Sew Weave or Cook
She Powders Her Nose and Reads a
Book*

Another verse—accompanying the picture of a young man laid out horizontally with a large white lily at head and feet—reads:

**ADVICE TO BRIDES—
LEARN TO COOK**
*Like Cleo with Her Aspen Ring
You with Home Made Pies Did Sting
The Gallant Man Who You Did Wed
No Fault of Yours He Is Not Dead*

"Advice to Brides" shows one young woman passing the advice over the garden wall to another:

*Don't Gossip More Than You Can
Help*

*Or Some Strange Magpie You Will
Whelp*

*Better You Mind Your Ps and Qs
And Concentrate on Soups and Stews*

Some hesitant girl must have inspired the rug that shows two young men's faces side by side below a pair of scales with one pan loaded with fish, the other with coffee bags. The verse explains:

*Two Handsome Men Would Me Wed
The One a Clerk, I'd Starve Till*

Dead

*The Other Man a Fisherman Be
And I Don't Like Fish from River
or Sea*

Jesse James comes in for a slam: "A Kindly Man Was Jesse James and Thoughtful of the Poor. He'd Steal the Shirt from Off Your Back to Help the Man Next Door."

Another rug pictures a burning house with four windows from which smoke is

pouring while, visible in the smoke at each window, a woman leans out, waving her arms. Firemen below rush with ladders and the rhyme says:

*Onward Men the Fires Burn
Heedless of the Smoke and Flame
Pass the Water Ladders Hoist
Always Save the Women First*

Someone seemed to think railroads with their speed were not adding anything to life, as note the verse with a picture of a locomotive and cars:

*Across the Continent We Go,
Past Hostile Reds and Buffalo
But Why Indeed Is There the Need
To Travel at Excessive Speed*

Almost all phases of life are hooked into patterns. If punctuation is wanting, if rhymes fail to rhyme and the rules of grammar are not too closely observed, nevertheless these old rugs have a charm that formal patterns may lack, the charm of individuality.

THE END

ever see a dream ...washing?

See for yourself how the
THOR AUTOMAGIC washes clothes **CLEAN...**
rinses clothes **CLEAN...** spins 'em
better than wringer-dry...
all at the flick of a switch

Look for these important differences when you see the Thor Automagic Clothes Washer...

It takes on all the work of washday, but lets *you* boss the job. You can wash for 2 minutes or 20... rinse as many times as you like... just by flicking a switch. You never touch heavy, wet clothes!

Agitator washing action, as pioneered and improved by Thor, gets ALL the dirt... not just some of it. Thor's amazing new overflow rinses drain from the top... soap can't hide in clothes.

And you can install the Thor Automagic anywhere. No bolting down, no excessive weight, because there's no vibration! You need only a two-foot square of floor space... less than your refrigerator occupies.

You don't buy a new washer every year... or even every few years. So, shop around and compare. You'll agree that you get *more* with Thor.

The Thor Automagic Clothes Washer, including normal installation, is priced at \$199.50. You can buy now, or later, the Dishwasher Conversion Unit for only \$69.95.

You need all THREE for carefree washdays!

THOR AGITATOR ACTION



Squeezes fresh suds through even bulkiest clothes... opens every fold to thorough cleansing. Greasy work clothes come out **CLEAN**.

THOR'S WONDERFUL OVERFLOW RINSES



Constantly changing clean water floats out soap and soil, drains them away through the top. You use lukewarm rinses... save hot water.

THOR QUICK-DRY



Spins a full load better than wringer-dry in just 8 minutes. Many small pieces are ready for ironing! And no broken buttons!



This is the **THOR AUTOMAGIC** as a **DISHWASHER**... the grandest help you ever had!

Put your dishes in dirty... take them out shining clean! The Thor Dishwasher washes and rinses a dinner's dishes in five minutes... and safely. Only the water moves in the Thor. Even washes greasiest pots and pans **CLEAN!** Have the Thor Automagic Dishwasher Cabinet Model, for \$219.50, including normal installation. Thor Clothes Washer Conversion Unit (buy it now or later) is only \$49.95.

Automagic Combination... CLOTHES WASHER and DISHWASHER in one THOR!



Change washing units (there's one for duds and one for dishes) just once a week, in 1½ minutes, and you have **TWO** wonderful work-savers instead of one. You use Thor's tireless motor and mechanism 365 days a year instead of a few hours a week. And the Automagic combination (**TWO Thor Washers!**) costs little more than one.

NO PART OF THE THOR THAT TOUCHES CLOTHES EVER TOUCHES DISHES!

THOR CORPORATION
Chicago 50, Illinois

Thor-Canadian Company, Ltd., Toronto, Canada
Plants in Chicago, Ill.; Bloomington, Ill.; El Monte, Calif.; Toronto, Canada; London, England

Drop that dishrag!



Don't be a Rubbit! Don't try to rub and scrub a messy, crusted pot with a limp, shiftless dishrag. Just let Brillo shine it up—quicker 'n a wink!

BRILLO
polishes fast!



Brillo whisks scorchy pans clean! Neat! Easy! The square metal-fiber Brillo pad swoops away grease and crust in no time flat! Makes pots and pans shine. Use Brillo every day to keep pans silver-bright!

There's
jeweler's polish
in BRILLO

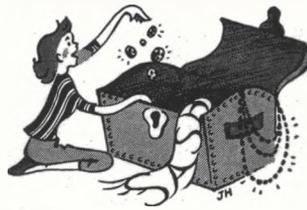
Brillo soap contains the *polishing* ingredients jewelers use for precious metals. Makes pans sparkle like new!

★ GREEN box—soap & pads
★ RED box—soap pads



Shines aluminum fast!

**FOUND IN
TREASURE CHEST**



By **BORIS RANDOLPH**

THERE'S no telling what you may find in a TREASURE CHEST. Using only some of the letters contained in the words TREASURE CHEST, and repeating them only as often as they are repeated in the phrase itself, see if you can form words corresponding to the following definitions. Give yourself 4 points for each right answer.

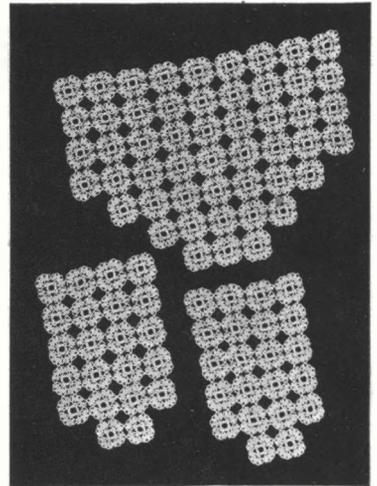
1. A map:
2. A game:
3. A vinegar bottle:
4. A book of the New Testament:
5. A book of the Old Testament:
6. Bed linen:
7. A pair of scissors:
8. Skillful workmanship:
9. Ready money:
10. A mystery:
11. A menace:
12. A silken waist band:
13. A piece of sculpture:
14. Cinders:
15. A clergyman:
16. Carbohydrates:
17. A flower:
18. Roofing material:
19. A stage performer:
20. A lock of hair:
21. Furniture wheels:
22. A heavy linen fabric:
23. A kind of wood:
24. A rodent:
25. Decomposing iron:

ANSWERS

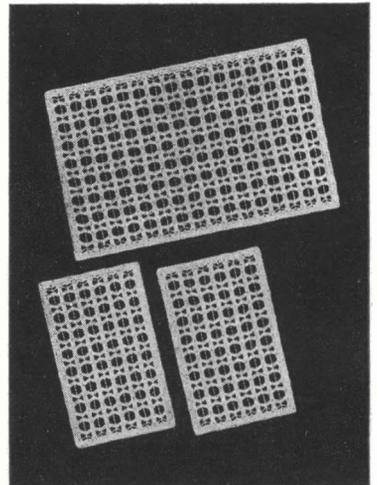
25. RUST
12. SASH
11. THREAT
10. SECRET
9. CASH
8. ART
7. SHEARS
6. SHEETS
5. RUTH
4. ACTS
3. CRUET
2. CHESS
13. STATUE
14. ASHES
15. CURATE
16. STARCHES
17. ASTER
18. TAR
19. ACTRESS
20. TRESS
21. CASTERS
22. CRASH
23. ASH
24. RAT
12. SASH

CROCHETED CHAIR SETS

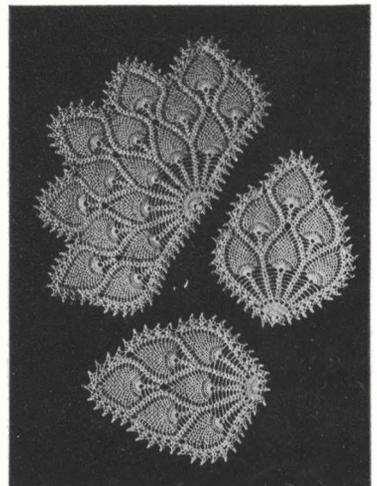
[Continued from Page 50]



56. Medallions in set-back design for back and arm pieces, 30 cents

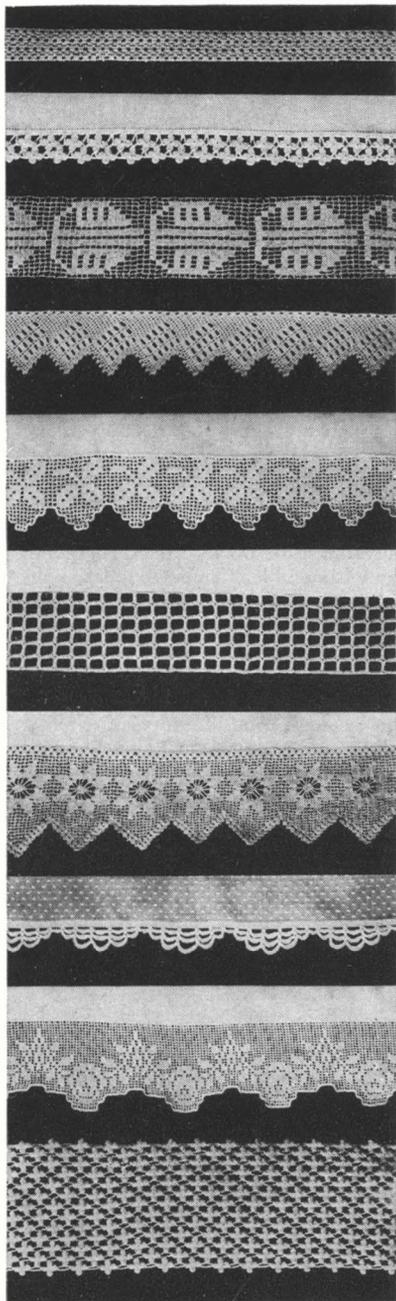


57. Novel caning motif in heavy thread. Costs 60 cents to crochet



58. Decorative pineapple motifs for an antimacassar set, 60 cents

**CROCHETED EDGINGS
AND INSERTIONS**



- Directions in The Crochet Annual, offered on page 44. Costs are per yard.
- 59. Inch-wide insertion, 25 cents
 - 60. Four-leaf clover edging, 30 cents
 - 61. Buckle motif insertion, 70 cents
 - 62. Dainty sawtooth edging, 30 cents
 - 63. Leaf motifs in filet, 45 cents
 - 64. Sturdy fishnet edging, 30 cents
 - 65. Star-sprinkled filet, 45 cents
 - 66. Gossamer cobweb design, 15 cents
 - 67. Rose garlands on filet, 40 cents
 - 68. Row on row of clovers, 40 cents

Photographs on pages 45, 46, 47 by Laurie Vance; 48, 70, 71, William Howland; 49, 51, Robert E. Coates; 50, House of Color.



Skinless
TRADE MARK
FRANKFURTERS AND WIENERS
Sure to be Tender

because they have no skins!

Make a date with SKINLESS frankfurters for lunch or supper. Your packer prepares your favorite brand the so-tender SKINLESS way—completely delicious—no skins, no waste. Here's a family treat you'll often repeat. Say SKINLESS when you say frankfurters!

THE VISKING CORPORATION • Chicago 38, Ill.



JANE AND THE LEVITICUS-DEUTERONOMY

[Continued from Page 35]

and run rapidly through the books of the Bible. There are sixty-six books in the Bible, and I stuck on Deuteronomy which I think is only number five, and sometimes on Leviticus which comes even before that.

Nobody questioned my I.Q. I was thought to be normal enough. And nobody knew how many verses of One, Two, Three, O'Leary I could spiel off to bounce a ball to, but regularly every Sunday on either Leviticus or Deuteronomy my mouth got full of shredded wheat. Under the pink straw hat, in which my mother had sent me off so optimistically to Cleveland, my brain died and went into rigor mortis and my backbone under the dangling pink ribbon went into accordion pleats. I was stuck again.

AUNT Laura never actually threw up her hands over me. She expected life to be hard, especially after Uncle Harvey; but I felt her disapproval in the way she would ask me sternly out of a clear sky, what did I think God thought of me?

Everybody at the Sunday school was very Christian and forbearing about it, too, so it must have been hoped that some day I would get beyond Deuteronomy, but I never did. I got worse. By the time I went home I wasn't even saying my prayers any more, because I knew God was looking at me just the way Aunt Laura did, his mouth tight and the corners drawn down. Aunt Laura gave me a china poodle as a going-away present when she put me on the train at the end of the summer, but she didn't regard me favorably and I knew it. The poodle was just good for evil.

And to this very day, every time I get a letter from Aunt Laura, I remember she thinks badly of me. My mouth fills up with shredded wheat. I can even feel my backbone pleating. It's not comfortable to know someone thinks badly of you.

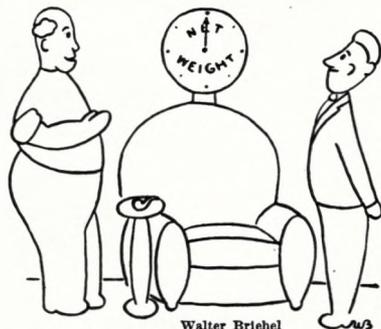
It was my own fault, of course. I'd grown up and I'd found out what it was really to pray and I knew there was a wise and loving God who heard my prayers; and yet somehow you never wrote in letters about your spiritual growth. It was too—well, too personal. God was something people didn't talk about unless there was a death in the family. In winter you wrote about head colds and in summer you said you were trying hard to keep cool . . . Is it very hot in Cleveland? You never said anything at all about how every day, no matter how the world rattled along, up or down, you believed more firmly in God and his unchanging goodness.

"No little child," Aunt Laura went on to say when I opened my eyes to the letter again, "is too young for Sunday school."

I considered that last remark. My little child was too young. Jane was too young for Sunday school first because ever since she'd got the use of her short legs, she'd been using them. There are, to quote my child-care books, the active child and the quiet child. Mine was active and noisy. And for another thing, mine didn't take to being taught. You told her a fact and she told you right back, no, it wasn't so. You'd say, "Look darling, that's a picture of a zebra," and she'd say just as positively, "No, it isn't," and turn the page. You could tell Jane any incontrovertible truth at all, and she'd give you a highly skeptical look out of wide brown eyes and say inelegantly, "Aw!"

Why?

How would I know. I never had a child before. All I had to go by was a



Walter Brieheil
"Keeps the womenfolk out of my favorite chair."

set of child-care books and they certainly didn't cover the subject of an attitude like Jane's. She was perverse. She was a born skeptic. She was from Missouri. You'd have to prove things to her. She was four years old and she looked like a cherub with dark curls and a mouth like a flower when there wasn't a lollipop stuck in it. But she had the cold mistrustful mind of a scientist who wasn't going to believe anything until he saw it in a test tube.

I asked her father why, too, but he tried to make a virtue out of it. "Nobody," he said from behind his newspaper, raising his long legs out of the way of the carpet sweeper, "will ever sell Jane the Brooklyn Bridge."

But on the other hand, I told myself, no matter what the struggle, maybe Jane ought to start absorbing the refining influence of Sunday school immediately, since only that morning she'd smacked one of her knee-high friends over the

bonnet with a spade for meddling with her mud pies. Excusable maybe—mud pies being something you put a lot of effort into, but what about Wednesday? You couldn't pass that one off as just natural childish pique. That one was premeditated. On Wednesday she used a stocking into which with malice and aforethought she'd loaded a good-sized block.

And, furthermore, Jane would go to Sunday school eventually, to learn about the good God who had made her. Weren't my own efforts this way proving inadequate? What do you do? You have a little child, and when she's able to talk you teach her a little prayer, and you know darn well every night she's not praying, she's wondering why the buttons on your dress look like noses. Of course it is laying a foundation, as the child-care books say about everything from table manners to toilet habits, but there were times when it looked as if we were never going to get even a spade into the ground.

Yes, all in all, maybe sending Jane to Sunday school now was just what she needed. And, besides, it couldn't fail to impress my Aunt Laura. I'd show her I hadn't turned out to be a dipsomaniac, or worse, after all!

I answered her letter assuring her that I most certainly was planning to send Jane to Sunday school, but not until the fall because, unfortunately, as Sunday schools sometimes do, ours had closed for a couple of months on account of the awful heat. Was it very hot in Cleveland?

I FORGET whether she replied that it was hot or not, but she did say, Well—so—little Jane was going to Sunday school. Would I please keep her informed how it went? And in September Jane got started at the church, beginners' class. I was a little damp-eyed taking her up to the door of God's house, a little awed at what this first Sunday morning at church was beginning for my baby. I was like Hannah in the Bible story bringing the baby Samuel to the tabernacle to dedicate him to the Lord.

I was also strongly reminded of the Sundays in Cleveland when I got escorted up to the church door myself. But once inside the pleasant beginners' classroom I assured myself that the sweet-faced woman into whose hands I was delivering my scrubbed and polished offspring was surely as pretty inside as out. The small tables and chairs set ready with paper and crayons and the big pictures tacked to the walls would surely be interesting enough to

[Continued on Page 74]

Meat gives your baby
a headstart on health!

Doctors recommend
Swift's Strained Meats
for Babies

Babies thrive on meat—shown by scientific feedings to infants as young as six weeks*. They're healthier, more satisfied . . . do better when they get meat! Now it's easy to give your baby the benefits of meat much earlier in life than ever before! You may feed Swift's Strained Meats as soon as baby starts on any solid food!

Meat—has the "musts" for growth!
Your baby needs 3 to 4 times more proteins, proportionately, than you do! Swift's Strained Meats—100% meat—are an abundant source of complete, high-quality proteins, plus B vitamins and the

blood-building iron your baby must get every day for growth and development!

**Form good eating habits
—feed foods separately**

Doctors recommend introducing foods one at a time—not all mixed together—so baby gets to know and enjoy the individual flavor and texture of each one. Each variety of Swift's Strained Meats: beef, lamb, pork, veal, liver and heart, is all meat. No other foods are mixed in to alter the distinctive meat flavors and textures. Feeding all six kinds helps baby establish sound food habits for life!



***Ask your doctor**

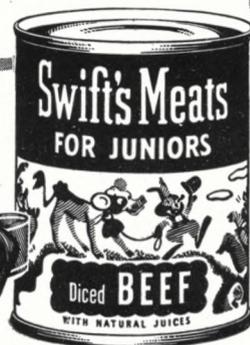
how soon and how much Swift's Strained Meats to feed. Usually one teaspoon is enough to start. Gradually increase the amount 'til baby gets 1 3/4 ounces per serving (about 1/2 tin).

The only prepared baby food
on the market that is 100% MEAT!

**ALL MEAT—not mixtures—ready to heat and serve!
Easy and economical to feed to baby!**

It's easy—economical—to feed Swift's Strained Meats. There's no waste! No work, either, Mother! Swift & Company does it all for you: selects, trims, strains and cooks the meats just right for your

tiny baby. All you do is heat and serve! Your neighborhood food store has economical, ready-to-serve Swift's Strained Meats now!



6 Strained
6 Diced Meats

BEEF LAMB PORK
VEAL LIVER HEART

READY TO HEAT AND SERVE!



All nutritional statements made in this advertisement are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

SWIFT & COMPANY



JANE AND THE LEVITICUS-DEUTERONOMY

[Continued from Page 72]

absorb any child, no matter how active. Everything should go very nicely. As it turned out, things went so well that I began to feel confident Jane would be able to handle even Leviticus-Deuteronomy when it came along. She not only liked Sunday school, she had a memory like an elephant. She came home reciting whole chunks of verses that said she was, first, "a little sunbeam" and, second, "a happy little playmate for my happy little friends." Also a story about the "Good Samaritan." Also a hymn she liked so well she sang herself to sleep with it every night. It was a good lively one with lots of snap and dash:

*We are a fish'n Mary band,
A fish'n Mary band,
A fish'n Mary band,
We are a fish'n Mary band
Doing all we can!*

I'd listen from downstairs after she'd gone to bed and I'd try to imagine what "fish'n Mary" was and what "fish'n Mary" does when it's doing all it can—and I couldn't—but I was pleased anyway; and I wrote warmly to Aunt Laura: Jane is just wonderful in Sunday school. For then I did not guess that Jane was going to be skeptical about the Almighty.

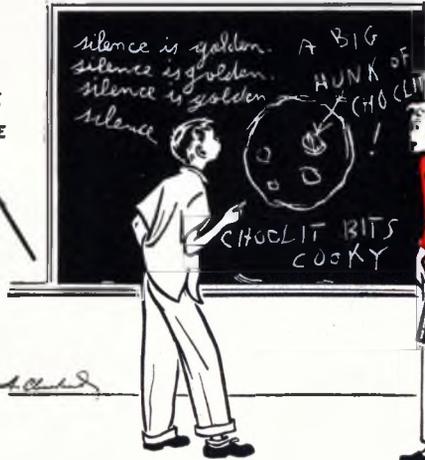
It was seven-thirty of a mild October evening and there was Jane in pink pajamas ready to be popped into bed. For twelve hours I'd fed her everything in the child-care book, I'd kept her from murdering the "happy little friends" to whom she was a "happy little playmate" and I'd kept those "happy little friends" from murdering her. I could feel myself relaxing already. Now all we had to do was one—two—three—and into bed, and then to say her prayers together.

BUT no hurry. First we had to snap off the light and push up the window so we could put out our heads, and when you're as little as Jane the world of night outside the familiar world of things inside is all blackness and mystery. A last cricket chirrs faintly and the wind stirs the vague shapes of the elms. Up—up—your eyes look naturally up from all the gloom—and there is the full moon rising.

"How'd the moon get up there?" asked Jane down at my elbow.

I was quiet a moment, thinking my own thoughts. How the moon might have got there. The idea of a hand so great it could make a moon and set it in space. It was a beautiful moment with my little daughter there with me, with the serene light and the breeze on our faces. How did the moon get up there? It was a question that called for

LOOK, SISI
THAT'S A
CHOCOLATE
Bits COOKIE



COME ON, HURRY—
GET YOUR PUNISH
WORK DONE. MOM'S
GOT REAL CHOCOLATE
Bits COOKIES
AT HOME!

ROCKWOOD CHOCOLATE Bits COOKIES

½ cup shortening	1 cup plus 2 level table-
¼ cup granulated sugar	spoons sifted flour
½ cup brown sugar	½ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon vanilla	½ teaspoon salt
1 egg, well beaten	½ cup chopped nuts
1 pkg. (7 oz. Rockwood Chocolate BITS)	

Cream shortening, two sugars and vanilla until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat. Sift together flour, soda and salt, adding to first mixture. Stir in nuts and chocolate BITS. Mix thoroughly. Drop from teaspoon on lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) 10-12 minutes. Makes 50 cookies.



ROCKWOOD
The finest in chocolate

Quicker way to LOVELIER SILVER!



IT'S FAST!—a liquid polish that reveals your silver's true brilliance in no time. Silvo reaches the deepest crevices and works amazingly. Less rubbing, lighter rubbing.

IT'S SAFE! Silvo contains no harsh abrasive; nothing to harm silver or hands. And there's no "messiness"!

IT'S GLORIOUS! You'll be thrilled by your silver's new luster—the same *lasting* luster that Silvo gives the priceless services of England's nobility. Try Silvo—only 35c, at department and grocery stores.



LIQUID SILVER POLISH

TO ORDER PATTERNS

shown on pages 6 and 7

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 6 are: girl's slack suit—jacket (from suit pattern) 3970, sizes 2-12, 35c; slacks, 4132, sizes 2-10, 25c; boy's Eton suit—suit, 3021, sizes 2-10, 25c; cap, 3628, sizes 20", 21", 22", 25c. Patterns on page 7 are: classic suit—4065, sizes 12-18, 50c; short-jacket suit—3952, sizes 12-20, 50c. 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.

an answer as big as the measureless universe our faces were turned to. Should I try to tell her about the solar system, the great planets swimming around the great sun, and the little satellite moon following after its earth like a silver lamb? No, best to put it simply.

"God put the moon up there," I said quietly.

There was silence at my elbow, and then just one word of skepticism. "Aw!" Jane said.

She eyed the moon. "How do you know? How'd He get up there?"

"God is up there, dear. God is everywhere. . ."

"How big is God? Is He bigger than my daddy?"

"Oh, yes. . ."

She didn't like that. There wasn't a father in the neighborhood as tall as her daddy. And it was wrong anyway to impress her so strongly with God's magnitude. Hadn't someone said we need to be careful how we introduce God to little children? What I really wanted her to feel was God's nearness to us.

I said, "God is all around us. He's in the sky and He's on the earth, but God is goodness so He's even inside each one of us."

She poked her middle with her finger. "Aw!" she said.

I TRIED to remember in succeeding weeks not to press my lips together a la Aunt Laura.

Jane took a dime to Sunday school every Sunday. She brought it for God and God's work, her teacher said, but you couldn't fool Jane. "Who took the money home?" she wanted to know, after they all put their nickels and dimes in the plaster rabbit. "Carol Bonner's father!"

And there was also the little matter of the story of the creation from Genesis which she doubted very much. She was in the bathroom clad only in her socks, brushing her teeth. She takes two swipes at her teeth with the brush and then spreads toothpaste on the faucets if you're not looking. I was looking so she practised spitting down the drain.

"If," she said, "God really made the world and there weren't any people, because God hadn't made Adam and Eve yet and nobody was there, how does anybody know He did it?"

I wondered what she would say if I told her offhandedly that as a matter of fact it hadn't happened quite that way. Then I asked myself how could I tell Jane who and what God was, when I wasn't sure myself; how could I explain that I only took on faith His being and His goodness?

I practically fell on the leaflets she brought home from Sunday school. They had a Bible picture and story, and on the back all sorts of information about

[Continued on Page 76]

Makes Clothes
**DAZZLING
WHITE!**



**BLUES
and WASHES
at the same
time!**

**THERE'S NO
EXTRA BLUING
RINSE!—NO
STREAKS! NO
SPOTS!**

SAVES TIME ON WASHDAY!

