

SEPTEMBER, 1947

Woman's Day

5¢





Peter Pan is the smoothest peanut butter made . . .
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eating . . . never sticks to the roof of your mouth.
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Listen, Kids! Peter Pan presents "SKY KING" 5:15 P. M. Mon. thru Fri. ABC

Are You A Professional Joy-Killer?

by ANITA DANIEL

Some people are so "realistic" they spoil their own fun—and yours

YOU wear a new hat and you feel fine. You badly needed some uplift and there you go, pleased with your changed image reflected in the shop windows.

Bad luck—you meet your friend Gertrude. She is a fine person but, you don't know why, your spirits sink whenever you see her.

You talk about this and that, while she fixes on you a gaze of sympathy. "You look a bit tired," she says. "I suppose you've been working very hard lately. You

looked grand when I met you in that large-brimmed hat you wore last summer. These small hats are very smart, I know, but they are always a little dangerous when you don't look too well, aren't they?"

You feel miserable all of a sudden. Joy-killers are infallible, because everything they say is correct. They think of themselves as clear-minded, realistic people, but don't consider beauty or joy realities.

If your friend's boy tops his class in college and has been given an award, there's no denying the joy-killer's statement that very often brilliant scholars fail in life, while bad boys may turn out to be millionaires.

Got a good new job? Fine, but you never know how long it will last.

Your cold is so much better? That doesn't mean you can't have a relapse and then, you know, it's much worse.

It's wonderful that you can fly in about four hours from Los Angeles to New York, but that means the danger of ever more accidents.

It's nice and cool today? Well, that won't last long and very soon we are sure to have a heat wave—remember last September?

You can never contradict joy-killers, because theoretically they are never wrong. You can only try to avoid them. Avoid them like the flu.



THE FIRST TASTE TELLS YOU IT'S GOOD TO THE LAST DROP!

TRUST MAXWELL HOUSE to make a better INSTANT COFFEE!

1. It has the true coffee flavor and true coffee aroma you've looked for in instant coffees. And why shouldn't it have? It's all pure coffee . . . full-bodied, roaster-fresh coffee in instant form!

2. It's the world's most popular blend of coffee . . . made from your favorite Maxwell House blend! How could any other instant coffee taste so wonderful?

3. It's produced by coffee experts who have made coffee their sole profession for more than half a century . . . experts who really know the fine art of coffee blending. It's Instant Maxwell House, made instantly in the cup . . . and Good to the Last Drop!

A Product of General Foods

Thrift Tip! A jar of Instant Maxwell House makes fully as much as a pound of regular coffee. And you make only as much as you need. No leftover coffee . . . no grounds to throw away.



The Maxwell House Blend

No other Instant Coffee like it!

Woman's Day September Issue

Ensemble
with a modern
air!



NESCO
decorated
ware!

IT'S amazing how this charming Nesco "Petite" ensemble helps transform a humdrum kitchen into cheerful, sanitary "homemaking headquarters" for you.

It's a step-saver, too, because it keeps often-used staples handily in place. In addition to the containers shown above, there's a step-on garbage can, a soap flake holder, dust pans and waste baskets . . . all finished in the same charming pattern (red and silver on white) that harmonizes with any kitchen.

Nesco decorated ware is quality-built and remarkably easy to clean. Get a complete set at your dealer's today!

Nesco products include electric roasters, pressure pans, tinware, galvanized ware, decorated kitchen containers, electric beaters, oil ranges and beaters. Look for the Nesco label!



NATIONAL ENAMELING AND STAMPING CO.
270 N. 12th St., Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

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What goes on here

by PAYSON S. WILD, JR.

To assist you in formulating your own point of view on Palestine or to enable you to test your opinion in case your mind is made up, Professor Wild brings together the conflicting claims of the Jews (Zionists) and the Arabs and discusses them impartially



Last month I tried to explain the basic issues in the background of the Palestine question. As you know, a special United Nations Commission is scheduled to make a report to the General Assembly

later this month, and in this second installment I now want to probe more thoroughly into the arguments of the groups involved. In the course of the last thirty years the torrent of words, printed and oral, about Palestine has been almost limitless. One could literally write volumes about this tragic problem, but my aim is that of boiling down the contentions to those that seem of major importance. No attempt will be made to be definitive or to offer some magic formula for resolving all the problems.

The Arab Case

The Arabs maintain that Palestine is their country and that they do not want to be crowded out of territory which they consider to be rightfully theirs. Putting their case simply, they say that the Holy Land is their home. Why, they ask, should we make way for a flood of foreigners who want to occupy and then take charge of our own place?

To the Jewish historical claim that Palestine was once Jewish, the Arabs retort by saying that that was more than 2,000 years ago. Since then, for centuries, it has been Arab and if it became the custom to go around giving back territory to people who once inhabited it, there would be chaos. If the Jews should have Palestine, then why shouldn't the Indians take back the United States, the Poles most of central Europe and large slices of Russia, the Spaniards Latin America, the Negroes Africa and so on and so on. The way of the world, according to the Arabs, is that of giving title to the group in possession.

Pointing to the small size of Palestine

(about as big as Vermont) and to its arid and somewhat barren features, the Arabs say it just cannot support a huge population. With more than a million and a half people already, the place is crowded, they assert. To add all the refugee Jews who wish to come would produce an impossible situation, so the Arabs claim. This line of argument goes on to declare that the country is not rich enough in resources to provide a decent living for a large population and that already in about twenty-five years the numbers have grown two and a half times over.

If, say the Arabs, the United States had admitted as many Jews since 1920 in proportion to its population as has Palestine in the same period, forty million would have entered. How would Americans feel about that many new immigrants? Would *we* like it, ask the Arabs?

The Arabs concede that the Jews pay for the land they buy in the areas where Jewish purchases are permitted, but state that they take advantage of the poor Arab farmer and fleece him into the bargain. These propertyless peasants then jam into the towns or become homeless wanderers or public charges, according to the Arabs. Also, they say that the Jews move into business and into the professions, depriving many Arabs of a means of earning a living.

Concerning the Balfour declaration in 1917, the Arabs argue that they had a prior promise of independence (1915-1916) from the British and that, anyway, the Declaration only promised the Jews a "home" in Palestine, not the whole place or an independent Jewish Palestine. In other words, there were very definite restrictions on what the Zionists were offered by the British. A great controversy has, in fact, raged about that little preposition "in." Many Zionists think that "in Palestine" means the entire region, while the Arabs believe that "in" means "within"—a section of Palestine only.

If, continue the Arabs, the principles
[Continued on Page 121]

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1947 PACK OF
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Tabasco-Flavored
CATSUP
in its
brand new label!

Ritter
Tabasco[®] Flavored
CATSUP
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This year's fresh pack of Ritter Catsup wears the beautiful new label you'll be seeing on all Ritter foods. Look for it at your favorite food store. Ritter Tabasco-Flavored Catsup—the only Catsup in the world with the extra piquance of Tabasco. Ritter Whole Tomato Catsup, Regular Style, for you who like mild catsup.

FINE FOODS SINCE 1854
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Odds and Ends

This month we cleaned out all our trunks and gathered up the discards. Some of the scraps we found are accounted for in these make-overs



We made two patchwork aprons, one waist-tie and one bib-top, from bright scraps of cotton, salvaged from our sewing basket

A comfortable sports jacket came from the owner's wool sailor middy



A rayon necktie, too worn to use as-was, made a bow tie



A soft, feminine bed jacket was made from an old silk nightgown



A hand-woven sleeveless vest made a gay, warm sweater



A cap-sleeved suit blouse came from good parts of five dinner napkins



A too tight knitted pullover made a well-fitting cardigan

[Continued on Page 125]



DRIED BEANS, PEAS AND LENTILS

For Low-Cost Main Dishes

FRANKFURTERS WITH LENTILS (shown above)

Costs 90 cents (August 1947)

4 large servings *Woman's Day Kitchen*

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1-1/2 cups dried lentils | 1 pound frankfurters, sliced |
| 6 cups water | 2 cups chopped ripe tomatoes |
| 2 onions | 1/2 teaspoon sugar |
| 1 clove garlic | 1 bay leaf |
| 2 tablespoons fat | 6 peppercorns |
| 2 teaspoons salt | |
| 1/4 teaspoon pepper | |

Wash lentils and soak in water overnight. Simmer in soaking water until tender. There should be very little water left when lentils are done. Brown minced onion and garlic in fat; add remaining ingredients, simmer 40 minutes. Add lentils, heat and serve.

Mrs. William Curtis, Keene, N. H.

LIMA BEAN AND SPAGHETTI DINNER

Costs 52 cents (August 1947)

Serves 6 *Woman's Day Kitchen*

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 onion | 1/4 cup mayonnaise |
| 4 slices bacon | Salt and pepper |
| 2 cups cooked dried lima beans | Bread crumbs |
| 2 cups cooked spaghetti | Margarine |
| 1 can tomato soup | 1/2 cup grated cheese |

Brown diced onion and bacon, pouring off some fat; add lima beans, spaghetti, soup, mayonnaise and salt and pepper to taste. Pour into greased 2-quart casserole. Cover with bread crumbs, dot with margarine; sprinkle cheese over all. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., for 15 minutes until browned.

Mrs. Grace White, Ottawa, Kansas

DRIED PEAS AND ONIONS

Costs 19 cents (August 1947)

Serves 6 *Woman's Day Kitchen*

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 pound dried split or Scotch peas | 3 tablespoons fat |
| 5 cups water | 1 cup sliced onions |
| Salt and pepper | 1/4 teaspoon marjoram or thyme |

FOUND MONEY

Soak peas 2 hours in cold water. Add 1-1/2 teaspoons salt and 1/4 teaspoon pepper; cook until tender, about 45 minutes for split peas and 1-1/4 hours for Scotch peas. There should be very little water left when peas are done. Heat fat in heavy skillet; add onion and marjoram; cook slowly until lightly browned. Add peas and salt and pepper to taste. Simmer for 5 minutes. This dish is good with split peas, but is more attractive with whole peas.

CREAMED LIMA BEANS AND SALMON

Costs 66 cents (August 1947)

Serves 4 to 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

1/4 cup fat	2 egg yolks, grade B, beaten
1/4 cup flour	2 cups cooked, drained dried lima beans
2 cups milk	1 can pink salmon
1 teaspoon salt	
1/4 teaspoon pepper	

Melt fat in top of double boiler, add flour. Add milk gradually, cook over boiling water until thickened, stirring occasionally. Add salt and pepper. Pour gradually over egg yolks, return to top of double boiler and cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Add lima beans and undrained salmon. Heat thoroughly. Serve on toast or biscuits.

Verna L. Hoagland, Shamokin, Pa.

SPICY LENTILS WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Costs 33 cents (August 1947)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

1 cup dried lentils	1/4 teaspoon powdered mace
3 cups water	Salt and pepper
1 bay leaf	1-1/2 cups well-seasoned tomato sauce
3 sprigs parsley	
1 onion, chopped	
3 tablespoons fat	
1 cup cooked rice	

Wash lentils and soak in water overnight; do not drain. Add bay leaf and parsley, cook until tender, about 1 hour. Brown onion in fat, add lentils, rice, mace and salt and pepper to taste. Heat thoroughly. Serve with sauce.

Myra Tourneau, N. Brookfield, Mass.

CONTEST—APPLE RECIPES

We're offering twelve \$5.00 prizes for apple recipes which will be printed in the November issue of Woman's Day. Naturally we can't give a prize for ordinary apple pie, brown Betty, etc. Send one or more of your unusually good apple recipes to Food Contest Editor, Woman's Day, 19 W. 44th St., New York 18, N. Y. Prizes will be awarded for recipes considered best in the opinion of the judges. Mail your entry before September 15th; please print or type your name and address and don't forget to say "I authorize you to use my material."

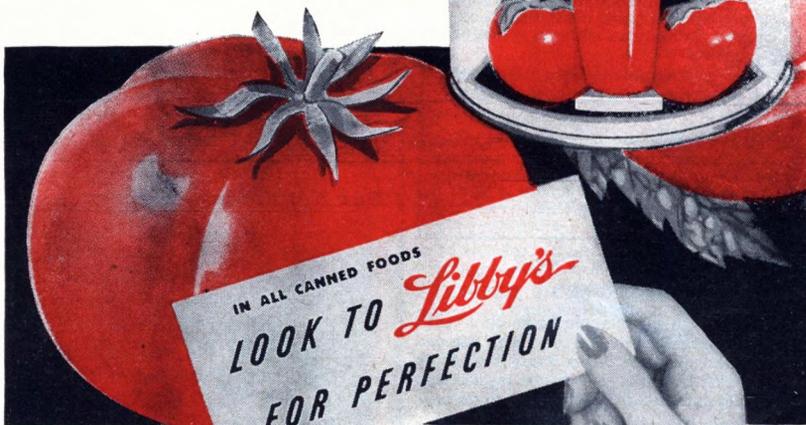
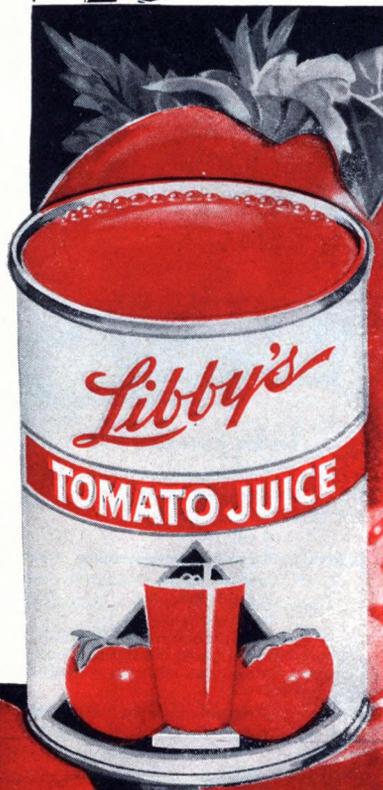


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*** RICH IN VITAMINS**



IT'S AMERICA'S FAVORITE BRAND!

**FOR FLUFFIER
CHIFFON PIES**

**USE PURE,
UNFLAVORED**

**KNOX
Gelatine**



LEMON CHIFFON PIE

Softener: 1 envelope Knox Gelatine
in: ¼ cup cold water

Let this stand. Beat slightly:
3 egg yolks

Add: 1 cup light corn syrup or
¾ cup sugar
½ cup lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt

Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until custard coats the spoon. Remove from heat. Stir in gelatine until dissolved.

Add: 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
Let cool until mixture begins to thicken.

Beat until stiff:
3 egg whites

Fold egg whites into custard. Pour into pie shell and chill. Sprinkle with chopped nuts before serving.

**EVER TRY A KNOX
EASY-TO-DO FRESH FRUIT DESSERT?**

What a difference when you make up a "jell" dessert with real fruits, flavored with the delicious, natural juices. Try a Knox fresh fruit dessert. See if you'll ever again be content with imitation flavors. And so easy to do, too!

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**KNOX
GELATINE**



TENTH YEAR
TWELFTH ISSUE

WOMAN

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

Our Contributors

Almost all of this month's writers are well known to Woman's Day readers but *Jean Hersey* is a pleasing newcomer. Her "Lend Me Your Heart" (page 27) is one of a collection soon to be published in book form (Prentice-Hall) under the title *Half Way to Heaven*. The tales all have to do with the trip the author took to Guatemala with her friend Gertrude, whose heart plays the title role in the piece we publish this month. Mrs. Hersey writes us: "I am married and have three children, Joan age 19, Bob age 16 and Tim age 14. I resolved if and when I had a family I would take each child on a trip when he or she was about seventeen. Joan at seventeen was in on one of my Guatemala trips. Bob's turn comes up this summer when he and I take off for Central America. Tim's turn will also come." . . . A call has come from the transcribers of stories into Braille for the blind for more Gerrity stories. *Catherine Noonan* ("Good Neighbor Gerrity," pages 40-41) appears to be just as much a favorite with the blind as with the seeing. Another special request was for Martha Gwinn Kiser's "Business As Usual" which appeared in Woman's Day, October 1945.



Jean Hersey

Cover Talk

Of the six Martha-Mary chapels built by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford as a perpetual tribute to their mothers, Mary Ford and Martha Bryant, the chapel illustrated on this month's cover is considered the most dramatic. It is on the Wayside Inn estate at South Sudbury, Massachusetts, and is visible for miles to those who travel along the Boston Post Road.

Dividends

A friend of ours who is normally of the forgive-and-forget school decided it was high time to take steps about the way her party napkins get carried away by departing guests who mistake them for handkerchiefs. She missed two of her best ones after a recent party, and sent a tactful note to the ten or twelve guests who'd been present. In a surprisingly few days she received her two napkins—and five others not her own. We can't help speculating on how it would work with other things—silver maybe or even cars. Definitely, she's hit on something.



Our Neighbors

Usually the material which appears in Woman's Day has been through its fair share of discussion if not downright argument before it reaches the light of print. The fact that it is published does not mean unanimity . . . merely that the pros have outnumbered the cons or have won them over. But this month there is a feature which has had no dissenting voice—no member of the staff has had to be convinced on the seven pages of our Neighbor Department (pages 8 through 15). We are holding our breath until we know if it strikes you that way. We showed an advance copy to *E. B. White* and this is what it means to him.

I took most of last winter off. Instead of going to work in the morning, I used to go out to the United Nations on Long Island and kibitz in the council chambers. There I saw a terrifying scene: I saw not people creating a community but nations moving their pawns. Each morning I watched the curtain go

'S DAY

"And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."
JAMES 3:18

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

up on the last act of the play nationalism. And I would stare grimly at the only world community that as yet exists—the community of fear. Each evening I would ride back on the train and read the blow-by-blow account of the peace. Of all the strange interludes in my life, it was, I guess, the strangest.

On the next few pages of this magazine, the editors have assembled fifty-four photographs—pictures of people who have been labeled your neighbors, your *neah geburs*, your near dwellers. They are the reality of the United Nations; the rest is fiction, fantasy. Look in their faces and you will discover nothing that differs in any essential respect from what you find in the faces of the people in the next yard. Here are the familiar countenances: the young, the middle-aged, the old; the gay, the solemn, and the sad; the poor and the well-disposed. Their nearness to you is a sudden thing—ominous, and perhaps catastrophic. The people in these fifty-four pictures are not your neighbors yet. They are merely very close, and (like you) ill at ease.

The accident of nearness does not in itself create true neighbors. Two people, friendly across a garden wall, can enjoy and cultivate their nearness only if they are joint stockholders in a political community and are without fear. Our modern dilemma is the fact of nearness-without-community, and it is an awful thing. It is the surpassing dilemma, the chill in the spine, the vibration of the cosmic string, rendering all national matters insignificant and to a large extent irrelevant. Resolve it and you will have automatically resolved most of the routine affairs that so fully occupy the thoughts of your statesmen.

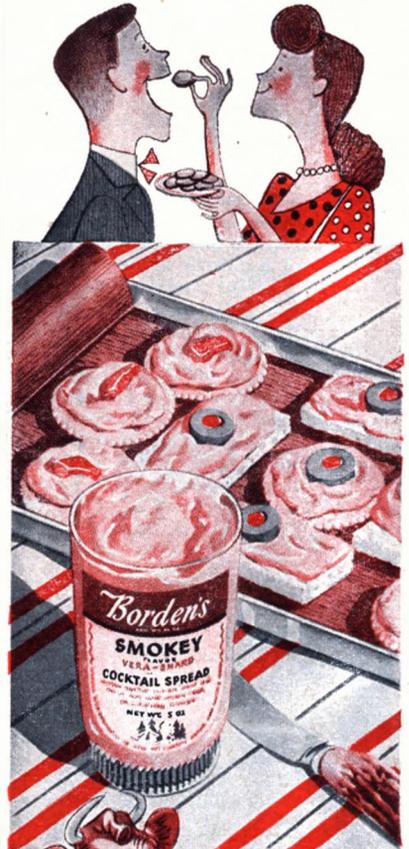
I believe in people and in common cause, and I know, as well as I know anything, that as this is written we are not making common cause but separate, ever more separate and fateful cause. A world community of trust must supplant a world community of fear. Today, foreign policy is an anachronism, yet our timid statesmen refuse to admit that. They ignore the anachronism and concentrate on the policy—and the policy grows stronger by the minute.

The people in these fifty-four photographs are no happier about this situation than are you and I. As people go they are good people, and as the modern crow flies they are near people. Almost to a man they want a peaceful world, yet each is a loyal member of an armed state. They, along with yourself, along with me, are in the last stages of the attempt to inherit the earth. And the process of inheriting the earth has been the process of war. The United States alone is prepared to bet billions of dollars, in arms and in training for young men, that this historic process will not be reversed.

I believe it can be reversed. It will take a miracle, but what's a miracle among friends? The miracle, in this case, will be when the United Nations quits being an agency of nations and starts being a government of people. This is not likely, but it is possible. Always remember that it is possible. Always remember that you are the person who will make it possible—you and your neighbors-to-be, you and the people that you will meet here today.

—E. B. WHITE

The snack that out-snacks 'em all!



Borden's *Smokey Flavor* Vera-Sharp Cocktail Spread is a nippy, zippy spread. It's made from sharp, aged Cheddar Cheese, well-seasoned with the flavor of hickory smoke.

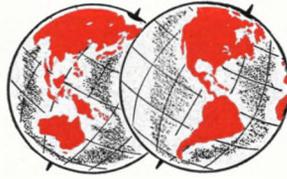
Spread it on crisp crackers or strips of toast for party canapés. It's wonderful, too, for between-meal snacks or evening refreshments. Bring on the glass jar and a plate of crackers and let folks spread their own!

Smokey Spread is just one of eight great varieties of cocktail spreads that Borden's makes. All come in handsome re-useable Swedish style glasses. Keep several kinds on hand.

© The Borden Company

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES

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



NEIGHBORS

Edited by DOROTHY BLAKE

IT is nearly ten years since the Neighbor Department first appeared in the January, 1938 issue of *Woman's Day*. In that time we have published letters and pictures of hundreds of our readers from all over the United States of America. Men, women, children, from cities and farms and small towns, have met through these pages. Peaceful years were with us, then war—the most terrible war in all history. Now we are working our way out of it and beginning the first steps toward the unity of peoples all over the world. And the Neighbor Department this month is devoted to pictures of people who are our neighbors in the other fifty-four nations with whom we have united in working, and praying, for a lasting peace and One World.



BOLIVIA

Norah del Carpio of La Paz finished high school at home, then went to Columbia, Lynchburg and Hunter Colleges. She has a sister in Scotland and one in Chile



BRAZIL

Lucia Braga, 19, of Rio de Janeiro is a troop captain of Federacao das Bandeirantes (Girl Scouts). Lives with her parents, two sisters and brother



AFGHANISTAN

In the capital city of Kabul there is much work to be done and many hands to do it. Mirzia Said, left, is a sweeper and Painda Khan is a gardener



AUSTRALIA

Mrs. Henry Klitzing thinks good cooks are made, not born. In her Gippsland, Victoria, kitchen she teaches her younger daughters, Nola and Gwenda, the art of baking



BYELORUSSIAN S.S.R.

Big bouquets of fresh spring lilacs, from the young ladies, are a most welcome gift to Vassili Loban who is chief tractor driver on this collective farm



ARGENTINA

The fragrant beauty of the jasmine in their front-door garden is the pride of Mr. and Mrs. Pascual Cresta, of Wilde, whose hobby is flower growing



BELGIUM

A brother and two sisters make a fine trio. Piet Bambust of Ghent is age 5, baby Mady 1½ and Annie, a grown-up 3½ who has gone to ballet school since she was 2



CANADA

High school in Montreal, summer camp counseling, and an interest in abstract paintings, still give Anthony Shine some time with his pal Shandy-Gaff

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)
WOMAN'S DAY



1. "What a question!"

SAID MRS. JONES



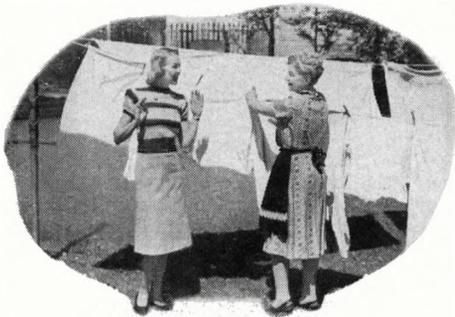
2. "Now you listen to me!"

EXCLAIMED MRS. MARTIN

3. AND MRS. STANTON SAID:

"Let me show you what I mean..."

"You must be tired of listening anyway, after hearing three of us Maytag owners rave—but how we love to talk about our Maytags! Imagine! *Millions** of us—so happy that we can't keep it to ourselves. Guess it's no wonder Maytag's the favorite, with all us boosters on the job. And now you skedaddle right over home for some dirty clothes, and you'll really see what I mean."



4. "Yes, I do see what you mean!"

"This settles the question of which washer I want. I can hardly wait to get my own Maytag. And I hope then somebody asks *me* what I think of it!"

* Right, Mrs. Stanton! Over 4½ million Maytags have been sold... far more than any other washer.



3 SIMPLE WAYS

ONE—Talk, personally or by 'phone, to any relatives, friends or neighbors who own Maytags.

TWO—If you don't know any Maytag owners, your nearby Maytag dealer will gladly furnish you with names of some.

THREE—If you prefer, write to The Maytag Company, Newton, Iowa, for names of owners in your community.

Maytag

IRONERS



HOME FREEZERS



DUTCH OVEN GAS RANGES



Imagine!
A DIAPER YOU
DON'T WASH...



Insert Diapers that you use once and throw away! What a work-saver for mothers! And so comfy for baby! A special cottony fabric* makes these insert diapers super-soft; layers of thirsty cellulose give great absorbency.

Waterproof pantie holds disposable insert diapers securely. Unique DISPOSIES pantie has snaps, not pins—fits baby snugly without binding. Made of soft, pliant plastic film.

Put them together—result—a perfect diaper that keeps baby comfortable, gives mother more time to enjoy baby.



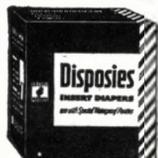
Thousands of mothers have discovered this wonderful diaper idea. Why don't you? You'll never use old-fashioned diaper methods once you've tried DISPOSIES. Panties and Insert Diapers come in two sizes.

*MASSLINN (trade-mark) Non-Woven Fabric

Disposies

**INSERT DIAPERS
and
WATERPROOF
PANTIES**

Chicopee Sales Corporation
47 Worth St., New York 13, N. Y.



CHILE

Their parents' ranch in Rancagua is home to Felipe Sanfuentes and his sister Denise (Loulou to her family and friends) who find plenty to keep them happy



CHINA

As the Japanese moved in, Chao-Yuan moved out. At 6 months he had traveled 2000 miles. Now settled down, still smiling, with his family in Peiping



COLOMBIA

Younger three of the six de Angulo children who live with their widowed mother in Bogota. Alfonso 16 and in Junior college, Adclaida a merry 8, and Maria 14



COSTA RICA

Mrs. Jean Pepin-Donat picks an orchid corsage in her back-yard garden near the airport of San José. She's equally successful at raising ducks and geese



CUBA

Senor Saturnino Ullivarri, managing partner in a sugar brokerage firm, on his handsome horse, "Titus," at his farm in the suburbs of Habana



CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Starting with Dr. George Kazar of Bratislava, we meet his daughter Nelli, his wife, his mother and his niece Mary Malinov whose husband is in the Czech army



DENMARK

The lovely custom of afternoon coffee is enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Lauritz Hansen, with their daughter Mrs. Elly Petersen, on the porch of her Copenhagen home



DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Senor Juan Alfonseca, an architect, his wife, Elisa and his sister Mercedes—all of Ciudad Trujillo. The Alfonsecas have one child, 3-year-old Laurita



ECUADOR

This gay *chola* or peasant costume is the masquerade dress of Mireya Gandara of Quito who, on ordinary days, likes nothing better than a good fast game of tennis



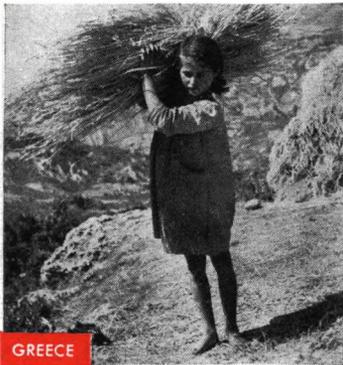
FRANCE

Artist Francis Augustin and his fiancée Micheline Souvay off for a grand day of painting, in the country near Paris, with a full pack and a good lunch



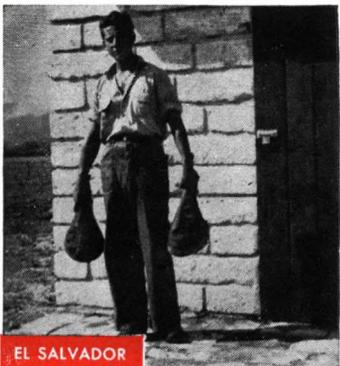
EGYPT

University of Cairo keeps Ahmet Ali, on the left, busy while his sister Nedret holds an office job and his brother Nazim prepares for high-school graduation



GREECE

In Panariti, Argyroula Dodou carries some of the wheat to the threshing floor while her four brothers and sisters do their share on the family farm



EL SALVADOR

Learning to smoke hams, like the two he is carrying, is part of the school training which Carlos Lopez, from Santa Ana, is taking to go into the dairy business



GUATEMALA

After his all-day job of recruiting labor for coffee picking, Anselmo Mendoza Garcia of Todos Santos takes time to visit with his small friend Carlos



ETHIOPIA

Abraham Forde, 12, and his brother Yosif, 13, just before taking part in a commencement play—a serious business—at their school in Addis Ababa



HAITI

Mlle. Edith Pouget, 18, of Cap Haitien has just finished a high-school business course. She, two older brothers and her sister were brought up by their aunt



When your stomach is **UPSET** take something **SOOTHING!**



Never add to the upset by taking over-doses of antacids or harsh physics. An upset stomach requires gentle treatment... take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.

Not Antacid, Not Laxative

PEPTO-BISMOL is different. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls... thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

Three sizes at all druggists.

A Norwich Product



Pepto-Bismol
for **UPSET Stomach**
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

HANDY DANDIES



by

LAUREN BACALL

Starring in "DARK PASSAGE"

A Warner Bros. Picture

THIS IS HANDY! Serve delicious pretzels, straight or bent, with best-tasting Royal Crown Cola—it's a swell combination!

THIS IS DANDY! Take pretzel sticks and, using them as spears, top off each stick with a square of cheese or a piece of banana. Serve with RC—it's delicious! RC's economical too—you get two full glasses in each big bottle!

* * *

P. S. Grand to keep on hand is best-tasting Royal Crown Cola—'specially for unexpected guests or family snacks. Take a tip from Lauren Bacall: serve Royal Crown Cola! Try it! Say "RC for me!" That's the quick way to get a quick-up with a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!



(CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE)



HONDURAS

Law student, then student of animal husbandry in the U.S.A., Jose Blas Henriquez of Juticalpa now teaches dairying in the Escuela Agricola Panamericana



IRAQ

Dr. Malek Ghannam of Baghdad, left, first woman physician to be trained in Iraq and her sister Nazha who studied at Smith College and plans a career in journalism



ICELAND

In the capital city, Reykjavik, lives Mrs. Anna Kristjansdóttir with her daughter Unnur and her son Kristján, medical student at the University of Iceland



LEBANON

The four children of Mrs. Souad Mira Osseiran, Zahra 6, Ifaf 5, Abdallah 2, and Soma 4, play on a sunny windswept hilltop near the old city of Sidon



INDIA

Mrs. L. Bannerjee presides as principal at one of the oldest schools for girls in the Province of Bengal—the Victoria Institution in Calcutta



LIBERIA

Didweh Twe, a Kru tribesman, and daughter Nmona live in Monrovia. Mr. Twe treasures letters from Mark Twain who was his close friend while studying in America



IRAN

Mrs. Shoghi Ghadimi and her son Roshan of Teheran. Her husband studied architecture in Paris and now designs stations and other buildings for the Iranian Railway



LUXEMBOURG

Standing in summer sunshine, in Luxembourg City, is a long way from the concentration camp from which Mrs. Pauline Lieben, 72, was freed by the Russians



MEXICO

Little Lencha Torres, in Tepoxtlan, is as proud as her father of their beautiful orange tree which he developed by grafting sweet orange on his native sour one



NETHERLANDS

Here we meet Mrs. Kaptijn, Bernie 15 and Jaap 11, the family of Jan Kaptijn who, with his father, runs a factory making custard powder in Bergen, North Holland



NEW ZEALAND

Sailing near Auckland is all kinds of fun for schoolmaster Don Priestley, his wife Allona and their three children, Jenny 10, Nigel 3, and Diane 7



NICARAGUA

Mrs. Luisa de Patino and her two daughters, Maria Clemencia, left, and Maria Luisa at right. They live in Managua where Mr. Patino has a candy factory and farm



CLEANS ALUMINUM LIKE A FLASH!

Prized aluminum stays young—with S.O.S. to clean it after every using. So quick—so easy, too.

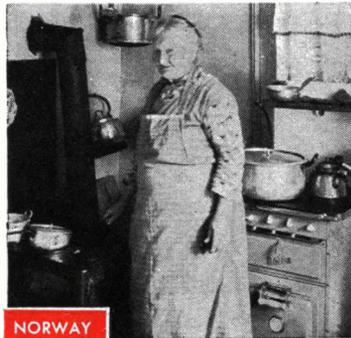
Just dip, rub, rinse.

Try S.O.S. yourself. The soap's right in the pad. No other pot cleanser needed!

CLEAN UP WITH **S.O.S.** —

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

IT'S EASY!



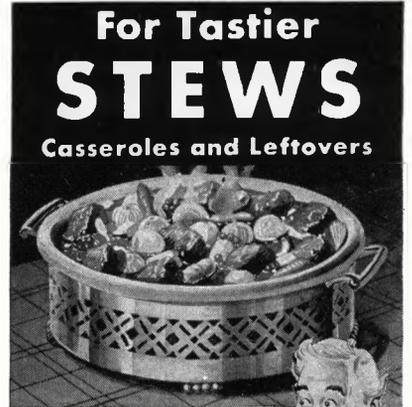
NORWAY

Mrs. Johanne Hagen invites many a passer-by into her home, on the King's Highway in Tangen, to share her fragrant coffee and the delicious cookies she bakes



PANAMA

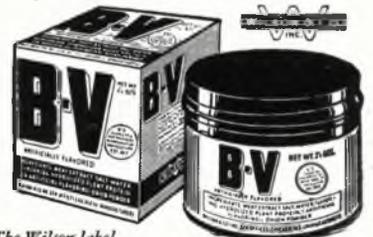
Mrs. Edward J. Henriquez, her son Edward Jr., and his cousin Carol Ann Gulledege, of Colon, in gala costume for the annual carnival held throughout Panama



by *George Reector*
Food Consultant to Wilson & Co.

Brown meat, salt slightly, cover with water and cook until tender, adding vegetables for last 45 minutes. Thicken and add Wilson's B-V to taste—from 1 to 2 tsp. per lb. of meat.

Super-taste . . . Wilson's B-V is a delicious blend of concentrated meat extract and selected vegetable flavors.



The Wilson label protects your table



PARAGUAY

At the Club Centenario, in Asuncion, Senora Maria Candia, left, and Senora Norma Behar are busy knitting for their children—a boy and girl in each family



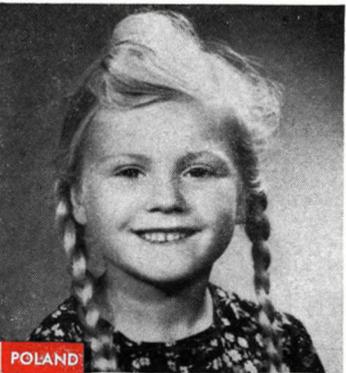
PERU

Elisa Alvarado, left, and her friend Maria Giraldo—both ambitious career girls—enjoy the quiet beauty of the woods, Bosque de Matamula, in Lima



PHILIPPINES

Year-old J. Karina Constantino in Manila is of the fifth generation to wear this exquisite christening dress and cap—first worn by her great-great grandmother



POLAND

Sunny 8-year-old Basia Sumowska lives in Mierzecin, in the district of Lubusk, with her mother, father and older brother, Krzysztof



SAUDI ARABIA

Said Alamri, one of the Royal Guard, at the Palace of His Majesty King Ibn Saud, in the capital city of Riyadh which lies between mountains and desert



SIAM

Over in Bangkok, 3-year-old Ad is a full-time job for his mother, Karani Sirivejkul, while his doctor father keeps very busy in his own important work



SWEDEN

Mr. and Mrs. Lukas Bonnier on a skiing holiday. Little daughter, Jacqueline, stayed in Stockholm, where her father is in the publishing business



SYRIA

At the bus station, in their home town of Damascus, Maha Howrani, 8, and her brother Rabie, 4, wait to see their father off on a trip across the desert to Baghdad



TURKEY

Mrs. Muyesser Cetin and her son Nuri, 5 live in Izmir, formerly known as Smyrna. Mrs. Cetin, 25, has served, for the past two years as a judge in a District Court



UKRAINIAN S.S.R.

On the lawn of their Kharkov home, Anna Sapsai, her husband Prokopi Vasilyevich and their son Ivan have supper, extra festive with a hand-crocheted cloth



UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

Capt. John Henry Wicht of the South African Army, and his bride Barbeta. They live at his post on Robben Island, off the coast near Capetown



UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS

Panteleimon Lozovoy, shift engineer at the Kuznetsk Iron and Steel Works in Stalinsk, likes to help out at bath time for his 10-months-old son



UNITED KINGDOM

Jeremy Russell, 3, lives in London with his mother, a fashion artist, and his father, a former RAF pilot now returned to his profession of electrotherapist



URUGUAY

In Montevideo, Mr. Hugo Grassi, associated with the Y.M.C.A., his wife and daughters—top left, Lila 15, right, Margaret 18, and twins Alice and Sylvia 6



VENEZUELA

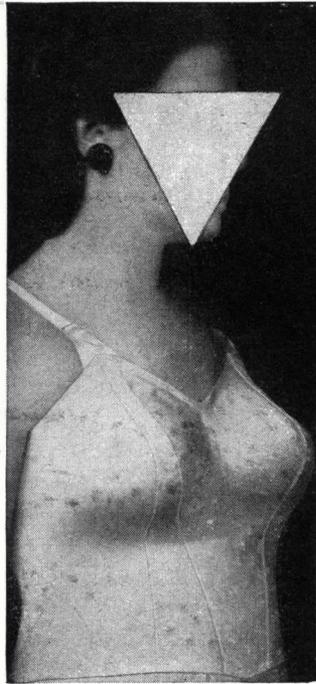
Senor and Senora Mariano Jimeno at home in La Salina, a little town just outside of Cabimas. Senor Jimeno is the personnel supervisor at an oil field



YUGOSLAVIA

Mrs. Anitsa Jagodich, of Celje, Slovenia. Her young doctor husband died in service a few weeks before the war's end. She has a job as cashier in a local store

"No one would know I had a Mastectomy"



Mastectomy patient wearing the Spencer Breast Support and Breast Form made especially for her.

IF SAGGING BREASTS ARE YOUR PROBLEM...

We shall design a Breast Support just for you to hold your breasts in a position to improve circulation and thus aid nature to restore tone to tissues. Healthy breasts are less likely to disease.

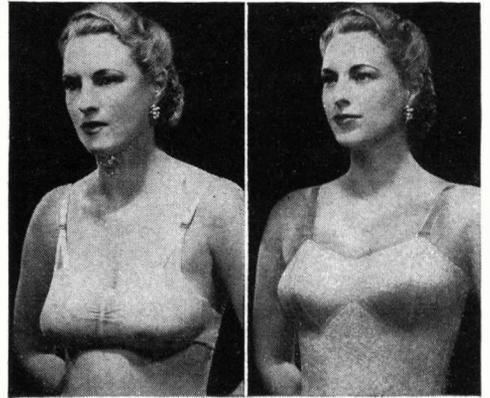
For Maternity and Nursing Wear, Too Spencer Designers create special breast supports for maternity and nursing wear. Yet they cost no more!

Spencer Designers Also Create Surgical-Medical Supports

For the many thousands of doctors who prescribe them, Spencer Designers create supports to meet the doctors' requirements for

MY SPENCER Breast Support and Breast Form have restored my normal appearance"

* Mastectomy is the doctors' term for a breast removal operation. Patients are grateful for the *natural*, smart effect of a Spencer Individually Designed Breast Support. Into the breast pocket is fitted a soft, light, porous, washable breast form, sculptured to an exact likeness of the natural breast. Each Spencer is created especially for the person who is to wear it.



In brassiere she was wearing In her Spencer Breast Support

such conditions as: back derangements and following spinal, abdominal or breast operation; dropped abdominal organs; movable kidney; maternity and after childbirth; certain hernia cases; heart conditions where abdominal support is helpful.

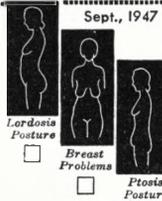
Send Coupon for Free Information

Send coupon below for fascinating booklet or ask any dealer in Spencer Supports to show you how a Spencer can help you. Spencer dealers are expert, specially trained corsetiers. Look in telephone book under "Spencer corsetiere" or "Spencer Support Shop."

Do You Want to Make Money

in a professional type of business? Experience not needed—we train you. Profitable—interesting.

Check here for information.



Sept., 1947

TO: ANNE SPENCER

SEND TODAY

Spencer, Incorporated

143 Derby Avenue, New Haven 7, Conn.

Please send your free booklet. I have marked my posture problem at left.

Name (Please print)

Street

City & State

Also made in Canada at Rock Island, Quebec.

SPENCER INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED SUPPORTS
FOR ABDOMEN, BACK AND BREASTS

LISTEN HERE

RADIO by JACK CLUETT



ILLUSTRATION BY LEONARD SHORTALL

Were you a bright little girl in 5th grade? . . .

Then you should be able to pick up a

\$5,000 nugget in radio's richest gold mine

THE fattest grab bag in radio history is, by all odds, Ralph Edwards' "Truth or Consequences." This program offers prizes of the greatest variety and over-all tonnage, and the contestant who drives off with less than a van-load of pots and pans, electrical appliances, furniture, pool tables, mattresses, dishes, haberdashery and silverware is to be pitied. When it comes to cold cash, however, Bristol-Myers is out front with its lucrative quiz show, "Break the Bank" (ABC, Friday, 9:00 p.m., EDT).

In twelve months the Bristol-Myers National Bank has paid cash dividends of \$72,900 to 217 contestants for an average take of \$335.94, a sum which, coupled with the polishing agent in their toothpaste, should augment "the smile of beauty" with no uncertain gleam. Forty-eight men won \$14,300, thirty-one women won \$6,170 and 138 couples drew down \$52,430, proving that two heads are better than one and that a smattering of grammar school education is worth substantially more than the information you can garner from a racing form.

The "bank" was broken twenty times in fifty-two weeks by thirteen couples, six men and one woman for an average of \$2,227. Top money of \$5,790—the all-time high cash amount ever won

on a radio program—went to ex-Air Corps Pilot and Mrs. Charles Rogers who gave the last line of the poem "A visit from St. Nicholas." Their answer was "Merry Christmas to all and to all a good-night." The correct wording is "Happy Christmas to all, etc.," but whereas a ten per cent error might easily prove disastrous in the Air Force, in a quiz show it's hardly worth mentioning. The Rogers' paid off a mortgage on their home and bought a new car with their stake.

BECAUSE Mr. and Mrs. Jack Weiss of Chicago knew that Lake Maracaibo was in Venezuela they were handed the tidy sum of \$5,220. I had the same question in fifth grade and got nothing but a conciliatory nod from Miss Brooks, my teacher, for coming up with the correct answer, proving that education thirty-five years ago was a financial flop.

A waitress saw \$2,200 slip through her fingers because she didn't know what a scone was. An airline hostess passed up \$3,200 by failing to identify General Billy Mitchell. A woman missed \$4,250 when she couldn't name St. Peter's in Rome as the world's largest cathedral. Another \$4,250 fluff was not knowing that the tower and ball-like structures

which identified the New York World's Fair in 1939 were called the Trylon and Perisphere. But a farmer dug up \$1,050 by naming David Lilienthal the then chairman of the TVA, and an insurance man banked \$1,070 by placing 1927 as the year Babe Ruth hit a record-breaking total of sixty home runs. It's nice work if you can get it, and the hours are short.

The Federal Reserve Bank may have more elaborate methods of protecting its cash reserves than this Bristol-Myers financial institution but certainly none more ingenious. Without benefit of burglar alarms, steel vaults, tear gas, armed guards and time locks, Bert Parks, emcee, and Bud Collyer, announcer, are charged with the job of seeing to it that professional "burglars" don't rifle their till. Professional contestants—those who make a business of haunting all quiz shows—must be weeded out in favor of first-timers and out-of-town visitors. Collyer is an old hand at audience participation shows and knows most of the professionals by sight. Some, however, use pretty ingenious and deceptive methods of unarmed robbery. For instance, one aspiring man came to the show masked and equipped with regulation burglar tools. As Collyer passed by his seat, the "burglar" grabbed him and

[Continued on Page 116]

TIME FOR NITEY NITE



Blossom-bright NITEY NITE SLEEPERS keep your darlings warm and well. Their "bootee" foot makes toes toasty. Their ribbed cuff hugs little wrists.

Sturdily tailored of soft, absorbent, cotton-knit, in one and two piece self-help styles, every seam is nine-thread sewn, every point of strain is reinforced. Gripper fasteners. Long to wear . . . easy to wash . . . NITEY NITE SLEEPERS in four gay blossom colors—Delphinium, Peachblossom, Buttercup, Aqua—now await your choice at leading stores.

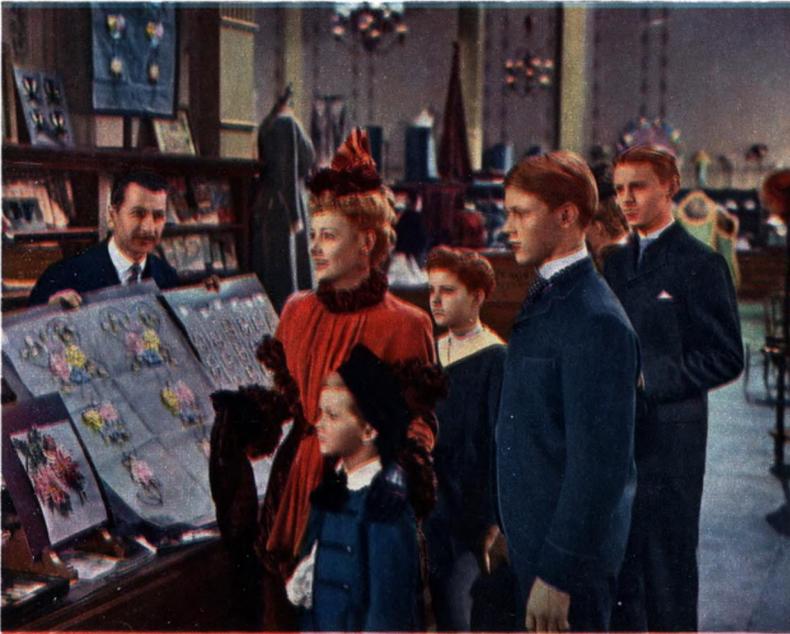
GLENDALE

KNITTING CORP., PERRY, NEW YORK

by SALLIE BELLE COX

THE HOLLYWOOD PICTURE

Now Hollywood, too, proves that the everyday life of a family—
with its simple happenings—can make high comedy



Irene Dunne, Derek Scott, Johnny Calkins, Martin Milner, Jimmy Lydon in "Life with Father"

IF a general alarm were sounded in Hollywood, and a conference called of all the powers in the picture-making business to discuss how to meet the challenge of the critics and denouncers who howl that American movies are almost solely concerned with sex, violence or psychoneurotics, the smartest decision they could arrive at would be to rush right out and produce a picture like LIFE WITH FATHER. That should be the perfect answer to anyone's doubts about the merit of entertainment in a picture about simple, everyday things and normal people. Would you think offhand—or would the frenzied story-idea boys—that the mere purchase of a silly china pug dog could be made into a hilarious sequence? Or that the presence of a rubber plant in a living room could provide quick laughter? And does it seem possible that a question of bap-

tism could motivate a plot and be developed into succeeding scenes of high comedy? Well, see "Life With Father" and find out. From the opening moment when you see a pair of trim carriage horses smartly high-stepping along Madison Avenue, in New York City, until the final shot of another carriage jauntily carrying Father to his inescapable doom—baptism—this gentle comedy which glorifies family life is continuously delightful. It has style, pace, color and robust humor. Father's mere entrance into a room is a matter of pomp and circumstance which somehow becomes convulsively funny with repetition.

He steams ponderously in and out of scenes, formidable as a dreadnaught with cannons ready to burst, his family apprehensively clustering about him like small nervous craft. Mother, sweetly feminine and addlebrained, holds him

in complete control. And that's the drama and suspense of this simple story of family life. Tender, nostalgic and realistic, it bubbles with vitality and constantly tickles the funny bone. What more could you ask in a picture?

William Powell is absolutely perfect as blustering, bombastic Father Day, roaring and striding about as though he never had heard of anything so suave and sophisticated as "The Thin Man." His is an amazing performance.

Irene Dunne is lovely, and enchantingly costumed as Mother Day. The rest of the cast—the four sons, Elizabeth Taylor, Edmund Gwenn, Zasu Pitts, and all the minor roles—is uniformly excellent.

THE backgrounds and costumes are marvels of taste and color, which harmonize exquisitely with the blazing carrot tops of all six members of the family. The publicity department has aptly termed the picture a "Symphony of Red-heads."

Father's theme song, especially written for the picture by Max Steiner, is cleverly woven into the action throughout, emphasizing Father's every mood, and heightening the effect of each individual sequence. Seldom has the music of a film been so perfectly synchronized with the action. It has the precision and buoyancy that distinguishes Walt Disney cartoons.

American family life of today needs to be revitalized, according to religious leaders and psychiatrists, and after seeing "Life With Father" it is easy to believe that one need never step outside the home to find excitement and fun.

[Continued on Page 20]



Robert Young, Susan Hayward, Jane Greer star together in "They Won't Believe Me"



Robert Cummings, Brian Donlevy, Marjorie Reynolds in "Heaven Only Knows"



Picnic with a trick!

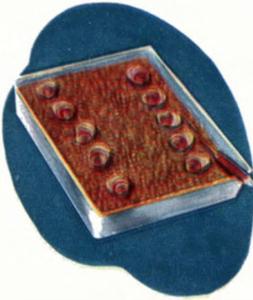
The real trick of a good picnic is to provide eatments that not only look good but that also *taste* good and supply good *nutritional* values. Well—that's not always easy! For raw foods can lose flavors, as well as vitamins, in transit from farm to market, in storage, and in ordinary home preparation. The trick is to depend on *canned* foods—because you can *count* on their flavors and nutritive values. Each steel-and-tin can is really a miniature "pressure cooker" that captures and holds natural flavors and nutrients.

*For scientific facts on vitamins in canned foods, see Oct., 1946 issue of "Journal of Nutrition"

Speed luncheon meat, tongue, chicken, Vienna sausages, deviled ham, baked beans, tomato juice, crackers, olives, pickles, nuts, hard candies, cookies, coffee, milk . . . and they all come to you in cans!

"Variety is the Spice of Life"

Just think of the wide variety of delicious foods you buy in cans to gladden your daily menus! Vegetables, fruits, juices, soups, fish and meat products. Why, it's like owning a modern farm, ranch and fishery—all in one—to keep a cupboard well stocked with assorted canned goods!



"Convenience" is the Word for It

Yes, canned foods are so convenient to use that they deserve a word of their own! All the bothersome, tedious work of preparation is done for you. And this "convenience" starts right at the grocery store—for cans are light and easy to carry—as well as easy to store, easy to open, and easy to dispose of!



"Ambrosia Beans"

Line the bottom of a shallow roasting pan with wispy slices of onion. Cover with two cans of canned baked beans mixed with three-fourths of a cup of strong black coffee. Heat thoroughly in moderate oven—or over picnic fire. Top with crisp bacon curls.



FOODS YOU BUY IN CANS ARE
SAFE from dirt, germs, odors.
SAFE from air, light, moisture
SAFE even after a can is opened—because, in the canning process, both the can and its contents are sterilized. Simply cover the top and place in the refrigerator.

No other container protects like the can!

CAN MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK

THE HOLLYWOOD PICTURE

[Continued from Page 18]

THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME (RKO). A well-conceived plot and character study of a man with a weakness and irresistible charm for women. Two of the three women infatuated with him die and, although innocent, he is tried for the murder of one of them. Robert Young is fine as the charming weakling, and Rita Johnson is very smooth and subtle as the clever, domineering wife who is too wise for her own good. Susan Hayward is so expertly brazen and provocative as a predatory hussy that uneasy wives will probably drag their husbands out of the theater before the picture ends.

LIVING IN A BIG WAY (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). A good story idea—that of a veteran stripped of his shining raiment and glory, returning to his wealthy and pampered war bride—has been badly mishandled. The wife, Marie McDonald, is so impossibly snobbish and unattractive that it is irritating rather than amusing to see a nice guy like Gene Kelly trying to regain her affections. Spring Byington has a few excruciatingly funny moments on a witness stand and Gene Kelly, glistening with charm, does a wonderful dance with a dog and a statue. But they ought to do better by him.

THE ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) with Van Johnson, Thomas Mitchell, Janet Leigh and Selena Royle. The backwoods of Missouri in the struggles, poverty, and bitterness of the Reconstruction Period following the Civil War. Hooded, mounted night raiders, barn-burning and general all-around feuding among the neighbors seem like childish, malicious Halloween pranks in this day of world-wide adjustment. Thomas Mitchell does give an excellent performance as a Missouri farmer but the hatred of the Southerner for the "No'the'ner" seems deplorable rather than dramatic. And Van Johnson, for all his sincere efforts, is unconvincing as the rugged sort of guy who builds barns practically singlehanded, improvises water supplies, plants crops and teaches school when there's nothing else to do. Oh yes, he also plays the harmonica. He seems, however, more like a fugitive from the year 1947 than the Union Army.

DESERT FURY (Paramount). Mary Astor is a self-made woman, a power in the town, who runs a gambling joint. She also tries to run her headstrong daughter, Elizabeth Scott, which is more of a job, especially when a handsome no-good tough gambler, John Hodiak, [Continued on Page 82]



BABY'S FIRST FRIEND

A lovable, huggable pup — perfect pal and bodyguard. And like all baby's things, the puppy was selected with care—for nothing's left to chance where baby is concerned.

That's why White House Milk is mother's first thought for infant feeding. It's approved by her doctor because of its creamy richness, easy digestibility and its generous amounts of pure vitamin D₃. White House Milk is ideal for your baby, perfect for your family.

