

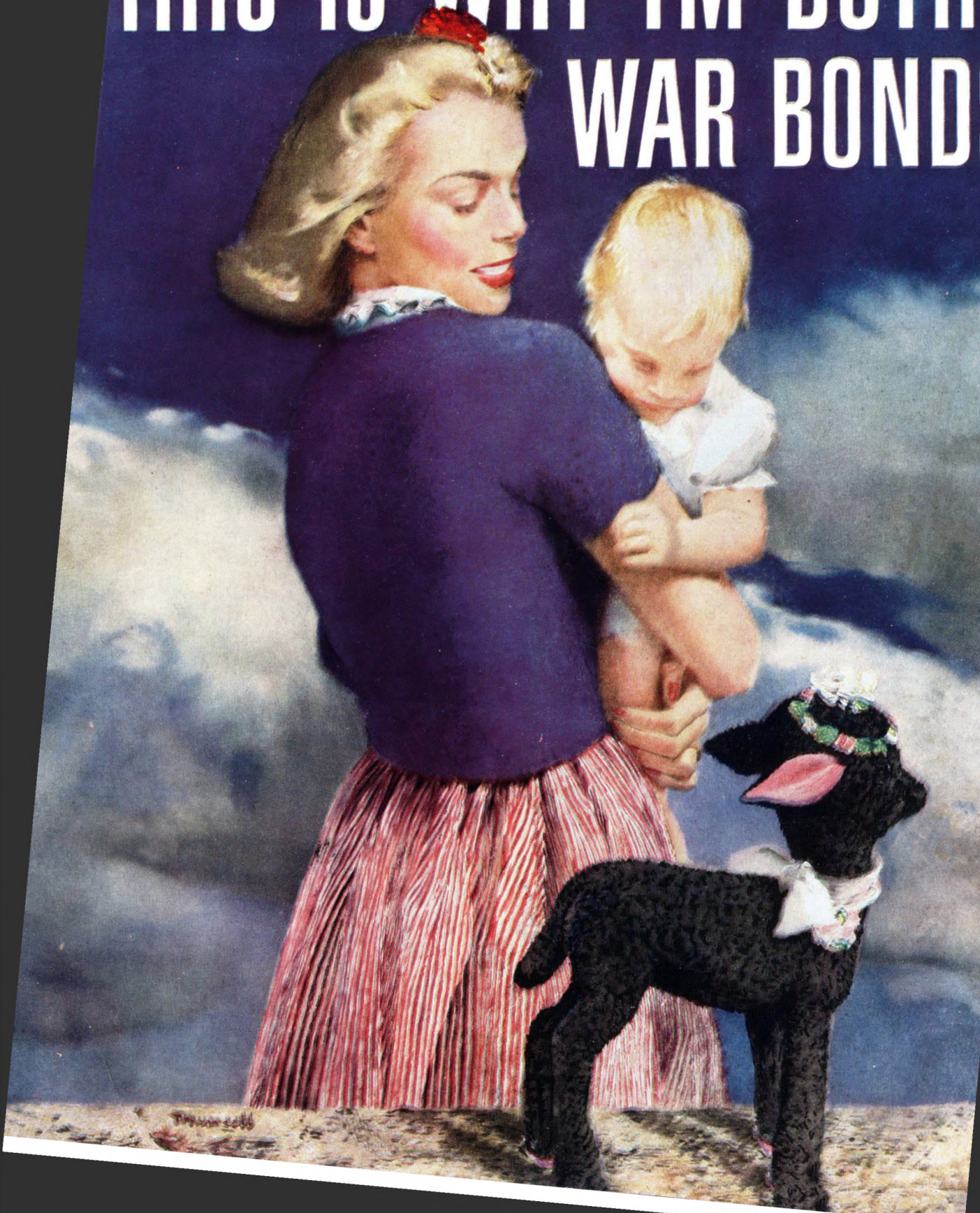
APRIL, 1943

Woman's Day

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**THIS IS WHY I'M BUYING
WAR BONDS!**



WOMAN'S DAY WAR FOOD BULLETIN

THE LATEST INFORMATION FROM WASHINGTON, AS OF MARCH 8th, ON WHAT THERE IS TO EAT

SETTING THE POINTS

by PRENTISS BROWN, Price Administrator

The head of the OPA tells how the "points" you pay for rationed foods are arrived at—and how they make it possible for you to buy your fair share.

FOR those of us who work for Government war agencies, the uneasiest moments of many uneasy moments come when a new and necessary program is about to be launched. No matter how carefully we plan, no matter how expert our planners, we never really know how well a program is going to work until we see it in action. Until March 1st, point rationing was a plan—carefully worked out by OPA's Rationing Department. On March 1st, point rationing became a vital part of our everyday wartime economy. We at OPA held our fingers crossed.

We are in the second week of the first point-rationing program as this article is written. The reports flow in from our regional offices all over the nation. "No complaints here," says Atlanta; "Point buying starts smoothly," wires Boston. Dallas: "Consumers understand points very well." Chicago: "Shoppers very cooperative."

Apparently we can start to uncross our fingers (only to cross them again for the rationing of meats, cheese, fats and oils). We realize full well, however, that a lion's share of the credit for making point rationing work must go not to OPA, but to American housewives and their grocers.

Housewives and grocers merit an extra pat on the back because I am sure few of them anticipated how strict the ration of canned and other processed fruits and vegetables was going to be. On top of that, at the last minute, the Department of Agriculture found it necessary to ask us to add dried beans, peas and lentils and dehydrated soups to the list of rationed foods.

Americans are taking developments like these in their stride undoubtedly because they are beginning to learn what total war means. Although the Government released it as information, no great emphasis was given to the fact that sudden demands from the Russian Army and our own Army reduced our supply of dried legumes for civilians, which is why they are rationed. Yet, most Americans guessed or assumed that it must be for some reason like this, and they were satisfied.

Likewise, the high-point values of many canned fruits, vegetables and juices reflect the actual needs of our fighting men.

As you know, OPA sets the point values. Your grocer has nothing to do with them; indeed the point values are the same in all stores all over the United States. Setting points is no easy matter, particularly since it is a very new technique.

You can't take a course in point setting. Not yet, anyway. At OPA we did have the helpful advice of experts from the British Food Ministry, which has been point rationing a restricted group of foods for over a year. But because no country has ever at-

tempted point rationing on the scale that we have introduced here, OPA economists and business advisers had to pioneer in developing a logical method for setting points.



Prentiss Brown

Most of you know by now that the reason for using point rationing rather than straight-unit rationing—as used for sugar and coffee—is to permit the shopper freedom of choice among a group of commodities. Point rationing gives you that freedom of choice while limiting you to your fair share of the total quantity of rationed food in the country.

The point values may be thought of as little springs which keep each rationed item in proper balance on the market. This balance is a balance between the available supply of a rationed food and the demand for it. When demand exceeds supply, we have scarcity. Today, the demand for all rationed foods is greater than the supplies of them. Since we can't increase the supplies, we control the demand through point rationing. Some foods are much scarcer than others. The chief factor used in setting the point value of a rationed food is its relative scarcity. If the food is very scarce it will have a high-point value. If it is not so scarce, it will have a lower-point value. The purpose of this is to steer buying away from the scarcer items and toward the less scarce ones.

The most important sources of OPA's information about relative scarcities and supplies available for the market are food processors, wholesalers and retailers. For

many months they have been reporting to us on some of those much-maligned questionnaires that the newspapers have given so much publicity. Without the information we got from these questionnaires, figuring out the first Official Table of Point Values would have been an almost impossible job.

In future Point Tables, including the new one, another important source of information will be used by the point setters: American housewives themselves.

In cooperation with the Census Bureau, we have set up a panel of 3000 housewives, representing a cross-section of homes all over the Nation. All incomes, occupations, sizes of family and regions are covered in this panel. The selected housewives have agreed to report twice a month and tell us what food they purchase, in what quantities and in what kind of containers. Their shopping habits will have an important bearing on all point values from now on.

There is a whole list of other factors that had to be considered before the initial point values could be set. Here are some of the other things that had to be considered:

Can the item be easily substituted with other rationed foods?

Can it be easily substituted with other unrationed foods?

Will consumers still be eager to buy it under point allowances? For example, consumers will probably do without cranberry sauce in cans before they give up canned peaches.

How many servings does the container yield?

Is it a good buy at the prevailing money price?

All these and some other economic factors had to be figured out before the first points could be set. For the OPA rationing people are very well aware that people change their shopping habits when they are on a strict allowance.

And that is really what point rationing is: An allowance of a fair share to every American civilian.

Whether you manage that allowance skillfully or whether you squander it might mean the difference between health and illness, victory and defeat. You have made a wonderful start under rationing of canned foods. Now that meat, cheese, fats and oils are being rationed, you must all be doubly careful to continue doing your part.

Doing your part means two big things:

1. Feed your family wisely on its fair shares.

2. Comply with the rationing and price regulations.

Remember, rationing is nothing more nor less than an instrument of a democratic peoples who wish to be sure that freedom and justice reign at home while they fight for it on battlefields all over the globe.

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WOMAN'S DAY WAR

Questions and Answers on Meat Rationing

What foods are to be rationed next?

All meats, canned fish, cheese, fats and oils.

When?

Monday, March 29th.

What do you mean by meat?

All fresh, smoked, frozen, cured and canned beef, veal, pork, lamb, mutton, including all variety meats such as liver, heart, kidney, brain, etc. and all sausages.

Will bones be rationed?

Yes.

What about dehydrated dog and cat foods with meat in them?

They will not be rationed.

How about cold cuts?

Cold cuts will be rationed.

Is poultry rationed?

No.

Is fish rationed?

Only canned fish. Frozen, dried, smoked and salt fish are not rationed.

What is meant by fats and oils?

Butter, lard, margarine, shortening, salad and cooking oils.

Are French dressing, salad dressing and peanut butter rationed?

No.

What cheese is rationed?

All cheese except perishable cheese such as cottage cheese, limburger, Liederkranz, Bleu and cheese spreads.

Do I get a new book for meat, fats, oils and cheese?

No. You use the red stamps in War Ration Book Two.

Which stamps will be good during the first ration period?

Red stamps A, B, C and D.

The rationing periods during the month of April will be one week. The stamps, however, do not have to be used during the week of issue, but will remain valid until the end of the month.

Stamp	Starting	Ending
A	March 29	April 30
B	April 4	April 30
C	April 11	April 30
D	April 18	April 30

How many points will be allowed each person?

16 points each week per person.

Will my baby and other children be allowed the same number of points as an adult?

Yes.

Can I use all 16 of the week's points for meat or all for cheese or fats if I choose?

Yes.

Will the point value of cheese, fats and oil be set according to weight in pounds?

Yes. Each store must put up an official table of point values which will show the point value per pound of each rationed food.

While the answers given here are correct as we go to press, March 8th, there is a possibility that new orders will be given, changing some of these answers. Listen to the radio and watch your newspapers.

Can I buy less than a pound?

Yes. You find the point value for less than pound quantities by referring to the table of Point Values for Ounces on the official Table of Point Values.

Can I get change in point stamps?

Yes, change will be made in one-point stamps.

If I have stamps, is that a guarantee that I can always find the exact food I want to buy? Not necessarily. The stamps are your guarantee of your opportunity to get your fair share of what's available.

Will higher priced meats, fats, oils and cheese have higher-point value?

Not necessarily. Points have nothing to do with price.

Can I buy in any store I like?

Yes.

Will cuts of meat be the same in all parts of the country?

Yes. Meat cuts are being standardized for both rationing and ceiling prices.

Will the point values be the same in all stores?

Yes.

Do I have to declare the meats, cheese, fats and oils I have on hand at home?

No.

I have a locker in a freezing plant. Do I have to declare the meats and fats I have stored there?

No.

In the future, if I raise live-stock and slaughter them myself for the use of my own family, do I have to give up points for the meat?

No.

My doctor says I have to eat more meat than I'm allowed. What can I do about it?

Apply to your local War Price and Rationing Board.

How do I get these rationed foods for my son in the armed forces when he is home on furlough?

If he is on furlough for 7 days or longer have him present his leave papers to his local War Price and Rationing Board for a Point Certificate.

If I am a vegetarian, can I use my red stamps for foods rationed with blue stamps?

No.

Can I still make my own butter without paying points for it?

Yes.

Will I have to give points to eat in restaurants?

No.

Can I get a ration book for my dog and cat?

No.

YOUR RATION CALENDAR

COFFEE: Stamp number 26 in War Ration Book One is good for one pound of coffee until April 26th.

SUGAR: Stamp number 12 in War Ration Book One is good for five pounds of sugar until April 30th.

CANNED AND OTHER PROCESSED FOODS: Blue stamps, D, E, and F in War Ration Book Two are good from March 25th through April 30th.

SHOES: Stamp number 17 in War Ration Book One is good for one pair of shoes until June 15th.

GASOLINE: Number Five Coupons in "A" book are good through May 21st.

TIRES: "A" drivers must have their first tire inspection completed by March 31st.

MEAT, CHEESE, FATS AND OILS:

Use red stamps A, B, C, D in War Ration Book Two.
 Red stamps A, good March 29th through April 30th.
 Red stamps B, good April 4th through April 30th.
 Red stamps C, good April 11th through April 30th.
 Red stamps D, good April 18th through April 30th.
 Red stamps E, good April 25th through May 31st.

FOOD BULLETIN

To enable you to figure out how many points you should pay for an item that does not weigh an exact pound, follow the chart below.

TABLE OF POINT VALUES FOR OUNCES

First, learn the number of ounces above the even pound weight. Then locate that figure in the left-hand column. Follow the horizontal line to the column headed with the point value per pound. The figure thus obtained will give you the point value for the odd ounces of your purchase. This figure must be added to the point values for each pound you buy. If your purchase is less than one pound—first find the point value per pound and use the ounce table only.

WEIGHT	POINT VALUES PER POUND														
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
1 ounce	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
2 "	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	2
3 "	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	3	3
4 "	0	1	1	1	1	2	2	2	2	3	3	3	3	4	4
5 "	0	1	1	1	2	2	2	3	3	3	3	4	4	4	5
6 "	0	1	1	2	2	2	3	3	3	4	4	5	5	5	6
7 "	0	1	1	2	2	3	3	4	4	4	5	5	6	6	7
8 "	1	1	2	2	3	3	4	4	5	5	6	6	7	7	8
9 "	1	1	2	2	3	3	4	5	5	6	6	7	7	8	8
10 "	1	1	2	3	3	4	4	5	6	6	7	8	8	9	9
11 "	1	1	2	3	3	4	5	6	6	7	8	8	9	10	10
12 "	1	2	2	3	4	5	5	6	7	8	8	9	10	11	11
13 "	1	2	2	3	4	5	6	7	7	8	9	10	11	11	12
14 "	1	2	3	4	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	11	12	13
15 "	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
16 "	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15

Cut this table out and put in War Ration Book Two

Example: In the event you are buying 5 ounces of an item having a value of 7 points, look down the ounce column until you come to 5 ounces and then follow that line across the page until you come to the column headed 7 points a pound. The figure 2 represents the point price that must be paid for 5 ounces of the product.