• These amazing blue flakes do what old-fashioned bluing and soap alone cannot do. Blue and wash at the same time! They work wonderfully with your regular soap into rich, cleansing white suds with beautiful blue water underneath. White things come out dazzling... washable colors sparkle! Try Blu-White! Discover why 9 out of 10 users prefer it to anything else!

FOR "UNDIES," TOO!

• Yes, Blu-White is marvelous for handkerchiefs, blouses, stockings, and lingerie. It's safe for everything washable, even nylons and washable colors. And it never over-blues. See how Blu-White makes hankies dazzling white . . . tinted things fresh and dainty. It's kind to your hands. You'll love it!

• Tune in "ROSE OF MY DREAMS" and "EVELYN WINTERS" . . . Two shows, Coast to Coast, Mon. thru Fri. See your paper for times and stations.

**IT'S NEW!
A COMBINATION
OF SPECIAL BLUING
AND PURE, MILD
SOAP FLAKES!**

Get BLU-WHITE Today!

JANE AND THE LEVITICUS-DEUTERONOMY

[Continued from Page 75]

If you're smart
you'll recognize the

**SEVEN
SYMPTOMS***



THE UNLUCKY SEVEN

1. Digestive Upset
2. Poor Appetite
3. Lack of Pep
4. Cranky and Irritable
5. Heartburn
6. Headachy
7. Washed-Out Look

*Due to irregularity

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how a mother and father could interest a little child in God at home. "God is our friend," the back page explained. "When your child says his prayers, encourage him to talk to God as to a good friend. Let him tell God all the things he's been glad and happy for all day." So far so good but this hinged on what followed. "A little child," the back page said, "accepts God naturally."

Not Jane. Jane didn't accept anything naturally unless she could eat it. Now that I came to think of it, had Jane ever done anything the way she should? Had she even grown the way the books said she would? She walked before anybody else her age and she still hadn't any teeth after everybody else had full sets. Either the child-care books and the Sunday-school leaflets were wrong, or Jane was.

Parents and Teachers Working Together the Sunday-school leaflet was called. One Sunday it quoted Jane's hymn about the "fish'n Mary band," only it was a missionary band, which was enlightening, but it never said anything at all about parents and teachers worrying together, or even being uneasy together.

Yes, Sunday school for Jane was a success. She could sing the hymns and color the pictures and tell the stories—it was all fine—except that she didn't believe in

God. There wasn't any way of proving His existence.

"Sunday school for Jane is a big success," I wrote Aunt Laura gaily with a heavy heart.

We had been successful like this for a good six months, when I got Aunt Laura's letter postmarked Greene instead of Cleveland. My second cousin Edith had had another attack and Aunt Laura had taken herself to Greene to put on poultices or whatever, and would stop off overnight to see us when she got started back to Cleveland.

It had happened that way once before, but fortunately the last time Jane hadn't been quite two and nothing was expected of her except to remember, if Aunt Laura took her on her lap, that she was housebroken. I could feel the old rigor mortis setting in and my backbone pleating all the while I was cleaning the corners and shining the silver.

It was Friday when Aunt Laura got there. I'd expected her on Wednesday with lamb chops, on Thursday with salmon steaks, and on Friday had given her up for that week and was relaxing with cold cuts and a baker's coffee ring, when she arrived in a gust of cold wet air, shaking the rain out of her black cotton umbrella.

[Continued on Facing Page]

TESS AND THE RAIN

[Continued from Page 62]

Finally, she fell asleep.

Tess dreamed. She was swimming in a cool lake, full of blue water, without her clothes. Her legs felt light until she lifted them out of the water. Then they felt heavy. Her hair, longer and darker than ever before, streamed out behind her. Her fingers looked thin and shrunken when she held them up. She knew that the water was deep. Her feet did not touch bottom. She knew there was danger in it. But since she had let go of trying to be good, she was not afraid.

SUDDENLY there was a terrible sound that shook the water and made little waves appear on the surface. The spray from the waves blew in her face. She lifted her head and shook it and she was in her own room, in her bed. She had thrown off the covers and somebody had raised her window. Wind was blowing in upon her. Wind and rain. She was wet with it, her face and her hair and her body.

Water was gurgling through the hole in the eaves-spout over her window, onto the tin roof of the kitchen, below. It made a happy, wonderful sound. Tess

could smell the hot, wet pine shingles, the wet leaves of the trees.

She lay there with goose pimples rising on her cooling body and heard the thunder that had awakened her, roll eastward into the hills where the rain had not yet come. It was a promise to the corn: "Hold up your leaves. I'm coming . . ."

She sprang out of bed, drew on her robe and opened the screen. She climbed out onto the roof of the kitchen and held out her arms, receiving the belated gift. She wrung out her hair, shook it free, the rain running through it onto her shoulders.

The voice of the rain was all about her. Shrill tree toads called to each other in wonder. When the rain had passed on to fulfill its promise, Tess climbed back through the window and dried herself. She shook out her hair, put on a clean dry nightgown. She started to get into bed. Then, with one knee on the edge of it, she paused and slipped down beside it.

"Dear, kind God," she whispered, then took a deep breath. "Amen," she said.

THE END

"Well, Aunt Laura," I kept exclaiming all the time we were trying to pry her out of her rubbers, "isn't it lovely to see you!" I knew she considered my exuberance fiddle-faddle, but I just couldn't stop.

She wouldn't take her hat off though—"Not yet," she said—and this worried me. It was a bad omen. Why wouldn't she take her hat off? She still wore it, tall and black, on the exact middle of her head. It was like having the bishop in his ecclesiastical headgear in for cold cuts and coffee ring, and the coffee ring wasn't very good, and Jane, who hadn't done such a thing in a long time, turned over her glass of milk.

Not that Aunt Laura intimidated Jane. On the contrary Aunt Laura stimulated her, and at the first chance Jane went through her bulky handbag to see what kind of red Aunt Laura's lipstick was. She was very pleased with Aunt Laura—no lipstick, but she found some chocolates, and Aunt Laura seemed pleased with Jane. She said the chocolates were for her because she was doing so well in Sunday school, wasn't she? Whereupon we all said enthusiastically, "Oh, yes, she was," even Jane's father.

And then the time came to pop Jane into bed and I sent her upstairs.

"I'll hear her prayers," Aunt Laura said, following me up to Jane's room.

SEE it all now as a series of vivid flashing pictures . . . Jane in the bathroom brushing her teeth . . . Jane tucked into bed . . . Aunt Laura opening the window.

"Now, dear," Aunt Laura began, and after that everything went in ghostly slow motion, "now, dear, what is it you say every night after Mother tucks you in?"

Jane didn't seem to feel the full import of that "Now, dear" but I did. "Now, dear" hung over the room like a pall . . . I found I'd drawn a deep breath and forgot to expel it, but Jane, flat on her back, didn't feel in the least at a disadvantage. She watched Aunt Laura with bright brown eyes, speculating on what kind of new game this was going to be.

"Well, Jane?"

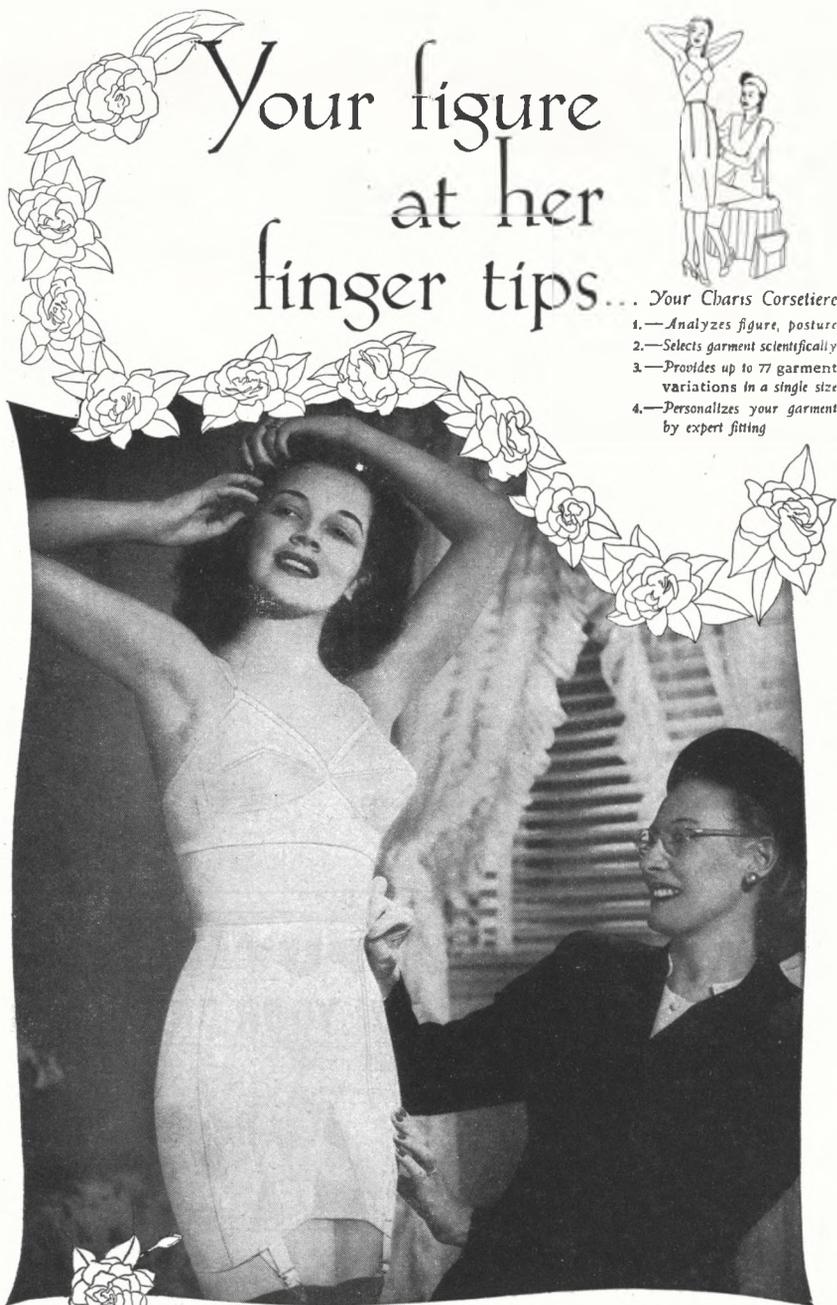
Jane thought of the answer. "I say I'm thirsty."

Aunt Laura sat down on the foot of the bed. She pressed her lips together. "Don't you say 'Our Father which art in Heaven?'"

"We say 'Now I lay me,' " I interposed apologetically. "The Sunday-school leaflets suggested it, and after that we make up our own little prayer as we go along and tell God things we're glad about because He's our friend."

I caught hold of Jane's hands because she wasn't the one to keep them

[Continued on Page 78]



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JANE AND THE LEVITICUS-DEUTERONOMY

[Continued from Page 77]

folded the way the little children always do in pictures, and then both together we said, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

After that with a lighter heart I began to talk to God on Jane's behalf, keeping it all on her level. "Dear Father, we thank You for a happy day. We are glad the kitten didn't get hurt when that dog caught her today. And Jane is glad that she was a very good girl today. And we are glad it didn't rain until this afternoon so Jane could play outside a little while. . . ."

IT was my own fault. I got a little too chatty. I was just going to say how terribly glad we were Aunt Laura had come when Jane's hands wiggled urgently under mine. I opened my eyes. Hers hadn't been closed at all.

"Whyn't you tell Him," she suggested. "I can spit straight down the bathroom drain now?"

"And help Jane to be a good girl tomorrow, too," I finished hastily.

Jane smiled at Aunt Laura. "My teacher says God knows everything, but He doesn't. Mommy tells him every night."

"Amen," I said.

"A-lady," said Jane irreverently. Aunt Laura certainly stimulated her.

Aunt Laura and I went downstairs to the kitchen and did the dishes. She took her hat off, but it was too late to make me feel any better. She dried glasses and put them where the cups go, but I was too spirited to care.

"When I was Jane's age," Aunt Laura said, putting the butter plates where the saucers go, "I could recite the Beatitudes—and the Lord's Prayer." That was all she said, and I didn't say anything, because at the time that I hadn't learned the books of the Bible I hadn't learned the Beatitudes either.

The next day with unerring exactitude and in one try, she placed her hat squarely on the center of her head, and took the bus back to Cleveland. It was still raining and Jane and I took her in a taxi to the terminal. She bought Jane a woolly white dog at the newsstand that looked like the good-for-evil china poodle she once had given me, and she kissed me a dry kiss good-by.

Jane and I walked home—it looked as if it might clear. There was a display of pottery in the window of the five-and-ten . . . there were jelly rolls on special today at the bake shop . . . yes it was clearing. Thin gold sunshine suddenly lay all over the street as if an electric light had been turned on.

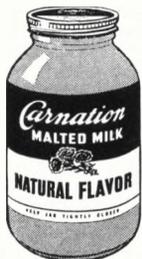
"Hello, God!" said Jane, bouncing along happily at my side.

"I made it for Mummy"



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I almost stopped still in surprise, and then I realized Jane didn't even know I was there.

"Hello, God." It was downright friendly and affectionate the way she said it, and it seemed as the sunlight brightened and blazed around us, that I could hear God answer gently, "Hello, Jane."

I should have known that God is there for all of us, but that each one must find Him for himself. Why, she'll get along fine now, I thought. She'd lose sight of God again. Bigger and wiser people than Jane lose sight of Him sometimes. But she'd get along fine.

"We are a fish'n Mary band," sang Jane, bouncing.

"It's 'missionary,' dear," I pointed out.

"Aw!" Jane said.

THE END

REMEMBER THIS DAY

[Continued from Page 36]

freshly ironed white pinafore, and when she sat on the stool, at her mother's feet she smoothed down her apron with clean dimpled hands.

Gay was a happy child. She was always laughing, showing her small white teeth. And it was laughter that made you laugh, too. It wasn't laughter that hurt.

She could tell Gay about the curtains and she would believe it. She would say, "Mother, tell me about your wedding day. Start where you opened your eyes and looked at the curtains and they had turned to gold."

Oh yes, Zina thought, I must remember everything about this day.

It seemed to her that she had first been aware of her aloneness that rainy day at Aunt Sarah's house. Aunt Sarah was ironing and the children begged, "Tell us about the day you was married, Ma. Start with where Pa came in the rig and picked you up!"

ZINA had listened, sitting a bit apart from the others because she didn't want to intrude. She had been enthralled, trying to picture fat Aunt Sarah as a bride, "so thin your Pa could span my waist with his two hands." And Zina had thought hungrily, I wish my mother were alive so that she could tell me things like that.

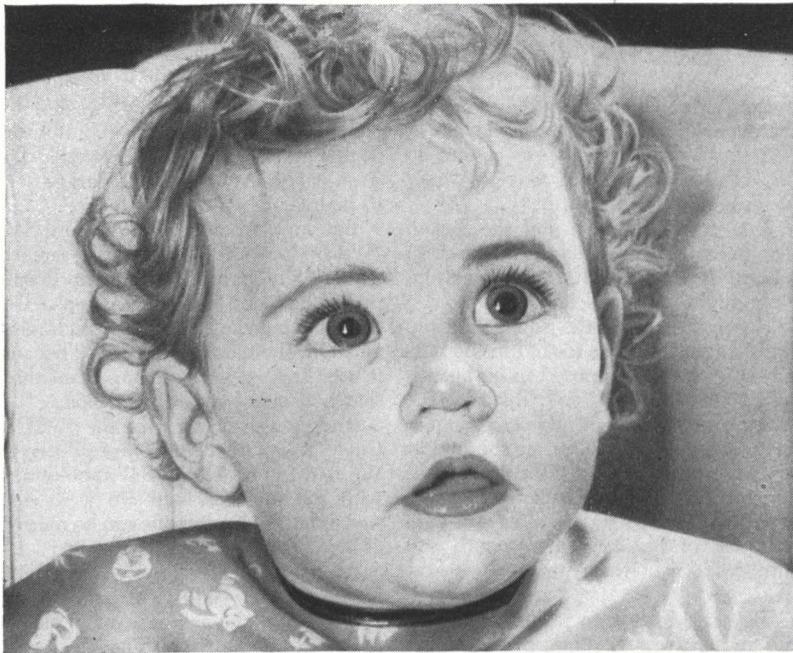
When Aunt Sarah reached the part, "and your Pa helped me into the rig and we rode toward North Falls," Zina got up and walked over to her.

"Please, Aunt Sarah, you tell me about my mother's wedding day."

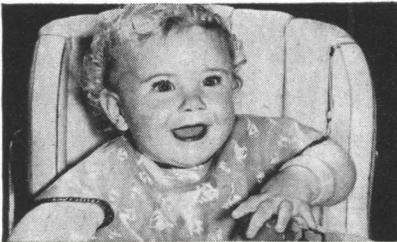
Aunt Sarah's black eyes had turned on her. "Your ma's wedding day! Hmph! Wasn't even a marriage."

Zina hadn't known what the words

[Continued on Page 80]

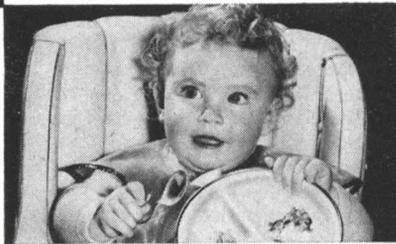


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REMEMBER THIS DAY

[Continued from Page 79]

meant, but she had known they were the reason why she was never loved or petted, why she had to wear clothes no one else wanted. With Gay it would never be that way—never.

Zina got out of bed and she looked like a child with her long brown hair in a braid down her back, her pink cotton-crepe nightgown.

Happy the bride the sun shines on, she thought. And she looked in the mirror. Brides were supposed to be beautiful on their wedding day. But the face that gazed back at her had not changed. At twenty-five she looked as she had at ten when she was at Wildbriar Orphanage and Mrs. Bloomcrust called her "the little sad one." Her dark eyes still took up most of her face, her mouth still turned down at the corners.

SHE tried to force a feeling of elation and she smiled. But her face didn't feel comfortable so she stopped. She asked herself if it were right that she should feel so solemn on her wedding day, and she tried to put into words her feeling for Case.

Case Newcombe is a good man, she thought. I always feel safe with him. I enjoy his company. I like to hear him talk about motor tune-up jobs, and rear axles and water pumps. His moody silences, when he doesn't say two words all evening, don't bother me. Yes, she supposed she loved him. It was just that she had learned too well the lesson not to be too happy about something or it wouldn't happen.

She dressed hurriedly but completely. No mere slipping of a housecoat over a nightgown for Zina. When you got up you dressed, when it was bedtime you undressed. There could be no happy combination of the two. Her thick braids, wound around her head, gave her a top-heavy look. Her flowered house dress looked a bit too long, a bit too large, as if it had been handed down from a larger person or been bought for her to grow into.

She opened drawers and started taking things out. Not that there was much to pack. In the five years she had lived at The Princess Apartments she had accumulated a pitifully small store of material goods. One large suitcase would hold everything.

But the cleaning would take time. She couldn't leave the apartment for someone else to clean. The drawers must be washed and lined with clean newspaper, and the window washed. The kitchen nook, concealed behind a cretonne curtain, must be scoured.

She didn't have to be at the bakery until one. It would be nice to be able to tell Gay, "Your father and I were

married at high noon, and we left immediately on a honeymoon." But this could not be. Today was Wednesday and Case couldn't close up the garage with so many cars waiting to be fixed.

But how would that sound to Gay? "We both worked all day the same as usual." She paused, a bureau drawer pulled half out. Would that make Gay think the marriage had not been important? Oh, she mustn't think that, because it was. It was the most important thing that had ever happened to Zina.

And then she knew what she could tell Gay! "Your father and I were different. We had to make a special appointment with the minister, and we were married at late eight. Anyone can be married at high noon."

At twelve-thirty she was dressed in her bridal finery, a plain black wool skirt, and a white sheer blouse with pleated ruffles down the front. The blouse was a shameful extravagance. That and the



Garth Williams

black sailor hat, trimmed with yellow-centered daisies, anchored atop her heavy braids, had taken a whole week's wages. But a bride should wear white, she had argued, and she'd read somewhere that it was appropriate to wear a flowered hat at an informal wedding.

She rang the bell under the sign OFFICE, and Mrs. Farraday opened the door. She was a large rust-haired woman who had no objection to blending night with day. Her rayon nightgown hung like a pink ruffle below her flowered housecoat.

"Hello," Mrs. Farraday said.

Zina felt that she should say something that would cover the five years she had lived there. But Mrs. Farraday was a sensitive soul. Maybe if she said, "It's been a nice warm apartment," Mrs. Farraday would think she was bawling her out because of the hot summer months when you couldn't have a window open because of the noise of freight trains rattling by. And "a nice cool apart-

ment" she might take to mean the months when the windows had been frozen.

So Zina simply handed her the key, "Here you are!"

"Oh, well," Mrs. Farraday said. "Got a man comin' to look at it at two." She might have been Mrs. Bloomcrust crossing her name off the orphanage books and saying, "We can put that new girl in your room."

Children raced up and down the long hall, children with jam-sticky faces and ratty hair. Gay will never live in a place like this, Zina thought. She'll have a big yard to play in. There'll be grass, and a white pebbled walk, and a sandpile in the shade.

Case would provide well for Gay. He had started with nothing, and no one to help him. He'd carried papers, shined shoes, worked in a lumber camp, been a mechanic's helper. Case wasn't one to talk about himself, but he had told her the story of his life without realizing it.

Case's garage was a small one-man establishment, but he owned it, and he'd paid cash for the two-room cabin where they would live. It was a mile out of town, and she had never seen it, but Case said the roof didn't leak.

When she reached the bakery it was empty of customers for the moment and the three girls were standing in a group by the cash register, talking about what he said and I said.

For a moment she thought of going up to them and saying, "I'm getting married tonight!" They'd be surprised and they'd want to know everything. Who is he? What did he say when he proposed? Tell us everything . . . Even thinking of the questions they'd ask made her face hot.

WHAT was there to tell? In the spring Case had come in the bakery every afternoon, a big man in an oil-stained mechanic's jumper. He'd always bought a dozen cinnamon rolls, and before he was out of the shop he had one almost eaten. Watching him, she would think, he's such a big man. He needs more than just pastry to fill him up.

And one day when he came in she said, "These vegetable pies are nice. There's more nourishment in them." He didn't answer her, but he bought four, and that night when she got off work he was waiting for her on the corner.

"There's a good picture at The Star if you'd like to go," he'd said. And she'd said, "That would be nice." No other words passed between them until he'd left her in front of the apartment. Then he'd said, "Good night," and she'd said, "Well, good night."

[Continued on Page 108]

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* Medical Authorities confirm that caffeine is a drug found in both coffee and tea. It is a stimulant that acts on the brain and central nervous system. While many grown-ups can drink coffee and tea without ill-effect, others suffer nervous hypertension, indigestion and sleepless nights. Doctors agree that coffee should *not* be served at all to children.

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BEST IN SHOW

[Continued from Page 29]

go back to the show and see that their dogs were settled for the night. Web had brought his trainer along to do that.

Mort got into the front seat of the station wagon between Web and Marian. Classy job, this wagon, very de luxe, like everything Web had, including his wife. Nothing but the best for the Talmadges. It was darned nice of them to bother taking a tired old man out for a drive when they could have been at the hotel dancing.

Marian handed Mort a cigarette and put two in her own mouth. She took the lighter out of the dash and leaned close to Mort as she held it to his cigarette. She handed one of her lighted ones across him to Web. Her arm touched Mort's chest and made him tingle. Guess he wasn't so old after all.

They drove up the canyon in silence. The moon between the mountain peaks cast shadows on the road. Its light turned the bridal-veil falls into a streamer of white chiffon. They went past the Hermitage, past Graycliffe Lodge, and up to the dam and the lake. The road wound around the lake close to the top of the peaks.

Web pulled up in a wide space that looked out over the water and up toward the yacht-club house. He turned off the ignition and took a deep breath. "This is some country, wonderful!"

"Look at that moon," Marian said softly.

Mort couldn't speak. He just nodded. He was glad to be here, comfortable, relaxed and happy. One of the nicest things about his profession was that you met such swell people. Sitting there in the balmy coolness he almost forgot his arthritis and the fact that this was the last time he would meet people on this basis. He forgot that he had only a small two-room to go home to after his long train trip back. He would be tired when he got there. He should have been more saving when he was younger.

"You know," Marian said dreamily, "our place in the country is almost as restful as this. No such scenery, of course, but heavenly just the same. I suppose you've heard about our kennels, Mort."

Mort grinned at her. "Yes, they're pretty nice, I understand."

"They have everything. We've spent a lot of money. Tried

to improve the breed each year, and we have, too. We've got something pretty good in Hercules, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Web, "we've the best kennels in the country. Good men with us, too. But what we need is a head man who knows what studs we need to improve the breed."

"I wish I could think of someone, Web," Mort told him. "When I get home I'll look through my files."



"The job pays three hundred and fifty a month. There's a five-room cottage on the place. We have a vegetable garden, strawberry patch, fruit trees, even a small pasteurizing plant for milk. The work wouldn't mean much physical exertion. We have two good kennel men, besides the handlers. All the head man would have to do would be to oversee the place." Web puffed rapidly on his cigarette and looked up at the moon.

"The job would be his for life, Mort," Marian said. Her perfume was wonderful. So many women attending the show with their dogs seemed to concentrate their attention on their animals and to forget their own appearance, but not Marian.

Mort shook his head. "It's too bad, but I can't think of a soul."

"Yes, you can," Marian told him, "you."

Mort turned sharply toward her. "Me?"

"You aren't so young any more, Mort. This would be your chance to retire in glory. What plans have you?"

He was embarrassed. He hadn't said anything about retiring, but, of course, they could see that he wasn't well. "I hadn't planned anything special. Thought I might go somewhere for this arthritis."

"You'd better sleep on the idea, Mort," Web said and started the engine. "Just think it over and give us your answer during the judging tomorrow."

Mort thought he hadn't heard right. Web's emphasis on the word "during" must mean that they wanted him to throw the decision toward Hercules. He couldn't believe it, not of Web and Marian, and he looked closely at Web, but Web had turned his eyes away.

On the way back, no one said anything. Mort couldn't have spoken had he tried. His heart beat so rapidly that he felt as if the blood were being forced down into every pain-

[Continued on Page 84]



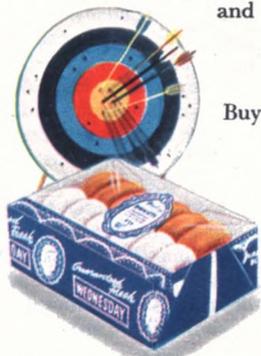
When you aim to please...