WHITE HOUSE MILK

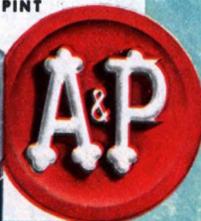
There's None Better

400 U.S.P. UNITS OF PURE VITAMIN D₃ PER PINT

SOLD AND GUARANTEED*
BY A&P

*Mother's first thought
for infant feeding!*

*SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED
OR MONEY BACK



NOT CONNECTED WITH
ANY COMPANY USING A
SIMILAR NAME OR BRAND

BETTER MEALS -AND HOW!

by
Virginia Coates



Thirty days hath September—that means back to school for the youngsters and the start of fall activities for grown-ups. For lunch box or buffet supper, good sandwiches are a "must"! Give them all tasty, lively flavor with Durkee's Dressing. Mix it with the spread or add it directly to sandwich filling.

Try it with cottage cheese and chives, hard-boiled eggs and watercress, lobster meat and cucumbers, thinly-sliced raw mushrooms, cold chicken, chopped ham with sliced olives, tunafish and sweet pickle, or any other savory filling!

• • •
Sugar 'n' spice and everything nice—that's what cookies are made of! Make 'em specially good with Durkee's Margarine. Excellent for baking and so economical! And here's a recipe for old-time Swedish Ice Box Cookies—delicate, crunchy, delicious!

Swedish Ice Box Cookies

- 1/2 cup Durkee's Margarine
- 1 egg, well-beaten
- 2 tbsp. Durkee's Caraway Seeds

- 3/4 cup confectioners' sugar
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 cup chopped nuts

Cream Margarine and add confectioners' sugar slowly, blending well until light. Add beaten egg and vanilla and stir in. Mix Caraway Seeds (if used) with flour and nuts and blend thoroughly into Margarine mixture. Form into roll. Wrap in waxed paper and chill in refrigerator. Slice thinly, cutting each slice in half to make a half-moon shape. Place on greased baking sheet and bake in oven 375°F for 12 to 15 minutes. Makes approximately 2 1/2 dozen cookies.



Give a new flavor to apple sauce with Durkee's Apple Pie Spice! It's a well-tested blend of cinnamon and other spices... perfectly balanced. Try this new spice blend in apple pies, baked apples and in all favorite apple dishes.

• • •
Write for booklet of other interesting recipes to Durkee Famous Foods, Elmhurst, Long Island, N. Y.

A tangy dressing with tempting ways!

Try Durkee's Dressing—rich and mellow as September sunshine! Enjoy its brisk, zesty flavor alone on meats, on fish, in salads; combine it with your pet salad dressing; add to sandwich-fillings. Made of a combination of rare spices, Durkee's is delightful!

**DRESS IT UP WITH
DURKEE'S DRESSING!**



© The Glidden Company



"New Freedom Gas Kitchen" . . . Clean, cool and space-saving — with its fold-up seats and sliding panels in the breakfast nook. But even more important are the many ways it saves you work! Saves shopping because a new Servel Gas refrigerator stores enough food for a week. Saves dishpan drudgery because a new

automatic Gas water-heater supplies enough hot water for a do-everything dishwasher. Saves cleaning — thanks to a special ventilating system that removes cooking vapors at their source. As for the greatest work-saver of all — just look at this new automatic Gas range! Make it the start of your "New Freedom Gas Kitchen," today.

10 reasons why it's America's easiest kitchen to cook in!

Here are just a few of the reasons why a new Gas range is the first thing to look for in this or any modern kitchen:

1. It's Automatic — Gas turns on and off by clock control. Cooks a complete oven meal when you're not even home!

2. It's Faster — high-boil heat available in a second!

3. It's Flexible — not just a few, but hundreds of top-burner heats!

4. It Bakes Better — ventilated oven browns "just right" all over!

5. It's Cleaner — burners are non-clog. Pan bottoms won't smudge!

6. It's Cooler — no long-lingering top-burner heat. Extra insulated all over!

7. It Really Broils — only the flame seals in juicy-rich flavor!

8. It's Exact — oven thermostat holds any heat from 250° to 550°!

9. It's Economical — costs less to buy and operate than any other new automatic range!

10. It's "CP" — Look for this seal. It's your buying guide to the best modern features in any Gas range!



GAS



The Wonder Flame that
Cools as well as Heats

Clip this out . . . and send with your name, address and 10¢ in coin or stamps for your copy of complete kitchen planning booklet "New Freedom Gas Kitchens."
AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION
Dept. W, 420 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

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How to be a Girl

by SUSAN BENNETT HOLMES

WE were never one for doing without. The spirit dies hard in us. The things you have to do without are far too divine. Like that white blouse with the Peter Pan collar and the pearl cuff links—you certainly can't spend that much money on something so dressy. Yet we believe in your having that. We see no reason why pillow shams with wide eyelet ruffles around them should remain forever in luxurious photographs of other people's bedrooms—but they come high. You have to get around what things like that cost and there is a way. You can make them yourself. Buy the material and attack it with a needle and thread.

This is something that never occurred to you, as it never used to, to us. Repairing the hem in your dress and shortening your slip straps are one thing but making yourself a blouse is insane. It wouldn't be insane for your mother to make something for you, though, would it? If only you knew how to sew, think of the possibilities. You could make yourself your best football dress!

In today's world it would be a waste of time and energy to make everything that is sewn. Nor would it be necessarily an economy. But all your life, in increasing numbers, there are going to be things you need and want which you couldn't otherwise have. Right now, they're cute, gay clothes for yourself.

We're going to give you something which we think would be fun for you to start on and very rewarding. It's something literally and figuratively made to order for you—something for you to begin as a real project. No pattern, no cutting, no absolute despair. The dress is semi-made and the work left by the manufacturers for you to do is something you can handle. We think it's a terrific idea. When you send your measurements to us and thence to them, they cut the dress out accordingly. They then do the expert tailoring. They join the shoulders, do the detail work on the front and back of the top and set

[Continued on Page 24]

Where do you go from here?

Have you given any thought yet to what you're going to do when you've finally squeaked through your last exams in High? We know it's a month of exam days off and you've plenty of other things hanging over you ere then but we don't want to see you get caught short in your plans. Going on to the state university, getting out and going to work, studying to be a writer or a painter—all these require preparation. It's a good idea to look into the requirements of anything you think you'd like to do, or of a number of possibilities, so that when the great day comes for you to crash the wide, wide world you've got that one year of science or two years of French needed, and can go on from there.

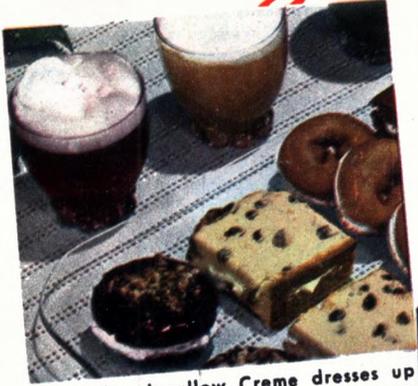


PHOTOGRAPH BY ZOGBAUM

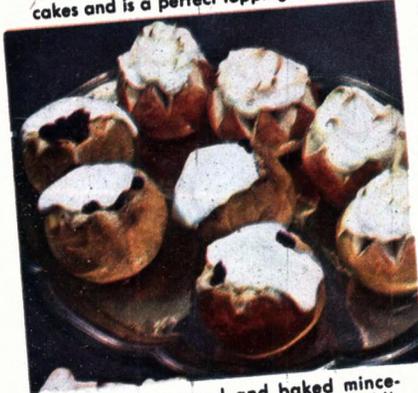


THE BEFORE AND AFTER
OF YOUR BEST FALL
DRESS! YOU BUY IT
SEMI-MADE, PUT
IT TOGETHER
AND IT COMES
OUT LIKE THIS

Easy AND Good



Kidd's Marshmallow Creme dresses up cakes and is a perfect topping for beverages.



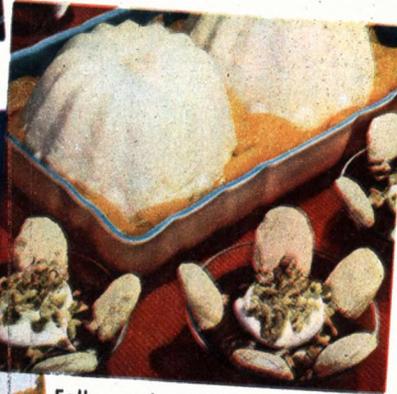
Meringue-topped and baked mince-meat-filled apples, served with Kidd's Marshmallow Creme.



Folks are bound to want your recipes for these chilled desserts.



It's difficult to believe how simple and inexpensive this pie is.



Kidd's Marshmallow Creme and sweet potatoes just naturally go together.

GUARANTEED TO BE THE BEST
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
AND AS ADVERTISED HEREIN

SEND FOR THIS



Get home-tested recipes for the above and dozens of other dishes — cakes, cake frostings, pies, chilled and frozen desserts, dessert salads, sandwiches, snacks, beverages, etc. All made with Kidd's Marshmallow Creme. And all available in 32 page, color-illustrated recipe booklet. Helpful, practical, fascinating. Yours for only 10¢. Send to **Kidd & Company, 2249 Calumet Avenue, Chicago 16, Illinois.**

HOW TO BE A GIRL

[Continued from Page 23]

in the collar. In the skirt the front and back seams are put in and the belt is finished. Then they mail it to you complete with a zipper for the side, shoulder pads, thread and instructions for going on from there. You fit the top onto the skirt at the right waistline for yourself, put in the shoulder pads, sew up the side seams and put in the zipper. Then you call your mother or grandmother and she helps you set in the sleeves, which are already gathered, and put on the cuffs.

This dress, which was designed by the manufacturers just for us, is made of all-wool jersey and comes in four different color combinations. You can have brown with an aqua or a gold yoke, or black with a bright red or a bright green one. The cost complete is \$7.95. The sizes run 9 to 17 or 10 to 18, and two inches are allowed for the hem. If, however, your dress must be longer than 44 inches, you will have to add \$1.00 to the cost. If you would like us to order the dress for you, fill in the chart below with your measurements, state the color combination you want and send \$7.95 by check, money order or registered mail to Susan Bennett Holmes, Woman's Day, 19 West 44 Street, New York 18, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address. The dress will be mailed to you, postage prepaid within two weeks. If for any reason you are dissatisfied, you may return it within five days and the full purchase price will be refunded. Needless to say, you cannot return it

[Continued on Page 79]

Give Actual Measurements Make No Allowances

	INCHES
Bust measurement, taken well over fullest part of breast.	
Waist measurement, taken at natural waistline.	
Hip measurement, taken at fullest part.	
Length of underarm sleeve from underarm seam to wrist.	
Length of dress from back center of neck to bottom of finished skirt.	
Length of dress from back center of neck to natural waistline.	
Length of dress from waistline to bottom of finished skirt.	
HEIGHT FT. INCHES WEIGHT LBS.	



MADE TO ORDER FOR FRIENDLY OCCASIONS...

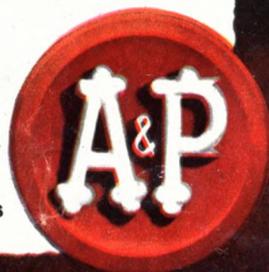
This salty "snack-size" loaf

There's no end to the dainty sandwiches you can make with Jane Parker Salted Party Rye... all in a jiffy, too! This grand little loaf with the tangy, salty flavor just glorifies all sorts of delicious spreads. Slice

thin... top with ham, cheese, meat and fish spreads... and in no time you have tempting party snacks. Be sure to ask for Jane Parker Salted Party Rye... the "snack-size" loaf for friendly occasions!



Jane Parker
Salted PARTY RYE



Guaranteed fresh... remember
when freshness fades, flavor fades.

AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES
Except on Pacific Coast

TWO secrets for scrumptious biscuits!



1st secret

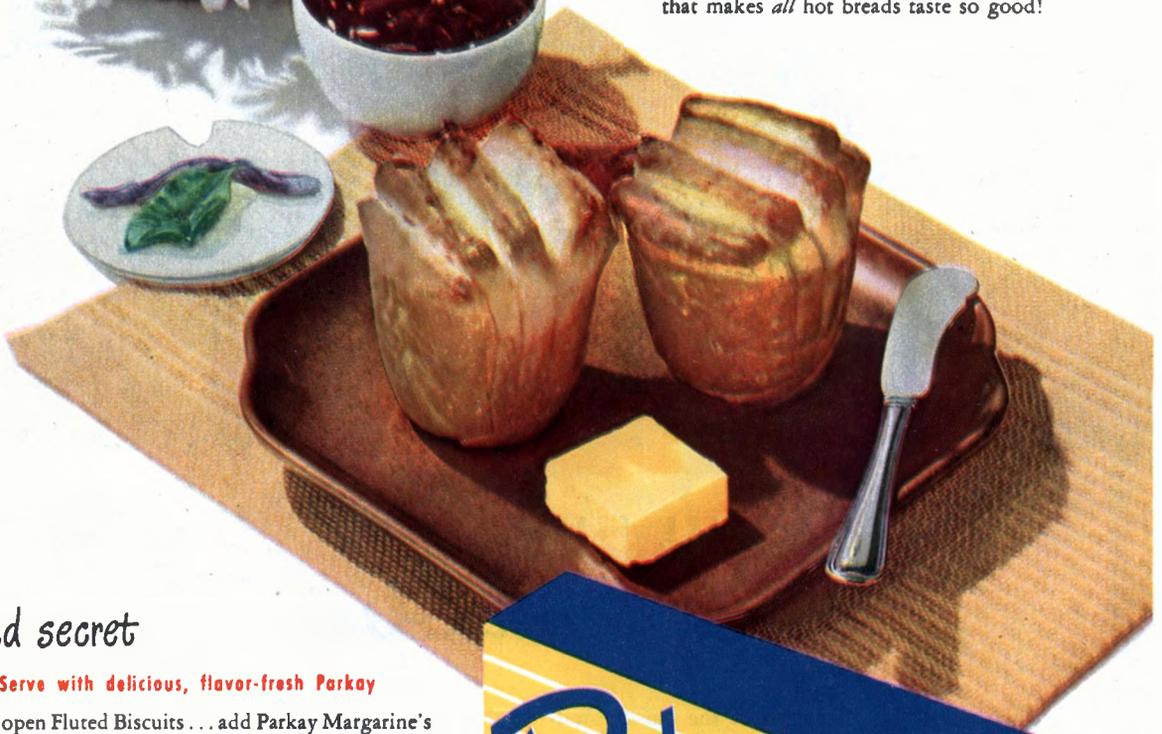
PARKAY recipe for Fluted Biscuits

2 cups of baking
powder biscuit mix

Parkay Margarine,
melted

Prepare dough with the biscuit mix. Roll $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. Cut in two-inch strips. Stack five strips, one on top of the other, spreading lightly between all strips with melted margarine. Cut in two-inch sections and place each, cut-edge down, into a well-greased custard cup. Bake 12 minutes in a hot oven, 425°

You're all set now for the second secret—the one that makes *all* hot breads taste so good!



2nd secret

Serve with delicious, flavor-fresh Parkay

Break open Fluted Biscuits . . . add Parkay Margarine's fresh, delicate flavor to each steaming, fragrant strip. That's when every morsel becomes a taste delight! Those choice products of America's farms, skillfully blended by Kraft, make Parkay the spread of choice in millions of homes. And remember—it's *no* secret that every pound of Parkay *always* contains 15,000 (U.S.P. XII) units of important Vitamin A.

Parkay is pure white when you buy it. To make it an appetizing yellow, simply add the certified coloring you get with each package. KRAFT FOODS COMPANY, Chicago 90, Illinois.

★ ★ ★ Tune in The Great Gildersleeve every Wednesday on NBC—8:30 P. M. Eastern Time. Broadcast again at 8:30 P. M. Pacific Time.



Made from products
of American farms

look first for PARKAY!

LEND ME YOUR HEART

BY JEAN HERSEY

THE NORTH AMERICAN SENORA
WAS OF A SICKNESS, BUT EL DOCTOR
WAS BUSY PLAYING TENNIS

THE BRUJO OF SOLOLA had predicted sickness. That was when he had arranged the beans for us. All through the Indian country in Guatemala the Brujo is a combination of consultant, priest, wise man and physician.

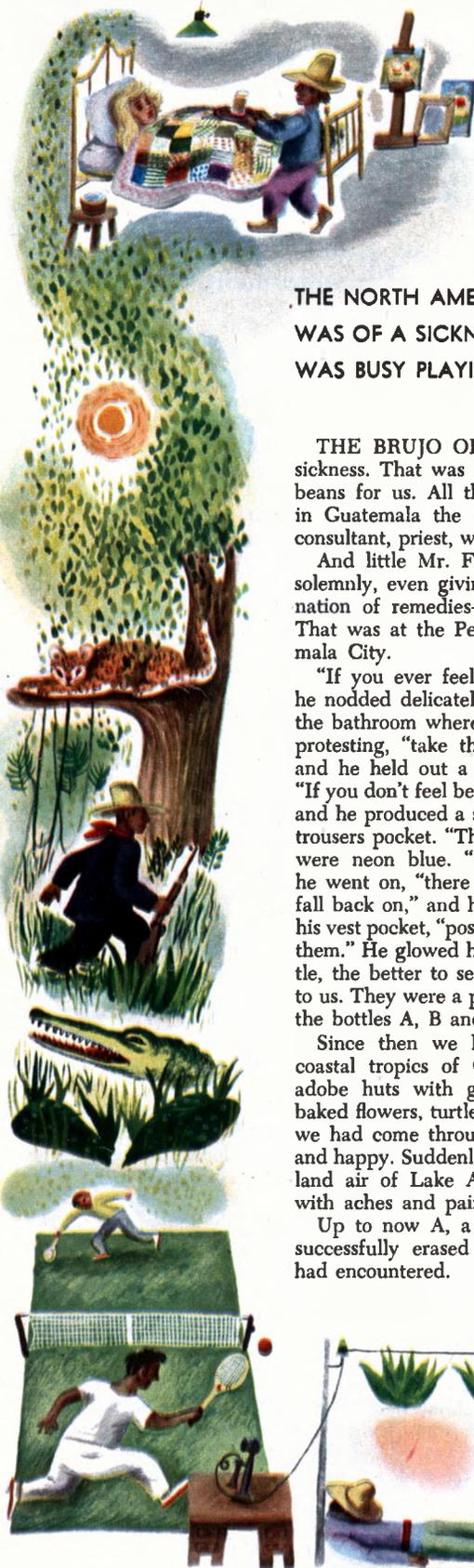
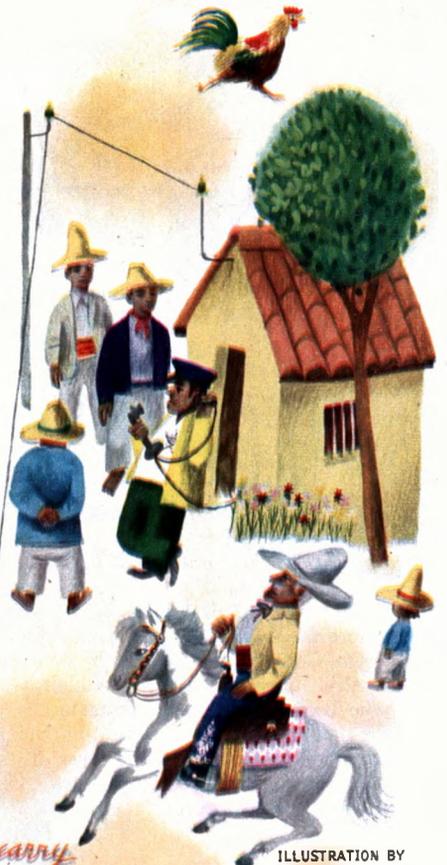
And little Mr. Fields had warned us most solemnly, even giving us his particular combination of remedies—the little bottles of pills. That was at the Pension Rodriguez in Guatemala City.

"If you ever feel peculiar, you know," and he nodded delicately down the porch towards the bathroom where the plumbing was always protesting, "take these. They're very gentle," and he held out a bottle of tan-colored pills. "If you don't feel better right away, take these," and he produced a second bottle from his back trousers pocket. "They are more potent." They were neon blue. "If your problems persist," he went on, "there are always these others to fall back on," and he drew a third bottle from his vest pocket, "positively no bacteria can resist them." He glowed happily as he shook the bottle, the better to see them before giving them to us. They were a passionate pink. We labeled the bottles A, B and C.

Since then we had traveled all over the coastal tropics of Guatemala. We'd slept in adobe huts with grass roofs, eaten tortillas, baked flowers, turtle eggs. By the grace of God we had come through everything hale, hearty and happy. Suddenly in the clear, healthy highland air of Lake Atitlan Gertrude was filled with aches and pains—alarmingly so.

Up to now A, a mild little tan pellet, had successfully erased the few disturbances we had encountered.

[Continued on Page 54]



SCARRY

ILLUSTRATION BY
RICHARD SCARRY

Mr. Stringer Passes Through

Carlinsville was attuned to leisure and could free a man's soul from torment and worry

HE AWOKE suddenly from the clutch of a hideous, half-remembered dream. Beneath him the steady, grinding roar was as relentless as ever.

He cowered against the plush, a shabby, little man with light-blue eyes and pale, thinning hair. In the dimness about him he could hear people snoring. How could they sleep? How could they, how could they!

His hands were shaking again. A night and a day and half another night the sound of the wheels had ground in his ears: "Come under—come under—come under!"

Come under and let us pass over you, and everything will

He walked swiftly into the shadows. The train hooted hoarsely and was gone, the sound of the wheels dying away.

How good the stillness was! How sharp and clean the air! He breathed it in great gulps like a man just rescued from drowning.

Now he was in the heart of town. A few street lamps burned along the deserted streets. In the middle of the square was a wooded park, and down among the trees was the pointed roof of a small building. He moved toward it cautiously and found it to be a bandstand.

He climbed the stairway. He rolled his coat up for a pillow and lay down on the platform. Just as he was drifting off to sleep, a rooster crowed a long way off. It reminded him of home.



He looked at Agnes. "Let's stop and have a soda," he said

be peaceful, everything will be quiet

If only it would stop for just a minute, a second . . . He sat forward. It was stopping. The train was slowing before the clustered lights of a station.

Oh, God-given relief! But the time would be so short . . .

All at once he knew he couldn't bear the sound of the wheels when they started again. In awkward haste he dragged his suitcase down from the rack overhead and stumbled down the aisle. He was off the train. The lights were in his eyes and the wooden station platform was hollow beneath his feet.

He awoke to bright daylight. Someone was unlocking the doors of the rest-rooms beneath him, and he lay motionless, hidden by the railing around the bandstand. As soon as the steps had gone away, he sat up. He felt chilly and stiff, but his nerves were pulled a little less taut and his hands had stopped shaking.

Down in the rest-room he washed his face and hands, ran a wet comb through his hair, and made a pass at shaving. Last night he had thought he could never eat again. Now he was hungry. It was the country air, he decided. The good country air . . .

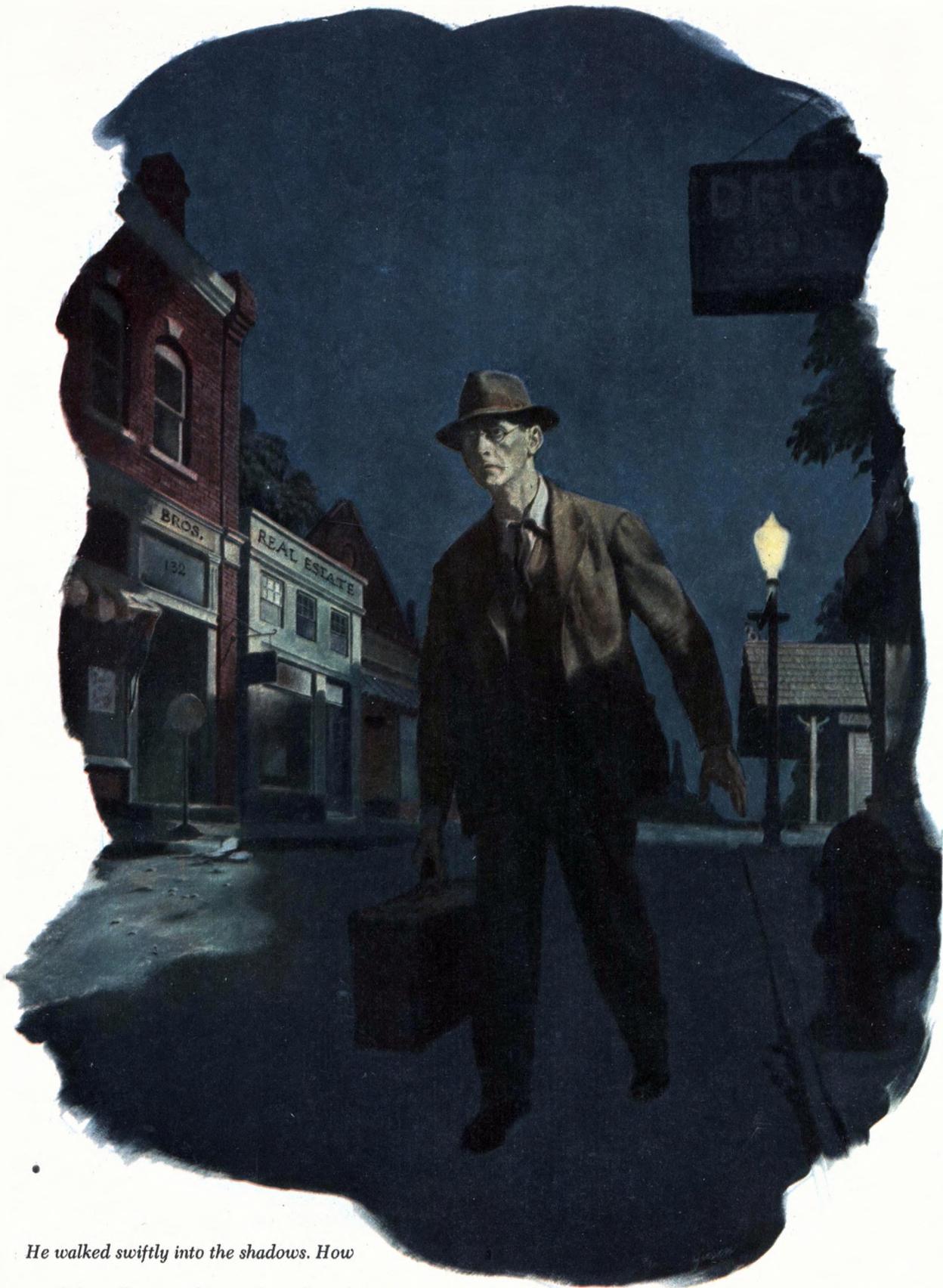
In the restaurant people stared at him. Friendly though their curiosity seemed to be, it made him uncomfortable, and he bolted his eggs and coffee and hurried out.

His funds were alarmingly low. He paused, fingering the unused half of the railway ticket in his pocket, then he started around the square, reading the

signs in the store fronts. Before one of them he stopped—the weathered sign that read: "Carlinsville News—The Biggest Little Paper in Central Iowa." Beneath it, in chipped gold leaf, was "Job Printing."

He stepped inside. A woman rose from a desk—the tidiest-looking woman he'd seen in a long while, he thought in a flash of approval. She was on the plumpish side, but her waist was neat. Her brown hair was neat, too, and he liked the way she wore it, in a thick bun on top of her head.

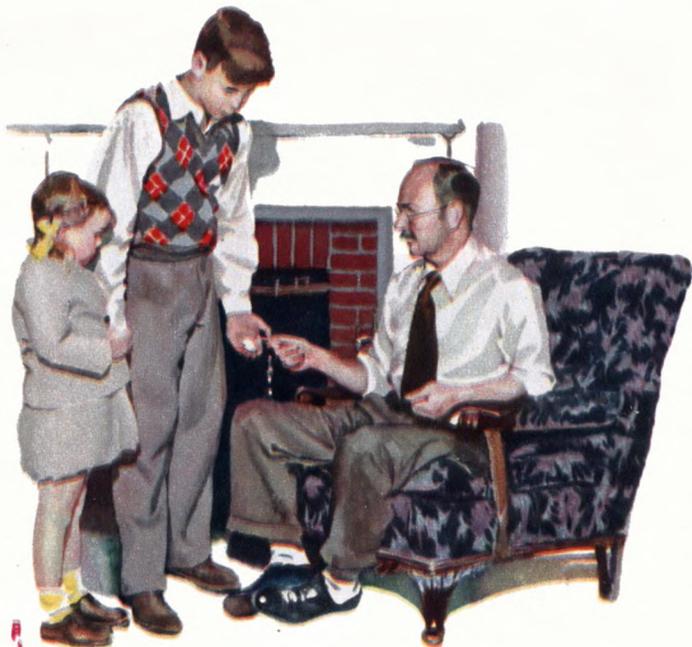
[Continued on Page 62]



*He walked swiftly into the shadows. How
good the stillness was! How clean the air!*

ILLUSTRATION BY
HERMAN GIESEN

SATURDAY MOVIE BY C.C. BEALL



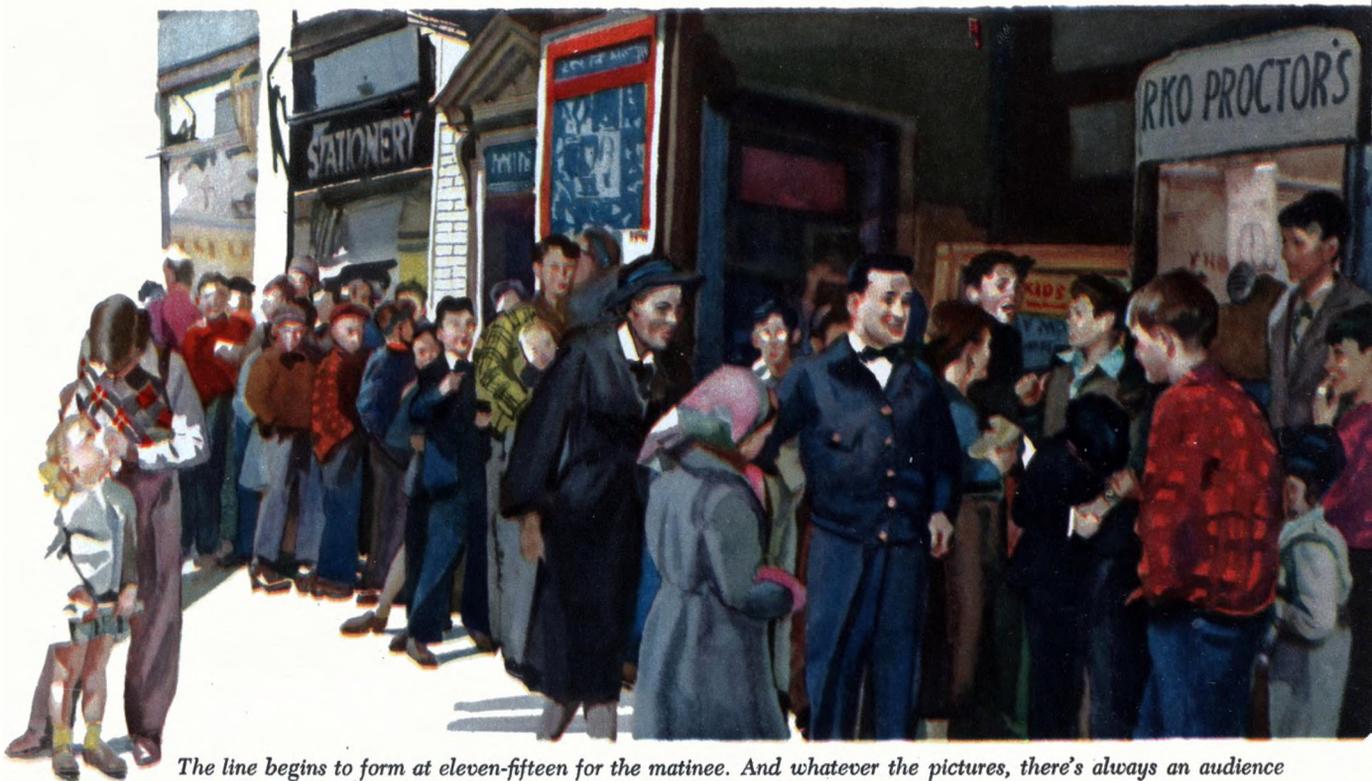
It takes the promise of an air rifle, plus expenses, to induce this twelve-year-old to take his baby sister to the movies

EVERY seven days it comes—the greatest quarter's worth of surfeit in the world. The top double feature of the week . . . four or five cartoon comedies—not to mention a detective picture of the Dick Tracy type. There's even the comic book, a gift of the management, to tide young eyes over the love scenes until the shooting starts again.

The candy counter gets as many nickels as there are kids. Making a choice is no trifling matter



Dick Tracy has his public breathless—cops and robbers done big-time style with virtue always paying off



The line begins to form at eleven-fifteen for the matinee. And whatever the pictures, there's always an audience

THESE TYPICAL SCENES WERE PAINTED IN NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK, BUT THEY COULD BE ALMOST ANYWHERE IN AMERICA ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON



A soda tops the day and mangles the appetite, but who ever heard of that stopping the young



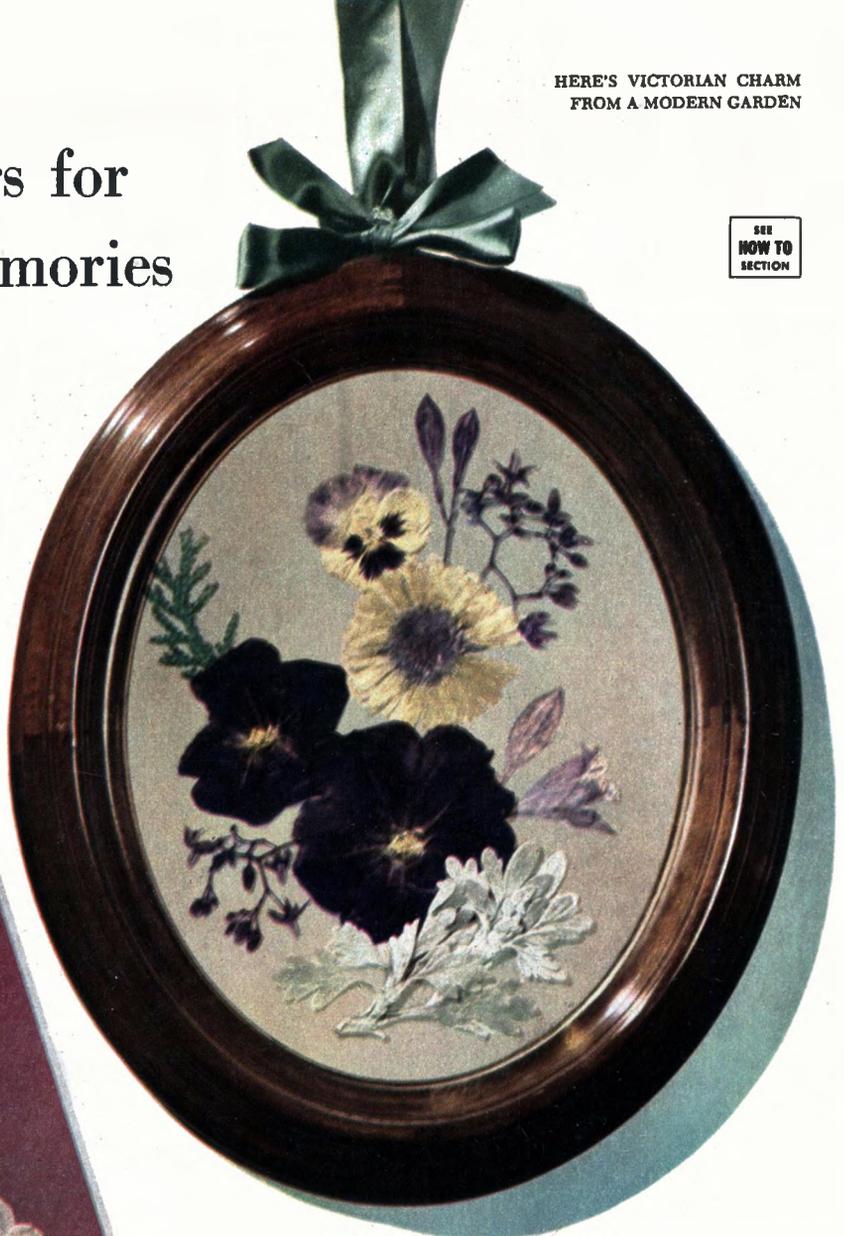
Leaving time is at five-fifty. The lucky ones have seen the whole show twice—nearly six hours of continuous performance. (Right) The action is not all confined to the screen



Today's flowers for tomorrow's memories

SEE
HOW TO
SECTION

A rose, perhaps from her first corsage, a spray from her bride's bouquet—the Victorian damsel pressed and cherished them as memories for the years ahead. And now Mrs. Charles A. Tonsor, of Kew Gardens, New York, who won the Gold Seal for her flower pictures at the International Flower Show in 1947, proves that we can all revive this art of yesterday. If you'd like to know how to make flower pictures—preserving the blossoms' clear natural colors—see the How To Section beginning on page 89.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOUSE OF COLOR

FRAGILE SPRAYS FROM A BRIDE'S BOUQUET

BUTTERFLY MADE FROM POPPY PETALS



SALLY SCARED-TO-DEATH

The tongue cleaves to the roof of the mouth, the throat swells shut, the hands are clammy. In spite of the most strenuous effort put forth by the interviewer to relax this frozen little bunny, the only result is a flood of tears. No matter how sorry the boss may feel for her, how can he hire her?



CHUCK CHATTERBOX

He's not quite so difficult for the interviewer as the scared-stiff-struck-dumb gal but his chances of landing that job are even slighter. For goodness sake, Chuck, give the man behind the desk an opportunity to ask a few questions.



HILDA HIGH-HAT

She is so sensitive that she is a little doubtful about associating with the hoi polloi of the business world. Or perhaps she says she has had innumerable offers of superior jobs at very fine salaries but is still looking for just what she wants. Possibly the very worst approach of all.

HOW NOT TO GET A JOB

by WINIFRED LENIHAN

There is no magic formula for job getting but employers do seem to agree on these Don'ts

"GO out," said the Editors of Woman's Day, "and find out what helps a youngster to get a job. Talk to employers and personnel directors. Get the low-down on what a beginner should do and what he should avoid in that important interview with a potential boss."

So I did. I listened to the hiring men in a broadcasting company, an air line, a newspaper office, a bank, an insurance company, an advertising agency, a magazine, a manufacturing firm and a department store. I was delighted with the assignment because I hoped to discover for my own uses some magic formula for job getting. Well, there isn't any.

Your background, temperament and character, manners and adaptability are evaluated, and frequently rated above special training or ability. In other words, it's what you are, the sum of your eighteen or twenty-three years of living that really counts with these skilled personnel people. Some of them have even had special training courses in psychology to enable them to size you up.

As we discussed the attitudes and personalities which made a favorable impression and those that set the interviewer's teeth on edge, a pattern of "Don'ts" evolved. Every one of them mentioned as pet peeves the overaggressive type and the superior one, the boy or girl who was too good for the job. One third to three-fourths of them regretted the other attitudes pictured here. So if you've been behaving like Chuck or Viola, read on. Maybe you'll get a few pointers.

P.S. Of course, everyone took it for granted that you know a well-groomed appearance and a clear, pleasant voice and speech are essential.

[Continued on Page 72]



BEN BLUFFING

First cousin to our superior souls. He thinks he can pretend to experience or qualifications he hasn't got and fool the personnel director. Oh me, oh my!



VIOLA VAGUE

No one is expected to be thoroughly familiar with a business but this poor chick hasn't taken the trouble to obtain the most obvious information about the company she's applying to. Of course she's set down as stupid, and more, the interviewer feels resentful.



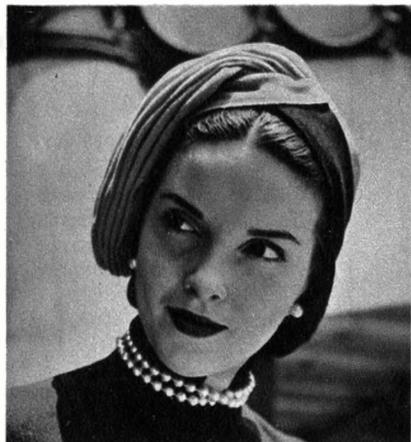
FRANK FUMBLER

This poor chap is afflicted with a milder form of the disease which congeals Sally. His mind goes blank when he's asked a direct question such as "What are your qualifications?" or "Tell me all about yourself." The stuttering stammering approach is not so keen.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LEONARD SHORTALL

Hats you can make yourself

KATHERINE LANITIS



1. New draped hat that fits like a turban.

It's of cloud pink wool crepe bordered on one side with black felt

Even if you're only an amateur with a needle, you can make any one of these ten hats. That goes for the brimmed one too (No. 8), which at first glance seems quite an undertaking. They've all been designed in soft wool fabrics so you won't have to go in for blocking or steaming. Just cut into the material (as the directions indicate), pin it here and there, try it on and take it off, fuss with it until you get it right for *you*. Then stitch it down, and add a dab or two of trimming. Now that the trend is again toward costume hats, you might try making one to match your outfit, from left-over pieces of a suit or dress. Or, the next time you go in for a bit of dressmaking, buy an extra half yard of fabric with this in mind. For directions, see the *How To* Section beginning on page 89.



2. Oriental headband makes a flattering frame for the face. Blue dots are woven on wine wool crepe



3. A brush feather gives a Scottish air to a crownless model of checked wool



5. A dress-up version of the stocking cap in beige wool crepe tipped with blue

4. Below, a helmet band that wraps around and ties in back. It's purple wool with turquoise ribbons



from \$125 to \$500

HATS CREATED BY GRACE PRATT



6. A giant beret does wonders for dark suits. Here is one in yellow and black stripe

7. A gay stocking cap in multicolor wool jersey for the very young



8. Perfect for casual suits is this large brimmed vagabond hat . . . bottle green with a brilliant yellow sash

9. A new kind of turban that's padded on top for width. Taupe wool jersey was draped over the pad

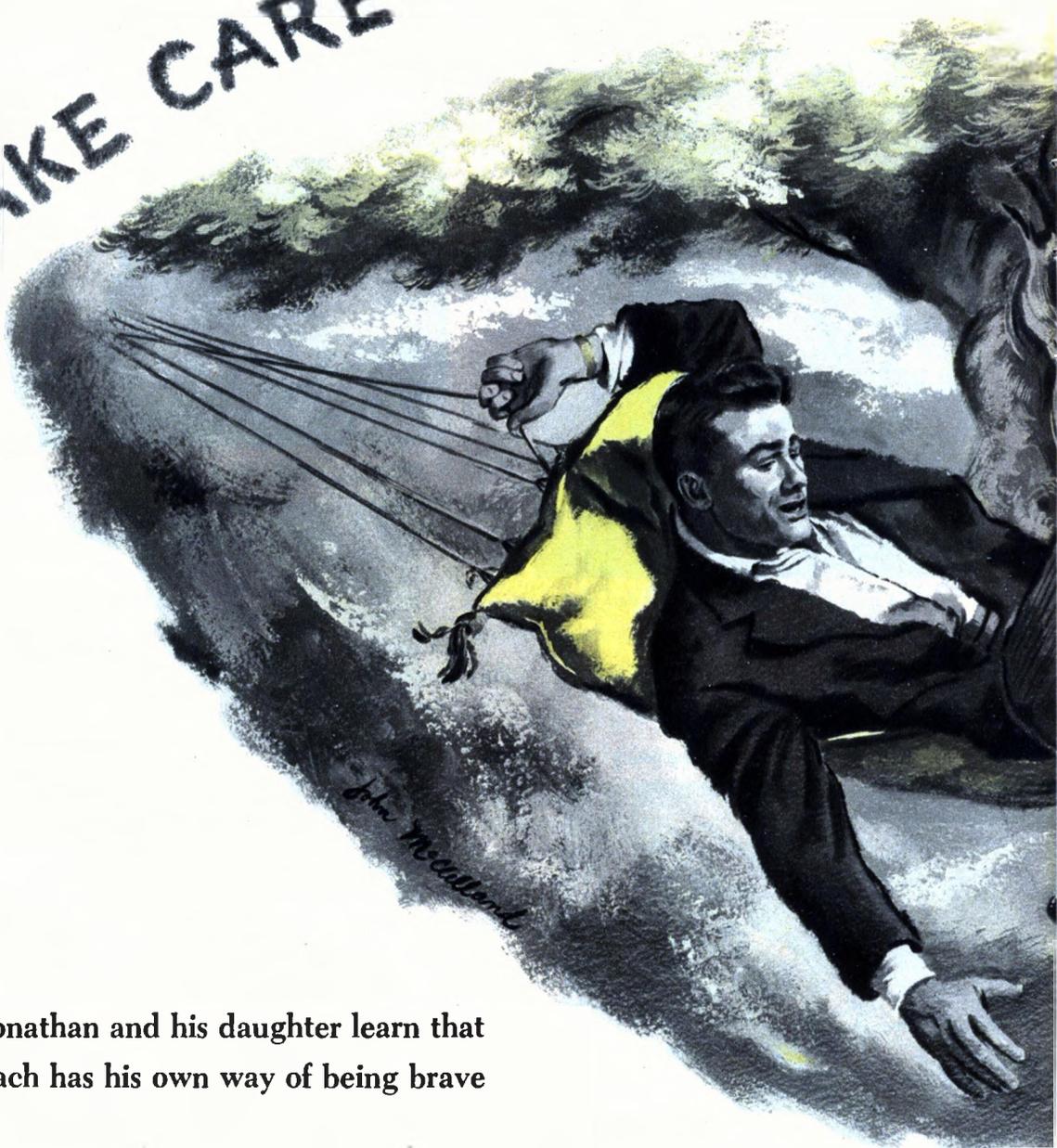


10. For your pompadour, gray roses of wool crepe mounted on a tiny crown



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAURIE VANCE

TAKE CARE OF SUSAN



Jonathan and his daughter learn that each has his own way of being brave

NONE of the symptoms was serious by itself, but all three added up to what is called a "syndrome," so that all together they might mean that Mama (Janice) was seriously sick without knowing it. The local doctor, in the small country town near the small township where the Higgins had their place, was unable to diagnose them definitely and Janice had been ordered to go to the city.

Jonathan would have liked to have gone with her, but it was very hard to get in anybody you could trust to take care of their somewhat more than two-year-old daughter, Susan. So Jonathan was going to stay home and take care of Sue himself, while Janice took the car to the station and took the train from the station to New York.

Jonathan was a sculptor, nobody was on hand to com-

plain if he took a day off from his "work," and a certain municipal fountain in a large Midwestern city would be just one day later in being designed and delivered.

On the appointed morning, Janice was a good hour and a half getting dressed, not counting the bath. She put on three complete outfits, one after the other, stopping between changes to seam a slip and add a somber button to a raffia belt. Jonathan kept mentioning train time to her and hinting that the car wasn't dependable, and Janice made noncommittal sounds and went on with the slow process of dressing. Sue, as surely as any child, began to sense what was in the air and to feel the unspoken anxiety shared by her father and mother.

Her mother sometimes went away in the car, but usually

By Millen Brand

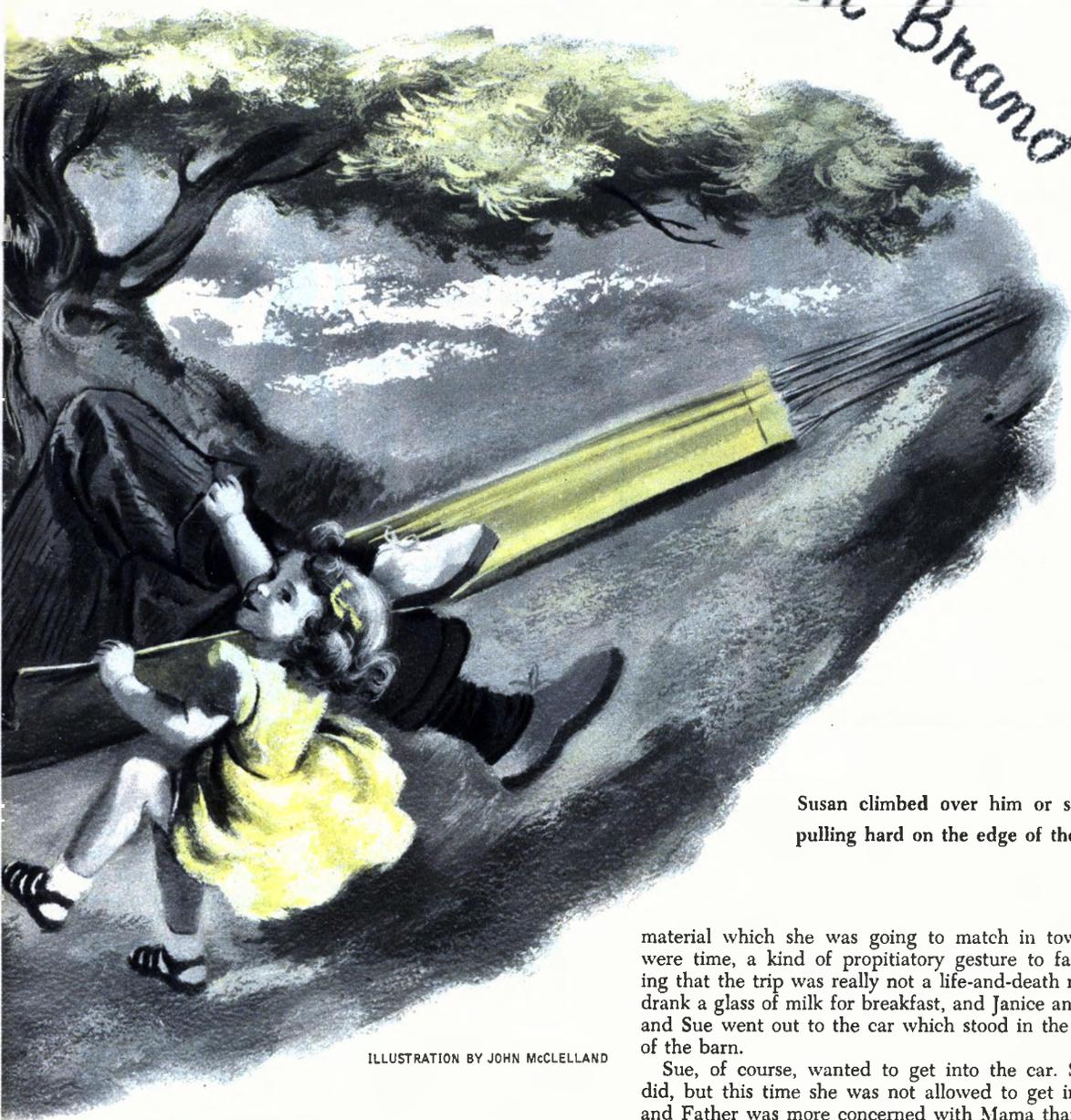


ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN MCCLELLAND

Susan climbed over him or swung him, pulling hard on the edge of the hammock

it was in a house dress or some easy skirt-and-blouse affair that indicated a quick trip to the country store. This time it was really "going away," and Sue reacted. She wanted to stay upstairs with Mama.

JONATHAN lured her down and gave her her breakfast, so that Mama could be free to get ready, and that was another bad sign for Sue. Jonathan was an old hand at caring for his daughter because he was a believer in the father-shares-with-mother school, but there was a dark look to his feeding her this morning.

The crisis came when Mama actually had to go. She came rushing downstairs finally dressed—looking very lovely in a blue effect—and carrying a bag with six pieces of cloth

material which she was going to match in town if there were time, a kind of propitiatory gesture to fate, indicating that the trip was really not a life-and-death matter. She drank a glass of milk for breakfast, and Janice and Jonathan and Sue went out to the car which stood in the lower part of the barn.

Sue, of course, wanted to get into the car. She always did, but this time she was not allowed to get into the car and Father was more concerned with Mama than with her, holding her somewhat awkwardly alongside his long left leg, and leaning in the window and kissing Mama good-by. Mama hardly answered, she merely stared bleakly at the car switch and finally turned it. Jonathan said, "Good luck," quickly, before the starter was pushed.

When the car moved, Sue began to cry. She cried pretty hard as the car backed out of the barn and down the worn lane to the road and disappeared around the terrace in front of the house. Breaking loose from Jonathan, she ran to her favorite lookout, a large piece of flagstone over the well, and said, "By-by, Mama," and wept some more. Then she stopped, because it was not brave to go on crying.