FOOD POINTERS

by ELMA VAN HORN, U. S. Food Distribution Administration

MORE FROM EACH POTATO

This is the beginning of the between-season low for potatoes—the time when the last of the old crop is coming out of storage and the new crop hasn't yet made a good start. In normal years, homemakers are hardly aware of low potato stocks, but they will be this year because of increased military and civilian demands upon our supply.

Everyone who cooks potatoes—Army and Navy, as well as homemakers—is asked to help conserve potato supplies by avoiding waste, through spoilage or improper preparation.

Peel if you must, but peel thin. Better still, boil potatoes in their jackets and remove the skin carefully to keep as much of that nutritive inner layer as possible. Mashing loses vitamin C and unused leftovers can add up to tremendous waste.

BEHIND THE COUNTER

Sauerkraut may be hiding its light in a keg behind the counter these days. Last fall more than 200 million pounds of a record cabbage crop went as kraut into old-fashioned wooden kegs instead of cans. If you don't see it, ask for it. If your grocer doesn't have it, there is still a supply in the hands

of packers. You can help save food by using up this bulk kraut before warm weather comes. And at no point cost.

NEW NUTRITION PROGRAM

In line with the changed wartime food picture, those in charge of the National Nutrition Program have set up a revised daily food guide. For good health, strength and morale, they urge every American to eat something each day from each of the following food groups:

- GROUP 1.—Green and yellow vegetables. Some raw—some cooked (frozen or canned).
- GROUP 2.—Oranges, tomatoes, grapefruit, raw cabbage or salad greens.
- GROUP 3.—Potatoes, other vegetables and fruits. Raw, dried, cooked, frozen or canned.
- GROUP 4.—Milk and milk products. Fluid, evaporated, dried milk or cheese.
- GROUP 5.—Meat, poultry, fish, eggs. Dried beans, peas, nuts, peanut butter.
- GROUP 6.—Bread, flour, cereals. Natural whole grain—enriched or restored.
- GROUP 7.—Butter and fortified margarine. (With vitamin A added.)



"No wonder I use Iodized Diamond Crystal PROTECTIVE SALT"

"VITAMINS are so important in today's nutrition news, we sometimes forget that our children need minerals too—such as iodine to help prevent simple goiter. That's why I season with Diamond Crystal Iodized Shaker Salt. It contains just the right amount of iodine."

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WOMAN'S DAY WAR

Use The Bonier Cuts of Meat

by GLENNA MCGINNIS and BETTY HUTT

They are low in point value and can be made into nourishing hearty main dishes. In addition many of them provide fine left-over broth and good fat for future use.

SHORT RIBS OF BEEF

A 5-pound piece of short ribs of beef will provide 4 servings of Swiss Steak and 4 servings of Boneless Pot Roast plus left-overs, as well as suet, fat drippings and bone for soup.

Buy a 4-rib section (about 5 pounds) of short ribs of beef in one piece with the ribs about six inches long. Cut with a sharp knife along bones and remove them; save for soup. Then remove excess suet (about 1 cup) to be ground to use as shortening in biscuits or pastry. Cut crosswise four 1/2-inch thick slices for Swiss Steak. Sprinkle the slices with 1/4 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper and pound with the back of a knife or a heavy plate. Try out a very small piece of suet in a skillet; brown steaks well on both sides. Add 1 1/2 cups of water, cover and simmer 2 hours, adding water as needed. Pour off and reserve excess fat, and make more gravy if desired.

Flatten the remaining portion of meat by pounding with the back of a knife or a plate; sprinkle with 1 1/2 teaspoons of salt and 1/8 teaspoon of pepper. Roll up and tie securely. Brown well on all sides in heavy kettle. Place meat on low rack. Add 1 cup of water and 1 chopped onion; simmer 3 hours or until tender, adding water as necessary. Pour off excess fat into a jar; there will be about 1/4 cup of fat. Thicken gravy with flour and water paste. Vegetables may be added to pot roast during last 1/2-hour of cooking.

The rib bones will make one quart of good broth for soup.

BOILED BEEF DINNER

Costs 57 cents (March 1943)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 1/2 pounds beef plate | 8 potatoes |
| 1 quart water | 4 carrots |
| 1 bay leaf | 1 small head cabbage, cut in eighths |
| 2 teaspoons salt | 4 small cooked beets, sliced |
| 1 tablespoon vinegar | |
| 8 small onions | |

Place meat, water, bay leaf and salt in large heavy kettle. Cover and simmer 1 1/2 hours. Add peeled onions; cook 15 minutes. Cut scrubbed, unpeeled potatoes and carrots in halves and add. Cook 15 minutes. Add wedges of cabbage; cook 15 minutes longer. Cut meat in 4 serving-size pieces. Arrange with vegetables on hot platter, using beet slices around edge for color. The broth will make a base for soup.

OXTAIL RAGOUT

Costs 24 cents (March 1943)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 oxtail | 1/8 teaspoon pepper |
| 1 tablespoon fat drippings | 2 teaspoons salt |
| 4 onions, sliced | 3 tomatoes, cubed |
| 1 bay leaf | 3 cups water |
| 1/4 cup minced celery leaves | 4 carrots, sliced |
| | 4 potatoes, diced |

Have oxtail cut in pieces at the joints.

Brown in hot drippings in heavy kettle. Add onions; continue browning 5 minutes. Add bay leaf, celery leaves, pepper, salt, tomatoes and water. Cover and simmer until tender, about 3 hours. Add carrots and potatoes, adding more water if necessary. Continue cooking until tender.

MAIN DISH BEEF AND BARLEY SOUP

Costs 77 cents (March 1943)

Serves 8 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 2/3 cup barley | 1 cup chopped celery leaves |
| 5 quarts water | 4 teaspoons salt |
| 2 pounds beef shank | 1/4 teaspoon pepper |
| 1 clove garlic, minced | 8 carrots, diced |
| 2 large onions, chopped | 6 potatoes, diced |
| | 1/2 cup chopped parsley |

Soak barley in 2 1/2 quarts water for 1/2 hour in large soup kettle. Add meat, garlic, onion, celery leaves, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer 2 hours. Remove bone, and cut meat into small pieces; return meat to soup. Add carrots and potato. Simmer 45 minutes, adding more water if necessary. Add more salt if desired. Serve this thick soup in large, heated bowls with a tablespoon of parsley in each.

SPICY BRAISED BEEF PLATE WITH NOODLES

Costs 24 cents (March 1943)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 1/2 pounds beef plate | 2 whole cloves |
| 1/4 cup flour | 2 cups water |
| 1 1/2 teaspoons salt | 2 tablespoons lemon juice |
| 1/8 teaspoon pepper | 1 5-ounce package noodles, cooked |
| 1 tablespoon ginger | |

Have meat cut in 8 pieces. Mix together the flour, salt, pepper and ginger, and thoroughly coat each piece of meat in mixture. Brown meat slowly on all sides in heavy skillet using only the fat which cooks out; when brown, pour off all fat and save. (There will be about 1/4 cup fat.) Add ginger, cloves and water. Cover and simmer 2 1/4 hours. Add lemon juice. Serve gravy and meat on hot noodles.

ROAST STUFFED BREAST OF VEAL

Costs 83 cents (March 1943)

Serves 8 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 4 pounds veal breast | 1/2 teaspoon sage |
| 3 tablespoons drippings | 2 sprigs parsley, minced |
| 1 onion, minced | 1 quart soft bread crumbs |
| 3 tablespoons salt | 2 tablespoons flour |
| 1/8 teaspoon pepper | |

Have large pocket cut in veal. Heat drippings; add onion, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper and sage. Cook 2 minutes. Add parsley and mix with crumbs. Place stuffing lightly in pocket. Skewer or sew up opening. Sprinkle veal on both sides with flour and 2 teaspoons salt. Place on rack in shallow roasting pan. Bake in slow oven, 300° F., for 3 hours. Four large servings can be cut from the stuffed end of the roast and the other

FOOD BULLETIN

end can be sliced cold or reheated for 4 large servings. Or, the unstuffed part can be cut in pieces and made to serve 6 or 8 if used with lots of vegetables in making such dishes as Pot Pie, Shepherd's Pie etc. There will be about 3 tablespoons fat; left-over bones are usable for soup making.

BARBECUED BREAST OF LAMB

*Costs 39 cents (March 1943)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen*

1½ pounds lamb breast	¼ teaspoon pepper
1 onion, chopped	3 tablespoons vinegar
1 clove garlic minced	1 tablespoon Worcestershire
1 teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons tomato paste
1 teaspoon chili powder	¾ cup water
	4 large potatoes

Cut lamb into 8 pieces. Brown slowly in heavy skillet. Remove meat from fat. (Save fat for future use; there will be about ¼ cup.) Place meat in 2-quart casserole. Combine all remaining ingredients except potatoes and pour over meat. Cover and bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 1 hour. Cut scrubbed, unpeeled potatoes in quarters and put on top of meat. Cover and bake 30 minutes. Uncover and bake 15 minutes longer.

BROWN LAMB STEW WITH VEGETABLES

*Costs 57 cents (March 1943)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen*

1½ pounds lamb neck	8 small onions
3 tablespoons flour	8 small carrots
1 quart water	8 small potatoes
2 teaspoons salt	1 cup diced turnip
½ teaspoon pepper	¼ cup chopped parsley

Have meat cut into 8 pieces. Brown slowly on all sides in heavy kettle. Remove meat; pour off all except 1 tablespoon fat. (There will be about ¼ cup fat.) Add flour to remaining fat in kettle and stir until brown. Add water slowly, stirring constantly. Add salt and pepper. Cover; simmer 1 hour; add peeled onions and cook ½ hour. Add scrubbed unpeeled carrots, potatoes and turnip cubes. Simmer 45 minutes. If stew is allowed to cool the fat can be removed from the top before it is reheated. Sprinkle parsley over stew just before serving.

PORK TAILS WITH GREENS

*Costs 25 cents (March 1943)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen*

1 pound pork tails	1 onion, chopped
1 quart water	2 pounds collard, turnip or mustard greens
2 teaspoons salt	
½ teaspoon pepper	

Have pork tails cut into pieces about 1 inch long. Put in large kettle with water, salt, pepper and onion. Cover and simmer for 1 hour. Add coarsely chopped greens and cook ½ hour or until greens are tender.

SPARERIB CRISPS WITH BROWN RICE AND GRAVY

*Costs 51 cents (March 1943)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen*

1 side spareribs (about 2 pounds)	2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt	1½ cups water
½ teaspoon pepper	3 cups cooked brown rice

Remove meat from bones using a sharp knife. Cut meat into uniform pieces. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Cook slowly in hot skillet about 30 minutes or until brown

and crisp. Remove meat to absorbent paper. Pour off all except 2 tablespoons fat and save (there'll be about ½ cup in all). Stir flour into remaining fat and brown. Add water. Simmer until slightly thickened. Season with salt and pepper. Serve with meat on rice. The bones can be simmered in seasoned water to make 1 quart of good soup stock. Some of this stock can be used in place of water in gravy.

PORK WITH CORN MEAL DUMPLINGS

*Costs 56 cents (March 1943)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen*

2 pounds pork neckbones	½ teaspoon pepper
1 quart boiling water	4 carrots
1 onion, chopped	4 potatoes
1 bay leaf	¾ pound green beans, diced
2 teaspoons salt	Dumpling batter

Cover neckbones with boiling water. Add onion, bay leaf, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer 1 hour. Remove meat from bones and return meat to broth. Add scrubbed, unpeeled carrots and potatoes, cut in 1-inch pieces. Simmer 20 minutes; add beans, cook 5 minutes. Drop dumpling batter by teaspoonfuls into simmering meat and vegetables. Cover; cook 20 minutes. Serve at once.

CORN MEAL DUMPLING BATTER

1 cup corn meal	¾ teaspoon salt
1 cup sifted flour	1 tablespoon fat
1 teaspoon baking powder	drippings
½ teaspoon soda	1 egg, grade B
	1 cup buttermilk

Sift dry ingredients together into a bowl; work in drippings with fork. Combine well-beaten egg and buttermilk. Add to dry ingredients, mixing only enough to moisten.

PEPPER POT SOUP

*Costs 20 cents (March 1943)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen*

Bones (about 1 pound) from beef or veal	2 carrots, diced
¼ pound tripe, cubed	¼ cup diced celery
½ bay leaf	½ green pepper, diced
1½ teaspoons salt	2 tablespoons fat
⅛ teaspoon pepper	drippings
3 onions, diced	Dash of cayenne
2 potatoes, diced	2 tablespoons minced parsley

Make broth by simmering bones and tripe for 2 hours in 1½ quarts of water with bay leaf, salt, pepper and 1 onion. Cook remaining onions, potatoes, carrots and celery in drippings until clear but not browned. Remove bones from broth, add vegetable mixture, green pepper and cayenne. Add more salt and pepper if desired. Simmer for 30 minutes; add parsley.

ROAST SPARERIBS WITH BREAD STUFFING

*Costs 52 cents (March 1943)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen*

1 side of spareribs (about 2 pounds)	1 clove garlic, minced
1½ teaspoons salt	1½ quarts seasoned dry bread stuffing
½ teaspoon pepper	

Rub spareribs with salt and pepper. Sprinkle with garlic, place in shallow roasting pan. Bake in moderate oven, 325° F., for 1 hour. Lift ribs out and pour off the fat (about ½ cup) and save. Spread stuffing on bottom of pan. Place ribs on top. Return to oven for 30 minutes.

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To a pail of luke-warm water, add a teaspoonful or two of Oakite. Wring out cleaning cloth in this gentle solution and go over all painted surfaces...walls, wood-work and window sills. Oakite dissolves the grease... washes dirt away... no tiresome scrubbing.

SCREENS:

Make Oakite solution, as above. Dust screens with cloth. Take brush or broom and wash screens... then rinse with garden hose. Allow to dry before putting them up.



TILE AND PORCELAIN:

Make Oakite solution as above, and with cleaning cloth wipe all tile and porcelain in bath room, including bath tub...also kitchen sinks. Oakite being free of grit and non-abrasive, is kind to fine surfaces and gentle to hands.



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WOMAN'S DAY WAR

**New lunch-box ideas
made from foods
now most available**



Easy-made Raisin-Nut Bread

1 cup Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins
2½ cups sifted flour
3 tsps. baking powder
½ cup sugar
1½ cups milk
2 tsps. melted shortening
1 tsp. salt
1 egg, beaten
1 cup chopped nuts

Cover raisins with warm water; drain. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and sugar in bowl three times. Add egg, milk, shortening and beat until smooth. Stir in raisins and nuts. Bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven (350°) about 1¼ hours. This delicious Sun-Maid Raisin-Nut Bread adds extra nutriment to the lunch-box . . . the 1 cup of Sun-Maids alone is equal, in calories, to 5½ eggs or ½ lb. of roast beef.