At that game-room party, remember to have plenty of Jane Parker

Donuts on hand. *Everybody* enjoys these golden puffs of lightness—
and the contrasting colors of plain and sugared varieties will

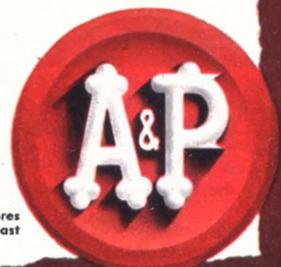
add a gay note to your buffet refreshments. So good, over
three million Jane Parker Donuts are enjoyed every day.

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She... Oh, darling, it's beautiful! Just look at that sparkle! And those colors—I've never seen them so brilliant before. Why, it's amazing what Self-Polishing Simoniz can do. And to think I can keep my floors that way so much longer with just a damp cloth.

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BEST IN SHOW

[Continued from Page 82]

ful joint in his body. His right arm throbbed where it touched Marian's. The shock of what these two friends had suggested went round and round in his mind to the hum of the tires. He would never have believed it of them. They had always been such thoroughbreds. And now they were attempting to buy a place for their dogs. Suddenly Mort felt car-sick.

But by the time they had reached the hotel, Mort's heart had slowed down. And he could see what had made them suggest such a thing—Hercules with fourteen points. It was the first time a dog of theirs had come so close, and he did have a chance. There was also a chance that another dog would be a bit better. That was what they feared. They also knew that Mort's decision would not be questioned. Why did they have to spoil the wonderful feeling he had toward them?

When the car pulled up in front of the hotel Marian got out and waited for Mort to walk to the door with her while Web put the car in the garage. But Mort rushed by her. "Thanks for the ride, good night," he mumbled and hurried through the revolving doors.

Up in his room he rang for ice water. He stood by the window looking down onto the boulevard below, and he was surprised to find that he was shivering. He buttoned his coat and turned up the collar. His joints ached like abscessed teeth.

THE boy knocked at the door and came in with the ice water. Mort tossed him some change and closed the door after him. He poured three fingers of bourbon from a bottle on the dresser and gulped it down, following it with water. It made his throat ache, but it was not half so bad as the ache in his heart.

He sat down on the bed and put his face in his hands. Why couldn't it have been someone else? Why those two? Mort was no stranger to such propositions. He had always taken them as part of the game, given a quick, caustic answer and that was that.

And as he sat there, he gradually began to feel sorry for Marian and Web. It was tough to have everything that money could buy—as well as family, friends, prestige—and yet year after year go home with the knowledge that their dogs had failed again. It wasn't as if they hadn't worked honestly at it.

He reached for the bottle and poured another stiff drink. As the liquor warmed him he put himself in Web's place. His proposition had been fair enough. He wasn't asking Mort to cheat exactly. All the dogs up for best in show were the

finest of their class. Their places had been won in absolute fairness. It was just the finals—a tricky thing to judge. Each entry had to be judged for appearance, conformation, and one infinitesimal difference wouldn't be noticed by the visiting judges or the ring steward. If it was, they would accept his decision.

Mort lay down on the bed and pulled the covers over him. His shivering stopped and he felt comfortable and warm. Web and Marian, he thought drowsily, would not be getting something for nothing. He would earn his way. They had a big kennel . . . he would have responsibility. No one would think for a minute that he had begun to work for them because he had judged in their favor. It was legitimate for a man who had announced his retirement, as Mort would do tomorrow, to accept a good offer. It would seem like that to the others. He needed security in his old age. His eyes closed and he felt himself drifting off to sleep.

WHEN he awakened the sun was streaming through the windows, and he was wringing wet. The air was cooler but under all the covers and in his coat he had perspired, until the bedclothes were soaked. He'd have to be careful not to take cold. Peeling off his clothes, he rubbed himself briskly with bath towels and then turned on the warm shower. When he had dried himself again and was in his robe, he called the operator to find the time. He had forgotten to wind his watch last night. Nine o'clock. He was supposed to be at the show by ten.

He still didn't feel well, in spite of the fact that he had settled everything in his mind and his future was assured. He went gloomily downstairs to his breakfast. Nothing tasted good. The coffee was gall and the melon was sawdust.

He took a taxi to the show. He could have ridden over with Web and Marian, but he mustn't give anyone occasion to say that they had brought him over to talk him into a decision.

When he reached the show the spectators were ready for him, seated around the ring. The visiting judges, experts all, were seated. The ring steward was ready with the arm badges. Never had the noises and smells seemed so sweet to Mort. The barking dogs on their benches, the cries of the children, the buzz of people comparing notes on their programs, the smell of the show . . . this was the last time he would know it, feel it, hear it, unless, of course, he went to shows with the Talmadges. But he didn't think he would. He might not be able to take it.

He didn't look around for Web or Marian. He knew they were there, whether near the ring or not he didn't

[Continued on Page 98]

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WESTERN MALES ARE A PACK OF SISSIES

[Continued from Page 27]

Pacific until that harassed railroad named one of its trains the Portland Rose.

There is nothing wrong about a rose, either in a train or in one's front yard. But I am speaking about the colossally-he West. . .

In Bellingham, Washington, where the lumberjacks used to add a few drops of blue vitriol to their forty-rod, just to give it tone, the city now stages an annual Tulip Festival. I happen to know, too, of at least sixteen old-time lumberjacks who have quit the woods as too hardy a life and are now raising lily bulbs in the coast area.

The large, tough males of Salem, Oregon, go completely daffy each June in their orgy of Cherry Blossom Time in Salem, and—but you get the idea.

But of course there is Idaho, the real, masculine part of the West. In Idaho they are simply crazy about rude, manly sports in the great outdoors; so, in a mountain valley, they have built a ten-million-dollar joint to house the intrepid sportsmen. This rough and ready place is steam-heated and equipped with electricity so that he-men can plug in their electric-shavers; and outside, so help me, is a rig that pulls the brave skiers all the long, hard way up the mountain.

In a day when he-skiers are getting so soft, it is not surprising that Western hunters are no tougher. Not for years has a Western store sold a ten-gauge shotgun. Too heavy to lug around. And you ought to see those hunting seats—a gadget that is strapped around the waist of the he-hunter so he may sit down and relax the moment he stops anywhere. One store in Seattle is reported to sell more of these contraptions than any other store in the United States.

But neither hunting nor skiing is the true Western sport. The native or long-time Western man wants golf, and by the holy old niblick he gets it. Every vacant space near any of the Western cities from Minneapolis and Omaha through Butte and Reno to the very Pacific shore is cluttered up with golf links. On these spartan playgrounds romp the descendants of Black Bart, of Jesse Applegate and the Dalton boys. Yet golf is becoming a little rough for Western males. The most popular male sport in San Francisco, Portland, Seattle and Butte is badminton, in which a feathered cork is fought around by tall, bronzed men whose grandpappies fought

Modocs on weekdays, and on Sunday got roaring drunk and played at hot-bottom with a whiffle-tree for a paddle.

As if this were not proof of something more than a trend, there came out of Missoula, one day last January, the grim news that a store there was advertising perfume for men—for Montana men—and that it came in four wonderful flavors, or scents, or whatever it is that perfume comes in. Well, sir, that was too much for one old hard-rock miner, a survivor from olden time. When the full horror of it at last penetrated his incredulity he shouldered his pack and walked out of town for good, muttering that General Custer did not die too soon.

It wasn't for nothing that a Western male invented and put on the market the first automatic coal-stoker for home furnaces, for he well knew that the breed of his countrymen had degenerated and softened.

As for the fabulous figure of the plains, the cowboy, he does a major share of his work from the seat of an automobile that has, you may be sure, a self-starter, while listening to Dude Martin's band over his car's radio. Bowlegs are no longer an occupational disease of the tall godlike men whose level gaze meets the stranger who comes up to the campfire at sunset. In fact, the boys haven't a campfire any more; they do all their cooking on an electric range, the juice being supplied by Public Utilities District Number so-and-so.

It's the same in the rugged foothills. Last fall an old trapper of the Olympic Peninsula in Washington, coming into Forks for his winter supplies, reported that halfway down the mountain he had discovered four empty cans that said "Sterno" on the labels, and also a "long rubber bag what you blowed up like a bicycle tire." This latter was indubitably one of those pneumatic outdoor beds.

In only one thing, so far as I am aware, have we Western males retained any trace of pioneer qualities. This concerns evening dress, both tuxedo and tail-type. Merchants, tailors and what are known as "social leaders" have struggled to make evening dress as common and as casual here as it is said to be in the effete East. To date it has been a failure. A few tall, bronzed men have been roped and forced into that kind of clothes, but they are far from broken. Thus we have the picture of regal women in bare backs and chests—bosoms,

[Continued on Page 97]



TAFFY APPLE ON A STICK

Wash and dry 9 or 10 eating apples; insert a wooden skewer in blossom end of each apple. Mix 2 cups sugar, 1/2 cup light corn syrup and 3/4 cup water in top of double boiler; cook over direct heat, stirring until sugar dissolves. Add a few drops oil of cloves and a little red coloring; continue cooking without stirring until a drop of the mixture in cold water forms a hard piece that cracks easily (290° F. on candy thermometer). Set pan over boiling water. Dip each apple into syrup quickly, remove and whirl apple until syrup covers it smoothly. Stand apples on tray or plate to cool.



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A&P COFFEE

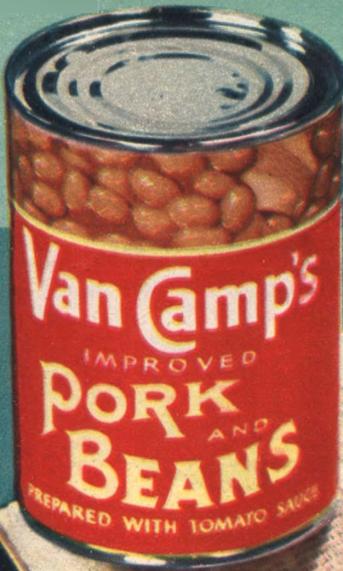
AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES



China is Spode's "Gloucester" pattern. Reproduced from an old Chinese design, it was a favorite in American homes during the early 1800's.



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The Story of the
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Heat
Eat
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A QUICK MEAL

the **how to** section

HOW TO MAKE IT—HOW TO DO IT—HOW TO FIX IT

KNIT CARDIGAN AND BONNET

Instructions prepared for Woman's Day
By Elizabeth L. Mathieson

Materials: Baby wool, $\frac{3}{8}$ oz. balls, 29c a ball, 4 balls for sizes 1 and 2, 5 balls for size 3, 2 balls for bonnet; knitting pins, 1 pair No. 2 (2 $\frac{1}{2}$ mm. size); bone crochet hook No. 3; 6 buttons; 1 yard pink ribbon, $\frac{3}{8}$ " wide.

Abbreviations: K—knit; p—purl; st—stitch; incl—inclusive; sl—slip; dec—decrease.

Gauge: 8 sts make 1 inch; 10 rows make 1 inch.

Blocking Measurements:			
Toddler sizes:	1	2	3
Chest (cardigan buttoned)	20"	22"	24"
Length from top of shoulder	11"	12"	13"
Sleeve seam	8"	9"	10"



CARDIGAN

Back: Starting at lower edge, cast on 80 sts 88 sts 96 sts and work in ribbing of k 1, p 1 for 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " 2" 2"

Now work in pattern as follows: **1st to 8th rows incl:** K 1 row, p 1 row alternately (this is stockinette st). **9th row:** * K 1, sl 1. Repeat from * across. **10th row:** P across. **11th row:** * Sl 1, k 1. Repeat from * across. **12th row:** P across. **13th row:** Repeat 9th row. **14th row:** P across. Repeat the last 14 rows once more.

To Shape Neck: The 1st to 12th rows constitute the pattern: Work the 1st to 12th rows incl throughout, until piece measures in all 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ " 8" 8"

ending with 4th row 8th row 12th row of pattern.

To Shape Armholes: Keeping in pattern throughout all shaping, bind off at begin-

CROSS-STITCH 90
DESIGNS FROM CROSS-STITCH WALL HANGING ON PAGE 60

PACKING-CASE FURNITURE . . . 95
FROM THE BOY'S ROOM ON PAGES 30, 31 AND 57

Instructions for the Knit Cardigan and Bonnet were prepared for Woman's Day by Elizabeth L. Mathieson of J. & P. Coats & Clark's O.N.T. Thread

ning of next 2 rows
3 sts 4 sts 5 sts
Then decrease 1 st at end of each row until there remain 70 sts 76 sts 80 sts

Continue in pattern until piece measures in all 11" 12" 13"

To Shape Shoulders: Bind off at beginning of each row 6 sts 7 sts 7 sts

4 times and 7 sts 8 sts 8 sts
twice. Place remaining 32 sts 32 sts 36 sts

onto a stitch holder to be worked later for neckband.

Left Front: Starting at lower edge, cast on 48 sts 52 sts 56 sts

1st row: K 1, p 1, alternately to last 8 sts, then (k 1, sl 1) 4 times. **2nd row:** P 8, * k 1, p 1. Repeat from * across. **3rd row:** K 1, p 1 alternately to last 8 sts, then (sl 1, k 1) 4 times. **4th row:** P 8, * k 1, p 1. Repeat from * across. Repeat the last 4 rows until piece measures in all 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " 2" 2"

Keeping the 8 sts at center front in pattern st, work remainder of sweater to correspond with back until piece measures in all 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ " 8" 8"

ending with 4th row 8th row 12th row of pattern and at armhole edge.

To Shape Armhole: Bind off at beginning of next row 3 sts 4 sts 5 sts

Then dec 1 st at armhole edge every other row twice twice 3 times

There remain 43 sts 46 sts 48 sts

Continue in pattern as for back, keeping the 8 sts at front edge in pattern until front edge measures in all, ending at front edge, 9" 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ " 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

To Shape Neck: Work in pattern across first 12 sts. Transfer these 12 sts onto a safety pin to be worked later for neckband. Complete this row. Work 1 more row in pattern. Then bind off 2 sts at beginning of next row and every other row thereafter until there remain 19 sts 22 sts 22 sts

To Shape Shoulder: Starting at armhole edge, bind off 6 sts 7 sts 7 sts

every other row twice and 7 sts 8 sts 8 sts

once.

Measure 1" along from each end of front band and mark with pins. Divide the space between these two pins into 4 equal parts and mark with pins (5 pin marks in all). Sew a button to each pin mark.

Right Front: Work as for left front, reversing shaping and making a buttonhole 3 sts in from front edge to correspond with placement of buttons.

To Make a Buttonhole: On one row bind off 2 sts and on next row cast on 2 sts to replace those bound off.

Sleeves: Starting at lower edge, cast on 48 sts and work in ribbing of k 1, p 1 for 1".

Now work in stockinette st (k 1 row, p 1 row), increasing 1 st at both ends of every 8th row 6th row 5th row

until there are on needle 64 sts 72 sts 80 sts

Work without increasing until piece measures in all 8" 9" 10"

To Shape Top: Bind off 3 sts 4 sts 5 sts

at beginning of next 2 rows. Then dec 1 st at both ends of every 4th row until there remain 48 sts 54 sts 60 sts

Now bind off 2 sts at beginning of each row, until there remain 10 sts 16 sts 14 sts

Bind off remaining sts. Sew shoulder seams.

Neckband: With right side facing you, k across the 12 sts at neck edge, pick up and k along side of neck 12 sts 16 sts 20 sts

k across the stitches of back stitch holder; pick up and k along other side of neck 12 sts 16 sts 20 sts

k across 12 sts at left neck edge. There are on needle 80 sts 88 sts 100 sts

Work in ribbing of k 1, p 1, making a buttonhole directly above previous buttonholes when piece measures $\frac{3}{4}$ ".

Work in ribbing until neckband measures $\frac{3}{4}$ ". Bind off in ribbing. Sew up underarm seams. Sew up sleeve seams and sew sleeves in.

BONNET

Starting at front edge, cast on 92 sts 96 sts 100 sts

and work the 9th to 14th rows of pattern exactly as for back. Then work 6 rows of k 1, p 1 ribbing.

With right side of pattern edge facing you, p across entire row. Now k 1 row, p 1 row alternately until piece measures in all, ending with a p row, 5" 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ " 6"

On next row, decrease 8 sts evenly across. Then p 1 row. Repeat the last 2 rows once more, having decreases fall directly over those of previous row. There remain on row 76 sts 80 sts 84 sts

CROSS-STITCH

Shown on page 60

CARDIGAN AND BONNET, Continued

Work 2 rows without decreasing.

Bind off loosely at beginning of next
2 rows 25 sts 27 sts 28 sts

Work over the remaining

26 sts 26 sts 28 sts

in stockinette st until center piece is the
same length as the

25 sts 27 sts 28 sts
bound off. Bind off.

Fold back the pattern stitch edge against
right side of bonnet, and sew edges of back
piece in place.

Neckband: With right side facing you,
pick up around lower edge (neck edge)

88 sts 96 sts 100 sts
and work in ribbing of k 1, p 1 for $\frac{3}{4}$ ". Bind
off in ribbing.

Sew on 2 pieces of ribbon for ties. Sew a
bow of ribbon at each side.

BULBS FOR INDOOR BLOOM

Paper-white narcissus may be started this
fall for indoor bloom at Christmas but
most other varieties of narcissus, daffodils,
tulips and hyacinths need two months or
longer to grow roots before they start leaf
and bud growth. However, if these bulbs
are started now and properly cared for,
they can provide a succession of bright,
colorful and often fragrant blooms in the
house from January through the Easter
season.

Fill pots with a mixture of sand, good
garden loam and a little well-rotted manure,
or compost and other fertilizer. Make
sure of good drainage in the pot. Tulip
bulbs should be planted about 2 inches
under the soil; other bulbs just deep enough
so that the tips are level with the surface
of the soil.

During the period of root growth pots
should be kept in a cold place, just above
freezing. A temperature of about 40 degrees
F. is ideal. Pots may be kept in a cold
cellar, a cold frame or buried in the ground,
surrounded and covered with coal ashes
to keep out hungry mice. During this
period the soil in the pots must be kept
moist. After two or three months, pots may
be brought into the light where the tem-
perature is about 50 degrees F. to start
top growth. When the tops are several
inches high, they may have a slightly
warmer temperature but should never be
kept above 60 degrees F. If the atmosphere
is too warm, stems and leaves grow tall
and weak, and flowers may not develop.

Paper-white narcissus and hyacinths are
often grown in water without soil. They
may be kept in a wide-mouthed bottle
or jar in which the bulbs just fit or sup-
ported in shallow dishes with pebbles or
sand. Even when grown in water, these
bulbs must be kept cool and dark until root
systems develop.

When the tulip, daffodil or hyacinth
blooms are past, pots should be kept
watered until the foliage turns yellow. Then
the soil should be allowed to dry and, when
danger of frost is past, the bulbs can be
set in the garden to bloom outdoors the fol-
lowing year. The same bulbs should not
be forced indoors two years in succession.

From the U. S. Department of Agriculture

Materials: Graph paper, 17 squares to
the inch or a fine mesh embroidery canvas.
Six-strand embroidery floss in rose and
blue.

If you want to make the sampler shown
on page 60 you need a piece of fabric
17 $\frac{1}{2}$ " by 55". Refer to the photograph for
placement of the motifs.

Use three strands of floss for all the de-
signs. Any of these motifs can be used
separately to decorate your linens, clothes,
etc.

The cross-stitch designs are given about
one-half actual size. (No directions are
given for the hemstitching or drawn work.)
The black crosses represent blue, red crosses
represent rose. You can make the designs
smaller or larger by using a finer or
coarser embroidery canvas. Cross-stitch
should be worked accurately to make it
effective.

How to Work Over Embroidery Canvas:
The canvas is basted to correspond with the
weave of the fabric chosen for embroidery,
leaving about 1" extra canvas all around.
No tracing is necessary, but you must count
the threads of the canvas for the size of
the cross-stitches you want to make. Work
through both fabrics at the same time.
When embroidery is finished, the threads
of the canvas are pulled out.

*How to Transfer Design Directly to
Fabric:* Using graph paper the size specified
for the design, put a cross in each square
to correspond with chart given. When
entire design is transferred to graph paper,
place a sheet of carbon paper face down
on fabric and, putting graph design over
carbon, go over each cross carefully with
a pencil. Avoid smudging fabric by keeping
the weight of your hand off the paper while
transferring the design.

How to Cross-Stitch: See Diagram 1.
Work the first stitch of each cross along row,
then return in opposite direction, complet-
ing the crosses.

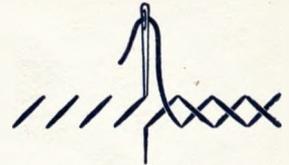
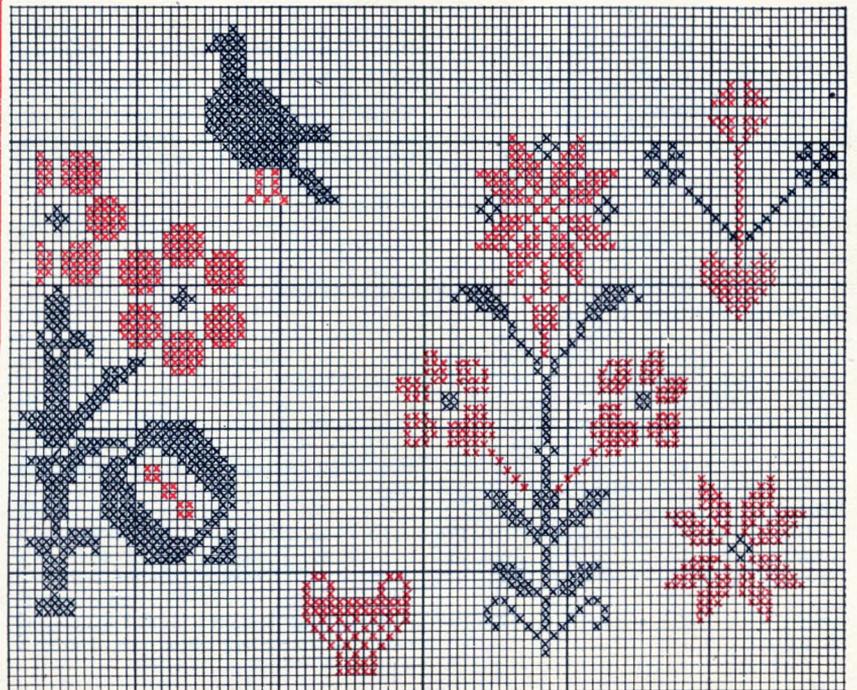
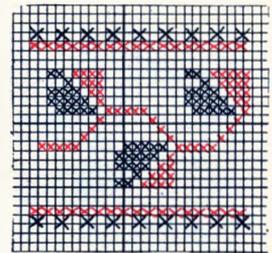
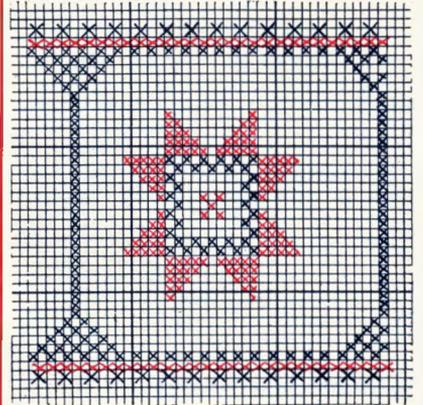
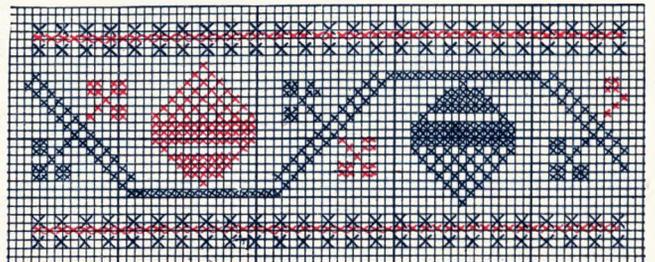
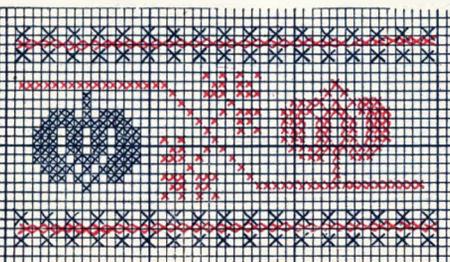
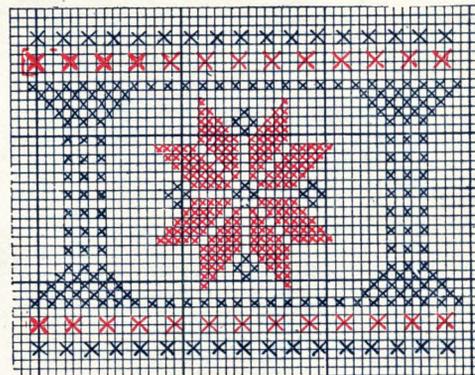
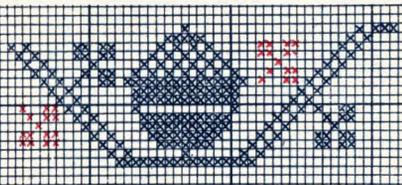
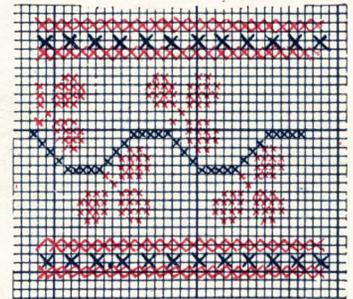
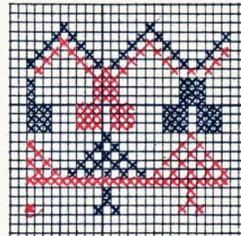
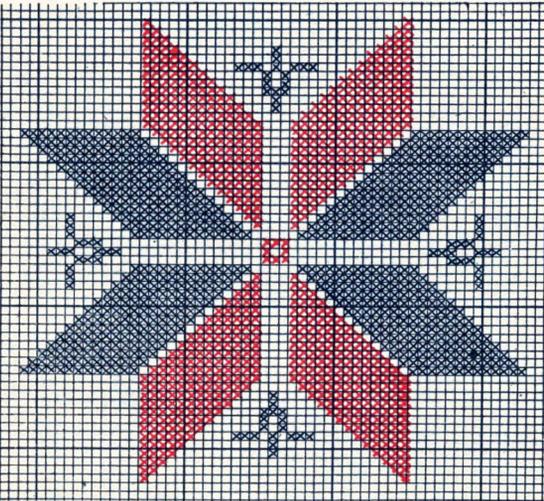
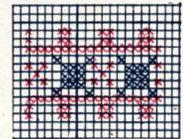
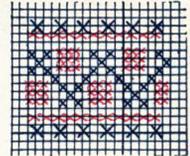
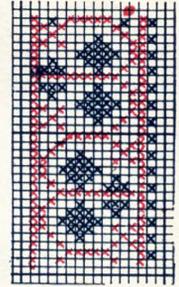
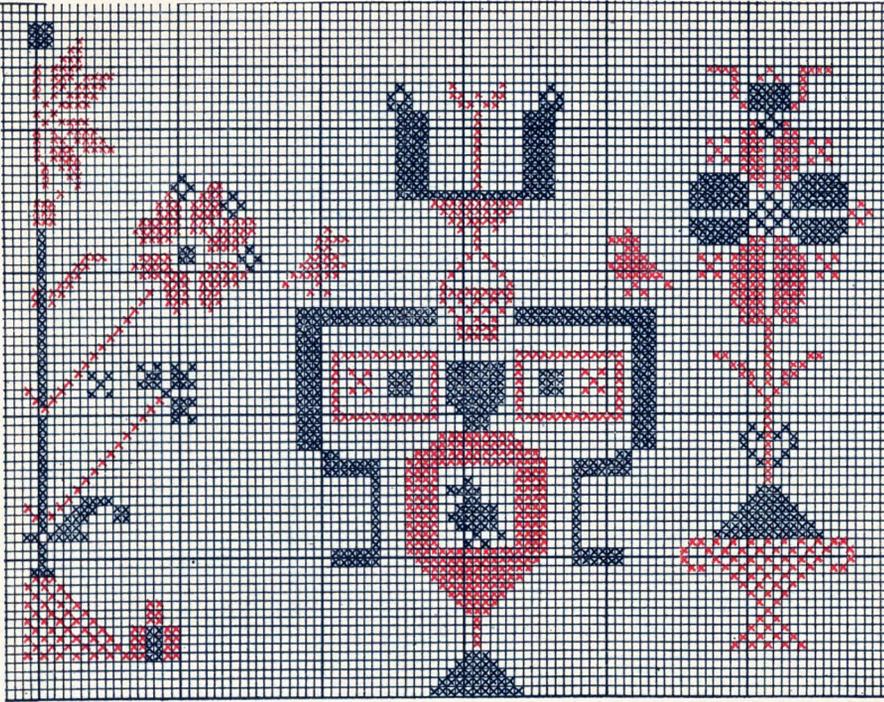


Diagram 1



THE HOW TO SECTION



WINDOW REPAIRS

by Carolyn Wilkinson

There are few things quite so annoying as a window that refuses to open, or one that opens halfway and then cannot be closed.