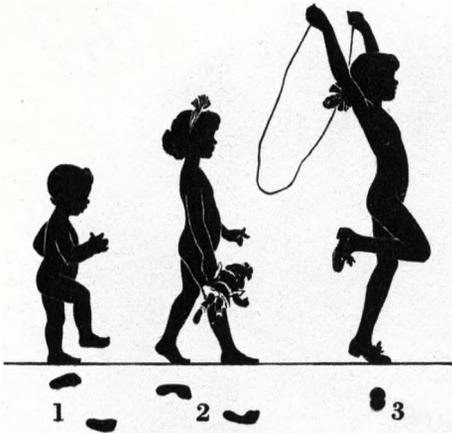
Jonathan walked over to her and said quietly, "Mama come back," and Sue looked up and nodded. Her father took

[Continued on Page 104]

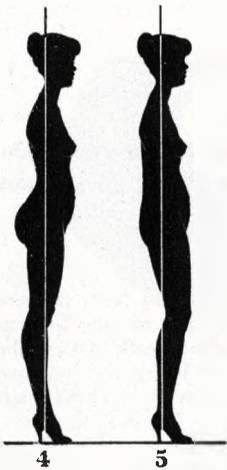
HIGH-HEELED SHOES AND

An authority on body structure writes about shoes and feet and muscle function

by IVAN STOPPE

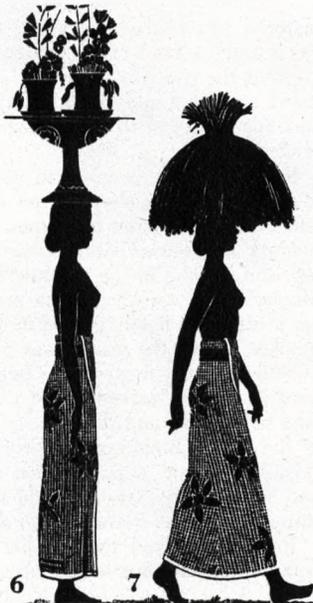


- 1** The baby walks flat-footed with feet apart to keep his balance sideways, because his muscles are undeveloped
2 The three-year-old uses the heel-toe stride and her footprints show a well-developed arch
3 The six-year-old skips rope on the balls of the feet, seldom touching with the heels. The area of contact is quite small



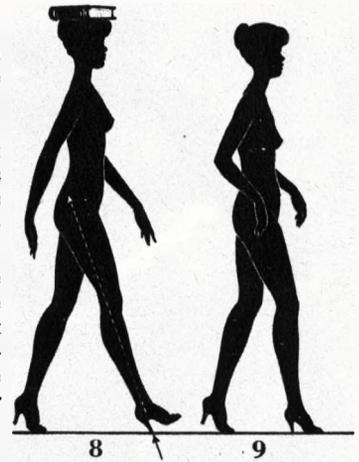
- 4 and 5** In order to relieve the tension on the lower leg muscles when wearing high-heeled shoes, a woman will allow her knees to go backward, and she assumes a so-called "lordosis" posture to retain her balance, as shown in Silhouette 4; or she allows her knees to go forward with the resulting poor posture shown in Silhouette 5

- 6 and 7** The beautiful carriage of the Balinese has been attributed to the fact that they carry objects on their heads. Of much greater significance is the fact that they go barefoot and walk on surfaces having some give

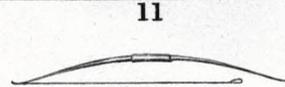
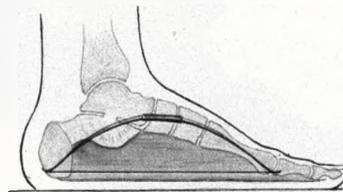


- 8** The young woman in Silhouette 8 takes a cue from the Balinese by carrying a book on her head, but she overlooks the fact that a terrific impact is delivered to the pelvis and spine by hard pavements

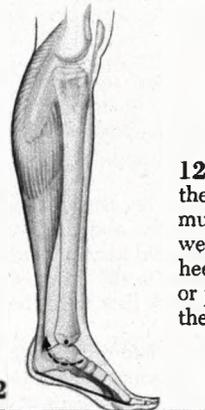
- 9** The result is that the woman is conscious of the pain in her feet and back and forgets the good posture she practiced while carrying a book on her head



- 10** The bones of the left foot, seen from the inside, in a natural standing position are arranged in an elastic arch which has a spring-like function, supported at one point by the heel and at the other by the ball of the foot and the toes

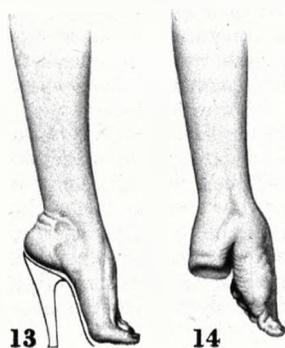


- 11** When the body weight bears downward, this arch-like form is retained by ligaments and by muscles on the bottom of the foot (shown by the darkly shaded area) which act somewhat as the string of a bow. When the muscles become weak and stretched, the arch flattens like a bow that has become unstrung



- 12** A well-formed calf and arch are the result of normal function. The calf muscle which raises and lowers the weight of the body by pulling on the heel bone, at the same time exercises or places under tension the muscles on the bottom of the foot

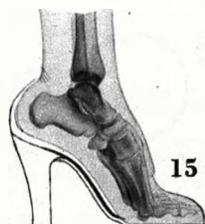
THEIR EFFECT ON POSTURE



13 The high heel acts as a crutch and does not allow normal functioning of the muscles of the leg and foot. Continual wear of high heels often shortens the calf muscle so that it becomes difficult to lower the heel; or the calf muscle may become thin from lack of use, the ankle swollen or thickened, the bones of the foot crippled. The present popularity of low-

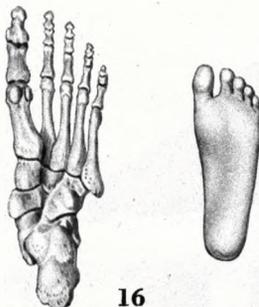
heeled shoes should do much to improve the shape of women's feet and legs, as well as their posture

14 Above is an illustration of the Chinese lily foot, which is the result of binding. Note its similarity in shape to the foot shown above left on the very high heel



15 This drawing, done from an X-ray, shows the position of the bones of the left foot, from the inside, elevated by a 3 1/2" heel. The black line shows the steel shank of the shoe which further prohibits flexibility

16 This view of the bottom of the normal left foot shows how the bones of the forepart of the foot are arranged parallel to each other. In order that the feet may function to bear the weight of the body properly and to propel it, they should be placed straight forward in walking



17 Toeing out is conducive to flat feet and walking in this manner may in itself cause flat feet

18 Pointed and tight-fitting shoes crowd the toes as shown in these two sketches below done from life



19 The drawing on the left illustrates the remarkable strength of the big toe that may be achieved through use. Among the inhabitants of the island of Celebes, neighbors of the Balinese in the southwest Pacific, it is a common practice to climb by thrusting the big toe into notches cut into a bamboo pole



20 and 21 Illustrated on the right is an exercise for re-educating the muscles to their normal functioning. It may be done anywhere when standing barefoot or in very low-heeled shoes. Remember that all the weight of the body is pulled up by the calf muscles the moment the heel leaves the floor ever so little. Try to come straight up on the balls of the feet by contracting the calf muscles—and without tipping forward. Keep the feet placed as shown by the silhouetted footprints



22 Standing or walking on hard, flat surfaces does not afford sufficient opportunity to exercise the muscles on the inside and outside of the lower leg which also play an important part in good foot structure. Illustrated on the left is an exercise for these muscles, to be done with the foot hanging free

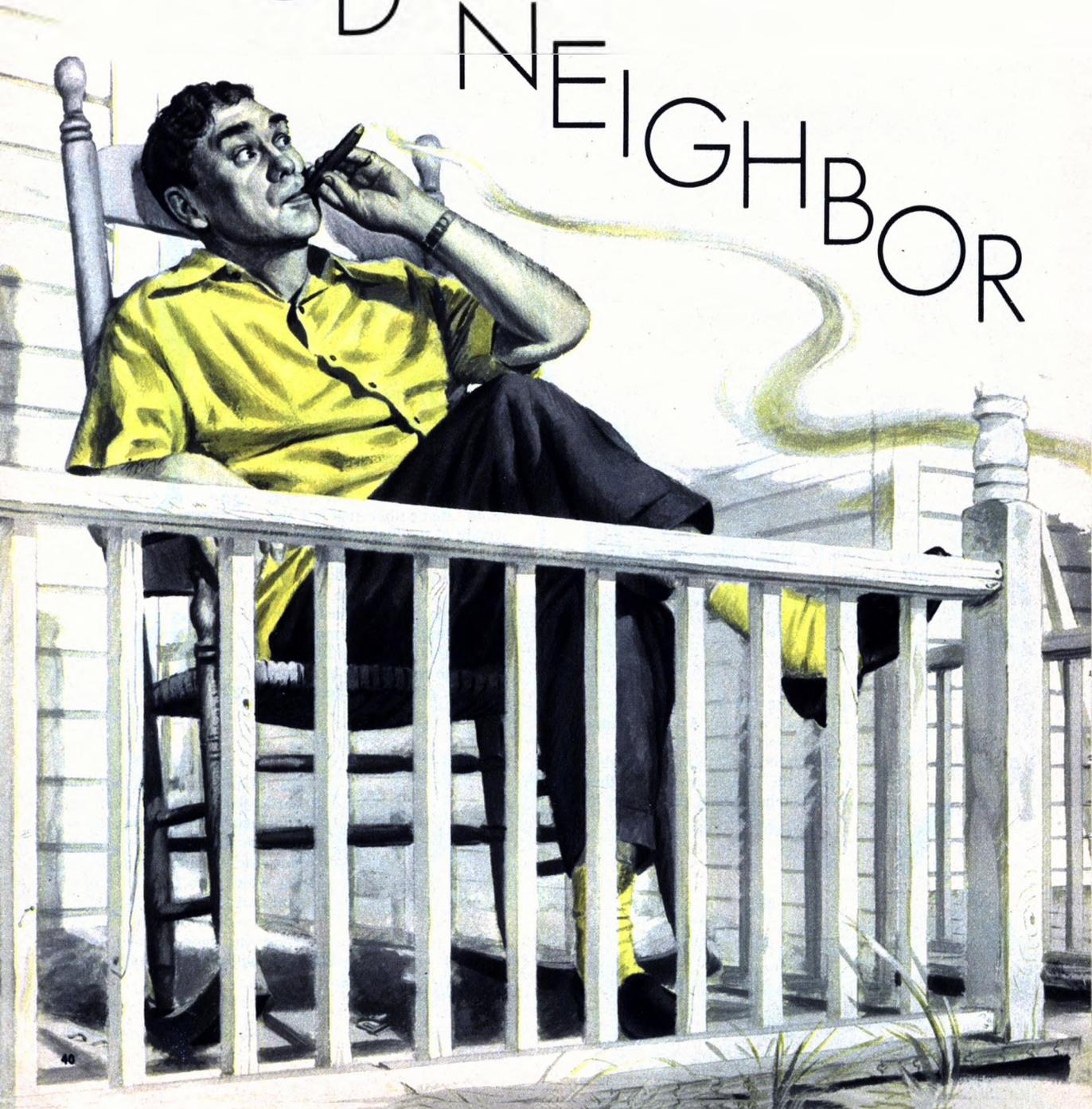
**GERRITY THOUGHT HIS NEIGHBOR WAS A LOW-
DOWN TINKER, AND IT TOOK A SERIOUS ILLNESS
AND A KITCHEN FLOOD TO CHANGE HIS MIND**

by **CATHERINE NOONAN**

GERRITY sat smoking on the bungalow porch. As a rule he smoked extra fine cigars, a special brand always sent to him by his old friend Radigan, the undertaker. But the cigars he smoked this evening Gerrity himself had bought and they were the most miserable rope shavings he could find. After the first puff he knew the dealer must have had them on the shelf since Black Forty-Seven itself. The air around Gerrity was heavy with the vile smoke, and the wind coming up from the ocean two blocks away was blowing the fumes over to the bungalow next door, where it settled down on the porch of old man McShane.

But neither to the right nor to the left did Gerrity look. He gave no hint that he was aware of McShane sitting on the next porch; though Gerrity could hear the man's constant cough and see him get up every few minutes to fan the air around him in furious sweeps with his newspaper. Gerrity kept right on smoking. He'd smoke every cigar in the box even though he gave himself the fever on each lung doing it, he told himself, if he could smoke McShane off the other

GOOD NEIGHBOR



porch. For it was because of none other than McShane that Gerrity had walked down the block one hour ago and bought the cigars.

And sorry enough Gerrity was that the scheme hadn't come to him in the beginning of the summer instead of now, the very evening before he was going to sell his bungalow to get away from his detested neighbor. Even the name of McShane was more than Gerrity could stand, for Cornelius McShane was the most notorious beagle of a contemptible low-down tinker that Gerrity had ever had the ill luck to run up against.

Gerrity stretched out his legs to their long length and sat back in his chair. He knew that to the watching McShane he was the picture of complete comfort and that was how he wanted it. But there was small comfort inside Gerrity. True, he did have the pleasure of annoying McShane, but the beagle held the trump card anyway. Was it Cornelius McShane who would have to be selling his bungalow tomorrow? It was not then. It was Dennis Gerrity who would have to give up his bungalow, the place he had worked on all summer.

It was a fine, sturdy and well-built bungalow and Gerrity had improved it in every spare minute that he had. Hardly one dip of a swim at all had he taken in the ocean, what with spending his time with the hammer and nails. And he had done exactly the same work on McShane's place

along with it, for the man was that old and feeble that if he took a tack in his right hand he'd run it straight through his left. Old was he, Gerrity asked himself? McShane was just superannuated with the years he had piled up on himself, not to mention the bag of ailments, the full seven plagues of Egypt, the wretched weasel had. It was between his age and ailments that McShane had tied Gerrity's hands and forced him to put up with his Ri-Ra tricks all the long summer.

Looking back on it now, Gerrity knew himself to be the greatest oaf of an omadhaun that was ever made. The temper caught hold of him again as he thought of his stupidity in taking one thing after another from McShane. First it had been the radio, and Gerrity had made the smiling buffoon of himself by turning it down to a whisper, so it wouldn't drone in McShane's ears. Then it had been the porch, and Gerrity never allowing himself or his wife to put a broom to it until McShane had gone down to the beach, so the dust wouldn't bother the weasel's breathing. And there was the special box Gerrity had made so the milkman couldn't bang the bottles down and disturb his neighbor's sleep.

The more Gerrity thought of it the more his anger pounded him. First it had been this, and then it had been that, but worst of all was having to keep the bathing suits cramped together on one end of the clothesline, because the suits blowing full would keep the sun from McShane's face when the gypsy sat on the back porch.

[Continued on Page 86]

GERRITY

He'd smoke every cigar in the box if he could smoke McShane off the other porch

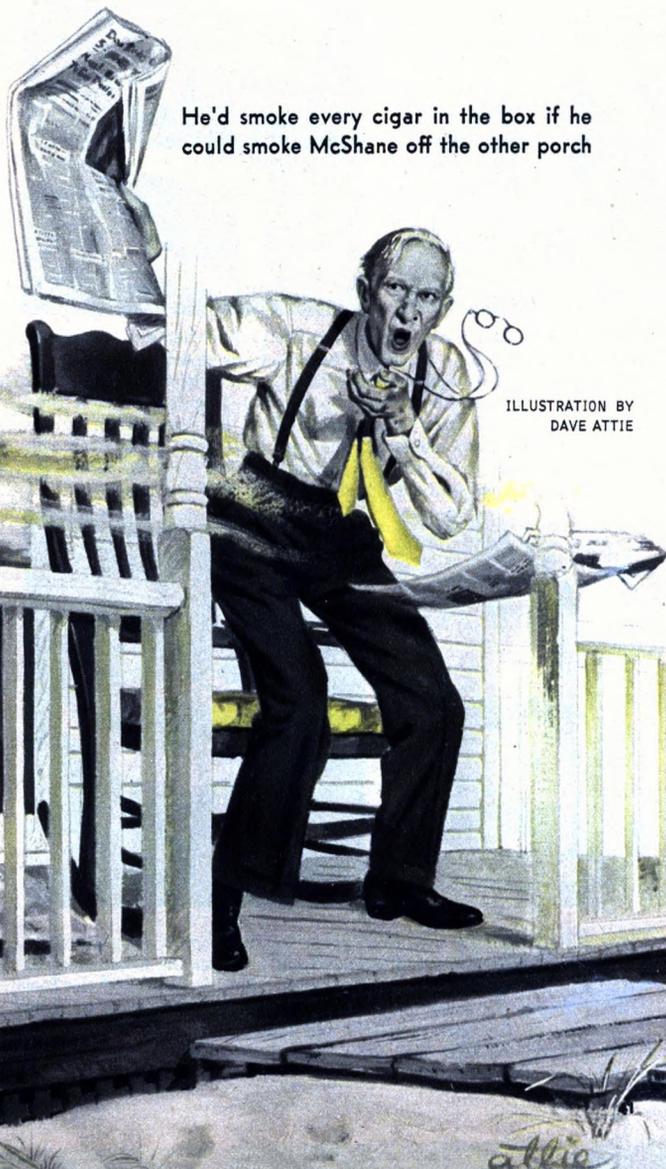


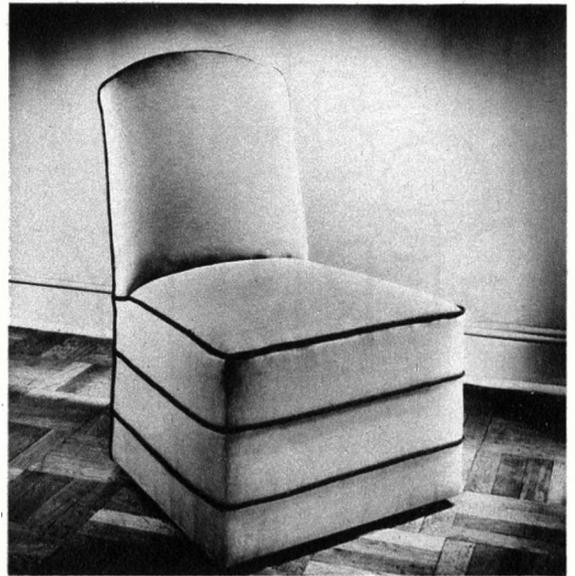
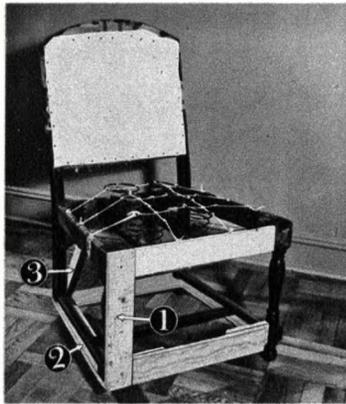
ILLUSTRATION BY
DAVE ATTIE

attie

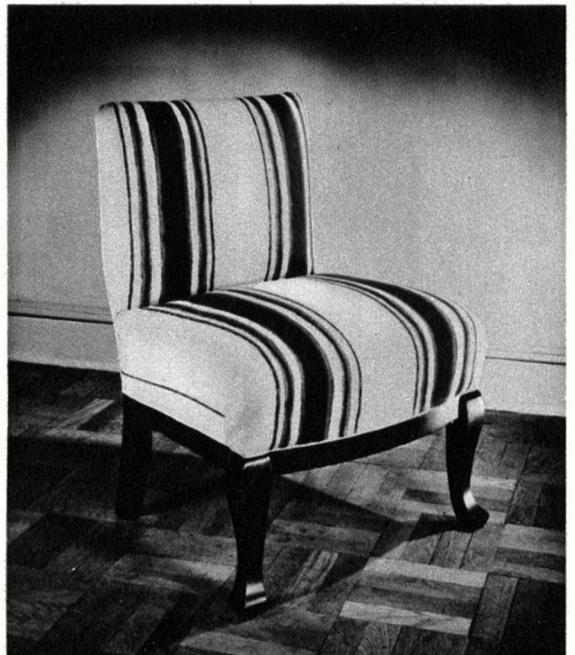
OLD CHAIRS STREAMLINED

Woman's Day Workshop reconditions for active duty five battered, secondhand-store relics

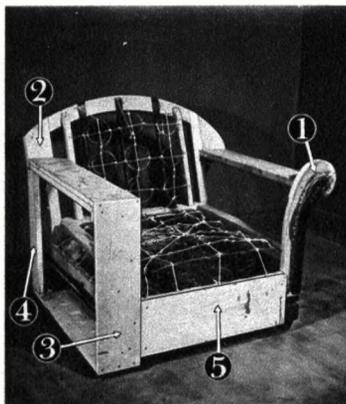
You would have to look a long time to find a worse beat-up batch of chairs than these shown in the "before" pictures. In every case the springs were sagging or shifted, the frame weakened, the stuffing lumpy and dirty. We had to start from scratch on each one—the whole piece was peeled down to its bones, the old stuffing burned. The necessary operations were then performed on the frame—to slim it down and strengthen it. The second photograph in each group shows this work in progress. In most cases the springs were retied, then on went new cotton padding, a muslin cover and a new fabric. When we considered the prices of new chairs like these, we felt that our efforts had paid off. **BY MARGUERITE DODD**



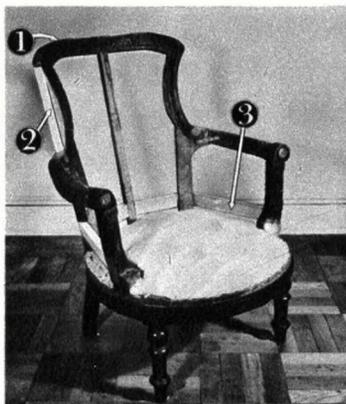
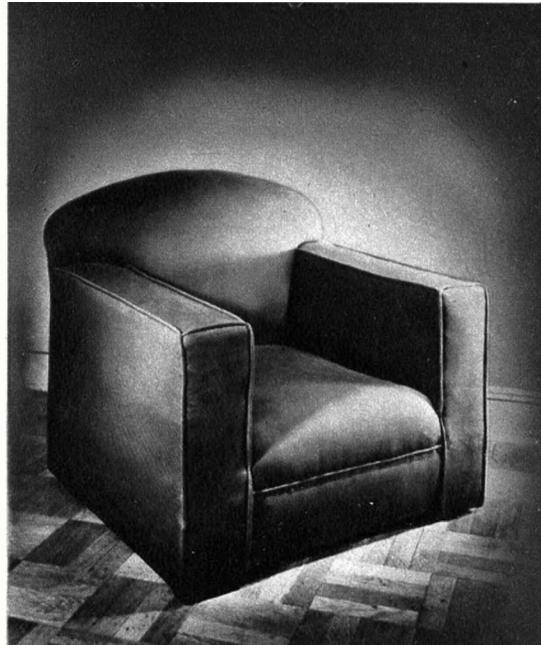
The rickety arms were removed entirely. The frame was squared up with wood strips (1), nailed over the front of each leg, extending to the floor, with connecting pieces top and bottom. The foot was removed from each front leg, a strip nailed under the side rung (2), meeting the front piece, and nailed into the bottom of the leg. A similar strip connected the two back legs. Back sway was eliminated with bracing (3). Cording between strips of fabric—it's denim, by the way—broke up the bulky look of the chair.



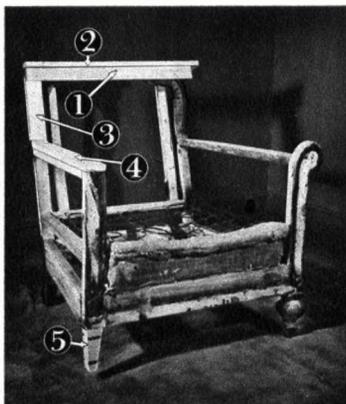
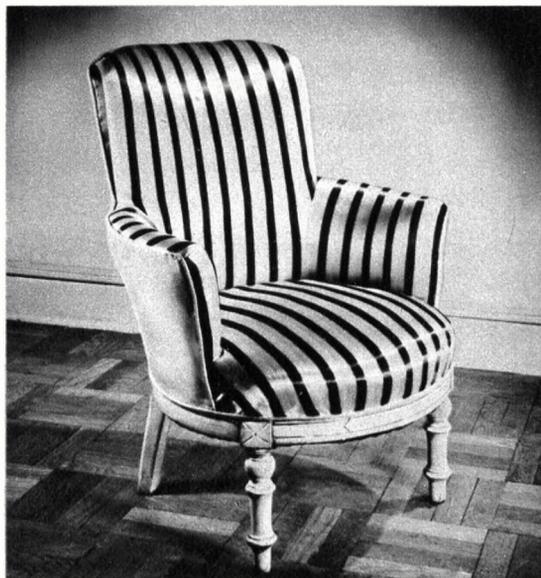
We parted willingly with that carved top, replaced it with a straight piece (1). A second straight piece went in under the lower crossbar (2) to close up the unwanted opening. (3) We simplified the foot by removing the lower part of it. New framing (4) gave us solid wood to tie the springs to—the old frame was badly chewed up. We painted the legs dark green to match the stripe in the green-and-coral cotton fabric.



Moth-eaten mohair concealed this well-built but massive shape. The top curve of the arm (1) got the saw treatment. (2) The outside curve of the back was trimmed to the width of the arm frame. The top and front of the arm were boxed (3) and a piece of wood the same width nailed across the bottom. A piece up the back (4) completed the squaring of the arm. A front board (5) and a corresponding one in the back, provided straight lines for upholstery. We padded the seat and eliminated the cushion which was in bad condition.



With a saw, and then a file for smoothing, we zipped off the little picots (1) so we could carry the upholstery right over the top. The curves were filled (2) for an easier line to work with. Reinforcing pieces (3) gave the back of the chair greater strength. The frame was covered with burlap to support the cotton padding. We painted and antiqued the legs, covered the front of the chair with striped satin, the back with a matching plain fabric.



We cut off the carving on top, straightened the line with a strip of wood (1) nailed to the front of the curve. A flat piece (2) was nailed across the top to form a straight line for tacking on fabric. The front of the frame (3) was filled out even with the top. The curved arm-front was sawed off, the arm strengthened with a board on top (4). The bulbous leg was tapered down (5) by sawing it at a slight angle from the bottom to the top, on all four sides.





Silver Cake with Orange Filling and Coconut Frosting

SEVEN GOOD CAKES

by Glenna
McGinnis

Grandmother's Birthday Cake

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 70 FOR RECIPES

Banana Cream Spice Cake

Old-Fashioned Sponge Cake

Chocolate Shadow Cake

Caramel Fudge Pecan Cake

Marble Cake with Rich Chocolate Frosting

PRIZE-WINNING

Cold Platters

SIX COLD SUPPERS TO SERVE WHILE
THE WEATHER'S STILL HOT

Lima and Carrot Loaf, Armenian-Style, with Green Salad



Michael's Fish with Cucumber, Tomato and Mint Relish



LIMA AND CARROT LOAF, ARMENIAN-STYLE

Costs 48 cents (August 1947)

Serves 4 to 6

Woman's Day Kitchen

1 large onion, chopped	5 medium carrots, coarsely shredded or chopped
1 clove garlic, minced	1/4 cup chopped parsley
1/3 cup salad oil	Salt and cayenne
1 cup tomato sauce	Salad greens
2 cups cooked dried lima beans	Lemon juice

Cook onion and garlic in oil until tender and yellowed. Add sauce, lima beans, carrots and parsley; mix well. Season to taste with salt and cayenne. Cover; cook slowly over low heat about 45 minutes. Pour into loaf pan; cool, chill. Turn out on platter of crisp greens. Sprinkle with lemon juice. *Mrs. Jack Kazaros, Orlando, Florida*

Suggested Menu: Lima and Carrot Loaf, Armenian-Style; Mixed Crisp Greens, Bologna Slices, Pumpnickel with Sweet Butter; Melon, Coffee

VEAL SALAD WITH MARINATED BROCCOLI

Costs \$1.35 (August 1947)

Serves 4 to 6

Woman's Day Kitchen

2 cups diced cooked veal	2/3 cup French dressing
2 cups diced apple	Salt and pepper
2 cups sliced celery	1 bunch broccoli, cooked

Mix veal, apple and celery with 1/3 cup well-seasoned French dressing; season to taste with salt and pepper; chill. Pour remaining 1/3 cup dressing over warm broccoli; cool, then chill. *Mrs. J. M. Crumpton, Orlando, Florida*

Suggested Menu: Veal Salad with Marinated Broccoli, Sliced Tomatoes, Toasted Rolls with Cheese Topping, Pineapple Sherbet, Chocolate Cake, Tea

CHICORY-POTATO SALAD

Costs 43 cents (August 1947)

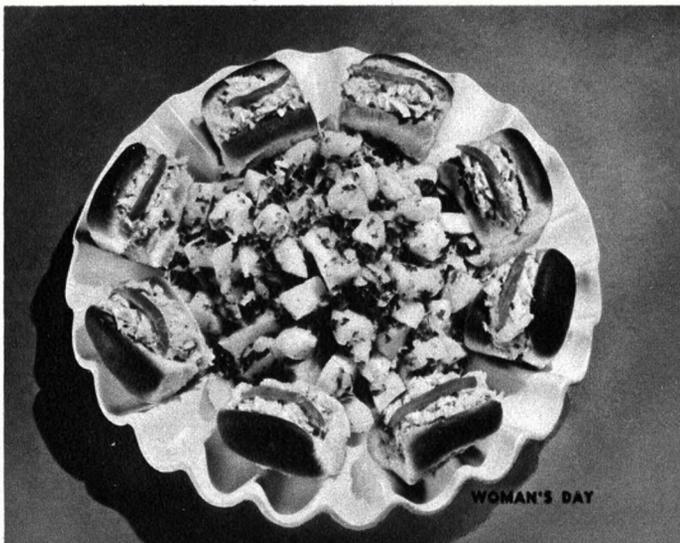
Serves 4 to 6

Woman's Day Kitchen

2 cups chopped chicory or endive	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 large onion, minced	6 medium potatoes
3 tablespoons vinegar	3 tablespoons butter
	Salt and pepper

Mix chicory, onion, vinegar and salt; let stand. Cook potatoes in jackets in boiling salted water until tender; peel and cut in cubes. While potatoes are still hot, add butter, stirring gently until all cubes are lightly coated. Add warm

Chicory-Potato Salad with Salmon-Filled Rolls



WOMAN'S DAY

potato to chicory; mix well; season to taste. Serve warm or cold.

Mrs. Millard Ungemach, Berwick, Pa.

Suggested Menu: Chicory-Potato Salad, Rolls with Salmon or Tuna Filling, Sliced Peaches, Angel Cake, Tea

MICHAEL'S FISH

Costs 97 cents (August 1947)

Serves 4 to 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| 1-1/2 pounds small fish | 1 cup wine vinegar |
| Corn meal or bread crumbs | Salt and pepper |
| 2 cloves garlic | Cucumber, Tomato and |
| 1/4 cup salad oil | Mint Relish |
| 1 tablespoon rosemary | Watercress |

Dip small fish in corn meal or crumbs. Brown 1 clove sliced garlic in oil; remove garlic, add fish and cook until done. Sprinkle flat dish with rosemary, put fish on top and sprinkle with more rosemary. To remaining oil in skillet add fresh clove sliced garlic and brown lightly; remove garlic, add wine vinegar, heat gently and pour over fish. Season fish with salt and pepper. Chill overnight. Serve with relish made of chopped cucumber and tomatoes dressed with wine vinegar and chopped mint. Garnish with watercress.

Michael Groutas, Astoria, N. Y.

Suggested Menu: Michael's Fish, Cucumber, Tomato and Mint Relish, Cress; Bread; Fruit, Cheese, Crackers, Coffee

VEAL, SAUSAGE AND EGG ROLL

Costs \$2.53 (August 1947)

Serves 8 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1/2 pound sausage meat | 4 pounds boneless breast |
| 3 eggs, grade B, hard-cooked | of veal in 1 piece |
| Salt and pepper | 2 carrots, sliced |
| | 2 onions, sliced |

Mix sausage meat with chopped eggs; season to taste with salt and pepper; spread mixture evenly over flattened meat; roll up; tie securely. Roll in cloth and tie again. Put in deep heavy kettle; cover with boiling salted water; add carrots and onions. Cover and simmer for about 3 hours. Cool; remove from liquid. Chill meat overnight. Remove cloth and string; slice; serve with chili sauce relish.

Annie Masso, New York, New York

Suggested Menu: Jellied Bouillon with Mushrooms. Pastry Triangles; Veal, Sausage and Egg Roll, Chili Sauce Relish; Stuffed Tomatoes; Coffee Bavarian Cream

CHEESE AND EGG RING WITH GREEN SALAD

Costs \$1.07 (August 1947)

Serves 4 to 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 2 3-ounce packages cream cheese | 1 onion, chopped |
| 1/4 cup mayonnaise | 1/4 cup chopped pimiento |
| 2 tablespoons ketchup | 1/3 cup diced celery |
| 9 eggs, grade B, hard-cooked | 1/4 cup chopped green pepper |
| 2 tablespoons chopped parsley | 1-1/2 teaspoons salt |
| | 1/2 teaspoon pepper |
| | Green salad |

Mash cheese with fork; add mayonnaise and ketchup; beat until smooth. Chop eggs fine, add to cheese mixture with parsley, onion, pimiento, celery, green pepper, salt and pepper; mix well. Press mixture into well-oiled 1-quart ring mold; chill several hours or overnight. Turn out on platter; fill center of ring with tossed green salad and garnish with cucumber and tomato slices, if desired.

Mrs. Elsie Rodine, St. Peter, Minn.

Suggested Menu: Cheese and Egg Ring with Green Salad, Tomato and Cucumber Slices; Vienna Bread and Butter; Fresh Peach Pie with Whipped Cream, Coffee

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT E. COATES

Veal Salad with Marinated Broccoli



Veal, Sausage and Egg Roll with Chili Sauce Relish

Cheese and Egg Ring, Green Salad, Tomato and Cucumber



GRANDMOTHERS are back in style

It's a fine art to be a successful grandmother and as fine an art to share your home with one

by SIDONIE MATSNER GRUENBERG

WHEN we hear the name "Grandmother" we think of a dear little old lady with soft white hair and a kindly, tired face. In most advertisements she is pictured that way, and in our movies too. Yet if we look around at the ones we know, we often see young, active, energetic and attractive women. They are not necessarily any younger than the dear old grandmothers of days gone by, but today a woman in her fifties or sixties is quite a different person from a woman of the same age in 1890 or even in 1918. She has retained her youthful vitality, her youthful outlook, her youthful appearance and her youthful interest in all that goes on. And the large crop of war marriages made many a woman still in her forties into a grandmother.

The war made another difference too. Forced to live with her parents or parents-in-law (often under difficult or trying conditions), many young mothers discovered that having a grandmother around was not always a *minus* proposition. Sometimes, they found, it was a real asset—a definite *plus*. A home with a grandmother in it had a permanent baby sitter. Daughter could get out for a walk during the day, for an evening with friends once in a while or—best of all—to a week end at camp with her soldier-husband.

Most young mothers nevertheless feel uncertain or even uncomfortable about leaving the baby with Grandmother. Perhaps the most outstanding reason is the fact that they have been hearing a great many modern ideas about the gentle art of bringing up babies and they suspect that Grandmother is not quite up-to-date. So they come to feel they know it all—which is never good for anybody. Even that might not be so bad except too many also feel that their mother or mother-in-law knows nothing at all, since she hasn't read all the books or because the books she did read are out of date.

Now, even a very bright young woman who has read all the books couldn't know all the answers for every situation. Nor, on the other hand, could a grandmother who had no more to guide her than her own experience be absolutely helpless and lacking in judgment.

So friction there is, and friction there is bound to be in even the best of families, between the very nicest of mothers and grandmothers. This is because of the nature of their relationship. The young mother is very often treated by her own mother or mother-in-law as though she were not quite grown up, not mature enough to bring up her children and run her own home. Or else she *thinks* that the grandmother feels that way about her and, naturally, she resents it. She wishes both the grandmothers would remember that she *is* grown up

now. She wishes they would have confidence in her and let her learn to be a good mother on the job—just as they learned in their time.

The older women, on the other hand, have cause for resentment too. Until recently, each of them was the center of a household, the very heart of a family's life. Now she is asked to move over to one side, if not always to take a back seat. She seems to be forgotten for weeks or even months at a time. The young couple is independent and self-reliant—until there's an emergency. Then Grandmother is remembered in a hurry. They either turn to her for help or dump the children in her lap when they want to go off somewhere. At those times, Grandmother feels exploited. The rest of the time she feels she has no function, no reason for *being*.

OF course the situation is different where a grandmother lives with a married daughter or a daughter-in-law who goes out to work. In such cases the grandmother takes over a large part of the job of managing the household or supervising the children. With all the work and concern, however, she then has to recognize that her position is not the same as the mother's. She *represents* the mother and is carrying out her purposes and policies. It is always difficult for a grandmother to maintain the discipline and order of the establishment without imposing on the others—especially the grandchildren—the force of her authority as an older and more experienced person. There is the danger that through her very excellence she will belittle the mother before her children or bring a dividing influence into the family. A greater awareness of what the situation involves, on the part of the mother and the grandmother, would make the necessary adjustments easier.

More common and more difficult is the position of grandmothers who are troubled with the feeling that they are not greatly needed. Feeling useless and *being*
[Continued on Page 77]

OPPOSITE PAGE

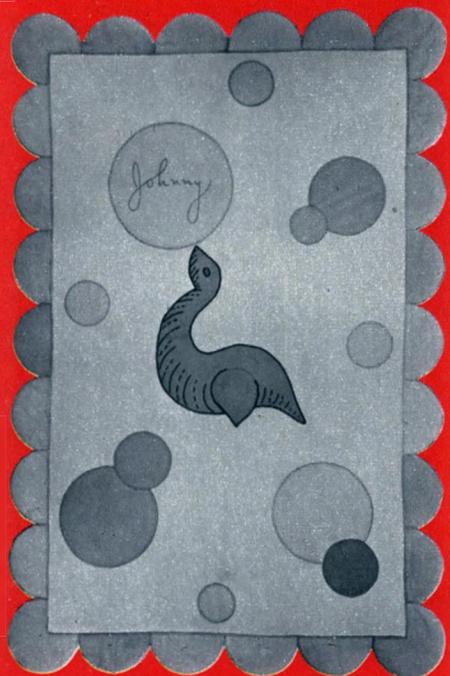
A quiet summer day along the Brandywine

PAINTING BY N. C. WYETH



New Appliqué

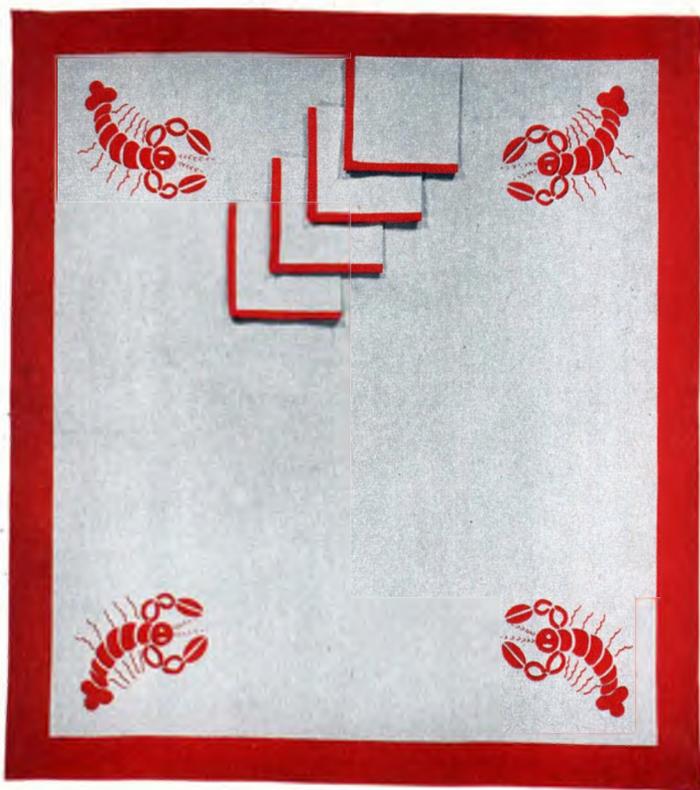
LUCINDA BARDSLEY



1. A BABY'S CRIB COVER WITH HIS NAME EMBROIDERED RIGHT ON IT



2. FROSTY LUNCHEON CLOTH OF WHITE DOTTED SWISS OVERLAY ON ORGANDY



3. BRIGHT RED LOBSTERS ON STARK WHITE LUNCHEON CLOTH



4. BARNYARD CLOTH WITH RIGID ROOSTERS AGAINST BOLD STRIPES



5. A PARTY CLOTH WITH FLOWERS APPLIED ON DELICATE SCROLL STEMS



6. AUTUMNAL LEAVES ON PLACE MAT AND NAPKIN

Refreshing new appliqué designs with light, quick touches of embroidery to gay up your home. Directions in How To Section.

Tomorrow's Heirloom



PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT E. COATES

Ancestral knitted bedspread in the lovely fan motif

This bedspread, made over three quarters of a century ago, retains the spirit of the past. Reminiscent of the deep, plump feather mattresses and high four-posters with canopies—it brings a feeling of serenity and permanence to today's living. The pattern—wave upon wave of knitted fans—is banded by a solid ribbed border with a simple lace knit edging. Cost to make, about \$9.50 for a single size and \$13.50 for double size. Directions are in the How To Section.

when every day is wash day



Chiffon

keeps hands
smoother
lovelier

Wash Day (for baby's things) comes much oftener than once a week. So, most wise mothers use Chiffon!

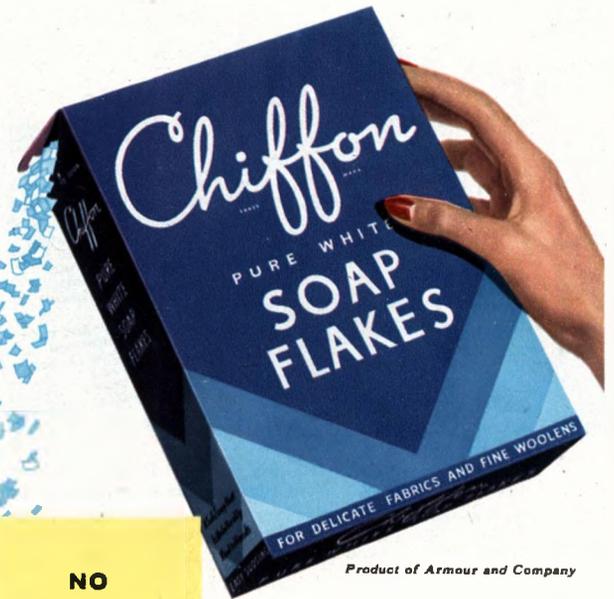
For Chiffon is *all* pure soap—no purer soap was ever made. Chiffon really protects the beauty of your baby's loveliest dresses and nighties. *And those pure, mild suds keep mother's hands softer, smoother, too!*



glasses sparkle—dishes gleam
in Chiffon's quick, long-lasting suds

Chiffon's creamy suds are *busy* suds, that get things done in a hurry!
Long-lasting suds that don't die down until you're through!

You can wash dishes three times a day—and still have soft, lovely hands—if you *always* use pure Chiffon Flakes.



**NO
Purer Soap
WAS
EVER MADE**

Product of Armour and Company

Chiffon is your *thriftest* soap buy, too—a little less goes lots farther because Chiffon is *all* pure soap!



of course
ENAMELEDWARE
is my favorite

it is so easy to cook with

and so easy to clean . . . stays beautiful for years



SOUPS

Meal-in-One Vegetable Soup
6 Servings

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 2 lbs. soup bone | 1 cup canned tomatoes |
| 2 tablespoons fat | 1 large onion sliced |
| 1 tablespoon salt | 1/2 cup diced carrots |
| 1/4 teaspoon pepper | 1/2 cup diced celery |
| 2 quarts cold water | 1/2 cup diced potatoes |
| | 1/2 cup peas |

Remove a portion of meat from cracked soup bone and cut into pieces. Heat fat and brown meat in it. Place browned meat, soup bone and seasoning in a porcelain enameled sauce pot and add cold water. Cover and cook until boiling point is reached. Then simmer about 2 1/2 hours, or until meat is tender. Skim off any excess fat. Add vegetables and continue cooking until vegetables are tender.

Yes, easy to cook with . . . easy to clean! That's why modern housewives vote Porcelain Enameled Utensils their most practical time-saver. And see how this gleaming, sparkling kitchenware dresses up your kitchen! Both stain and acid resistant, you'll be pleased to discover that Porcelain on Steel Enameledware stays beautiful for years!



PORCELAIN ON STEEL

ENAMELEDWARE

ENAMELED UTENSIL MANUFACTURERS COUNCIL, Merchandise Mart, Chicago

LEND ME YOUR HEART

[Continued from Page 27]

This morning, however, Gertrude's symptoms didn't exactly call for either A or B or C, but on the theory that doing something, anything, is better than doing nothing, she tried them all in prescribed succession. The knifelike pain in her chest persisted. But she was painting—and nothing must interfere.

Sebastian, our friendly room boy, also began to worry. He hovered about bringing soup every half hour, fresh strawberries he had picked himself, and the ripest mangoes. To save his feelings I would eat as many of these donations as I could which caused him to nod cheerfully and say, "She eats, she will soon be well."

BETWEEN contributions of soup and fruit, Sebastian built innumerable fires. We were always glad of a fire in the late afternoon and evening, but those he built in the noon warmth were a little overpowering though very good for Gertrude. It was pleasant to watch his satisfaction at having done something to help.

To compensate for the fires Sebastian would bring in iced drinks—coconut milk, strawberry juice, fresh pineapple juice and tamarindo juice. Also excellent for her fever.

Bebela, the shy young wife of the hotel manager, brought some herb tea one day.

"It tastes a little like a swamp," Gertrude said after she had faithfully drunk half a pot.

Emilio, the manager, was in and out half a dozen times to know what he could do.

There was no doctor in Panajachel. But there was a doctor up in the mountain in Solola, Emilio assured me, and he would be enchanted to go up on his motor bike and get him. Solola was only five miles away but Emilio had congenial friends there and it was a very bad road. It took him the better part of a day. When he returned, it was to say that the doctor had gone hunting tapirs, tigers and crocodiles in the jungle and no one knew when he would be back.

Rummaging through my purse I found a slip of paper with the name of a doctor in Guatemala City. ". . . and if you come to an extremis," Mr. Field had said, "here is Dr. Coronado, an American-speaking Spanish doctor but very fine."

I would call this Dr. Coronado in Guatemala City. After all it was only seventy-five miles away. I could tell him how Gertrude felt and he could prescribe for her over the phone. Since he spoke English, it would be very simple.

[Continued on Page 56]



In a class by itself!

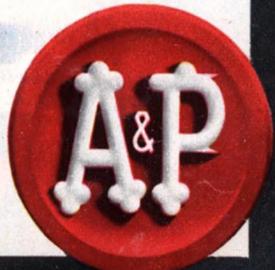
When this exquisite porcelain was created in 1820, the two most important ingredients of superb coffee were lacking. We mean fine roaster-fresh coffee, and Custom Grinding to precisely the right fineness. Today, you get both when you buy A&P Coffee. It's sold in the fresh, flavor-sealed bean, then Custom Ground exactly right for your coffeemaker. The result is a richer flavor that puts this coffee in a class by itself. No wonder A&P Coffee is America's favorite by millions of pounds!

*America's most popular coffee
— none finer in any package at any price!*

A&P COFFEE
L AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES



Fine glass, exquisite porcelain and elaborate bronze scrolls make this antique coffeemaker a collector's item. Made in France, about 1820.



Hot tip for cool salads from Ann Pillsbury



**EASY, QUICK—
NO KNEADING!**

Luscious salad rolls with no trouble at all. It's a promise to you from Ann Pillsbury—quickly and easily kept with the faster Pillsbury's Best for modern baking. The trick? *No kneading!* Just

remember to use Pillsbury's Best, *whatever* you bake. Milled from choicest wheats, it imparts a rich yet delicate ripe-wheat flavor to all the good things that come out of your oven.

Ann Pillsbury's NO KNEAD SALAD CRESCENTS

Piping-hot proof that Pillsbury's Best is your kind of flour!

Bake at 375° F. for 15 minutes.

Combine... 1/2 cup scalded milk
2 tablespoons shortening
2 teaspoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt

Cool..... to lukewarm.

Add..... 1 cake compressed yeast or 1 package fast, dry granular yeast; mix well.

Blend in... 1 egg
1/2 cup cooked, mashed potatoes

Add..... 2 cups sifted Pillsbury's Best Enriched Flour; mix until well-blended. Place in greased bowl and cover.

Store..... dough in refrigerator or cold place at least two hours.

Makes 2 dozen crescents.

Divide..... chilled dough into thirds.
Roll out..... each third into circular shape, 1/8-inch thick. Brush generously with melted butter; cut each round into 8 wedge-shaped pieces.

Roll..... each wedge, starting with wide end and rolling to point. Place on greased baking sheet, point-side down.

Let rise..... in warm place (80° to 85°F.) until light, about 1 1/2 hours.

Bake..... in moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 15 minutes.

Best results are guaranteed when Pillsbury's Best is used in this recipe.



You Bake your Best with Pillsbury's Best

Ann Pillsbury's out-of-the-ordinary baking ideas in every bag

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*a faster Pillsbury's Best
... FOR MODERN BAKING*



Pleased and proud, Emilio said "Of course there is a phone wire to Guatemala City. My own phone at the hotel possesses a few loose parts, so it would really be more better if you would call from the Police Headquarters in the village of Panajachal." Gertrude's symptoms were somewhat intimate to be aired in Police Headquarters. But in an emergency you can't think of things like that.

Police Headquarters inhabited a low yellow building alongside the cobbled square, up past the onion fields and beyond the old church ruins. In front of Police Headquarters was a garden of cosmos, and a fountain.

THE Chief was charming and cooperative. He had a long and friendly conversation with "central" and promised to send a boy to Tzanjuju for me when the call came through. At various times during that long day a ragged little Indian ran to tell me that I must come quick—"el telefono," the black-haired youngster would announce importantly. Emilio would stir up his motorcycle engine, I'd sit behind him clinging to the leather belt he wore, and we'd bounce up to the village square.

The first three times, the chief of police met me with a bow and a flourish, and much chagrin. "*Es falta, Senora, que lastima*, a mistake, what a pity."

After three faltas I didn't hurry quite as fast. But Emilio always hurried when on his motor bike. He was greatly impressed with his importance at this moment. So our fourth trip up to Police Headquarters that day was dramatically rapid and even more bouncy than usual.

Practically the whole village awaited us. The call was through. By now the responsibility for this phone call rested on each individual shoulder. When I couldn't hear what was said on the other end of the line, each person in the room took a turn at the phone. Each in turn shrugged a shoulder. I was about to give up when a huge man in a large hat, blue trousers, and a wide red cummerbund around his waist, galloped up on a prancy white horse, complete with flowing mane and tail. Entering, he hiked up his red cummerbund, and took over the phone. Soon, a great smile spread over his features. He obviously had someone. I stepped to the phone prepared to rehearse Gertrude's symptoms, but he shook his head.

He had not the doctor but *alors*—he had news of him. El doctor was playing tennis. A tournament, and in the tennis club in Guatemala City—ah, yes, he himself with his brother used to play tennis there a couple of years ago—"It is a very nice club, Senora. Were you there when you were in the City? I have every fidence that you will enjoy it heartedly when you go on your trip to our capital. So many mo

now play tennis. Do they play so much in the United States too? And would you like to ride my horse some day?"

Since the white mare had already kicked down a fence outside, and practically sat in the fountain, and now stood snorting among the cosmos I was not too enthusiastic, but it seemed hardly likely I'd ever see the man again, and after his trouble I wanted to be polite—so I said I'd be delighted. And what about this tennis game of the doctor's, I asked.

Oh, they would call me, said my friend. But el doctor played tennis for two days. At this the Panajachal police department contacted the Guatemala City police department and asked them to please co-operate. The North American Senora was of a sickness now, today. I visioned the doctor not too happy to be interrupted by the police in the midst of a crucial game, to be told that a strange North American woman in Panajachal wanted him on the phone. But it did not make him in the least unhappy for he kept right on with his game.

Things drifted along for several more days. No crisis seemed imminent so we settled ourselves down to wait. It was anybody's guess whether el doctor in Solola, who, Emilio assured us, was a fine obstetrician, would return from the crocodiles before the Guatemala City doctor finished his tennis tournament.

ONE night as the rainy season was beginning in earnest, I was about to dine from the far end of Gertrude's tray, when Emilio came rushing in. "El doctor. The tennis is over," he cried, "and Doctor Coronado has won. Is that not magnificent!" Like a whirlwind he cranked up his motorbike and presently we were bounding up the street through the pouring rain at breakneck speed.

"El doctor," they all cried at police headquarters, beaming, laughing, "he has won his match!" Surely now he would be able to tell me what to do about Gertrude.

Excited, I picked up the receiver. From the other end of the wire came a sound like the breath of a ghost at the North Pole. And the breath might have been English, Chinese or Hindustani, for all I could hear. Well, perhaps he'd hear me. I'd chance it. All the people in the room, whether or not they understood English, nodded sympathetically at each new symptom I listed. But only a faint scratch responded from el doctor in Guatemala City.

The man with the wild horse assured me that, yes, it was el doctor himself, that he knew. But it became obvious that the doctor couldn't hear me any better than I could him. So even if he heard the symptoms, what good would that do if I couldn't hear the suggestions.

My audience rapidly lost interest,

[Continued on Page 60]



Big moment for a little lady!



Too busy for interruptions.

Baby is making her *first* acquaintance with spoon-fed food. Usually that's cereal. When it's *good-tasting* Gerber's, baby is far surer to like cereals—right from the start.

Delicious! Nutritious! And all *mother* does is add formula or milk to Gerber's Cereal Food, Strained Oatmeal, or Barley Cereal. Measure out the amount doctor advises—give a few stirs—and Gerber's is ready. Smooth-as-cream!



Millions of babies who start on Gerber's finely-strained Cereals thrive on them all *through* babyhood. Variety! Flavor! Easy to digest! What more could any mother or doctor ask? Except—*added iron, calcium and B-complex vitamins*—and Gerber Cereals contain all three!



For **FREE SAMPLES** of Gerber's three special Baby Cereals—write to Gerber's, Dept. 19-7, Fremont, Mich.

Gerber's
Fremont, Mich. Oakland, Calif.
Baby Foods

© 1947, G. P. C.

3 CEREALS • 18 STRAINED FOODS • 13 JUNIOR FOODS

YOU CAN WIN \$10,000⁰⁰ CASH IN THIS BIG DREFT \$140,000⁰⁰ PRIZE CARNIVAL



It's Easy! It's Fun! Enter Today! Enter Often!

Here's the opportunity of your lifetime to win \$10,000 . . . or a crisp \$1,000 bill . . . or a \$120 Motorola Radio-Phonograph!

Yes—you have 1,011 chances to win in this *different, easier* contest that's fun for the whole family.

It's easy to enter! You don't need writing skill—because there are no sentences or letters to write, no jingles to complete. **Enter today! Enter Often!** This is the *only* announcement of this contest that will be made in this magazine. Contest closes **Midnight, September 27, 1947.**



\$120.00* MOTOROLA RADIO-PHONOGRAPH—1948 MODEL. Lovely to look at—thrilling to hear. You will be proud to own this "Furniture-Styled" Motorola with its rich full-bodied tone. "Floating-Action" record changer handles ten 10" or eight 12" records. Beautiful walnut veneer cabinet. (*July 1, 1947)

HERE'S ALL YOU NEED TO DO—

JUST PICK THE 15 MOST POPULAR USES FOR DREFT—

Procter & Gamble's patented suds discovery—the first suds in history to bring you faster, brighter, safer cleaning than any soap!

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES:

1. What are the 15 most popular uses for Drest? Procter & Gamble asked an independent research organization to conduct a nationwide poll among women to discover the 15 most popular Drest uses in order of popularity.

2. To enter this contest, select from the list of Drest uses below, the 15 which you think are most popular with women from coast to coast. Number your selected uses from 1 to 15 in the order you believe represents their nationwide popularity. For example, the most popular use should be marked number 1, the next most popular number 2, etc. Then write in the space provided a Drest use which you consider the most unusual, original and practical. If you use a plain sheet of paper, write out the 15 uses, numbering them in order and add your most unusual use. Print plainly

your name and address. Send in as many entries as you wish.

3. Mail to Drest, Dept. Z, Box 687, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Enclose the top from a Drest package, or a reasonable facsimile, with each entry. Grocers, or other dealers, will permit contestants to make facsimiles. Drest is available in retail stores from coast to coast.

4. Any resident of the United States may compete, except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal, State and local regulations.

5. Contest closes September 27, 1947. All entries must be post-marked before midnight, September 27, and received by October 11, 1947.

6. Prizes will be awarded to entries numbering the 15 most popular

Drest uses in the same sequence, or closest correct sequence, as determined in the nationwide poll. In case of identical correct lists, winners will be determined by judging the entrant's unusual use for originality and practicality. Judge's decision final. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble and none will be returned.

7. A Grand Prize of \$10,000, ten second prizes of \$1,000 each, and 1,000 third prizes of \$120.00 Motorola Radio-Phonographs will be awarded by Procter & Gamble.