4 New Sandwich Fillings

- Blend ¼ cup chopped Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins with ½ cup grated cheese, 2 tsps. finely chopped onion, and 2 tsps. pickle relish. Spread between buttered slices of bread. Toast on both sides.
- Mix shredded raw carrots, quick-energy Sun-Maids and mayonnaise. Add dash of tabasco sauce for variety.
- Combine ½ cup peanut butter with 2 tsps. mayonnaise or honey, ¼ cup chopped Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins.
- Chop Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins and nut meats together; moisten with mayonnaise, honey or orange marmalade.

LUNCH-BOX DESSERT SURPRISES

For an energy-giving dessert, put in a lunch-box size package of Sun-Maids or a Sun-Maid Penny-Pack. Better yet, put in two boxes and eat the second one when you need a mid-afternoon lift.

Tasty Sun-Maid Raisin Oatmeal cookies and an apple make another swell combination. (Write for Raisin-Oatmeal cookie recipe.)

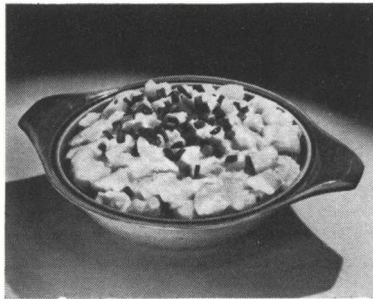


FREE RECIPES!

Send for free recipe folder, "Easy-Made Sun-Maid Raisin Recipes." Just write to Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association, 2844 Hamilton St., Fresno, Calif.

Lenten Dishes

**These prize-winning recipes from our readers
may be used for meatless lunches or suppers**



HOT POTATO CHEESE SALAD

Costs 35 cents (March 1943)
Serves 6-8 Woman's Day Kitchen

2 teaspoons dry mustard	1 egg, grade B, beaten
2 teaspoons salt	½ cup mild vinegar
4 teaspoons sugar	1 cup grated cheese
2 tablespoons flour	2 quarts hot, cubed, cooked potatoes
¼ teaspoon paprika	¼ cup chopped celery
2 cups milk	

Combine mustard, salt, sugar, flour and paprika. Add milk and beaten egg; mix well. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Remove from heat and slowly add vinegar and cheese, stirring until cheese is melted. Mix sauce lightly with hot potatoes; add celery and serve. Left-over salad may be thinned with a little milk and served cold. May be packed in glass jars or waxed paper cups for lunch boxes. Mrs. Wesley N. Manchester, Havre de Grace, Md.



CORN MEAL AND EGG CRISPS

Costs 20 cents (March 1943)
Serves 8 Woman's Day Kitchen

5 cups water	Dash cayenne
1 cup yellow corn meal	1 small onion, grated
1 tablespoon fat drippings	4 hard-cooked eggs, grade B, chopped
2 teaspoons salt	2 cups corn flakes
½ teaspoon pepper	3 tablespoons cooking oil

Bring water to boil in heavy saucepan. Add corn meal slowly and stir until thickened. Cook over very low heat for 15 minutes.

Add drippings, seasonings, onion and eggs. Pour into a 9-inch square pan which has been rinsed with water. Chill several hours or overnight. Cut into 1-inch cubes with sharp knife. Crush corn flakes lightly. Roll each cube in corn flakes until completely coated. Heat oil in large skillet. Fry cubes until brown on all sides. Remove to absorbent paper to drain before serving. Serve with creamed fresh vegetables. Half this recipe will serve 4. If remaining half is covered with wax paper and stored in the refrigerator it will keep several days and may be used for another meal. Mrs. Kay Matthews, Seattle, Wash.



LENTIL PATTIES WITH ONION SAUCE

Costs 16 cents (March 1943)
Serves 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

1 cup dried lentils	½ teaspoon sage
3 cups water	1 egg, grade B, beaten
1½ teaspoons salt	1 cup thin white sauce
Dash of pepper	1 cup chopped boiled onions
2 tablespoons margarine	
¼ cup rich milk	

Wash lentils, soak overnight in water. Do not drain. Add salt and simmer until lentils are tender and water has evaporated. Mash and add pepper, margarine, milk, sage and egg. Place mixture in 6 greased custard cups; bake in moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes. Unmold onto platter. Combine white sauce and onions; bring to boil and pour over lentil patties. White sauce may be made with equal parts evaporated milk and onion cooking water. Mrs. G. G. Zache, Milwaukee, Wis.

RUTABAGA AND RICE CASSEOLE

Costs 10 cents (March 1943)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

1½ cups cooked mashed rutabaga	1 teaspoon salt
1 cup cooked brown rice	1 teaspoon sugar
1 small onion, grated	⅛ teaspoon pepper
	1 egg, grade B, beaten
	¾ cup milk

Combine rutabaga, rice, onion, salt, sugar and pepper. Spoon lightly into greased 1½-quart casserole. Combine egg and milk. Pour over the vegetable mixture. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., about 25 minutes or until well-browned.

Mrs. Luther A. Newton, Twinsburg, Ohio

More prize-winning recipes for Lenten Dishes are on pages 46, 47 and 49

FOOD BULLETIN

Cottage Cheese Recipes

WHILE cottage cheese will not be rationed the supply is not plentiful. It is a good plan to buy it when available. It is delicious slightly sweetened, served with fresh berries or a spoonful of preserves for dessert. Or it may be used as the basis for an impressive-looking salad dessert. It makes an excellent cheese cake, is good, too, in a baked crumb custard.

COTTAGE CHEESE CUSTARD

Costs 22 cents (March 1943)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

1/2 cup dry bread crumbs	2 eggs, grade B
1/2 cup sugar	1/2 cup evaporated milk diluted with 1/2 cup water
1/4 teaspoon salt	1 cup cottage cheese
1/8 teaspoon mace	
Grated rind of 1/2 lemon	

Combine dry ingredients, add grated rind. Mix slightly beaten egg yolks, milk, water and cottage cheese, add to dry ingredients, mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into greased casserole, set in pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven, 375° F., for 45 minutes. Serve warm with top milk or sugared crushed berries.

COTTAGE CHEESE RING WITH STRAWBERRIES

Costs 47 cents (March 1943)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

1 envelope plain gelatin	1 tablespoon sugar
3/8 cup cold water	3/8 cup undiluted evaporated milk
1 1/2 cups cottage cheese	1 pint strawberries
1/2 teaspoon salt	1/4 cup sugar

Soften gelatin in cold water and dissolve over hot water. Mash cheese fine; add salt, 1 tablespoon sugar and milk. Turn into oiled ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold and fill center with sugared berries.

CHEESE CAKE

Costs 25 cents (March 1943)
Serves 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

1 cup cottage cheese	1 tablespoon flour
1/2 cup undiluted evaporated milk	1/8 teaspoon salt
2 eggs, grade B	Grated rind 1 orange
1/2 cup sugar	1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
	Pastry

Force cheese through fine sieve; blend with milk. Add combined sugar, flour, salt, grated rind and nutmeg to well-beaten yolks; stir into cheese. Fold in egg whites beaten until stiff but not dry. Turn into unbaked pastry shell; bake in very hot oven, 450° F., for 10 minutes; reduce heat to moderate, 350° F., and bake 20 minutes more.

SAVORY POT CHEESE

Costs 12 cents (March 1943)
Makes 1 cup Woman's Day Kitchen

1 cup pot cheese	1 teaspoon caraway seeds
1 tablespoon cooking oil	1 teaspoon chopped chives or spring onion tops
1/2 teaspoon salt	
Few grains cayenne pepper	

Mash cheese and oil together. Add remaining ingredients, mix well. Keep in refrigerator an hour or two before using. Good for sandwiches or salads.

COTTAGE CHEESE AND GREEN PEPPER SALAD

Costs 24 cents (March 1943)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

2 green onions	1 cup cottage cheese
2 sprigs parsley	2 green peppers
1/2 teaspoon paprika	Salad greens
1/4 teaspoon salt	

Chop onions and green tops; add parsley, seasonings and cottage cheese; mix well. Remove stem ends of pepper, discard seeds. Fill peppers with cheese mixture. Put peppers in custard cups and chill in refrigerator. Slice and serve on salad greens.

COTTAGE CHEESE AND TOMATO SALAD WITH CUCUMBER CUPS

Cut a cucumber into 1/2 or 2-inch lengths. Allow 1 piece for each serving. Scoop out the center portion of each length of cucumber, leaving walls and bottom of 1/4-inch thickness to form a cup; fill with salad dressing. Chop center portion of cucumber and add to cottage cheese; season with chopped chives or scallions or minced onion, salt and pepper, and a little sugar if desired. Arrange on lettuce leaves with sections of tomatoes. Place a cucumber cup on each serving.

COTTAGE CHEESE BREAD PUDDING

Costs 25 cents (March 1943)
Serves 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

2 slices soft bread	1/4 teaspoon soda
2 eggs, grade B	1/2 cup seeded raisins
1 cup milk	1/2 teaspoon allspice or cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon salt	1/4 teaspoon mace or nutmeg
1/2 cup sugar	1/4 teaspoon cloves
1 cup moist cottage cheese	

Cut bread into cubes and place in greased baking dish. Blend with beaten egg yolks, milk, salt, sugar, and cheese to which soda has been added. Add raisins, spices and lastly, stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour this mixture over bread and set dish in pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven, 375° F., for 40 to 45 minutes or until set.

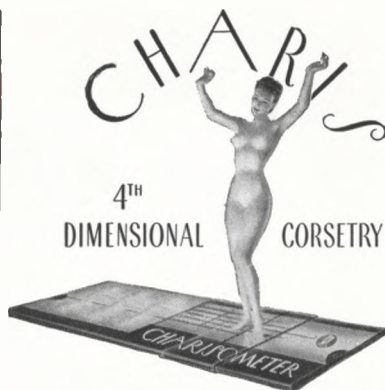
Here are a few suggestions for using cottage cheese in sandwiches and in salads.

For Cottage Cheese Sandwiches

1. Combine with crisp, chopped salted nuts.
2. Add chopped olives.
3. Add scraps of chopped meat.
4. Use with preserves, jelly, figs, candied fruits.
5. Mix with chopped green pepper and pimiento.
6. Use with sliced tomato and thin rings of onions.
7. Add chopped unsalted peanuts.

For Cottage Cheese Salads

1. Season highly, and stuff tomatoes or green peppers.
2. Serve with sliced tomatoes and cucumbers.
3. Garnish vegetable salads.
4. Add chopped raw carrot, pepper and cabbage and serve with French dressing.
5. Mix with equal part of French dressing and use to dress salad greens.
6. Stuff avocado, apple rings or pear halves.
7. Serve with sliced apple and orange.
8. Season with curry powder and salt; shape into balls; use to garnish green salad.



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Use Oatmeal in Cooking and Baking

by GERTRUDE BUCHHOLZ

OATMEAL makes a satisfying, stick-to-the-ribs breakfast dish. But now we'll be using it in other meals to stretch some of the scarcer foods and to add flavor and food value to others. For oatmeal, a whole-grain cereal, is a very good source of vitamin B₁, or thiamin, and thiamin is one of the essential food elements for good health. These recipes will give you some suggestions for using oatmeal in your cooking to improve wartime meals.



OAT FISH CAKES

Costs 40 cents (March 1943)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 2½ cups water | 2 cups cooked fish |
| 1 teaspoon salt | ¼ cup milk or fish liquor |
| 1½ cups uncooked oatmeal | ½ cup yellow corn meal |
| ¼ teaspoon black pepper | Fat for frying |

Bring water to a boil in heavy saucepan. Add salt and oatmeal. Cook slowly, stirring often. When oatmeal is very stiff remove from heat. Cool and add pepper and fish. Stir with a fork until well mixed. Add milk or fish liquor. Shape into 8 large or 16 small cakes. Dip in corn meal and let stand for 10 or 15 minutes. Fry in shallow hot fat until brown on both sides. Two cups of left-over cooked oatmeal can be used if liquid is omitted.

QUICK RAISED OATMEAL BUNS

Costs 14 cents (March 1943)
Makes 1½ dozen Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|------------------------|--|
| ¾ cup uncooked oatmeal | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 1 tablespoon margarine | 1¼ cups scalded milk |
| 3 tablespoons molasses | 1 cake yeast or 1 package granular yeast |
| | 2 cups flour |

Place oatmeal, margarine, molasses and salt in mixing bowl. Pour in the scalded milk and cool to lukewarm. Crumble in the yeast cake or add dry yeast which has been softened in ¼ cup lukewarm water. Beat well; add flour and mix thoroughly. Spoon batter into greased muffin cups. Let rise in warm place until double in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375° F., about 20 minutes.

OATMEAL COOKIES

Costs 21 cents (March 1943)
5 to 6 dozen Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1½ cups dark brown sugar | 1½ cups sifted flour |
| ¾ cup melted lard | ½ teaspoon salt |
| 6 tablespoons sour milk or buttermilk | ¾ teaspoon soda |
| ¾ teaspoon vanilla | 3 cups uncooked oatmeal |

Combine ingredients in order given, mixing thoroughly. Shape into small balls about 1 inch in diameter and place on greased cookie sheets. Flatten each cookie by pressing with the bottom of a glass which has been dipped in cold water. Bake in moderate oven, 375° F., for 10 to 12 minutes.

FRIED BREAKFAST OATMEAL

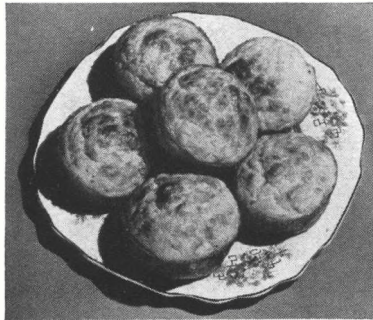
Pack left-over oatmeal porridge into a small well-greased loaf pan. Cover with wax paper and chill overnight. Cut in slices, dip in beaten egg, then in flour, and pan-fry in hot fat on both sides until well-browned. Serve hot, with syrup. If desired, a little ground, left-over meat or sausage can be added to the oatmeal before chilling.

PENNYWISE OATMEAL MUFFINS

Costs 8 cents (March 1943)
6 muffins Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 cup uncooked oatmeal | 3 tablespoons sugar |
| 1 cup sifted flour | 2 tablespoons fat |
| 2½ teaspoons baking powder | ½ cup evaporated milk and ½ cup water |
| 1 teaspoon salt | |

Mix dry ingredients thoroughly. Add milk all at once; mix lightly. Add melted and cooled fat. Pour into greased muffin tins. Bake in hot oven, 400° F., for 25 minutes. Serve hot. Miss F. Zwiirn, New Orleans, La.