A casement window, shown in Figure 1,

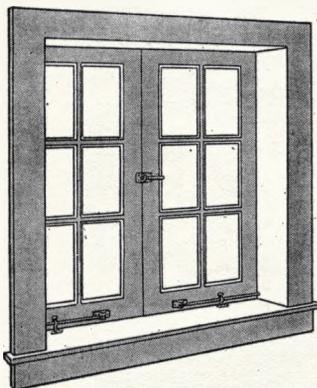


Figure 1

is one that is fastened to a frame with hinges and operates in much the same manner as a door.

A double-hung window, shown in Figure 2, consists of two sections set in a grooved

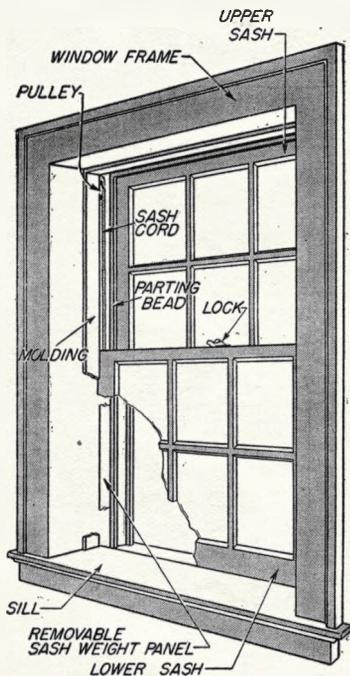


Figure 2

frame. Each section is controlled by weights fastened to cords or balanced by the use of springs, so that it can be pushed up or down and held at a chosen position.

No special skill is necessary in making repairs to these types of windows and few tools and materials are needed. Although it usually takes much time and perseverance, complete success with the repair can almost always be achieved by a novice.

For window repairs suggested (with the

exception of replacing a pane of glass, directions for which were given in the February, 1947, issue of Woman's Day) you should have a

- Hammer
- Putty knife
- Chisel
- Screw driver
- Plane
- Sandpaper and block of wood
- Cake of soap, oil or stick graphite

Paint that has been carelessly applied to the grooves, edges or other working parts of windows is probably the greatest cause of difficulty. Frequently, too, windows have been painted when closed because they were hard to open. In this case, after you have once cut through the paint, you will find a further repair needed to remedy the original cause of the trouble.

Removing Excess Paint. In freeing either a casement or double-hung sash that has been painted when closed, care must be taken to damage it as little as possible and to keep the panes of glass from cracking. Use a putty knife and hammer to chip open a space between the sash and the strips of molding, inside and outside, which form a groove for it. A thin-bladed putty knife is used, since this operation consists of *cutting through the paint only*. A heavier-bladed tool, such as a screw driver or chisel, makes a wider cut which mars the sash and frame. After you have worked around all sides of the sash, take a chisel and place it in the space where the sash cord disappears into the groove and tap the handle of the chisel

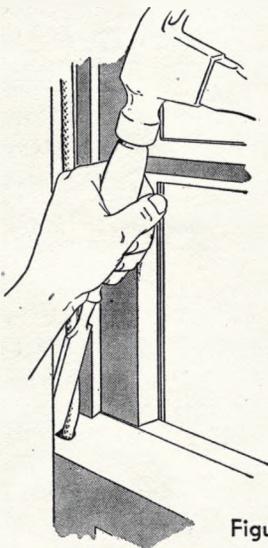


Figure 3

with a hammer to free further the sash from the frame as shown in Figure 3. Do this on both sides of the sash.

If you are working on the upper sash, the chisel is placed in the groove from below, with the handle pointed toward the window sill. (Since a casement sash is not set in grooves, this step of course does not apply.) Next the grooves should be checked, and thick coats or dried blobs of paint sanded smooth by using sandpaper fitted over a block of wood cut slightly narrower than the width of the grooves.

After you have done this, it may be possible to open the window. A bar of soap

dampened and then rubbed over the grooves will make the sash operate more easily. Stick graphite can also be used and will have a more permanent effect than soap.

If the sash cannot now be moved, or if it can be opened a short distance and then closed only by using force, it is because the sash is either too wide or too thick for the frame. In either case, the sash will have to be removed from the frame to correct the condition.

Removing Casement Sash. A casement sash is taken from the frame by removing screws from the hinges and the particular kind of device which is used to hold the sash in place when open. It is usually necessary to force a casement sash open to remove it from the frame, since the hinges are mortised in the sash and frame. Do this slowly, using a hammer and block of wood to protect the finish. Do not concentrate all the hammer blows in one spot or hit the moldings which form frames for the panes of glass. Keep tapping around the unhinged sides of the sash until it is loosened and can be removed. A few strokes of a plane along the hinged side of the casement sash (after the hinges have been removed) or the top or bottom, whichever requires it, should remove any further difficulty in the fit of this type of sash. A drop of oil for the hinge pins and oil or graphite for the casement opener will also aid in easy operation.

Removing Lower Sash. Removing a double-hung sash is more complicated. To take out the lower sash, the two pieces of molding which form part of the groove and hold the sash in place on the inside, are removed. Force the putty knife between the lower corner of this molding and the molding on the window frame to form a crack wide enough to insert the chisel. Then working with the chisel and hammer toward the top of the window frame remove the strip of molding, which is held in place with three or four nails. When this has been done, it will be possible to slide the lower sash away from the window frame. If the sash is binding because it is too thick for the grooves, replace the molding a slight distance away from its original position, changing the position of the nails. If the sash rattles and is too loose for the grooves, the molding can be reset closer to the sash. If it is too wide for the frame, one side can be planed to make it narrower. In this case the cords holding the weights will

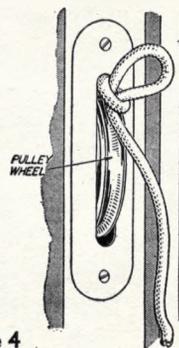


Figure 4

have to be removed from the sash. Loosen one cord at a time and tie a loop near the pulley as shown in Figure 4, so that it will not allow the weight to drop.

WINDOW REPAIRS, Continued

Some sashes on double-hung windows are controlled by various types of springs. Most of these can be removed by simply taking out the screws which hold them to the frame.

Planing Sash. The sash can now be placed in a position so that it can be planed. Since the increase in the width of the sash is usually caused by swelling in damp weather, be careful not to plane away too much. This would cause the sash to rattle during periods of dry weather.

Replacing Lower Sash. After the sash is planed to fit, it can be returned to the frame, loops in the cords untied and the knotted ends of the cords replaced in the holes in the sash from which they were taken. The two strips of molding are then renailed in position, unless it is necessary to remove the upper sash to refit it.

Removing Upper Sash. The upper sash is held in place on the inside by two strips of molding wedged into channels between the grooves for the two sashes. The lower sash and these pieces of molding (called parting beads) must be removed in order to take out the upper sash. The parting beads can be pried out by using the chisel and hammer as suggested above for removing the strips that hold the lower sash in place. Again work slowly to avoid cracking the parting beads. If the upper sash is too thick the edges of it can be sandpapered as shown in Figure 5, or the parting beads

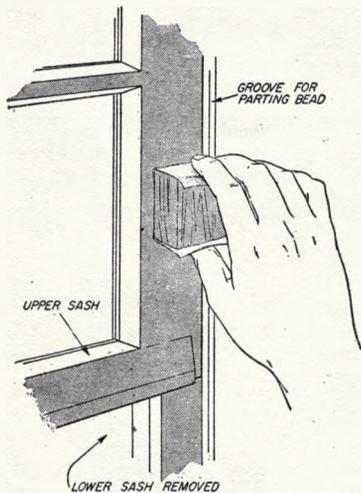


Figure 5

can be planed to a narrower width and reset to increase the width of the grooves. It is better, however, to take the excess material from the sash. If the upper sash is too wide, follow the instructions given for decreasing the width of the lower sash.

Replacing Sash Cords. Often a double-hung window does not operate properly because of worn or broken sash cords. New sash cord can be purchased for a small amount in a hardware shop. It resembles clothesline, but is stronger and does not stretch as readily. To replace the cords, sashes must be removed. When a sash is out of the frame, the grooves and holes in the edges of it for the cord and knot can be seen as shown in Figure 6.

Remove the cord from the sash and allow the weight to drop carefully. Remove the two screws which hold in place a section of the groove for the sash as shown in Figure 7, and take out the section using a chisel and hammer.

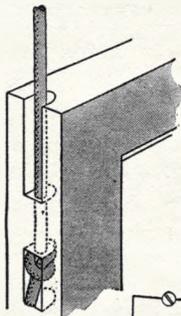


Figure 6

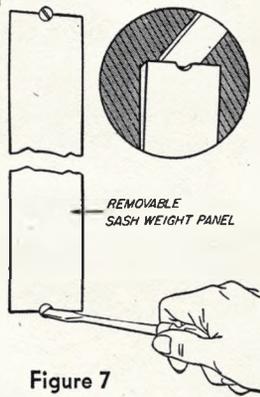


Figure 7

This will expose the weight, which can then be taken out of the pocket and the other end of the cord, which is tied to the weight, can be removed. Measure a new length of cord, using the old piece as a guide, and knot one end of it. This knotted end is placed in the hole in the sash and the cord is then threaded along the groove and through the pulley in the top of the frame and allowed to drop through the pocket until the end can be grasped. It is then fastened to the weight, using a bowline knot as shown in Figure 8.

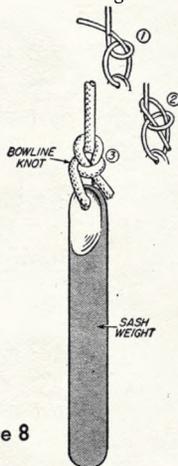


Figure 8

Replace the weight in the pocket and screw in place the section that was removed from the frame. Replace cord on the other side in the same manner. The sash can then be returned to its position in the frame and the moldings or bands holding it fastened.

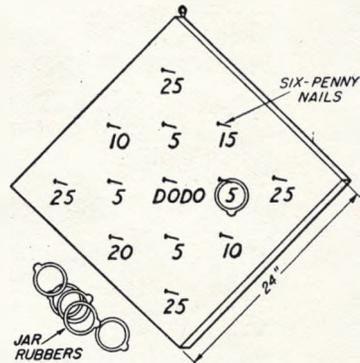
Removing Paint from Latch. There are several other things that can be done to put a window in good condition. Too often the latch is painted when the window is done and consequently refuses to work properly. Unscrew it from the sash and drop it in a small container filled with paint remover. Leave it for an hour or two, if it is heavily coated, then remove; wipe dry and polish. Oil the movable part, then re-fasten on the sash and it should operate as well as a new one.

Repairing Gouges. If the frame or sash has been damaged or gouged, in attempting to force the window open, in most cases the wood can be brought back to its original condition. The damaged area should be dabbed repeatedly with hot water which will cause the wood fibers to swell. This will have to be done over and over again in the case of a deep gouge. If the spot can be touched with the tip of a hot iron over a wet cloth, the steam produced will work more quickly than hot water.

Protecting Window Sills. Rotting of window sills and the underside of the sash, which happens frequently because of water seepage, can be prevented by keeping the wood sealed with paint. Make certain the wood is absolutely dry before you paint, otherwise the paint will blister and peel. Sand the surface well and use a good quality of exterior paint, one with plenty of linseed oil. Rainspots and water damage to the inside of the sill can be prevented by coating them with wax over the paint finish.

DODO GAME BOARD

by Helen Sherbs Girod



Perhaps the most popular indoor game that interests my five children, all of them under twelve, is one we made ourselves—the Dodo Game Board. It is simply a plain board 24" square, with six-penny nails (on a slight upslant) at points indicated on the diagram with numbers for scoring painted beneath them. Six jar rubbers serve for rings and a screw eye is used to hang up the board.

The object of the game is to toss the rings one at a time to land over the nails. Players stand back six to ten feet, depending on their skill. Since the dodo is an extinct bird, should a player ring "Dodo" he loses his entire score and has to start over. We play to 200.

WESTERN MALES ARE A PACK OF SISSIES

[Continued from Page 86]

that is—setting out for a fete accompanied by tall, bronzed men wearing tan shoes and red neckties. It is a heartening sight for the few old pioneers left, but it is hardly enough.

In all other things we Western males conform and grow softer every day. Courses in meat and fowl carving are whooped up by our newspapers and radio stations, but not one Western male in a thousand can do anything with a knife other than scrape the dried mud off his mashie. I just can't picture any of us picking our teeth with a six-inch bowie.

The West, it is true, fairly swarms with writers of he-man stories, but they, the writers, lead sheltered lives and they write of men long dead or of men who never lived at all, in the West or elsewhere. Not one of these writers wears a beard or boots, the way Joaquin Miller did. Perhaps the foremost writer of Westerns, my friend and neighbor Ernest Haycox, author of *Canyon Passage* and many another that has gone into the movies, is short of six feet tall, works in an office indistinguishable from that of an insurance agent, and prefers an electrically driven typewriter, thus conserving energy.

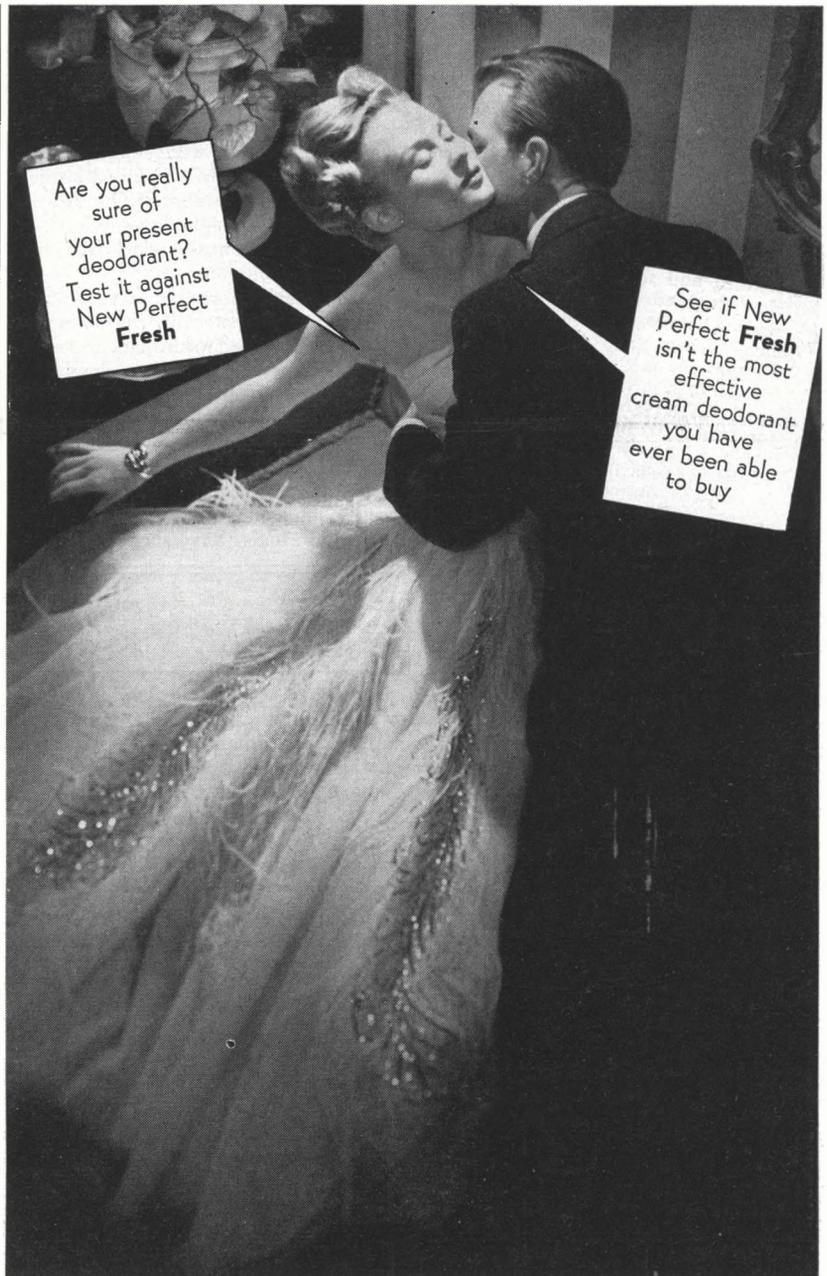
Then there's tobacco. When pioneer merchants opened their stores in Boise, Denver, Fargo and Sacramento, they were hard pressed to keep enough plug chewing in stock. Today a few pounds of plug supplies all of the males west of the Mississippi.

As a final commentary, there are the skidroads. A skidroad is that part of a Western city where lumberjacks, cow-

[Continued on Page 98]

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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PLEASING THE MEN

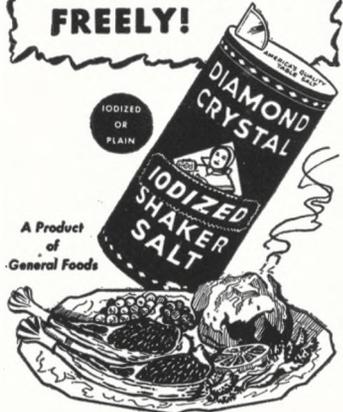
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[Continued from Page 97]

boys, miners and such congregate when in town to make whoopee. In their heyday the skidroads supported and centered around places like Erickson's tremendous saloon, which occupied an entire city block and employed sixteen bouncers, and the immortal Our House, whose cuspidors weighed twenty pounds each. The fun on the skidroads was rough and dangerous.

Well, a little more than a year ago a manicure parlor especially for males was opened on Portland's skidroad, and since then similar delicate places have appeared in Spokane and on Seattle's Yesler Way, named for old Henry Yesler, a man who could throw a five-pound ax sixty feet and hit a knothole. . .

No, our bronze is fading, fading rapidly, manifestly, and a great many of us Western males have shrunk to some-

thing less than six feet. When we go hunting, we do so with a seat attached to our behind. When we go fishing we sit on an inflated cushion. When we lay us down to sleep, out in the Great Alone, we lie down on "a rubber bag what you blow up like a bicycle tire"—after spraying the bushes well with DDT.

Our noble cowboys ride herd in Fords. Their clear, steady eyes squint, not from looking at far places, but from looking for lost little white balls in the water hazards. Our loggers play tennis. Our miners like manicures. Possibly we are more fortunate, and perhaps happier men than our granddaddies, who had to sleep on the ground and to dodge arrows and bullets instead of gutta percha pellets and feathered shuttlecocks. But let us hear no more about this monstrous he-ness.

THE END

BEST IN SHOW

[Continued from Page 85]

care. The best of show wouldn't come on until about eight or nine tonight. He had to be slow and careful of today's judging. There were the Pekes', the Poms, the Papillons, the Bostons and the Toys, all to be dealt with, and there were quite a number. He hoped Hercules was feeling fit. He had to be absolutely tops. So far there was only one other who could beat him—the wirehair, Saxy of Avalon, and, maybe, the dachshund, Rikky. Mort could almost honestly give the decision to Hercules, providing he showed well tonight, and that dog loved to pose.

The day went slowly. Mort's head began to ache. At lunch he got off alone and found a little joint a couple of blocks away. He had two hamburgers, sliced tomatoes, French fries and two glasses of ice-cold beer. He wished there were some place where he could lie down and relax for half an hour.

He went back to the show building and into the ring. The parades began again, and he took it calmly, surely. He was beginning to feel better. After all, other men had done worse than he was planning to do and had lived handsomely in their old age. During the parade of the past, full-fledged champions, he sat back and forced himself to smile at the ladies who showed the dogs. He clapped as they were presented with corsages. He looked at his watch. Five o'clock. Only a few more classes to judge, Miniature Pinschers, Bull Dogs, Borzois and the Basenji; Dalmatians and French Poodles. If everything went smoothly he'd be out of here by seven o'clock.

Then, before he realized it, the time was there—the time for judging the best in show. They paraded before him—Setters, Hounds, Pointers, Pinschers, Cockers, Scotties, Wirehairs, Re-

trievers, Pokes, Poms and Chihuahuas . . . around they went and back and forth. Hercules was being shown by Jack Wells the trainer, and Mort was glad that Web had decided to stay out of the ring.

Mort stood and watched the parade, eyes squinted. It was difficult to eliminate some of them. They were good but not good enough for best in show. He stood in the center of the ring and turned as the dogs went past him. They were on their ring behavior. They knew what it was all about. Their necks were arched, heads high. He had waved them out until the choice was down to the three—the great Dane, Hercules; the wirehair, Saxy; and the dachshund, Rikky. Mort motioned to the handlers and in the order he indicated they lined their dogs up in the ring; Hercules to the left, Saxy next, Rikky third. The men knelt, unsnapped the leashes and posed their dogs.

There the three dogs stood, living statues, muscles raised, heads high, back legs spread and back, tails in position.

Mort couldn't help the mist that covered his eyes. This scene always thrilled him . . . even after thirteen years of it, and his heart filled with love and admiration for these beauties who showed their class so proudly. He had to admit that Hercules made the best showing. He was so big and stately, and he loved to pose. Yet Saxy was posing, too, and loving it, his impudent little chin whiskers lifted high in the air, his little black eyes knowing every step that would be taken. Mort bit his underlip. He realized that a hush had settled on the spectators. The stillness was so intense that he knew the dogs felt it, too.

Slowly he walked toward the great Dane. He stood and looked down into Hercules' eyes. They were honest eyes,

proud eyes. Mort passed on to the wirehair, Saxy, and not a whisker quivered on the little dog's chin. Saxy was just as proud as Hercules. And Rikky, the dachshund, looked straight ahead, his long ears hanging on each side of his intelligent little face, his short legs quivering a bit from strain.

Mort knew he could give the cup to any of the three and his decision would be accepted and the crowd would cheer. He walked back to his chair by the table where the secretary sat writing the records for the kennel club. The ribbons were there . . . and the big silver trophy was there . . . ready for him to take to the winner. He stood by his chair and turned for a last look. There they stood, still in the same position. From where he watched he could see the beads of perspiration on the handlers' faces.

And then Mort knew that he could not do what he had planned. Hercules was a splendid dog, but the wirehair was a shade better for best of show. Mort knew it, and he couldn't do anything else about it. The dogs were honest . . . it was their honest eyes . . . no bad blood in any of them. Bad blood shows up quicker in dogs than in people, he thought. And these dogs were best of breed . . . honest breeding.

This was his last show and Mort could not carry the memory of what he had been about to do with him for the rest of his life. He couldn't show up the human race to such a disadvantage and look into these honest eyes that were depending upon him to be fair and honest, too.

He picked up the cups and the ribbons and walked over to where the dogs still posed. All three of them had trembling legs now from strain. He could feel the spectators take a deep breath and hold it. He walked over to Saxy and handed the cup to his handler. In that instant there was dead silence. Then furious clapping and cheers from the youngsters. He gave the red ribbon to Hercules' trainer, the yellow ribbon to Rikky's handler. He patted both dogs on the head and walked back to his chair.

THE crowd was breaking up and the dogs were being taken out of the ring. Mort sat down on the chair for a minute. He was so tired. The three judges who had been seated in the ring came over and shook his hand.

"That was the right decision," Leonard said affectionately, as he pumped Mort's hand. "I don't know whether I could have done it or not. That great Dane's a beauty, but we could see the wirehair was a fraction better. We knew you couldn't go wrong. You're always right."

The other two nodded and clapped him on the shoulder.