8. Major prize winners will be announced over Drest's Joyce Jordan radio program shortly after close of contest. All winners will be notified by mail. Winner lists will be available on request about one month after close of contest.

Note the entry blank at the left. It lists 25 Drest uses—cleaning jobs Drest does far better than any soap.

Now select the 15 uses which you think are the most popular with women from coast to coast. Number these uses from 1 to 15 in the order you believe represents their nationwide popularity. Then add one unusual use for Drest which you personally consider is practical and original.

Hints to Help You Win



Remember—most women wash dishes 3 times a day, so that use should be high on your list. Because Drest makes dishes shine—even without wiping.

Drest's clear-rinsing suds actually help keep nylons looking sheer and lovely as new. No wonder smart women everywhere Drest their stockings nightly for longer wear.

And Drest keeps lingerie color-bright and fresh far longer than any soap. *That* must be one of the most popular Drest uses.

Drest is a blessing to "sweater girls", too—washes *all* new woollens softer and fluffier than expensive soap flakes!

So study the list carefully—your knowledge and judgment will help you select the 15 most popular Drest uses. And as for an unusual use not listed . . . well, just try Drest for cleaning your eyeglasses, or for washing your dog! The amazing results will inspire you to discover dozens of new Drest miracles!

Enter now! Enter Often! Send in as many entries as you wish! The more you send, the more opportunity you have to win that big \$10,000.00 cash prize or one of the 1,010 other prizes!



ENTER NOW! USE THIS HANDY ENTRY BLANK

NO LETTERS TO WRITE! Just pick the 15 most popular Drest uses, and number them in the order of their nationwide popularity. (See Rule No. 2 above.)

- | | | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> BABY BOTTLES | <input type="checkbox"/> CAR WASHING | <input type="checkbox"/> FINE LINENS | <input type="checkbox"/> MILKING MACHINES & SEPARATORS | <input type="checkbox"/> UPHOLSTERY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BABY CLOTHES | <input type="checkbox"/> CURTAINS & DRAPES | <input type="checkbox"/> GLOVES | <input type="checkbox"/> PAINTED WOODWORK | <input type="checkbox"/> WASHABLE WALLS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BED-SPREADS | <input type="checkbox"/> DISHES & GLASSES | <input type="checkbox"/> JEWELRY | <input type="checkbox"/> RUGS | <input type="checkbox"/> WINDOWS & MIRRORS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BLANKETS | <input type="checkbox"/> DRESSES | <input type="checkbox"/> LAMP-SHADES | <input type="checkbox"/> STOCKINGS | <input type="checkbox"/> WINDOW SHADES & BLINDS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BLOUSES | <input type="checkbox"/> ENAMEL & PORCELAIN | <input type="checkbox"/> LINGERIE | <input type="checkbox"/> SWEATERS | <input type="checkbox"/> WOOLEN SOCKS |

Now write in here a Drest use (not one of the 25 above) which you consider unusual, practical and original.

NAME (PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

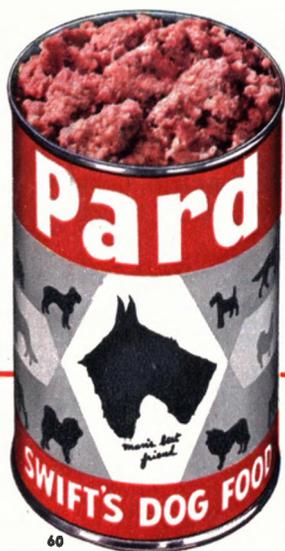
Pard made a pard of my dog...

*Disposition is smoother—
companionship closer... if you
keep him well-fed with **Pard!***



SWIFT MAKES PARD

rich in nutrients dogs need



And when it comes to the results—you'll see it in your dog's bright eyes and eagerly wagging tail. You'll sense it in his abundant energy and frolicsome play. For meaty-rich, tasty Pard is so downright nutritious—so abundantly endowed with energy-producing elements, no additional meat is ever needed as a dietary supplement! Reason is, Pard's balanced formula is based on feeding studies conducted in Swift & Company's laboratories. So why be satisfied with less? Get a supply of delicious Pard at your dealer's now!

← NOW IN CANS

ASK YOUR VETERINARIAN

how proper feeding can help prevent many common dog ailments. Consult him regularly—he's your dog's friend.



once the connection was made. The show was over. And, strangely enough, a success from their point of view.

The chief of police who had taken such an active part shook his head and shrugged his shoulders and said it was about the best they could do.

"You mean it is always difficult to hear from Panajachal to Guatemala City?"

"No, Senora, not difficult, but impossible in the rain. It is something we have never done. The static, the wires! But you are lucky, this is the first time that we have been able to get a connection through to Guatemala City at all in the rainy season."

Bumping back on Emilio's motorcycle I was deeply perturbed. I really must get a doctor somewhere. Gertrude was a good sport, but I knew she was ill.

AS I ascended the porch stairs to our room I heard voices inside, or rather a Voice. Large and masculine, deep and sonorous.

I paused in the doorway. A large, black-haired, black-eyebrowed, black-garbed individual was bending over Gertrude's bed with his back partly towards me, and he was saying, "Lend me your heart," and his silver stethoscope glimmered among the sheets.

Sebastian chaperoned the scene. He stood, his back discreetly towards Gertrude, facing the wall.

"Lend me your stomach," the obstetrician from Solola boomed in his deep bass, as he felt about Gertrude's abdomen.

Presently he picked up her wrist, "mas ligero—very fast," he said, raising a large bushy black eyebrow, and glancing over his shoulder at Sebastian. And in the same tone apparently in answer to an unspoken question in Sebastian's eyes, he said, "Si, a good journey—good hunting. I bring back *dos cocodrilos*."

Glancing back at Gertrude, and turning to me, he said, "A touch of malaria. She must have been in the tropics very recently.

"I will leave some quinine," the doctor said, "and she will be soon well. We see this often here. You must not permit yourselves to worry, either of you.

"And now, Senora," he said to Gertrude, "it is said that you are a painter. I too have done some painting, and I would consider it an honor if I could see your work before I return to Solola."

"But of course."

Gertrude's eyes brightened. She sat up in bed and looked more interested in life than she had in days.

As I went off in search of my unfinished dinner, Gertrude's pictures were spread all about. The doctor turned out to be a real critic. Gertrude was in her own element—all would be well.

The Brujo had known.

THE END

WOMAN'S DAY



Some people have the *brightest* ideas!

Now Glo-Coat gives your floors nearly twice the shine - without rubbing or buffing!



WITHOUT GLO-COAT

WITH GLO-COAT

Natural color photograph

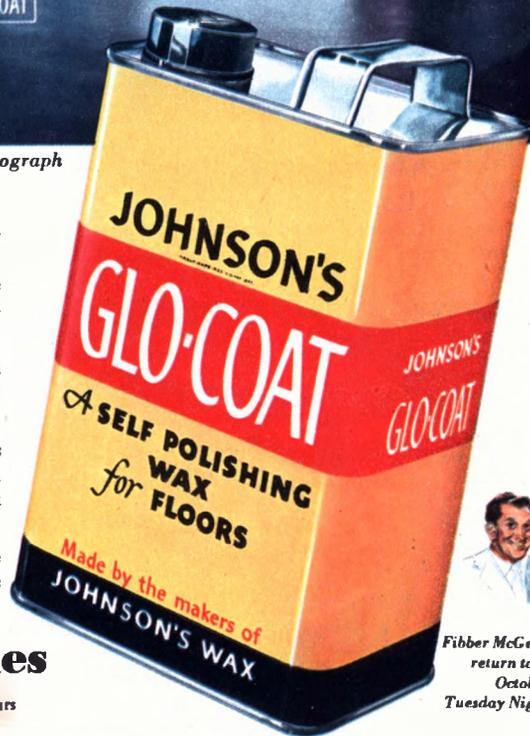
A color camera tells the story!

Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat... long famous for the sparkling glow it brings to floors... is now brighter than ever. And that means a brighter shine (actually a shine that's nearly *twice* as bright) for all the linoleum and varnished wood floors in your home.

And remember, you get this lustrous wax finish without rubbing or buffing. Glo-Coat shines as it dries... and never streaks.

The same Glo-Coat polish that beautifies floors *protects* them, too. Dirt doesn't penetrate easily into a tough wax film. Spilled things wipe up quickly. With regular Glo-Coat care, floors stay young, look young many years longer.

If you want a brighter shine... a shine that lasts... be sure to ask for Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat. More women use Glo-Coat than any other floor polish.



SAVE MONEY by buying the larger sizes



Fibber McGee and Molly return to the air October 7 Tuesday Nights - NBC

Five Famous Johnson Polishes

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



New! DRAX* Johnson's new product DRAX gives invisible wax protection to clothes and fabrics. DRAX-treated garments 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. S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin.

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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MR. STRINGER PASSES THROUGH

[Continued from Page 28]

"Good morning," she said, her brown eyes smiling. "Can I help you?"

"Well . . ." He cleared his throat, wondering if his voice sounded strange. "My name is Stringer. Lester Stringer. I wonder if you could use a printer."

The woman caught at the desk as if to keep from collapsing into her chair. "Mr. Heatter!" she called. "Come here quick!"

A WILD-HAIRED, little grasshopper of a man came bounding out of the back office. His green eyeshade was skewed around over one ear, and he was printer's ink from head to foot.

"Mr. Stringer, this is Mr. Heatter, the editor and publisher." The woman spoke rapidly. "Mr. Stringer is a printer!"

"No!" said Mr. Heatter.

"He says so," insisted the woman.

"No!" reiterated Mr. Heatter. "Printers don't just walk in. You have to go stalk 'em. You have to advertise and answer ads and track down leads and make long-distance calls and butt your head running down blind alleys!" He grinned and put out his hand. "If you are a printer, you're welcome as . . . What is he welcome as, Agnes? 'The flowers in May' doesn't start to tell it."

"You're so welcome we're practically in tears," said the woman. "Talk about manna from heaven. . . Please sit down, Mr. Stringer."

HE sat down. The front office was in order, but what he could see of the back office over the low swinging doors looked like the wrath of God. This place would be the same as the others—a mountain of work to begin with, the *hurry, hurry, keep up production*, until he started fumbling and dropping things in the daytime and couldn't sleep at night. Then he'd have to get away. He'd have to move on.

He wet his lips. "I'm just sort of passing through. A few days' work was all I had in mind, until . . . until . . ."

"I see," said Mr. Heatter.

The woman said nothing, and before her unspoken judgment Stringer winced.

"It's this way," he said. "I've been working out west, and now I'm on my way back home to Ohio—by easy stages, you might say. My people are opening a big printing plant in another month or so and they'll be needing me. But since I expect to be tied up there a long time, I thought I'd better see some of the country—while I had the chance."

"We'll show you everything Carlinsville has to offer," said Mr. Heatter, "and I think you'll find it right pretty, all except my back office here. Want to

[Continued on Page 68]

WOMAN'S DAY



Farm-Fresh Goodness!

Use this pure vegetable margarine as a spread, and for seasoning, flavoring, baking. You'll agree it's "America's finest".



Shedd's Ezy French Dressing is zesty!

Ready to serve. Just shake and pour over chopped salads, head lettuce, fruit salads, avocados. Try it just once . . . that's all we ask.



Shedd's Old Style Sauce for sandwiches!

Makes a grand dressing for potato salad, cold boiled eggs, hamburgers, hot dogs, fish, cold meats and fowl. Taste the taste that's winning millions.

Shedd-BARTUSH FOODS Inc.
General Offices • Detroit 6, Michigan



So many reasons why you'll want this new
FRIGIDAIRE ELECTRIC RANGE



So Fast! Radiantube Units start heating the instant you turn switch. Oven reaches baking temperature in 5½ minutes.

So Clean! No smoke, soot to dirty pots, pans, walls. Porcelain finish, inside and out—wipes clean. Smooth, one-piece top.

So Easy! Automatic time, temperature signals. Cook-Master clock control cooks an oven meal while you're away.

So Sure! Radiantube Surface Units have definite cooking heats; no guess-work. Big Even-Heat Oven.

So Thrifty! Oven roasts, bakes with part-time current. Thermizer (deep-well) cooks a meal for as little as 2c.

*Frigidaire made only by
 General Motors*



I just saw the new
FRIGIDAIRE COLD-WALL

It was love at sight—but I did take time to make some quick notes . . .
Called "Cold-Wall" because walls are cold, have built-in chilling coils. (Scientific reasons why "no moisture-robbing air circulation.") Foods don't dry out, never need be covered.
Super-Freezer Chest holds 35 lbs. of frozen foods. Quickube Trays give quick, easy ice service.
Meter-Miser is simplest cold-making mechanism ever built; uses less current than an ordinary light bulb.

You're twice as sure with two great names

Frigidaire made only by
General Motors



See Your Frigidaire Dealer. Find name in Classified Telephone Directory. Frigidaire Division, General Motors Corporation, Dayton, O. Leaside, Ont.

Listen to "THE MAN CALLED X" Radio Program See newspaper for time, station.

Beans with a Bonus in flavor!

YET THIS DISH COSTS ONLY 6¢ A SERVING*



SERVE 8 FOR ONLY 48¢*

Ranch House Casserole

2 cans Ann Page Beans
in Tomato Sauce
2 tablespoons prepared
mustard

1 tablespoon fat
2 medium onions, finely cut
2 medium apples, unpeeled,
chopped

Place beans in bean pot or casserole, add mustard. Sauté onion and apple in fat, combine with beans. Place bacon over top if desired. Bake in moderate oven 375°F., for 20 minutes. 8 servings.

It's the mealy, nut-like goodness of those tender-cooked Ann Page Beans that makes this dish so delicious. They're grand eating, too, right out of the can. Just heat 'em . . . then eat 'em! And be sure to try all three of the popular varieties: Ann Page Beans with Pork, in tangy tomato sauce — Ann Page Boston Style Beans with that tantalizing brown sugar and molasses sauce — Ann Page Vegetarian Style Beans. Keep them all on hand, for sure-to-please meals that practically get themselves!

**Recipe cost based on average prices of ingredients in A&P Super Markets at press time.*



HOW TO EAT BETTER FOR LESS!

The secret is Ann Page Foods! All 33 of these fine 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 have been eliminated . . . and you share in the savings.



ANN PAGE
Tender-cooked Beans





FERRY TAVERN

BY OLGA AND EVERETT WEBBER

Becky and Jude accept misfortune with courage in the realization of their deep love for each other



Moving like a panther Charley followed Jude up

THE STORY SO FAR:

Becky Whitman had worked as "bound girl" to the Bowcans in their tavern near the Kansas-Missouri border just before the Civil War. When she learned that Charley Saxon, the handsome peddler who had promised to come back for her, was married, she married Jude Prentiss, the tavern's new owner. Jude, who had a bullet lodged near his heart and was not expected to live long, had promised that the marriage would be a business arrangement only. The night when the neighbors came to celebrate the wedding, Saxon reappeared and told Becky he wasn't married. A few minutes later an Army officer arrived and told everyone that because of night riders it would be necessary for them to leave their homes and go into a fortified camp. Jude told Becky he was sending her back to her parents in Ohio without him to give her a chance to forget Saxon.

PART FOUR (Conclusion)

Rebecca's fingers were sore from her needle, for she had mended all of Jude's clothes, getting them ready for him to go to the encampment when he sent her to Ohio. But she worked on, there at the kitchen table, fixing a tick for the bunk he had built to go in the wagon. He would live in the wagon at the encampment. She had filled sacks with peas, beans, dried apples and peaches, meal and grits and flour and such, so that he could eat well.

As if in retaliation against the order to starve them out, the night riders had struck in seven scattered raids the seven nights following the house-warming. . . . The seven nights since she had seen Charley Saxon. She didn't know what Jude had said to him, but he had left without breakfast and without seeing her that morning a week ago.

The morning Jude had said, "He got one woman of mine. I hate to see him get another."

And she had answered bitterly, when she was recovered from her surprise over that—and over knowing that he knew she had once been in love with Charley—"You've no right to say that! Everything else aside, he's married—"

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FERRY TAVERN

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"Is he? He claims not."

"And I'm married—"

He shrugged, and she saw the veins pulsing in his forehead and throat, the way they did when his heart was bothering him unusually. Fearful of exciting him, she said, "I didn't mean to quarrel." And, making no reply, he left the room. He hadn't mentioned the matter since to her.

HE was busy hauling fodder and hiding little stacks of it in the woods under brush piles. Part of it would rot. Yet, if the war should suddenly stop and people be allowed to come back to their homes, enough of it might still be good to get the oxen through the winter. The cow was dry. Jude would run her out into the woods and hope that she would be all right. She would naturally stay near the feed, and that way be fairly well hidden.

At any rate, it was better to hide the feed than to have the Army burn it to keep the night riders from getting it. And, Jude had said, the stuff a man hauled to the encampment, above what he needed for his own use, would be confiscated anyway, so why take it—?

She heard the wagon coming in. Lutie Bell got up from the hearth, stretching and yawning, and went to the door and whined. Rebecca let her out, and she trotted off toward the barn. It wasn't long until she and Jude came back together, and by then Rebecca had set dinner on. The stages had stopped running and no travelers came any more, so they ate in the kitchen.

Jude looked frazzled out and he ate silently, not taking much on his plate. She dared not ask him how he felt, and there was no use asking him if there was anything he would like her to fix. She had tried that.

Presently he said, "There's an old cabin back there in the woods. Did you know about it? Bowan didn't mention it when he showed me over the place."

"I've seen it," Rebecca said.

"Well," Jude looked into his empty cup and she hastened to pour him some

more coffee, "I was just thinking. One room has a pretty fair roof. I think it might be a good idea to haul some of the furniture back there. It might never be found. What do you think?"

"I think—" She wanted to say, "I think you should quit wearing yourself out and working beyond your strength." But instead she said, "I think it would be a fine idea. I'll help you with it—"

There was no use arguing with him to take care of himself. He would do what he chose. Besides, she knew he probably had to keep going to keep his mind off the old feelings that had been roused in him the day he saw that girl here at the inn. Nothing except a woman could make him look as ill and be restless as he was, she told herself. Even that bullet pressing against his heart wouldn't do that.

The afternoon was gone by the time they got the second load of furniture taken to the cabin. They followed the slow oxen and wagon back, brushing leaves over the tracks where damp places showed ruts.

She was tired enough that night that she got her first sound sleep in a week, though toward morning she was troubled with dreams that she couldn't remember after she awakened.

JUDE spent the day hauling more fodder to the woods, and the next the same. And the following day they used shelling corn—drought-stricken ears from the dry summer, but still worth having. A person could live for months on end if he had corn and could find a few dandelions or other greens shooting up here and there. Even in winter he could live.

The next day Jude dug a hole where the wash pot fire had been built in the back yard for years on end. And in the hole he put the corn, well wrapped in a tarred canvas, and bedded in shucks to keep the damp dirt away from it. Finally he covered it over with earth and built a fire on the place and put the wash pot back after the fire was gone.

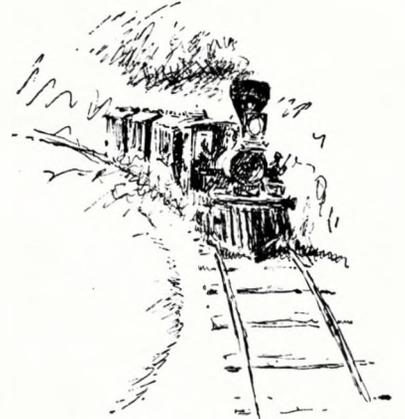
He had piled the extra dirt on the wagon sheet, and by the time he had

got it hauled off, refusing Rebecca's help, it was past noon.

And as they ate, he said, "Well, I guess everything's seen about. I'll get the oxen shod this afternoon so they can go on the road, and fix the wagon up to live in—"

Rebecca had heard no horse because of the wind that had sprung up, but suddenly Lutie Bell jumped and growled, and all at once hoofbeats sounded at the very gate. A man halloed.

She followed Jude to the door and saw a soldier out there, and when the



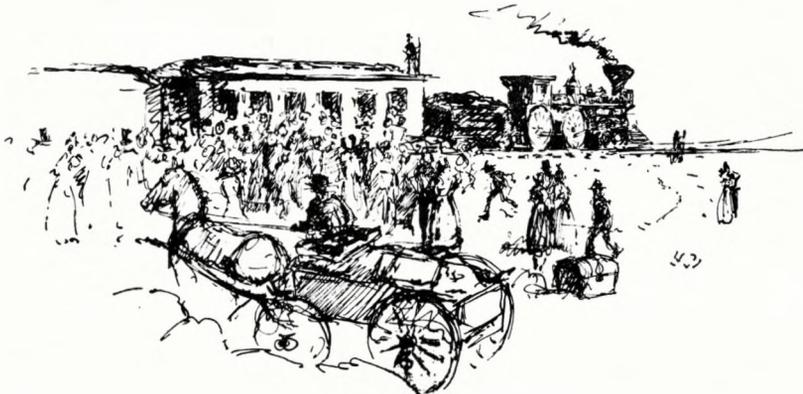
door was open the soldier said, "Mister, the deadline for movin' out has been set up. Everybody's got to get out tomorrow."

He rode on. Jude shrugged. He said, "Well, that's the Army for you. It never can make up its mind."

He drove the wagon into the yard and set the bunk he had built into it, and put the sheet on the tall bows. The oxen he led back to the barn to nail their shoes on them, and Rebecca put the straw tick and feather tick on the bunk, and fixed it warmly with blankets which she weighted down with the comforters she had been making this fall. She brought out the sacks of provisions, then, and the jugs of molasses, and a box containing mustard and salt and pepper and vinegar and such. She put a chair in for him and a little table. The rest of the space would be taken up with his chest and with the grain and tightly baled fodder for the oxen. He had made a little iron stove for heat.

The sun was getting low as she went back toward the house through the whipping east wind. This time tomorrow she would be well on the road to her folks in Ohio, and in a way it would be a relief, though a painful one, to have it over and done with. Not to be where Charley Saxon might come riding up at any moment. Not—

She opened the door and a startled



cry escaped her as she saw a man sitting there at the table eating. It was Charley.

Not rising, he drawled, "No one seemed to be around so I came on in and made myself at home."

She said, "Well, you can't make yourself at home here."

"You didn't begrudge me something to eat once before when I was hungry."

She said nothing, and he added, "By the way, I saw Bettina in Kansas City."

"Bett—oh, yes." She had noticed that was the way the name was signed as witness on her marriage certificate. Bettina Saxon.

CHARLEY said, "Well, now, I'll tell you about her. She used to live in Dodge. I was working there then and she—well, if I do say it myself, she thought I was pretty special. But I didn't want to get serious. I was waiting to meet a girl like you. Understand? So at last I left and went to Denver. She followed me. So I went to Kansas City, and first thing I knew, there she was. Finally I gave her that coat she's wearing for her to agree to let me alone. But does she? No, sir—"

Rebecca said, "She—she said she was your wife. She was wearing a wedding ring—"

"Oh, that." Charley laughed. "You

can buy them anywhere. What I came here for was to talk about you and me. Now, I've got some money I wanted you to help me spend. I've made a pile. And out west—out in California—they're not having any war. They say that's a fine country—"

Rebecca said, "Mr. Saxon, I'm a married woman. Either hush and leave this house or I'll call my husband—"

He sighed as if understanding women was beyond him. "The way a giddy girl will fly off the handle and marry someone just for spite! But—I'm willing to take you back—"

She turned to the door and just as she took hold of the latch it was raised by the string from the outside.

Jude came in and without looking at her, he said, "Saxon, I told you not to come back here."

Charley eyed him warily and continued to eat. "Public house," he said. "Besides, Charley Saxon goes where he pleases."

Jude was upon him, jerking him out of the chair by his hair. But he turned loose quickly enough as Charley slashed at him with the butcher knife from the table.

Moving like a panther, Charley followed him up, and in one blinding flash

of movement he threw the knife and it hung quivering in the wall behind where Jude's head had been a second before.

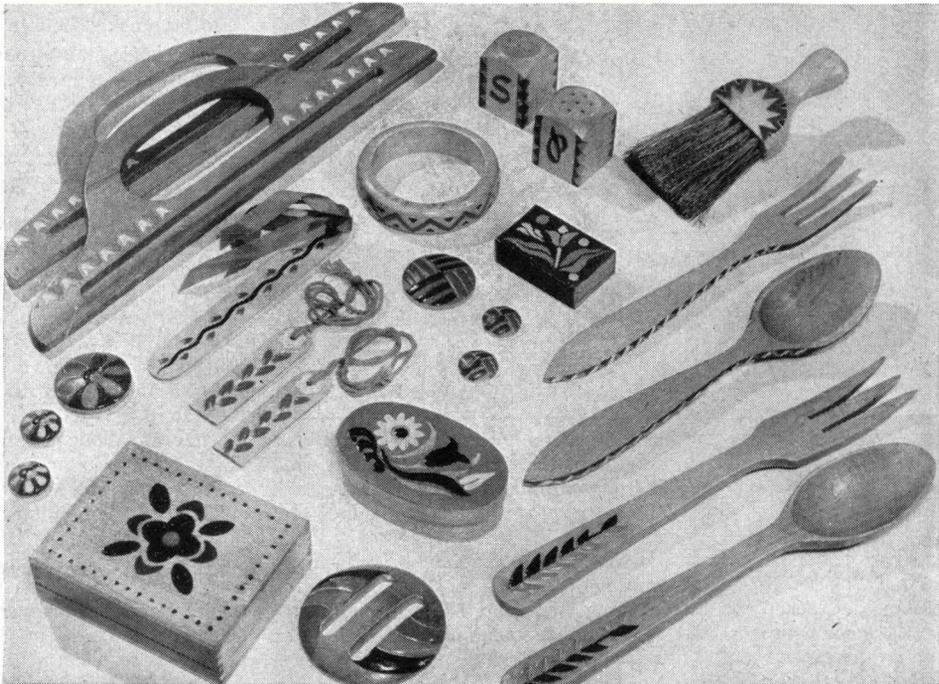
Rebecca swallowed her heart back down. The table went over with a clatter of breaking dishes as Jude charged in. Charley swung a stool, but Jude wrested it from him and, grappling with Charley, he lifted him high and hurled him down against the floor. But he was up like a cat, the stool in his hands again. He swung it solidly this time, catching Jude across the forehead, and staggering under the blow, Jude grappled with him again. Jerking away, Charley left half his coat in Jude's hands.

THEN a strange thing happened. He started fighting and clawing to get the garment back. Veins stood out heavily on his face and neck, and his eyes were wild.

In a high, rasping voice, he cried, "You can't do me this way, Prentiss. Let me have that or I'll kill you—"

Jude made no answer. Snatching the knife from the wall he drove it at Charley's throat, but Saxon had seen it coming. Backing, he clutched as if trying to draw a pistol—evidently the pistol in the fragment of coat that Jude held.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM HOWLAND

DECORATE WITH GESSO

COLORFUL raised designs in Gesso art clay decorate all these wooden accessories done by Elise Mannel. There's almost no limit to the sort of thing you can ornament—but-tons, wooden beads, earrings and bracelets, as well as salt and pepper shakers, cigarette or trinket boxes, clothes

brushes—and they make charming gifts with a personal air. They're inexpensive, too. A quarter pint can of Gesso costs about 35 cents and the articles in this assortment range in price from a penny to 30 cents. For designs and directions see **HOW TO**, beginning on page 89.

SEE
HOW TO
SECTION

MR. STRINGER PASSES THROUGH

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take a look around so you'll know the worst?"

The woman intervened. "I wouldn't now. Mr. Stringer has on his good clothes, and besides he's probably tired. Have you found a place to stay?"

"I thought about the hotel. . ." began Stringer.

"I don't mean to be making up your mind for you, but I think you'd be more comfortable at Mrs. Cobb's. She has an extra room now, and she'd be glad to have you, I know."

"Thank you kindly," said Stringer. "I never cared much about hotels in the first place, only I thought. . ."

The woman went briskly to the door. "If you'll step outside with me, I can show you from here. . . The white house on the corner, with the red barn in back. Tell Mrs. Cobb I sent you—I'm Miss Winterburn."

STRINGER lugged his suitcase down the street, wondering how he'd make out if Mrs. Cobb asked for a week's rent in advance. But if Mrs. Cobb had the slightest anxiety over the rent money, she gave no sign.

So he was the new printer—well! She hoped he'd like the north bedroom. It wasn't very clean. She hadn't dusted since Tuesday, but he could take a look.

He looked at the spotless room with the gold-tufted bedspread and the round, braided rug and the red-plush rocker. Mrs. Cobb moved ahead of him like a bright-eyed, industrious old bird, stabbing at imaginary specks of dust.

"You'll want your board, I guess."

"Yes, I guess," he answered hesitantly.

"I always did say it's as easy to board two as one. Well, then, I'll leave you to yourself, and if there's anything you want, I'll be right down the hall."

He closed the door after her and sat down in the rocker. A breeze blew in across his face, and without looking out through the open window he knew that Mrs. Cobb's garden was freshly plowed, her grass had just been cut, and she or a next-door neighbor was baking an apple pie.

For a little while he could almost imagine he was back home. He closed his eyes, pretending the rocker was his rocker and the big, cool bedroom was his room high under the eaves.

He had liked his room better than any other place in the world because there he could be alone. There was no one to nudge him with an impatient look or a "Hurry, Lester."

Someone was forever trying to hurry him—his mother, brothers, or sisters. Only his father had been patient with what the rest of the family called "his everlasting slowness," and his father had

died when Lester was seven.

His father was a printer, and all the boys were printers. It was in their blood—in Lester's blood strongest of all. The smell of the inks and the fine texture of good paper beneath his finger tips filled him with a kind of ecstasy. He planned endless letterheads, matching them to the personalities of people he knew.

Day after day he drove his brothers to speechless exasperation. Lester could print. He knew inks and paper and presses. He had a natural feeling for design. But he couldn't be hurried. Left to himself, he might get a Christmas order on the press by New Year's. A mid-winter job might go untouched until spring.

"You've got to produce!" they told him. "You can't spend a week on a ten-dollar order."

Lester tried to produce. And when he drove himself, something happened in-



John Barron

side him. His fingers turned numb and fumbling, he smashed type faces, and his nerves pulled tighter, tighter, until they quivered at every sound and motion.

He might be different away from his brothers, on his own. He drifted west, working here and there, sometimes a few months, sometimes no longer than a week. Everywhere it was the same. *Produce, produce—hurry, hurry.* A parade of foremen menaced his dreams, all saying, "You don't seem to fit in here, Stringer. . . I don't see how we can afford to keep you any longer. . . Sorry. . . Sorry. . ."

He learned to anticipate each blow and before it could fall, to turn in his two-weeks' notice. That way he could walk a little straighter on the way out.

Before long he was extending his little pretense. "I'm just passing through, so I probably won't be with you long," he would say to a new foreman. "I've got to get home to help my brothers in Ohio."

A few of them shook their heads and said they were looking for somebody permanent, but most of them took a chance. It was toward the end of the war, and printers were scarce.

The last foreman, in that job shop in San Francisco, had told him, "You don't belong here. You take everything too big. Why don't you look around till you find something your speed? Better yet, why don't you go back to that place in Ohio you're always talking about and pull yourself together? Another month or two like this and you'll be headed for the house on the hill."

He shuddered and opened his eyes quickly on the reassuring peacefulness of Mrs. Cobb's bedroom. He busied himself at unpacking his suitcase and changing his clothes. In front of the mirror he took the palm of his hand to his meager, spiky forelock. Slowly he cleaned his gold-rimmed spectacles. He looked at his shoes. He might touch them up a little.

With a half-desperate shake of his head he plucked himself out of the dim room and set himself down in the naked brightness of the sidewalk, his feet turned resolutely toward the *Carlinsville News*.

Mr. Heatter helped him into an apron and left him alone in the back office. Stringer moved warily through the welter of paper, chases and scattered type. While he got his bearings, he swept the floor and dug out a few corners.

MISS Winterburn called back to tell him it was time for dinner and walked with him down to Mrs. Cobb's. He was surprised to discover she lived there, too.

They ate alone together in the big, dark-papered dining room that smelled vaguely of spices.

"What do you think of our shop by now?" she asked.

"It's pretty small—smaller than I'm used to, of course," he said. "The last plant I worked in covered nearly a block. They hired a crew of janitors and the place was so clean you could work all day without even getting your hands dirty."

"That must have been nice," she said.

There might have been a tinge of dryness in her tone—he wasn't sure. "But I. . . I never had such meals as this!" He brought out the words hurriedly. He snatched at his fork and dropped it on the floor. He reached for it, trying to

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Once in a hundred years

The summer holiday most children dream of and rarely have

by OLIVE W. FREEMAN

IF we'd tried to figure out specifications for a summer in Heaven, we couldn't have dreamed up anything as perfect as the summer our town celebrated its Centennial. For us it was like having the circus come to stay, so we could take our time over enjoying every little part of it.

A street fair was set up downtown. Concessions lined Front Street with their flimsy, bedizened booths. The narrow stalls with balloons, cane-racks, variegated jewelry novelties and penny arcades, changed our sober shopping district into an adventurous and exotic market place. Looking them over as we inched along the sidewalk was rich entertainment, and free. "Have your palm read," "Guess your weight," "Have your picture taken," lured few nickels and dimes from our guarded pockets. When we did loosen up, our purchase was almost always edible. Like Hokey Pokey. You could hear the venders everywhere, "Hokey Pokey, five a cake." Ernest and his low friends always added, "Up the river and down the lake, you'll probably die of a belly-ache."

Farther from the center of town, and the range of our wanderings, was a free

horse diving act, and also the best publicized show of all, "Aimee," the hoochie-coochie dancer. Great banners swung across the street urging, "After the High Dive, see Aimee." Soon you heard it everywhere. "See Aimee, see Aimee, see Aimee," little boys would chant, and, "Well, see you after the High Dive," was the smarty way to say good-by.

Round the corner on Liberty Street, side shows filled every vacant lot all the way to the post office. It still seems unjust to me that Ernest could pay his ten cents and go in to see "The Devil Child, Born with Horns" while it was forbidden to me. But what sort of parents were going to risk the effect on generations yet unborn, by exposing their girl children to such sights! Better be on the safe side.

OFTENER and oftener Ernest and I went separate ways that summer. His printing press in the attic had been absorbing a lot of his time through the spring. For a couple of months he had been getting out a smudgy two-page weekly paper. He called it *The Smiles*. The little pages were about three by five, but the burden of gathering humor-

ous material to fill that much space weighed on him increasingly. After he'd had a nightmare, and wakened the whole family shrieking, "Oh, what can I put in *The Smiles*?" Mother suggested that he close his office for the summer, and that was over.

It was on the basis of this publishing venture that Will Rowan, one of Father's friends, who was editor of the county weekly paper, provided Ernest with a press pass. No wonder our ways parted somewhat. Ernest moved in a separate Seventh Heaven of his own.

He had a new friend, too, a Boston boy, a bit older, who was spending the summer. Once when the two boys were setting out for the early evening's entertainment, trying to catch a greased pig on Front Street, I went with them. Mother said they could help me get up on the wide ledge of one of the Savings Bank windows, and if I sat there until it was all over, there was no reason why I couldn't go. The whole thing would be over before it was dark. Before we got to the corner, my shoe lace had come untied, and was dragging. There was plenty to drag, for at the top of my high

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SEVEN GOOD CAKES

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1. SILVER CAKE WITH ORANGE FILLING AND COCONUT FROSTING

Cake costs 46 cents

Filling and frosting cost 75 cents

Woman's Day Kitchen (August 1947)

2/3 cup vegetable shortening	2-1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1-1/2 cups sugar	3/4 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla	1/2 cup egg whites (about 4)
1/2 teaspoon almond extract	1 teaspoon salt
2-1/2 cups sifted cake flour	1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar

Cream shortening; add sugar 1/4 cup at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flavorings and beat until light and fluffy. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, beating until smooth. Add salt and cream of tartar to egg whites; beat until stiff but not dry; fold into batter. Pour into 3 greased and floured or wax-paper-lined 8-inch-square pans. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., about 20 minutes. Turn out on racks to cool. Spread Orange Filling between layers, Coconut Frosting on top.

ORANGE FILLING

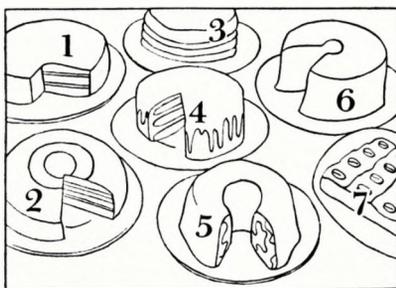
1/2 cup unsifted cake flour	1/4 cup lemon juice
1 cup sugar	2 tablespoons grated orange rind
1/4 teaspoon salt	2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
1/4 cup water	4 egg yolks
1-1/4 cups orange juice	

Mix flour, sugar and salt together in heavy saucepan. Add water and mix until there are no lumps. Stir in the orange and lemon juice and rind. Cook over low heat until mixture thickens and becomes almost transparent. Beat egg yolks slightly and slowly add hot mixture, stirring constantly. Return to saucepan and cook slowly about 5 minutes or until sauce thickens again, stirring constantly. Cool thoroughly.

COCONUT FROSTING

2 cups sugar	2 egg whites
1/2 cup boiling water	1/8 teaspoon almond extract
1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar	About 2 cups grated coconut
1/4 teaspoon salt	

Mix sugar, water and cream of tartar in small deep saucepan; stir until dissolved. Cover and bring to boil; uncover and cook until syrup spins a thread (240°F., on a candy thermometer). Add salt to egg whites and beat until stiff but not dry. Add syrup gradually to egg whites, beating constantly. Add extract. Beat until frosting will hold its shape. Spread on top and sides of cake; sprinkle with coconut.



2. GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY CAKE

Cake costs 53 cents

Jam and frosting cost 42 cents

Woman's Day Kitchen (August 1947)

1/2 cup butter	4 eggs, well beaten
1 cup powdered sugar	1-1/2 cups sifted cake flour
1/2 teaspoon lemon extract	1-1/2 teaspoons baking powder
	1/2 teaspoon salt

Cream butter; add sugar 1/4 cup at a time, beating hard after each addition. Add extract and beat until light and fluffy. Add eggs alternately with sifted dry ingredients, beating well after each addition. Turn into 2 greased and floured or wax-paper-lined 8-inch round pans. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., about 28 minutes. Turn out on racks to cool.

To complete cake as shown in photograph: Cut each layer through the middle to make thin layers; spread cut layers with tart jam, such as plum, and put Butter Cream Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake; garnish top with a ring of jam.

BUTTER CREAM FROSTING

1/2 cup soft butter	1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind
About 2-3/4 cups sifted confectioners' sugar	

Cream butter until very light; beat in sugar gradually. Add lemon rind or other preferred flavoring. An electric mixer will make frosting light and creamy, but it is possible to beat it by hand.

3. BANANA CREAM SPICE CAKE

Cake costs 47 cents

Topping costs 49 cents

Woman's Day Kitchen (August 1947)

1/2 cup vegetable shortening	1 teaspoon salt
1-1/4 cups sugar	1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 eggs	1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
2-1/2 cups sifted cake flour	1-1/2 cups mashed ripe banana pulp
1/4 teaspoon soda	
2 teaspoons baking powder	

Cream shortening and sugar until light; add eggs one at a time, beating well. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with banana pulp, beating until smooth. Turn into 2 greased and floured or wax-paper-lined 9-inch round pans. Bake in moderate oven, 375°F., about 25 minutes. Turn out on racks to cool.

For filling and topping: Use 1 cup heavy cream, whipped and slightly sweetened, and 4 sliced bananas dipped in lemon juice. Put whipped cream and bananas between layers and on top. Do not try to store cake overnight after adding cream and bananas.

4. CHOCOLATE SHADOW CAKE

Cake costs 67 cents

Frosting costs 23 cents

Woman's Day Kitchen (August 1947)

4 squares unsweetened chocolate	3 eggs
1/2 cup hot water	2 cups sifted cake flour
1-3/4 cups sugar	1 teaspoon soda
1/2 cup butter	1/2 teaspoon salt
	2/3 cup milk
	1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt chocolate in top part of double boiler over boiling water. Add water and stir until thickened. Add 1/2 cup sugar and cook over boiling water 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Cool to lukewarm. Cream butter well; add remaining 1-1/4 cups sugar gradually, beat until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, beating until smooth. Add chocolate mixture and vanilla, stirring only just until mixed. Turn into 3 greased and floured or wax-paper-lined 8-inch round pans. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., about 30 minutes. Turn out on racks to cool. Put layers together with Seven-Minute Frosting and spread top and sides with it.

Shadow topping: When frosting is set, melt 2 squares unsweetened chocolate with 2 teaspoons butter; pour over top, allowing chocolate mixture to run over sides of cake. Let stand until set before cutting cake.

SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING

2 egg whites	1-1/2 cups sifted sugar
1/4 cup water	1/8 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar	1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix ingredients except vanilla in top part of double boiler; stir until sugar dissolves. Put over boiling water and beat with rotary beater until stiff enough to stand in peaks, about 7 to 10 minutes. Remove from heat and add vanilla. Beat until slightly cooled and thick enough to spread.

5. MARBLE CAKE WITH RICH CHOCOLATE FROSTING

*Cake costs 47 cents
Frosting costs 35 cents*

Woman's Day Kitchen (August 1947)

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|------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1/2 cup vegetable shortening | 1/2 cup egg whites (about 4) |
| 1-1/2 cups sugar | 1/2 cup milk |
| 1-1/4 teaspoons vanilla | 2-1/4 squares unsweetened chocolate |
| 2 cups sifted cake flour | 3 tablespoons water |
| 3/4 teaspoon salt | |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | |

Cream shortening; add 1-1/4 cups sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Add vanilla. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, beating until smooth. Fold in egg whites which have been beaten until stiff but not dry. Put half the batter into another bowl. Add remaining 1/4 cup sugar to melted chocolate; add water and stir until thick and well mixed; cool slightly. Add this chocolate mixture to half the batter, stirring until blended. Put alternating tablespoonfuls of light and dark mixture in greased and wax-paper-lined deep 8-inch tube pan. Cut through batter once with knife or spatula to improve marbled effect. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., about 1 hour. Turn out on rack, remove wax paper and cool. Spread with Rich Chocolate Frosting.

RICH CHOCOLATE FROSTING

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1-1/2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar | Few grains salt |
| 3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted | 2-1/2 tablespoons hot water |
| | 3 egg yolks |
| | 1/2 teaspoon vanilla |
| | 1/4 cup soft butter |

Add half of sugar to chocolate, mixing thoroughly. Add salt, water and remaining sugar. Beat in egg yolks one at a time. Add vanilla. Add butter and beat thoroughly until well blended. Spread on cake.

6. OLD-FASHIONED SPONGE CAKE

Cake costs 76 cents

Woman's Day Kitchen (August 1947)

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1-1/2 cups egg whites (about 12) | 1-1/3 cups sifted sugar |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | Grated rind 1 orange |
| 1 teaspoon cream of tartar | 1-1/3 cups sifted cake flour |
| | 9 egg yolks |

Beat egg whites in large bowl until frothy; add salt and cream of tartar gradually, beating constantly. Continue beating until air bubbles are small and whites are glossy but not dry. Add sugar gradually, beating constantly until all sugar is added and mixture will not run

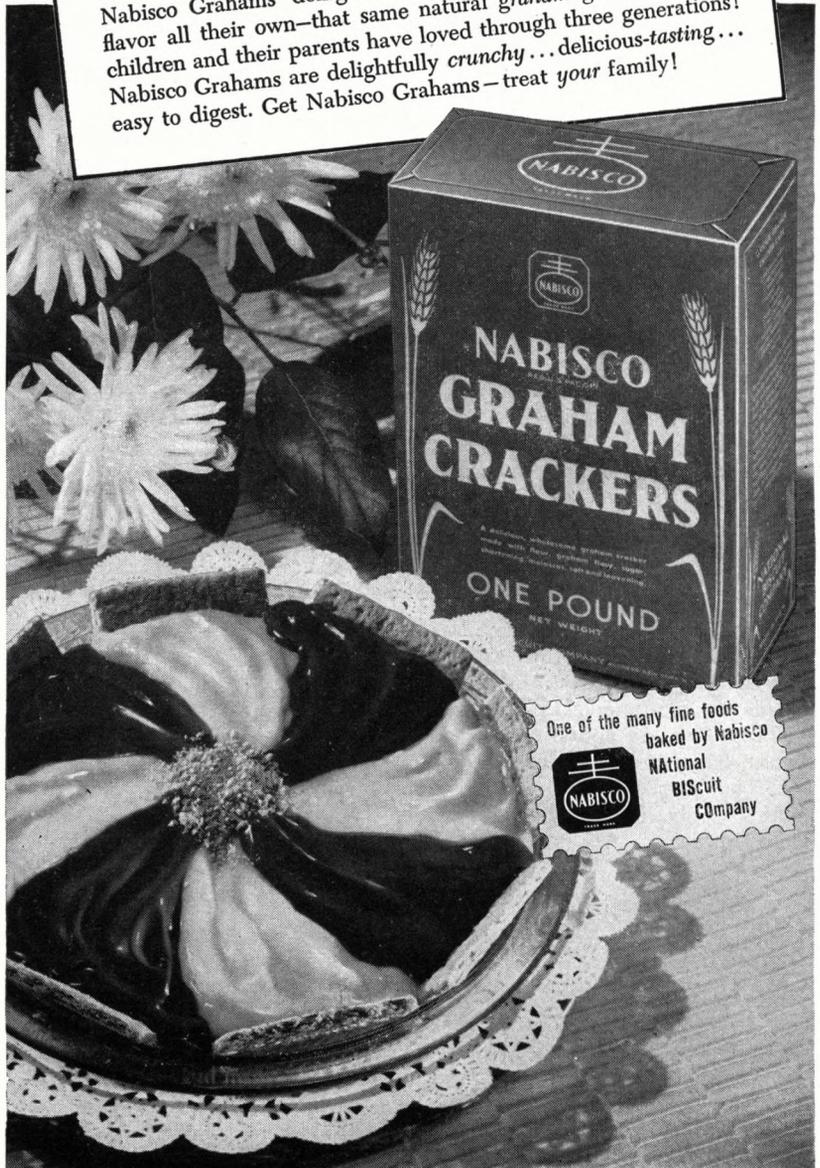
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How to make a "Party Pie" without baking!

NABISCO GRAHAM CRACKER DOMINO PIE

1 pkg. prepared chocolate pudding 1 pkg. prepared vanilla pudding
Nabisco Graham Crackers

Prepare puddings according to directions on packages and chill. Arrange Nabisco Graham Crackers in 9-inch pie plate, cutting them to fit the bottom and around sides of plate. Fill in spaces between crackers with crumbs or small pieces. Spoon in puddings, alternating dark and light. Swirl with spoon. Chill until firm. What a dream of a pie without the bother of baking—and all Nabisco Grahams' doing! For these crackers add a delectable flavor all their own—that same natural graham goodness which children and their parents have loved through three generations! Nabisco Grahams are delightfully crunchy... delicious-tasting... easy to digest. Get Nabisco Grahams—treat your family!



One of the many fine foods baked by Nabisco
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

YOU

(of all people!)

must

use Tampax

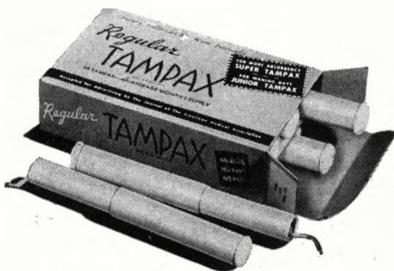
If you are an eager, alert Miss or Mrs.—one who likes modern improvements—then this product Tampax is personally and particularly for you.

...It is a form of monthly sanitary protection invented by a doctor to be worn internally, so there is no longer any need for using belts, pins or external pads.



Just think of all the advantages! Tampax cannot cause a single bulge or wrinkle, even in the sheerest, snuggest dress. The Tampax itself, when in place, is invisible and *unfelt*. And with the patented insertion-applicator, your hands need never touch the Tampax.... Start using Tampax the very "next time" and use it on all "the days." No odor. No chafing. Easy disposal. And wonder of wonders, you can wear Tampax in shower or tub!

Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax is sold at drug and notion counters in Regular, Super and Junior absorbencies. Your purse will hold an average month's supply. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

SEVEN GOOD CAKES

[Continued from Page 71]

or slip when bowl is turned on side. Add orange rind; beat 3 minutes longer. Sift flour gradually onto mixture and fold in gently. Add egg yolks which have been beaten until thick and lemon colored. Mix thoroughly but lightly. Pour into ungreased 10-inch tube pan and bake in moderate oven, 325°F., about 65 minutes. Invert cake on rack and allow to stand until cold before removing from pan.

To make a patterned sugar topping: Put a large paper doily on top of cake; dust with sifted confectioners' sugar; rub sugar lightly into holes of doily; carefully remove paper.

7. CARMEL FUDGE PECAN CAKE (Quick Method)

Cake costs 61 cents

Frosting costs 41 cents

Woman's Day Kitchen (August 1947)

1/2 cup vegetable shortening	1 teaspoon salt
2 cups sifted cake flour	1-1/4 cups sugar
2 teaspoons baking powder	3/4 cup milk
	1 teaspoon vanilla
	2 eggs, grade B
	1/2 cup chopped pecans

All ingredients should be at room temperature. Put shortening into mixing bowl and mix just to soften. Sift dry ingredients into bowl on top of shortening; add milk and vanilla. Beat 2 minutes

(by hand 150 strokes per minute; or use slow speed on electric mixer). Scrape bowl frequently during beating and scrape beater or spoon before adding eggs. Add eggs and beat 1 minute longer. Add pecans. Turn into greased and wax-paper-lined 10-1/2 x 7-1/2 x 2-inch pan. Bake in moderate oven, 375°F., about 27 minutes. Turn out on rack, remove wax paper and cool before frosting with Caramel Fudge Frosting.

CARMEL FUDGE FROSTING

3-2/3 cups sugar	1/8 teaspoon salt
1 cup hot water	2 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons corn syrup	1 teaspoon vanilla
1-1/4 cups undiluted evaporated milk	20 pecan halves

Put 2/3 cup sugar in dry heavy skillet over medium heat and cook without stirring until sugar melts and becomes light golden brown. Add water slowly and cook without stirring until sugar dissolves. Pour into heavy kettle and add syrup, evaporated milk and remaining 3 cups sugar. Cook until mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water (238°F. on candy thermometer). Add salt, butter and vanilla. Let cool until lukewarm. Beat with large spoon or electric mixer until mixture begins to lose its gloss. Spread quickly on cake. If too thick to spread easily, stir in 1 to 3 tablespoons cream. Top with pecans.

HOW NOT TO GET A JOB

[Continued from Page 33]

SALLY SCARED-TO-DEATH

Now look, Sally, what are you so scared about? Remember that this is the most ordinary business transaction. The firm needs help and you need a job. The man or woman interviewing you has a job and knows better than you what the score is, that's all. He's trying to find out about you—just what you're like—if your qualities and shortcomings add up to the kind of person who'd fit into his organization. It's up to you to help him all you can. Listen and observe as much as possible so you can give him the information he needs, completely and honestly. That's all the selling you need to do.

Certainly he's looking you over, his attention is concentrated on you, but that's no reason to get into such a panic. You've done the same thing yourself when a new girl moved into the neighborhood or a new teacher took over your class, haven't you? Wouldn't you have thought Miss Finch was a drip if she'd just stood there, gulping and gasping and tied into knots, that first day she

took over the tenth grade?

Nothing distorts the impression of you and your abilities like tension. If you're frozen with self-consciousness you can't think clearly or respond freely. Keep in mind too, that this isn't the only job in the world. You couldn't expect to be just right for every business or any firm, nor will you yourself be happy where you don't fit. So . . . take it easy. Keep circulating and you'll come on your best bet. Relax.

CHUCK CHATTERBOX

Chuck has a pretty solid idea behind his approach. The trouble is he overdoes. He's done some thinking about himself in relation to this job, he's studied the firm, he's marshaled some facts about himself. All that is bright. But he delivers his spiel with the relentless insistence of a machine gun; he's so wound up he battles his way through the interview and so he's set down as "over-aggressive," and that's not good. The ability to get along with people is put high on the list of qualifications. Many

rated it above intelligence, particularly for the youngster. So again, take it easy. One young man I know had memorized a list of his qualifications and opened each interview with a very positive statement of how valuable each one would be to his prospective employer. Strangely enough the prospect never became actual. About the fourth or fifth interview, discouraged and therefore more tentative, he said, "By the way, I speak Spanish pretty well. Would that be useful to you?" "It certainly would," replied the boss, positively, and that time he got the job.

HILDA HIGH HAT

Every one of the personnel directors mentioned "attitude" as one of the most important factors considered. When we analyzed just what they meant by the word, we found it comprised directness, honesty of approach, an eagerness to get and do the job, no false pride about the sort of work to be done, a decent humility in dealing with one's fellow workers and cheerful co-operation with them. Well, you can imagine the fine impression made by the girl who announces immediately that of course she doesn't need to work, her family wants her to "come out" or spend the summer at the shore or some such nonsense, but she thinks a job would be such a lark!

GENERALLY speaking, this is a pose assumed with the idea that the hard-to-get is the more desirable. Don't do it. It takes a great deal more skill to play that game successfully than you are likely to have at this level of experience. When you try to convey that you are something special you merely impress the boss as a snob, or as a delicate flower it would be troublesome to have around. Does anybody like a superior person? Come down off that perch.

By the same token, the same mistake is made by the applicant who tries to play pitiful. Inversely he says, "I need the job to get through college . . . to keep my poor old mother out of the poor-house."

Now it's not that the boss is cold-hearted and cruel. He'd be glad to help a fellow—other things being equal. But his first duty is to his work. He's part of a production team, looking for a new member equipped to *produce*. Do you honestly believe that your personal needs or finances can weigh heavily in his evaluation scales? If you use an appeal for sympathy as a selling point, you are immature and unrealistic, and he sees trouble ahead if he hires you.

BEN BLUFFING

One can understand and sympathize with Ben in making this error. There are so many jobs closed to him because
 [Continued on Page 74]

Which slide fastener in a skirt can't "steal" open...

drapes like a ribbon...

is sturdy and strong...

TALON
 THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER
 7 inch
 SKIRT PLACKET

SO EASY TO SEW IN!
 The Talon fastener made specially for skirt plackets comes in the ROSE package—along with easy-to-follow directions for sewing it in! At notion counters everywhere.

Those "in the know" Sew with

Talon
 REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.—TALON, INC.
 THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER

Of course

it makes smooth Ice Cream

If you haven't used your KARO* Syrup for delicious, home-made ice cream—you've been missing a famous performance! Yes—isn't it wonderful how many uses there are for KARO? And all so good!

*KARO is a registered trade-mark of Corn Products Refining Co., New York, N. Y.