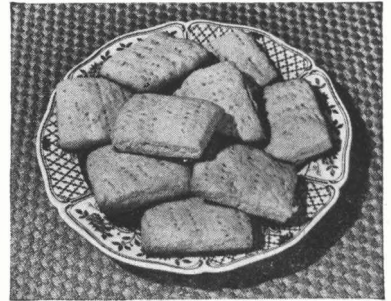


OATMEAL MUFFINS

Costs 15 cents (March 1943)
12 large muffins Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 cup left-over cooked oatmeal | 1 cup milk |
| 2 tablespoons honey | 1 egg, grade B |
| 2 tablespoons melted fat | 2 cups sifted flour |
| | ½ teaspoon salt |
| | 3 teaspoons baking powder |

Combine oatmeal, honey, shortening and milk with well-beaten egg; pour into sifted dry ingredients. Mix quickly until moistened but not smooth, about 20 seconds. Turn into hot greased muffin pans. Bake until brown, about 20 to 25 minutes, in hot oven, 400° F.



OATMEAL SQUARES

Costs 16 cents (March 1943)
2 dozen squares Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| 2 cups uncooked oatmeal | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 2½ cups sifted flour | ½ cup shortening |
| 2½ teaspoons baking powder | ½ cup sugar |
| | 1 egg, grade B |
| | About ½ cup cold water |

Rub oatmeal through hands until partly broken up. Combine with flour, baking powder and salt. Cream shortening and sugar together. Add egg, beat thoroughly. Combine two mixtures. Add enough cold water to make pie crust consistency. Roll to ⅓-inch thickness on floured board. Cut into 2½-inch squares. Place on cookie sheet. Prick with fork. Bake in very hot oven, 450° F., about 12 minutes or until light brown. Serve hot.

Mrs. Leon Bridges, Ellsworth, Maine.

OATMEAL BREAD

Costs 22 cents (March 1943)
2 loaves Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------|
| 1 cup uncooked oatmeal | ½ cup molasses |
| 2 cups milk | 2 teaspoons salt |
| 1 yeast cake softened in ½ cup warm water | 1 tablespoon melted shortening |
| | 4½ cups sifted flour |

Pour hot milk over oatmeal and let stand until lukewarm. Add yeast, molasses, salt, shortening and half the flour; beat well. Stir in remaining flour; cover and allow to rise in warm place. When light, pour into greased bread pans about 9 x 5 x 3 inches; let rise again. Bake in hot oven, 425° F., for 15 minutes; reduce heat to moderate, 350° F., and continue baking for 35 minutes.

HAMBURGER OATMEAL LOAF

Costs 40 cents (March 1943)
Serves 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| 1 cup vegetable cooking water | 1 small onion, minced |
| 1 cup uncooked oatmeal | 1 tablespoon minced celery leaves or parsley |
| 1 pound hamburger | 1 tablespoon minced green pepper |
| ½ teaspoon sage | 1 egg, grade B |
| 2 teaspoons salt | |
| ¼ teaspoon pepper | |

Heat vegetable water quickly; pour over oatmeal and let stand until cold. Add remaining ingredients; mix thoroughly. Shape into loaf. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., for 1½ hours, basting occasionally with the juices from the pan. Let stand in a warm place for 15 to 20 minutes before serving.



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57
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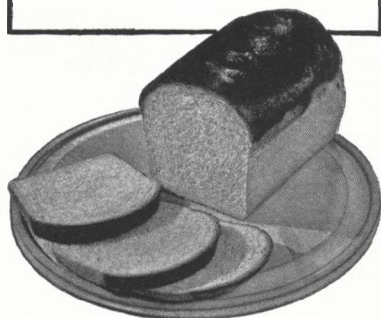
1. Vegetable Soup with Cereals and Yeast Concentrate. 2. Beef and Liver Soup. 3. Tomato Soup. 4. Mixed Greens. 5. Spinach. 6. Peas. 7. Beets. 8. Green Beans. 9. Carrots. 10. Asparagus. 11. Mixed Cereal. 12. Prunes with Lemon Juice. 13. Pears and Pineapple. 14. Apricots and Apple Sauce. 15. Apple Sauce. 16. Beef Broth with Beef and Barley. 17. Vegetables and Lamb.

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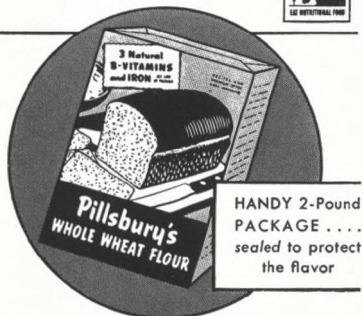
One way to keep wartime meals **nourishing** is to serve bread and other appetizing baked foods made with **whole wheat flour**—one of the foods emphasized in the Government's nutrition program. Whole wheat flour contains all the natural vitamins and minerals of the wheat, including **three B-vitamins** and iron.

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THE HOLLYWOOD PICTURE

by *Abner Stuart*

NOTE: Pictures receive a rating of: **TOPS** (exceptional and outstanding); **OKAY** (better than average); **SO-SO** (so-so); and **NO** (better stay at home and listen to the radio).



AIR FORCE. Warner Bros. John Garfield, Harry Carey, George Tobias.

TOPS The heroine of this picture is named Mary Ann and she is not played by any Hollywood actress you ever heard of. As a matter of fact she is not played by any actress. She is a Flying Fortress. "Air Force" is the story of an airplane just as Noel Coward's "In Which We Serve" is the story of a British destroyer, except that in the American picture we are not concerned with the personal lives of the crew. There is no time in "Air Force" to follow anything but the life of the ship itself as it proceeds on its perilous mission from California to Hawaii to Wake Island to Manila and, finally, to Australia. There are no stars in this great picture. Every member of the crew is outstanding. Every battle scene is outstanding. The air shots are outstanding. From which you may gather that this is an outstanding picture. It is. Together with "Wake Island," "In Which We Serve," * and "Mrs. Miniver" it makes up the Big Four of the current season. Howard Hawks and Warner Brothers are to be congratulated on a terrific picture. Not only is it wonderful entertainment but, for a world suddenly gone airminded, it gives the average citizen a picture of this war that no written description could convey.

SPECIAL PAT: All performances stand out, but an extra word for the portrayal of the part of Corporal Weinberg by George Tobias should be given. **WHY, OH WHY:** Was it necessary to make John Garfield

a "bad boy" who becomes a fighting mad patriot? This character has been seen in most run-of-the-mill aviation pictures and is old hat by now.

* I have seen "In Which We Serve" twice since the original review in which I gave it an "Okay" instead of a "Tops." I take it back. It deserves a "Tops."

THE POWERS GIRL. United Artists. George Murphy, Anne Shirley, Carole Landis, Dennis Day.

SO-SO If you like Benny Goodman or Dennis Day or any of the folk named above, or if you're fed up with staying home, you might go to see this and get it out of your system. But I'm not going to be the one to push you out of your easy chair. This picture is supposed to be about the creation of one of those ravishing models you read so much about, but, no kidding, I think that Wortle girl who used to live next door, the one with the freckled nose, could give any one of them a run for their money. Even though they are billed as "The Powers Long-Stemmed Beauties." As much as I like George Murphy, I couldn't whip up any enthusiasm for him in his part, that of a "fast-thinking, fast-talking cameraman." Dennis Day is pretty good, but he could be lots better. The scenes which could have been interesting, where they show how a model is trained, whisk by like the 8:05 bus you always miss. And what I know about hair-do's could be stuffed into a midget's snood, but I still think that Carole Landis's coiffure when she appears as the piece de resistance in the big scene is what a bird's nest looks like before the mama and papa bird have decided whether it is going to be a bungalow or a three-story walk-up. Sorry!

THE PLOT: Little Girl comes to the Big City and meets Boy and suspects that



Sister is taking Boy away from her, but in the End they all Understand and they get Married. **MAYBE:** The Powers Girls are libeled. I never met one personally.

[Continued on Page 65]

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EDITORS

CORA ANTHONY DOROTHY BLAKE BETTY FINNIN
 MURIEL RIPPERGER MABEL HILL SOUVAINE

KIRK WILKINSON, Art Director

Associate and Contributing Editors: Gladys Huntington Bevans, Gertrude Buchholz, Carolyn Feiler, Raymond Knight, Marguerite Kohl, Glenna McGinnis, Elizabeth M. Roth, Louise Sloane

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WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE WAR



—building
the Builders
of Victory

WHEN Victory comes, it will not be the result of great battles alone. It will be a Victory that began months or even years before . . . on farms, in food plants and in your own kitchen.

This war can only be won by a *United States*. The unsung heroes of the home front, backing up the men over there, must have good health to do good work. Your daily meal-time tasks may seem unimportant. But when you serve foods that build strength and endurance and courage, you're helping to build Victory!

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Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Quality Foods, Inc. Milton, Pa.

Serving the Armed Forces and the Home Forces



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GOOD FOOD BUILDS

THE BUILDERS OF VICTORY

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Save Sugar... Save Work!**



**New Wartime
Topping for Luscious
DROMEDARY
GINGERBREAD**

**FLUFFY ORANGE
CREAM CHEESE:**
Add 1 tablespoon milk (or cream)
and 1 tablespoon orange juice to
3 oz. package of cream cheese. Beat
until fluffy. Fold in 1/2 tsp. grated
orange rind, and spread on top of
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**NO MIX
COMPARES WITH
DROMEDARY**



SIXTH YEAR
SEVENTH ISSUE

WOMAN

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

Living Under Rationing. As you read this issue, the point rationing system of buying food will, presumably, have been in effect since the beginning of the month. Inevitably, because of its newness, there will have come to light inconveniences and difficulties. No limitation is easy to take but the rationing of food by points has been adopted because it is the easiest for the consumer as well as the dealer and the Administration, and because, what is most important, it is the fairest system. The difficulties it presents to any one group of us are matched by those it presents to another. It may make it less irritating and more convenient to take if we remember the magnitude of the feeding problem and the immensity of the operation required to divide what we have equally. Pitching in under the best system as yet devised will help this operation a great deal.

A Credit Line. Last year, in June to be exact, we ran an article, entitled "Junior, Get Your Hoe," by Don Wharton. It would, we hoped, stimulate and interest young people of high school age to take farm jobs if they could. This year the crisis has heightened; the shortage of manpower has greatly increased; the demand and need for food has become greater. What happens, among other things, is that as you increase the armed forces you do so by drawing men off the farms, as well as from industry. At the same time the body of men who must be fed by the Government is larger, and the body of men left to produce the needs of a larger body is smaller. Therefore help must come from another source. A large part of it has already come from boys and girls who have spent their vacations helping the farmers get in their crops. We feel sure that you will admire their sense of responsibility toward the national situation as much as we do, when you read their letters on pages 22 and 23. Much credit for what relief there was last year must go to them.

And while we're giving credit, we'd like to give credit to the work of the Department of Agriculture, the Volunteer Land Corps and the Girl Reserve Staff of the Y. W. C. A. for all their help to us in getting together these letters.

We Get Around. At the left is our fiction editor, Betty Finnin, with



Dorothy Thomas and Betty Finnin

Dorothy Thomas, author of "Strawberry Time" (pages 20-21). It was taken while Miss Finnin was visiting Dorothy Thomas in New Mexico. Dorothy's adobe house in Espanola is known as "The Home Place" after her collection of short stories published some time ago. You can't say we don't travel around to see our writers, although we suspect that this looks more like pleasure than business. It just happened that one of our favorite authors lives so near the Grand Canyon.

Please Excuse the Typos. You will see in our new food section occasional typographical errors and you'll just have to excuse them. We have to write, type, and have that section printed terribly fast, and mistakes do get by us, in the interests of speed. We know they're there and we try to avoid them each time, but because of the pressure we're not always as successful as we might be.

We Decorate for the Navy. On pages 24 through 27, the WOMAN'S DAY Decorating Department furnishes a Coast Guardsman's house. Mr and Mrs. Harold DeYoung have been living on a farm in Messina, New York, where they raised and put up all their own fruits and vegetables. When the second World War broke out, Mr. DeYoung re-enlisted and they and their daughter, Josephine, aged thirteen, moved to the new development on Staten Island for war workers and service men and their families.

'S DAY

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

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

HEBREWS 11:1

Having your house done over by us has one drawback—we have to move most of the furniture to our workshop in order to fix it. So the DeYongs have lived with one card table, four chairs, a bed for themselves and a mattress and spring on the floor for Jo. But it's all fixed now and the whole family and Smudgy Constitution are ensconced in their newly decorated house.



Mrs. DeYoung with Josephine

Smudgy Constitution, we'd better explain, is the cat. He comes from an old Navy family and will live only with the Navy. All members of his family are named "Something" Constitution because their ancestor was the ship's cat on the U. S. Frigate Constitution.

We Miss Mrs. Bevans Too. For the first time in 59 months WOMAN'S DAY has had to go to press without its regular article on children by Gladys Huntington Bevans. Owing to circumstances due to the war, it was impossible for Mrs. Bevans to work on it this month. We certainly closed this issue with a hollow feeling of having left out one of the most vital parts of it. But she'll be back again next month.

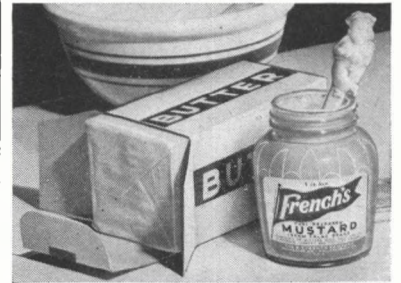
"How Will I Face the War?" "The Holy Basket" is Peter Mankowski's first story. Mr. Mankowski was born in Minneapolis on Washington's birthday—which was a special point of pride to his Polish parents. He lives in Minneapolis with his wife and two children and teaches English and creative writing at Edison High where he himself once was a student. The story on pages 16-17 grew out of a question with which he confronted himself: "When it is your turn, how will you go into this war to kill, as kill you must?" "The Holy Basket" is the answer.

Delinquency is Our Responsibility. Juvenile delinquency is not a problem new to the nation; it is not a problem which arises solely out of the war; but it is a problem greatly intensified by the war. And in its intensity, because of its increase and spread, because of its contagion, it becomes the responsibility of us all equally. It is no longer an isolated disease to be handled by those whose profession child care is. This may not look like your problem now with your own children, but it may easily infect the children they play with and thus become a menace in your children's world. Delinquents are not born that way, speaking generally; they become so when the careful pattern of their life is broken in one or many places. During the war, the pattern changes inevitably but it is the responsibility of the community to meet the needs of its young



Mrs. Gruenberg

people and see that it is not destroyed. Because of this we were most anxious to get all the facts on the why and wherefore of delinquency that we could, in the hope that if we all understood it we could deal with it. Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg, who with Hilda Sidney, wrote "Delinquency Is Your Problem" (pages 18-19), is the director of the Child Study Association of America and a member of the Commission on Children in Wartime of the U. S. Children's Bureau. Particularly because of these two jobs and because of her long experience with the social aspects of children's lives, we wanted to have her tell us what the agencies working with children have found out. "Delinquency Is Your Problem" is the first of a series of three articles on this subject.