Well, that was that. If he had not
[Continued on Page 100]

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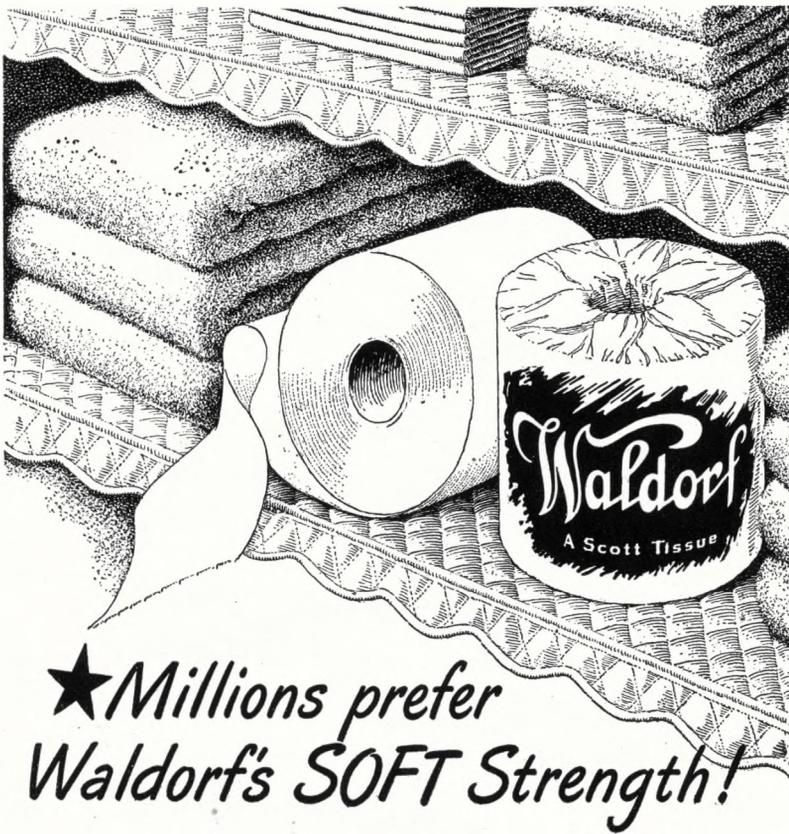
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BEST IN SHOW

[Continued from Page 99]



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Egg whites whip better if they are at room temperature rather than ice cold. The various ingredients in cake blend better if all are the temperature of the kitchen rather than some cold and some warm. Milk, eggs and fat to be used in cake, therefore, should be taken out of the refrigerator an hour or so before mixing to take off the chill.

Dried fruits and dried beans "soak up" faster in hot water than cold. Hot water is better than cold for rinsing rice, both before and after cooking. It removes the starchy powder from raw rice more thoroughly, and it carries off loose starch and separates the grains of cooked rice better, besides keeping the rice hot.

In making mashed potatoes, hot milk is better than cold because it helps soften lumps, adds to lightness, and keeps the potatoes hot.

In sprinkling clothes for ironing, warm water spreads through fabrics faster than cold water. Placing the sprinkled and rolled-up clothes on a warm (not hot) radiator for a short time also helps get the ironing ready in a hurry.

From the U. S. Department of Agriculture

chosen right, this time they would have known he had thrown the decision. He gave a deep sigh of thankfulness and with it his shoulders straightened. He had not failed in his duty, or in his family's reputation. He felt younger and more of a man than he had in months. He strode out the front entrance, head high, shoulders squared. He hurried because he did not want to talk to Web and Marian. He'd stay in his room until train time and tell the clerk he wasn't in to anyone. As he got into the taxi, he thought he heard his name called, but he told the driver, "Step on it. I've got to get to the hotel before catching a train."

At the hotel he packed hurriedly, gulped a drink from the bottle on the dresser, and put the bottle in his bag. He looked at his watch. The phone rang but he didn't answer. He lay down on his bed and relaxed. He closed his eyes and he could still see the dogs in his mind's eye. They paraded before him, all the best in show he had ever judged . . . he couldn't remember all of the places . . . but there the dogs were . . . the parade of champions . . . and as they passed him by they nudged his hand in affection. Well, he might have to live out his days doing odd jobs but he wouldn't regret what he had done.

THERE was a knock on his door. Mort sat up, as the door opened and Web and Marian came into the room. Mort couldn't move.

"Mort," Web said, and he came over to Mort and put both hands on his shoulders. Marian sat down beside him and burst into tears.

Mort swallowed and put an awkward arm around her. He looked at Web. "I'm sorry but I couldn't do it, Web."

Marian kissed his cheek. The tears smeared over his skin and a delicious tingle ran up to his ear. He wished he'd had a daughter like her.

"Oh, Mort, we're so glad," she said. "We are so ashamed."

Web released Mort's shoulders and sat down on the other side of him. "You see, Mort," he said, "we tried to get hold of you before the judging to tell you not to . . . well . . . I don't know what made us do a thing like that. We went haywire, that's all."

"Your face in the moonlight . . ." Marian said. "We tried to phone your room last night after you left us but you didn't answer."

"I was asleep," Mort got the words out, trying to keep back his emotions.

"Honestly, Mort, as God is my witness, I've never even dreamed of asking a thing like that before. When we lost, we lost honorably."

Mort could no longer hold back the sob that shook him. "I'm glad you came," he told them. "It wasn't like either of you. That's why I was so shocked. It wasn't like me, either, to consider the idea. I must tell you, I was all set to do it. You must know that. I was going to give the trophy to Hercules. I reneged the last minute."

"Thank heaven for that. The job still holds, Mort. We know Hercules is only missing it by a hair. He's good . . . we're sure of that now. Maybe next year . . ."

"Won't you please come with us, Mort. We need you," Marian whispered.

He put his other arm around Web and held them both close. His glasses were too misty to see them well. He could only nod his head.

THE END

WINDOW SHOPPING

[Continued from Page 40]

ABOUT DRESSES . . . the precise manish clothes of war years, with their skimpy look, have gone. Daytime dresses have become "grande dame" in feeling, sport dresses much softer in line. Again the basic silhouette is either pencil-slim or very full. Perfect examples of the variations of this theme are: the molded bodice, straight skirt (Figure 1 by Nettie Rosenstein); the tight bodice, flared skirt often called the "swirling" silhouette because the skirt is a full circle (Figure 3 by Claire McCardell); the draped bodice and skirt (Figure 4 by Madame Eta); the dress with the wrap-skirt ending in one or two pleats that accentuate the wrap (Figure 2 by Nettie Rosenstein). In all these dresses, notice that the shoulders are round instead of square, that the waists are little, and that the hips are always accented.

ABOUT COATS . . . the greatest style changes seem to be in coats, and two distinctly new cuts are evident: the wrapped coat (Figure 5); and the flared bulky greatcoat (Figure 7). Newest of all is the wrapped coat by Mangone. The fact that it can swing open or wrap tight as shown, gives it enough versatility to be worn with suits as well as dresses. A significant take-off on the wrapped silhouette is the barrel-shaped shortie by Monte-Sano (Figure 8) that will probably replace the flare-back topper of last year. It's cut full but unflared with curved side seams that give it the same thigh-hugging look of the wrapped coat. The voluminous swing-back coat (Figure 7) is extremely practical with suits, and will probably remain important in a modified version for several more seasons. The popular fitted coat appears this year but with decided newness in line and detail—as in Monte-Sano's sleek long-torso flared skirt coat (Figure 6).

[Continued on Page 102]

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WINDOW SHOPPING

[Continued from Page 101]

ABOUT SUITS . . . suits for every wear—sports, dress and dinner . . . the silhouettes are not radically different this year from those of last spring, with the exception of length in skirt. Long jackets continue to be worn with slim skirts; short jackets with circular or full skirts; and always there is hip emphasis. Neckline detail is emphasized in the closely draped small neck look or exaggerated collars.

ABOUT DETAILS . . . points here and there seem to indicate important trends, so our artist sketched them. For example, that giant cape collar from a coat by Claire McCardell (Figure 9) tells of big collars to come. That emphatic ascot neckline (Figure 10) from a dress by Nettie Rosenstein points again to interest at the neck and away from the shoulders. All kinds of hip accents such as jut-out cartridge pleats in a long-jacket suit-dress, two-tier side peplums over an already full gathered skirt (Figures 11 and 12, Nettie Rosenstein), and rows of buttons in a suit jacket by Monte-Sano (Figure 13), all create an exaggerated arched-hip look directly below the waist. Designers prefer to achieve this effect without padding in daytime clothes.

[Continued on Facing Page]

MENU CUES



BAKED BEANS WITH FLAVOR

Quick, easy! Empty one #2 can New England style baked beans into bean pot. Sprinkle with 2 tbs. brown sugar (or 2 tbs. molasses) and 1 tsp. Colman's Mustard. Top with piece of salt pork. (Included with canned beans) or bacon strip. Heat thoroughly in moderate oven (375°F.) about 30 min.

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SCRAMBLED EXPRESSIONS

by GERARD MOSLER

IF the names listed in the left column are matched correctly with the words in the right, the combinations will result in familiar expressions from fact or fiction. How many can you match and what do these expressions mean? A score of 8-10 is excellent; 6-7 is good.

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| 1) Davy Jones's | a) Wain |
| 2) Hobson's | b) Breeches |
| 3) Mother Carey's | c) Mess |
| 4) Job's | d) Box |
| 5) Achilles' | e) Ladder |
| 6) Benjamin's | f) Locker |
| 7) Charles's | g) Choice |
| 8) Pandora's | h) Heel |
| 9) Jacob's | i) Comforter |
| 10) Dutchman's | j) Chickens |

ANSWERS

1) f The bottom of the ocean. 2) g Something with no alternative; "This or nothing." 3) j Long-winged seabirds; figuratively, harbingers of trouble. 4) i One who pretends to sympathize but really adds to sorrow. 5) h A vulnerable spot. 6) c The largest share. 7) a The Dipper, a group of stars in the Great Bear. 8) d A box from which all human ills escaped. Also in the box was Hope, which Pandora prevented from escaping. 9) e A rope or wire ladder, with wooden or iron rungs, used on ships. 10) b A low woodland spring wild flower.

ABOUT HEMLINES . . . women have been letting down their hems all summer long until now the eye has become used to the new length. Specifically, the street length skirt falls around mid-calf or an average of twelve to fourteen inches from the floor, measuring with heels. It is not wise to accept an arbitrary length for yourself, but instead, to choose one (reaching the mid-calf area) most becoming to your figure, whatever the measurement from hem to floor.

ABOUT HATS . . . to balance the longer-skirted look, hats are wider in the brim and fuller in the crown, and they really fit and cover the head. Width is achieved through draping; sometimes a felt crown itself is shirred as in the Sally Victor model (Figure 16) called "Wide-A-Wake." A general return to handmade hats is indicated by the prolific use of fabrics such as taffetas, satins, velvets and jerseys (even woolens to match your coats or suits) draped to create the puffed-up silhouette. Designers predict smaller hats will become more popular later, such as the helmet-like "Puffball" by Sally Victor (Figure 14); and the smart manipulated cloche by Lilly Dache (Figure 15). These are adaptable for the use of fur or feathers.

ABOUT SHOES AND DARK STOCKINGS . . . shoes follow the "grande dame" trend in clothes, closed heel and toe, ladylike pump, higher heels to balance the longer skirt, Cuban heels instead of flats for sports. New darker shades in stockings such as mink, twilight, smoke and shadow have already replaced the beige and flesh tones. Black stockings are smart only when very sheer.

THE END

ARE YOU AFRAID OF YOUR CHILDREN?

[Continued from Page 44]

and generous when their sons ask, or demand, to use the car to take out their best girls to evening parties. And far too often, when the vacation ends, too many mothers and fathers breathe a sigh of relief and feel uncomfortably that they have failed to come up to the mark set for them in the opinions of their offspring.

I think it might be salutary for all concerned to ask and then attempt to answer a few questions concerning this home relationship of parents and children. For I have become convinced during many years of friendship with the young and from frequent conversations with them about their homes that the vast majority of them want to respect their parents, really want to be cooperative and contributive in their home circles, and fail in these honest desires largely because such respect and co-

[Continued on Page 104]



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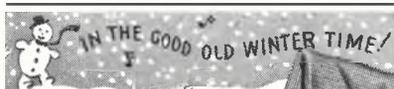
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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE . . .

Hamburger With A Foreign Accent

By Glenna McGinnis



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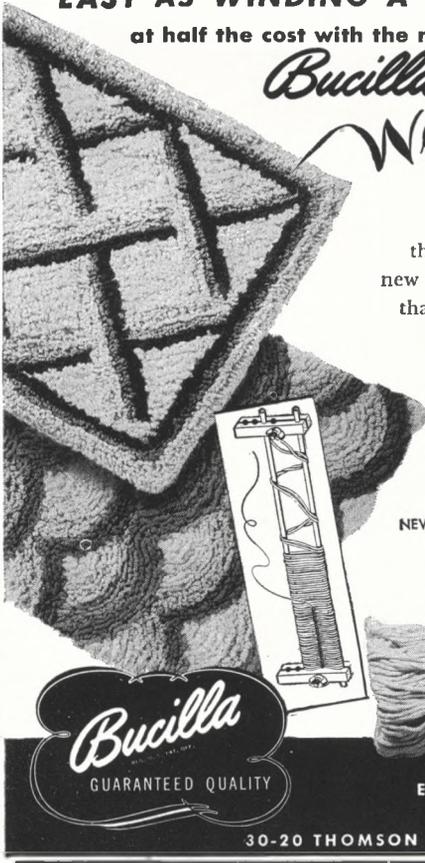
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ARE YOU AFRAID OF YOUR CHILDREN?

[Continued from Page 103]

operation are not expected, or even, pleasantly, demanded from them. In other words, to put it very bluntly indeed, I have become convinced that too many parents are really scared of their children and that many of the difficulties in their association with them arise from that secret, and rarely admitted, fear.

Now, assuming for the moment that my contention contains at least a few grains of truth, why are you scared of your children? I believe you are scared of them, first, because of your own *pride*. You so desperately want them to be proud and fond of *you* that you lean over backward not to deny them what they ask, in the fear that they will resent your denial, lose their love for you, and think you an old fuddy-duddy who doesn't understand them or their generation. You will doubtless think me hard in calling this quite natural desire to make them happy and contented *pride* on your part. But I think, if you are quite honest with yourselves, you will grant that my definition is not far from the truth.

A second cause of fear arises, I think, from *comparison*. You don't want your neighbors to think that you are behind the times or that you can't keep pace with them. This tendency to comparison contains also, of course, a large element of personal pride. If Mr. and Mrs. Smith next door allow the young Smiths to be out until 2 a.m., you hesitate to confront Mr. and Mrs. Smith with your disapproval. If Mr. and Mrs. Brown in the next block give young Tom Brown, your son's best friend, a fur-lined jacket for Christmas at a price you honestly can't afford, you can't bear to tell your son that his family budget won't stretch that far, although, take it from me, if he is the right sort, he will be proud to be taken into his family's confidence.

A THIRD and more serious cause of fear lies in your own *insecurity*. You honestly aren't sure yourself what you really want for your children. Like my friend at the party you aren't secure in your own values and because of that fact you vacillate back and forth in your desires for them. Why not take half an hour occasionally to sit down quietly, assess your own mental and spiritual capital, and decide upon those values which will make life something more than a common round to those whom you have brought into the world? If you discover that above all else you want happiness for your children, think a bit more deeply. This desire for happiness, common though it is to us all, holds dangers within itself. Happiness is not



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IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE . . .
**And After Adoption—
What Then**
by *Mary Havor*
A mother-by-adoption speaks her mind

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gained for any child by indulgence or by too much protection. The wise mother, or father, realizes that children must be unhappy before they are truly happy, must endure hours of sorrow and disappointment and, above all else, must learn that tears and sadness, borne quite by oneself, are a necessity to growing up. If you discover that you want them to have an easier time in life than you perhaps had, think again. Too much ease, too little responsibility, will inevitably cost a great deal. They will pay for it by selfishness toward you, and others, and by a failure to learn what everyone must learn: that every life is measured and weighed by its sense of awareness to human obligation and to human service.

A FOURTH cause of fear, and one too seldom clearly enough seen to be understood, lies in your *lack of respect for your children as individuals*. They seem so young to you that when you discover that they are getting ideas and opinions of their own, you become frightened. You are afraid, not only of the ideas and opinions, but even more of your inability or unwillingness to follow their minds into these new and strange paths. The result of your fear, in too many cases, is to laugh at them, or to tell them they are too young to know *what* they think, or to say they will out-

grow such nonsense, any one of which remarks bears its own bitter fruit in lack of confidence in you and in resentment and withdrawal.

And now that we have lined up the causes of your fear, let us ask, and answer if we can, a few more questions.

What do your children want most of you and need most from you? For that they do both want and need, beneath all those masks which from thirteen to twenty they will inevitably put on, I am entirely convinced.

First of all, *they want you to be yourselves in all honesty and candor*. "I wish my mother wouldn't play up to me all the time," a girl of seventeen said to me a few days ago. "I may not always think as she does, but I like her to have her own opinions and stick to them. I like her better when she doesn't try all the time to agree with me." Young people today, living in a world of bewilderment, change and fear, desperately need some sense of security; and it is in their homes that they look for such security. They want to feel that their mothers and fathers still stand firm in respect to values in human behavior and in human decency and justice. If you waver as to what is right and what is wrong in these matters, what support are you to them in their problems? Granted that they may not always agree with you, the very fact that you know where you stand

demands, and wins, their respect.

Second, and in spite of all evidence to the contrary, *they want you to be far more firm than you often are in matters of authority*. I was pleasantly surprised not long ago to discover that everyone in a class of twenty college girls honestly deplored the lack of authority in their homes. "You needn't think we are going to allow our children all the leeway we have had," was the general consensus of opinion. Reasonable requirements, not petulant or carping demands, almost inevitably will win respect and co-operation. If decent hours are insisted upon with good nature, if co-operation in household tasks is quietly assumed, if thoughtfulness for the comfort of others is taken for granted, and if, above all else, the young of a family are made to feel a *part of it* and not an encumbrance which must be catered to and indulged for the sake of peace, there will be fewer sighs of relief when school re-opens and fewer parents who think they have failed their job.

AND, lastly, your sons and daughters want you to have a decent respect for their growing minds and for the thoughts and opinions within them, whether gained from their reading, their classrooms or conversations with their contemporaries. This challenge is, I
[Continued on Page 106]

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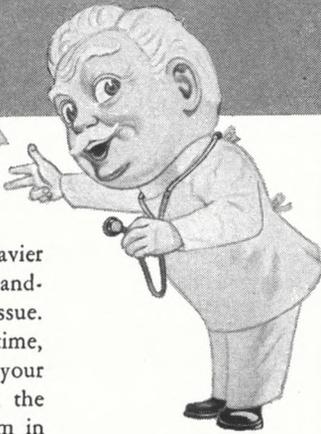
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ARE YOU AFRAID OF YOUR CHILDREN?

[Continued from Page 105]

admit, the hardest thing for the average mother and father to accept and to rise to. Laugh about their notions all you like in private—it's a good safety valve to unloose—but whatever you do, don't laugh at them in public or when they are trying to show you what, for the moment at least, is engrossing their thought and setting fire to their natural idealism. If they proclaim themselves Communists at eighteen, don't shout at the dinner table that they are a disgrace to the family that their opinions are half-baked, and that you are ashamed of them. If you do, it will be a long time before you learn anything more about them, and longer before they feel again a part of the family. If they say belligerently that religion is "hooey" and that they are done with it for good, keep calm if possible, remembering that you once doubtless threw bombs into your family circle. If the son whom you have designated for a civil engineer prefers to study literature, remember that you can't live his life for him and try, at least, to enter into his new enthusiasm. And if your daughter thinks she is in love with a young man of whom you heartily disapprove (and perhaps with good reason!) remember you will only add fuel to the fire, which you want to extinguish, by telling her he is no good and that you won't have him in the house.

LAST year at Christmas I was in the home of an old friend of mine whose two fine sons were back from the Army and Navy after four years away. After we had had our tree and gifts with much rejoicing and good cheer and the clock said 11:30, my friend said in what was, to my ear, just the *wrong* intonation: "Well, of course, I wouldn't venture to suggest that you boys come to midnight service with me. No young men have any religion nowadays."

There was an embarrassed silence as she went for her hat and coat. The two boys exchanged quizzical and amused glances before they got their overcoats from the hall closet.

"You don't mean you're actually going with me!" cried their mother as she reappeared.

"Don't be an ass, mother!" said the older. "Why not just say that you'd like to have us go along? We're not likely to let you down, you know, if you just give us a chance."

Editor's Note: Miss Chase describes a problem which comes up constantly in the work of the Child Study Association. American parents in very large numbers have become so accustomed to giving their children the "biggest

piece of cake" that the young people quite naturally expect it as a matter of course. This overindulgence, combined with overprotection, deprives young people of the opportunity to assume responsibility and retards their maturing. We need only contrast the accomplishments of the same age group during the war to realize how our supposed "advantages" may defeat our purposes.—Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg

THE END

SMALL WORLD

[Continued from Page 15]

in next Saturday," May admitted. "We sort of postponed it a little until Hazel can be here. Hazel—Hazel Norris—is one of our grandchildren, and she'll be here Saturday on her way back to Normal School. Most of our own children are so far away, we really couldn't hope to get them all together for our anniversary. But with Hazel here, we can have quite a nice party. Mostly young folks, of course, Hazel's age."

"You must have had a wonderfully happy life," said Verda Frye, scribbling away in her notebook. "You and Mr. Elsom. Isn't there something you'd like to say for our paper?"

"There really isn't much for me to tell you that Bert Saunders doesn't already know," May Elsom said, stirring the rich-smelling conserve. "If you want to get a story for the paper, you'd better wait and come over for Hazel's party on Saturday. Even if Fred and I call it 'our anniversary,' it's really just an excuse to give Hazel a good time. We've asked all the boys for miles around, Verda. You'd better come."

"Why, thank you," Verda said. Then she went on in a businesslike tone,



"What I'd really like to have is a story about you and Mr. Elsom. About your life together."

"Well," May said thoughtfully, as she stirred her conserve again and added a sprinkling of chopped walnuts, "it's been fifty years, and I guess we've managed to get along about as well as most. Of course, Fred never had a good business head, and he was always as foolish as a bluejay about a certain kind of woman. He got over that kind of nonsense a long while ago, but for a time they certainly gave him a lot of trouble."

Verda Frye's pencil had paused in mid-air. "Why, Mrs. Elsom!" she said.

"Fred was always crazy about good-

[Continued on Page 108]

BENEFITS BABY'S SKIN!

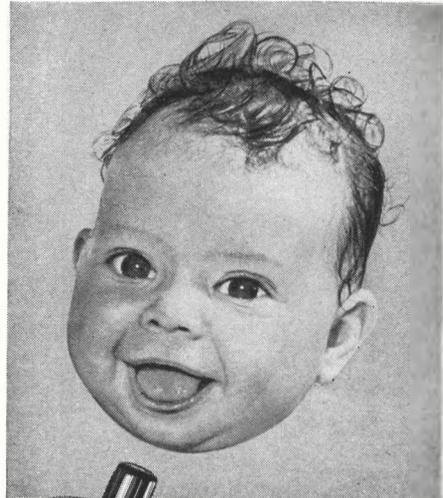
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Vanilla
Nut Chocolate



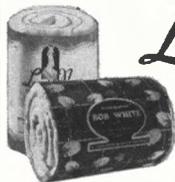
IN OUR NEXT ISSUE . . .

The Lucky One

by Gina Allen

The story of a gay young Mexican

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ANNE ORR
pattern book.



LOCKPORT COTTON BATTING CO.
Established 1870 LOCKPORT, N. Y.

[Continued from Page 107]

looking women from the word 'go,' she said cheerfully, measuring two additional tablespoons of brown sugar and consigning them to the pot. "I'll say this for Fred Elsom. He never was a nambypamby. Show him a pretty girl and he'd turn somersaults faster'n you could say 'Jack Robinson.' Then, after a while, he'd settle down, and be plain, ordinary Fred Elsom again.

"I suppose the important thing is that Fred always *did* come to his senses and act rational again," May said thoughtfully. "I remember an evening when he'd made a fool of himself at one of the Legion dances. I got so jealous I asked your father to drive me home. Later on, Fred came into the house looking miserable, and said, 'Mother, you're the decentest woman that God ever made!' Then he did some chore or other in the kitchen that he never ordinarily bothered about. And I said, 'Why, Fred, aren't you thoughtful!' And he said, 'Oh, May, I love you so!' I pretended I didn't notice the way his voice sounded, all choked-up and wretched. 'Fred, I'm hungry,' I said. 'I believe I'd enjoy a dish of strawberries and cream before I go to bed. You want some, too?' He came over and kissed me and said, 'May, I wish I knew what you really think of me.'"

Verda Frye looked at May with stark amazement. "You mean you never made a scene after any of the times Mr. Elsom had been behaving—er—foolishly?"

"Well, I may have broken my good resolutions once or twice, but that's neither here nor there," May said dryly. "To the best of my recollection, it was like trying to have a nice, sociable chat with a forest fire. Some day you'll meet a nice boy and marry him, Verda. Just remember what's important and what isn't."

"But what is important?" Verda Frye asked.

"Golden weddings!" May replied firmly. "Now you run along. Fred will be back from town in a minute, and I'll have to have something nice and hot for him. Come back Saturday around supper time. There'll be plenty of young people here, and we'll have a *real* anniversary party."

Verda reported briefly to Bert Saunders that the Elsoms' anniversary wasn't going to be celebrated until later in the week. She had sense enough to let it go at that. In a small town what you tell people isn't nearly as important as what you don't tell people. May Elsom just happens to be more candid than most.

THE END

REMEMBER THIS DAY

[Continued from Page 80]

After that they'd gone to the movies several times and to walk in the square. He'd never really proposed.

Night before last he'd said, "I bought a two-room cabin out on Canyon Road today. It will be big enough for us. I've made an appointment with the minister to marry us Wednesday about eight."

And she'd said, "Wednesday? Yes, that will be fine." It had never occurred to her to feel hurt because Case had not consulted her first. No one ever had. Aunt Sarah had said, "Now your Uncle John is dead, I can't keep you anymore. You're going to Wildbriar Orphanage." And Mrs. Bloomcrist had said, "The orphanage is overcrowded. You're twelve now. We have a home where you can work for your keep."

ZINA walked behind the counter to the dressing room, and she hoped the girls didn't notice the suitcase and the new hat. But she needn't have worried, they didn't even turn around.

Case was waiting for her when she got off work. At first she didn't know him because he was wearing a straw hat and a navy-blue suit, the jacket of which pulled tight across his powerful shoulders.

He turned his head as she walked up to him, and for a moment his face had

a gloss to it, and she thought she saw the white scar lift in a smile.

It was the kind of scar that results from a wound that has healed without proper care. She knew he'd got the scar when he was working in the lumber camp, because when he had mentioned that phase of his life unconsciously his hand had gone to his mouth as if to ward off a blow.