Vanilla ice cream

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 2 egg yolks | 1 tablespoon cold water |
| ½ cup KARO Syrup, Red or Blue Label | 1 cup light cream |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 1 cup milk | 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten |
| 1½ teaspoons gelatin | ¼ cup sugar |

Beat egg yolks in top of double boiler; add KARO Syrup and salt. Slowly stir in milk. Place over boiling water and cook, stirring constantly, about 5 minutes or until mixture is slightly thick. Add gelatin softened in cold water. Stir until gelatin is dissolved. Cool until thickened. Add cream and vanilla. Beat egg whites until stiff; beat in sugar gradually. Fold in custard mixture. Pour into freezing tray. Freeze with control set at coldest point until almost firm. Place in chilled bowl and beat with rotary beater. Return to tray and continue freezing until firm, stirring once when mixture is half frozen. Makes about 1 quart.



of his inexperience and he becomes so desperate as he tries to figure what will make them give him a chance! So he bluffs. If you'd stop to think a minute, Ben, you'd realize that's not very wise. This man you're trying to put something over on is specially trained. He has an instinct for judging people and he's developed it through years of interviewing hundreds of job-hunters. He undoubtedly has a broad knowledge of this field, too, so that he's well acquainted with the very people or places you're pretending to be familiar with. He'll know you're lying and that's a black mark; he'll think you're stupid to believe you can get away with it and that's a black mark. Pretense of any kind is easily seen through and dishonesty is not a desirable quality in an employee.

The temptation to bluff is strongest when struggling to get started in one of the professions in which training has not been standardized, such as radio, newspaper work or copy writing. No matter what your talents, nothing takes the place of experience in those fields. Get that experience in the small-town venture. Don't try to crack the big metropolitan organizations. Yes, a job as office boy or page or stenographer will get you into the atmosphere there, you'll learn *something*. But you're likely to be kept very busy grinding away at your particular chores. The big city firm can't have the flexibility that will give you an opportunity to learn various phases of the business. On the other hand, the informal atmosphere, the meager resources and the shortage of personnel in the little local radio station or the small-town newspaper allow everyone to pitch in on all sorts of jobs. Serve your apprenticeship in your own home town and you won't have to bluff.

VIOLA VAGUE

A publisher of a magazine told the story of a girl who was effusive in her admiration of the publication. She did so want to work on it! But only one or two questions showed her completely unfamiliar with the magazine. Although the names of the editorial staff are printed in every issue, she knew none of them nor anything about the general policy or purposes of the publication. When it was suggested that she see the managing editor she asked the name, and *then*—blandly inquired how it was spelled! This is pretty extreme but it is surprising how many people will undertake to sell themselves on a job about which they haven't taken the trouble to dig up a single fact.

A business letterhead, business directories, trade papers, advertisements, "Who's Who," a few questions to the receptionist or another employee will yield an amazing amount of information. And a little knowledge of the organization

gets you off to a fine start in an interview.

FRANK FUMBLER

Of course every mind has a tendency to go blank when confronted with one of those "tell all" questions, but after all any employer will expect you to be clear and concise about your own past history. Making a list is the answer. Be prepared. Put down on paper each accomplishment, each experience. If it looks like a pretty thin record and you feel you can talk it better, don't present it to the man behind the desk but keep it to refer to. If you are modest and realistic in listing your achievements at school or in vacation time, those count too. That year you spent every Saturday at the hospital as a volunteer aide, for instance. No money, you didn't think of it as a job, exactly, but you did learn a good deal and it was work. If you managed the Senior Dance, made your letter in baseball, mention it briefly. Neither you nor he thinks any of this of world-shaking importance, naturally, but it helps him get a line on your interests and capabilities. He may want to know something about your parents and environment. Tell him, but don't get chattering about your personal affairs. If you're alert you can tell when he's got all he wants. And getting your whole story down on paper helps to relax your mind so you can be alert.

SO now we've gone into all the undesirable traits, what are the desirable ones?

In each different field, a different talent becomes important, certainly. A nose for news, a head for figures, a fashion sense, a feeling for people, the gift of gab, each of these strikes a spark as it meets its *metier*, French for where it belongs. But your own particular gift, your *fair* is mysterious and innate. You've got it or you haven't and there isn't much you can do about it. However, those talents, while invaluable, will carry more weight as you grow more experienced. As a beginner, you will be appraised for vitality, co-operation, honesty, capacity and desire for work, and general intelligence. And in that order, as we interpret the consensus.

Does this list of virtues sound much like the one your parents and teachers and minister have always been trying to drum into you? Sorry, but that's the way they told it to us, all those potential bosses. Could it be that a good citizen, good parent, good husband or wife, good human being and good employee all add up to the same thing?

"Eat your carrots, mind your manners, be fair and square, finish up your chores, use your head" . . . and you'll grow up to get a good job? Could be.

THE END

ONCE IN A HUNDRED YEARS

[Continued from Page 69]

shoes, the lacing had to be looped over, brought to the back, crossed around my ankle, and tied in front in a bow. As I bent to fix it, the new boy went down on one knee, pulling up the slack shoe lace, recrossing and tying it securely. He was entirely matter-of-fact about it. I had read of chivalry. This was it, and I liked it. I was often bemused that summer, remembering.

IT was carnival, drawn out endlessly. We learned to take street fights and wafflemen in our stride. Mother was thoroughly disgusted to find we thought the man on the street corner, who stirred his waffles with a stick, made better ones than we had at home. Crisp, lightly dusted with powdered sugar, four for a nickel in a paper bag, they were beyond compare, and we shouldn't have compared them.

We didn't grow tired of the merry-go-round, but we were used to it. Totta Kendall's father owned the ground where it stood, and we had all the free tickets we wanted. Totta, Ernest and I rode it so often, we each had a favorite horse.

There were frequent high spots. The Cornplanter Indian Reservation was near-by, and one day Totta's father was adopted into the tribe, with much ceremony. On another gala afternoon there was a street wedding in a booth set up across from the Garver House. Every merchant in town contributed some article of clothing or a housekeeping gift to the bride and groom, a couple of decidedly middle-aged Indians, who had never seemed to feel the need of the ceremony before. The uncouth, sheepish bride was unforgettable in a white satin dress made by Miss Grogan, our smartest dressmaker, material from Colton and Barker.

The Fourth of July came at the end of the first week, and for that the loud pedal was down every minute. Mother had gone into Ernest's room the night before, after we were in bed, and I heard her call to Father, "Come here, Will, and turn up the gas light, the child's cheeks are simply burning." I went to his door, and stood there, quiet, in bare feet. If that boy got sick now, what would become of the Fourth?

Anxiously Mother smoothed the covers, which were close around his neck. She started to loosen the sheet a little. The lifting motion speeded up, and all the covers went swooping over the footboard. Ernest, getting a head start on the Fourth, was completely dressed, even to shoes and necktie. She and Father were laughing then, and they

[Continued on Page 76]

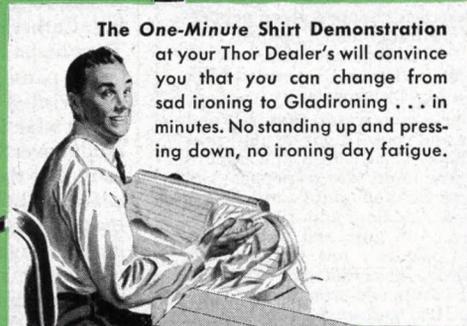
See the THOR Gladiron in action



... before you do another day's ironing!



This one control opens ... starts ... stops ... and closes the Gladiron.



The One-Minute Shirt Demonstration at your Thor Dealer's will convince you that you can change from sad ironing to Gladironing . . . in minutes. No standing up and pressing down, no ironing day fatigue.

A FULL-SIZED IRONER SO COMPACT IT FOLDS TO CLOSET SIZE!

The Gladiron folds and wheels easily to the coolest...or sunniest spot for ironing. Stores in just 1 3/4 square feet of closet space.

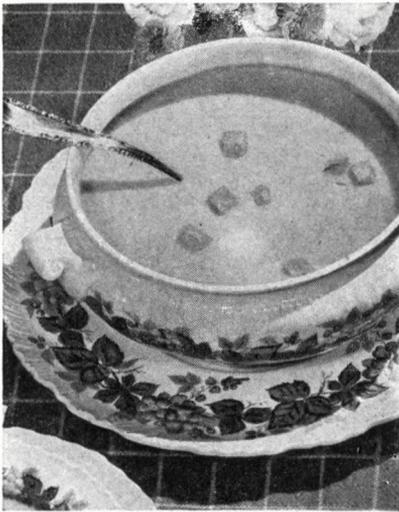


In just one minute your Thor dealer can show you why even hard-to-iron shirts are easy with a Gladiron. You'll see how the Gladiron's special sleeve-size roll slips *inside* sleeves, making *all* ironing single thickness ironing. You'll see how the touch of a single knee control operates the Gladiron *automagically*. No backaches, no arm aches—you just sit and whisk clothes through. Usual Gladironing time for shirts is 4 1/2 minutes, for sheets 2 minutes. And this Automagic Gladiron is modest in price—under \$100 whether you shop in New York or Nevada.

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Electric Household Utilities Corporation, Chicago 50, Illinois
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Plants in Chicago, Ill.; Bloomington, Ill.; El Monte, Calif.;
Toronto, Canada; London, England.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

[Continued from Page 75]



Right hunch for a light lunch!

SPLIT PEA SOUP

- 1 cup dried quick-cooking peas
- 6 cups cold water
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 4 slices bacon
- 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup White House Evaporated Milk
- 1 cup water

Combine 6 cups water, peas, salt and pepper and cook 1 hour or until peas are tender. Cook bacon and remove from pan. Add green pepper and onion to fat and sauté until lightly browned. Add flour and stir until well blended. Add milk and water gradually. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until smooth. Combine with the soup, add crumbled bacon. Heat and serve. 6 to 8 servings.



Make Your Menus Sparkle With Creamy-Rich White House!

For the creamiest, richest pea soup you ever raved about, use White House Milk! Yes, for extra-good eating, make it a habit to use wholesome White House Milk for all cooking, baking, beverage needs—whenever recipes call for milk or cream. There's none better!



**FATHER'S FIRST THOUGHT
FOR EVERY MILK NEED!**

There's None Better

WHITE HOUSE MILK
NOT CONNECTED WITH ANY COMPANY USING A SIMILAR NAME OR BRAND

took off his shoes and his suit, and covered him up again. It took a good deal to waken my brother, and that didn't. I went back to bed.

We had fewer firecrackers than usual next day, because of the big parade. Every business in town had a float, I know, but we paid little attention to them, for we had decorated our bicycles, and along with every other child in town we had laced bunting through the spokes of our wheels. We were really surprised not to take one of the prizes, for we felt ours was especially well done.

We had to stay at home the whole afternoon, if we were going to the fireworks. It sounded cruel, but when we got settled in the back yard, we made a really good merry-go-round out of boxes and ropes and our stationary clothes reel, and were just ready to sell tickets, when Mother called us to supper.

THE whole family went to the fireworks. We sat on our coats on the river bank, across the street from Johnny Krupp's Restaurant and Mayer's Undertaking Establishment.

The rockets began as usual, and the big Catherine wheels were beautiful. They had a lot of them. Then there was a long pause, and people walked around and visited with each other. Uncle Stuart's family came down from his Art Studio over the restaurant, and sat with us during the rest of it.

Suddenly lights showed all over the river. We saw little wooden boats, each large enough to hold a concealed man, with crude superstructures built to look like miniature battle ships. The Spanish American War had been over nearly three years, but we knew at once that this was Commodore Dewey's fleet facing the gunboats of Admiral Montojo, at the battle of Manila Bay.

They opened fire on each other with Roman candles, accompanied by a beautiful background of noise—hundreds of great firecrackers going off in strings. One by one the doomed Spanish boats would show a burst of red fire, and what looked like an exploding "flower pot," inside the superstructure.

At the height of the bombardment, when the last of the boats had blazed and darkened, a brilliant point of light rose on the opposite bank. It stretched out, then sputtered and raced into design, and in a breathless moment resolved itself into the Set Piece, revealing Dewey, Admiral Dewey now, Uncle Sam, the American Eagle and Our Flag! The stars on the flag glittered and the stripes rippled in wavy lines.

The oh-ing and ah-ing rose to cheering and when it quieted, ten high-school girls in white dresses and red sashes,

on a small platform by the Savings Bank, began to sing "America." Everybody stood up and joined in. I was a little anxious about Mother. She always got the words mixed up. She was improving, but she forgot the last line and sang it just any old way. I could hear her and it sounded like "God save the queen!"

We had a hard time getting to sleep that night. I'd shut my eyes and there would be the old Set Piece, flashing away as bright as ever, and Ernest kept calling out in his sleep, until Father finally spoke to him.

The bewitched days went on, pouring their brightness into each other like the gay bits of glass whirling together in our kaleidoscope. Maybe we grew matter-of-fact about much of it, but when the last day came, and we set out to see "The Burning of the Block House" we girded ourselves for the climax, and were wide-eyed again.

We went down the steep hill from Front Street to the toll bridge, and paid the six cents to old Sam Caldwell. You didn't go over that bridge unless you had a reason, because of the toll. You went over it often on fine Sundays with some of the family, going to the cemetery, carrying flowers. Once or twice a year you went over with Father, prancing with excitement. For just a little way on the other side lay the fair grounds, where not only the County Fair spread itself, but any circus which came to town. This seemed like a circus day. The footpaths leading to the grounds were trodden and dusty, and littered with peanut shells. We could smell the peanuts roasting, and the burned-on fat from the waffle man's iron. We could hear the band playing, way ahead of us, while the popcorn machine's whistle kept insisting and a freight train called back mournfully from the cemetery bend.

I DON'T know whether the show our town put on that afternoon was from its own past history, or simply a bit of Americana. Certainly our land had come to us from the Indians, but the Cornplanters were a peaceful tribe and always had been. Anyway we had a Block House built there on the fair grounds. It had been there all summer and looked quite like the one we knew in *Leslie's Weekly*.

The scene was all set when we got there. Haystacks studded the field around the Block House, and farmers in new-looking overalls were raking hay. Occasionally a woman or a child would appear near the Block House.

Suddenly a girl who had been talking to one of the farmers, screamed, pointing to the south, and ran, stumbling, to

the house. Indians appeared in feathers and paint, some on horses, mostly afoot. The farmers dropped their rakes, ran to the haystacks, catching up the guns hidden there, and retreated to their stronghold, firing crackling shots as they went. Two Indians fell, and got up again when most people were looking at the next move. The Indians huddled together, and soon five or six of them began to crawl toward the house, holding lighted torches above the grass. Noble shooting went on from the house, but no Indian was stopped. Their evil plan succeeded and from every wall of the sturdy fort, colored fire arose. The Indians whooped happily, and began to close in, when over the railroad embankment to the west, charged Company D, our own Company D.

The whole town cheered as we recognized Captain Murdock. Indians fell everywhere. Farmers, wives and children were saved and brought from the back of the Block House to stand, a bit sheepish, at the edge of the crowd. Still, they'd been "in it," and looked pleased with themselves too.

Then, lovely sight, we saw that the Block House was certainly afire. With an inspired disregard of expense, or possible salvage, the Centennial Committee gave us a true climax. They let the Block House really burn down. It flared and blazed, and hot orange flames reached frantically toward the quiet blue sky. Logs charred, and fell against each other, and we turned away, savoring the delicious smell of a fire going out. It was a satisfying, perfect thing.

THE END

GRANDMOTHERS ARE BACK IN STYLE

[Continued from Page 48]

useless is bad for them, for their husbands, for their children and grandchildren, for the community as a whole. The great scientific and medical advances that saved the lives of babies and children helped also to keep their parents in good health to become alert and vigorous grandparents and to keep them living to an advanced age. Grandmothers are not only eager to be useful but have the energy for doing things. These women, with their vitality and their eagerness, could be doing countless things to enrich society and their own lives. Learning how to make full use of our potential energies and our accumulated experience and judgment (even if not always wisdom) is a problem we must solve, individually and collectively.

In the meantime, each mother-grandmother pair must work toward greater mutual understanding. Such understanding is possible, in the common concern for the welfare of the family and of

[Continued on Page 78]

You'll be
ENCHANTED by
this **SUPERB NEW**
COCOA!

EXPECT COMPLIMENTS
when you serve
BAKER'S DE LUXE
DUTCH PROCESS COCOA.

So extra-rich
IN REAL CHOCOLATE FLAVOR.

Tastes richer than
THE COSTLIEST IMPORTS
yet costs less than
A PENNY PER CUP.

Especially created for
REAL COCOA LOVERS
and festive baking.

A RARE BLEND DOMINATED
by mountain-grown cocoas,
A SPECIAL FRAGRANT ROAST,
and a unique
"DUTCH PROCESSING" METHOD
combine to make
THE MOST DISTINGUISHED
COCOA
ever made in America.

THAT'S BAKER'S DE LUXE

A Product of General Foods

There's **ONLY ONE WAY** to make

GRAVY



Famous chefs know you can't get gravy so rich and delicious, such an appetizing deep brown color—without help. Nor can you depend on weak, watery, so-called "gravy helps." Kitchen Bouquet is what you need. It's full strength to give full flavor! For rich, brown, delicious gravy—simply add Kitchen Bouquet!



GRANDMOTHERS ARE BACK IN STYLE

[Continued from Page 77]

the children. And such an understanding is necessary if the elder woman is to make the most of *being* a grandmother and the younger woman is to make the most of *having* a grandmother in her family.

MAKE THE MOST OF BEING A GRANDMOTHER

1. Accept your role as a grandmother—and the fact that it is different from that of a mother.

When decisions have to be made and disciplinary problems have to be met, the children's parents are the final authority; let them have it.

Be willing to step in cheerfully when emergencies arise, yet step aside without resentment when all goes well—just as you comforted your own children when they were little and enjoyed watching their independence in between crises.

2. Give full recognition to your daughter or daughter-in-law.

Accept the fact that the mother of your grandchildren is grown up. Accept the fact that she is both the mother and the mistress of the household. Be sure that you never in any way belittle her in the eyes of her children, or compete for their affection.

Remember that we are living in a changed world and new conditions give new shapes to the problems which mothers have to meet. Although they are in some respects swinging back to the old ways, today's young mothers have new ideas—not only about child care and discipline, but also about fashions and books and movies and radio programs.

When these ideas seem wrong to you, feel free to discuss them with your daughter or daughter-in-law. But remember that very often it isn't a question of right or wrong. You may not approve the new ways or the new styles and you may find it hard to accept them; but you must respect the desire of the youngsters and their parents to live in today's world.

3. Enjoy your grandchildren.

Enjoy each one—boy or girl, big or little. Accept each one for what he or she *is* and for the good qualities he or she *has*.

Avoid being shocked at the manners of the children, or by the lack of them. Many modern expressions and customs may seem to you not in the best of taste. By overemphasizing your disapprovals you are more likely to perpetuate what is at worst a passing phase, instead of helping your grandchildren outgrow such ways.

Don't compare your grandchildren with one another—telling one how much better another one is or showing clearly,

even without words, that you love or admire one more than another.

Don't compare your grandchildren with the way *your* children were when they were little. They probably weren't as perfect as you remember them; and in any case, comparisons do much more harm than good. Any child is bound to resent rather than copy the shining example you may hold before him.

4. Enjoy the advantages of being a grandmother. Relax in the knowledge that you have neither the final responsibility nor the constant care of those youngsters. Enjoy the freedom from constant obligations that your role gives you, even if you are more than a visiting grandmother and do have to carry some of the work and worry.

Take pride and pleasure in watching your son or daughter as he or she develops in the job of parent. Be proud of what you have done in preparing your children for this most important role.

5. Be somebody besides a grandmother. Take an interest in your children and grandchildren, their welfare and their doings—but be sure to develop interests outside the family. Make use of your free time, your energy and your ideas to do something as a person and as a member of your community and your civilization.

Enjoy and appreciate fully the love and respect that come to you because you are a grandmother.

MAKE THE MOST OF HAVING A GRANDMOTHER IN YOUR FAMILY

1. Give Grandmother credit for knowing something about babies and children. She brought up at least one—and not too badly either.

Be willing at least to consider her ideas and suggestions—not merely in patient politeness but on the chance that she might be right. With her experience, she may be the very one to help you find a way to harmonize extreme theories that people keep thrusting at you.

If you give serious consideration to her ideas and are convinced that they are wrong, you must use your own best judgment in making decisions; but you must still respect her as a person.

When it makes little difference one way or the other, do things her way once in a while. And when you do things your way, be nice about it. Above all, don't make issues of your way *vs.* my way, and be smart about avoiding scenes and bruised feelings.

2. Accept as your own the responsibility for keeping home a happy place and for keeping harmony between the generations.

You are the middle generation and it

NOW! A Delicious New Hot Cereal!

CREAM OF RICE

Specially Designed for Children Under 12



SO NUTRITIOUS! Cream of Rice adds Vitamins B₁, B₂ and Niacin—plus iron—for rich, red blood and better growth.

SO DIGESTIBLE! Many doctors recommend Cream of Rice as baby's first cereal food. Can't irritate delicate digestive tract.

SO RICH IN ENERGY! Cream of Rice actually gives children more energy than hot wheat or oat cereals. And how they love delicious, different Cream of Rice!



CHILDREN LOVE IT!

READY IN ONLY 5 MINUTES!

ONE OF THE QUALITY FOODS OF GROCERY STORE PRODUCTS CO.

is for you to interpret the oldest to the youngest and vice versa.

It is for you rather than for Grandmother to be the adaptable one. You are the younger and less set in your ways.

It is your home and the children are yours: you have the most to gain by making a good job of the adjustments.

3. Remember that Grandmother is having the harder time of it now.

Until recently, she was the center of the home and now the focus is shifted. Make it as easy and as pleasant for her as you can.

Let your attitude toward her be your children's first lesson (by example only—not by lectures) in genuine respect and consideration.

4. Let your children get the most out of having a grandmother.

Do not turn to her only when illness or emergencies arise. Let Grandmother's house—or her room, if she lives with you, become a place of happy associations.

Take advantage of her experience and natural desire to help with counsel or with her hands.

Encourage Grandmother to talk about her early life sometimes. Have her tell your children about the time when she was young and what the town was like when she first knew it. The children have much to gain from hearing of the customs, the stories and the episodes out of her childhood.

Recognize that she has a special role in the family. Instead of treating her as "assistant mother" let her be a real grandmother.

THE END

HOW TO BE A GIRL

[Continued from Page 24]

once you have started to work on it. There is something that appeals to us about starting to learn good sewing by making yourself an adorable dress!

But first we'd like to make a couple of points learned the broken-thread way by us. Probably you feel faint at the mere suggestion of *beginning* with a dress. Why? To begin with, you can't follow what your mother does. All those wisps of tissue paper pinned to five yards of flowered material, on or off the bias, have a kaleidoscopic effect that makes your head whirl. Furthermore, the sewing machine in your house has a tendency to run backwards when you least expect it. And anyway, a sewing project takes too long. All that work and you've only *basted*? These are all very discouraging, but they stem from inexperience. Of course you can't understand a pattern, nor should you tackle one until you have some knowledge of the fundamental technique of sewing. You can teach the machine to go your way.

[Continued on Page 80]

At Last! ANTI-SHRINK and ANTI-MATting KNITTING YARNS



Imagine knitting baby things (yes, and socks and sweaters, too) that will stay true to size—stay soft and fluffy—no matter how often you wash them! Just knit with Fleisher or Bear Brand Wonderized Yarns! Wonderized is a new and different

process that controls *shrinking* and *matting* permanently... keeps the original softness and liveliness of the natural wool.

Wonderized is found *only* in Bear Brand and Fleisher Yarns. Ask for Wonderized Yarns. Babyfair—for baby hand-knits; Fleisher Heathglen or Bear Brand 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, N. Y. Dept. W-97.



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FOUND ONLY IN

BEAR BRAND YARNS

Fleisher's Yarn

ANTI-SHRINK
ANTI-MATting

TRADE MARK & PROCESS PAT. PEND.

HOW TO BE A GIRL

[Continued from Page 79]

Finally, sewing does take time, but how long is relative. The more you sew the less laborious it becomes and it will actually go faster. Make it sociable. If you get together with some of your gang and your mother, it's not only more enjoyable, it's more constructive. You will be helped by what they know and you will learn from the jams they get into, trying to gather the plaid taffeta onto the apron band.

Who pays the bills?

One of the more delicate questions that seems to come up in our lives, not too often, but often enough, is who handles the expenses on the party where you do the inviting. If your club or your class has a dance and you ask a boy, how do you cope with the invitations? Who pays the admission, if any, and the sodas afterwards?

By tradition, thank goodness, it is up to the masculine half of the people to take care of the details of a date, whether it's a party or just the movies. If you have to get tickets, get them ahead of time and, since it's your party, pay for them in advance. Then you turn them over to your date to put in his pocket. He presents them at the door. From here on the action is more blurred. You cannot present him with a couple of dollars for whatever comes up. And yet, you have gotten him involved in whatever expense there is. Your position calls for tact. You will have to do the most thoughtful thing. First, check the whole evening and see what expenses you cannot get around. If there is a charge for the food; if you've agreed to go with two other couples and split the cost of the gas, find out how much these things are going to come to. Add a little extra for getting hooked at the drugstore later and ask your father to give it to your escort. He can do it without hurting his pride or embarrassing him. Taking money from an older man is not like taking it from a girl! Your father gets around it easily by just saying this party's on him. If there are no fixed expenses, or if he won't take money from your family for the evening, it's up to you to keep the cost down. Don't draw him into a binge. If you're in doubt, imagine how you would feel yourself if you were in his spot and do whatever would make it easiest, and nicest.

Belted and Spurred

Out, with the red gold leaves of the fall and the cool crisp days, come your old sweaters and skirts, limp and moth-bally from their season in the cedar closet. At first glance, they look un-

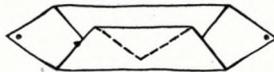
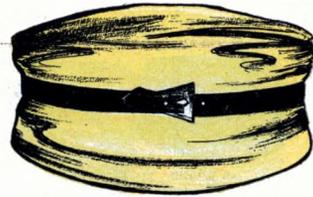
revivable. That muddy job can't be your best gray sweater. But after they are washed and cleaned again, they look fine except that you've had them so long! This is where our belts come in. We came across three belt ideas to smarten up those outfits and a dress or two. One of them we call the Spanish Cavalier.



You take those coins your brother brought back from overseas down to the jeweler who will for a very small sum punch a hole in the top of each one. Then you sew them to a belt, on either side of the center buckle so that they fall above your hipbones. You can use a strong linen thread or knitting wool. The linen thread will wear better for this purpose. Then there's the harlequin. If you have a black suede belt



two or three inches wide, or if you want to make one of grosgrain in the same width, you can cut squares of felt in a contrasting color and sew them diamondwise across the front. (Remember in cutting your squares that the diagonal from one corner of them to the opposite corner cannot be any wider than the width of the belt.) If the belt has a buckle, turn it to the back. And lastly, there is the pirate belt. First make



a cummerbund out of a large, colored square of cotton or crepe by folding under the two opposite points so you have two flat edges for the top and bottom of the sash. You have to have a square large enough so that folded this way it will go around your waist. If the ends just meet, sew snaps on the points so you can snap it in back. If the square is very large, you can cross it in back and tuck the ends under. Then wear a narrow belt over it!

City Desk in a Schoolroom

A school newspaper is something to conjure with. Like that poor little girl with only one curl whom you were raised with, when it's good, it's terrific; when it's bad, it's terrible. Perhaps we were conditioned by the editor of the paper in our school who, when asked how he got the paper to bed, said, "Well, first you get a case of pop!" but it's always seemed to us that the editors and the readers have more fun with a live-wire paper than with any other school activity. And it's something which we feel is the responsibility of the entire school. After all, it is devoted entirely to the interests and the sense of humor of all of you. If it isn't successful, if, by and large, students can take it or leave it, there's something wrong and you ought to work on fixing it up either by getting a job on it or as a critical reader.

With this in the back of our mind we've been out on the school newspaper beat, trying to find out what makes the good ones good and the bad ones odoriferous. We finally pinned down the new editor of *What's What*. This paper placed first in its class in the Columbia Scholastic Press Association Contest of 1947. And the editorial staff of students in Hunter College High School can feel pretty proud about the whole thing. Some one thousand and six newspapers and magazines from schools all over the country were entered. The editor says the paper's policy is, is it news? Is it important news for the school? They have two main news stories on the first of their four pages, and little ones in between. The second page is editorial and features—both of which are supposed to be interesting to the students, something they care about. For this same reason they have no gossip column. This, says the editor "ain't" news. Furthermore, it creates bad feeling. They do run "Pell Mell," a department of tidbits and gags about what's going on. Apropos of the cafeteria reopening they ran one line: "They also eat who only stand and wait." Pressed for some concrete hints which might help you, the editor said she considered a dull front page the most deadening single flaw. Whoever lays it out ought to have some artistic flair and imagination. Reporters ought to know, in addition to the five W's of who, what, where, when and why, how to write a straight news story without confusing it with a feature story. If it comes up both it's bad journalism. Be sure to get in all the names of all the students connected with any story. Names in print are very good for circu-
[Continued on Page 82]

Make it a Backyard Picnic

—with foods that are a picnic to fix!

You don't have to go to the woods — or to a lot of trouble — to have a perfect picnic. Your own backyard — or any nice shady porch — will do, when you invite Armour Star ready-to-eat meats to your table! It's so easy to get up a picnic supper when practically all you have to do is open a tin. And it's easier still to serve a different

outdoor meal each time — you have dozens of different Armour Star quick-ready meats to choose from and dozens of different ways to serve each one of them. And there's one other pleasing difference about these meals — that's the low cost of such good eating! Serve one of these fix-easy Armour Star meals tonight — another tomorrow!



There's all this good eating in Armour Star Meats!



Fireman's Sandwich

There's nothing "pink-tea" about these sandwiches — they're made for outdoor appetites. How good the "fresh-cooked" flavor of Armour Star Corned Beef Hash tastes! Push out meat whole from tin — cut into 5 or 6 slices — brown in Cloverbloom butter. Place on half of toasted bun — with slice of fried onion topped with plenty of mustard butter on other half!



Sausage n' Salad Mounds



Here's picnic-making made easy — and a bit different, too! Shape your favorite potato salad into little individual servings — then circle the platter with mounds of Armour Star Vienna Sausages, those little smoky-flavored skinless frankfurters that are all selected beef and pork. Serve 'em chilled! Garnish with radish roses — they're so decorative and oh so edible, too!



Chopped Ham Supper



Cooling is the word for this summer supper — served outdoors or in. All the fixing this Armour Star Chopped Ham needs is just slicing! It's sugar-cured ham, you know — chopped and vacuum-cooked in its own juices. The fruit-fresh salad molds are easy, too — just stud whole cooked apricots with cloves, set in lemon-flavored gelatin and chill!

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 Maria Gifford, Dept. 136, Box 2053, Chicago 9, Ill.

ARMOUR
50th ANNIVERSARY



*If you want to hear
his sweetest song—*

MAKE THIS 10-DAY TEST!

All you do is feed your canary French's Bird Seed *and* Biscuit (a Bird Biscuit comes in every package of Seed) and listen critically. Ten days are all we ask. Even before the time is up, you'll probably be surprised by the rich new notes in his song. We are so sure of this, that we are willing to make this special offer:

If after ten days of feeding regularly with French's Bird Seed and Biscuit, your bird has not responded with finer song, write The R. T. French Company, Rochester 9, N. Y., enclosing the package top, and we'll give you double your money back!

THOSE EXTRA NOTES ARE IN THE BISCUIT!

French's Bird Biscuit contains the ingredients your canary loves *and* needs. Combined with French's Bird Seed, it gives your pet a *complete* diet of twelve tested ingredients—a diet that keeps him really healthy and happy. Start your 10-day test today!

French's

BIRD SEED and BISCUIT



The Largest Selling Bird Seed in America

HOW TO BE A GIRL

[Continued from Page 80]

lation. All stories should follow the inverted pyramid form: they should begin with the most important facts and dwindle down to the least. This is so the editor can chop off what the girl was wearing for a hat if the story's too long. This, says the editor of *What's What*, rarely comes up. They need every word. Your chief hazard is that the paper might come out with big school doings after they've happened. Sometimes, she says, this can't be avoided. *No one* but the editor-in-chief should be told the actual deadline. All others should be given a deadline earlier. Asked if the circulation was one hundred per cent she said everybody in the school reads *What's What*. Not everybody subscribes but everybody reads it.

Add a hint of our own. The Columbia Scholastic Press Association maintains a critical service available to every student publication for a fee of \$1.50. All you have to do, if you think your paper needs a professional inspection to buck it up, is to send them several issues and the fee and they will study it and advise you. It is really worth doing. Their address is 320 Fayerweather Hall, Columbia University, New York 27, New York.

We have a deadline to make so that's all for this month!

S. B. H.

THE HOLLYWOOD PICTURE

[Continued from Page 20]

comes on the scene. Burt Lancaster lends vigor and vitality to the role of the stalwart state trooper who punches John frequently—when he really should punch Elizabeth. They all have quite a time, and some of it is pretty exciting. Elizabeth Scott, who made such a promising start in "You Came Along," has regrettably grown steadily more sullen, more blonde, more encumbered with mannerisms. Too bad. Mary Astor is excellent as the hardboiled domineering mother. Following the completely dissimilar mammas she played in "Cynthia" and "Fiesta," we think she should be given a special award for Mothers, Inc. The sets and backgrounds in Technicolor are very handsome and striking.

NIGHT UNTO NIGHT (Warner Brothers). What might have been just another in the Tortured Mind Series (this time with *two* heads instead of one spinning perilously) is, instead, a compelling and absorbing thriller-romance due to the sincere acting of Ronald Reagan and Viveca Lindfors, an arresting newcomer. And they are staunchly supported by a more than

[Continued on Page 84]



Land O' Plenty Supper

56¢ TO 62¢ A PORTION *

Take the good earth's bounty, add a touch of inspiration, and serve a supper that smacks of goodness. Yet this memory-making meal—with savory beef 'n' vegetable ring filled with pepper-tanged potato salad, and sweet, fresh plums whipped to creamy goodness—costs less than 62¢ a portion*. You can work wonders like this daily—when you shop regularly in the Fresh Fruit and Vegetable Department of your friendly A&P Super Market. Come in today!

Menu

Fruit Cup
 Beef and Vegetable Ring†
 Potato Salad
 Tomato and Salad Greens
 Apple Muffins Spread
 Plum Whip
 Coffee Tea Milk



† BEEF AND VEGETABLE RING

2 tablespoons fat	1 cup bread cubes
2 onions, chopped	1 egg, beaten
1 cup finely cut green beans	1 tablespoon salt
1 cup finely cut celery	½ teaspoon pepper
1 cup chopped cabbage	1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
	1½ lbs. chopped beef
	½ cup ketchup

Melt fat in saucepan, add vegetables and cook, covered, for 10 minutes. Add bread cubes and toss with fork until lightly browned. Add egg, seasonings and meat to vegetable mixture. Blend well. Pour ketchup into quart ring mold. Pack in meat mixture. Bake in moderate oven, 375°F., for 50 minutes. Chill. Fill center with potato salad. 4 servings.

ATLANTIC COMMISSION COMPANY
 AFFILIATE OF
 THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY



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

[Continued from Page 82]

competent and well-directed cast. Exceptionally good dialogue, and well-sustained suspense. Broderick Crawford is especially good as a cynical artist. The musical background, however, is so overpowering that it is difficult at times to tell whether the music accompanies the picture, or vice versa. It isn't necessary to be hit over the head with a harp in order to realize that the angels are singing.

BOB, SON OF BATTLE (Twentieth Century-Fox) with Lon McCallister, Peggy Ann Garner, Edmund Gwenn and Reginald Owen. The touching, refreshing and often exciting story of a man and his love for his dog. Field trials for sheep dogs prove to be utterly fascinating, and the Scottish highlands in Technicolor are superbly photographed. Edmund Gwenn adds immeasurably to his laurels with a lusty characterization of an old scalawag who hits the bottle.

HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS (A Nero Production Released Through United Artists) with Robert Cummings, Brian Donlevy, Marjorie Reynolds and Jorja Curtright. Another theme which has been worn pretty threadbare—that of the heavenly messenger sent down to earth to straighten out a few people. By this time it all seems much too familiar, but even so, amusing dialogue and a superslick job by Robert Cummings as the messenger make it good escapist entertainment. And the message it conveys can do no one any harm.

THE BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER (RKO). Cary Grant is the devastating bachelor, Shirley Temple is the overly romantic, infatuated bobby-soxer, Myrna Loy is her impeccable older sister who happens to be a judge, Ray Collins is their uncle—and a psychiatrist, and Rudy Vallee is a stuffy assistant district attorney. Do you need to be told anything more? A fine rollicking comedy which shouldn't be missed. It was written by Sidney Sheldon, and directed by Irving Reis. Those two must get together oftener. Query: Why should Rudy Vallee ever bother to sing?

THE END



WOMAN'S DAY



Now! Expensive looking charm and elegance for less than a dollar a window! New drapes for less than it costs to clean your old ones.

Made of genuine plasticized cellulose—strong yet soft and graceful—CLOPAY Drapes are a full 2½ yards long. Matching tie-backs, automatic pleater, reinforced edges. In a stunning array of florals, stripes and plaids. Only 98c a pair.



CLOPAY offers you two types of curtains—for kitchen, bath, bedroom—for every window from attic to basement. 7-pc. Cottage Sets (above) only 59c. 5-pc. Hollywood Style (right) only 39c. Plasticized cellulose in gingham, polka dot and strawberry patterns.



Bring dingy windows to life with durable cellulose shades. Lintoned to "look like linen." Won't crack, fray or pinhole. As low as 25¢ ready to attach to roller without tacks or tools. With washable oil finish, 39c. (On rollers about 20c more.)

Some items a few cents higher Denver and West.

Free Booklet: "Beautiful Windows at Low Cost." Write to: Clopay Corp., 1230 Clopay Square, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

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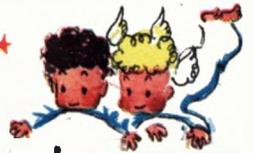
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Now available at 5 and 10c Stores, Variety Stores, Department and Other Stores.

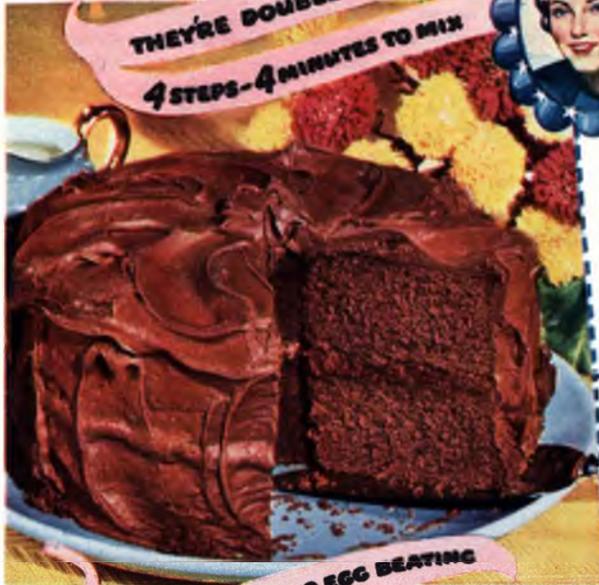
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Heavenly Twins

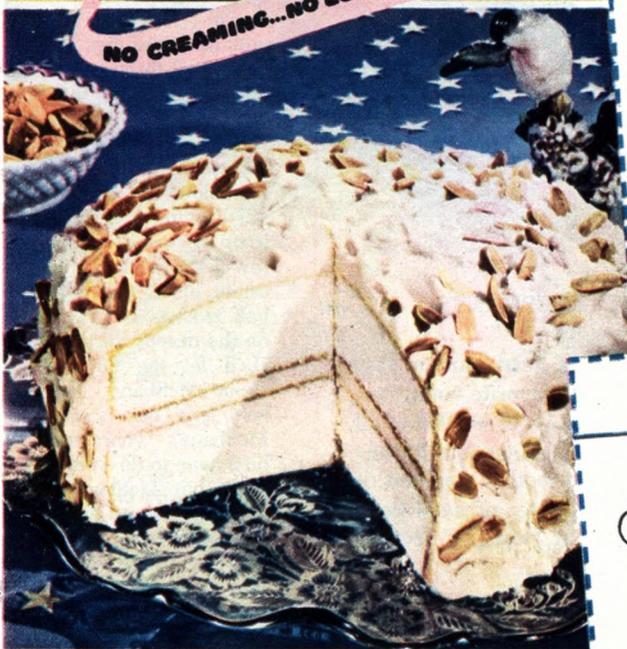
says Betty Crocker



THEY'RE DOUBLE-QUICK
4 STEPS—4 MINUTES TO MIX



NO CREAMING...NO EGG BEATING



GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR BOTH GOLD MEDAL CAKES

For success—do these first:

- Have all ingredients room temperature.
- Preheat oven to temperature specified.
- Grease *generously* and dust with flour 2 round layer pans, 8-in. diameter, 1 1/4-in. deep.
- Measure level for accuracy with standard measuring cups and spoons.
- Sift GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour, then spoon *lightly* into cup and level off. *Do not pack.*

If you live at altitude over 3000 ft., write Betty Crocker, General Mills, Minneapolis 1, Minn., for recipe adjustments. Specify recipes wanted.

Double Chocolate Cake

1. Sift together into bowl...
 - 1 3/4 cups sifted GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour
 - 1 1/2 cups sugar
 - 1 3/4 tsp. double-action baking powder
 - 1/2 tsp. soda
 - 1 tsp. salt
2. Add...
 - 1/2 cup high grade vegetable shortening
 - 1 cup milk
 - 1 tsp. vanilla
3. Beat vigorously with spoon for 2 minutes by clock (about 150 strokes per min.). You may rest a moment when beating by hand; just count actual beating time or strokes. Or mix with electric mixer on *slow to medium speed* for 2 min. Scrape sides and bottom of bowl frequently.
 - Add...
 - 1/2 to 3/4 cup unbeaten eggs (2 large)
 - 2 sq. unsweetened chocolate (2 oz.), melted
 - 1/2 tsp. red food coloring
4. Beat 2 more min., scraping bowl frequently. Pour into prepared pans. Bake 30 to 35 min. in *quick moderate oven* (375°). When cool, frost with Chocolate Icing Deluxe (recipe below). *If you use Gold Medal Self-Rising Flour (sold in parts of South) omit salt, baking powder; reduce soda to 1/4 tsp.

CHOCOLATE ICING DELUXE

Beat with spoon or electric mixer until fluffy 1 large unbeaten egg, 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, 1/4 tsp. salt, 1/2 cup soft shortening, 2 sq. unsweetened chocolate (2 oz.), melted.

Butter Brickle Cake

1. Sift together into bowl...
 - 2 cups sifted GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour
 - 1 1/4 cups sugar
 - 1 3/4 tsp. double-action baking powder
 - 1 tsp. salt
2. Add...
 - 1/2 cup high grade vegetable shortening
 - 3/4 cup (3/4 cup plus 2 tbsp.) milk
 - 1 1/2 tsp. vanilla
3. Beat vigorously with spoon for 2 minutes by clock (about 150 strokes per min.). You may rest a moment when beating by hand; just count actual beating time or strokes. Or mix with electric mixer on *slow to medium speed* for 2 min. Scrape sides and bottom of bowl frequently.
 - Add...
 - about 1/2 cup unbeaten egg whites (3 large)
4. Beat 2 more min., scraping bowl frequently. Pour into prepared pans. Bake 25 to 30 min. in *quick moderate oven* (375°). When cool, spread Browned Butter Icing (recipe below) between layers and over top and sides. Decorate with 1/2 to 1/2 cup toasted, slivered, blanched almonds, if desired. †If you use Self-Rising Flour, omit baking powder and salt.

BROWNED BUTTER ICING

Melt, then keep over low heat until golden brown 1/4 cup butter. Remove from heat. Blend in 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar, 2 tbsp. cream, 1 1/2 tsp. vanilla. Stir in 2 tbsp. hot water. Stir vigorously until cool and of a consistency to spread. (If it gets too thick to spread, warm slightly over hot water.)

"THEY'RE HEAVENLY to see, to eat!"... report our homesters. Try these twin Betty Crocker triumphs!

Mixing time is *cut in half* by our "Double-Quick" New Method. Yet you get a *far superior* cake... high, light, fine-textured, tender, moist, delicious.

But use only superb, all-purpose Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour! If you risk another flour, proportions might not be right. And always use Betty Crocker recipes. They're "tailored" to Gold Medal, the flour that's triple-tested... sifted through silk... recipe-proved!

General Mills

GOOD NEIGHBOR GERRITY

[Continued from Page 41]

Gerrity could count a dozen, two dozen, annoyances he'd put up with. And why, he asked himself? To satisfy Mary, that was why. So they'd have no quarrel with a neighbor. Neighbor, was it? McShane was a neighbor all right, but Gerrity hoped no one would ever ask him just what kind.

Gerrity turned in the big chair. His wife had come out on the porch.

"Dennis!" Mary's voice was low. "Is that terrible smoke from your cigar? I can smell it in the kitchen, but I never dreamt it was from here. It isn't one of the cigars Mr. Radigan gave you, is it?"

"It's not, Mary. I bought these—special," Gerrity said.

"You bought them? Well, they must have gone bad."

"Cigars don't go bad—they go stale. Some of them start off bad though—just the way some people do," Gerrity's voice was loud, "and they stay that way."

"Dennis, lower your voice!" Mary said nervously. "You sound as though you meant Mr. McShane."

"Mary," Dennis shouted, "I repeat what I said—there's small difference between a no-good cigar and a no-good tinker, and the quicker they're both smoked out, the better."

"Dennis!" Mary stepped over to his chair, "come inside—now!"

"Why should I leave the porch, Mary, my last night on it? Why should I show the white feather to that withered he-witch over there?"

Mary had leaned past him and she picked up the box of cigars. She walked quickly into the house, and Gerrity followed her. But he kept his temper down.

"If you will use your intelligence, Mary, you'll see I was justified in smoking him out and saying what I said. Am I feeble-minded entirely that I'm forever to take McShane's carrying-on?"

"We've been all over that."

"We have," Gerrity cut in, "and your constant reminding me that the lad next door was old and sick made me keep on ignoring it all. I've been more than patient with him—taking his back talk all season, yes, and doing his repair work for him. But tonight was the last of it, when I came home and saw that mountain of sand he'd swept onto our walk, and you clearing it up! Is my wife to be a beachcomber for McShane?"

"Dennis, let the thing drop. We bought the bungalow and we've had a good time in it—our friends and our nieces and nephews, too. McShane is a disagreeable neighbor, so now we're going to sell. But no matter where we buy, we'll find

some person like him. Perhaps another won't be that old and cranky, but there will be something wrong. I think we should ignore McShane and stay. The good points of the bungalow far outweigh him. Don't forget our neighbors on the other side—the Carrons. Could they be any better?"

"The Carrons are fine people—but they do not make up for McShane. And I can promise you one thing—the next place we buy will be a corner place, with only one neighbor to consider. And I'll take a good look at the next-door neighbor and find out if the man of the house is my equal with his fists. If McShane could have kept on his feet after one blow, do you think I would have hesitated to crash my fist alongside of his ignorant jaw?"

"I think this, Dennis, that there's no sense in keeping those hateful thoughts in your mind. If you're determined to give up the place, let's do it quietly but I want no quarrels!" And Mary left the room, taking the cigars with her.

Gerrity heard her open the door of the back porch. He heard her snap open the garbage can, and he heard her close it. Mary had thrown away the cigars.

The sleep was slow coming to Gerrity that night. He was thinking of the bungalow and how he disliked giving it up. But give it up he would and tomorrow if the lad from the real-estate office would offer a half reasonable price. He'd do the decent thing though. He'd let the buyer know about McShane. Not that he'd put one scratch on McShane's character. All he'd have to do would be to point out McShane sitting on his porch and then say to the buyer: "That will be your next-door neighbor." For, indeed, anyone but a man like Dennis Gerrity, with his brains dropped to one side of his head,

could see at a glance what McShane was. Didn't the mean set of the man's eyes and the weasel's mouth tell everything?

Well, tomorrow it would be over, he thought, and bad luck and full measure, to all of it. The temptation was with Gerrity before the sleep really had him, to wish the early box to McShane. Yes—and Gerrity would be the happy one to turn the screws. But he put the temptation from him. He had enough to answer for in his thoughts of McShane, without adding to it.

The sleep had been on Gerrity for five minutes only, when he realized Mary was calling to him.

[Continued on Page 98]



CROCHETED ELEPHANTS

Here's a chance to get a head start on that special Christmas gift for a favorite youngster. Delightful mother and daughter elephants all dressed up in their pink skirts and flower-decked hats. Cost to make mother elephant of worsted, about \$1.60; daughter of wool floss, about \$1.05. Directions in How To Section, beginning on page 89.

Here,  there, 
 everywhere,  they're
 asking for Allsweet
first!



**delicate
 natural
 flavor!**

"IT TASTES SO MUCH THE BEST!" . . . that's why, the country over, millions of women have switched to Allsweet Margarine. A true farm product, Allsweet is made of choicest food oils blended with cultured pasteurized skim milk. *There's nothing artificial about Allsweet's flavor. It's delicate and natural.*



NO TABLE SPREAD IS MORE NUTRITIOUS OR DIGESTIBLE! Allsweet is a *reliable* source of Vitamin A. Swift & Company, whose business is nutrition, fortifies every pound with at least 15,000 units. Allsweet is rich in food energy, rich as even the costliest spreads. And it is highly digestible. Remember—if you can't always find Allsweet, that's because so many others want it too. Keep on the lookout; you'll get it soon.

ALLSWEET IS EASY TO COLOR! Smooth-spreading Allsweet comes to you white. To tint it yellow for table use, an *exclusive easier-opening packet* of pure coloring is provided with each pound.



ALLSWEET THE MOST ASKED-FOR BRAND OF ALL!



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Delicately spiced, tangd with orange and coconut, it's delicious to the last featherlight crumb. Try an Orange Coconut Twist.

Enjoy the superb, fresh flavor that says, "M-mm! Just baked!"
Chances are your family will say, "Next time, get TWO."



Guaranteed fresh . . . remember
when freshness fades, flavor fades.

Jane  *Parker*

ORANGE COCONUT TWIST

AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES
Except on Pacific Coast



the how to section

HOW TO MAKE IT—HOW TO DO IT—HOW TO FIX IT

HATS

Shown on Pages 34 and 35

All yardages given for wool are based on a 54" width.

1. CLOUD PINK TURBAN

Materials: $\frac{1}{2}$ yard wool; $\frac{1}{8}$ yard felt (we used a 2" x 16" strip of felt cut from an old hat).

Cutting Instructions: From the wool, cut one rectangle 19" x 26". Cut another rectangle 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 21". Fold it in half to get

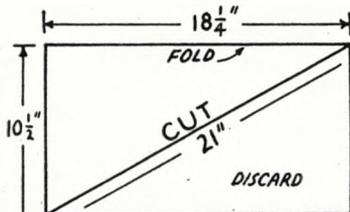


Diagram 1A

a doubled rectangle 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Cut it as shown in Diagram 1A; open up to get one triangle measuring 21" on all three sides.

Sewing Instructions: Step 1. To form a closed, head-hugging crown, bring the three corners of the triangle together and

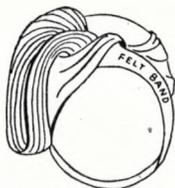


Diagram 1B

tack down. (This will be the center front of the turban.) Step 2. Pleat the 19" x 26" rectangle along the 19" edges. Step 3. Fasten this pleated band to the hat crown securely at the point where the three corners of the triangle have been tacked together. Then tack it along the right side of the crown to hold it in place (Diagram 1B). Step 4. Hand-sew felt strip to hat, starting at center front, around back, ending under pleated band (Diagram 1B).

2. ORIENTAL HEADBAND

Materials: $\frac{1}{2}$ yard wool; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard buckram; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard upholstery binding.

Cutting Instructions: From the wool, cut a rectangle 8" x 26" for the headband, then cut two cuff pieces (Diagram 2A). From the buckram, cut one rectangle 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ ", and one cuff piece, but reduce all dimensions given in Diagram 2A by $\frac{1}{4}$ ".

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FROM "CROCHETED ELEPHANTS"
ON PAGE 86

KNITTED BEDSPREAD 92

FROM "TOMORROW'S HEIRLOOM"
ON PAGE 52

DECORATE WITH GESSO 92

FROM "DECORATE WITH GESSO"
ON PAGE 67

APPLIQUE 94

FROM "NEW APPLIQUE" ON PAGES
50 AND 51

PRESSED FLOWER PICTURES . . 96

FROM "TODAY'S FLOWERS FOR
TOMORROW'S MEMORIES"
ON PAGE 32

Instructions for the Crocheted Elephants, Knitted Bedspread and the Applique were prepared for Woman's Day by Elizabeth L. Mathieson of J. & P. Coats & Clark's O.N.T. Thread

Sewing Instructions: Step 1. Fold the 8" x 26" band in half, wrong sides together, to get a doubled band 4" x 26". Insert the buckram strip (3 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ "); tuck under raw edges and machine-stitch pieces together along 26" side. Step 2. At both 4" ends, tuck in raw edges and slip-stitch together. Step 3. Lay the two cuff pieces, right sides together, place the buckram over

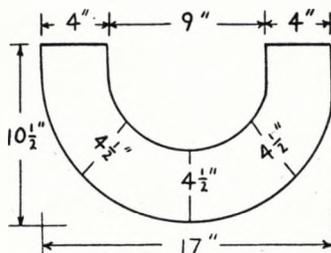


Diagram 2A

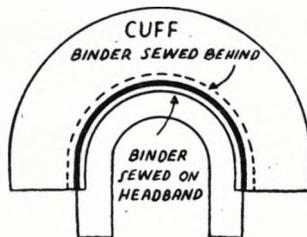


Diagram 2B

them, and machine-stitch all three pieces together along inner arc. Step 4. Turn to right side. Tuck in raw edges along 4" ends and outer arc, and stitch together by hand. Step 5. Join cuff to headband by hand-sewing upholstery binding first to headband, then to hat cuff (Diagram 2B). Step 6. Fasten ends of upholstery binding between band and cuff. When worn, hat is fastened at back with a hatpin.

3. CHECKED WOOL CAP

Materials: $\frac{1}{2}$ yard wool, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard crinoline; 1 brush feather.

Cutting Instructions: From the wool, cut two pieces as shown in Diagram 3A. From

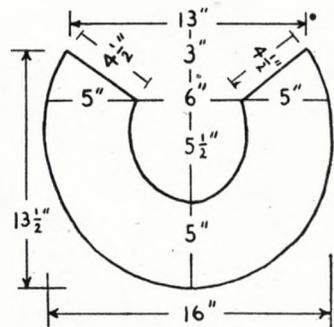


Diagram 3A

the crinoline, cut one piece in the same shape, but reduce all dimensions $\frac{1}{4}$ ".