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Neighbors on

WHAT THEY THINK, WHAT THEY DO, HOW THEY DO IT—

Edited by Dorothy Blake

Words are like people—they have personality, mixed ancestry, family history. That's why a dictionary makes such fascinating reading. Looking over the Neighbor material one morning the word "spunky" came into my head for it seemed to express the quality I felt strongest in these wartime letters from readers. So I looked it up—"from the Gaelic meaning tinder: that which ignites or flames quickly. From the Scotch—a small fire, spark or flame. From the colloquial English—courage as shown in action, mettle, pluck."

No matter how small the problem, how large the need for quiet thinking, it is spunk which goes into action to figure out the solution, it is spunk which faces facts and meets them with a workable philosophy. Yes, that is the word I wanted.

Neighbor to Neighbor—Ohio to Kansas

I feel warm and comforted and full of courage again after reading the letter called "Light Your Candles" in the Neighbor Column in the February issue. It wasn't just what Mrs. Stackhouse, of Herrington, Kansas, said, which was wonderful in itself, but the way she said it. The rhythm that gives you a backbone

your beloved son or your dear husband?

Mrs. Stackhouse you hit my heart where I live—and that's as much as you can ask of any neighbor, no matter where you live—sometimes we can do more for strangers than we can for the folks next door.

MRS. WM. STEVENS, SR., Salem, Ohio

The Three of Us Go Shopping

Six months ago, when we were eagerly awaiting the arrival of "Susan," who turned out to be Michael, my husband and I wondered how I was going to shop with two babies—Jimmie, our first born, only 15 months old, was unable to walk more than a block at a time and it didn't seem advisable to put him in the carriage with a new baby. One day we got the idea of attaching the baby's car seat to the front of the buggy and now we walk for miles without tiring Jim.

Our invention has caused a great deal of comment as we tour our small world. As one stranger said to me, "It's a grand idea you've got there, madam—but what are you going to do when the next one comes along?" I answered, "There's always the other end of the buggy."



Mrs. William Stevens, Sr.

and the power to lift your chin the way we are going to have to.

We somehow get to thinking that we are the all-important generation. We forget all the generations behind us that had to "light their candles"—light them so that we can see better in this year of our Lord nineteen hundred and forty-three. Those of us who saw the poppies bloom again on ground that was bloody with the blood of our American boys know that this *can't* last forever—it never has, and every time we think, "Now this is the worst"—because it is the worst for us right then.

You can talk Christ till you are blue in the face and on a day like Pearl Harbor you know you have to fight back whether you like it or not—we can't live like real Christian nations until other nations are civilized enough to quit clanking the swords long enough to hear what we have to say. Can you "turn the other cheek" if you know it is going to take the life of



We're off to market in style

Here is a picture of the three of us and—tucked back in the shadows—the best grandpa in the whole world, reading his paper on the front porch.

MRS. CHARLES ZOFKIE, Chicago, Ill.

the Home Front

A DEPARTMENT OF FRIENDLY HELP BY OUR READERS



Our back lawn in summer is a neighborhood gathering place for the children

We Adventure in a Blackout

What do you do in a blackout? What do you do with your children? My two little girls, aged nine and six, and I sit on my bed in total darkness, and I tell stories. I use fairy stories, legends, adventure, anything that pops into my mind. And you would be surprised at what can pop into your mind in thirty minutes of complete blackout where there are no pictures or story books within your line of vision to stimulate your memory.

I recall one night, my thinking cap was wearing very thin, when suddenly I thought of the book I had just finished reading—"The Song of Bernadette" by Franz Werfel. I launched into the story of the little peasant girl and her vision of The Lady of Lourdes.

My listeners were fascinated. We had to dwell on every detail of the Vision from her blue veil to the roses on her feet. Whatever your religious belief, the story is a beautiful one and most appealing to children. Bernadette is still a favorite in blackouts.

Another blackout resource is to go traveling. We pack imaginary trunks, sail on dream boats and fly in visionary airplanes to all kinds of countries, real and imagined. We are all a little sorry when the All Clear signal sounds and we come back to the everyday things of our prosaic world.

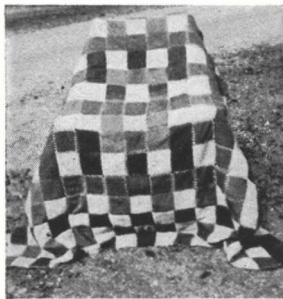
With me, the reaction goes even deeper. I feel I have come closer to my children in these weird half hours that a barbarous war has thrust upon us, than I ever could in the routine of daily living. I hope I have given them some precious moments to carry with them into adult life as delightful memories. And I hope even more, should the blackout ever become real and the danger acute, that these flights of imagination in the darkness have built up a reserve for all of us. A reserve that will in some measure steady our nerves and help us face whatever ordeal is ahead. God grant this last will never be put to the test. May the blackout continue to be what it is to us now, an interlude of magic and make believe.

MRS. KIMBLE G. MARVIN, Mansfield, Pa.

My Salvage Quilt

My salvage quilt is made entirely of scraps from old woolen clothes from which the larger good pieces have been used. I ripped up an outmoded sweater, hat and scarf to obtain the wool with which to sew them together. The squares are all double and hand buttonholed around with the wool first, then the squares sewn together. I made all the squares first, then I could arrange the colors to make a more pleasing design.

All the material used was left-over scraps of used skirts, coat, etc., from which I had already made jumpers and shorts



I made 323 squares for my quilt

for my seven-year-old daughter. Most of the squares for the underside of the quilt were pieced by machine before cutting. Almost all the old material was given to me by people who no longer could use it. I rip them, wash and press all the material and when I have enough to bother with, I cut the squares, then piece the left-over scraps and cut them.

When finished it made a warm cover equal to any new one you could buy.

MRS. L. AUGUSTINE, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

Three dollars will be paid for each letter published and one dollar for each brief, practical Neighbor suggestion quoted from letters submitted. Address Dorothy Blake, Neighbor Editor, Woman's Day, 19 West 44th St., New York, N. Y.

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COMSTOCK
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Cherries

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Sliced Carrots



"Get back," he snarled.
"Get back or I'll kill
you. It's my holy basket"

The Holy

EDMUND Lesnik had been putting off this self-examination for days. But at last he was cornered. The insistent question shaped itself in his mind again, this time more definitely. It erased the sight of the other pilots from his eyes, narrowed the lounging room down to the chair he sprawled in, and even drowned out the hum of the Spitfires being warmed up for the night patrol, his first into enemy territory.

Edmund shut his eyes, dug his hands into his pockets, and leaned his head back onto the cushion. This was the same position he had taken at home in the living room from the time he was twelve and had begun to "face his soul" as he had come to think of it. Many things had been settled thus. Maybe this would be also.

Well, how *would* it be to kill men?

He had made every preparation, passed every test, worked night and day to fit himself to kill with the others; and now with his finger on the trigger, he . . . Edmund Lesnik . . . had to justify himself. He squirmed.

Damn it! Why, out of the hundred and thirty million back home in America, did he have to be born an introspecting Pole anyway? Why couldn't he be like the others who had come from America to England with him. . . Sven, Victor, Danny, Stan? Of course, Stan was Polish too. But he had had a sister and brother in Warsaw. From the time he had received the news of the bombing, there had come a hardness about his eyes that had never relaxed. It was there when he smiled at you today. It had been there when he had come to Edmund that day in the Buffalo Airlines Office and stated simply, "I'm quitting flying these pleasure boats. I'm going to do a little hunting across the water. Especially anything with a Warsaw blood smell. Want to go along?"

It had been as quick as that. Edmund had always followed Stan's lead. They had fought injustice together even as boys. Kuba, the town bully, would testify to that.

There had been little time to think from that instant in

the office when Stan had gripped his hand and hugged him. Edmund realized that now. The question that he faced at this moment had been at the back of his brain waiting to get at him all the time.

It had been there when he pressed the trigger that tore the suspended targets into shreds. Now that the targets were to be replaced by men, there had to be an answer. He shifted his weight in the chair.

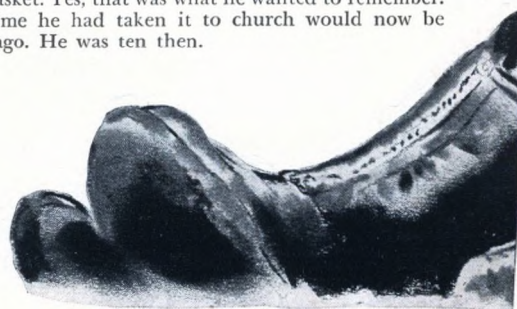
HIS mind leaped at an opening. Perhaps he could join the ground crew. Perhaps . . . yes, perhaps. Perhaps he wouldn't have to look at Stan. No, that wasn't it. He himself didn't really want that.

His fingers closed over his mother's letter in his pocket. His mind raced past its formal Polish blessing, past the prayer that he be safe, and stopped short at the words that demanded hearing now. He knew them by heart.

"It is Easter, Edmus. Even the sun is out to welcome Jesus. And I am preparing the holy basket. And that's how I know you are gone from us. I don't have my little boy that took the basket to church to be blessed."

The holy basket. Yes, that was what he wanted to remember.

The first time he had taken it to church would now be twelve years ago. He was ten then.



It was a round, wine-colored wicker basket with a handle that extended high above the sides and made it a little difficult to balance. It felt to your hand as though the bottom were at a great distance from you. You did not seem to have sure control of it. His mother knew that, and in the kitchen that first day she repeated, "And you must be very careful," each time she put in another Easter food.

FIRST she brought out the piece of freshly boiled ham with its salty smell. Edmund edged forward on his kitchen chair and sniffed cautiously as his mother tucked it into a corner at the bottom of the basket. Next came the spiced sausage made of pork chunks stuffed into celluloid-like casings through which Edmund could see the pieces of meat and the dots of black pepper. And then, out of the oven, Edmund's favorite, the *placek*. Only a few hours ago his mother had flattened out the rich, yellow dough into which many light and dark raisins had been scattered and rolled. Tomorrow these would be uncovered in a scattered design by the knife as it laid back slice alter slice. Now it was patted into place between the ham and the sausage. Then came numerous boiled eggs as well as many mysterious bits in small, individual napkins. Finally there was salt and pepper and a tightly clamped jar of homemade horse-radish.

Edmund's mother took the largest and whitest of the napkins, spread it over the food in the basket, and tucked it gently but firmly all around the sides. The creases in the napkin,

pressed in with extra care, made an uneven cross over the white mound of food.

Edmund let his mother help him with his coat, sensing all the time that she was going to talk to him and look straight at him as she did on any important occasion. As she adjusted his cap, she did fix her eyes on him, and taking his head in her hands, said very softly, "Edmus, now you are a messenger of God. You must take the food to church to be blessed. It will then be as holy as the body of His Son. Be careful. And pray for us." Her hand brushed his cheek, and he was out of doors with the basket in his hand and his heart beating fast.

For the first few steps, he scarcely lifted his feet above the sidewalk and avoided swaying his body. He was glad he was strong so that the basket did not feel too heavy. After the first block he stepped along more confidently, squaring his shoulders and breathing deeply.

EASTER was very early, but the sun had shone all that Saturday, and in the warming air was a definite promise that there would be no backward look to winter. The streets were deserted. Edmund wondered, importantly, whether people were watching him from the houses.

As he took the short cut over the flattened thread of path which led across the vacant lot only two blocks from the church, he saw other baskets on their way. He felt like whistling his joy at the sight, but he checked himself, shifted his own basket, and quickened his steps.

None of the others greeted him as he met them. They all seemed too intent on their own mission. The heavy outer door of the church was held open by one of the altar boys who had a street coat on over his black cassock.

Edmund walked by him and dipped his finger tips into the holy water in the entry. He made the sign of the cross as he whispered in accompaniment to the motion of his hand, "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Many were already there before [Continued on Page 71]

Basket

What does a young man think before his first battle? Edmund remembered a certain Easter

by Peter Mankowski



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES LA SALLE

Delinquency is your problem

by SIDONIE MATSNER GRUENBERG, Director Child Study Association of America, as told to HILDA SIDNEY

WHEN your own children are pretty nice youngsters, happy, wholesome, lovable and "good"—good enough, according to all reasonable standards—it's hard to see why delinquency should be your problem. It seems to concern only the "delinquents" and their parents, the schools perhaps, and the juvenile court.

It's only when the conditions get to be acute or completely out of hand that parents begin to say to themselves: "These children are the playmates and associates of my children! Something ought to be done about them!"

Let's be smart. Let us recognize now, before there is really a juvenile "crime wave," that young people are bound to be influenced by other young people. They affect each other through their ideas and behavior, through their attitudes and their standards, just as surely as they would infect each other if the smallpox virus were allowed to range unchecked. Let's wake up and realize that no one family can live as isolationists in an unwholesome community, any more than it could remain healthy in a plague-ridden community.

We can't inoculate our children against "delinquency" as simply as we inoculate them against smallpox. The methods are more complicated than this, our processes slower, our results less dramatic. And our most powerful tools are sympathy and understanding.

The first thing that we have to understand, of course, is how the war is affecting our thirteen to nineteen-year-olds—why it makes them behave as they do. Why is it that, although automobiles are becoming a thing of the past (and the future) in the United States, there was an increase in car-stealing during 1942? Why is it that during the first six months of 1942 there was a 15-24% increase in the number of girls who were brought to court? And, most urgent question of all, why the rapid increase in the number of unmarried mothers—especially very young girls who are brought to maternal health centers in a state of utter bewilderment?

We don't want to get too excited about the behavior of our teen-age youngsters but we are certainly justified in our concern over them. And it is time to stop and look the situation over, to ask ourselves "Why?" and to ask further: "What can we do?"

What has happened to our boys and girls?

Among the factors that make now for an increase in the juvenile delinquency rate is the fact that older boys and girls are leaving school in large numbers. The call of jobs is very strong. War work and the replacing of others for war work are in high repute. Even some of the younger boys and girls run away from home and go adventuring after these alluring jobs and, in any case, they are made restless.

The younger ones naturally resent being treated like babies when other boys and girls not much older are considered vital to the war effort. Or they feel guilty because they are sheltered and cared for and burdened with no responsibilities while

youngsters their own age are fighting and working for their country in other parts of the world. Some of them just feel left out. Everyone else is working hard: everyone else seems to have an exciting job to do in this war: and here they are—supposed to study grammar and art, supposed to swap stamps and hair-ribbons as usual! They'll show that they're grown up—somehow!