Seeing this, a picture had formed in her mind. She could see a young Case lying unconscious on the hard earth of a logging camp. A great bully of a man was standing over him, his fists still doubled. And just before he walked away, he brought his heavy hobnailed boot crashing down into Case's mouth. She did not know that this was true, but try as she might the picture would not go away.

"Hello, Case," she said.

He turned around and shoved a white florist's box at her. "Here!" he said and looked at his shoes.

She opened the box. She lifted the silky oiled paper and saw a corsage of pink roses and white sweet peas. She stood there, looking at the flowers, and she was afraid she was going to burst into tears.

"Oh, Case, Case," she wanted to cry, "this is the first present I've ever had in

my whole life. It's so beautiful of you. I just can't stand it!"

"Indeed I did have flowers for my wedding," she could tell Gay. "Your father gave them to me, pink roses and sweet peas all tied up with gold ribbon."

Case was waiting. She could see him hitch up his trousers. What a fool he must think her.

"Oh, thank you, Case," she said quickly. "I'll pin them on when we reach the minister's."

Case picked up her suitcase and they walked toward his small truck parked at the curb.

"You tell 'em you were quitting your job?" He nodded toward the bakery.

"Oh, no. They don't object to their workers being married."

"You give 'em notice tomorrow," he said. "I can support a wife or I wouldn't be gettin' married."

I don't have to work for my keep, she thought. Case is going to take care of me. She walked beside him, holding the corsage box like a chest of jewels.

THEY were married in the minister's front parlor with the minister's wife and his young niece as witnesses. And forever after she would remember the scent of roses and sweet peas and the minister's deep voice.

When Case slipped the ring on her finger his coat sleeve pulled up and she saw the streak of black grease on his cuff that he'd tried to wipe off and only made worse. The minister's wife pulled a face, and Zina wanted to cry, "He's had no womenfolk to look after him—never!"

"I now pronounce you man and wife," the minister said. "You may kiss your bride."

Case had never kissed her. She turned and looked up at him, and everyone was waiting. He grabbed her, and she felt the warmth of his arms, and then he looked uncomfortable, and the scar on his lip went livid. His lips brushed her forehead.

"Oh, brother!" she heard the minister's niece mutter and she tried not to care.

They sat in the truck. "We could go to Jack's Place for supper," Case said.

She twisted the wedding ring round and round on her finger, liking the smooth cool feel of it. She wanted to see her new home. She wanted to start doing for Case.

"Let's stop at an all-night market and get some groceries," she said. "I can cook our supper." And it will be something besides cinnamon rolls, she thought. Something that will fill Case up:

"Okay," Case said.

Canyon Road was almost deserted, and they rode through the still quiet night. There was a moon and clouds thrown across it like a dancer's silver

[Continued on Page 110]

Delicious...They're Baked All Day The True New England Way

For an extra-special treat of true old-time New England flavor, always serve B & M Brick-Oven Baked Beans. They're baked (not steamed) all day long with lots of pork and spicy sauces, in brick ovens and open bean pots. Baked to mealy, tender, old-recipe goodness in B & M's famous ovens "Down East" in Portland, Maine! Why not enjoy 'em today? Burnham & Morrill Company.

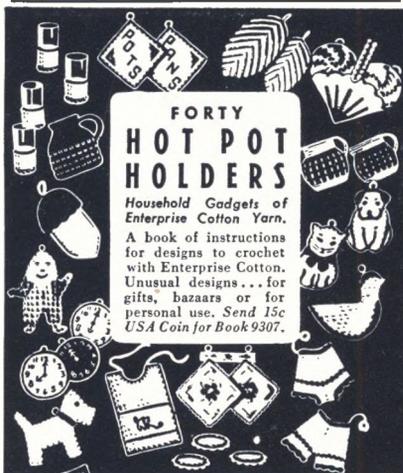


B & M Old-Fashioned Beef Stew

Here's a new B & M treat, hearty and delicious B & M New England Beef Stew, ready to heat and serve. It's "hand prepared" with lots of big beef chunks, vegetables and thick, rich sauce. Try it. You'll like it.



IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE . . .
*Our next fashion article will show
the use of color contrast in
costumes*



FORTY HOT POT HOLDERS

Household Gadgets of Enterprise Cotton Yarn. A book of instructions for designs to crochet with Enterprise Cotton. Unusual designs . . . for gifts, bazaars or for personal use. Send 15c USA Coin for Book 9307.

Instructions on how to crochet more than 40 Hot Pot Holders . . . Glassmuffs and coasters . . . gadgets for gifts and bazaars. Send for Book 9307.

WRITE FOR THESE BOOKS TOO! Three more books of household gadgets to crochet of Enterprise Cotton Yarn. 9301—Wings To Your Crochet Needle. 9305—Quick Crochet. 9308—Lightnin' Like.

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FREE! Crocheting instructions for a group of Woman's house slippers or play shoes that make wonderful Christmas Gifts sent with an order for these books!

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Delicious and easy to make...

says *George Reector*

Food Consultant to Wilson & Co. For each serving, dissolve one-half teaspoonful of Wilson's B-V in one teacup of boiling water. For a tasty bouillon add more B-V to suit the taste. **Mighty good.**

Wilson's B-V is a delicious blend of concentrated meat extract and selected vegetable flavors.



The Wilson label protects your table



CLEAN HAIR
in 10 minutes
WITHOUT WATER

Freshly-scented MINIPOO Shampoo Powder with handy mitt applicator is so easy to use! No soap! No rinsing! No drying! Removes oil, dirt, unpleasant hair odors! Retains wave! Restores sheen!



WHEN A SUDDEN DATE ARISES...
have clean, shining hair in 10 minutes



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Minipoo's the safe, dry way to shampoo!

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THE QUICK **DRY** SHAMPOO
30 Shampoos with Mitt \$1.00 plus tax

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE . . .

Take Only As Directed

by Newman Levy

who tells why a little knowledge of psychiatry can be a dangerous thing

DON'T LET THE FROST GET YOUR GREEN TOMATOES

by Mabel Evers

Use them in main dishes, make a relish, try one or two chopped in a green salad

BEEF STEW WITH GREEN TOMATOES

Costs \$1.00 (September 1947)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 pound chuck, cubed | 3 cups water |
| 3 tablespoons flour | 2 cups cubed potatoes |
| 2 teaspoons salt | 1-1/2 cups sliced carrots |
| 1/4 teaspoon pepper | 3 medium green tomatoes |
| 2 tablespoons fat | |
| 1 onion, chopped | |

Dredge meat in mixture of flour, salt and pepper. Brown meat and onion in fat. Add water; cover and simmer about 1-1/2 hours or until tender. Add potatoes and carrots; cook 15 minutes adding more water if necessary. Cut tomatoes in wedges; add to stew and cook about 10 minutes longer.

GREEN TOMATO RELISH

Costs \$1.72 (September 1947)
About 4-1/2 quarts
Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 4 quarts chopped green tomatoes | 1 tablespoon celery seed |
| 3 large onions, chopped | 2 tablespoons mustard seed |
| 4 quarts cold water | 1 teaspoon tumeric |
| 1 cup salt | 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon |
| 3 cups vinegar | 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard |
| 1 cup boiling water | |
| 3 cups sugar | |

Soak tomatoes and onions 3 hours in cold water with salt. Rinse and drain thoroughly. Combine remaining ingredients; boil 3 minutes. Add tomatoes and onions; simmer 10 minutes. Pack in hot sterilized jars; seal.

FRIED GREEN TOMATOES WITH CHEESE SAUCE

Costs 36 cents (September 1947)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 4 medium green tomatoes | Salt and pepper |
| 1 egg, grade B | 3 tablespoons fat |
| 1 tablespoon water | 1/2 cup grated cheese |
| 1/3 cup fine bread crumbs | 1 cup medium white sauce |

Cut tomatoes into 1/2-inch slices. Dip into egg beaten with water; roll in bread crumbs which have been seasoned with salt and pepper. Cook tomatoes slowly in hot fat until browned on both sides. Add cheese to white sauce; serve over tomatoes.

[Continued from Page 109]

scarf. She saw Case look up at the sky a few times, but he didn't talk, not even about how silent the motor was.

They arrived at the cabin and she hesitated a moment by the door, wishing Case would carry her across the threshold. And then she scolded herself, Shame on you, Zina. You've already had enough happiness today to last you the rest of your life!

The cabin was small but well built. There was a lean-to bedroom, a kitchen and sitting room combined. She cooked steak and potatoes, and mixed a fruit salad, and Case chopped wood and piled it beside the stove.

They sat across from each other and ate in silence, and she wondered if it would be this way night after night. She hadn't minded Case's silence before, but now he seemed to have forgotten her existence, and she felt more alone than ever.

Finally Case pushed back his plate. "Guess we'd better turn in. Got a big day ahead of me tomorrow!"

He stood up and unbuttoned his shirt and she caught a glimpse of red hair on his chest. She went into the bedroom, and it was hard not to give in to the fright within her and run.

She undressed and slipped a long-sleeved nightgown over her head, and from force of habit brushed her hair and rebraided it. And then she sat trembling on the edge of the bed. She couldn't even think of Gay or what she was going to tell her. The little girl in the white pinafore belonged to her dreams. And this was now—reality. She didn't know the big crude man in the next room, and she was frightened.

SHE sat there a long time and Case didn't come and she wondered if he had gone away. And then the door opened and he stood hesitantly in the doorway. He was wearing new cotton polka-dot pajamas, a size too small, and she thought, Oh, Case, you'll never get in them after they're washed!

He grinned at her, and suddenly he looked like an overgrown kid with his big bare feet, and his short pajamas, and the gap in his mouth where the teeth were missing.

"You want to see something pretty, come take a look." He nodded toward the other room.

Wondering, she followed him to the front porch, and the whole sky was spread out before them, just the way it must have looked when God first made night. The clouds before the moon had changed to silver portals now, a shining gateway to paradise.

"Look at them clouds, now! Ain't they something?" Case asked reverently.

"Oh, yes, Case; yes. . ."

He hitched up his pajama trousers. "Me, I've always liked clouds. When I's

a kid I used to see things in clouds. Castles, herds of sheep, ocean liners, lakes—all kinds of stuff!"

She could see Case, the boy, and it hurt. That day in the logger's camp he had opened his eyes, and even with his poor torn mouth he had seen the clouds above him. And he was still seeing them, still lifting his eyes.

What a fool I've been, she thought, not to know that Case was like that. And she knew then that she could tell him about Gay, she could tell him about the curtains of spun gold, and he would understand. She could open her heart to him.

"You think I'm nuts, don't you?" Case said.

Her arms went tight around his neck. "Oh, Case," she whispered, and she kissed the scar on his lip. Kissed it again and again until she could feel the hurt go out of him.

Gently he picked her up and carried her across the threshold. This, too, she would remember, but not to tell anyone, not even Gay.

THE END

LISTEN HERE

[Continued from Page 16]

gram in a different locality. Here are some figures based on the Hooper analysis which you can juggle around if you have nothing better to do:

During April "Radio Theater" was ranked number four nationally but only fifteenth on the Pacific Coast where movie stars, I was always led to believe from the ads, practically eat the sponsor's product. "Amos 'n' Andy," seventh nationally, was way down to twenty-sixth on the Coast. "Mr. D. A.," tenth most popular program on a nation-wide basis, was thirty-third Pacific Coast-wise; and—hold on to your hats—"Duffy's Tavern," twelfth on the national list was sixty-fifth on the Coast, or about as popular as "When a Girl Marries" or "Ma Perkins." "A Date With Judy" was in the seventeen-spot nationally and a poor forty-ninth on the shores of the Pacific Ocean where, during April, the preference starting from the top was for Jack Benny, Bob Hope and Red Skelton, with the next three also being comedy shows with the exception of Walter Winchell.

Now, breaking down the five-months' average (October through February) of several other programs into further sectional figures we find that Winchell was ranked fifth in the East, eleventh in the South, sixth on the Coast but wasn't in the first fifteen in either the North Central area or the Mountain States where folks presumably get their gossip sitting around the cracker barrel in the general store.

Although Southerners are a pushover
[Continued on Page 112]

How 19 Million Mothers Now Relieve Distress of Children's Colds

Rub on Vicks VapoRub. It Works While
Child Sleeps—Relieves Distress in the Night



AT BEDTIME rub warming, comforting Vicks VapoRub on the child's throat, chest and back. Even as you rub it on, VapoRub's relief-bringing action starts to work two ways at once. And what's more, VapoRub also . . .



WORKS FOR HOURS during the night to bring comforting relief even while your little one sleeps. Often by morning the worst miseries of the cold are gone. Just try it! Get the one and only Vicks VapoRub.

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Keep on turning in your used kitchen fats!

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Better, Easier "PICK-UP"

The Wagner's many exclusive features make it "tops" for better, easier, PICK-UPS. No other sweeper gives you the smooth, sure, effective sweeping provided by the patented, komb-kleaned, self-adjusting Wagner brush.

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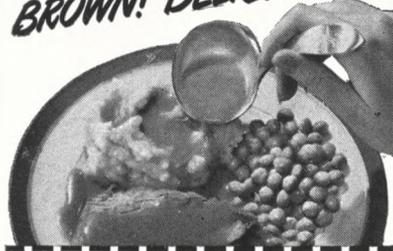
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—to give you that rich, new
far-more-delicious B in B flavor!



**Broiled in Rich
Creamery Butter!
Ready to Use!**

Plump, tender crowns of specially selected, choice hothouse mushrooms, picked when their delicate, delectable flavor is at its peak, then rushed to a spotless plant, broiled in finest creamery butter and packed in their own rich, flavorful broth. A 3-oz. can equals almost half a pound of fresh mushrooms, similarly prepared.



**NEW! Bin B Broiled in
Butter
Chopped Mushrooms**

Ready to use in spaghetti sauce,
à la king dishes, gravies. Delicious!

CATALOGUE CUTOUTS

by **DOROTHY DILL MASON**

*Scissors, a catalogue, and
your children can be off
in a world of their own*

I COULD write paeans of praise to that great American institution, the mail-order catalogue. The current issue is always fascinating enough, but oh the catalogue of the past season! It contains dozens of hours of entertainment for the small fry. When the postman brings the new one, the children grab the old one, and they're off.

First we use building blocks—the long kind—to make the house plan. Then the fun of furnishing begins. Rugs for all the rooms, dining-room sets, easy chairs, kitchen cabinets, bedroom sets—they're all free to a busy pair of scissors. The garage holds a lawn mower and a bicycle. A car is one of the few things a mail-order catalogue doesn't boast. We fill this vacancy from a magazine advertisement. An adjacent workshop is equipped with the best in paper tools. Flowers and shrubs, from the back of the book, landscape our make-believe yard.

Then it's time to move in the tenants. Mother wears a house dress, "\$3.98 special." Father sports a business suit, "exclusive fashion-tailored, \$45," big sister is a charming petite miss style; little brother in sturdy corduroy crawls around a paper play pen. On the subject of the family, our children have decided ideas. The other day my daughter had fourteen little girls stacked two deep on the paper davenport and twin beds. "I like a big family," she explained.

THERE are numerous little tricks to add more enjoyment to the catalogue game. We make a dresser (with chips of wood glued on for handles) out of penny match boxes pasted together. These tiny drawers can contain paper sweaters, socks, lingerie, etc., for the blossoming teen-ager of the doll family, or toys and rompers for baby brother.

Closets are made from two blocks, with a small rod or dowel between them. The dresses or suits are sometimes cut with paper hangers attached to hang over the rod. Or hairpins are twisted into little wire hangers, and then the dresses are cut with tabs which hold them onto either the paper owner or the wire hanger.

As you can imagine, each catalogue contains material for whole villages of furnished houses and well-dressed families. We keep them in a big box for possible future use, but most of the fun seems to be in the selecting and cutting, so new families are constantly being born.

THE END

LISTEN HERE

[Continued from Page 111]

for corn pone, pralines and "Amos 'n' Andy," the Hooper analysis shows they don't care for Bing Crosby. Eddie Cantor was eighth on the Coast, eleventh in the Mountains but failed to make the first fifteen in the South, North Central or East. Red Skelton is way up the ladder in every section of the country but the East where he's not even mentioned in the first fifteen. Judy Canova just gets under the wire on the Pacific (twelfth) and in the South (fifteenth) but doesn't make the grade anyplace else. The Mountain States understandably like "Grand Ole Opry" (fourteenth) but that's the only spot in the country where it's high on the roster. That's enough slide-rule analysis for today except that I am deeply indebted to Mr. C. E. Hooper for my complete and utter confusion.

THERE emerges out of the summer welter of corn a program which catches my fancy. "Candid Microphone" (ABC, Sunday, 7 p.m.) employs a concealed mike behind a palm tree, under a counter, back of a coat lapel or in the corner trash basket to pick up and record on wire for future broadcast the conversations and reactions of unsuspecting people in varying situations. For example, the "Candid" reporter ate a full meal in a restaurant, then called the proprietor over and admitted he didn't have a red cent in his pocket to pay the bill. The dialogue which followed between the culprit and bewildered boniface was highly amusing, the latter of course having no idea that his outbursts were being secretly recorded.

Then there was the poor devil who was sent by his wife to a lingerie shop to exchange a garter belt. The salesgirl was a party to the plot but the embarrassed customer wasn't. The completely spontaneous dialogue between the two was hilarious. You could practically see the uneasy husband growing redder and redder in the face. On the other hand, "How does a stranger react to an exploding cigarette?" didn't quite ring true to me and I have a hunch that the victim was in on the gag. If not, the reporter most certainly risked a stiff punch in the jaw.

"Candid Microphone" poses many new and complex problems of production. Sometimes, I understand, the reporters approach a dozen people before coming across one that is usable. Then, as many as a hundred splices may be made in the recording before it is suitable as a three-minute spot on the program. The names of the recorded victims, of course, are never used.

Several months ago, you may recall, I got out the trumpet for recorded and transcribed programs, like Bing Cros-

by's, which allowed the cutting shears to clip out the dead wood before the edited program ever went on the air. Well, here's the American Broadcasting Company again jumping the gun on its rivals and using this laudable technique in a most amusing and effective manner. Mark my words, once it gets in the groove and settles down, "Candid Microphone" will go places.

OCTOBER SNAPSHOT Gladys Goodding, although she doesn't work for a radio station or network, is heard by almost as large a radio audience as any one on the air. Over 2,000 times in the past ten years sport fans all over the world have heard the announcer say, "Ladies and gentlemen, the organist and vocalist this evening, Miss Gladys Goodding. And now our National Anthem." She was born around the turn of the century in Macon, Missouri, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Goodding. Her father was a county sheriff. When Gladys was ten her parents died and she was cared for in the Masonic Home in St. Louis. She attended public grade and high school in St. Louis and subsequently studied voice and piano in

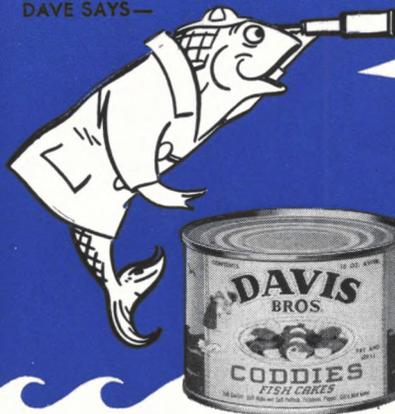


October Snapshot—Gladys Goodding

Kansas City. When she was eighteen she started playing piano in a Kansas City restaurant, soon graduated to a movie house and for a couple of years played the Chautauqua circuit. Then she came to New York and played in various movie houses until talkies replaced the silents and her services were no longer required. From staff pianist at Station WOV, New York, she joined a Major Bowes unit and in 1937 she was hired by Madison Square Garden to sing between hockey intermissions on Sunday only. In 1939 there was an organ-playing vacancy at the Garden and Miss Goodding promptly became the singing-organist for all the hockey, basketball, tennis and prize fights. One night after the main bout, a balcony fan came up to her and said,

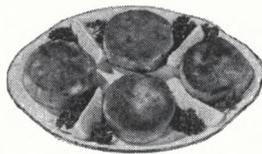
[Continued on Page 114]

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- ★ Flaked Fish prepared from cod . . .
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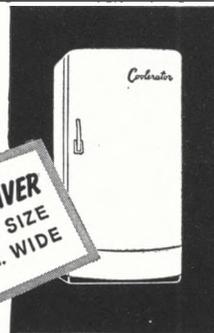
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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE . . .

A Dozen Roses

Flower arrangements by Grace Pratt

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ONLY 28in. WIDE

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Coolerator

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HEINZ STRAINED APPLE SAUCE

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HEINZ STRAINED APPLE SAUCE
57 VARIETIES
MADE BY H. J. HEINZ COMPANY



SAY HEINZ and BE SURE!

57

JUST SUPPOSE YOU HAD TO . . .

Extract and blend the juices of garden-fresh Onions, Celery and Parsley for **FLAVOR . . .**
 add caramelized Rock Candy for **SMOOTHNESS and COLOR . . .**
 a pinch of Salt for **SEASONING . . .**
 a dash of Vinegar for **TARTNESS . . .**
 and a bit of Vegetable Protein for that **MEATY TASTE . . .**
 all in just the right proportions!

Then you would have Gravy Master



How much easier simply to reach for this bottle when you want Gravies, Soups and Stews you can be proud of!

GRAVY MASTER
 makes gravy as you like it
 EVERY BOTTLE SHOWS HOW

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE . . .

Thing at the Heels

by Leslie Gordon Barnard

The story of a woman who was afraid

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[Continued from Page 113]

"We ought to have you at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn." Gladys thought it was a pretty good idea so she sat right down and wrote a letter to then-President Larry McPhail of the Dodgers. The job came through two years later in 1942.

Gladys sits in a special little "organ loft" projecting from the lower balcony right between home plate and first base. The steel-enclosed cubbyhole, with an enviable view of Dem Bums, is about twelve feet long, four feet wide and six feet high, not counting a couple of girders which you have to duck walking in. The organ completely fills one end of the little room, leaving space for four friends on camp chairs. Gladys starts playing about an hour before game time and takes great pride in being able to offer special tunes for the various players. Peewee Reese, for instance, likes "I'll Be With You in Apple Blossom Time," for Dixie Walker she has "I Wish You Were Jealous of Me," and when Cookie Lavagetto played for Brooklyn, of course, there used to be "Here Comes Cookie." The players thus honored stop during fielding practice and wave an acknowledgement to their pal at the organ. She loves it. "This is the only contact I have with the boys," she says. "I think it's better that way."

When Chicago takes the field Gladys booms out with "Chicago, Chicago—That Wonderful Town." In spite of this serenade, however, the Cubs lost the game the day I sat with Gladys in her "upper berth."

"The Star-Spangled Banner" (she knows the first and last verses by heart but says the second and third would stump her) officially opens the game, then Gladys suddenly changes from ruby-throated vocalist to rabid Dodger

fan, bouncing up and down on her organ settee and hollering with the best of them. She plays during the home half of the seventh inning and again after the game until the stands are empty except when there's a night game on at Ebbets Field and a Garden fight the same night. Then she has to rush back to her New York job in time for "The Star-Spangled Banner" at ten o'clock.

It was several years before Gladys could stomach prize fights. She used to go back to her hotel room across the street from the Garden and listen in over the radio after her organ rendition. As for hockey and basketball, she says they're all right but she'd prefer to sit them out in the cellar of the Garden with the head electrician. Gladys is an effervescent, bouncy woman of about 140 pounds. She is five feet two inches tall, has blue eyes and reddish brown hair, and looks and acts fifteen years younger than the mother of two married children. When the Dodgers score a run she is downright raucous. If a game is called off because of rain while Gladys is en route to Brooklyn she doesn't get paid for that day. It irks her but as she puts it, "They could so easily get along without me that it would be foolish to quarrel about it." In this I believe she underrates her value to the Dodger team and the fans. In my opinion, she's as much a part of the picture as Pete Reiser or Ed Stanky and that's saying a lot. She has two special files of tunes—one set to choose from if the Dodgers win, the other if they lose. The day I was there she played "Why Don't We Do This More Often?" If Dixie Walker hadn't hit that clutch home run she might have had to settle for "Ain't You Ashamed."

THE END

TUESDAY WAS ALWAYS A NIGHTMARE

[Continued from Page 65]

day morning. She would wrap up what was left over on Sunday in a heavy linen cloth and it kept in the flavor and moisture for days.

Then all of a sudden, I looked up and there was Mrs. Daly in the kitchen. "How ya coming along, Mrs. Hornak?" she asked, as her eyes took in the crisp laundered heaps.

Maminka smiled and sighed. Then she pulled out one of our unpainted chairs and said invitingly, "Some coffee, yes?"

Mrs. Daly sat down. Maminka boiled the milk first. Then she mixed it half and half with the strong black coffee. She gave me just a little bit in my own small cup, the one I got from Mrs. Topinka for wheeling her baby around on Saturday mornings. It had three fat cherries stuck out in relief and two green leaves edged in luxurious gold.

"Take some," Maminka offered Mrs.

Daly, shoving the plate of cottage-cheese and prune-filled Kolacky toward her.

"Don't mind if I do. Nobody anywhere bakes like you do, Mrs. Hornak," and she swallowed another mouthful with vim.

Mrs. Daly lived on the third floor, in the back of the old frame building. We lived on the same floor in the three front rooms. The Dalys had the long back stairs that ran outside, all to themselves. There were seven in the Daly family and three of them were boys.

Mrs. Daly sniffed the air. "Cabbage?" She watched Maminka as she fried the flour in a bit of the rendered lard. It looked good as it changed from sleazly white to golden brown.

Maminka kept stirring it all the time, then added some hot water. She poured

[Continued on Page 116]



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IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE . . .

Playhouse

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the smooth roux over the cooked cabbage. Then she added some vinegar and brown sugar, and stirred with the fat wooden spoon which Tatinek had carved out for her. Finally, she dotted the cabbage with minced brown onion. The fumes of this concoction were so palate stirring that Mrs. Daly pretty near drooled.

"I gotta try that someday," she threatened. "You Bohemians sure can put zip in your victuals."

"S'm this, s'm that. Carraway seed—cinnamon, lemon rind—dried mushrooms," and Maminka smiled, her plump cheeks flushed. Maminka's command of English was still in its infancy, but everyone said she was catching on fast. When I told anyone that we were in America just a little over three years they scarcely believed me.

Anyway, what Maminka meant was that proper flavoring glamorized a bewhiskered recipe. All the Dalys' food tasted flat.

AT last Mrs. Daly got up and left. It was almost four o'clock now. Tatinek would be home for supper at quarter to seven. So I began to help Maminka pile the ironed sparkling clothes into the big wide basket. This was always the time when that wave of uneasiness began to rise within me.