Sewing Instructions: Step 1. Lay the two pieces of wool, right sides together, place crinoline over them, and machine-stitch all three along the inner arc and 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ " sides. Turn right side out. Step 2. At outer arc double over both edges of wool, making a $\frac{1}{2}$ " ridge and then hem. On finished hat this hem will show on the top side. Step 3.



Diagram 3B

Partly join 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ " sides by starting at inner arc and tacking for $\frac{1}{4}$ ". Step 4. Turn back points for 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " and tack in place (Diagram 3B). Step 5. Attach brush feather between them.

4. HELMET BAND

Materials: $\frac{1}{2}$ yard wool; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard crinoline; 4 yards 1"-wide grosgrain ribbon; hook and eye.

Cutting Instructions: From the wool, cut two pieces as shown in Diagram 4A. From

HATS, Continued

the crinoline, cut one piece as in Diagram 4A, but reduce all dimensions by $\frac{1}{4}$ ".

Sewing Instructions: Step 1. Place the buckram between the two wool bands, tuck under all raw edges, and machine-stitch all around on right side. Step 2. Machine-

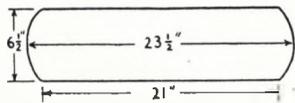


Diagram 4A

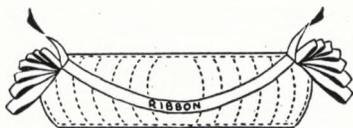


Diagram 4B

stitch design on band as shown in Diagram 4B. Step 3. Attach ribbon. When the hat is put on, the two ribbon ends are tied together in a double knot. Step 4. Make hook and eye closing in back under the ribbon.

5. DRESS-UP STOCKING CAP

Materials: $\frac{1}{8}$ yard wool; $\frac{1}{8}$ yard felt (we used felt from an old hat for one strip 1" x 29", one strip $\frac{1}{8}$ " x 15" and four strips each $\frac{1}{8}$ " x 5"); $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 1"-wide grosgrain ribbon.

Cutting Instructions: Cut wool as shown in Diagram 5A.

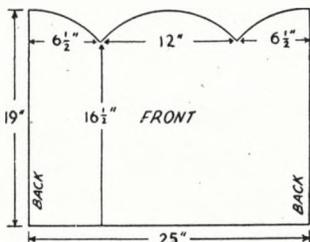


Diagram 5A

Sewing Instructions: Step 1. Machine-stitch 19" sides together. This seam will be at center back of hat. Step 2. Seam front and back arcs together. Step 3. To bring hat to your head size, make three 5"-long tucks, one at center front, one at each side. Step 4. Seam grosgrain to raw edge of wool at head opening, turn under and sew. Step 5. Turn hat to right side and pipe-trim the



Diagram 5B

three tucks and the center back seam (for 5") with $\frac{1}{8}$ " x 5" strips of felt. Step 6. On right side, pipe the arc-shaped seam with $\frac{1}{8}$ " x 15" strip of felt. Step 7. Tie 1" x 29" felt strip as shown in Diagram 5B.

6. STRIPED BERET

Materials: $\frac{1}{2}$ yard wool; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard crinoline; $\frac{1}{8}$ yard felt (we used a $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 18" strip of felt cut from an old hat); two 15"-long feathers.

Cutting Instructions: From the wool, cut two circles, each with a 15" diameter. Cut head opening in one of the circles (Diagram 6A). Cut a headband $1\frac{1}{2}$ " x 23" (size

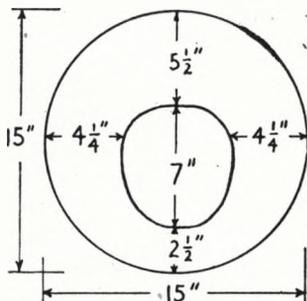


Diagram 6A

22). Cut the crinoline in the same way (but do not cut a headband), and reduce all dimensions given in Diagram 6A by $\frac{1}{4}$ ".

Sewing Instructions: Step 1. Right sides together, place the two wool pieces between crinoline pieces in this order: crinoline circle with head opening, wool circle with

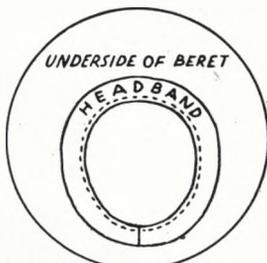


Diagram 6B

head opening, wool circle, and crinoline circle. Sew the four pieces together around the outer edge. Then turn to right side. Step 2. Sew one 23" side of headband around the head opening (Diagram 6B). Step 3. Fold band in half and stitch by hand to inside of hat. Step 4. Tack on two feathers along left underside. Step 5. Finish by looping felt strip at base of feathers, and tacking in place.

7. STOCKING CAP

Materials: $\frac{1}{4}$ yard wool jersey; wool yarn for pompon.

Cutting Instructions: From the jersey, cut a rectangle 26" x 35". Fold it in half to get a doubled rectangle 13" x 35". Cut this diagonally, and open out to get a triangle with a 26" base and $37\frac{1}{2}$ " sides.

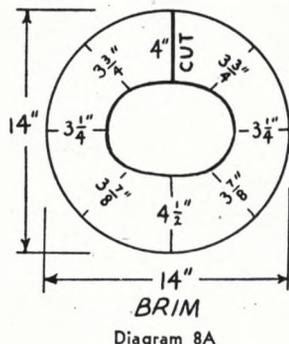
Sewing Instructions: Step 1. Seam $37\frac{1}{2}$ " sides of triangle together. Step 2. Turn under 3" hem at head opening to make a cuff. Step 3. Make a pompon from the yarn and attach it to the tip of the stocking cap.

8. BRIMMED HAT

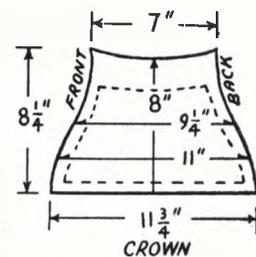
Materials: $\frac{1}{2}$ yard wool for hat, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard wool for scarf trim; $\frac{1}{4}$ yard crinoline; $\frac{1}{2}$

yard buckram; $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 1"-wide grosgrain ribbon.

Cutting Instructions: From the $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of wool, cut two pieces for the brim (Diagram 8A). Cut two pieces for the crown following solid lines in Diagram 8B. From the buckram, cut one brim piece, reducing all dimensions given in Diagram 8A by $\frac{1}{8}$ ".



BRIM
Diagram 8A



CROWN
Diagram 8B

From the crinoline, cut two crown pieces following dotted lines in Diagram 8B.

Sewing Instructions: Step 1. Place buckram between two brim pieces and stitch all three pieces together along outer rim, $\frac{1}{8}$ " from the edge to allow for fringing. Make the seam around the inner rim $\frac{1}{4}$ " from the edge so that later the crinoline crown can be inserted between the fabric layers and finished off neatly. Step 2. Seam wool crown pieces together along $8\frac{1}{4}$ " sides. Place these seams at center front and back. Step 3.

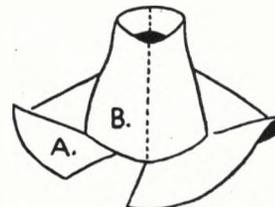


Diagram 8C

Seam crinoline crown pieces together in the same way. Step 4. Insert edge of crinoline crown between open layers of woollen brim fabric. Align one 4" side of brim with back seam of crown as shown in Diagram 8C. Then machine-stitch all around. Step 5. Slip fabric crown over crinoline, turn under raw edge at base of crown, and slip-stitch to brim. Step 6. Turn under $1\frac{1}{2}$ " hem at top of crown, and sew to crinoline. Step 7. Bind the inside head opening with grosgrain. Step 8. Fringe brim edges. Step 9. Fringe both 9" edges of $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of wool for scarf. Drape it around crown and pleat it loosely into a $2\frac{1}{2}$ " band. Tack band to crown to hold pleats in place. Then tie a

square knot, allowing ends to hang in back. Step 10. Bend back one point of brim and tack it to crown at back (Point A to Point B on Diagram 8C).

9. PADDED JERSEY TURBAN

Materials: ¾ yard wool jersey; ¾ yard cotton tubing (about 1½" wide); 1½ yards seam binding.

Cutting Instructions: From the jersey, cut a rectangle 12" x 38".

Sewing Instructions: Step 1. Sew seam binding along one 38" edge of jersey. Step 2. Fold the 22½"-long cotton tubing in half to get a pad 11" long, and stitch it down

Diagram 9A) stitching it as indicated. Step 5. Pleat jersey down to about 2½" along line D on Diagram 9B. Tack this pleated line to right side of pad at center. (Measuring in from the bound edge, 2" has been left unpleated and not attached to pad.) Step 6. Pleat jersey down to about 4" along line E on Diagram 9B and catch to edge of pad, Side B. (2" has again been left unpleated and not attached.) Step 7. Pleat to about 4" along line F on Diagram 9B. Step 8. Fold jersey (between lines E and F) back over wrong side of pad. Tack pleated line F to edge of pad, Side A, covering shirred line C. Step 9. Pleat down

side. Step 11. Bring bound edge of jersey (between lines C and E) over wrong side of pad, covering the raw edge of the jersey which was sewn to the pad in Step 4. Stitch down. Step 12. Hem bound edge of jersey all around back of turban (between lines E and F).

10. GRAY ROSES

Materials: One oval hat frame, 6½" x 8½"; ¾ yard wool crepe; ¾ yard felt (we used felt from an old hat); ¼ yard seam binding; 3 dozen small tubular-shaped glass beads.

Cutting Instructions: From the wool crepe, cut four 4" x 20" rectangles for the roses. Cut an oval about 8" x 11" to cover the hat frame. Cut the felt into four leaf shapes and two stems.

Sewing Instructions: Step 1. Cover the hat frame with wool. Step 2. Finish off the inside with the seam binding. Step 3. Shape a rose from each 4" x 20" strip of wool in this way: crush the fabric, roll it around in a spiral, pull it out here and there, and tack down wherever necessary. Step 4. Sew beads to center of the roses. Step 5. Attach one rose at center front of frame, group the other three in a row behind it. Step 6. Sew felt leaves and stems under and around roses onto the frame.

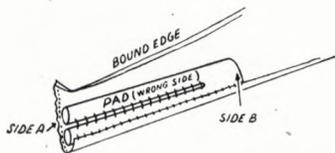


Diagram 9A

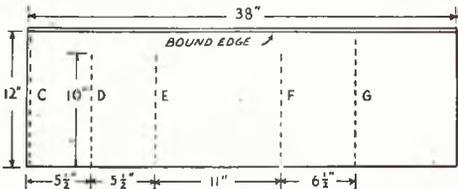


Diagram 9B

that way (Diagram 9A). Step 3 Shirr jersey to 7" along line C on Diagram 9B. Step 4. Attach shirred edge of jersey to pad, Side A, and fold jersey over pad (Dia-

to about 2½" along line G on Diagram 9B, and tack this line of pleats to center of pad on right side. Step 10. Catch the loose edge of jersey to pad, Side B on wrong

CROCHETED ELEPHANTS

Shown on page 86

Instructions prepared for Woman's Day by Elizabeth L. Mathieson

LARGE MOTHER ELEPHANT

Materials: For elephant 11" tall. Knitting worsted, 1 ounce ball, 29c a ball; 2 balls each of gray and pink; bone crochet hook No. 5; 1 yard of ½" ribbon; tiny flowers; 7" of millinery wire; 2 flat buttons 1½" in diameter and 1 button 2" in diameter; scrap of black wool; cotton batting

Abbreviations: Ch—chain; sl st—slip stitch; sc—single crochet; dc—double crochet; rnd—round; incl—inclusive.

Head: Front: Starting at tip of trunk with gray, ch 7. Join with sl st to form ring. *1st rnd:* Sc in each ch. *2nd rnd:* Sc in each sc around. Mark the beginning of rnds with pins. Now sc in each sc around, increasing 1 sc on every other rnd (being careful not to have increases fall over each other) until there are 17 sc in rnd—to increase a sc, make 2 sc in 1 sc. Now increase 4 sc evenly across each rnd until there are 29 sc in rnd. *Next rnd:* (2 sc in next sc, sc in next sc) 6 times; this section is upper part of front of head; sc in each remaining sc. Continue working sc in each sc around, making 4 increases in rnd evenly apart until there are 47 sc in rnd. Work 2 rows straight. Break off.

Back of Head: Starting at center with gray, ch 2. *1st rnd:* 6 sc in 2nd ch from hook. *2nd rnd:* 2 sc in each sc around. *3rd to 8th rnds incl:* Work sc in each sc around, increasing 6 sc evenly apart in each rnd. *9th and 10th rnds:* Sc in each sc around. Break off.

Body: Starting at top with gray, ch 20.

Join with sl st to form ring. *1st rnd:* Sc in each ch around. *2nd rnd:* 2 sc in each sc around (40 sc). *3rd and 4th rnds:* Sc in each sc around. *5th rnd:* (Ch 7, skip 7 sc, sc in next 13 sc) twice. *6th rnd:* Sc in next 7 ch, (2 sc in next sc, sc in next 5 sc) twice; 2 sc in next sc. These 3 increases are across front of body, sc in each remaining st (43 sc). *7th rnd:* Sc in each sc around. *8th rnd:* Sc in each sc around, increasing 4 sc evenly apart across front of body (47 sc). *9th to 15th rnds incl:* Sc in each sc around. *16th rnd:* Sc in each sc around, decreasing 3 sc evenly apart across front of body—to decrease 1 sc work off 2 sc as 1 sc (44 sc). *17th rnd:* Sc in each sc around. *18th rnd:* Sc in each sc around, decreasing 2 sc evenly across front of body (42 sc). *19th and 20th rnds:* Sc in each sc around. *21st rnd:* Sc in each sc around, ending at center back of body.

Leg: (Make 2.) Mark center back st with colored thread; sc in next 21 sc (center front of body), sc in center back st. This divides the sts in half for legs. *1st to 12th rnds incl:* Working on one half only of last rnd of body, sc in each sc around. *13th rnd:* Sc in each sc around, making 2 sc in each of the 9 sc at front of each leg (this is foot). Sl st in next sc. Break off.

Bottom of Foot: (Make 2.) *1st to 4th rnds incl:* Repeat 1st to 4th rnds incl of back of head. Break off.

Arm: (Make 2.) Ch 14. Join with sl st to form ring. *1st rnd:* Sc in each ch around. *2nd to 15th rnds incl:* Sc in each sc. Break off.

Bottom of Arm: (Make 2.) Repeat 1st

and 2nd rnds of back of head (12 sts). *3rd rnd:* (Sc in next 2 sc, sc in next sc) twice, sc in next sc, sl st in next sc. Break off.

Ear: (Make 2.) Ch 20. Join with sl st to form ring. *1st rnd:* Sc in each ch. *2nd rnd:* Sc in next 5 sc, 3 sc in next sc, sc in next 8 sc, 3 sc in next sc, sc in next 5 sc. *3rd to 6th rnds incl:* Sc in each sc around, making 3 sc in center sc of each 3-sc group. *7th rnd:* Sc in each sc around. Break off.

Mouth: *1st row:* Ch 7, sc in 2nd ch from hook, sc in next 5 ch. Ch 1, turn. *2nd row:* Sc in each sc to within last 2 sc, work off last 2 sc as 1 sc (1 sc decreased). Ch 1, turn. Repeat 2nd row until 1 sc remains. Break off.

Sew head pieces together to form head and stuff with cotton batting, inserting a piece of millinery wire through center of trunk. Fold ear pieces so that the increases match, and sew edges together. Sew ears in place along side seam of head. Sew starting chain of mouth at base of trunk.

Stuff body, head and legs, inserting a large, flat round button at top of body and at bottom of each leg. Sew bottom pieces of legs and arms in place. Sew head and arms in place. With scraps of black wool, embroider eyes and eyebrows.

Skirt: With pink, make a chain long enough to fit around waist of elephant. Join. *1st rnd:* Sc in each ch around. *2nd and 3rd rnds:* Sc in each sc around. *4th rnd:* ° 2 sc in next sc, sc in next sc. Repeat from ° around. *5th rnd:* Sc in each sc around. *6th rnd:* ° Sc in next 4 sc, 2 sc in next sc. Repeat from ° around. *7th to 15th rnds incl:* Sc in each sc around. Drop pink. *16th rnd:* With gray, sc in each sc around. Break off. *17th rnd:* With pink, sc in each sc around. Break off.

Hat: With pink, starting at center, work 3 rnds as for first 3 rnds of back of head (18 sts). *4th rnd:* ° Sc in next 2 sc, sc in

CROCHETED ELEPHANTS, Continued

next sc. Repeat from ° 5 more times (24 sc). *5th rnd:* ° Dc in back loop of next sc, 2 dc in back loop of next sc. Repeat from ° 4 more times; half dc in back loop of next sc, sc in back loop of each remaining sc. *6th rnd:* ° Dc in next 3 dc, 2 dc in next dc. Repeat from ° 2 more times; dc in next 4 dc, sc in next 4 sc, 2 sc in next sc, sc in each remaining st. *7th rnd:* Sc in each st around. Sl st in next st. Break off.

Trim hat with ribbon bow and flowers at top. Tack hat in place. Sew on ties and tie ends into a bow.

SMALL DAUGHTER ELEPHANT

Materials: For elephant 7" tall. Wool floss, 1 ounce ball, 29c a ball; 2 balls of gray and 1 ball of baby pink; bone crochet hook No. 1; ½ yard of ¼" ribbon; tiny flowers; 4" of millinery wire; 2 buttons 1" in diameter; scrap of black wool; cotton batting.

Work exactly as for large elephant, omitting 13th, 14th and 15th rnds of skirt. Now work 1 rnd of gray and 1 rnd of pink as for large elephant.

KNITTED BEDSPREAD

Shown on page 52

Instructions prepared for Woman's Day
by Elizabeth L. Mathieson

Materials: For double-size bedspread. Knit-Cro-Sheen: 44 (300 yard) balls of white or ecru, or 55 (200 yard) balls of any color, about 30c a ball. For single-size bedspread: 30 balls of white or ecru, or 44 balls of any color; a pair of double-pointed steel knitting needles No. 15.

Abbreviations: St—stitch; k—knit; p—purl; tog—together; O—yarn over; sl—slip; p.s.o.—pass slipped stitch over knit stitch; incl—inclusive.

Gauge: Each fan measures 4" from base to center top.

DOUBLE-SIZE BEDSPREAD

Fan: (Make 565). Starting at top, cast on 50 sts. *1st row:* K across. *2nd row:* K 4, (k 2 tog, 0) 21 times; k 4 (50 sts). *3rd row:* K across (50 sts). *4th row:* K 3, k 2 tog, k across to within last 5 sts, k 2 tog, k 3 (48 sts). *5th row:* K 4, p across to within last 4 sts, k 4 (48 sts). *6th and 7th rows:* Repeat 4th and 5th rows (46 sts). *8th row:* K 4 (k 2 tog, 0) 19 times; k 4. *9th row:* Repeat 3rd row. *10th to 13th rows incl:* (Repeat 4th and 5th rows alternately) twice. *14th to 17th rows incl:* (Repeat 5th and 4th rows alternately) twice. Repeat the last 8 rows (10th to 17th incl) until 8 sts remain. Now knit across, decreasing 1 st at both ends of every other row until 4 sts remain. Now sl 1, k 3 tog, p.s.o. and break off.

Half Fan: (Make 38). Starting at top, cast on 26 sts and work as for fans making decreases on one edge only and keeping other edge straight.

Make 29 rows of 19 fans each (551 fans).

DECORATE WITH GESSO

by ELISE MANNEL

Shown on Page 67

Materials: Most of the articles are usually available at your local dime store. They range in price from about 5c to 30c. The bookmark and shade pulls are made of tongue depressors sold at the drugstore, 1c each. You can puncture them with a red-hot metal meat skewer.

For the actual decorating, you will need: 1 (½ pint) can of white Gesso art clay, about 35c (sold at craft stores only); poster paint; small (#2) sable water color brush; a wooden tongue depressor to use as a palette knife; emery boards; sandpaper; steel wool; tracing paper; soft and hard pencils; a piece of window glass to use as a palette; small can of transparent shellac; transparent tape; floor wax; soft rag.

Transferring the Design: First, sketch it on tracing paper, adapting it to fit the area on which it will be placed. Then rub the underside of the tracing paper with a soft pencil. Fasten the tracing with transparent tape to the surface to be decorated. Trace the design lightly with a hard pencil. The designs we used are shown at right, on facing page, actual size:

Gesso is best applied to a smooth, unfinished surface. If the wood is highly varnished, waxed or oiled, rub it with steel wool, then fine sandpaper. The same should be done to unpainted wood. (Emery boards are excellent for smoothing rough edges on small objects.) If you wish a colored background, stain and shellac the wood after sandpapering, and let it dry well.

To mix the clay, first scoop out just enough for one color in the design. Mix it on the glass with the palette knife, adding a few drops of water until it becomes smooth and creamy. Add color, a drop at a time,

and mix thoroughly. It is impossible to get a pure black but dark red and dark blue can be achieved with high-grade colors. The clay is ready to apply when it will drip from a brush without spreading.

Now take a brushful of the creamy mixture and fill in one area. "Flow on" another brushful before the first one dries so that the finished effect will be smooth and gently rounded as if put on in one operation. The finished design should have a rounded, sculptured effect about 1/16" high. Keep the outline clean and well defined. When working on things like button molds, use a hatpin to keep them from sliding so they will not be smeared with finger marks.

If the mixture on the glass hardens too much as you work, add a few more drops of water and mix again with palette knife until creamy. When finished with the first color, clean the glass, brush, and palette knife, mix another batch of clay with a second color and apply. Continue in this way until all colors are filled in. Where two colors touch or overlap, let the first color dry thoroughly before applying second.

The finished work should be allowed to stand overnight or longer until completely hardened. Do not touch it while wet. Then rub the surface with fine steel wool to dull the finish. (If the wood was unfinished before the clay was applied, shellac the entire piece, allow it to dry, and rub with steel wool.) Finally, wax and polish with a soft rag.

For salad sets and other articles that require washing, apply a second coat of shellac before waxing. Never soak the articles in water—wipe with a cloth wrung out in warm soapsuds.

Sew adjacent sides of fans with neat over-and-over sts. Sew remaining 14 fans in place at edge where the points appear, putting the scalloped edges of these 14 fans on outer edge. Sew 19 half fans on each long side of spread, fitting the half fans between adjacent fans to form a straight edge.

Insertion: Starting at narrow end, cast on 62 sts. *1st row:* K 4, (k 2 tog, 0) 27 times; k 4. *2nd row:* K across. *3rd row:* K 4, p across, k 4. *4th row:* K 4, (k 2 tog, 0) 27 times; k 4. *5th row:* K across. *6th row:* K across. *7th row:* K 4, p across, k 4. *8th row:* K across. *9th and 10th rows:* K 4, p across, k 4. *11th row:* K across. *12th row:* K 4, p across, k 4. *13th row:* K across.

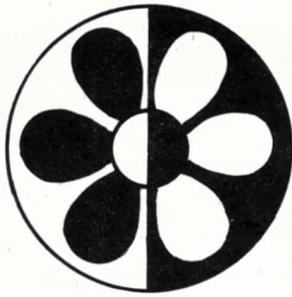
Repeat 6th to 13th rows incl until piece measures 12" more than the length of the spread. Break off. Make another insertion same as this. Make 2 more insertions, each to measure the same as the top and bottom ends of spread. Sew short insertions to ends and long insertions to sides of spread.

Edging: Cast on 21 sts. *1st row:* K across. *2nd row:* K 4, p 1, k across remaining sts. *3rd row:* K across. *4th row:* K 4, p 1, k 4, bind off 3 sts, k 3, bind off 3 sts, k 3. *5th row:* Cast on 3 sts, k 7, cast on 3 sts to replace those bound off below (eyelet

made), k 3, cast on 3 sts (another eyelet made), k across remaining sts. *6th row:* K 4, p 1, k across remaining sts. *7th row:* K across. *8th row:* K 4, p 1, k 7, (bind off 3 sts, k 3) twice. *9th row:* Cast on 3 sts, k 7, cast on 3 sts to complete eyelet, k 3, cast on 3 sts for other eyelet, k across remaining sts. *10th row:* K 4, p 1, k across remaining sts. *11th row:* K across. *12th row:* K 4, p 1, k 10, bind off 3 sts, k 3, bind off 3 sts, k across remaining sts. *13th row:* Bind off 3 sts, cast on 3 sts, k 3, cast on 3 sts, k across remaining sts. *14th row:* K 4, p 1, k across remaining sts. *15th row:* K across. *16th row:* K 4, p 1, k 7, (bind off 3 sts, k 3) twice. *17th row:* Bind off 3 sts, cast on 3 sts, k 3, cast on 3 sts, k across remaining sts. *18th row:* K 4, p 1, k across remaining sts. *19th row:* K across. *20th row:* K 4, p 1, k 4, bind off 3 sts, k 3, bind off 3 sts, k across remaining sts. Repeat 5th to 20th rows incl, until piece is long enough to go all around outer edges, mitering corners.

SINGLE-SIZE BEDSPREAD

Make 409 fans. Arrange so that you have 21 rows of 19 fans each (399 fans) and 10 fans for side where points appear. Complete as for double-size spread.



Salt-and-peppers



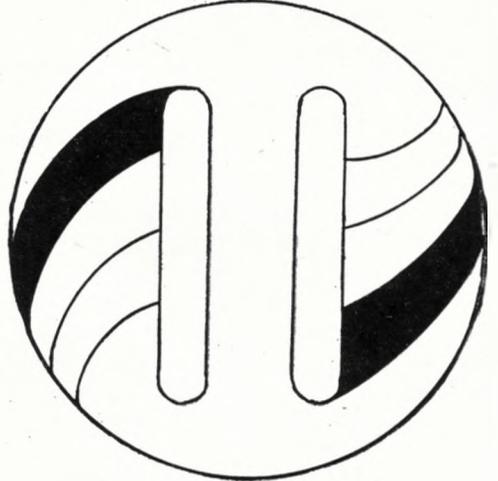
Button set (Geometric motif)



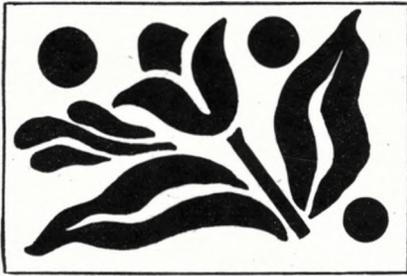
Button set (Floral motif)



Shade pulls



Buckle



Match box



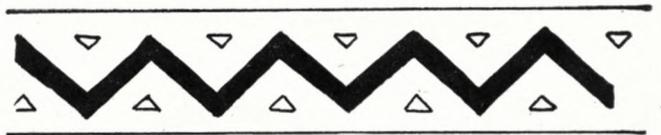
Bookmark



Salad spoon and fork (handle motif)



Whisk broom



Bracelet



Knitting bag handles



Salad spoon and fork (border pattern)



Trinket box



Cigarette box

APPLIQUE

Shown on pages 50 and 51

Instructions prepared for Woman's Day
by Elizabeth L. Mathieson

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

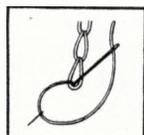
How to Enlarge Designs: All of the designs are drawn in squares and the size of these squares is indicated below each diagram. To make pattern actual size, draw the same number of squares according to the diagram and measurements and draw an outline of the design shown in each diagram.

How to Transfer Designs to Fabric: Trace the outline of the design on white tracing paper. Determine the position of your design on the fabric and place a sheet of carbon paper face down on it. Place the tracing over the carbon paper and go over the entire design very carefully with a pencil. To avoid smudging the fabric, do not rest the weight of your hand on the paper. This tracing will serve as a guide when you sew your appliqué pieces in position.

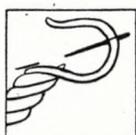
Cutting: Plan your entire design on tracing paper or brown paper. Make a pattern for each piece of design, using blotting paper with one glazed side for patterns. Place your pattern rough side down on the fabric and trace around it lightly. Cut appliqué pieces carefully, allowing $\frac{1}{8}$ " on all pieces to turn under. If this is your first piece, make a practice piece before starting actual work.

Applique: Baste pieces in position on background, turning under seam allowance. With mercerized sewing threads of matching color, sew pieces in place with blind stitches.

Embroidery Stitches: In the designs given in this article, embroidery stitches are used to decorate the appliqué after it has been applied and to further decorate the surface to which the appliqué has been attached. The stitches are shown below.



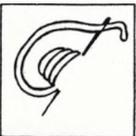
1. Chain Stitch



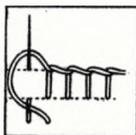
2. Outline Stitch



3. Featherstitch



4. Satin Stitch



5. Open Buttonhole Stitch

I. CRIB COVER

Materials for crib cover 36" x 54" when completed: 1½ yards of 36" wide white pique, \$1.39 a yard; poplin 36" wide, \$1.00 a yard, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard each of light blue, light pink

and gray, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard each of deep rose, light green and yellow; 1½ yards of 36" wide white muslin, 39c a yard; six strand embroidery floss, 2 skeins for 5c, 20 skeins of blue, 2 skeins each of russet and brown. Cost to make, about \$5.55.

See Diagram 1 and General Instructions for cutting and placing appliqué pieces and embroidery stitches. Use 3 strands of embroidery floss unless otherwise specified.

Cut piqué 30" x 48". Cut 4 circles of 1t. blue, each 6½" in diameter. Turn under $\frac{1}{4}$ " for hem and baste. Place a blue circle over each corner. Baste in place. Allowing for seams, cut the inner edge of blue circle to correspond with the corner of pique. Baste in place. Cut nine 6½" circles having 2 deep rose, 2 1t. green, 1 1t. blue, 2 yellow and 2 1t. pink. Cut these circles in half and fold under $\frac{1}{4}$ " (for hem) across the straight side and baste them adjacent to each other along each long side of pique, mixing the colors. Cut one half circle of each of four colors mentioned above (except blue) and baste as before to remaining edges. With blue embroidery floss, work open buttonhole stitch along the straight edges, of half circles. This joins them to pique.

Cut a 10½" circle of 1t. pink and turn in $\frac{1}{4}$ " all around edges. Place this circle 6" in from top edge of pique and 5" in from side edge of pique, and applique in place with open buttonhole stitch, using blue floss. Embroider the baby's name across the center of this circle in outline stitch, using 6 strands of blue floss. Allowing for seams, cut the gray seal according to pattern—each square of chart represents 3"—turn in $\frac{1}{4}$ " edge as before and baste in place following Diagram 1. Using 6 strands of brown embroidery floss, appliqué to pique with close outline stitch. Embroider around flipper, shown in white in Diagram 1, with russet in outline stitch. Work lines on body (see photograph on page 50). Work eye in blue satin stitch.

Cut one 3½" and three 4" circles of yellow, turn in hem and with blue floss, applique to background, placing them where the single circles are shown on Diagram 1.

Cut a green and a pink circle 8½" in diameter. With blue floss, buttonhole stitch the green circle 5" from bottom edge, and 1" from left edge of pique. Buttonhole stitch pink circle 6" from bottom and 3" from right side. Cut a blue and a rose circle 5" in diameter. With blue floss, appliqué blue circle so that it overlaps on green circle and the rose overlaps pink. Cut a blue circle 7" in diameter and a green circle 3½" in diameter and applique, 9" from top edge and 2½" from right edge of pique, with blue floss.

Lining: Cut muslin lining to fit crib cover and baste. Turn in $\frac{1}{4}$ " on scallops of cover and lining and buttonhole stitch together.

2. ORGANDY LUNCHEON CLOTH

Materials for cloth 44" square and 4 napkins 15" square when completed: 2½ yards of organdy, 45" wide, 98c a yard; 1½ yards of dotted swiss 45" wide, 54c a yard, for circles and borders; $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36" lawn for leaves, 59c a yard; 6 balls of white pearl cotton, size 5, 10c a ball. Cost to make about \$3.80.

See Diagrams 2A, 2B and General Instructions for cutting and placing applique and embroidery stitches.

Luncheon Cloth: Cut organdy 45" square. Allowing for seams, cut leaves and circles, as in Diagram 2A.

Applique to organdy according to drawing, placing design shown in Diagram 2A in center of cloth. Outline leaves with outline stitch and circles with featherstitch. Work veins of leaves in outline stitch. Following Diagram 2B, applique the design 5" in from each corner of the cloth. Featherstitch the circles and outline stitch the leaves.

Allowing for seams cut 2½" strips of dotted swiss, and make false hems around all sides, mitering corners.

Napkins: Cut organdy 15½" square. Make a false hem with dotted swiss 1" wide around all sides. Place appliqué design shown in Diagram 2B in one corner to correspond with corner of luncheon cloth

3. LOBSTER CLOTH

Materials for cloth 49" x 54" and 4 napkins 16" square: Indian Head 45" wide, 69c a yard, 2½ yards of white and 1½ yards of red; 1 yard of 36" red cambric, 59c a yard; 5 skeins of red six strand embroidery floss, 2 skeins for 5c. Cost to make, about \$3.50.

See Diagram 3 and General Instructions for cutting and placing appliqué pieces, and embroidery stitches. Use 3 strands of embroidery floss unless otherwise specified.

Cloth: Cut white Indian Head 43" x 48". Cut four 7" strips of red Indian Head to fit each side of the white Indian Head. Make a double hem around each side with red Indian Head, mitering the corners.

Allowing for seams, cut the applique pieces from the cambric according to Diagram 3. All pieces are applique except the first 2 joints of each claw. Place one lobster about 7" in from each corner. With 6 strands of floss, embroider the first and second joints of claws on each side of lobster in satin stitch. With 3 strands embroider the feelers in running stitches about $\frac{1}{4}$ " long and the legs in chain stitch.

Napkins: Cut white Indian Head 16" square. Make a double hem of red Indian Head $\frac{1}{2}$ " wide, around each side of napkin, mitering the corners.

4. ROOSTER CLOTH

Materials for cloth 36" x 36": 1 yard striped rayon, 36" wide, \$1.00 a yard; 1½ yards of white percale, 36" wide, 59c a yard; $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of red cambric, 59c a yard; 4 skeins of red six strand embroidery floss and 2 skeins of white, 2 skeins for 5c. Cost to make, about \$2.05.

See Diagram 4 and General Instructions for cutting and placing applique pieces and embroidery stitches. Use 3 strands of embroidery floss unless otherwise specified.

Make a double hem, 1" wide of white percale, around all sides of striped fabric, mitering the corners.

Allowing for seams, cut applique pieces according to Diagram 4 and baste them in place as shown in diagram. Using red floss, embroider the legs and feet with outline stitch. Use satin stitch for the eye and beak

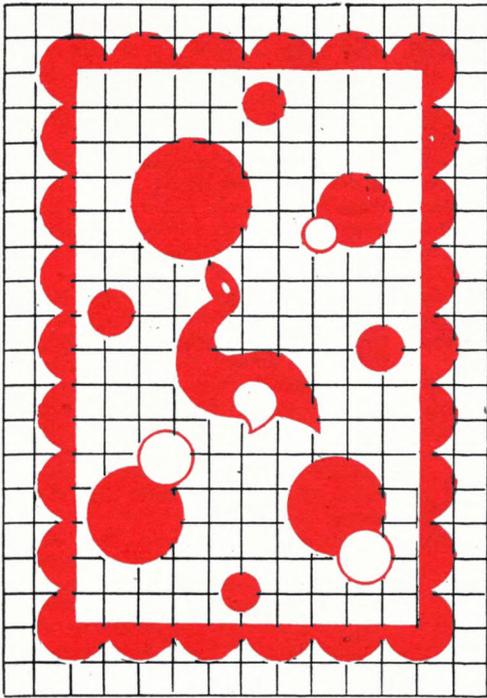


Diagram 1. Each square equals 3"

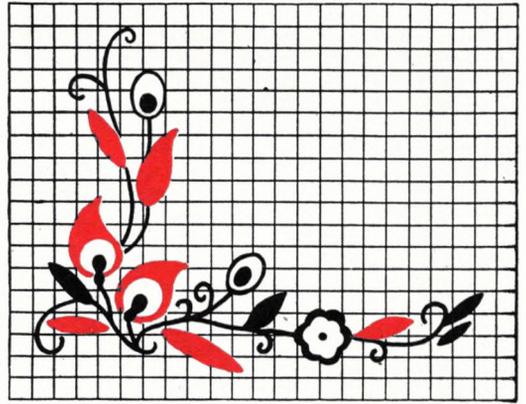


Diagram 5A. Each square equals 1/2"



Diagram 5B. Each square equals 1/2"

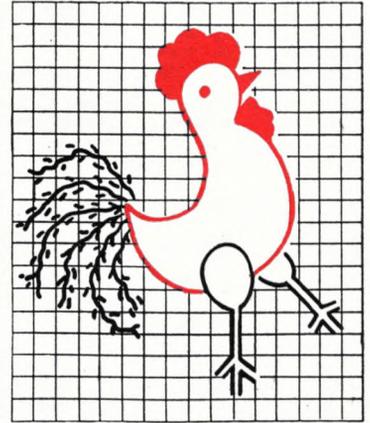


Diagram 4. Each square equals 1/2"

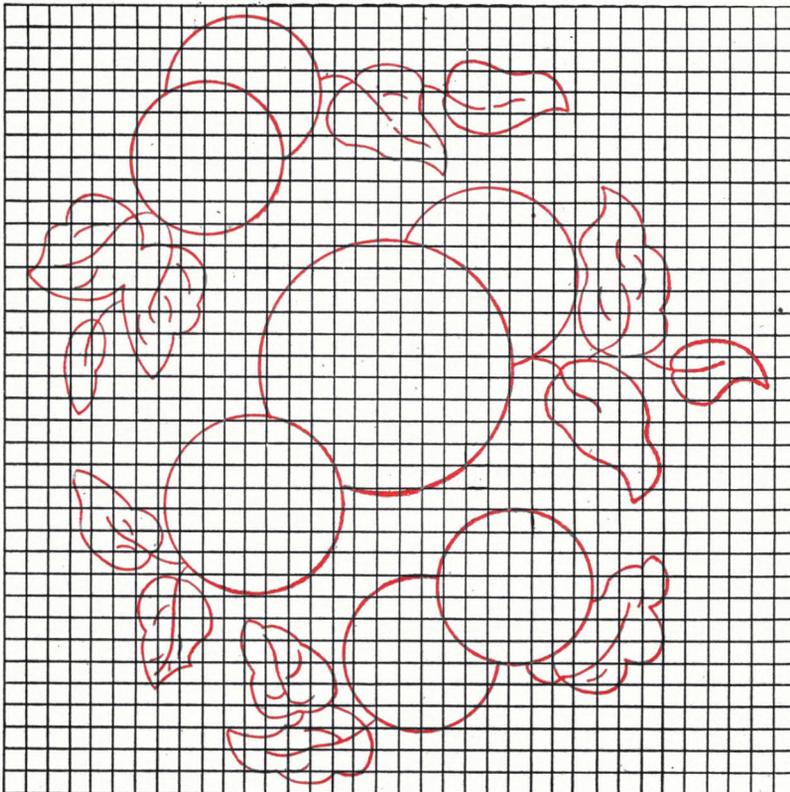


Diagram 2A. Each square equals 1/2"

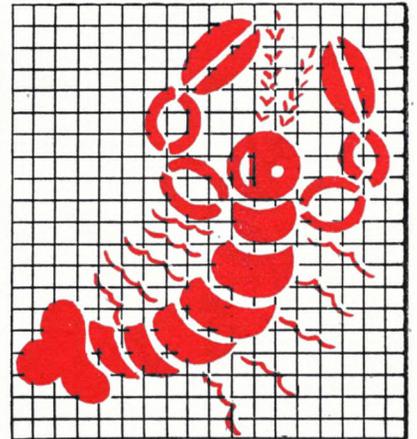


Diagram 3. Each square equals 1/2"

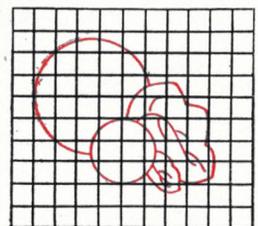


Diagram 2B. Each square equals 1/2"

APPLIQUE, Continued

and featherstitch for the tail feathers. The body and cock's comb are appliqued with blind stitch.

5. GRAY LUNCHEON CLOTH

Materials for cloth 42" x 50" and 4 napkins 15" square when completed: 3 yards of gray linen, 54" wide, \$1.59 a yard; scraps of white linen; mercerized mending cotton, 5c a ball, 3 balls each of steel and white and 6 balls of gun metal. Cost to make, about \$5.40.

See Diagrams 5A and 5B and General Instructions for cutting and placing applique pieces and embroidery stitches.

Cloth: Cut gray linen 36" x 44". Cut four 7" strips of gray linen, to fit sides of linen piece 36" x 44". Make a double hem around each side, mitering the corners.

Apply design in each corner as shown on Diagram 5A, 1" in from hemline. The sections in black represent embroidery. Those in red are white linen applique; those in white are gray linen applique. Using 6 threads of gun metal, embroider stems in outline stitch; using white and steel color thread, work buds, dots and flowers in satin stitch. (See photograph on page 51 for color.) Using 3 strands of gun metal floss, work a single row of outline stitch, where double hem is joined to cloth.

Napkins: Cut gray linen 17" square. Make a 1" hem around each side, mitering corners. Apply design on Diagram 5B for napkins and use same embroidery stitches as for cloth.

6. AUTUMN LEAF LUNCHEON SET

Materials for 4 place mats 12" x 18" and 4 napkins 12" square when completed: Indian Head 36" wide, 69c a yard, 2 yards of beige, 1/2 yard each of peach and brown;

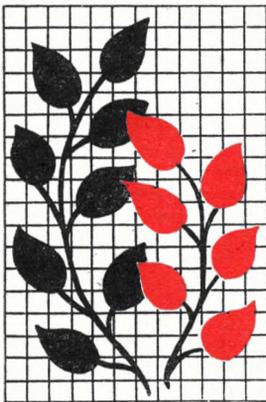


Diagram 6A. Each square equals 1/2"

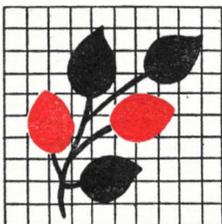


Diagram 6B. Each square equals 1/2"

3 skeins russet six strand embroidery floss, 2 skeins for 5c. Cost to make, about \$2.25.

See Diagram 6A and 6B and General Instructions for cutting and placing applique pieces and embroidery stitches.

Place Mats: Cut beige Indian Head 12 1/2" x 18". Cut 2 strips of peach and 2 strips of brown 3/4" x 12 1/2" to fit short edges of beige place mat. Turn up 1/4" on beige and sew brown strips on beige, then sew peach on brown and turn under, using blind stitch.

Allowing for seams, cut and baste applique pieces as shown in Diagram 6A. The sections in black represent the brown applique; those in red the peach applique. Work stems in outline stitch, using 4 threads of russet embroidery floss.

Napkins: Cut beige Indian Head 12 1/2" square. Cut 4 strips of peach and 4 strips of brown 1/2" wide to fit edges of napkin. Turn up 1/4" on beige square and sew brown strips on beige, then sew peach strips on brown and turn under. (Strips should be 3/8" wide.) Use blind stitch and miter corners. Follow Diagram 6B for corner design.

PRESSED FLOWER PICTURES

Shown on page 32

by BETH H. TONSON

Bridal Bouquet: Stock blossoms and buds, freesia and buds, white candytuft, lily of the valley.

Framed Picture: Dusty miller, petunia, deadly nightshade, single calendula, pansy, cedar, lavender plantain lily.

Butterfly Picture: Dusty miller, hydrangea (autumn), ranunculus, hollyhock petals, primrose, mimosa, goldenrod, sweet alyssum, heather, lily of the valley. The butterfly is of poppy petals, body is freesia (tongue of nasturtium also makes good body).

Since many of the most attractive arrangements are made of flowers that do not bloom at the same time, it is better to press them as they appear, and assemble later.

Gather garden flowers in early afternoon and do not place them in water. (If you want to make a picture as a lovely memento for a bride, beg a few sprays from the lucky girl who catches her bouquet.) Heavier autumn flowers, such as marigolds and chrysanthemums, do not press well but single varieties of these are sometimes successful.

Lay individual blooms carefully in the fold of folded sheets of smooth white tissue paper, and place between the pages of a heavy book or mail-order catalogue. Remove stems from the larger flowers and cut rosebuds in half lengthwise so they will lie flat. Press some blooms closed and others opened out so they will show the center. Curved sprays of foliage or buds, graceful stems, wild flowers, weeds, small leaves and bits of evergreen should also be pressed to supplement arrangements.

Let dry, without opening the book, for at least three weeks. Insufficiently dried flowers will shrivel and lose color when handled.

For the picture making you will need

a package of good construction paper in assorted colors, a jar of best quality library paste, a pair of tweezers with straight ends, a very thin, stiff card to use for pressing flowers in place after paste is applied, or to change the position of any flowers after paste has dried.

In most cases a background color of one of the pale-tinted papers is best, a piece about five by seven inches. In the case of white flowers from a bride's bouquet, one of the deeper shades seems to set off the arrangement better.

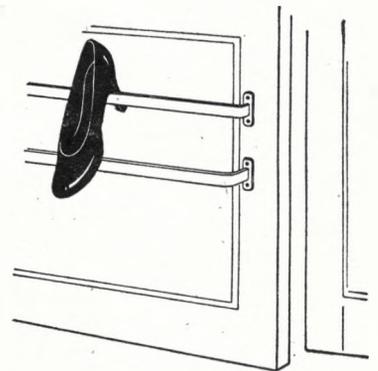
Handle each piece of pressed material gently with the tweezers. Arrange on background paper with richer and darker flowers and leaves massed low, near the center; those lighter in color and texture, higher; buds and sprays at top and near edges to give a feathery look—the whole well centered from top to bottom but not necessarily from side to side. Slip a bit of stem or a leaf or two under the lower edge of large flowers.

Tints and shades of one color look well with a small spot of orange, yellow or red; complementary colors, such as violet and yellow, or chartreuse and red violet, of unequal quantities, are attractive. A bit of green or small leaves in autumn colors can add a lot to a picture.

After you are satisfied with the arrangement, lift each piece with the tweezers, put a small smear of paste, never a lump, on the background paper and press center of flower or leaf, using small, stiff card. Never put paste under delicate petals; it will ruin them. If loose they give a softer effect to the picture. Tiny bits of rose centers may be pasted in open petunias or other flowers not showing a definite center when pressed.

The pictures may be mounted on a mat that repeats the color of some flower used in the arrangement, then fitted into a harmonizing frame or backed with cardboard, covered with glass and bound with velvet ribbon (glued on) or passe partout.

SHOE RACK



Two flat curtain rods with curved ends make a neat, efficient shoe rack that can be fastened to any closet door. Place the rods parallel to the door and screw them on, four inches apart. The top one should have a two-inch depth at the curve, the lower one, three inches, to give the rack the proper outward slant.

GOOD NEIGHBOR GERRITY

[Continued from Page 86]

"Dennis, get right up! Something terrible has happened to Mr. McShane!"

Gerrity was fully awake now.

"Mr. McShane has had a spell!"

Gerrity pulled free of Mary's hand.

"You couldn't bring me better news, Mary, and whatever his sickness I hope it strikes clear through to the heart of him."

"Dennis!" Mary had him by the shoulder again. "Dennis, Mr. McShane has fallen, he's still on the floor, and Mrs. McShane can't move him."

Gerrity jumped up.

"Why are you standing there talking like an idle drone, Mary? Why didn't you tell me the poor lad was needing a man's strength?" Gerrity was pulling on his clothes.

"There's a leak in their kitchen," Mary explained, "the place is flooded. Mr. McShane tried to fix it."

But Gerrity wasn't waiting to hear. He raced ahead of Mary, down the steps and over to McShane's. He pounded loudly on the door.

MARY caught up with him as Mrs. McShane opened the door. She was a frail, frightened woman and Gerrity felt sorry to the heart with what she had taken for a husband.

Gerrity left her with Mary and rushed into the kitchen. He found McShane, stretched between the sink and stove, the kitchen flooded, and the water seeping out into the hall.

Gerrity had his arm under McShane's shoulder. He sat the man up.

"Haven't you some medicine for a sudden turn like this, Mrs. McShane?" Gerrity asked.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Gerrity. But when he fell down and I couldn't get him up, I didn't think of it. I'll get it right away."

She came rushing back almost immediately. "One with a little water," she said, handing Gerrity a box of capsules. Mary was already getting the glass.

"Take this," Gerrity said to McShane.

McShane refused the capsule. "I'm finished," he murmured.

Gerrity jerked him to a higher position.

"You're not finished, McShane. No man is finished until another lad has to shut his eyes for him. Take the pill!" Gerrity propped McShane against his shoulder and pulled open his mouth.

McShane took the capsule, swallowing hard as Gerrity kept a hand on his head and a hand under his chin.

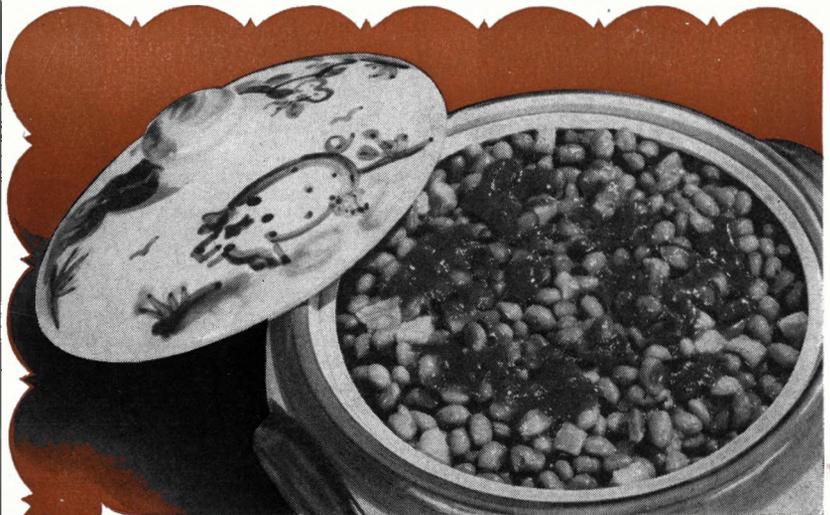
"Good!" said Gerrity, trying to get the man to his feet.

"Let me help, Mr. Gerrity," Mrs. McShane came running over.

[Continued on Page 98]

Serve Beans Plain or *Serve 'em Fancy!*

Any way you have them—bubbling aromatically in the family bean pot or dressed up with crackling-brown sausages or spicy barbecue sauce—Heinz Oven-Baked Beans are a favorite, all around the table!



BAKED BEANS WITH BARBECUE SAUCE

● Heat a 17½ ounce jar Heinz Oven-Baked Beans and ¼ cup chopped, cooked pork. Combine ½ cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup, 2 Tbs. Heinz India Relish and ¼ tsp. Heinz Worcestershire Sauce. Heat. Pour over beans. Serves 4.

Sizzling with Sauce!

● Served plain—in their rich sauce of "Aristocrat" tomatoes and spice—Heinz Oven-Baked Beans make any man pass his plate for more! For these are genuine old-time beans—baked to a turn and sauced to perfection! Choose the vegetarian-style—or the kind with tomato sauce and pork. Heinz Oven-Baked Beans give you a lot of nourishment—for little money!

Heinz OVEN-BAKED Beans



Meet the Best
Pot Roast Ever!

RECIPE

POT ROAST à la New Orleans. More flavorful with Wesson Oil!

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| 4 lb. pot roast | 2 tablespoons lemon juice |
| ½ teaspoon each of pepper,
ground cloves, mace, allspice | 1 tablespoon vinegar |
| 1 tablespoon salt | ½ cup Wesson Oil |
| 1 large onion | 1½ cups tomato juice
or canned tomatoes |
| 1 or more garlic cloves | 2 or 3 bay leaves |

Rub mixed dry ingredients into meat. Add finely chopped onion and garlic to lemon, vinegar and ½ cup Wesson Oil. Pour mixture over meat. Let soak in refrigerator 5 hours, turning occasionally. When ready to cook, sprinkle with flour. Heat ¼ cup Wesson Oil in heavy pan over high heat. Sear meat until dark brown. Reduce heat. Add liquid in which meat was soaked; tomatoes, bay leaves. Cover. Simmer 3 hours. Serve with thickened gravy and vegetables.

real tasty salads with Wesson Oil!

...because light, unobtrusive Wesson Oil never drowns delicious flavors under a heavy, oily taste...one reason why more American women buy Wesson Oil than any other brand of salad oil.



Wesson Oil FOR SALADS AND COOKING

MENU CUES



In our next issue . . .

Tess and the Rain
by Marie Wilsman

A story of drought and a girl's despair

HERE'S MONEY FOR YOU
Show largest, loveliest Christmas
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SPRING ACTION!
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"Now put off your worrying, Mrs. McShane. But, Mary, you better call the doctor and Father Ryan."

Gerrity took hold of McShane again but the man didn't move. Then he gave one great lift and had McShane off the floor and into bed and dry clothes, for the man was drenched from the leaking water.

Gerrity looked down at McShane and studied him well. He noticed the man's troubled breathing, the limpness of his hands and the pallor of his face. It was over for McShane, Gerrity saw it now. A sad ending it was for the poor old tinker, taking his last minutes that way under a sink. The thought of the sink set Gerrity to action. He couldn't stand here mourning at McShane's bed, with the ocean itself running around the kitchen. He stepped over to Mary.

"Come outside to the kitchen for a minute, Mary."

Mrs. McShane looked up in panic. "We're going into the kitchen to see what we can do out there," Mary told Mrs. McShane.

OUT in the kitchen, Gerrity went straight to the sink and bent down to see what was wrong. At once he turned off the valve.

"I better go right home, Mary, and put on my overalls and get my tools. I'll have to right this trouble."

"Tonight, Dennis? Can't you fix it in the morning?"

"Has your intelligence left you, Mary? Look at the place. I'll have to get the water cleaned up first, then start on the repair work. It's an all-night job but I'll have to try it. The place can't look like this with all the people that will be coming."

"All what people, Dennis? You don't think that the doctor or priest will be bothered looking at an upset kitchen."

"I know that, but I'm thinking of the other people."

"What other people?"

"What people generally come to a wake? McShane's people and his friends. If the wake starts tomorrow morning—"

"Dennis!" Mary had dashed to the kitchen door and closed it. "How can you even think such a terrible thing!"

"Mary, you know the most the lad in the bed there has to live is about three days and those will be in his box, poor lad."

"Dennis, I won't listen to that kind of talk. McShane's life is not in your hands, and the least we can do is to pray that he will get better."

"Do you think I'm not praying for that same, Mary?"

The door was opened suddenly by Mrs. McShane.

"I just heard the doctor's car stop," she called, "will you let him in, Mr. Gerrity?"

Gerrity went at once. He was sur-

prised to find Mrs. McShane right in back of him.