Whether the children themselves are working or not, there is today more money in hand for all except the very poorest and those who are remote from the current stirrings. Fathers long unemployed or only partially employed now can get jobs at good wages. Mothers, knowing that there is a shortage of labor in essential industries, knowing too that a second pay check would help the family budget (and in many cases help to pay off debts or doctor's bills) and feeling that their children are almost grown up, are taking jobs in larger numbers than ever before. While living costs have gone up and while no working families have more money than they need to maintain a comfortable standard of life, neither the parents nor the children have had sufficient practice in spending money wisely. The feeling and, yes, the *thrill*, of a little extra cash in hand is too new.

MOTHERS going out to work of course bring up another problem. With fathers away too, at work or in the armed forces, children are left unsupervised for many hours of the day. This is true whether the mothers are working in factories, offices, or in any one of the highly essential volunteer services. And making this problem even more acute is the fact that in many communities the schools have closed down for a few weeks or have cancelled all after-school activities in the buildings in order to save fuel.

It is easy to see that with time on their hands, deprived of some of their normal facilities in school shops, gyms and the like, with adults preoccupied with work, worry and the war, boys and girls are bound to get into mischief—or worse. A study was made on this subject and the results showed that there is a definite relation between the number of school days and the amount of juvenile delinquency. A lot of things can be stopped, postponed or cancelled for the duration, but in boys and girls there is a constant need to be doing, exploring, adventuring, impressing themselves upon others or upon their material surroundings. And this need, this inner drive, must find outlets continuously. It must find them now.

The exceptional amount of family migration toward industrial centers and boom towns has also disrupted families. Here the young people find themselves among strangers, toward whom they feel no responsibility and by whom they are not accepted. That is, we adults in any particular community feel responsibility toward the boys and girls right in our own home towns, but when the boys and girls in question are other people's children, from other towns, we succeed very well in making them feel [Continued on Page 54]

Let's wake up and realize that not only our own children



but all the boys and girls in the country are our concern

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN MEREDITH

Strawberry Time

The story of Mira and her devotion to Handy whose life was changed by his new wife

by DOROTHY THOMAS

MIRA Parker lay on the window seat, in the bed her mother had fixed for her, where, by raising up from her pillows a little, she could look out and see who next was going up-trail to the party. The party was Handy Persell's, the first of his life, Handy had told her, and he was having it so that all the neighbors up and down the valley, and those back in the brush as well, could come to meet his wife, for Handy had sent east for the sweetheart he had had when he was a boy, to come out and marry him.

"We'll just call the whole thing off, Pet," Handy had said, when her mother had told him Mira had the mumps and had waved toward the child where she sat up in her bunk, her hands pressed to her swollen jaws. "We'll call it off and wait till you're able to come."

Mira had lain back on her pillow and smiled at him, much as it hurt her jaws to smile; he looked so strange and handsome without his mustache, and with his new haircut.

"You know you can't do that, Handy," Mira's mother had said, smiling on him too, "not with everyone asked, and dying to come."

"Guess that's right," Handy said, cheerfully, and winked at Mira. "We knew that, all the time, didn't we, Mira? But never you mind, we'll have a special party, all for you, with just the three of us, first day you're up and can come up-trail. Tell you what we'll do—strawberries will be ripe then, and you can pick us some, and we'll have a shortcake."

It wasn't just Handy's new wife people were "dying to see" but his house as well. "Even from the road it looks like new" the mailman had told Mira, standing in the doorway, and pecking in at her, over his whiskers, into the house-dark. "Handy's built her a little gable, out over the house door, so's the eaves won't drip on her when she comes to the door to call him in for dinner—like a dovecote. And curtains at the windows like a patch of roses, and all that planting round the door, some of it in bloom a'ready—stuff Handy raised in seedling boxes, 'fore she came."

Mira wasn't sure what a dovecote might be, but she thought her guess a likely one, and wondered if Handy would not build her one, for the pigeons her father had promised her.

NOW it was strange to be alone in the house, with the whole valley gone to Handy's party. Her father hadn't wanted to go and had done his best to make her his excuse for getting to stay at home when he found that having work laid out to do got him nowhere. "I'd rather just stop up sometime and see Handy, and meet her then," he said. "We can't leave this child alone here, sick!"

"She's not sick," her mother had said. "She's only a little pale, still, from staying indoors. I've kept her in the past four days, just so the Swedes wouldn't see her out in the yard and think they should come down to play with her. The swelling's all gone down, and the catching time well past, but I'll not take her and have women saying up and down the valley, their children got their mumps from her."

"Leave the baby and I'll take care of them both," Todd Parker had bribed.

"When I've just made him a new dress and jacket!" Mira's mother said, "and there'll be women there who have never

even seen him? No, Handy will want us all to be there who can come."

Mira's mother had tucked the light blanket around Mira and had set a chair beside her, with old magazines, her crayons, the scissors, and even a spoonful of flour and a cup of water for making paste, and had smoothed back her hair from her forehead and kissed her with one of her rare quick kisses. "If you get hungry," she had said, "fix you some bread and jam."

Mira had wondered sometimes when she was quite alone, if her getting the mumps so that she could not go to Handy's party, was a punishment sent on her for her wilfulness in going against her mother's judgment and helping Handy to get together the courage to send for a wife, in the first place. To see Handy's face, to see how glad he was to have a wife, and to be three whole weeks happily married, always made Mira feel that it was worth even having the mumps to have helped him. "Handy is my favorite person," she said sometimes, and always added when she saw her father pull his long face and pretend to be put out, ". . . outside this house." She thought both her parents must surely have forgotten how they had been against Handy sending for his wife. To see Handy's face, when he would stop in to see them, always made Mira very glad that it had been her tongue that had licked the stamp a quick lick, and her fist that had stamped it on the letter, and her feet that had run down to the road to take the letter from the mailman when he went past Handy's place, that winter day, months past when he wrote for his sweetheart to come. The secret of that letter, that was still a secret between her and Handy, was worth even the mumps, if the mumps it had cost her.

She had cut paper dolls and had stuck them in rows, without paste, with only water, to the window panes. They would look fine from the roadway, and neighbors going by on their way home from Handy's, would look and say "The little Parker girl cut those. She's home with the mumps."

WAITING for the sound of the first spring wagons on the culvert over their spring Mira fell asleep in the quiet of the cabin, and when she woke her mother was letting her little brother pat her cheek, and her father was noisily building up the fire.

"How was the party?" Mira asked, like a grownup. Her mother set the baby in his high chair, still in his new jacket, cleared the papers, scraps and paste cup from the chair, and sat down beside her, and said, "She's as pretty as can be and nice too, and Mira—Handy's house and what she's made of it—you never saw anything like it!"

"Is it full of shining dells?" Mira asked, thinking nothing less than such words from her story book could do justice to the joy in her mother's face, over Handy's house.

"You well might call it that," Mrs. Parker said. "There's a corner cupboard, clear to the ceiling, and it's full to the very top with such dishes as you never saw, and red and crystal goblets—I guess you've never seen a goblet—and a berry set. Fine china, the dishes are, with rose sprigs and forget-me-nots on it. There's a great tureen, so big that there's room for only it and a couple of [Continued on Page 60]



ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE RAPP

"It's all right for one sweetheart to read a man's letter to another sweetheart, when the other one is you"

CRISIS on the FARM

Here are ten letters from boys and girls
who pitched in and helped last summer

FOOD is one of our most powerful weapons in this war. We can produce enough food in this country to meet our huge war needs, but it will take a lot of people to turn out that much, many more than the regular workers on farms now. High school and college boys and girls can help tremendously in producing the food we need for victory. They helped last year. A high school boy who worked on my own farm in Indiana had a lot to do with our extra production last year. Every boy and girl who wants to do something vital toward winning the war should take a farm job this summer.

Claude R. Wickard

The whole family taught me how to do the work

I WAS placed on a general farm. "We" had some twenty-five cows milking most of the time, two bulls and fifteen head of young stock, three farm horses, and hens and chickens. Mr. Adams owned 200 acres, and had seven in corn, one in oats. Sugaring is a very important part of the year's work, but that comes in the early spring.

I worked mostly outdoors. "My day" was usually something like this: up at 5:45, and down at the barn by 6:00 where I hand-milked five cows, carried milk to the milkhouse, got the hay down and fed the horses and bulls, and swept up the feed floor. We had breakfast around 8:00 after which I did the dishes and scrubbed the milk pails. Until dinner time there was usually some job such as hay raking, turning hay, black-berrying, cleaning up around the barn, cultivating the corn or the vegetable garden (I really only helped with the corn cultivation) stacking wood, or helping with the cleaning and washing. Then we had dinner, and after the dishes there was another job until milking at 5:30. Again I milked five cows, carried milk, and so on. Supper was usually about 7:15, and I was through after the dishes. I was ready for bed by this time.

Aside from the jobs mentioned above, I was expected to keep the icebox filled with ice, weed the vegetable garden, keep the wood box filled, and often turn the grindstone, etc.

Mr. Adams, Mrs. Adams, Nelson, the hired man, and the children all taught me how to do the work. I found the kids were a priceless help when I wanted to ask some stupid question and didn't quite dare to approach the others.

Ruthy Gonnert

Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

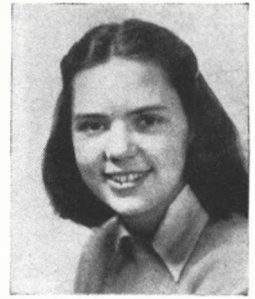
I have done farm work for about five summers

I HAVE done farm work for about five summers now, and therefore I am quite enthusiastic about it. I first heard of the Volunteer Land Corps through the newspapers. I went up to their office in New York and told them of my qualifications in the field of dairy farming. I was given a job on a farm in Vermont. This farm has about 75 acres of land and a milking herd of some 14 cows. The principal part of my work was to assist the owner in doing all the farm operations.

It might interest you to know how I spent my typical day. If I had kept a diary, here's how almost any page might have read: "I got up this morning at 6:00 a.m., went downstairs to the bathroom, got washed and dressed. Went out to the barn to start milking at 6:07 a.m. Finished milking at 7:30 a.m. Fed the chickens and then went in for breakfast at 8:30 a.m. Went out with Everett, the owner of the farm, to hitch up the horses. While Everett mowed down some hay, I planted corn. At 10:30 a.m. I went with the farmer and started to get the hay which he had cut yesterday. I spent the whole day in the hay field except for an hour and a half which was spent for lunch and another hour and a half for milking. Ate dinner at 6:00 p.m. After dinner I went to my room, changed my clothes and went to town to meet some of the other fellows who worked on the neighboring farms and all of us spent a very relaxing evening in the movies. Arrived home at 10:30 p.m. and now to bed."

Jerie Noel Helfat

Lawrence, L. I., N. Y.



I did not know the intricacies of cow psychology

I JOINED the Volunteer Land Corps last spring and one fine day in June, I landed in Vermont.

The first morning, it was raining and the boss took me to the workshop and showed me how to nail apple-crates together. I was helpless in the beginning, but by the end of the summer it had become my favorite indoor sport. Then I was set to work in the vegetable garden, weeding and hoeing. The farmer hovered about for a while to see that I did not pull up carrots instead of weeds.

Then one fine exciting day, he began teaching me how to drive a tractor for haying. Day after day I drove up and down the long, golden windrows, watching the whirls of fragrant dust dancing in the sun, listening to the comfortable clatter of the engine. And every day it was an adventure to get the big loads safely to the loft or to spread it under the apple trees. I spent most of my time working in the orchards. I learned to distinguish "suckers" from productive branches and to saw off dead limbs. It was a pleasant job, it even had a certain artistic touch.

My day started at six-thirty when I helped prepare breakfast. Then the farmer would show me my work and I was off until noon. At four-thirty, I would go "down after the cows." The first time I went to the pasture, I was not yet acquainted with the intricacies of cow psychology, and I lost half the cows on the way. . . . My farmer was amused, and showed me the copses where they liked to hide.

I learned to milk after a while. It was hard work but my pride was involved. When I first succeeded in milking a "whole cow," I was the proudest girl in the state.

Viviane de Charrière

New York, N. Y.



A thrilling adventure for a Brooklyn boy

TO WORK three summer months high in the Green Mountains on a Vermont dairy farm was a thrilling adventure for a seventeen-year-old boy who had seldom been far from Brooklyn.

I lived and worked with the Corliss family. Sixty-four-year-old Pa Corliss was a cussin' old Irishman, a shrewd farmer whose greatest delight was spreading manure on the grass and seeing it grow high and green. He was still a spry gent and whenever he heard the fiddle he was up and doing a job. Like most farm wives, Ma Corliss could work as hard as a man, caring for the hens, splitting wood for the stove, and even pitching hay. Besides, she would bake her own bread, can many a quart, and make the most wonderful pies from the wild berries that grew in our front yard and from the apples in our orchard. Warner, the thirty-two-year-old unmarried son, worked the adjoining farm but lived at home.

Work day started at five in the morning when Pa Corliss bellowed "Roll out boy." It was then down to the barn to start the milking. My first impression on entering the barn was seeing a peculiar line of seventeen tails and smelling the rank manure. But in a few days, Elsie and Betsy and the others were swell girls, each with individual personalities, and the manure had lost its odor. One morning we came into the barn to find an addition to our family as a new-born calf lay at its mother's side. Pa Corliss then separated the calf from its mother and taught it how to suck milk. After early morning chores and a hearty breakfast, it was out to the hay field or the corn patch for a swell day's labor in the fresh mountain air and under a bright sun. Working under those con-



ditions was enjoyment. Moreover, every time I dropped a corn seed I had the pleasure of saying here's one for Hitler, and now one for Mussolini, and there's one for Hirohito. A hike for the cows and the evening chores and the day was done. Of course all the work wasn't under ideal conditions but there weren't too many chores and distasteful tasks.

I went to the farm and worked for twenty-one dollars a month for a few reasons. The foremost was that my brother was in the Air Corps and I would have felt guilty if I waited on tables at a hotel instead of also "pitching in." Another was that I wanted to see how the "backbone of America" lived and worked: the farmers of our country. I knew urban life but that is only part of America. And lastly, I knew working under a bright sun in fresh air would be great for the body.

I realize now what a serious farm-labor shortage we are facing. In my part of Vermont, not industry but the draft had taken every farm hand and even young farmers. Women and children from eight years up labored in the fields fifteen hours a day. The farmers need help badly. And if they do not get from the urban areas the city youth and young women, we are going to be seriously short of milk and milk products.

Alan Sechler

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Farm work offered an opportunity to help

LAST Spring Mother was taking a first aid course. Dad was in the process of becoming an air raid warden, and I—I was doing nothing to help the war effort. Secretly I felt ashamed of myself, and so, when a United States Employment Service representative spoke at my college of the great labor shortage in many farming districts, I welcomed the idea of farm work as an opportunity to do something too. Through a student organization, a group of my friends and I were sent to South Hadley, Massachusetts. For two months we worked at the Brown farm, a huge place of several hundred acres of vegetable fields, the most modern of farm equipment and even a complete little cannery for "putting up" surplus produce.