"Enny," Maminka called out to me. She always called me Enny, although my true name was Anna. "Enny," Maminka repeated, "curls." She was holding the box which held strips of butcher linen about an inch wide, and a few leather curlers. My heart sank. I had forgotten tomorrow was Arbor Day.

So, today, I not only had to hold the basket of laundry on its way to the Kirks' and walk pass Harold's house. But I had to do it with my hair in rags. It was unthinkable and gave me a pain in my heart. I went over to the kitchen sink and held the tin cup under the rushing water. Maminka always put a little sugar into the water, to make my curls tighter. I looked at the splasher over the wooden sink. It was embroidered in red chain stitches and said:

*"Kde Se Dobre Vari,
Tam Se Dobre Dari!"*

Translated from Czech, this meant "Where there is good cooking there is happiness."

The tin cup was running over. I turned off the water. Tomorrow, at Healy School, we were going to plant trees. I was going to sing as I had so often done before on special days. And when I sang I had curls.

One afternoon, as I was hanging up my clothes in the back of the room, I overheard my teacher, Miss Stearns, say to the principal:

"Anna has a tear in her voice . . . it is really promising."

Which was silly, of course, because I knew even if I was only seven years old that you have tears only in your eyes.

The song I would sing tomorrow was something about "Dark brown is the river, Golden is the sand, It flows along forever, with trees on either hand . . ." The older boys were to dig holes and we would dedicate the catalpa, poplar and maple trees. Each tiny tree was a penny and our room had bought thirty-six of them.

I knew I sang nice because no one made any noise when I sang. And once I caught Harold looking right at me. Harold lived on Emerald Avenue. He wore velvet knickers and always said, "Hello, Whitey." But he went right on. All the other boys talked with me and played marbles or hop skip, but not Harold. Even at recess he had a book and leaned against the iron rail in the playground and read.

"Tak Pojd," Maminka reminded me again. That meant "come on," so I sat down for the ordeal. Maminka wound my long strands around half of the rag strip. She moistened my hair a little with the sugared water. Then she wound the rest of the strip upward, covering the hair wound around the first part of the strip. When she got back to the top of the long curl, she made a knot that almost pulled the scalp off my head.

I had sixteen curls which was a record in the neighborhood—sixteen, tight as wires, sticking out of my head rebelliously. I guess it was the way I felt inside that made them stick up so viciouslike outside. But if curls were to be nice looking you had to put them up and sleep with them all night. Maminka said my hair uncurled was like a bunch of fresh straw flung out on a field under a blazing sun.

MAMINKA walked over to the basket and together we pulled it down the long stairs into the street. The wagon was already waiting. It was bright red with American Express written across the side. When we put the basket on it, we began to walk south on Union Avenue. Maminka always pulled the wagon when the basket was full. I pulled it back home, empty. Now I walked beside the wagon, holding the basket with my right hand. The sun was very bright although the spring air was cool.

I looked at Maminka sideways. Why did she have to wash clothes for other people like the Kirks? Why didn't the Kirks wash their own clothes? Why did I have to walk down the street, holding the basket? But I knew. That dollar and seventy-five cents which Maminka received went into the building loan. I had heard Tatinek and Maminka talking about it. Someday, they said, we would have a house with grass in front and in the back, too, not just iron rail-

ings and cement all around like we had now.

I tried to curb my resentment at the stiff curls that grew heavier each minute. We were getting closer to Harold's house now.

"Let's cross the street," I dared to suggest to Maminka, but nothing happened. This was the way we had brought the laundry back for two years. This was the way we would travel today.

And then Tuesday became a nightmare. For there was Harold, out of nowhere, walking right toward us. I could tell by his lips he was whistling. I pressed both my hands on top of the basket which made my walking sideways. I hoped this would disguise my identity. Maminka looked at me sharply and stopped to admonish:

"*Dej si pozor!*" which meant "Be careful!" Just then Harold passed us. I did not look up but I heard him say, "Hello, Whitey."

"Lo," I answered meekly, my eyes glued to the pile of clothes. I felt my curls stand upright, and I knew I looked a fright.

WHEN we reached the Kirks' house we walked into the gangway to the back of the house. I heard the piano and knew Gwendolyn was playing. She was the girl I admired and detested all at the same time.

Maminka knocked and Mrs. Kirk came out to help with the heavy basket. We sat in the kitchen as Mrs. Kirk carried the laundry away. A huge hammered-out-silver lamp stood in the middle of the kitchen table. I kept looking at the hand-painted cereal set lining the walls. It was so pretty. Gwendolyn was still playing.

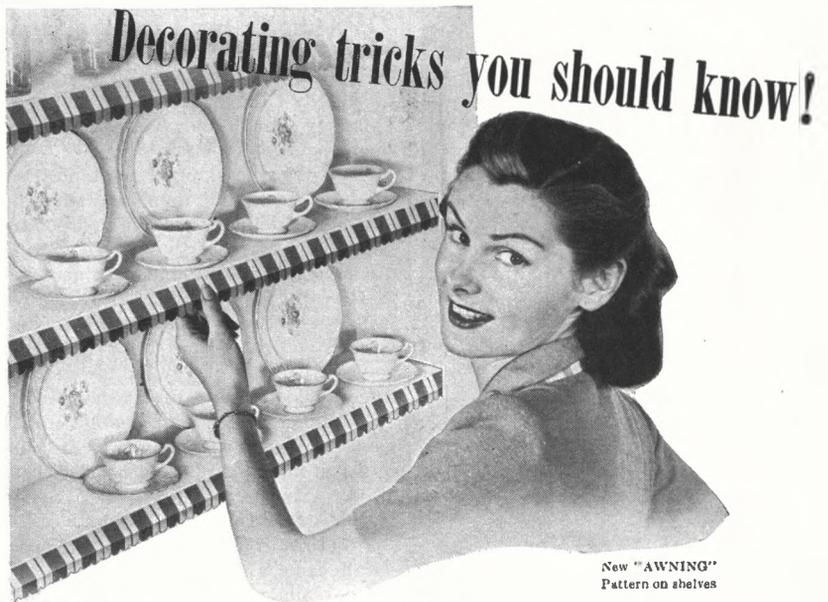
"Go in and listen to Gwendolyn, Anna," Mrs. Kirk motioned to me kindly. I looked at Maminka, who nodded. But I didn't move.

"Bež," Maminka said, which meant "Go" and I knew by her tone that she meant it. I got up and walked into the front room. It was thickly carpeted. There was a beautiful rose-painted lamp hanging from the ceiling and heavy green-satin curtains graced the door. It was the loveliest parlor I had ever seen, and the piano was wonderful. Gwendolyn was still playing.

She wore a red plaid dress with a black velvet jacket over it. Her dark hair hung in one thick braid down her back. I liked the dress and the jacket but when I saw her shoes . . . They were red leather with black patent-leather tops. Silk-tassels dangled from each top. I had flattened out my nose looking at them in Hoff's shoe store on Halsted Street for weeks. I craved those shoes almost as much as I dreamed of owning a piano.

Gwendolyn saw me but kept right on playing. Then she stopped suddenly and

[Continued on Page 118]



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by Charles Lanier

on Belgium's postwar recovery

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laughed. She lifted two of her fingers to her head in grotesque style and snickered: "Curls!" And she made it sound as though they were dead rats. Then she added, "Sissy."

With this she skipped right past me through the dining room and into the kitchen. I followed her like a drooping dandelion. Mrs. Kirk was transacting the financial end of the laundry arrangement with Maminka. Then when we were ready to leave she went to the door with us and called out gaily: "Anna, do come over and play with Gwendolyn sometime, she'd love to have you."

Maminka smiled and nodded and I gave the wagon a vicious jerk. And before you knew it we were back on Emerald Avenue and almost back to Harold's house.

And then, right near the corner, Tuesday became a nightmare again. I don't mean really that Harold was a nightmare. He was about the nicest boy I knew. But meeting him twice with my curls sticking out like candles and the wagon and the laundry and everything was a nightmare.

I began to pull the wagon harder. As Harold came nearer he said, "I'll pull." And, before I knew whatever, he had taken the handle out of my hand. I looked at Maminka. Then the three of us walked along together. Oh, everything was wonderful!

"Nice," Maminka offered not particularly to anyone.

We kept on walking down Emerald Avenue. No one said anything, not for two whole blocks, except that Harold kept on whistling all the time. It was a song called "Smarty" and everyone was playing it on the gramophone all the time.

Then Harold said, "Gonna sing tomorrow?"

"Uh, huh," I answered.

He began to whistle again and when we got to another curb he gave the wagon such a jerk the basket fell out.

Maminka helped straighten it out again and we walked on. When we came to the corner where we had to turn toward Union Avenue again, Harold said, "I'm going," and left us.

"Thank you, Harold," Maminka called after him. Then we pulled the wagon into the back yard and took the basket upstairs.

It was close to supper now and Tatinek would be home very soon. So I put the newspapers over the white tablecloth on the small wooden table in the kitchen. We always ate in the kitchen except on Sundays. Then we ate in the parlor and used the linen in the third drawer of the highboy.

I took out three plates from the pantry, then forks, knives, spoons. I brought Tatinek's ash tray. And I put his slippers under the table.

The white-washed walls of the kitchen suddenly looked pretty. Soon Maminka would light the gas light and we would sit down to our piping soup with the little dried mushrooms, floating on top. "Beseda coming tonight," Maminka offered. I had almost forgotten. That meant eight friends of Tatinek would come over after supper and sing. They all wore black derbies and had mustaches and laughed a lot. Tatinek would get out his violin and play "Kde Domov Muj." Then before they left he would play Anton Dvorak's "Humoresque."

Next week they would all meet at some other house. But tonight they would come to our house and sing many songs. Maminka would warm up some of the left-over Kulas and make a big pot of coffee. I would hear them talking long after I was in bed.

And tomorrow would be Arbor Day and my hair would be out of the rags and in shining fat curls. I would sing "Dark brown is the river."

Oh, Tuesday was always a nightmare, but not today. And I thought, as I heard Tatinek running up the stairs, how wonderful it was to live in America!

THE END



"See that apple on my desk, Miss Snickles? Well, now I'm going to eat it."

THESE NEVER FAIL

[Continued from Page 14]

half an inch long, plant each little cutting in a small separate pot of light soil.

Or you can insert cuttings in a pot of moist sand at any time of year, but preferably in June when you are trimming back your winter plants anyway. Soon you will have a fresh set of begonias on the way. These will be an ideal size for next winter's garden in case your original ones are becoming somewhat outsize for the quarters you can give them. After the first plants are bought, your future begonias shouldn't cost a cent but just keep paying you dividends, first with continuous bloom and then with easy multiplication!

AND the same is true of that other dependable, the patience plant. My admiration for this one has never wavered since childhood. Lovely improved kinds may be found today and quite as often in some farmhouse kitchen as in a greenhouse. In fact, until popular demand recently became so insistent, growers didn't bother much with the patience plant because neighbors exchanged so many slips.

It too is succulent and often has variegated foliage. It comes in red, salmon, pink, violet and white and bears the botanical name, oddly enough, of *Impatiens*. Usually flowers average half an inch across but sometimes a two-inch variety shows up. If ever you see one, secure a slip by fair means or the other way! It will probably be the lavender *Impatiens oliveri* and it is quite rare. Dwarf kinds also occur now and then but they too are unusual.

In exuberant health some kinds grow two feet high while others develop an interesting trailing habit. Fill a light or east window with plenty of old-fashioned patience plants and you won't need anything else to grace a bracket or adorn a shelf.

The patience plant also has a marvelous disposition and apparently finds nothing whatever wrong with our indoor world. It seems to have but one imperative need—a great deal of water, much more than the wax begonia requires. Otherwise, both winter and summer, it is managed the same easy way, and no water is ever to be left standing in its pot saucer.

When I come to my third reliable, the Paris daisy or marguerite, I am still full of praise. Actually, for a sunny place, there just is no better house plant. I am never without some, winter or summer, and count on my marguerites for cutting throughout the year.

There are both yellow and white varieties of this delightful daisy. Keep a watch for some with really big blossoms.
[Continued on Page 120]

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IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE . . .

Be It Ever So Humble

Paintings of houses by Tom Funk

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[Continued from Page 119]

soms. Size varies according to the plants from which your florist is propagating. I found some yellow ones recently with two-inch flowers and now slip my own big beauties.

This plant from the Canaries has no sense whatever about leisure. Even after the June cut-back it gets to work immediately, producing soft ferny foliage and abundant yellow or white blossoms. If you have extra plants, set them directly in a garden bed but always keep the year-round specimens in pots, sunk in the ground in summer or set on the porch steps in full sun.

These marguerites have two basic needs—full sun and an enormous amount of water. For those not in the garden, I solve their moisture problem by setting

each plant, for one hour out of twenty-four, in a kitchen mixing bowl filled with water to within an inch of the pot rim. There they drink their fill. If ever they suffer dryness, lower foliage turns yellow and growth is never quite perfect again.

Plants obtained in bud and blossom in November are still in bud and blossom in June—a nice record for an indoor plant. Because they grow fast, you may have to supply a larger pot in midwinter. New plants are more readily developed from cuttings tucked in sand than those put in water.

Wax begonia, patience plant and marguerite—all are undemanding, all three are readily increased and all three are practically permanent.

THE END

WHAT GOES ON HERE

[Continued from Page 3]

Early in July, twenty prominent citizens, including such men as Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy during World War I, and Robert M. Hutchins, Chancellor of the University of Chicago, issued a statement in which they vigorously took issue with the proposals of the Compton committee. In brief, the Daniels-Hutchins group contended that conscription is outmoded in the atomic age and attacked what it considered to be the Compton committee's assumption that war with Russia is inevitable.

In its last session, a Congressional committee began to hold hearings on a U.M.T. bill but the matter remains undecided. Advocates and opponents have been extremely vocal and the controversy is likely to become greater as the weeks pass.

WHAT do the proponents say? They assert that, first of all, if we are to have influence in international affairs, we must be strong in a military sense. They declare frankly that this is a world of power politics and that we must have power. Foreign countries (meaning, primarily, Russia) will not pay proper heed to our words unless these are supported with force. Other great nations either have conscription, a large army, or both, and if we are to be respected, we must back our statements with military strength. U.M.T. now is essential to our peacetime policy, they say; it would mean, according to those supporting such a plan, that we would not appear anemic and that we could avoid war by not presenting other states with the temptation to ignore us or to push us around. The Soviets, they insist, pay attention to force and can be held in bounds if they meet resistance backed by military might.

As to the utility of U.M.T. in a future war, supporters of the plan deny their

opponents' assertion that universal training would be valueless. On the contrary, they declare, we would need a big reservoir of properly trained men even in an atomic catastrophe. The soldier would not be obsolete, according to the claims made. Armed forces would still be needed to follow air or bombing attacks with invasion and occupation of enemy territory. Mechanical devices cannot substitute for actual men in the last analysis.

In case of an atomic attack on this country, trained men, said the Compton report, would be needed in the emergency. U.M.T., the committee argued, would provide the personnel to cope with the devastation and the needs of the injured. U.M.T. would give us the skilled talent for the repair of communications, the rehabilitation of homes and factories and the relief of the civilian population survivors. It is entirely erroneous, therefore, say U.M.T. advocates, to imagine that atomic warfare has eliminated the necessity for a trained reserve. Just the reverse, they maintain: highly proficient and qualified manpower is needed more than ever!

The Compton committee stressed the importance of the opportunity afforded during the first six months of basic training to examine and classify the draftees according to their aptitudes and abilities. In this fashion, the committee believed that the nation could acquire a knowledge of its own human resources and could see to it that its young men were directed into channels best adapted to their needs. All U.M.T. supporters emphasize the fact that in a future crisis we would not have the months or even years it takes to train and prepare an army. A sudden, surprise atomic attack might be our only real warning. There would be no time to get ready afterward. The men must be trained and ready in

advance and that's why U.M.T. is vital, according to its proponents.

And the expense? Those favoring U.M.T. concede that it would cost money but insist that it would be cheaper than the alternative of having no U.M.T. Without it, they say, we would be impotent to prevent a war, and if war came, the failure to provide trained reserves would cost us incalculably more than the sums devoted annually to training the eighteen-year-olds.

To the charge that conscription would weaken our democratic standards by injecting a militarist psychology, U.M.T. defenders reply: "Before World War II it was said that if we got into war and built up huge armed forces, we would lose our democracy at home. Everybody knows that didn't happen. Giving training to young men who would re-enter civilian life immediately thereafter would not undermine the republic. On the contrary, loyalty and a sense of community responsibility would be fostered. And if we are strong, united and reasonably secure as a result of U.M.T., a potential dictator would have less of a chance than he would if we were weak, desparate and filled with fear."

Therefore, U.M.T. advocates maintain that such a measure would help us in dealing with foreign states and in keeping the peace, that it would be an indispensable asset if war ever did come, that its costs would be less than those incurred if we failed to institute it and that it would not prove a menace to our way of life.

WHAT do the opponents say? Aside from expressing the general dislike for military training as such felt by Americans at large, they marshal a number of specific arguments on their side. In the first place, they ask, "In an atomic war, if that's the kind of war we may have, what good is a big standing army or a lot of trained reserves? The bombs would wipe out millions of people, mainly civilians, and would be carried by planes manned by a small professional force. Surely a huge bunch of men trained with rifles and the weapons of the last war would be useless in a situation like that." And if we need men for technical and community rehabilitation jobs, continue the opponents, there would be enough volunteers to take care of essential requirements.

Further, contends the opposition, U.M.T. would be a step toward militarizing the United States. The values of our free type of democracy, it is argued, would be impaired, one of the potent reasons for the existence of our freedom and of our liberties being the absence of a large standing army or of a vast body of disciplined reservists. To put the youth of the nation into uniform and to inculcate a militarist spirit would tend to

[Continued on Page 122]



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... by Mary Bell



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ITALIAN EGGPLANT DISHES

by Fannie DiGeno

BAKED EGGPLANT AND CHEESE

Costs \$1.19 (September 1947)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 medium eggplant, sliced thin | 1/2 cup oil |
| 1/2 cup flour | 2 8-ounce cans tomato sauce |
| 2 eggs, grade B, beaten | 1 pound mozzarella cheese |
| 1/3 cup milk | Grated Parmesan cheese |
| Salt and pepper | |

Dip eggplant in flour, then in seasoned egg and milk mixture. Brown well in hot oil. Drain on brown paper. Season tomato sauce to taste. In a 2-quart casserole arrange alternate layers of eggplant, thinly sliced mozzarella cheese, tomato sauce and Parmesan cheese. Bake in moderate oven, 375°F., for 40 minutes. Serve piping hot.

EGGPLANT RELISH

Costs 48 cents (September 1947)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 onion | 1 medium eggplant, cubed |
| 2 stalks celery and tops | 2 8-ounce cans tomato sauce |
| 10 ripe olives | 1/2 cup vinegar |
| 1 tablespoon capers | Pinch of basil |
| 1/4 cup oil | Salt and pepper |

Chop onion, celery, olives and capers fine; saute in oil. Add eggplant, tomato sauce, vinegar and seasonings; simmer for 20 minutes or until eggplant is tender. Chill overnight. Serve cold as a relish with meats. Will keep in refrigerator for several weeks.

SPAGHETTI WITH EGGPLANT SAUCE

Costs 63 cents (September 1947)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 2 onions, sliced | 1 cup water |
| 1 clove garlic, minced | 1 medium eggplant, cubed |
| 1/4 cup oil | Pinch of basil |
| 1 green pepper, sliced | Salt, pepper and cayenne to taste |
| 1 6-ounce can tomato paste | 1 8-ounce package spaghetti |
| 1 No. 2 can tomatoes | Grated Parmesan cheese |

Saute onions and garlic in oil until yellowed; add green pepper, tomato paste, tomatoes and water, simmer for 10 minutes. Add cubed eggplant and seasonings; cook for 30 minutes or until eggplant is tender. Cook spaghetti according to package directions; drain. Arrange spaghetti in 2-quart casserole alternating with eggplant sauce. Bake in moderate oven, 375°F., for 15 minutes. Serve with grated Parmesan cheese.

[Continued from Page 121]

undermine our democratic ideals, so it is claimed. In other words, wouldn't we be taking a dangerous step toward totalitarianism, a move which would enable a would-be dictator to obtain support and so gain control with a regimented following?

There are other points in the brief of those against U.M.T. They admit, for example, that the United States is the only great power without some brand of peacetime conscription but why should we follow suit, they ask? Should we not set an example to other nations by keeping clear of militarism and so provide inspirational leadership which can win us friends and support? Doesn't moral force count as well as physical force? In the past, when one country introduced compulsory training or extended the period of service as a measure of defense to match the action of some other state, wars came anyway. U.M.T., they say, for this country now would mean that we were back in the old, futile and discredited round of military power maneuvers.

As the Daniels-Hutchins statement declared, "In actual history the great heavily armed nations have, one after another, monotonously gone down the road to destruction, because they exhausted their economic resources and their manpower by the self-imposed burden of ever-mounting armaments and were caught in a cycle of wars with neighbors equally infatuated with the idea that if they piled up armaments so that they could always lead from strength, no harm could possibly come to them."

Surely, assert those against U.M.T., there are alternatives to the compulsory training which has proved so unavailing in the past when it comes to stopping wars. What we should do, say the U.M.T. opponents, is to try new paths such as strengthening the United Nations, pressing for disarmament, and engaging in measures which would attempt to halt Communism by economic assistance to impoverished and dispirited peoples rather than by a show of force. The latter would only cause the Russians to react with force themselves and so precipitate a tragic and completely unnecessary holocaust.

And then the expense! Think of the cost, declares the opposition. This country needs money for schools, housing, reclamation and community improvements, not for training camps. Also to be considered, asserts this group, is the loss in time and educational training to the nation's youth.

Those antagonistic to U.M.T. seriously question the value of the sort of training envisaged by the Compton committee. How, they ask, can draftees be taught enough in six months to make them really useful in a future war? And

even if they do learn anything valuable, how long will they remember it?

Critics of U.M.T. are deeply troubled also over the matter of compulsion. Though the Compton committee freely conceded that the alleged character-building features of military training could be obtained in other ways, some U.M.T. supporters are enthusiastic about what they regard as the beneficial effect of military discipline upon a young man's mental and physical development. U.M.T. opponents, on the other hand, fear that compulsory training would be positively harmful and that a smaller group of volunteers would be far more efficient and enterprising than a mob of youngsters dragooned into service against their will and forced to undergo a training in which they had no heart and saw little point.

Therefore, continue the critics, why not give the volunteers a really thorough training, one that would amount to something substantial and that might involve two, three or even four years of special education? As a result, claim these anti-U.M.T. people, we would have a reservoir of highly proficient and enthusiastic men to call on in case of need instead of a mass of partially-trained former draftees.

Piecing these arguments together, those who are not in favor of U.M.T. believe that it would be useless as a protection in atomic war, that it would endanger our democratic way of life, that it has never prevented wars in the past, that more constructive alternatives are open, that it would be costly in both financial and human terms, and that a voluntary system would work better and serve us just as well.

There's the line-up. Where do you stand?

THE END

THE HOLLYWOOD PICTURE

[Continued from Page 13]

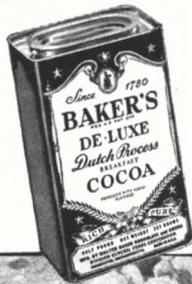
VARIETY GIRL (Paramount) with practically everyone in Paramount from Gary Cooper and Cecil B. DeMille to Paulette Goddard peeping coquettishly from a bubble bath. One of those huge, star spangled affairs that adopts the rollicking gayety—and has the frequent lapses into stilted amateurism—of a high school follies. But aside from the unnecessarily forced efforts to bring everybody into the picture (except Paramount's blazing bombshell Betty Hutton, whose absence is loudly conspicuous), it's a big, hoydenish carnival of crazy fun, held together by Bob Hope, and mellowed by Bing's genial touch. Mary Hatcher, the singing heroine, confused me by looking and sounding too much like Kathryn Grayson, an exclusive

[Continued on Page 124]

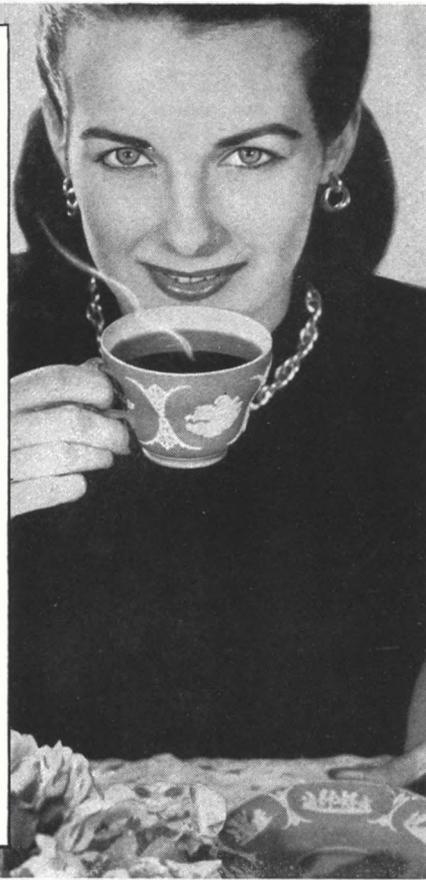
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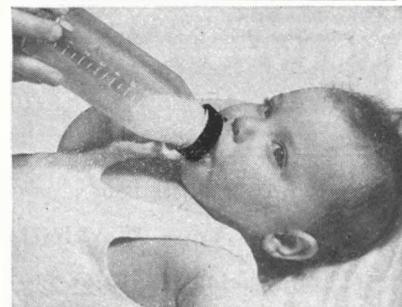
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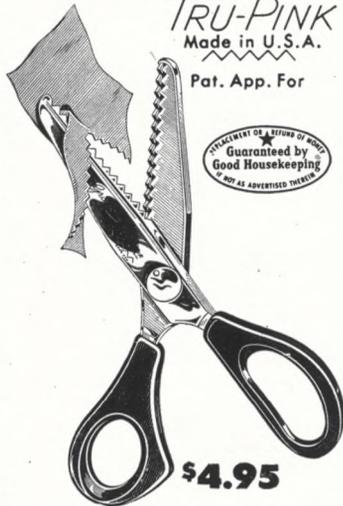
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IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE . . .

Gifts from Your Workbasket

by Lucinda Bardsley
and Virginia Savage

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HAMBURGER AGAIN

HAMBURGER-FILLED FRENCH PANCAKES

Costs 82 cents (September 1947)
Serves 4 to 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| 1 pound hamburger | Dash pepper |
| 2 eggs, grade B | French pancakes |
| 1/2 onion, minced | 1 tablespoon margarine |
| 1 teaspoon salt | |

Combine meat, eggs, onion and seasoning and spread on pancakes. Roll pancakes up, turn sides in; dot with margarine. Bake in shallow pan in moderate oven, 375°F., for 15 minutes; turn filled pancakes and bake 15 minutes longer.

FRENCH PANCAKES

- | | |
|-------------|-----------------|
| 1 cup flour | 2 eggs, grade B |
| Dash salt | 1 cup milk |

Add eggs to flour and salt and mix well. Add milk slowly, stirring constantly. Strain the mixture. Pour a little of the batter into a small greased skillet (6-inches) and spread it out thin. Cook until lightly browned on one side. Makes about 12 pancakes.

Mrs. John W. Zarnowski, Olyphant, Pa.

HAMBURGER, PIZZA-STYLE

Costs 65 cents (September 1947)
Serves 4 to 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 pound hamburger | 1/2 cup shredded soft cheese |
| 1-1/2 teaspoons salt | 1 tablespoon chopped parsley |
| 1/2 teaspoon pepper | 1 clove garlic, minced |
| 1 cup drained canned tomatoes | 1 teaspoon oregano |

Mix hamburger with salt and pepper; spread in 9-inch baking dish or pie pan. Spread tomatoes over hamburger; sprinkle remaining ingredients over all. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°F., 15 to 20 minutes.

Mary E. Todaro, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HAMBURGER ROLL-UPS WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Costs 44 cents (September 1947)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Biscuit dough (1 cup flour) | 1/2 pound hamburger |
| 1 large onion, sliced | Salt and pepper |
| 1 clove garlic, minced | 1/2 cup hot water |
| 2 tablespoons margarine | 1 cup tomato sauce or spaghetti sauce |

Roll out biscuit dough into 10 x 6-inch rectangle about 1/4 inch thick. Cook onion and garlic in 1 tablespoon margarine until yellowed; spread raw hamburger meat on biscuit dough and add onion mixture. Sprinkle with salt and

[Continued on Page 126]

THE HOLLYWOOD PICTURE

[Continued from Page 123]

Metro-Goldwyn product, but if Paramount says she's Mary Hatcher, I guess she is Mary Hatcher. "Variety Girl" is sure-fire box office and will have no need of a million dollar publicity come-on.

BLACK NARCISSUS (A J. Arthur Rank Production, released by Universal-International) with Deborah Kerr, Flora Robson, Sabu, David Farrar, Kathleen Byron, and Jean Simmons. Here is a picture that is startling, to say the least, and undoubtedly it will bring forth much unfavorable comment. A group of nuns in India are sent to a palace on top of a mountain peak to conduct a school and hospital. The incessant winds, the high altitude, the Oriental environment and the English agent to the local ruler all combine to turn the nuns into almost hysterical neurotics. Technically, the production is superb, highly dramatic, and visually spellbinding with glorious Technicolor and breath-taking backgrounds. But aside from being a stunning, exotic spectacle, it seems ill-advised, actually more disturbing than "Duel In The Sun." In a more subtle way.

DEEP VALLEY (Warner Brothers) with Ida Lupino, Dane Clark, Wayne Morris, Fay Bainter and Henry Hull. Another chummy little group of neurotics with no exotic trappings to liven things up. Ida is a household drudge and slavey who wears blue jeans and sports a hopeless stutter because she once saw Pa hit Ma. Ma has sat sulking in bed ever since (a mere matter of ten years) while Pa shambles shiftlessly around the broken-down farm muttering darkly about "Her upstairs." They all hate each other with enthusiasm. Ida takes to the woods between chores, where she gambols gaily like a happy child of nature until she spies Dane Clark, an inordinately reluctant member of a road gang, with an unfortunate habit of impetuously killing people and then being surprised afterwards. Ida is irresistibly drawn to him because he hates practically everybody and naturally that makes him seem like a member of the family. So there is a convenient landslide enabling him to escape, and they have a brief, poetic idyll in the hayloft of her father's barn, made more piquant by the presence of a pitchfork that he keeps within reach to poke at any intruders into their rustic penthouse. They finally make a wild dash for freedom, but run into another guy who also loves Ida and is foolish enough to pop into the scene at this point. So Dane ups and nearly kills him then decides to leave Ida behind, after all, and races madly off in a jeep. He heads straight into a sheriff's posse,

crashes into a tree, then staggers off to Deep Valley, being hit by bullets about every third stagger. Ida finds him so he can breathe his last in her arms. She then goes home, stops stuttering and marries the other guy (Wayne Morris) who has been hanging around all through the picture, looking useless and slightly confused—and no wonder. Ma combs her hair and comes downstairs and breaks bread with Pa, although obviously they'd rather break something over each other's heads. And all ends happily with Ida and her stalwart Right Guy standing on a windswept hill, her eyes misty and wistful as she gazes longingly at another long line of convicts working on the highway. A grand picture for all the family not to see!

THE DARK PASSAGE (Warner Brothers) with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Agnes Moorehead, and Bruce Bennett. This is almost as crazy as "Deep Valley" and much more complicated. Humphrey is an escaped convict who is miraculously carted off to safe hiding in an elegant apartment by Lauren Bacall who just happens along at the right moment. She also just happens to have developed a personal interest in him during his trial for his wife's murder because her father, also unjustly convicted for the murder of his second wife, died in prison. Unfortunately, she has a nosy friend, who by a very strange coincidence was also the friend of his murdered wife, whose eye witness testimony convicted him. Her estranged husband haunts Lauren, so Bogie flees from this haven of unrest, in spite of the nice radio music and the good Scotch. A garrulous, altruistic taxi driver recognizes him and convinces him that he should have his face done over, so off they go to a plastic surgeon who—imagine!—is a bosom pal of the taxi driver's. Bogie emerges in copious bandages and, feeling wobbly, he goes to the apartment of his closest friend who is in no mood to be hospitable, having just been murdered by being beaten over the head with his own trumpet (which should teach people to let trumpets alone, and stick to pianos). Bogie only sticks around there long enough to leave his fingerprints all over the place. Then he goes back to Lauren's place which has taken on an added interest due to a parked car before the door which belongs to a guy whom Bogie had almost murdered following his break from prison, and who now has ideas of blackmail. . . . There's more, but that should give you a good idea of this simple little story of murder, mayhem, and utter confusion. So class is hereby dismissed and now, if Warner's will excuse us, we're going to sit right down and start knitting little strait jackets.

THE END



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by Bernard DeVoto
on Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn

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HAMBURGER AGAIN

[Continued from Page 124]

pepper. Roll up; cut in 1-inch slices and brown in skillet with remaining 1 table-spoon margarine. Add water and tomato sauce; cover and simmer 15 minutes. Add extra seasoning to sauce if needed.

Therese Ehlers, Haverstraw, N. Y.

BISCUIT DINNER ROLL

Costs 77 cents (September 1947)

Serves 8 to 12 Woman's Day Kitchen

Biscuit dough (2 cups flour)	2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon poultry sea- soning	1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 cup mashed potatoes	1/2 cup chopped celery or carrots
1 tablespoon chopped green pepper	1/3 cup chopped onion
1 pound hamburger	2 tablespoons melted marga- rine
	1 egg, grade B

When making biscuit dough, add poultry seasoning to dry ingredients; roll dough into 15 x 10-inch rectangle. Mix potatoes and green pepper. Spread on biscuit dough to 1 inch of edge. Combine remaining ingredients and spread on top of potato mixture. Roll up; seal edges and gash top. Place roll on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., for 45 minutes. Slice and serve hot with well-seasoned tomato sauce or an onion gravy if desired.

Leona Massie, Rochester, N. Y.

SOUR-CREAMED HAMBURGER

Costs 45 cents (September 1947)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

1/2 pound hamburger	1 cup water
1 onion	3 tablespoons flour
1/2 green pepper	1 cup sour cream
	Salt and pepper

Cook hamburger in skillet until browned, stirring often with fork to crumble meat evenly. Add chopped onion and green pepper; continue cooking until vegetables are tender; add water; simmer about 30 minutes. Mix flour and sour cream; add to meat mixture. Cook over low heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve on hot mashed potatoes or toast.

Mrs. Jennie Walborn, East Chicago, Ind.

NEIGHBORS

[Continued from Page 10]

doesn't dampen their freshness. I also put them in the bathroom for the same reason. I quilted a seat cover and bath-mat of the material. Incidentally, using the thirty-minute routine for bathroom wall washing doesn't inconvenience the family, and three mornings finished the job for me.

I painted the living-room woodwork by the same schedule. One day I would paint a door, a strip of baseboard to a good stopping place, or whatever I could accomplish in the allotted time. Almost before I knew it the whole job was finished.

Of course there are some tasks I love to see through to the finish so I don't time myself on them. But the ones that really had me whipped have been tamed. This year I don't regard house cleaning as a project, but simply as a chore like washing or ironing.

MRS. EDGAR BEST, Springfield, Ill.

A Land of Friendship

How small the world is! Like Patricia Green (July Neighbors) I am an English girl from Newcastle-on-Tyne, and was also in the W.A.A.F. Now I am married to an American Air Corps officer, and have a little girl. We met during my husband's five years overseas in the E.T.O. and today live in America.

After almost seven years of austerity, rationing and restrictions in England, (though hard to bear, undoubtedly contributed towards victory) I stepped into this land of friendship.

My husband anticipated the thrill I would experience being able to "just go ahead and buy," as he puts it, and believe me, you American women, it is a thrill you cannot imagine. The reception I have received, the friendliness and good humour have made me put aside my longing for home and appreciate the generosity and freedom of present-day America.

It seems all the things we were accus-tomed to before the war and dreamt,

[Continued on Facing Page]

CORRECTION

"Hold Everything" in the August issue of Woman's Day, page 84, column 1, should have read:

"Permanent insurance—either converted from term insurance or taken out initially after leaving the service. In the latter case there is a physical examination. July 31, 1947 was made the deadline for reinstating a term policy without having a physical examination."



DON'T LET FIRE PANIC YOU

Of the more than 10,000 persons who die from burns in the United States each year, more than 3,000 are fatally burned, trampled to death, suffocated or otherwise mortally injured in conflagrations. Panic is still one of the greatest killers.

Here are some valuable suggestions for preventing panic and saving your life in any fire emergency as outlined by the National Board of Fire Underwriters:

1. Never shout "Fire!" in any place where large numbers of people are present. **KEEP CALM AND NOTIFY THE PROPER OFFICIAL.** Avoid a panic-stricken stampede by quietly guiding people to various exits. Don't always head for the exit through which you entered . . . many others will do the same thing.

2. When entering a public place notice whether the doors swing inward or outward (the latter is the law in the majority of public places). Test or try the emergency door nearest you to make sure it is unobstructed and operating efficiently.

3. Avoid overcrowded restaurants, theatres and auditoriums. Many cities and states have laws governing the number of persons allowed in places of public assembly. Don't patronize places that violate these laws.

4. When staying in hotels or unfamiliar residences investigate all means of exit immediately.

5. If you smell smoke, don't run blindly into the corridor. Close the transom and if the door is hot to touch, don't open it. If the door is cool to touch, brace it with your foot, open slightly and test the air with your hand. Be careful, for superheated, toxic gases may asphyxiate you.

6. If hallway appears safe, use planned exit.

7. If hallway is gas or flame-filled, stay in your room and stop any openings in the door with wet towels or mattress.

8. Stay calmly near a slightly-open window and await rescue. **DO NOT JUMP.**

FIRE PREVENTION WEEK
OCTOBER 5th—11th

when it terminated, would return to England, never materialized before we left there, but hats off to the U.S.A. she can offer them all.

My husband, though still in the forces, is safe, and I am proud of his achievements and record overseas. Our baby Rosanne has gained weight, and we derive great pleasure out of watching her eagerly eat her appetizing meals. I hope English Mothers will have this joy soon.

Having traveled widely on the continent I find Switzerland compares with the U.S.A. though naturally on a smaller scale. There, people from three countries live in one community and in that beautiful land peace and happiness thrive. I have been welcomed here in America and intend to show Americans how grateful I am for making me so "at home" so far from home.

DEENA STONE, Arlington, Va.

Children and Landlords

In these days of house and apartment shortages, there has been a lot written and said about the unfairness and the meanness of landlords who won't rent to people with children. That creates a hard situation, I know, but I wonder if people realize the landlord's side of the question. I am not in this classification myself, I own no property, but it is certainly my opinion that if parents would teach their children better manners and better living habits, there would be no objection to them. In the crowded area where I live, there's hardly an apartment with children that doesn't show the signs of it! The children are allowed to skate, jump rope, etc., on the hardwood floors, they literally hammer dents into floors, woodwork, heating equipment, etc. A lot of walls I have seen not only contain graphic fingerprints, but have been used as blackboards, as well.

Now some parents may think that is cute, but you can't blame the average owner for disliking it. Why not teach children the value of property, respect for other people's possessions and that there is a right and wrong place for their activities?

MRS. C. E. BERRY, Mobile, Ala.

Watch Your Skin Perk Up!

I feel that it's just as important to keep myself at my attractive best as it is to keep my home and three little girls spic and span. So I am passing along one of my favorite beauty hints.

I am an ex-beauty operator so I can assure you the following idea is just as good as if you bought the most expensive beauty preparation.

For a quick mask—cleanse the face and neck thoroughly. I use soap and water. If you prefer you may use cleansing cream. Then apply cold cream or cleansing cream and leave on for 15 minutes. You can wash the dishes while the cream soaks in. Remove with cleans-

[Continued on Page 128]

FOR
Vigorous
MORNING
FRESHNESS



Try this at
Bedtime Tonight!

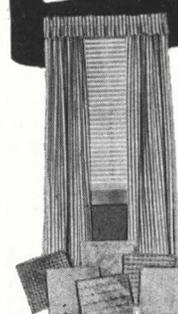
It's a way thousands use to wake up vital and gay, and eager to get going! Just drink a cup of warm Ovaltine each night.

Here's how it works—without magic or mystery. Taken warm at bedtime Ovaltine promotes *sound sleep* without drugs. It also supplies specially processed food elements to restore vigor and energy while you sleep. And as a plus value, furnishes extra amounts of vitamins and minerals most of us should have for keen vitality.

So each cup is a 3-way aid to better sleep and brighter, peppier, happier mornings. Why not try it, and see!

OVALTINE

Buy U. S. Savings Bonds



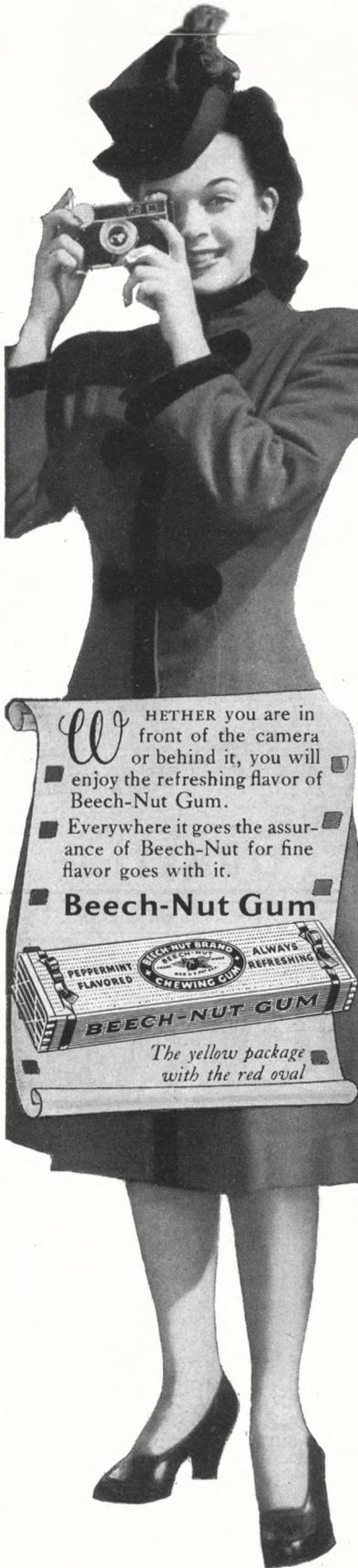
Yes, you get 26 generous samples of beautiful Itasca fabrics absolutely free! . . . a wide selection of novelty weaves in the newest designs . . . in Ratines, Home-spuns, Basketweaves, and Woven Stripes. Itasca materials are the smart and economical answer to your Slipcover and Drapery needs. Whether you make your own or have them made for you, you can save \$\$\$ by selecting the quality fabrics that you want from these lovely samples . . .

Save 1/2 OR MORE
BUY DIRECT FROM THE MILL

Itasca's low prices are possible because you buy direct from the mill at factory prices. Add new beauty and charm to your home . . . send today for your 26 free samples of Itasca materials. See them! . . . Feel them! . . . Price them! . . . And see for yourself how you, too, can save up to 50% on your materials for Draperies, Slipcovers, and dozens of other items.

ITASCA WEAVERS GUILD • DEPT. ITASCA W-11 TEXAS

[Continued from Page 127]



Whether you are in front of the camera or behind it, you will enjoy the refreshing flavor of Beech-Nut Gum.

Everywhere it goes the assurance of Beech-Nut for fine flavor goes with it.

Beech-Nut Gum



The yellow package with the red oval

ing tissues, thoroughly. Apply the white of an egg with your finger tips. The egg that is left in the shells of at least three eggs which you had for breakfast will be plenty. Do not put the egg white on the skin section immediately under the eyes or on the eyelids because the skin surrounding the eyes is especially sensitive and wrinkles easily.

When the egg white is absolutely dry, remove by laving lukewarm water. Do not rub.

Then wrap an ice cube in a piece of clean cloth and pass it gently over every inch of face and neck. Pat dry with towel. Give yourself this quick facial once a week and watch your skin perk up.

MRS. JOE WILSON, Camden, Ohio

I Wonder—

In these disquieting times when people everywhere are longing for security, some slight assurance that all might some day be well again, but are seeking in vain for it in the troubled news of the day, I wonder if others like us, have not found in the church that for which they were looking?

I am not referring to the ardent church members who are always in their places, but I mean us others who, under pressure of added home duties, or an outside job, or poor health, or some other good excuse, let our church going lag more and more until we lost the habit entirely, and perhaps forgot the comfort we had once derived from it.

How many of you, like us, drifted back, perhaps to some special service, and wondered as you looked around why you had ever strayed away from this haven of spiritual security?

If you haven't tried it yet, may I recommend it as one place where your harried soul might find an hour of peace?

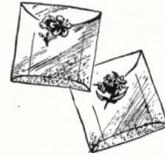
MRS. LEE SMITH, Boyne Falls, Mich.

A Little Of This And That

There's an old-country saying, "Many a little makes a mickle." Took me a long time to find out what "mickle" means—just too lazy to look it up when I was handy to a dictionary. Seems it means "much" or "great." So the quotation fits right into my notion, or philosophy, of homemaking. It's all the little things that make the big thing—a real home. From down Maine we get an idea that can save both time and energy, not to mention irritation at the vagaries of high winds. "When hanging rugs on the line on a windy day I place the clothespins part way down, on the two sides, thus pinning them together. The rugs will



blow freely, yet stay put." Mrs. E. W. Files, Gorham, Me. "When I make corduroy overalls, for my four-year-old daughter, I always have small pieces left over. From these I make two fronts of a jacket and knit the back and sleeves. It makes such a beautiful outfit at so little cost." Mrs. Eleanor Young, Scotch Plains, N. J. "In the fall I gather seeds



from my choice flowers, and divide into numerous waxed paper sandwich bags. These I label and seal with the tiny flower stickers from the five-and-

ten. I enclose one of these packets with greeting cards to friends on many occasions. And many a new friend has grown from this very literal seed." Mrs. Betty Feeley, Philadelphia, Pa. "If you want to make a pecan pie, and haven't any nuts, substitute crushed cornflakes. They will rise to the top, the same as nuts, and give a delicious flavor and crunchy surface." Mrs. Guinn Thompson, Decatur, Texas. (When Woman's Day Kitchen tested this out they substituted for pecans an equal amount of coarsely crushed cornflakes and added 1/8 teaspoon of almond extract.—"Very good," they wrote on the memo.) "For my teenage daughter I made a dressing-table skirt that was most attractive and very low in cost. For the outer skirt I used the best parts of an old pair of ruffled curtains.



For the under lining I used two rolls of pink crepe paper. Wide pink rayon-satin ribbon made bows, with long streamers, and were the finishing touch." Mrs. Charles Boone, Detroit, Mich. "I have made a padded, removable cover for my pastry board. By using this I can easily pin flat, and then iron, those doilies too large for my regular ironing board. Cover removed, the board can then be used for pastry." Mrs. Frank Van Auken, Dansville, N. Y. "Try toasting nut meats before putting them in cake or cookies. Just spread them on a shallow pan and place in moderate oven for a few minutes. They give a different and delightful flavor." Dolores Gottschalk, Fountain City, Wis.

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.

**\$41,000
in Prizes!**

Win a new Kitchen or \$5,000 cash!



—completely installed and equipped
—designed especially for your home!



OR you can have any of these wonderful General Electric units from the Grand Prize kitchen, plus the difference in cash up to \$5,000.

- Refrigerator
- Range
- Automatic Washer-washer and Disposall
- Cabinets
- Ventilating Fan
- Automatic Roaster
- Waffle Iron
- Electric Mixer
- Automatic Toaster
- Automatic Coffee Maker
- Sandwich Grill
- Double-Duty Iron (steam and dry)
- Kitchen Clock
- Radio

Plus a year's supply of Swift's Cleanser

Now you can have the kitchen you've always wanted! Complete in every detail from floor to ceiling — including redecorating and special lighting — everything you need! All designed exclusively for your home and completely installed as soon as possible after close of contest. If you don't need *complete* new equipment, you can take any part thereof and cash difference up to \$5,000. Gas appliances furnished if requested.

BUT that's not all! There will be *many* winners in this sensational contest!

Just Look! 1151 Prizes in all!

100 GE ELECTRIC MIXERS—**2nd PRIZES**

500 GE AUTOMATIC TOASTERS—**3rd PRIZES**

500 GE ELECTRIC STEAM IRONS—**4th PRIZES**



Big Weekly Bonus Prizes!

10 ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS
(8 cubic feet maximum capacity)
EVERY WEEK FOR 5 WEEKS!

Listen to Don McNeill's Breakfast Club, weekday mornings on ABC for special announcements.

- 1st Weekly Contest starts September 21, ends midnight, September 27
- 2nd Weekly Contest starts September 28, ends midnight, October 4
- 3rd Weekly Contest starts October 5, ends midnight, October 11
- 4th Weekly Contest starts October 12, ends midnight, October 18
- 5th Weekly Contest starts October 19, ends midnight, October 25

Tear this out NOW!

(use this entry blank or just write on the back of a Swift's Cleanser wrapper)

Just add a line to this jingle

Swift's Cleanser's America's finest
It's scratchless and speedier, too
It cuts all the grease in an instant

(Fill in the last line to rhyme with "too." EX-AM-PL-E: "This cleanser's for me and for you!")

Name _____
P. O. Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Read these easy rules

1. Print or write plainly your jingle line, the last word to rhyme with the word "too" in the jingle, on the entry blank or on the reverse side of a Swift's Cleanser wrapper.
2. Your entry must contain 2 Swift's Cleanser wrappers or reasonable facsimiles thereof. If you use the back of the wrapper to write your entry, accompany it with a second Swift's Cleanser wrapper. If you use the entry blank, attach two Swift's Cleanser wrappers. Print plainly your name and address. Mail your entry to Swift & Company, P. O. Box 1155, Chicago 90, Illinois. Send as many entries as you wish, but be sure to enclose *two* Swift's Cleanser wrappers with each entry; send no money.
3. Entries will be judged on originality, uniqueness and aptness of thought. The judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. All entries become the property of Swift & Company.

4. Any person living in the United States, Canada and Hawaii may enter this contest — except employees of Swift & Company, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Contest subject to Federal and State regulations.

5. Contest opens September 21; closes October 25, 1947. All entries must be postmarked before midnight of the closing date, and received by October 31, 1947. Entries received before midnight September 27 will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. No entries will be returned and no correspondence entered into. You accept the conditions of these rules when you enter.

6. Winners of weekly prizes and the Grand Prize will be announced over Don McNeill's Breakfast Club radio program (consult your newspaper for time and station) shortly after each contest closes. Weekly prize winners are eligible for other prizes, including the Grand Prize. All winners will be notified by mail. Com-

plete lists of winners sent on request to anyone sending in a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Contest Clues

Here are facts about Swift's Cleanser that may help you to compose a prize-winning jingle. When you use Swift's Cleanser you will find many more reasons why it is *America's finest*. Swift's Cleanser is speedy and scratchless! It's the *only* cleanser that gives you both instant grease cutting and scratchless cleaning. Swift's Cleanser is clean-white in color. It is odorless. It leaves no sediment. Swift's Cleanser comes in a pretty polka dot package in your choice of three colors (red, green or blue) to match your home color scheme. Swift's Cleanser is so fine and smooth it actually polishes as it cleans. Swift's Cleanser was developed in the research laboratories of Swift & Company to be the modern cleanser for modern women to use in the home of today and tomorrow.



THE ART OF GETTING

Sparkling Floors For less Money!

Easy-to-Use A-Penn Gives That "Picture Book" Sparkle In a Jiffy!

Save time . . . save money . . . save energy, and make your floors "pretty as a picture" with A-Penn Self-Polishing Floor Wax! Just spread it on . . . let dry. Make dull floors like new . . .

keep lovely floors at their very best! A-Penn waxes, polishes, brightens, preserves and beautifies in one easy operation. It's perfect for hardwood, linoleum or tile. Get A-Penn today!

REMEMBER, THERE'S NO BETTER FLOOR WAX THAN A-PENN AT ANY PRICE!

You Must Be Completely Satisfied That A-Penn Wax Does as Good a Job as Any Other Floor Wax Selling for Even 100% More . . . Or 3 Times Your Money Back!



"We need an extra table in the living room. Wonder if I could fix up this one?"



"A-Penn Furniture Polish sure does the trick . . . covers up those little scratches, too!"



"There—just like new! A-Penn not only polishes, but protects the wood as well!"



A-PENN FURNITURE POLISH

Cleans, preserves, polishes, dims scratches. Lemon Oil Polish for blond woods . . . Economy Polish for dark finishes.



A-penn products

ARE SOLD AT A&P STORES

More than 7,000,000 packages sold last year!