"What's happened, Mrs. McShane?" the doctor asked after a brief greeting.

"Oh, Doctor Arnold, he was well when he went to bed but when we heard the water running and saw it all over the floor—"

The doctor, an easy-spoken man, looked over at Gerrity.

"McShane tried to fix a leak and took a sudden spell," Gerrity explained quietly. "We gave him one of these." He indicated the medicine box on the table. "He's in here," Gerrity added, showing the doctor to McShane's room.

GERRITY closed the bedroom door and went out to wait on the porch. He hadn't been there long when he heard quick steps coming down the street. It was Father Ryan. He held the porch door open as the priest came up the steps.

TO ORDER PATTERNS

shown on page 4

If these patterns are not sold in your local store, you can order them from The Butterick Company office nearest you. Be sure to state the size and pattern number and include correct purchase price. Patterns on page 4 are: 3327, small, medium, large, extra-large, 35¢; 3884, sizes 12-20, 35¢; and 3474, sizes 30-42, 25¢. The Butterick Company offices are:

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"Good evening, Father Ryan, the doctor is in there with McShane now."

The priest nodded. And they waited in silence on the porch until the doctor opened the door.

"Come right in, Father, he's expecting you," the doctor said.

Father Ryan went into the bedroom. Gerrity was watching Mrs. McShane, but the doctor was busy with his bag and he didn't look at Mrs. McShane when he spoke to her.

"Your husband has had a bad turn, Mrs. McShane, but he will fall asleep in a few minutes—I've given him something. I'll stop by first thing in the morning. If he should be in pain during the night, he's to have one of these."

"Doctor Arnold," Mrs. McShane
[Continued on Page 100]

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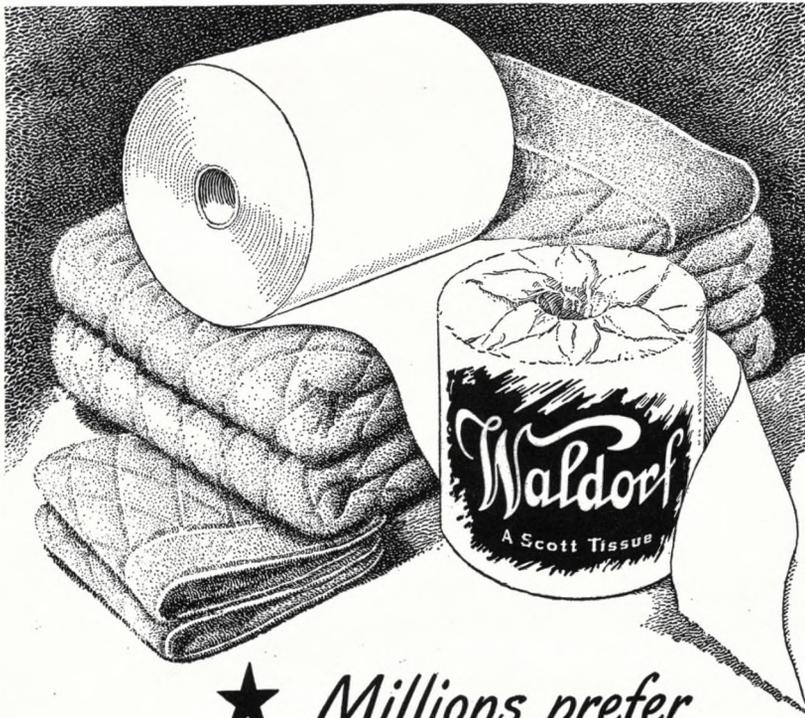


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GOOD NEIGHBOR GERRITY

[Continued from Page 99]

leaned forward in her chair, "will he—will he be all right?"

The doctor looked at her kindly.

"He's had these spells before," he reminded her.

Gerrity felt sorry for the man. A doctor's task was not an easy one for not only did he have to stand between a patient and his box, but along with it he had to turn a hopeful face to the relatives.

"Now I want you to take one of these, Mrs. McShane," the doctor handed her a small envelope, "it will quiet your nerves. You've had a bad few minutes."

She nodded her head in assent.

Father Ryan joined them and motioned them all into McShane's room. They knelt around the bed and prayed with the priest. When the prayers were over, Gerrity saw McShane still had enough strength left to bless himself.

"You're a little better now, Mr. McShane?" asked Father Ryan.

"I am, Father," McShane managed.

"That's fine. I'll be in early in the morning to see you."

Gerrity went out on the porch with the doctor and priest.

"What are his chances, doctor?" Gerrity asked.

"Not too good," the doctor spoke in a guarded voice. "According to all the laws of medicine, he has about until morning. Still, he may get up from that bed again. We see that happen, don't we, Father?"

"We do."

AFTER they left, Gerrity rushed over to his own place and changed into his overalls. He grabbed up his heavy bag of tools and went back immediately to McShane's kitchen.

Mary came to the kitchen doorway.

"Mrs. McShane is resting in the other bedroom," she said. "Would you like me to go over and make a cup of coffee for you, Dennis, before you start?"

"Coffee, Mary? This is no time to be idling over a coffee cup."

"Is there anything I can do to help here?"

"There isn't. You go outside and keep watching McShane. If you notice him sinking, call me right away."

Mary closed the kitchen door quietly and left Gerrity alone.

Gerrity worked quickly. It was good he knew just what to do here, he told himself, and good too, that he had the splendid collection of tools with which to do it. For Gerrity realized with each passing minute he would have to put on a greater speed to get things finished, for even though the doctor and the priest

were willing to give McShane a chance at recovery, Dennis Gerrity knew the lad was at the end of his wick and poor Mrs. McShane might just as well order the camp chairs from Radigan now.

The leak was worse than Gerrity had expected. The hours went by and still he worked. Every now and then Mary came into the room with the same report, "No change."

So on through the night Gerrity worked and when he was finishing the sun was already well up. The tiredness was on every part of him; his shoulders ached and his knees were crippled from kneeling under the sink. And he was that starved for a crumb of food the wonder was that he didn't topple over from weakness. But he had done his work in a good cause, and he had done it well.

GERRITY looked up from putting his tools into the bag as Mary came in. She held a large tray in her hands. Gerrity went at once and took it from her. The tray was a royal sight to Gerrity, that well laden it was.

"I'll never eat all that, Mary," Gerrity protested.

Mary was at the closet, taking down cups and saucers.

"Oh, it isn't for you, Dennis, it's for the McShanes."

"Do you expect Mrs. McShane to eat that much?"

"No, Mr. McShane, too. It's wonderful, Dennis, the way he's rallied."

"Rallied?"

"Yes, about an hour ago. Didn't Mrs. McShane come in to tell you?"

Gerrity just looked at his wife.

"I guess she didn't want to disturb you, Dennis. About an hour ago, I saw McShane change for the better. I called Mrs. McShane and we watched him together. Then when she saw he was so well she asked him if he could eat anything, and when he said yes, I went over home to get him something."

Mary was arranging cups and pouring coffee. "I want it hot for them," she said.

She lifted the tray and walked from the kitchen. Gerrity followed her. From the doorway of the bedroom, he looked at McShane.

"Hello, Gerrity," called McShane.

Gerrity heard the man's voice and noticed the strength of it.

"You're feeling much better this morning, McShane?" Gerrity heard his own voice and weak enough it sounded. And why not? The miracle was he hadn't lost his voice entirely under the sink.

"There was nothing wrong with me," said McShane as he started on the breakfast, "I'll outlive a hundred younger men."

Then McShane looked up again and gave Gerrity a long look.

"You seem tired, Gerrity. You should

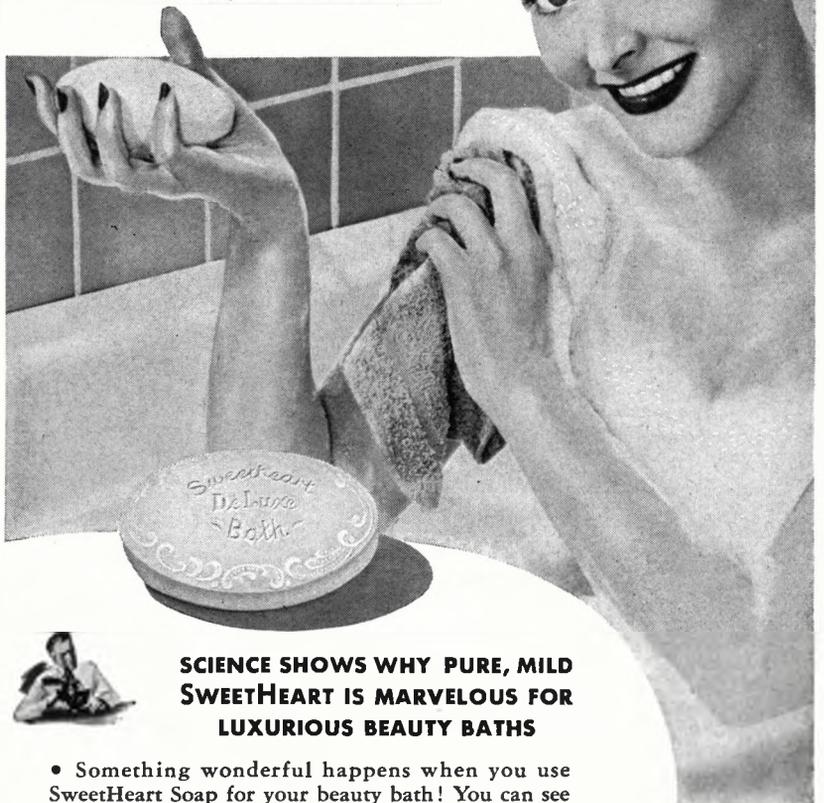
[Continued on Page 102]

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take more sleep than you do. A powerful build doesn't always mean an equal strength."

Gerrity made no answer. He went back to the kitchen and lifted up his tool bag. He looked around the room and saw all traces of the night's havoc were gone. The temper went from Gerrity's head to his feet at the thought of McShane in on the bed, packing a stevedore's breakfast into himself. Hale and hearty McShane was, with all his plumbing done for him by dull-witted Dennis Gerrity. McShane was the clever one. Dennis Gerrity was the dunce and last night proved it.

Most men in his circumstances would have come over last night and have done what they could for McShane. And most men would have gone into the kitchen and turned off the water. But most men would have left the plumbing job for the

proper person. Not Dennis Gerrity. Oh, no, a lackey lad he was, and McShane was the owl that knew it well. McShane could get up now and get dressed and be out on his porch in the sun and air and Dennis Gerrity could go back home and try to make up a bit of his lost sleep. A fine night it had been for him, with his moonlight bathing around the kitchen floor.

He started out the porch door—only to be stopped by Mary.

"Dennis, your breakfast is over on the stove. The heat is still turned on to keep it hot."

"I'm not hungry, Mary."

Nor was he. He had no feelings of hunger. He had no feelings of any kind. He went down the stairs slowly, not caring much where his feet took him and the miracle was he didn't have the hoof

[Continued on Following Page]



ANNOUNCING

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The October issue of Woman's Day will contain a special 8-page section on crochet, with illustrations and descriptions of seventy things you can make.

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and mouth disease on the same two feet from the wading he'd done. He looked up to see the doctor's car stop. The doctor and priest stepped out together.

"Good morning, Mr. Gerrity," they said.

Gerrity managed to put some kind of smile on himself as he returned the greeting.

"I happened to meet Father Ryan on his way here and—"

Doctor Arnold didn't finish for Mary came running down to speak to him.

"Have you heard the wonderful news—Mr. McShane is sitting up—he's even able to eat," she said.

"It's just as you said, doctor, McShane is of hardy stock." Then Father Ryan directed his words to Gerrity.

"I think—and so does Doctor Arnold, that the McShanes were fortunate in having you people for neighbors. Every time I came here to visit, Mr. McShane would point out some repair around the place that you had made."

"I've heard that, too, Mr. Gerrity," Doctor Arnold stopped on his way up the porch steps. "Every time Mr. McShane came into my office he'd tell me of some improvement on his place you'd made for him." The doctor laughed and shook his head, "A lot of the neighbors around think Mr. McShane is hard to get on with because he's old and ailing. But I guess you know just how to take him, Mr. Gerrity."

Gerrity gave a great hearty laugh.

"I do, indeed. I never pay the least attention to him when he's complaining. We have a great time together. And, doctor," Gerrity's voice was modest, "I don't mean to give you hints on your trade, but I knew last night McShane would come through it."

BACK in his own kitchen, Gerrity decided to eat a bit of breakfast since Mary had it ready. And somehow, the walk from McShane's place to his own bungalow—and it only a few feet—had given him an appetite. He found the bacon and eggs in the oven. They tasted just the way they should. After he finished them, he took some of the cereal. He wasn't going to touch the berries, but there was no use in letting them stand. Even after the second cup of coffee and the fourth slice of toast, Gerrity didn't feel overfed. The beach air was wonderful, he told himself, and the small whiff he had of it when he came from McShane's had restored his appetite.

Thoughts of McShane kept coming to him and with the lad, thoughts of Doctor Arnold and Father Ryan came too. McShane had certainly put up a courageous fight for his health last night as Gerrity knew he would. There was a magnificent constitution to McShane and Gerrity admired the man. Wasn't it just like McShane to speak to the doctor and

[Continued on Page 104]

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the priest, in his quiet, gentlemanly way, and tell them about Dennis Gerrity? No running around and shouting things just so Gerrity would hear of it. Indeed, there was sterling worth to McShane and long ago Gerrity had discovered it.

He was remembering McShane and the well-made features of the man—the good, firm mouth of him with the honesty and character stamped on it and the keen, intelligent eyes of him. It was kindness itself for McShane to give out a good word for Dennis Gerrity. After all, Gerrity asked himself, just what had he really done for McShane? To be sure, every now and then he had given a nail a smack or two with the hammer, and last night he had flipped a wrench and pliers a few times to fix a bit of a leak. Gerrity smiled to himself at the ignorance of the neighbors up and down the block. Because McShane had a year or two on them, in their eyes the man was old. Why, the man was still in his prime but those dull-witted oafs could not be expected to know it.

Gerrity had small patience with the would-be husky laddy-bucks who kept saying McShane couldn't last long. The man had the constitution of an oak and Gerrity was thinking it would be lucky for some of the muscle men on the block if they had McShane's vigor in another year or two when they were McShane's age. Like as not they'd all be leaning on

their sticks, bad luck to the miserable set of tinkers that they were, with their mean talk and their lack of understanding of their neighbors.

The telephone rang. Gerrity lifted the receiver to hear the real-estate man talking.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Gerrity," the man was explaining, "I won't be able to get out to your place today. Will Monday evening do?"

"I was just about to call you," Gerrity told the man, "I'm not selling."

"Not selling, Mr. Gerrity?"

"I'm not. My wife changed her mind."

Gerrity put up the receiver slowly. He turned to see Mary standing at the stove. She was facing it and Gerrity had no way of knowing whether she had heard him. But he waited for her to speak first.

"Dennis," she said at last, "wouldn't you like some fresh coffee?"

"I would, Mary," he answered.

While Mary made the coffee, Gerrity smoked. This cigar was different from the ones he had smoked last evening. This was an excellent cigar, one of those given to him by his old friend Radigan. Gerrity was glad he had plenty on hand so he could take some over later to McShane. For McShane was not only a friend—he was something more. He was a good neighbor.

THE END

TAKE CARE OF SUSAN

[Continued from Page 37]

her hand and they walked again toward the back of the house. The small hand felt very nice in Jonathan's hand, and he thought again of his intention of modeling her hands with their flat, square-ended fingers like his own, if "work" let up. Sometimes you never did what you really wanted to do.

Sue, who was quick on her psychology, sensed that this was a moment when Father could be counted on to be yielding, so she led him to the door leading up to his studio, on the second floor of the barn. She had been up there only a few times because Father thought it best to train her not to interrupt him while he was working, but the studio was fascinating. Now, agreeably enough, he opened the door and they went up the steep barn steps.

Few people went into that studio. Jonathan was not one to show off work. He taught in an art school during the winter, and when the local people wanted to know what he did, he just said he was a teacher. Once at a local farm program meeting he was put up as an alternate for a certain office. He got awkwardly to his feet and said he wasn't a farmer but a teacher. On the next ballot he was elected. So only a

few local people knew that he was a sculptor, or that he had a studio in the barn.

He guided Sue up the steps, keeping even with her one step at a time, and the tall loft of the barn appeared, soft, in morning light that fell through the many panes of a large northern window. There were wide tables and stands, chests of clay, sculptors' frames, hammers, chisels and an inventory of knives and gouges, alternating with pieces of sculpture, human figures, heads and animal groups.

Sue walked from piece to piece and admired them, and made appropriate remarks. A chicken was "coo coo coo," and she pointed toward the neighboring farm where the chickens were. Her eyes were intent. After admiring everything, she went to a little stool and carefully took off four art books and sat down. (Each of the few times she came there, she took the books off. Each time, because there was no other available space for them, Jonathan put them back on when she had left.) He enjoyed watching Sue handle the books, which she did very delicately and with looks that said she wouldn't hurt them.

He thought of her hands. Perhaps today . . .

A car sounded out on the road. Sue jumped to her feet and listened, following the sound with her head. There was a catch of her breath when the car might have turned into the lane. It did not. It went on past. Sue turned her deep brown eyes to her father, and said, "Mama zzzzzz," making a curving, advancing motion of her hand. It was her language for, "Mother went away in the car." She did it quietly, confidently, nodding to her father to tell him that she knew about it and that it was all right. But he knew she was terror-stricken. The terror was for her to keep down and hide, because she was brave.

SOME people believe children do not say these things, or communicate them. Janice sometimes laughed when Jonathan told her what Sue meant. But children talk before they speak and say what they want to say.

She said, "Mama zzzzzz," with the fear straining at her and then she stopped. Jonathan caught a certain look to her face, and he moved to a table on which stood some moist clay. He began to set up a small head frame and to press the clay on it to the egg-shaped oval of a head. He got Sue to sit down on the stool again and gave her a small piece of clay and showed her how to indent it with her fingernail and then smooth it with her finger. That would keep her busy.

He worked rapidly with the clay. He was usually a slow worker and required many sittings and did a piece over and over. But he could work under pressure, as once when he had had only three hours to do a head of a man who had agreed to a limited sitting during a heavy schedule of diplomatic work. The man had been tired, his head had once fallen forward sleepily, but at the end of three hours he came alive in the clay. Now Jonathan worked with the same intensity, watching his daughter's face, molding it.

Sue finally got up from the stool and walked around the loft, holding her piece of clay. She came and tried to work with him at the modeling table. He put her stool handy for her so that she could stand at the table, too.

She pointed to what he was doing and said, "Baby."

"Yes," he said, with the courtesy with which he always answered her.

There were several breaks in the work before lunch, one being for an expedition to the next-door farm where there were rabbits in cages. The rabbits sprawled idly in the heat, a few were tempted up to the cage wiring to eat plantain leaves from Sue.

Then luncheon. Jonathan and Sue went into the small kitchen together and Father began to cook. He scraped

[Continued on Page 106]

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[Continued from Page 105]

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In the October issue . . .

Fashion Trends

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Dennison
DIAPER LINERS
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a sizable bunch of carrots, giving a raw one to Sue who asked for a piece of paper to wrap it in as Mama had showed her. She said, "Mama zzzzzzz," and moved her hand. Father cut the carrots into small pieces on the chopping board and Sue got so excited about this that she offered her piece of raw carrot, too, and ordered it to be chopped.

Father, being pretty easy-going except about essentials, chopped the carrot for her, and put the whole potful on to cook. Then he said, "Come on, sweetie, we'll go and get some asparagus." He took her hand and a pan, and they went out to the garden. The asparagus was shooting up in its beanstalk way and excitedly she broke off one shoot. She broke it off close to the tip, and he showed her how to break it lower down. She soon was breaking off the stalks the right way. If she felt it was not far enough down, she broke off an extra piece. He came along after her and cleaned the shoots to the ground.

She wanted to help carry the loaded pan back to the house, and he patiently stooped and carried it so that she could keep her hand on it. She "helped."

He cooked the asparagus, too.

WHEN she was in her chair at the kitchen table, she pointed toward a cabinet and made violent circular motions with her hand. Jonathan went over to try to figure out what she wanted, and finally he lifted her and carried her to the cabinet. She picked up a small pinwheel from on top of the cabinet. Well, that crisis was past. He had a feeling that somewhere in the day Sue's hidden trouble was going to show, to burst into the open.

They both ate, and Sue asked for three full helpings of asparagus. That was because she had helped pick it, he thought. He let her dig into the butter and smear it on the asparagus and carrots. There was a definite feeling between them that this day was special and she was to have extra privileges. She wriggled once or twice to let him know that she knew.

The milk turned out to be an adventure. He found two soda-pop bottles and poured milk into both of them and showed her how to drink from the neck of the bottle. They clinked and up-ended the bottles and drank together, Sue choking a little, but not much, just in a polite way. They had another round. After that, Sue went up for her nap and asked for two of her dolls to sleep with her.

In the afternoon, they played a while in the sand box and then went up to the studio again and Jonathan gave Sue her piece of clay and returned to the

head. It had the broad sweep of Sue's forehead now and the exact framing of the eyes and the round sweeping lines to the cheeks and chin, but the expression he wanted had not come. He waited.

A car went by with the motor sound zooming, and Sue listened, head up. Again the car passed the lane and Sue turned and said, with the fear pressed down, "Mama zzzzzzz," and curved her hand. He was working rapidly, intently—the look was now on his daughter's face, and now it got to the clay. He had it! A few thumbings more, a stroke, a touch—and the look was there. He put a wet cloth over the clay.

He felt a kind of exhaustion. The rest of the afternoon he spent in the hammock with his daughter. She climbed over him or swung him, pulling hard on the edge of the hammock.

AT supper he prepared her routine evening meal—soft-boiled egg, toast, green salad, dessert, milk. When she was in her chair again, she pointed at the cabinet and made violent circular motions with her hand. Well, that's easy, he thought. He got her the pinwheel.

"No, no," she said, rejecting it violently and going on with the motions.

I might have known, he thought, nothing could be that easy. He picked her up again and took her to the cabinet and this time she picked up a small dish mop. When he had her back at the table, she mopped up a few drops of water.

That was just the start.

Nothing at this meal suited her. Sue protested about the egg being opened, she wanted to scoop it out herself. She burned her finger on it. Then she wanted the toast with the egg, then she didn't want the toast with the egg. She thrust, pulled, complained and protested. Finally the tears began to come. Well, here it is at last, her father thought. Here's what we've been waiting for all day.

At that moment there was a sound of a motor. It zzzzzzz'd and knocked up the hill. It stopped at the lane. Mama drove up the lane to the house while Sue frantically tore herself from her chair. Mama came running. No need to ask her the news.

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny," she said, "I'm all right. It isn't anything serious—it isn't." She knelt down and took Sue in her arms. "Sweetest," she said, "how are you?"

Sue wriggled and took her mother's face in both her hands and looked at her mother, smiling through her tears.

"Yes, I'm all right, darling—I'm all right. Oh, Johnny," she said, "I was wishing so much we had a telephone, so I could let you know."

Sue ate the rest of her supper perfectly. In fact, everything was perfect now. In fact, she hadn't really been scared all day, and when she went "Mama zzzzzzz," it was just to show that Mama had gone away in the car. That was all.

But after supper Father took Mama out to his studio and showed her the head of Sue.

"Jonathan," Janice said, "did she really feel like that?"

"Yes, she really did," he said.

Then there was a strange look in Janice's eyes. The look that said, But how could you do a head of Sue, when you were feeling as you did . . . when I was . . .? The look that said, How were you able to do it, with Sue feeling as she did, too? With that apparent impersonality, how could you form clay, and control that terrible power that brings hidden emotion into lasting shape? And then she knew that he had been feeling fear, as much as Sue or she herself, and that this had been his way of fighting it. Looking at his good, loved face, she thought, Each one has his own way of being brave.

THE END

FERRY TAVERN

[Continued from Page 67]

He stood poised, breathing heavily, his eyes darting one way and then the other.

Across the river the ferry horn blew a sharp, hard blast, and Charley whirled precipitately and ran through the passageway and out the front door. A second later he had leaped upon his horse, and as Rebecca reached the door he was riding wildly up the hill.

In her heart, as she went back to the kitchen, she knew the worst. She took the piece of coat from Jude's hands, and in a moment she had found a piece of silk in the lining. A letter. A letter to someone in Fort Smith—all about cows and calves—which evidently was some sort of code about guns and ammunition. And there was something about paying the bearer fifteen hundred dollars. It was signed, "Millard." That was the leader of the Kansas night riders.

She said, "He's—a—he's a spy—or night rider—or both—"

But she saw then she was alone. She ran to Jude's room and thrust open the door. Blood was trickling down his forehead, but he was paying it no mind. His shirt was off, and his undershirt, and he was opening his razor.

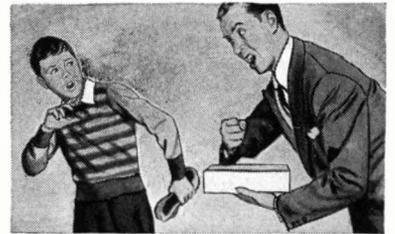
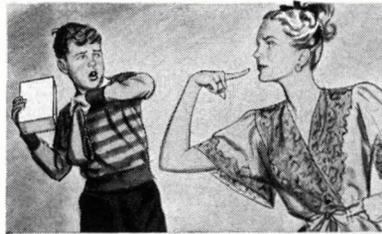
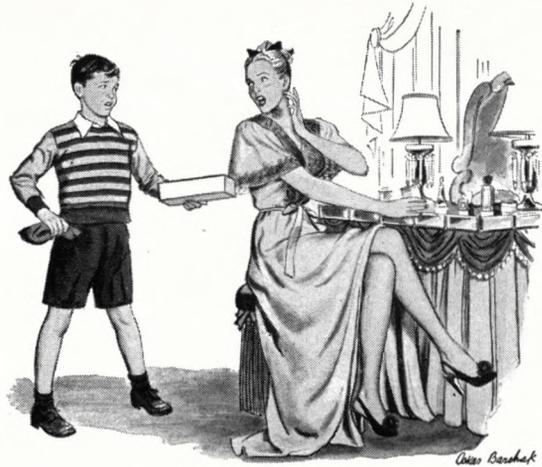
He said, "You better go away. This may not be pleasant—"

"But—what—?"

"Mr. Saxon has done me an unintended favor," he told her, still breathing a little heavily. "In that tussle, I felt a snapping pain, like I'd broken a couple

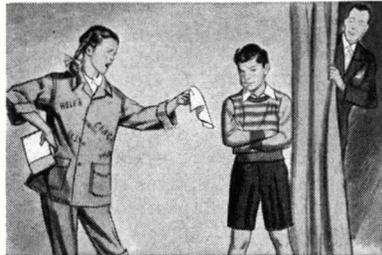
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"But I didn't say tissues . . . I said KLEENEX!"

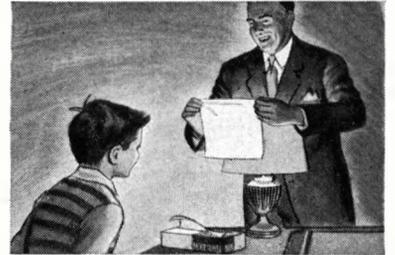


It's not the same thing at all—bridled Mother. Look. This is the only face I have—and I intend to take care of it. With a *so-fo-t* tissue. A Kleenex Tissue. Good heavens—how many times do I have to tell you that Kleenex *isn't* another name for tissues?

Your Mother's right — for once! Pop chimed in. Kleenex is *different*. Take this box. Does it say Kleenex? No! Does it serve up tissues one at a time—so you don't have to fumble for 'em? No! So? Before you mistake other tissues for Kleenex—think twice, son!



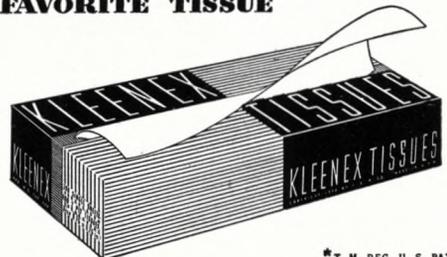
I've got my NOSE to think of! blurted Sis. Talk about a raw deal! Jeepers—all day I've been quietly dying for some dreamy, soft Kleenex for these sniffles. And what happens? Smarty-pants, here, hands me ordinary *tissues*—when my nose *knows* there's no other tissue just like heavenly Kleenex!



I'll learn you! winked Uncle Joe. Hold this gen-u-wyne Kleenex Tissue to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? Never. You see Kleenex *quality* come smilin' through—always the same—so you can bet Kleenex is plenty *soft*. And husky! Your *eyes* tell you there is *only one* Kleenex.

Now I know... There is only one KLEENEX*

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

[Continued from Page 107]

of ribs. But I hadn't. That musket ball in my chest had just popped out between a couple of them—when I picked him up—”

And now she saw the lump there on his chest. She exclaimed, “You better let a doctor—”

With one stroke of the razor, he had the ball out in his hand. Giddy, she caught the door as he tossed it upon his bureau and reached for the turpentine.

She said, “I—I'll get some soot—to stop the blood—”

It wasn't bleeding much, though. A big lump of gristle had grown up around the ball, and she was steady again as she bound up his chest, mixing brown sugar with the turpentine so it wouldn't blister.

THE horn was still blowing insistently across the river, and finally with the dog she went to see about it. She needed air. A chance to clear her head. Her heart was clear enough. It was beating in great, ragged thumps with the realization that for a week now she hadn't wanted to go to her folks in Ohio. Not since that morning in the kitchen, when Jude talked to her. Or maybe the night before when he said, “It's been a long time since I've watched a woman brush her hair.” Or maybe even before that. Only now he seemed to have forgotten that she was alive. . . .

She was sick and disgusted with herself for the emotion she had wasted on Charley Saxon, and she felt that he was lying about Bettina. She hadn't the look of a woman who would claim a man as her husband if he were not. She felt a terrible pity for her. And the Negroes Charley had helped escape—he had doubtless sold them to some slave dealer to smuggle back southward to be sold to new masters.

SHE could see many wagons coming down the Kansas road—folks on their way to the encampment. Then, as she reached the ferry, the man on horseback on the far side bawled, “What about some service? I'm in a hurry—”

She didn't like his words or his looks. She called back, “The winch is out of order. I can't come.”

He raised his rifle. “Come or I'll drop you!”

She thought she saw another rider hiding in the brush and she knew that they were guerrillas. She stepped behind the whiteoak that the ferry cable went around. The man didn't shoot at her, but in the next second she heard many voices on the far bank, and peeping through the brush she saw a man swim his horse into the river, sliding out of the saddle and holding to the animal's tail as the water deepened. He would

get the boat. They would all come across—

She took a deep breath and said, “Oh Lord, take care of Jude if anything happens to me,” and before she had time to consider all the ins and outs she dashed down the bank and aboard the boat. Flinging up the toolbox, she pawed around for the axe and finally dug it free. The next second she was back at the tree. She heard the crack of a gun. She swung the axe high over her head and missed the cable. Swinging again, she saw the blade bite into the wire strands. The thing snapped. Writhing like something alive, it whipped down into the water and she heard a wild cry, evidently from the man in the water.

The guns spoke again and again, as if to panic her into running so they could shoot her. A piece of bark was torn away, even with her eyes, and a bullet struck a rock and zinged away. Now she heard another gun and coming down the hill, loading to fire again, she saw Jude. Then there were shouts and cries from the caravan on the Kansas road. The bushwackers gave up, all in a twinkling, and fled down-river. Looking out, she saw the horse swimming to the far bank. The man was gone.

HER knees all tremble she went back up the hill and Lutie Bell, who cared naught for gunfire, came out of the brush, dirty from the groundhog hole where she spent her spare time digging. And Jude hailed her: “Are you hurt?” She answered she was not, and as she came nearer he said, “Brave girl!”

It was not the reward she would have chosen.

The tavern was an armed camp that night, with nearly a hundred people waiting to go to the encampment tomorrow. Or, like Rebecca, to their relatives in other places. People arriving across the river had to be brought over on rafts, swimming their stock and leaving what goods they couldn't bring on the rafts, for the ferry boat had gone downstream and was lost.

And no way that she managed it could she get any time alone with Jude. His mind was on a hundred things—everything but herself. People built fires all about the yard to cook their supper, and later pallets were made through the house. She contrived to keep everyone out of her room by locking the door. Jude's room was full. And finally, at late bedtime, she went to where he was talking to men outside.

She said, “You better get some rest—” “I'll rest here if I get tired,” he told her.

She understood then that he was deliberately avoiding her.

They were on the road long before



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daylight. The Beasley wagon had to be left beyond the river, and Grandma Beasley rode with Rebecca. Jude walked along by the oxen who poked at a steady two miles an hour. But finally they were in town, and Rebecca saw the train at the depot as Jude stopped the wagon in the welter of milling traffic and humanity. Grandma Beasley hushed in the middle of telling how her husband killed four Indians down in Oklahoma when he was making salt, but it was no loss to Rebecca for she had heard it three times already today.

Hawkers sang about their gingerbread and lozenges, and a man was peddling drinking water at a cent a glass. There was the smell of sweat and whiskey and tobacco and train smoke. A trainman shouted hoarsely that the train was about to leave.

NUMBLY, Rebecca followed Jude as he made a way for her through the crowd, her little trunk on his shoulder. She wasn't going to cry—she wasn't going to let herself feel anything—until the train pulled out.

The whistle cried hollowly. Soldiers yelled for Jude to take the trunk to the boxcars. No tickets were needed from here to Kansas City. It was all on the government.

The first boxcar was full. At the next, a woman called to Rebecca, "Here, dearie. Plenty of room here."

Jude swung the trunk to willing hands. The train was already jerking and shuddering into life. He caught up Lutie Bell and put her into the car. To Rebecca he said, "Well, take care of yourself."

So this was how it was to say good-by. There was no use discussing what they both knew—that he didn't want her to come back when the danger was over. That he had plans of his own, now that he was going to live to be maybe a hundred, and that they didn't include her.

The train was jerking harder now. Jude picked her up, and abruptly he kissed her fiercely and cruelly on the mouth and lifted her in a swirl of petticoats into the car. Smoke came down thickly, blinding her, and Lutie Bell barked loudly. The train was going fast. When the smoke raised she could no longer see Jude.

It was twelve miles to the first stop. A man in the car helped her get her trunk off, and after a half hour of running hither and yonder she found another man who, for a dollar, agreed to take her back to the encampment in his rig. He gabbled endlessly, but when she finally got out she couldn't have told a thing he had said. He put her trunk inside the gate, and to one of the soldiers guarding it she said, "My husband is
[Continued on Page 110]

Here's a test of wax papers



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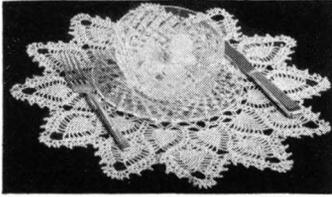
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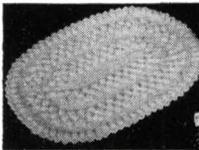
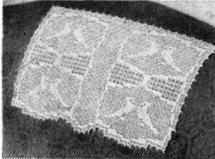
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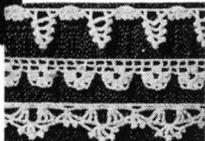
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MORE TRICKS WITH CANNED MEATS

by Barbara Dillon

CHILI ONIONS WITH TAMALES

Costs 45 cents (August 1947)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 5 medium onions, sliced | 1/4 teaspoon garlic salt |
| 2 tablespoons fat | 1 to 3 teaspoons chili powder |
| 1 6-ounce can tomato paste | 1 1-pound jar tamales with sauce |
| 1/2 cup water | |
| 1-1/2 teaspoons salt | |

Cook onions in fat until tender and yellowed; add tomato paste, water, salt, garlic salt and chili powder; simmer 5 minutes stirring occasionally. Add tamales; cover and cook 5 to 10 minutes or until tamales are heated through. Gently lift tamales from sauce; remove wrappings from each, serve heated tamales on the chili onions.

CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE ROLLS

Costs 37 cents (August 1947)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 16-ounce can corned beef hash | 2 tablespoons fat |
| 1 onion, minced | 1 bouillon cube |
| 8 large cabbage leaves | 3/4 cup water |
| | Chopped parsley |

Combine hash and onion, divide into 8 portions and shape into oblong rolls. Cover cabbage leaves with boiling water; cook 2 minutes; drain, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place corned beef on cabbage leaves, roll and tie with string or secure with toothpicks. Place in baking dish, dot with fat. Dissolve bouillon cube in water, pour over rolls. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 20 minutes, basting and turning rolls twice. Garnish with chopped parsley.

SAVORY CHICK PEA AND RAVIOLI STEW

Costs 48 cents (August 1947)
Serves 4 to 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 3 large onions, sliced | 1 No. 2-can chick peas |
| 1 clove garlic, minced | 1 16-ounce jar ravioli |
| 2 tablespoons fat | 1/4 teaspoon poultry seasoning |
| 1 10½-ounce can tomato soup | Salt and pepper |

Cook onions and garlic in fat until tender and yellowed; add soup and chick peas; simmer 10 minutes. Add ravioli, poultry seasoning and salt and pepper to taste; mix well. Cook 15 minutes or until ravioli is thoroughly heated. If desired, 2-1/2 cups cooked dried chick peas or lima beans may be used instead of canned chick peas.

[Continued from Page 109]

here—a big man with two red oxen. Have you seen—"

He said, "Lady, for goodness' sake, can't you see I'm busy?"

She realized then that Jude probably hadn't had time to get checked in, for the string of wagons went down the road and out of sight on the far hill. They were clogged up there, each having to get papers at the gate. And nowhere in the big field, dotted with a hundred or more camps already, did she see him.

Holding her skirts high and caring naught for staring men, she ran along the road with her dog. And at long last she saw Uncle Frank Drinkwater, near the end of the waiting line. He had been with them at the depot.

"Jude?" he repeated. "Why, no. I ain't saw hide nor hair of him. Guess he's in town."

She went the rest of the way down the line, fighting down the panic within her, for she knew now what had happened: He had gone back to the tavern to try to guard it against the night riders. He had planned it all along. She could see that as she thought back over a hundred little things.

But still she looked through the town for him. He was not there. And none of those whom she approached was willing to take her to the tavern. A liveryman finally offered to sell her a horse for three hundred dollars, but he had no intention of riding into the country to be bushwhacked. Nor would he rent it.

"Sorry, lady," he said, "but I mightn't ever see him again."

SHE would have been past going except that she was sustained by knowing how, in his heart, Jude felt about her. Not bothering to answer the would-be horse seller, she headed down the road for home. Seventeen miles. If she could cover four miles an hour and keep it up steadily, she could make it in a little over four hours.

She hurried into the woods and held Lutie Bell when she heard a horse coming. It was a man—a stranger—and she waited until he was out of sight until she went on. And on, and on and on.

Dusk was settling as she and the dog stopped and drank from a swift, icy creek that crossed the road. It came to her that she had eaten nothing since before four this morning. Yet, it didn't seem important. Jumping from stone to stone, she crossed the creek, and then she sat down to fix her stocking where a hole had worn so her shoe wouldn't blister her foot.

The moon finally began to cast a haze of light ahead as she passed the dark farmsteads— With a start, she realized from the Dipper that the road had twisted until it couldn't be the moon making that light. It didn't rise in the

north. And as she came out of the timber to where the road ran between cleared fields, she could see the countryside for miles—the country which, in the history books, was to be known as The Burned District, with hardly a house or barn standing for a hundred miles.

But she didn't know that now. She only knew that she saw another light off to the right—and another and another. A scattering off to the left, too. The biggest one would be Cooper's settlement. And the one near the center the tavern.

The sweat dried on her body. Jude had had time to be there for quite a while—long enough to have fought with the night riders, and to have been shot.

With a little cry to Lutie Bell she threw off her coat to be rid of its weight, and then she began to run.

FROM the top of the hill above the ferry she saw the bed of shimmering orange where the house had stood, the chimneys rearing starkly in the smoky light. Off to the left were the coals of the barn and the other buildings. The smoke still came up to her, and she felt the warmth of the coals on the wind.

She had come this far. She didn't know whether she could go the rest of the way or not—but she knew that she must. If Jude were lying there, left for dead, even a few minutes one way or the other might mean everything.

Her feet and legs were numb. They seemed not to be part of her as she moved on with the dog wheezing beside her. She came to the gate at last. But the wreckage of the wagon was nowhere in sight. She stood there in kind of a nerveless terror, unable to think or move. And then Lutie Bell started barking at something across the road.

She turned and in the timber there she thought she could see the wagon. She stumbled across the road and on toward it, the brush tearing at her. It was the wagon, the feed piled out around it.

All at once her voice came to her. She cried, "Jude! Jude—Jude—" over and over.

The flap of the wagon sheet was jerked aside at the back. A candle burned low inside and against its light he stood staring down at her.

"I was afraid they had killed you!" she burst out. And then she put her hands to her face, trying to hold back the storm of weeping.

She knew that he had jumped down beside her. That he was holding her closely.

She said, "I didn't—I didn't know—till there at the train you didn't want me to go—"

He exclaimed, "You wanted to stay?"

She felt herself being lifted. He put her into the wagon and came up after her and let the flap down, shutting them in together.

THE END



"A-Penn does the work — and I count the savings!"

"Believe me — thrifty, efficient A-Penn Window Cleaner saves both work and money! You just spray it on . . . wipe it off . . . and you're done! Windows are sparkling clean in a jiffy . . . and you can put the savings in your piggy bank!" A-Penn works like magic on all glass surfaces. Doesn't streak or smudge. And it's thriftily priced, too!

Fluid-saving sprayer costs only a few cents. Easy to attach to bottle . . . applies A-Penn Window Cleaner easily, quickly.



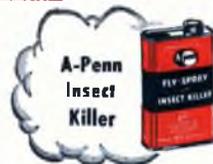
YOU MUST BE COMPLETELY SATISFIED THAT A-PENN WINDOW CLEANER DOES AS GOOD A JOB AS CLEANERS SELLING FOR EVEN 50% MORE . . . OR 3 TIMES YOUR MONEY BACK!



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HOOKS



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In our next issue . . .

Remember This Day

by Mary Knowles

The wedding day of a lonely orphan girl

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Easy as 1-2-3

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Stop suffering! Protect your painful or tender joints with soothing, cushioning Super-Soft

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You'll marvel how instantly they lift pressure on the sensitive spot. Get a box today and enjoy real relief. Cost but a trifle.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

TIT FOR TAT

by BORIS RANDOLPH

Fill in the missing letters of each of the words below according to the definitions and take 10 points for each pair of right answers.

- a. To laugh T I T _ _ _

b. An edible tuber _ _ T A T _
- a. A kind of bird T I T _ _ _ _ _

b. A domineering ruler _ _ _ _ T A T _
- a. The tenth part for the church T I T _ _ _

b. To pause doubtfully _ _ _ _ _ T A T _
- a. A name T I T _ _ _

b. Natural abode of an animal _ _ _ _ _ T A T
- a. A giant T I T _ _ _

b. Landed property _ _ T A T _
- a. A choice morsel T I T _ _ _ _

b. A passage from a book _ _ _ T A T _ _ _
- a. A famous painter T I T _ _ _ _

b. Cut off _ _ _ _ _ T A T _
- a. Queen of the fairies T I T _ _ _ _ _

b. Automatic heat regulator _ _ _ _ _ T A T
- a. Excite T I T _ _ _ _ _

b. Revolve _ _ T A T _
- a. A ship sunk by an iceberg T I T _ _ _ _ _

b. A law _ T A T _ _ _

Answers

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| 1. a. TITter | 6. a. TITbit |
| b. poTATo | b. ciTATion |
| 2. a. TITmouse | 7. a. TITian |
| b. dicTATor | b. ampuTATE |
| 3. a. TIThe | 8. a. TITania |
| b. hesiTATE | b. thermosTAT |
| 4. a. TITtle | 9. a. TITillate |
| b. habiTAT | b. roTATE |
| 5. a. TITan | 10. a. TITanic |
| b. esTATE | b. sTATute |

MR. STRINGER PASSES THROUGH

[Continued from Page 68]

smile, feeling the dampness come out on his forehead.

"I want you to be happy as long as you stay, so do what you can turn out comfortably and don't be in a hurry." That was what Mr. Heatter said the first day, but it took Stringer a month to find out he actually meant it.

One night he lay awake, not drawn up like a violin string, but floating in calm contentment. It came to him that it had been days since he'd driven himself. The atmosphere of the *Carlinsville News* was unruffled and leisurely, unlike any Stringer had known before, and little by little he absorbed it into his bones. Early Thursday afternoon the four-page *News* was put to bed, and there was the rest of the week for job work. There was time for everything—plenty of time.

The hum of the little press was music, and Stringer hummed with it. Sometimes Mr. Heatter left the editor's desk and came back to watch admiringly.

"That press always used to grit its teeth at me. How'd you get it to sing?" he would say, and once he'd actually apologized because he couldn't afford to pay Stringer more. "You're the only one that ever took hold here in the shop since Charley left."

Charley was Mr. Heatter's son, stationed in Germany with the army of occupation. There was a picture of him in the front office and he looked like a right nice young man.

"He is a nice young man," Agnes said warmly. "Always so pleasant to everyone. We had so much fun while he was here. He was a great one for picnics and outings, and his father used to be, too, before Charley went away."

She spoke low—they were in the front office and Mr. Heatter was just around the corner in the editor's cubicle, but he must have heard. A few days later he suggested a picnic.

THE next Sunday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Heatter, in their old, dun-colored sedan, picked up Agnes and Stringer at Mrs. Cobb's front gate. The Heatters had brought a box of lunch, Agnes had brought another, and Stringer had volunteered to furnish the drinks—half a case of assorted sodas. It gave him a queer feeling to be going somewhere as one of a group. Nothing like this had happened to him since he was a boy and had gone with the rest of the family to visit relatives in Cincinnati.

Agnes leaned back and breathed luxuriously. "It's so nice to get out of town for a while. Look over there. Did you ever see anything as green as those pastures?"



"They're certainly green, all right," agreed Stringer Riding along beside Agnes, he felt both excited and shy. He wished he could be as completely at ease as the others. He wished he could think of something clever to say.

Mr. Heatter pulled up by the roadside. "This all right?" he asked.

"Perfect!" said Agnes. "I love it here by the creek."

"I wonder if there are any gooseberries," said Mrs. Heatter, climbing out and beginning to investigate the bushes along the road.

"You and I might fish," suggested Mr. Heatter.

And Stringer said, "Yes, we might."

THEY rigged up some lines and dropped them among the roots of an old elm tree. The women spread the picnic lunch on the grass behind them and called for a fire to make the coffee.

Stringer arranged sticks and leaves, doubtfully touched them off, and a deep, primitive thrill shook him when the flame caught and the sparks flew upward. All the time they ate, he kept turning to look at the fire he had built.

It was a long, lazy day. The sun had just set when the Heatters let Agnes and Stringer out on the edge of town. It was Agnes' idea. "Such a lovely evening—I'd like to walk the rest of the way," she had said; and, of course, Stringer had elected to walk, too.

They crossed the square and came to the drugstore, and their steps slowed, although which of them had slackened the pace he couldn't have said. There was a picture of a soda in the drugstore window—creamy and rich and brown, in a tall glass with a fluted rim. It was on the tip of his tongue to say, "Let's go in and have one of those." But he didn't say it. What would the town think? And what would Agnes think?

By midsummer Stringer was the Job Department. "Ask Stringer about printing you some stationery," Mr. Heatter would say. "Ask Stringer about the prices. Ask Stringer. . . ."

An order came for ten thousand labels.

"We're even drawing trade from the county seat!" Mr. Heatter said jubilantly. "Folks are finding out we've got a printer. But we'll turn it down if you say so. I don't want you to take on a bit more work than you feel able to handle."

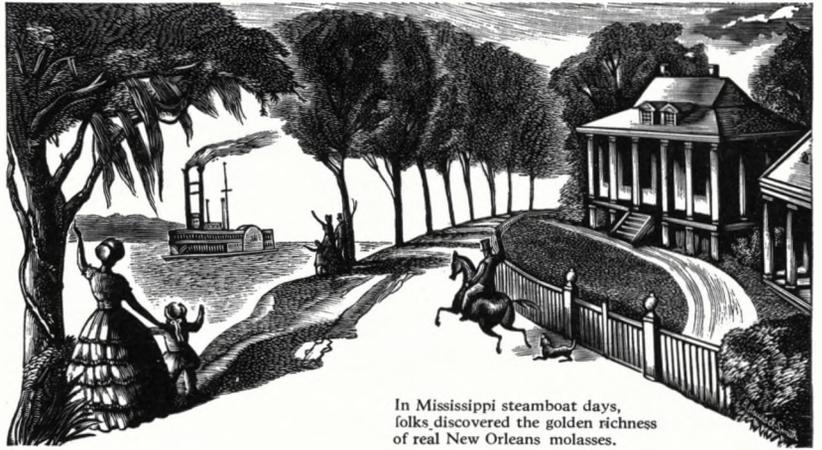
"I'll get it out," said Stringer, and he worked at night for a week, taking his time and not tiring himself. He was hardly ever tired these days.

One morning toward the middle of September Mr. Heatter was late to work. About nine-thirty Agnes came into the back office.

"He isn't here yet?"

Stringer shook his head.

[Continued on Page 114]



In Mississippi steamboat days, folks discovered the golden richness of real New Orleans molasses.

For those who love the sunny-rich taste of real New Orleans molasses

Golden richness—from the lush sugar cane that grows as nowhere else in the rich soil of Louisiana! That's what makes Brer Rabbit Molasses the choice of those who value spun-gold flavor in their fine homemade gingerbread and molasses cookies.

Made only from southern plantation

sugar cane, Brer Rabbit has the same flavor so prized by the fine cooks of Mississippi steamboat days. Its golden liquid is the secret of tasty gingerbread, cookies and flavorful spread.

TWO FLAVORS; *Gold Label*—light, mild-flavored molasses; *Green Label*—dark, full-flavored molasses.

Rich in Iron—needed for good red blood!

FREE! New, quick, easy molasses dessert recipes. Also 52-page cook book; 116 fine recipes; washable cover.



BRER RABBIT New Orleans MOLASSES

Name _____

Address _____ Zone _____

Paste on postcard and mail to: Brer Rabbit, c/o Penick & Ford, New Orleans 7, La., Dept. D9-7

In the October issue . . .

Campaigns of the Revolution

Color Chart From "A Visual History of the United States,"

a book in preparation by William Bolin

TWICE AS FINE-GRAINED TO POUR FREELY!

A Product of General Foods

DIAMOND CRYSTAL

IODIZED SHAKER SALT

AMERICAN QUALITY TRADE MARK

IODIZED OR PLAIN

MAKES GOOD FOOD Taste BETTER!

Look for this bottle—it shows how

to make Brown Delicious Gravy

GRAVY MASTER

1 IN. FL. OZ.

60 Years Of An Idea

This year marks the sixtieth anniversary of federated fund-raising for the support of community services. The idea of holding one joint campaign each year for the support of several services was first put into operation in Denver, Colorado, in 1887. Out of that idea grew and developed the Community Chests of which there are now 1,000 in the United States and Canada.



Each year about a million unpaid volunteer campaigners help to raise the funds for the support of 12,000 Red Feather services in these communities. More than 80,000,000 persons live in the areas covered by Community Chests or their Red Feather services. Child care, family service, character-building activities and health service are those usually supported by Community Chest campaigns. Each year four out of ten families benefit directly from these Red Feather services. Everybody in these communities benefits indirectly from the work they do. This is the growth that an American idea has achieved in 60 years.

CARE AND PRESERVATION OF SHOES

IT'S important to take care of shoes in order to get the maximum wear out of them. Here are some tips that are designed to help prolong the life of your shoes:

1. When buying shoes, get the best you can afford and be careful of the fit. A shoe that doesn't fit properly quickly loses its shape.

2. It helps shoes to retain their shape if they're given a chance to rest up as long as possible between wearings. Try not to wear the same pair two days in succession.

3. Getting shoes wet is hard on them but if they do get wet, stuff them with newspaper and allow them to dry out at normal temperature—which means not close to a radiator. Be sure they are thoroughly dry before wearing them again.

4. When shoes are not in use, keep shoe trees in them, but be sure that the shoe trees fit the shoes and don't stretch them out of shape. If you don't have shoe trees, the next best thing is to stuff shoes with newspaper.

5. Clean and polish shoes often. Shoe polish contains lubricants which are good for the leather. Be sure shoes are dry and clean before polishing them.

6. See that repairs are attended to promptly. Shoes lose their shape if soles wear too thin, heels run down or small repairs are neglected. Choose a good cobbler and specify that he use the best leather possible.

7. Saddle-soap boots and shoes if they are not going to be used for some time. This keeps the leather from drying out and cracking.

8. To get the most efficient wear out of suede shoes, it's important to keep the nap clean. Use circular strokes with a brush of fine, stiff bristles (preferably not wire). Then smooth the nap in one direction. To keep the color in suede shoes bright, use a special cleaning solution containing a small amount of aniline dye. Most manufacturers of shoe creams put out these cleaning solutions in various shades.

9. To keep patent leather shoes from cracking, after each wearing they should be rubbed lightly with a dab of vaseline on a soft cloth. The lacquer finish becomes cracked and brittle in cold weather so it's best not to wear patent leather shoes during the winter.

[Continued from Page 113]

"I thought he might have come in the back," Agnes said anxiously, "Maybe I should phone. He was all right yesterday, wasn't he?"

"As far as I could see . . ." Stringer broke off. The front door had slammed and Mr. Heatter swept through the front office like a stiff breeze, the swinging-doors flapping wildly behind him.

"He's here—in New York!" he shouted and thrust a telegram out at Agnes.

She read it. "Why, this is wonderful!" She told Stringer excitedly, "Charley's coming home."

Stringer went back to work. It was something for your boy to come back after three years. Mr. Heatter was over in the restaurant now, telling everybody. He wouldn't be down to earth for hours. Stringer paused over the metal he was melting, and his smile slowly froze. Charley was coming home to take up life where he had left it—in the back office of the *Carlinsville News*. Stringer would have to go.

He was glad the realization had come when he was alone. This way no one would see him with the props knocked down under him. He leaned against the ink cabinet and closed his eyes, listening to the metal bubbling in the caster, hearing Agnes crank the pencil sharpener in the front office. . . .

CHARLEY arrived home by plane. After he had got out of his uniform into old slacks and a tee shirt and visited up and down the street for a while, he came into the print shop. He was a tall, lanky youngster with a good-natured grin and an anxious way of peering out from under his bushy blond eyebrows.

He sat watching Stringer throw in some type, and Mr. Heatter came back, smiling and moist eyed. "It's like old times," he said. "There's a new apron here for you, son, if you feel like getting your hands in it again."

Charley shifted his long legs awkwardly and said he didn't want to run Mr. Stringer out of a job.