We would get up at six o'clock every morning and be at the farm by seven. From seven to twelve, we did whatever the day's work happened to be, picking beans, weeding tomato fields, bunching radishes or transplanting young celery plants. At twelve o'clock the chimes from the near-by convent told us it was lunch time, and there would be a mad scramble for our sandwiches and a place under the nearest shade tree. At first most of the hour we had for lunch was spent napping, but after we became accustomed to bending over for five hours at a time, we would go for walks or for a "dip" in the near-by lake. Back to work from one to five, and then home for a refreshing shower and supper—and never was food appreciated more!

It didn't take us long to learn our simple tasks, and we were soon able to keep up with the other young people who had worked on the farm for several summers. We never did manage to catch up, though, with Farmer Brown, who, despite his seventy-five years, could outstrip any three of us young uns. It was he who taught us how to work, and it was also he who paid us our wages of forty-five cents an hour which covered our living expenses and left us a little extra.

Berene Blackman

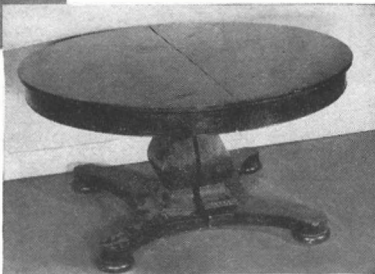
Ann Arbor, Michigan

I found out milking isn't as easy as I thought

KEEP this. I would like to read it 50 years from now. I know it is a mistake in the principles of letter writing, first, to state regrets for not having written sooner, and second, to write on lined, loose-leaf paper. [Continued on Page 56]



PHOTOGRAPH BY EMLIE DANIELSON



We Do a Coast Guardsman's Home for \$257.75

By LOUISE SLOANE

In the dining end of the living room, a generous-sized round mahogany table (bought secondhand for \$8 and cleaned and polished until its formerly battered surface shines); four fine old chairs, recaned and refinished; an old floor-lamp with a newly made shade. The bric-a-brac shelf on the wall is painted the coral red of the gay roses in the cheerful printed sateen

FOR some time we had wanted to use the WOMAN'S DAY Workshop technique on a war worker's house. We felt that "doing over what you have" would be the ideal solution to the problem of decorating these houses that have sprung up in such numbers all over the country, both from the point of view of managing on little money, and in response to the government's appeal to buy as few new things as possible. We all want to limit ourselves to essentials these days, but homes can still be pretty and comfortable and pleasant to live in if we are willing to make the effort to recondition, remodel and reclaim. Then we received a letter from Mrs. Harold E. De Young, wife of a Coast Guardsman and mother of a 13-year-old daughter, saying that she had just sold nearly everything she owned to save transportation costs, and moved from a farm in Messina, New York, into one of the new war worker's houses in Staten Island, New York. The houses in this development are restricted to the use of men in the service or in defense work. She had to start practically from scratch with



The three old pieces below were remade to look as they do above. On the cocoa-brown rug, the deep green couch looks well, is rebuilt to sturdy comfort. The coffee table has cut-

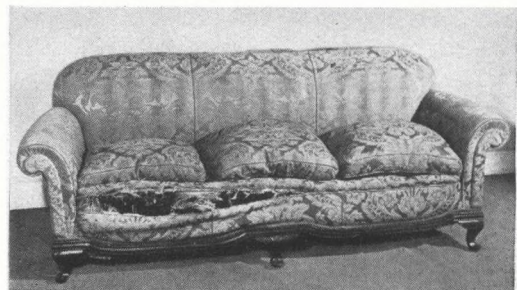
down legs, stained green, molding frame around top painted bright coral-red. The bookcase is painted coral red inside, stained green outside. The old chair looks new in its beige fabric

A coast guardsman, his wife and young daughter moved to a war worker's new housing development. The home had to be furnished almost from scratch

about \$300 to furnish a four-room house. We invited her in to talk it over.

We learned that Mrs. De Young had shipped to her new house only the few pieces of furniture that she couldn't bear to part with—a three-quarter spool bed, four lovely old chairs with broken cane seats, a big comfortable platform rocker, all of which had been in the family for years. These, plus a fine radio set and her linens, books and china, were all she had kept. From seeing these pieces, and from talking with Mrs. De Young, we learned also that a "homey look" was what she wanted in her house. Many of her husband's friends are in the service, and their home is what she calls "an unofficial USO." So there had to be accommodations for entertaining, and the kind of friendly-looking furniture that could be comfortably lounged on.

More than once as we returned from shopping trips to the second-hand stores, we wished we had been able to go over Mrs. De Young's furniture [Continued on Page 26]



[Continued on following pages]



In the master bedroom, wall-paper and paint have been used to transform the unrelated old furniture into a pleasant group. The old piano bench now has a chintz-covered pad. Cost of the second-hand furniture in this room was \$28, cost of refinishing materials, \$4.51



with her before she moved, for we found it advisable to replace at second-hand so many of the things she had sold. It was not only more patriotic not to buy new merchandise, but a good set of springs, a firmly-built wood frame, resilient kapok, down cushions simply aren't to be found in many of the new chairs and sofas.

When you walk into the living room, you feel that it's inviting. And yet it's a strange collection of periods and styles—a Lawson couch, an oak bookcase with a decidedly Empire look, a Victorian round mahogany table, a huge wing platform rocker of ancient vintage, delicate Colonial cane-seated chairs—all put together with the most modern of color treatment. What makes it jell? There isn't any pat answer. It might lie in the fact that comfort and simplicity characterize every different piece in the room and so unify them. It might lie in the fact that the colors, which seem daring when you describe them (since pink and red and green are boldly combined), are actually very cheerful and bright and all pulled right out of the one drapery fabric which pulls them all back together again. A good deal of the invitingness of the room certainly lies in the fact that it reflects the warm, hearty personality of its owner, from the country flowers in the draperies to the farm animals on the bric-a-brac shelf and the old pressed glass bowl filled with shining red apples on the table.

MRS. De Young had already ordered her living-room rugs (\$40.02) in a cocoa brown all-over texture, so we started out to find a printed drapery fabric that would give us the key to the rest of our living room color scheme. The living room walls were beige, and one of the regulations of the housing development was: "Nothing on the walls that can't be hung on a picture hook." With this limitation and a solid-

color rug, we knew our chief color and pattern interest would have to come in via the draperies. We found a printed sateen with coral-red roses and deep green leaves in stripe formation on a mauve-pink ground. We used 16 yards at 45 cents a yard for the draperies, spending 63 cents for thread, buckram, drapery hooks and screw eyes. Perfect with this print was the deep green textured fabric, with nubbly stripe, that we chose for the couch. Mrs. De Young wanted the couch to be above all roomy and comfortable, so we purchased at second-hand, for \$20, what had originally been a very fine sofa, with excellent wood frame, good springs, and fine down cushions. It looked quite battered when we bought it, [Continued on Page 50]

OPPOSITE ARE THE PLANS AND COLOR SCHEMES

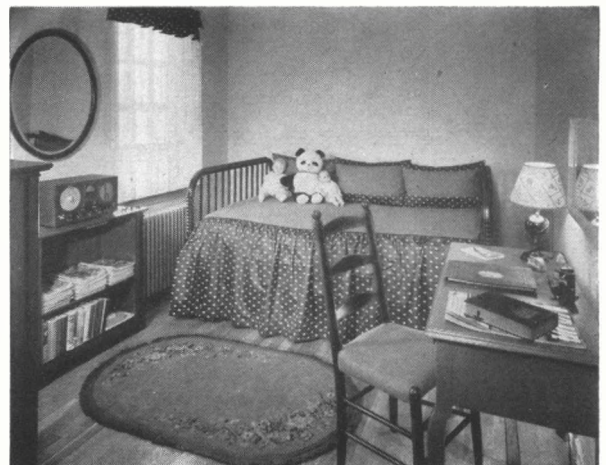
LIVING ROOM Mauve-pink sateen drapery fabric with floral stripe in coral red and deep green. Green textured fabric on the couch. Small cushions each in a different chintz, all piped in beige. Textured rug is cocoa-brown. Upholstered chair has textured stripe in beige, with green stripes, flecks of pink. Coral-red paint on coffee-table, hanging shelf and inside bookcase

MASTER BEDROOM Floral wallpaper used for the headboard of the bed, the drawer fronts of both chests, the valance boards. All of the furniture, except the green bench, is painted a cinnamon brown that repeats color of the roses. White candlewick spread

YOUNG GIRL'S ROOM From the printed sateen, used for the spread and pillow trimming and valances, we picked up the green for the textured fabric, the cherry red for the desk and inside of washstand, the deep bright blue for chest and outside of washstand

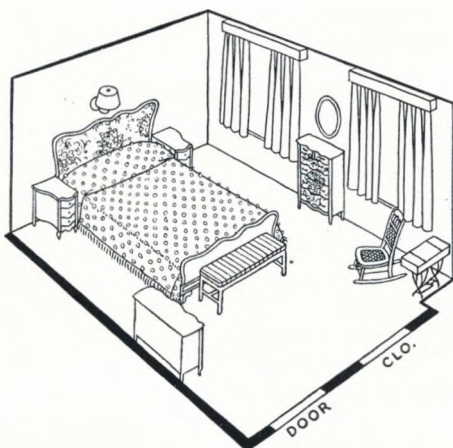


The old washstand and dining-room server became, respectively, a bookcase and a desk for the daughter's room. Painted in bright red and blue, they pick up the colors in the bedspread ruffle, contrast with the green of its center

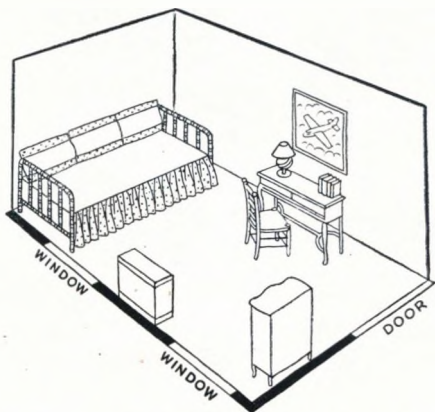




IN THE LIVING ROOM, CHEERFUL COLORS AND WARM TONES BLEND INVITINGLY



THE BEDROOM IS INFORMAL, LIVABLE AND PURPOSELY NOT CROWDED



SIMPLICITY AND BRIGHT COLORS CHARACTERIZE THE YOUNG GIRL'S ROOM



DRAWINGS BY ROBERT HARRER

We get Ourselves a Permanent

by Cora Cheney

The nerve-wracking experiences of a wife who tried so hard



"MY hair's in a terrible mess. I had it done only four days ago, and look at these strings. Strings, just like on a mop. And no curl."

"Um," says my husband in reply. He is busily examining his toes prior to going to bed.

I brush. I comb. I try effects. It looks nice with bangs, and I almost have the courage all by myself in front of the bathroom mirror.

"Would you like me with bangs?" I call gaily.

"Not especially. What? Bangs? Oh, God no! Come on to bed."

"Do you like it the way I wear it now?" I question.

"Oh, sure. It's very becoming that way."

"Piled up high, you mean, or with the curls up in front and the ends down in the back?" I want him to be specific. I

like him to like my hair. It's important, I always have understood.

"Oh, the last way, I guess."

"Don't be so indifferent, because you know I want to wear it the way you like it." I am perturbed. I walk to the bathroom door and pause with the brush in mid-air.

"I like it the way it is now," he says.

My hair is brushed over my face and straight up in the back.

"Lout," I say.

SO I put pins in the ends of my hair and firmly tie on a Juliet cap of a net, although a hair net is a hair net, and nothing can alter that fact as far as I can see.

"Do you mind my sleeping in a net?" I ask.

"No, but I mind your not sleeping.

Come on to bed," he pleads, and he begins to sound cross.

So after a while I lie awake and think, "I need a permanent."

The first seed is sown. I toy with the idea on the way to the market the next day. I think about it while I eat lunch. In the mid-afternoon I shut myself in the bathroom—why are bathroom mirrors always the best in the house for hair combing?—and experiment with my hair. I shall have it cut shorter on the sides and do without the top curls and have it set flat on top. I muse busily.

Then I part it on the other side and it looks better.

THE next day I go through the same thing in a greater degree. Only this time I am definitely convinced that I must have a permanent. I think with shame that I should have had it done long ago. What a fright I have been looking.

The fourth day I call for an appointment on Friday. They can't take me on Friday. I'll have to go Monday. Oh, Lord. To spend a week end with a head of hair like this. Shall I have it set tomorrow and then have it all washed out on Monday? No, I think not. I decide to wear hats over the week end as much as possible.

Comes Monday. Bright and early I am up, arranging my hair as I would like it to look when it's finished. I change my mind. My heart sinks. I get myself in tow and say no turning back. The die is cast.

"Your hair looks nice," says the man who is hurrying me to finish breakfast so we can leave together.

It does look nice. I admit it to myself, but why did he have to say it now? Maybe I don't need a permanent after all. Like the pain that goes away before the doctor arrives.

MADAME (why does she call herself Madame?) Julia always awes me. By her mere asking of a question she implies that my answer is going to be wrong. She is going to give the permanent. She is an austere soul using the "cowering the patient" psychology. She impresses her clients with her grandeur and skill.

"I'd like it to look like this," I say.

"Um," she replies, suggesting that it looks pretty bad.

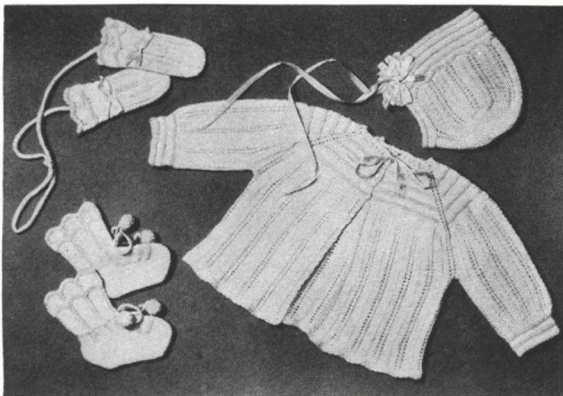
"Unless you have something better to suggest," I defer. [Continued on Page 78]





PRIZE-WINNING KNITTING

Many of the designs shown in this article can be made from inexpensive cotton yarns.
If you need wool for warmth try unraveling discarded wool garments not worn thin



BABY SET: Mrs. W. C. Pierce of St. Louis, Missouri, won the \$25 third prize in knitting with a six-piece set of white wool yarn trimmed with pink. Yarn, \$2.35



STRIPED AFGHAN: Cocoa brown and beige were combined in an allover patterned stitch to make a warm afghan for a man's room or living room. Made by Miss Rosemary Moody, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Wool, \$11.60

TEACLOTH: Mrs. Karla Drumm, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, used fine thread to make a sheer, round tealcloth with lacelike design which you can copy for \$1.25



CENTURIES ago a clever-fingered woman wound yarn about a smooth needle and found she could interlock the loops to form a soft, warm cloth. Since then needles have clicked endlessly. Early American women knit heavy coverlets for their beds, warm mufflers to comfort pioneer husbands as they led ox teams across the windy prairie.