"You won't," Stringer told him. "I've overstayed my time, anyway."

"He was just passing through, and I'm afraid we high-pressured him into staying," said Mr. Heatter, "You'll stay till Charley gets back into harness Stringer? I've been counting on that."

So Stringer stayed till next week's paper was out. Then he went back to Mrs. Cobb's, picked up his suitcase, packed the night before, and started down to the station.

He stopped at the print shop and said good-by to Mr. Heatter and Charley, and on the way out he stopped at Agnes' desk.

"I suppose you're glad to be on your way," she said.

"Well, yes, in a way. I'll be glad to get back and take over my old depart-

ment." He looked about the dingy, homey front office and he knew he mustn't realize he'd never see it again. He said grandly, "The last letter I had from my brothers, the plant was humming. They'd just had fluorescent lighting installed. When I get back, we may branch out a little more."

"That will be fine. I hope you enjoy all the modern equipment. I hope you branch out all over Ohio!" Agnes' voice sounded brittle, and her cheeks had reddened. She snatched her pencil from behind her ear and loosened a strand of hair with it. "If I get these statements on the evening train, I'll have to hurry."

"Good-by," Stringer said. She had her head down when he went out the door. He wasn't sure she answered.

He sat in the station, feeling empty and bleak as the deserted waiting room. He tried to crowd his mind with all manner of foolish things to keep from thinking, but the image of Agnes fought through.

SHE'D been angry. He might have sounded grateful after all they'd done to make him feel at home. If he had it to do over again. . . .

There was a step in the doorway, and it was Agnes bringing her stack of letters to the train. She pushed them into the box on the waiting-room door. Pretending not to see him, she started away.

He ran after her. "Agnes!" Out on the platform he overtook her.

"Well?" she said.

"I wanted to tell you . . . I didn't want you to think . . ." he floundered, and, with her direct eyes on him, he said with sudden steadiness, "I'm not glad to get away. I'm not a bit glad. I tried to make you think I was because I didn't want you to know what I was when I first came here. Just a tramp printer, and I couldn't hold down a job and even my brothers don't want me around. They won't want me when I go back, either. Oh, they've got a plant, all right, but there's no place for me in it unless they make a place, and then I won't fit in. I never fit any place till I came here, and if I bragged too much or talked too much, it was to keep you from knowing. . . ."

"Lester!" she said.

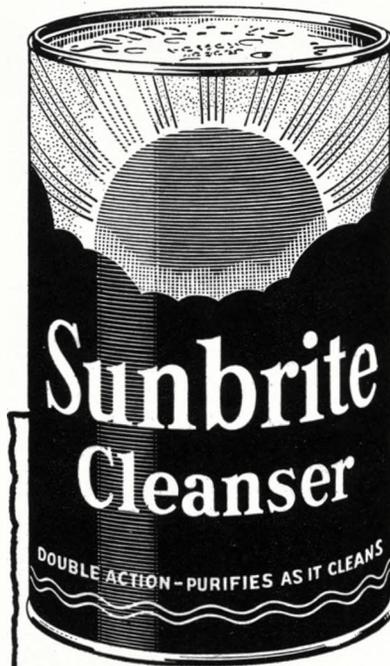
"But don't tell Mr. Heater. It might make him and Charley feel bad if they thought they were throwing me out of a job. I just wanted you to know. . . ."

"Nobody's throwing you out of a job," she said in a rush, "unless you throw yourself out of it. Why didn't you tell me? Lester, you're coming back this minute!"

Stringer protested. "Charley's there now, and. . . ."

"You're coming back," she insisted. "Listen to me. Charley's a good printer. But now he wants to be an engineer. He

[Continued on Page 116]



Susie S. says:
"Many hands make light work...
and so does Sunbrite Cleanser!"

A Household Standby!

Year after year Sunbrite's been a favorite with millions of women for safe, speedy cleaning. It's gentle . . . is kind to your hands. Look for the friendly orange and blue Sunbrite can.

DOUBLE ACTION

In the October issue . . .

Clear It with Miriam by Charles Lanius

Who tells of two leading citizens in Alaska

Something New
in your
frying
pan!



FREE RECIPES

Just pour this spicy sauce over hamburgers, chops, etc., turn on the heat . . . turn out a BARBECUE.

FOR TANGY BARBECUE RECIPES Write: Glaser, Crandell Co., Chicago 8, Dept. R-9

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BARBECUE SAUCE

FIRST AID FOR CLEVER COOKS

Also Derby Steak Sauce • Derby Hot Sauce • Derby Worcestershire

MAKE A WOW!



Tomato juice cocktail with sparkle—that's a WOW! Add a little salt, pepper, a teaspoonful of French's Worcestershire Sauce to a glass of tomato juice. Mix well—serve very cold.

MAKE A HIT!



The blend of choice ingredients in this famous Worcestershire, aged and mellowed, gives tomato juice a fine rich flavor that tempts appetites!



**NO BETTER
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE
AT ANY PRICE**

Nix on elbow grease!



Don't be a Rubbit! Don't scrub crusty pans with lazy dishrags. Use Brillo!

BRILLO
shines it quick!



Brillo whisks off greasy crust! Fast! Easy! Brillo soap contains *jeweler's polish*—makes pans sparkle! Use Brillo every day!



RED box—
soap pads
GREEN box—
soap and pads

Shines aluminum fast!

USING POTATOES

POTATO CHOCOLATE CAKE

Costs 44 cents (August 1947)

One 9-inch square

Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| 1-2/3 cups sifted cake flour | 2/3 cup riced cooked potatoes, firmly packed |
| 2-1/4 teaspoons baking powder | 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 1/2 cup milk |
| 2/3 cup vegetable shortening | 1 whole egg and 1 egg yolk, grade B |
| 1-1/3 cups brown sugar, firmly packed | |

Sift dry ingredients, except sugar, into mixing bowl. Put shortening, sugar, potatoes and chocolate into bowl on top of dry ingredients. Add half of milk and beat 2 minutes. Add remaining milk and eggs; beat 2 minutes. Bake in well-greased and floured 9-inch-square pan in moderate oven, 350°F., 40 minutes.

POTATO DUMPLINGS

Costs 21 cents (August 1947)

Serves 4 to 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 3 cups hot riced potatoes, lightly packed | 1/2 cup sifted flour |
| 1 tablespoon margarine | 1/2 cup fine dry bread crumbs |
| 2 eggs, grade B, beaten | 1-1/2 teaspoons salt |
| | Dash of nutmeg or little grated onion |

To prepare potatoes, boil 4 medium potatoes in jackets; peel and rice while hot. Add remaining ingredients; mix well. Form into 1-1/2-inch balls; roll in a little additional flour. Drop into gently boiling salted water, soup or stew; cook uncovered 5 minutes. Serve with bread cubes browned in margarine, if desired.

POTATO YEAST ROLLS

Costs 27 cents (August 1947)

About 2-1/2 dozen

Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 cup diced raw potato | 2 tablespoons corn meal |
| 1-1/4 cups boiling water | 1/4 cup margarine |
| 2 cups milk | 1 package yeast |
| 1/4 cup sugar | About 4 cups sifted flour |
| | 2 teaspoons salt |

Cook potato in boiling water until tender; drain, reserving liquid. Rice potato; heat to boiling with milk and 3/4 cup potato water. Add sugar mixed with corn meal; cook 2 minutes. Add margarine and cool to lukewarm. Crumble yeast into mixture; add 1 cup flour. Beat well; let rise until double in bulk. Add salt and flour to make soft dough, beating well. Brush with a little margarine; cover and let rise. Punch down and let rise again. Shape into rolls, brush with margarine, let rise until almost double. Bake in hot oven, 400°F., 15 minutes.

got a taste of it while he was doing reconstruction work overseas. It's all he can talk about, and he's miserable because he doesn't know how to tell his father. He told me the whole story the second day he was back. But we knew there'd be no use asking you to stay as long as you had all those big deals in Ohio. . . " She clasped her hands. "Lester, if you come back it will fix everything. Oh, maybe Mr. Heatter will be disappointed at first. He did want to make a printer of Charley."

They were walking back together, and he was seeing the town all over again, as he'd never seen it before. Here was a sparkle, there a mysterious haze. He wanted to shout, "I've come home!" and he had to swallow the words bursting in his throat.

They came to the drugstore. He changed hands with his suitcase and looked at Agnes. "Let's stop and have one of those sodas," he said.

THE END

LISTEN HERE

[Continued from Page 16]

said, "Look, Bud—I can break the bank." He succeeded in getting a studio laugh but not a chance at the swag. The pros have sectional accents down to perfection so that when Parks or Collyer call for someone from, say, the South, a ringer from Brooklyn is apt to draw, "I 'clare, Mista Collya, suh, won't you all give me a chance?" Then, there are the old stand-by methods of attracting attention: The women wear noisy bracelets up to their elbows, which they jingle incessantly. They affect garish hats and décolleté dresses in an effort to gain recognition. The men resort to everything from formal morning coats to dungarees. Some hopefuls start their campaigns weeks in advance. For instance, Bert Parks received a telephone call collect from a Chicago woman who stated her proposition in simple, business-like terms. "Get me on the program," she said, "and I'll split my winnings with you."

During the meat shortage a butcher offered to keep Bert Parks well stocked if he would arrange to get him within winning distance of the "bank."

Actually, Parks and Collyer never receive tickets for the broadcast and therefore can never be charged with collusion with their relatives, friends or acquaintances. All ticket requests are filled by mail only and no matter to whom the request for tickets is directed it is invariably forwarded to the sponsor. All letters are sorted into two piles—out-of-towners and local aspirants. The latter are filled in the order of their arrival and the former, whenever possible, on requested dates. Some out-of-towners plan their New York trip to coincide with

the date of their tickets, no matter when.

The Ritz Theater, which houses "Break the Bank," holds 700 people, and since approximately four contestants (couples count as single contestants) face the mike during a single broadcast the odds against winning some cash are about 175 to 1, provided you succeed in getting into the theater in the first place and haven't been spotted as a ringer. Once his ticket is received, the guest has only just begun his campaign to get on the program. The line outside the Ritz Theater on Friday begins to form about six o'clock, or three hours before air time, and, if the "bank" happens to be flush due to several carry-overs from preceding weeks, much earlier. Weather has no effect whatsoever on the hopefuls. In rain, cold, snow, heat or storm of night they wait patiently for the doors to open at 8:15. Then the surging crowd pours in like an uncontrollable flood, bowling over the ushers, and swarms to the front row seats. Actually this is all wasted effort since contestants are selected by Collyer and three assistants from every section of the theater, main floor and balcony. One week Collyer and Parks will ask for teachers, or college sophomores, or people from California, or policemen, house painters, cooks, doctors, plumbers or grandmothers. Or categories might be the key to the selections, such as people with a knowledge of history, music, baseball, flowers, bridges or babies.

THE first few questions posed to a contestant are fairly simple to put him at his ease and help dissipate mike-fright, but from then on they get tougher and tougher. Correctly answered questions are worth \$10 for the first and progress from there to \$20, \$50, \$100, \$200, \$300, \$500 and the "bank," which may contain anything from \$1,000 on up. A contestant is allowed one miss in his climb up the financial ladder. On his second miss he is paid off the amount of the question he last answered correctly and a like sum is added to the "bank," whose minimum capital, thanks to the sponsor, is pegged at \$1,000. If the program ends while a contestant is still in the running he may elect to return the following Friday night and pick up where he left off. If previous engagements prevent his return—this has happened only three times in the history of the show—he may take his current winnings and kiss the paying teller good-by. It is no wonder that, with three or four thousand dollars in the offing, several contestants have cancelled European sailings in order to return for a last stab at the big dough.

Ed Wolf, producer of the show, goes to his bank on Thursday or Friday, draws out \$2,000 in crisp new bills, and locks up the lettuce in his office safe until

[Continued on Page 118]

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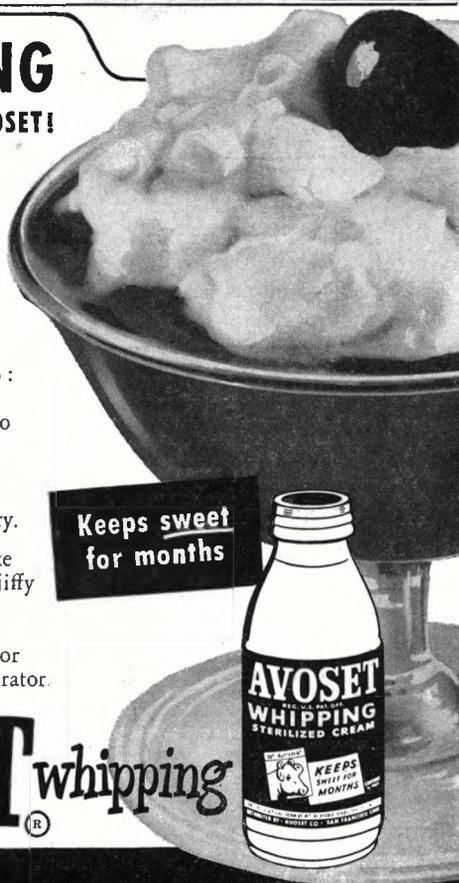
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—solves your whipped cream problems! AVOSET—made from real dairy cream—keeps sweet for months because it's sterilized. You can count on AVOSET to be meadow sweet when you need it.

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Prepare packaged pudding (chocolate, etc.) according to directions. Cool. Stiffly whip ½ cup AVOSET, sweeten and flavor. Swirl on pudding. Crown with maraschino cherry.

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AVOSET[®] whipping

STERILIZED CREAM



LISTEN HERE

[Continued from Page 117]

air time. Then it is stacked up on the paying teller's table on the stage in \$1, \$5, \$10, \$20 and \$50 denominations. All winnings up to \$500 are paid out in spot cash, while amounts of \$500 or more, including "the bank" itself, are paid by check. This check payment, Ed Wolf says, is protection against heavy winners' being held up and robbed after the program.

The man behind the selection of questions is Truman-looking Joseph Nathan Kane, author of *Famous First Facts*. Kane enjoys the reputation of being the man many historians hate because of his ability to prove that most facts, as we know them, are incorrect. He has spent the past twenty-five years plowing through newspaper morgues, archives, halls of records and graveyards digging up the truth of some 600,000 facts. He is the final authority on all questions used on "Break the Bank."

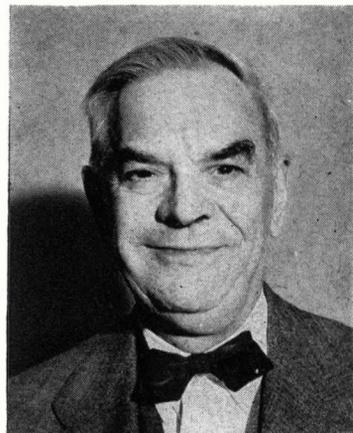
Questions are either worded in a fair manner or eliminated entirely. "What is the name of the building engraved on the Jefferson nickel?"

"Wait!" shouts the producer. "It's not engraved, it's imprinted."

"Not so fast!" warns the director. "It's neither engraved nor imprinted—it's etched."

SEPTEMBER SNAPSHOT James Patrick Aloysius ("Uncle Jim") Harkins was born across the street from Independence Hall in Philadelphia in 1888. His father, William Harkins, was a theatrical transfer truckman. Jim attended St. Mary's and Cathedral parochial schools and, at 13, started driving his father's

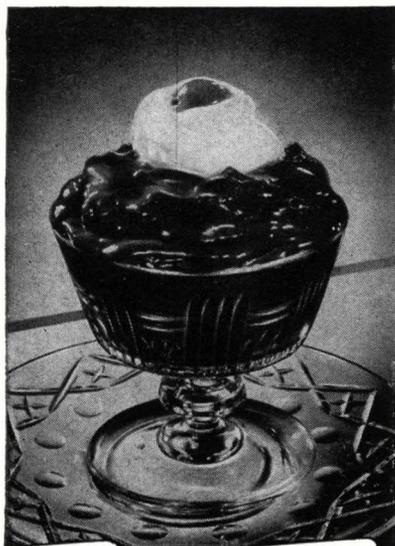
trucks. At 17, after taking part in many club and church minstrels, he walked off the truck and right into "Fred Irwin's Big Show" at \$25 per week. The second season he was raised to \$35. In 1906 he was traveling the southern ("malaria") circuit. Room and board was then about \$6 a week, transportation and laundry around \$4, so a trouper could put aside



September Snapshot—Jim Harkins

about \$25 a week. In 1910 Harkins became a "spotlight singer" in a couple of movie houses in Washington, D.C. He'd put on his song in one house then rush over on his bicycle to the other theater, sing there and return to the first location. In 1910 he married Marian Harrison, a vaudeville actress, and in 1911 their first daughter, Barbara, was born. From 1913 the act of "Jim and Marian Harkins" was booked in vaudeville

[Continued on Page 120]



Chocolate Pudding That's My-T-Fine

Easy recipe for Chocolate Sundae Pudding: Prepare My-T-Fine Chocolate Pudding according to simple directions on the package. Top each serving with a mound of vanilla-flavored whipped cream, centered with maraschino cherry. Yum! Yum!

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Here's a chance for *everyone* to earn some money while listening to the radio. I want you to help me find QUIZ FIZZLES and I'm going to pay \$3 (\$5 if you're a hospitalized veteran) to the person who first sends in each one printed in this column. A QUIZ FIZZLE is a radio quiz question with an answer that went astray. It's a funny wrong answer given, unintentionally, by an amateur contestant on a radio quiz program. Here's a sample QUIZ FIZZLE from a recent "Double or Nothing" quiz show, sent in by S/Sgt. Michael Dragan, Jr., VA Hospital, Butler, Pennsylvania. He's been sent a check for \$5.

Question: Finish this poem: "Hang your clothes on a hickory limb but don't go near the _____."

Answer: Whiskey.

There are dozens of them on the air every day. Pick 'em out and send 'em in. Some of the best ones are on small local programs. In case duplicate QUIZ FIZZLES are received, the person sending the one bearing the earliest postmark will be paid. None will be acknowledged or returned. Include the *name* and *date* of the quiz program on which you heard the QUIZ FIZZLE, and be sure to print your own name and address in the upper right-hand corner of the paper. (If you are a hospitalized veteran include your rank, serial number and hospital.) Send to: Quiz Fizzles, Woman's Day, 19 West 44th Street, New York 18, New York.

GIVE ME YESTERDAY

by JEAN TIGAR



This dreamer looks not to the future—but wistfully to the past

THOSE manufacturers who constantly implore me, on the printed page and over the air, to be patient a while longer so they can give me their products in new and glamorous guises in the world of tomorrow, make me sit right up and grin. I find myself murmuring, "Relax, chum, and don't bother about me. All I want is my shabby old world of yesterday anyway. You know, the one that had in it the countless things I took for granted and didn't appreciate until they were gone; the little things that somehow spelled pleasure and comfort. Remember?"

Take those beautifully illustrated pages featuring crystal table settings, for instance. The copywriters can go and buy crystal if they want to when their bonds mature. Me, I'll take the money from the very first bond that comes due and hie myself to the five-and-ten. That's when I'll indulge in my favorite dream—the dream where I see the counters piled high once more with everything from underwear for the children for twenty-nine cents to glass and china for ten cents or under.

Then there are the refrigerators we are going to have. Oh, boy! Iceboxes with built-in freezing units and space for two bushels or more of food. Somebody else can have my share of those. Not only because Old Ironsides and I have been through thick and thin together since the day I first tried making my own ice cream; but because I'm sure I couldn't take chances with any such amounts of food. With my family, the two bushels I bought Saturday night would be all gone come Monday!

And while we're in the kitchen I'll

have to confess those custom-made kitchen jobs featuring glass and such don't tempt me one bit. The less said about it the better, I guess. If they advertised something like an extra pair of hands occasionally for every kitchen, now that *would* be something. That's one of the little things I mean. When I was terribly rushed, or when one of the children was sick, or when I had to shop downtown, I used to be able to call Mrs. Dumont and she'd come right over and pitch in. Mrs. Dumont and her whole family are now busily engaged in other jobs.

That furniture they boast about which is going to do double duty in the golden era strikes me as a little on the silly side too. You can't sit on a chair and use it as a table at the same time, can you? No, I'll save my money till they dream up something practical like pieces that never need dusting. Wouldn't that be something though?

I'LL just skim lightly over the new-fangled radios, the radio-phonograph combinations, and the television sets of tomorrow, I guess. Because I'll be content with nothing more extravagant than a couple of new tubes for the radio we're using today.

That brings us up to the every-girl-her-own-airplane-pilot-in-the-future sort of thing. All I can say is Lord have mercy on drivers like me. On sewing-club nights, I have always had to leave the party early so my husband could run out and put the car in the garage. I could manage to back out somehow, but I could never manage to drive *in*. Now the car is in such poor shape I don't dare drive at all. So I don't even want to *see* one of those "small inexpensive" planes I've read so much about. All I want to see is our shabby old car running reliably. Then Dad and I can drive over to Ridgewood of an evening again, take in a movie, and have a soda. Even if the car were in good shape and Dad were not too tired, which he always is these days, we could not go anyway. On account of because the only sitter in the neighborhood makes more money in tips as a waitress now than I used to pay her for a whole evening of staying with the children. Even that soda has fallen on evil times. The Uptown Drug Store is closed by the time the movie is out.

THOSE new-world brass doorknobs that'll be kept gleaming with a mellow glow just by the touch of human hands leave me cold too. Not to say dubious. Because the few brass pieces I now own remain shiny only through the efforts of you-know-who. And if I have leisure once more, you won't see me standing around with the polish in my hand. In fact you won't see me standing, period!

THE END



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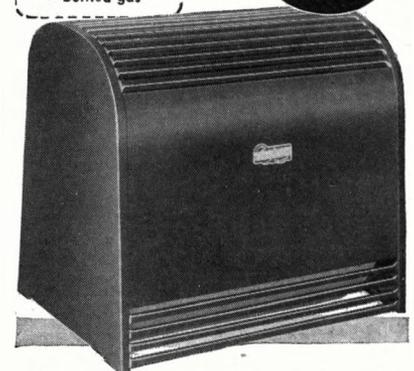
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houses all over the world until 1920 when Jim quit the stage to become a chiropractor with an office in Loew's State Theater in New York. He catered to the theatrical profession and was flat broke three years later as a result of too much business on the cuff. In 1926 he and his wife returned to vaudeville and did very well until that form of entertainment folded in 1930. Then Jim started promoting dance marathons around the country. He discovered Red Skelton in a dance marathon and brought him to New York in 1933. Jim's next venture was running an amateur hour on Station WMCA in New York. Then, in 1934, he ran into Fred Allen whom he had met in vaudeville in Australia in 1915. Allen promptly gave Uncle Jim the job of selecting the amateur section of his then famous Town Hall program. Later, in 1937, his job was to select the "personalities you never expect to meet" for the Allen show. Ever since then he has been Fred Allen's secretary, handy man, rehearsal boss, buffer, overseer, front man, no man, yes man and general factotum. You can't see Allen without first getting the nod from Uncle Jim. He knows everyone in show business and everyone in show business knows him. He's never called anything but "Uncle Jim." As I was about to say good-bye to this genial old-timer he was in the act of saying no to the chairman of the Charles-

ton, South Carolina, Azalea Festival, the mayor of Charleston and the governor of South Carolina, all of whom had wired Fred Allen an invitation to come South to crown their Azalea Queen. He also had a stack of autograph requests, was trying to get two seats to the Allen show for a couple of Allen's "friends" and, in the same breath, was trying to reserve prizefight tickets for Max Baer who had just completed a guest-shot rehearsal. Aside from daughter Barbara, there's Dorothea, a publisher's secretary, Jim Jr., a Harvard student under the GI bill and Mary, who sings with Sammy Kaye's Orchestra under the name of Mary Marlowe. Uncle Jim and his wife live in Flushing, Long Island.

THE END



DOROTHY BRONSON

CANNING FRUITS AND TOMATOES

Directions for boiling-water bath method and timetable for processing pints and quarts

Food	How to Prepare	Minutes
Apples	Pare, core, cut in pieces. To keep from darkening, dip in a gallon of water containing 2 tablespoons of salt and 2 of vinegar. Steam or boil in thin syrup ^o or water 5 minutes. Pack hot; cover with hot liquid. Adjust lids. Process for.....	15
	Or make Applesauce, sweetened or unsweetened. Pack hot. Adjust lids. Process for.....	10
Beets, Pickled	Cook beets until tender in water to cover. Remove skins; slice. Pack hot. Cover with boiling liquid (2 cups vinegar to 1 cup sugar). Add 1 teaspoon salt per quart. Adjust lids. Process for.....	30
Peaches	For easy peeling, put peaches in wire basket or cheesecloth and dip for a minute or two in boiling water, then quickly into cold. Slip off skins. Slice or cut in halves; take out pits. To keep from darkening, dip as for apples, above. If fruit is juicy, add 1/2 cup sugar to each quart of raw fruit; heat to boiling. For less juicy fruit, drop into thin to medium syrup ^o , boiling hot, and heat through. Pack hot; cover with boiling liquid. Adjust lids. Process for	20
Pears	Peel, cut in halves, core. Same as less juicy peaches.	
Tomatoes	Scald, remove stem ends, peel, quarter. Bring to rolling boil, stirring as tomatoes heat. Pack hot; add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Adjust lids. Process for	10
Tomato Juice	Use soft, but perfect tomatoes. Remove stem ends, cut into pieces. Simmer until softened. Put through fine sieve. Add 1 teaspoon salt to each quart. Reheat at once just to boiling. Pour into hot jars or bottles at once. Leave 1/4 inch head space in jars, 1/2 inch in bottles. Adjust lids. Process for.....	15

^oSyrup: thin syrup, 1 cup sugar to 3 cups water; moderately thin syrup, 1 cup sugar to 2 cups water; medium syrup, 1 cup sugar to 1 cup water

GOOD SALAD DRESSINGS WITHOUT OIL

by BARBARA DILLON

SHARP BOILED DRESSING

Costs 20 cents (August 1947)

About 1½ cups Woman's Day Kitchen

1 tablespoon cornstarch	1 teaspoon mustard
1-1/2 teaspoons salt	1 tablespoon sugar
Dash of cayenne	2 eggs, grade B
2 teaspoons curry powder	1 cup milk
1/4 teaspoon paprika	1/3 cup vinegar
	1 teaspoon horseradish

Mix all dry ingredients in top of double boiler. Add eggs; beat. Add milk, then vinegar; mix well. Cook over boiling water until thick, about 10 minutes; stir constantly. Cool. Add horseradish; mix.

COOKED RUSSIAN DRESSING

Costs 29 cents (August 1947)

About 2 cups Woman's Day Kitchen

1/2 teaspoon mustard	1/3 cup chili sauce
1 teaspoon salt	Dash of Worcester- shire and Tabasco
1 tablespoon flour	1 small onion, grated
1 tablespoon sugar	1 hard-cooked egg, finely chopped
Dash of cayenne	2 tablespoons minced celery
1/4 cup water	1 pimiento, chopped
1/4 cup vinegar	
1 egg, grade B, beaten	
1/3 cup sour cream	

Mix dry ingredients in top of double boiler; stir in water and vinegar. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add to beaten egg, mix; return to double boiler; cook 1 minute; cool. Add remaining ingredients.

WHIPPED CREAM DRESSING

Costs 19 cents (August 1947)

About 1 cup Woman's Day Kitchen

1/4 teaspoon salt	1 egg yolk, grade B
1/4 teaspoon mustard	2 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon flour	1/2 cup heavy cream
1 teaspoon sugar	

Mix dry ingredients in top of double boiler; add egg yolk and vinegar; mix well. Cook over boiling water until thickened, stirring constantly; cool. Whip cream slightly; add cooled mixture, beating until stiff. Serve with fruit salads.

BUTTERMILK-CHEESE DRESSING

Costs 13 cents (August 1947)

About 1-1/2 cups Woman's Day Kitchen

1 cup buttermilk	1/4 teaspoon pepper
1/2 cup grated sharp cheese	1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire
1/4 cup vinegar	Dash of cayenne and Tabasco
1 clove garlic, minced	
1 teaspoon salt	

Mix all ingredients. Chill at least 1 hour. Mix well before serving.

WHAT GOES ON HERE

[Continued from Page 3]

of democracy have any validity, a vote should be taken now to determine the country's future. (There are 1,200,000 Arabs and 600,000 Jews now in Palestine.) Since, they say, democracy means abiding by the will of the majority, then it is only fair that Palestine should become an independent state ruled by an Arab majority, assuming that that majority would plump for separate statehood as it presumably would. The Arabs thus want the British mandate to be terminated and are not in favor of any United Nations trusteeship. Independence *now* is their cry. They ask for statehood and if that were granted after a popular vote, Jewish immigration would probably be ended.

It is the possibility of further Jewish immigration which is the crux of the matter so far as the Arabs are concerned. They wish to keep Palestine an Arab country. In the past, they say, relations between Jews and Arabs were friendly. The two *could* dwell in harmony again, say the Arabs, if the threat of being inundated by a Jewish flood were removed. We sympathize with the Jewish plight in Europe, they declare, but why pick on us and our country? Why should we assume the burden of absorbing all the Jewish refugees when it is a world responsibility? Why should a "solution" be sought at our expense? It is up to other countries, they maintain, to shoulder the humanitarian responsibility of caring for Jewish victims of persecution.

The Jewish (Zionist) Case

The Zionists declare that Palestine is capable of supporting a much larger population now and in the future than it has in the past. By industrialization and modern scientific methods of farming, they say, the country can be made to provide for many more Jews as well as for the Arab inhabitants. Declaring that Palestine is being backward and poor due to Arab inefficiency and ignorance, the Jews point with pride to the improvements they have already made.

They tell of their achievements in introducing irrigation, electric power, industry and up-to-date agricultural techniques into Palestine. Truly, they say, we have made the desert "bloom like the rose." Wherever they have moved in, flourishing cities and farmlands have taken the place of desolate fields and villages, according to Jewish statements. There's no real limit on Palestine's possibilities provided intelligence and modern skills are employed, they assert.

Furthermore, say the Zionists, we have paid the Arab for his land, and by developing the country, by making it richer, more diversified and more pro-

[Continued on Page 122]

ALWAYS

keep it handy
in the refrigerator.
**BECAUSE everybody
likes it!**

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DROP IN...



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A PARTY DESSERT

An extra-special chiffon cream pie

BLACK BOTTOM PIE

Costs \$1.06 (August 1947)

Serves 8 *Woman's Day Kitchen*

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| 1-1/2 cups fine
gingersnap
crumbs | 1 cup granulated
sugar |
| 1/3 cup butter,
melted | 1/4 teaspoon salt |
| 2 cups milk | 4 teaspoons
cornstarch |
| 1 envelope
unflavored
gelatin | 2 squares
unsweetened
chocolate |
| 1/4 cup cold water | 2 teaspoons vanilla |
| 4 eggs, grade B,
separated | 1 cup heavy cream |
| | 2 tablespoons
confectioners'
sugar |

To make crumbs, finely crush gingersnaps with rolling pin or wooden potato masher or put through food chopper using fine blade. (It takes a little less than 1/2 pound to make 1-1/2 cups crumbs.) Mix crumbs with butter; pat evenly into deep 9-inch pie pan, bringing mixture up to the rim. Bake 10 minutes in moderate oven, 325°F.; cool.

Scald milk; add gelatin soaked in cold water. Beat egg yolks with 1/2 cup sugar, salt and cornstarch. Add milk slowly, beating constantly. Cook over boiling water, stirring occasionally, until custard coats spoon. Remove from heat. To 1 cup of custard, add 1-1/2 squares of chocolate which have been melted, and 1 teaspoon of the vanilla. Beat with rotary beater; cool to room temperature. Pour chocolate mixture into baked pie shell; chill until firm.

Beat egg whites until stiff; gradually beat in remaining 1/2 cup sugar; fold into remaining cooled custard with remaining 1 teaspoon vanilla. Pour custard over chocolate mixture in pie shell; chill until firm.

Whip cream until stiff; fold in confectioners' sugar. Spread on pie and sprinkle with remaining 1/2 square of chocolate which has been finely grated; chill until set before serving.

Note: This pie is often flavored with rum instead of vanilla; use 1 or 2 tablespoons rum or 1 teaspoon rum flavoring instead of 1 teaspoon vanilla in custard mixture.

WHAT GOES ON HERE

[Continued from Page 121]

ductive, we create more jobs and raise the living standards of both Arabs and Jews. If an ignorant Arab peasant doesn't receive what the Arabs think is his money's worth, that's an indictment, say the Jews, not of the Jews but of Arab educational standards.

The restrictions which have been placed by the British mandate authorities on land purchases by Jews are bitterly resented by the Zionists, who denounce these limitations on Jewish expansion as a betrayal of British pledges. The Zionists thus maintain that they represent the forces of progress and enlightenment. They claim that they have aided Arabs as well as Jews by providing schools, hospitals, medical services and other features of twentieth-century advances in industry and science.

Therefore, say the Jews, we are not crowding the Arabs out; there is room for all and more. Besides, they continue, under the Balfour Declaration, we were promised a home in Palestine and the British pledge to the Arabs never included that country, referring instead to regions other than Palestine. We have a right to go to Palestine, the Zionists assert. The Balfour Declaration is a promise, internationally binding, and recognized by the United States in a special treaty with Great Britain in 1924.

IN addition to this legal right which they declare more than matches the Arab claim based on occupancy, the Jews believe they have as much of a moral or social or political right to independent statehood as any other people. If nationalism and sovereignty are good for Russians, Englishmen and Americans, why not for Jews? Why shouldn't they have a homeland of their own?

If this is so, where but Palestine? It's true, admit the Zionists, that the Jews have not had a state there since early Biblical times and that the Arabs have moved in more recently. But no other spot on the globe for the homeless Jews has been made available. If they have a right to a home and have been promised it, then Palestine, contend the Jews, is the logical country.

Since the Arab argument about overcrowding is fallacious, the Zionist case continues, there is space for a Jewish homeland without doing an injustice to the Arabs. And, besides, say the Jews, if the Arabs *do* feel crowded, they have several independent countries of their own where they can go! What else, they ask, can be done for the Jews who have suffered such frightful persecution, especially at the hands of the Nazis?

Thus, a special appeal on behalf of the Jews is made on humanitarian grounds. Because throughout the cen-

turies they have been the victims of persecution in many lands and because Hitler's indescribably fiendish extermination efforts made their situation in Europe more desperate than ever, it is argued that the survivors of the terror, uprooted and miserable for the most part, should be allowed to go to Palestine. Inasmuch as these survivors feel that there is no future for them in the countries where they have suffered so much, they beg to be allowed to start a new life in a community where they would be at home with their own people. So goes the Jewish case.

Zionists charge that the Arab demand for a vote now for independence while the Arabs have a majority is based on a distorted view of democratic principles. True democracy, they say, means equal opportunities and equal rights for all peoples. Looking at the issue from the global point of view, they declare that, according to democratic ideals, they are entitled to a place of their own and that the mere fact that the Arabs have a majority at the moment should not bar the Jews from being able to achieve independence and equality in the future. When the Arabs have seven separate nations of their own already, is it democratic to keep the Jews from having one state?

In summary then, the Jews maintain that Palestine is their home too by legal and moral right and that the Arabs can easily afford to share the region with the Jews whose coming brings benefits to all. They claim that further Jewish immigration is necessary as a means of taking care of refugees from Europe and that any barrier to such immigration is a violation of the Balfour Declaration and of the principles of humanity and justice.

Is There Something the U. S. Can Do?

Of course this country is participating in the decisions concerning the fate of Palestine. In addition, however, there are steps which this nation might take in order to help relieve the distress of the Jews in Europe and of the other refugees who do not want to return to the lands of their origin and who have nowhere else to go.

As explained above, the Arabs plainly want an end of the British mandate now and a vote establishing an independent Arab-controlled Palestine. The Zionists press for more Jewish immigration and do not desire an independent Palestine run by the Arabs, fearing that they would not receive a fair deal. Whether, from the Jewish point of view, it is desirable to continue the mandate or a trusteeship until the Jews have a majority and then to achieve independence, or whether the mandate should end now so that a joint Jewish-Arab state could be set up, one that would guarantee

[Continued on Page 124]



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[Continued from Page 123]

what the Jews regard as their rights, including further immigration, is a matter for debate. It is not so clear, therefore, just what the Zionists desire so far as the timing of statehood and the end of the mandate are concerned. Partition into separate Jewish and Arab Palestine states seems to be desired by neither side.

Given the obvious political concern on the part of Great Britain, the U.S.S.R. and the United States to maintain friendship with the Moslem world for strategic and economic reasons, it seems doubtful whether the Zionists will be allowed to have all of Palestine as a Jewish state. A two-nation Palestine or a rump Jewish state appears to be the maximum that would be conceded to the Zionists either by the United Nations Commission or the Great Powers. This is all guess-work but political realities must be taken into account.

On the other hand, a free hand to the Arabs seems dubious in the light of the past promises to the Jews. Some compromise, satisfactory to neither party, appears inevitable. This compromise may take the form of a U. N. trusteeship for a time, or of partition or of a co-operative Arab-Jewish state, but the chances for unlimited Jewish immigration are probably slender.

as Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians or what not, depending upon their legal citizenship. Acceptance and integration should be the solution, not political Zionism, declare the defenders of this position

But, queries the Zionist, what about the Jews left in Germany and central and southeastern Europe who cannot gain equal rights and toleration where they now are? That's the big question. If these Jews are not permitted to go to Palestine and if the immigration bars are put up in line with Arab demands, where can these hapless Jews go? That's where American immigration laws come in and where our responsibility is involved. Can we ask the Arabs to do what we are unwilling to do ourselves?

Congress has been discussing measures which would permit the entry of displaced persons in greater numbers from Europe. Though during the first part of our history we prided ourselves on being "the melting pot" and on being a haven for the oppressed, since the first World War we clamped on a rigid immigration law, limiting the totals in drastic fashion (about 150,000 persons annually) and fixing a quota for each foreign country. During World War II when travel conditions were difficult, even these relatively small quotas were not filled but the law forbade a carry-over from year to year.

The purpose of one of the bills (the so-called Stratton bill) in Congress is that of allowing the back quotas to be filled as the current ones so that perhaps, over four years, 400,000 displaced persons, now fed and housed in camps in our portion of occupied Germany, might come in. About twenty to twenty-five per cent of this number would be Jews. Not one person could enter unless he had been carefully "screened" on a political basis, or unless arrangements had been made to provide a living place, and no more would be admitted than would have come anyway if the war-year quotas had been filled.

Regardless of the United Nations Commission's report and regardless of whatever scheme is evolved for Palestine, the United States will probably continue to be confronted with the issue of what to do with the "DP's" (Displaced Persons). Any move on our part to absorb refugees, Jewish or non-Jewish, would be in line with the ultimate goal of treating Jews and peoples of all races not as special groups earmarked for segregation and ostracism, but as fellow human beings entitled to all the rights and privileges of full-fledged membership in the community.

SOME persons who are neither pro-Arab nor pro-Zionists hold that it is not in the best interests of the Jews themselves to have an independent state of their own. Such individuals believe that the Jews already in Palestine should of course remain there and should enjoy equal rights with the Arabs in a bi-national community, whether that entire community is independent or held under a mandate or trusteeship. As for the Jews elsewhere, their salvation, according to this line of reasoning, lies in their being absorbed into the national life of whatever country they happen to live in.

As long as there is a separate Jewish state, say these people, the alleged differences between Jews and other people will be accentuated and Jews will be marked out for special attention. There would be a great temptation on the part of prejudiced people to say, "Let the Jews go to Palestine. We don't want them here."

The ideal, say the sponsors of the view now being described, should be that of treating Jews exactly like other members of the community and of giving them a home or a place of dignity and equality in each country. This, of course, is the opinion of many non-Zionist Jews who do not want to go to Palestine themselves and who wish to be considered

THE END



"Yea, team!"

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ODDS AND ENDS

[Continued from Page 4]

1. Patchwork Apron. From small scraps of print cotton, we cut thirty-nine $4\frac{1}{2}$ " squares for the body of the apron, and a patch pocket (see Diagram 1B). From unbleached muslin we cut a piece $3\frac{1}{2}$ " x 57 " for the waistband (not shown in diagram).

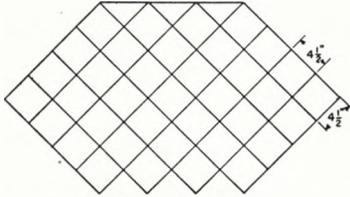


Diagram 1A

We joined the squares as in Diagram 1A, taking in $\frac{1}{2}$ " at each seam. To make the waistband we folded the muslin piece double, bringing it to $1\frac{1}{2}$ " x 57 ", and, tucking under the raw edges, we

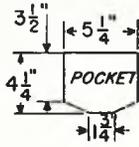


Diagram 1B

stitched it to the apron top, leaving the ends for ties. To trim the waistband we applied three tiny triangles of print. Then we roll-hemmed the pocket, edged it with rickrack, and stitched it to the apron on the left side. We edged the apron with rickrack.

2. Patchwork Apron. We combined a remnant of plain white cotton with scraps of print and plain cotton to make a practical bib apron.

For the body of the apron we cut twenty-four $4\frac{1}{2}$ " squares and three $7\frac{1}{2}$ " squares from print cotton. Then we cut two side panels and a front bib from plain cotton, according to Diagram 2. For each shoulder strap we cut a piece measuring $3\frac{1}{2}$ " x 21 " (not in diagram).

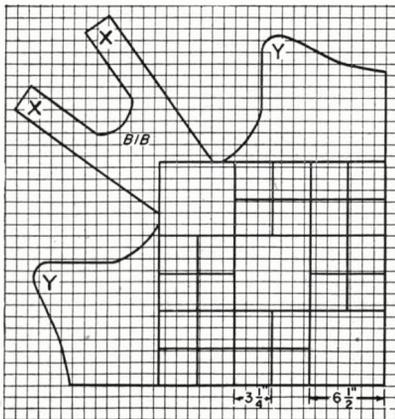
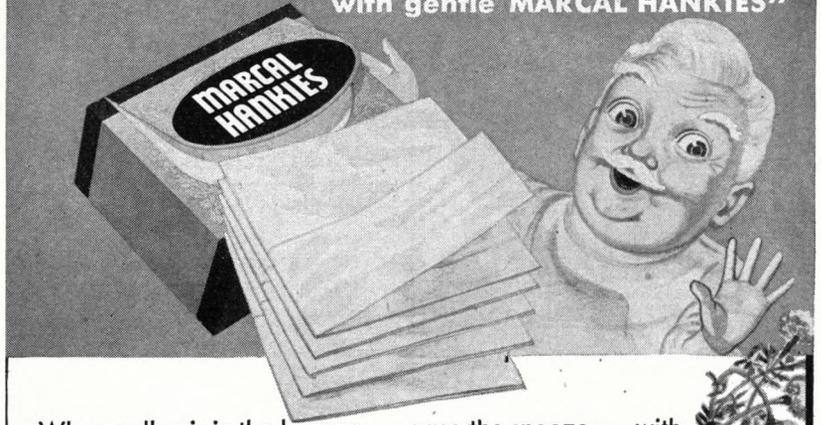


Diagram 2

[Continued on Page 126]

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CAMPERS' STEW

Costs \$1.21 (August 1947)
Serves 4 *Woman's Day Kitchen*

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 pound boneless chuck, diced | 2 fresh tomatoes, quartered |
| 2 large onions | 2 potatoes, quartered |
| 1 green pepper | 1 bay leaf |
| 2 tablespoons fat | Salt, pepper, cayenne |
| 1 No. 2 can tomato juice | 2 ears corn |
| 2 stalks celery, cut | |

Brown meat, sliced onions and pepper in fat in heavy kettle. Add tomato juice, simmer 20 minutes. Add vegetables; season to taste; simmer 30 minutes or until tender. Add corn cut from cob and simmer 5 minutes.

LUNCHEON MEAT AND SPAGHETTI

Costs \$1.26 (August 1947)
Serves 4 to 6 *Woman's Day Kitchen*

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| 2 12-ounce cans luncheon meat | 2 leaves fresh basil or mint |
| 1 large onion, sliced | 1 8-ounce package spaghetti |
| 2 tablespoons fat | Salt, pepper, cayenne |
| 1 clove garlic, minced | 1/2 pound sharp cheddar cheese cut in cubes |
| 3 fresh tomatoes quartered | |
| 1 green pepper | |

Brown cubed meat and onion in fat. Add garlic, tomatoes and sliced green pepper. Add spaghetti; season to taste and cook about 30 minutes or until tender. Just before serving drop cubed cheese on top.

LAMB AND SUCCOTASH STEW

Costs 92 cents (August 1947)
Serves 4 *Woman's Day Kitchen*

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1-1/2 pounds stewing lamb, cubed | 2 stalks celery and tops, cut up |
| 1 large onion, sliced | 1 cup fresh lima beans |
| 1 green pepper, sliced | 1 bay leaf |
| 1 cup water | 1/2 teaspoon celery salt |
| | Salt and pepper |
| | 3 ears corn |

Brown meat, onion and green pepper in fat cut from lamb; add water and simmer 20 minutes. Add other vegetables (except corn) and seasonings. Cook 40 minutes or until tender. Add corn cut from cob; simmer 5 minutes.

[Continued from Page 125]

We seamed the squares together as in Diagram 2, taking in 1/2" at each seam. This gave us a 19 1/2" patchwork square, which we edged with rickrack. We stitched on the side panels and bib, then we seamed the shoulder straps to the bib at x. The side panels, bib and shoulder straps were finished with a rolled hem. We crossed the straps in back and snapped them to the apron. For snug fit at the waist we finished with snaps sewn at points y.

3. Jacket. A sailor's navy blue middy made a useful sports jacket for its owner. Butterick 3327 was used as a cutting guide. First the middy was ripped apart at the side seams, and the sleeves were removed. Because there was not enough fabric to make the pleated back called for in the pattern, the yoke-type sailor back was left untouched, and the pattern was used only to shape armholes and neck. To give width in the front, a 2" strip for buttons and buttonholes was added at each side of the front closing. The sleeves were recut from the old. The original patch pocket was left untouched.

4. Bow Tie. It was easy to turn a worn rayon necktie into a good-looking bow tie. We first ripped open the center seam of the necktie and removed the interlining. We recut the tie and an identical facing, as shown in Diagram 3, and marked point A at both ends of each piece. Then we recut the interlining as in diagram (reducing all dimensions by 1/2").

We laid front and back sections, right sides together, and machine-stitched all around, leaving open the area between A and A. Then we turned the tie to the right side, inserted the interlining, and slipstitched the opening.



Diagram 3

5. Bed jacket. A silk nightgown, threadbare in several places, and stretched out of shape from long wear, made a charming bed jacket with a round neckline and short bell sleeves. We used view B of Butterick 3884, a blouse pattern. The lower edge of the bed jacket was trimmed with 1 1/2 yards of 1 1/2" satin ribbon, and it took another yard of ribbon for the neckline and tie closing.

6. Cardigan. From a too tight hand-woven sleeveless vest we got a cardigan sweater by crocheting sleeves and a front closing of black wool yarn. To get depth in the armholes, we took the vest apart at the shoulder seams and made new seams with 4 rows of single crochet. To get width across the bosom, we edged each side of the front closing with 4 rows of single crochet, and carried 2 rows of single crochet around the bottom of the



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vest. Then, to give the sweater a snug, throat-high neckline, we made 4 rows of single crochet, with a row of crocheted beading in the center, and pulled a 28" chain-stitched drawstring through the beading. The front-tie belt was made in two strips, each 13½" long of 4 rows of single crochet. We inserted one end of each strip in a side seam of the vest. We cut the fabric armholes deeper, and inserted crocheted dolman sleeves.

7. Blouse. We salvaged the good parts of five lace-edged gray linen dinner napkins to make a crisp cap-sleeved suit blouse with an unusual lace pocket. Using Butterick 3474 as a guide, we cut the front from two napkins, the back from two more. (We had to make a center back seam, which was not called for in the pattern.) The last napkin was used to make cap sleeves, a triangular pocket, and a narrow stand-up collar.

8. Cardigan. A pull-over sweater which had shrunk too much to be wearable was turned into a new-looking cardigan when black wool crochet was added. To get width in the skimpy armholes and narrow sleeves we first ripped open each shoulder seam and cut the sleeve from shoulder to wrist. We bound the raw edges with single crochet and made three rows of double crochet on each side. Then we whipstitched the sides together with the wool. The sleeves were lengthened with a cuff of 1 row single crochet, 3 rows double crochet. To make the front closing we slit the pullover from neck to waist and crocheted around the raw edges. (We had to make 1 row single crochet and 3 rows double crochet to get all the width we needed across the bosom.) For extra length, the crochet was continued around the bottom of the sweater in a band of the same width. We built up the neckline with 1 row single and 5 rows double crochet. To fasten the front closing we used chain-stitched loops and plastic buttons. Finally, we removed the patch pockets, edged them with 2 rows single crochet and whipstitched them to the sweater with wool.

To order Butterick patterns, see page 99.



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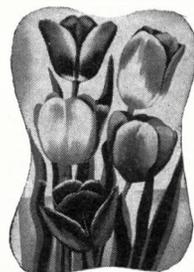
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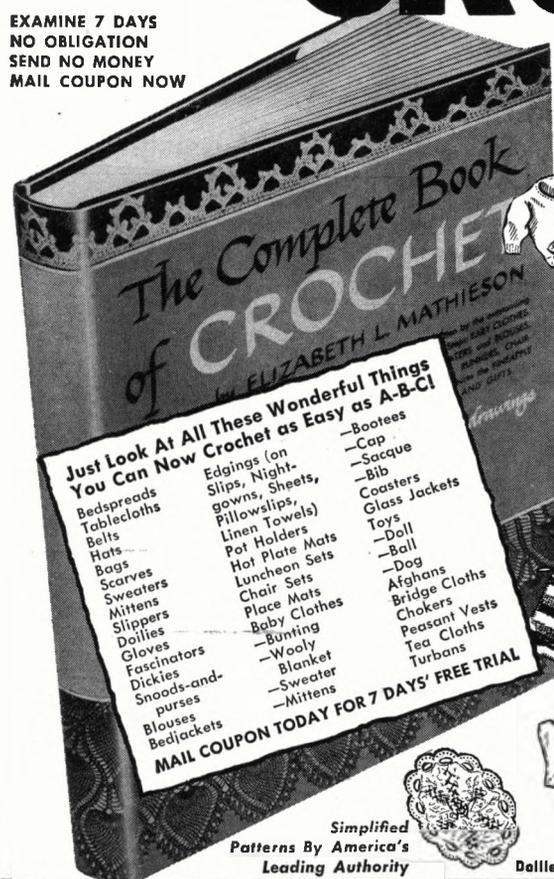
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"NOW you can pressure-cook with one hand tied behind you!"

ONLY WEAR-EVER GIVES YOU "PUSH BUTTON" CONVENIENCE WITH THE AUTOMATIC SNAP-TITE COVER

YOU click on the Snap-Tite Cover with one hand. When cooking time's up, you simply push a button. But . . . the cover can't be lifted off till pressure's off . . . then it opens automatically. Easy as that!

Cooking will go so much faster, you'll have loads more leisure! The Wear-Ever reaches temperature fast, then actually cooks peas, for instance, in 15 seconds! And what peas! A Wear-Ever keeps the garden-fresh

color and flavor of vegetables.

All cooking is at one pressure—the simple weight has no moving parts, won't break if dropped. The Wear-Ever soon pays for itself in fuel savings! And, of course, you'll get the same fine quality that made Grandma a life-long friend of Wear-Ever. No wonder thousands of home economists have chosen the Wear-Ever Pressure Cooker! See it at your dealer's today.

SAVE OVER 10 HOURS A WEEK IN DINNER MENUS ALONE!

* Savings are on starred menu items only. Even more time can be saved with 2 Wear-Ever Pressure Cookers.

SAVE 1 HR. 40 MIN.

- * Grapefruit Cup
- * Pot Roast with Vegetables
- Tossed Green Salad
- Chocolate Pudding
- Coffee

Sun.

Mon.

SAVE 45 MIN.

- * Tomato Juice
- * Braised Pork Chops, Potatoes
- Chilled Apple Sauce
- Green Beans • Celery • Radishes
- Fruit Gelatin
- Coffee

Tues.

SAVE 58 MIN.

- * Swiss Steak
- Green Peas • Mashed Potatoes
- Endive Salad
- Blue Cheese and Crackers
- Coffee

Wed.

SAVE 1 HR. 24 MIN.

- * Chicken Fricassee, Dumplings
- Carrots • Onions
- Water Cress Salad
- Maple Ice Creams
- Coffee

Thurs.

- SAVE 1 HR. 40 MIN.
- Chilled Vegetable Juice
- * Lamb Stew
- Stuffed Celery Salad
- Fruit Shortcake
- Coffee

Fri.

SAVE 1 HR. 35 MIN.

- Tomato Soup
- Broiled Fish Fillets
- Beet Salad • Asparagus
- Hash Brown Potatoes
- * Date Pudding—Hard Sauce
- Coffee

Sat.

SAVE 2 HRS. 10 MIN.

- * Beef Tongue
- Spinach • Creamed Potatoes
- Raw Vegetable Salad
- Layer Cake
- Coffee



Made of the metal that cooks best . . . easy to clean

WEAR-EVER
Aluminum
PRESSURE COOKER

Keep aluminum gleaming the easy way
Use WEAR-EVER CLEANSER PADS • At all stores



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THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL COMPANY, NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

Announcing **NEW POSTWAR**
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER
 made with

ACTIVATED
SEISMOTITE

**FASTER
 EASIER CLEANING!**

Takes Less Rubbing!



**UTTERLY
 DIFFERENT!**

New Gliding Action!



**Your Dealer Has It!
 Try It! Compare It!**

Thanks to a new scientific process* *activating* famous Seismotite, New Postwar Old Dutch Cleanser is now utterly different.

NEW ACTION! You'll be amazed at how fast New Postwar Old Dutch 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.

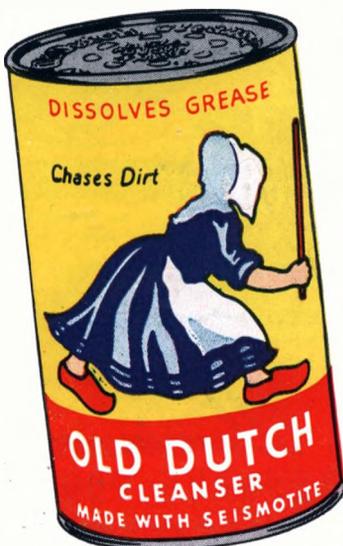
NEW EASE! Thrill to the new, almost effortless ease of cleaning with New Postwar Old Dutch. Cleans, polishes with new *gliding action*, utterly different, amazingly smooth!

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

©The Cudahy Packing Co., 1947

*Patent applied for

**SNOW
 WHITE!**
 Leaves
 No
 Sediment!



The First Major Cleanser Improvement Since the Introduction of Seismotite!