That the modern American woman is just as interested in knitting was clearly proved by the many and varied entries in the knitting classification of our Needlework Exhibition. There were large pieces and small filmy ones. Pieces worked in new and unusual designs and pieces which were adapted from historic patterns. We have selected eighteen of these entries and reproduced them in this article.

Using all weights of cotton and wool yarns, the knitter can fashion sturdy, practical spreads or lacelike tray doilies. She can use white yarn for a cobweb-sheer tealcloth, or combine many colors in a warm afghan. But whatever she uses, her knitting is always based on changing combinations of knit and purl stitches, it is always something she has created by winding yarn about the points of her needles. She has built something with her hands in the same, ever-advancing way the American people built their civilization. She is knitting because she wants to.

[Continued on following pages]



PHOTOGRAPHED BY EMLIE DANIELSON AT W. & J. SLOANE

**YOU CAN MAKE THIS COTTON BEDSPREAD WITH A
RAISED-LEAF BLOCK DESIGN FOR ABOUT \$10.00**

Mrs. D. J. Evans of Dallas, Texas, used the traditional raised-leaf stitch to make a bedspread with a modern-looking block design, which will fit into almost any room setting. This spread, which won the \$100 first knitting prize, is knit with a soft, creamy cotton yarn

It's not too early to start a new fall sweater. The three shown below are made with wool yarn and each one costs less than \$5.00 to knit



WINTER SPORTS: Mrs. Alfred Knudsen of Baltimore, Maryland, used blue and white wool in her \$50 second-prize sweater which is worked in a striking band design. Yarn for knitting sweater size-36 costs \$4.75



RIBBED SWEATER: Pale blue trims this child's white set done in a simple pattern. Made by Marie Patava of La Porte City, Iowa, yarn for the set costs about \$1.45

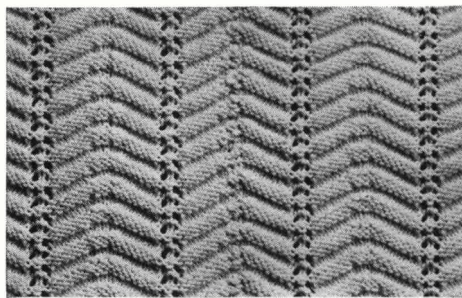


DIAMOND PATTERN: Vertical ribs and a raised-diamond design trim a rust-color sweater made by Miss Leona Hamrick of Stover, Missouri. Yarn for knitting a size-36 sweater costs about \$3.50

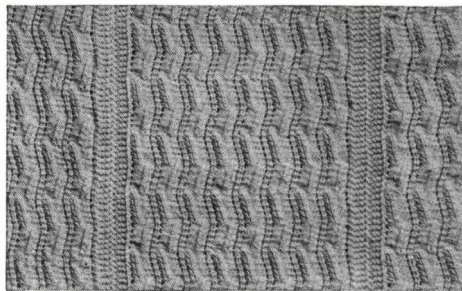
COTTON BEDSPREADS OF VARYING TEXTURES CAN BE MADE FROM ANY OF THESE DESIGNS



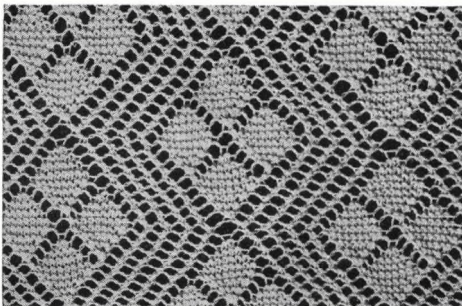
OCEAN SAND: Mrs. A. F. Crossman of Shaftsbury, Vermont, used soft cotton yarn to make this bedspread in a ripple design. Materials for a double-size spread cost about \$10.00



HERRINGBONE: The herringbone-like design of this bedspread creates an ever-changing pattern of angles. Made by Mrs. P. S. Wright, Edwards, Mississippi. Cotton, \$10.00



TEXTURED: Narrow vertical stripes keep this textured, upholstery-like pattern from being monotonous. Made by Mrs. J. A. Simmons, Lake City, Kansas. Cotton costs \$10.00



LACE DIAGONALS: Mrs. A. A. Nelson, Ceresco, Nebraska, knit this spread with lacelike pattern of solid and open spaces. Cotton thread for full-size spread costs \$9.00

[Continued on following page]



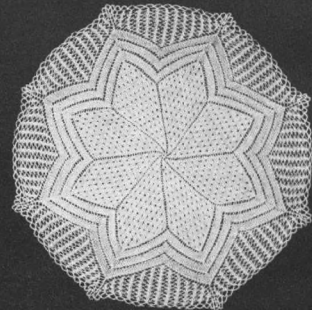
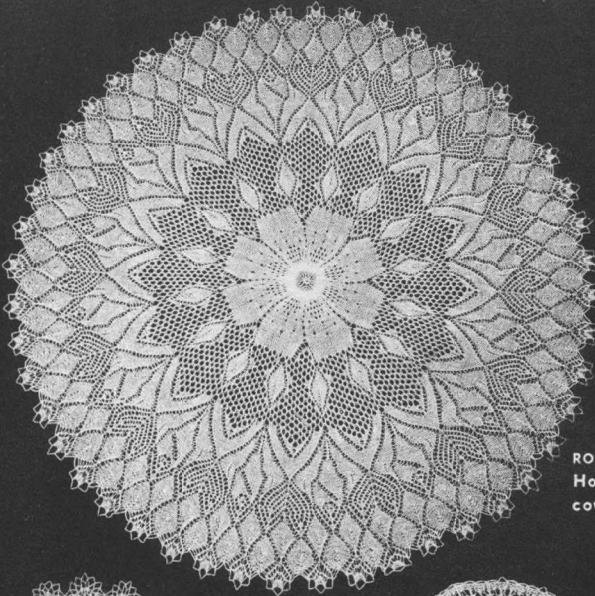
SNOW MITTENS: Mrs. Ethel R. Parker of Hadley, Massachusetts, worked a geometric design with blue and white yarn to make a pair of warm mittens you can copy in wool for about \$1.00

WE have prepared a set of instructions called "Prize-winning Knitting" which includes directions for making all of the designs shown in this article. If you wish a copy of the instructions please enclose a 3-cent stamp with your request to the Home Service Editor, *Woman's Day Magazine*, 19 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. Please do not send us any money for yarns. The materials mentioned in this article and in the instructions are on sale in art needlework and department stores throughout the country.



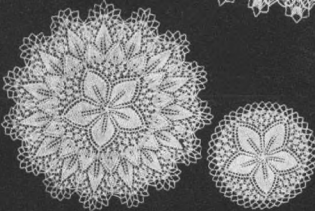
FLOWER AFGHAN: Mrs. Herbert J. Callister of Brooklyn, New York, combined strips of plain knitting with strips worked in a colorful floral pattern to make an afghan with a deep white fringe. Wool yarns cost \$15.66

COTTON WAS USED IN THESE SIX ROUND PLATE AND TABLE DOILIES WITH DELICATE, INTERESTING DESIGNS

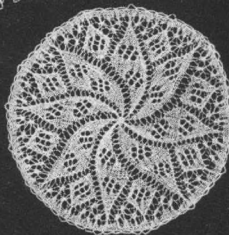


SOLID CENTER: This doily knit by Miss Genevieve Soltysiak, Saginaw, Michigan, costs 40 cents to make

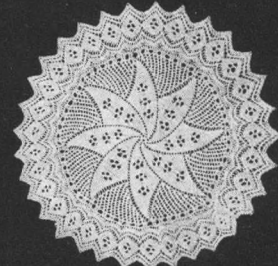
ROSE WINDOW: Mrs. H. Marchwinski, Houston, Texas, knit this lacy table cover. You can copy it for 80 cents



PETALS: Elizabeth Wright, of Lincoln, Nebraska, made these matching doilies. Cotton for two pieces costs 30 cents



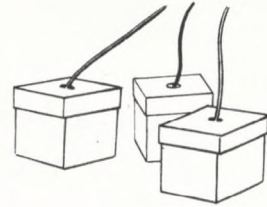
POINSETTIA: Mrs. G. A. Voll, Holly Hill, Florida, worked this open design. It costs 30 cents to make



PINWHEEL: A whirling design made by Miss Kathleen Palmer, Staunton, Virginia. Cost to make is 30 cents

You can Knit to Fit

BY ELIZABETH M. ROTH AND MARGUERITE KOHL



A box for each ball, when knitting with many different colors, prevents tangles

WE'VE always admired knitting which looked as if it belonged—looked as if it were made to fit. We've admired that kind of knitting and yet been a little awed by it, for on the other side of the ledger is a long list of things we don't like about knitting—bulky seams, sagging skirts, puckered shoulders, sausage-tight sweaters.

In an attempt to learn the little tricks which constitute the difference between the two, we consulted three knitting experts: Alva Wallach, who sells her hand-knit suits for about eighty-five dollars at a New York specialty shop; Gertrude Pratt, a designer of knitted clothes and Merle Munn, a designer of knitted clothes and instruction writer for knitting books. From them we learned that there are three equally important steps to good knitting—planning, making and finishing.

Planning What to Knit

To many women half the fascination of making their own clothes lies in the hours spent poring over pattern books, weighing the value of one neckline over another, the set of this sleeve rather than one a few pages on, the drape of a skirt. Choosing a knitting pattern has all that and more, for instead of working with yards of dress goods, you retrace a few steps and fashion your own material from strands of yarn. just as weavers take threads and lock them into cloth. Unlike a weaver, if you are knitting a dress to your measurements, you are finished in one operation—the weaver must make her cloth and then her dress.

The stitch you select is really like the weave of the material. It can be a simple, flat rib which would be somewhat like a striped fabric or it can have a distinct pattern as bold as the strongest print. A strongly patterned stitch, if you use an all-over design, tends to bulk up, to add weight to the figure and is good for the very slim. The same stitch used as a decorative accent in lapels, yokes or pockets, flatters a large figure by drawing the eye away from the heavier parts. In dressmaking, vertical stripes are usually considered slenderizing, but in knitting, the rib stitch, which would correspond to a vertical stripe, has the opposite effect. The ribs spread apart for the curves of the body and accentuate rather than minimize them.

The fullness of a knit skirt should start to flare from the fullest part of the hips. This, plus keeping your skirt folded across the width when not in use, will help prevent the bagging skirt line which is so ugly. Watch the length care-

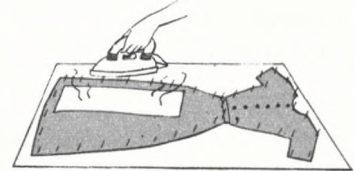
fully. A too-long skirt will look out of style, and one which is just the least bit too short will cause difficulties when you sit down.

Yarn colors are beautiful. There are the brave, high tones of hard sturdy cottons, the muted glow of softer yarns, but always there is the consideration that color is one of the things people notice before the cut or fit of your dress. Some women can wear any color, others just a few, but in the current yarn market you will surely find some color you really want to wear, hold in your hands, thread over the needles and watch take shape from day to day. If you are working with more than one color as you would be with Argyll socks for instance, you can keep the balls untangled by placing one ball of each color in a separate box at your feet. Otherwise, you have to remember to transfer the balls at the end of each row and this often becomes confusing as well as an unnecessary bother.

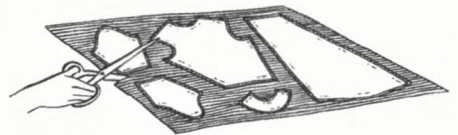
Making What You Planned

Everyone should knit in the fashion which is most familiar and comfortable for her. Many prefer the Continental system of holding the wool in the left hand as this is the fastest method. Others come out strongly in favor of holding the wool in the right hand as it makes for more regular, neater rows. Which-ever way you knit, try to keep the tension of your wool equal at all times. The earnest, tight knitter pulls all the life out of the wool, while the loose knitter finds her work lacks body, resistance. If you work with the yarn in your right hand, an easy way to keep the tension even is to wind the yarn around and then under the little finger, across the palm of your hand and then over your index finger. Your little finger will then act as a stretcher and once you become used to the method, feeds the wool to be knitted with the regularity of a machine.

Hand-knit clothes are very popular—they wear wonderfully well and don't wrinkle—and perhaps it is because of this popularity that there are so many methods by [Continued on Page 72]



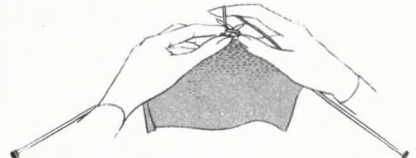
in blocking, garment is shaped and pinned then steamed with iron over a damp cloth



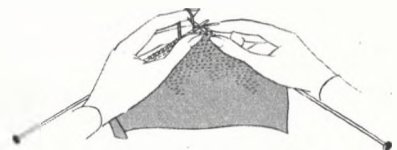
In yardage knitting, cutting lines are machine stitched before pattern is cut



Seams, as in shoulders, are woven on the right side with tapestry needle and yarn



Regular knitting, with the wool held in the right hand, makes the most even rows



Continental knitting, with the wool held in the left hand, is the faster method

Here are the professional tricks that three knitting experts use in making expensive, hand-knit garments—how they plan their work, carry it out and finish it

I just walked out



Being the true account of a real experience—a hardy adventure in living

by Clara Belle Thompson

SYNOPSIS OF PARTS I, II, AND III.

THE author, Mrs. William Powell in private life, set out actually to prove that any woman could make a living and a new life for herself as a stranger in a strange town. She landed at Newmarket-on-the-Zircon with exactly ten dollars to her name. She managed to find a room. The next day she set about hunting a job.

The third day she was run in for an impostor—taken to the police station. The Evangel pastor's wife had become suspicious when the author referred to the altar cloth, as it is termed in the Evangel Church in the East. In Newmarket it was pulpit cloth. Also two of her fellow roomers became suspicious when she inadvertently misquoted a secret ritual of the Sisters of Darius. The police Captain was convinced of her innocence. The author moved to a room in the local hotel, and there fainted dead away.

Now the author was down to a capital of \$1.60. She finally landed a typing job—nine thousand cards to be addressed and finished in one week. Nearly paralyzed with fatigue and weak from hunger, she delivered the cards and asked to be paid. Her employer was away for the week end and his secretary could not pay off!

She then walked three miles to an inn on the outskirts of town—and got herself hired as waitress. She was left in charge for a few days while Boss "Trudy," a big-hearted ex-actress, went to see a soldier son leaving for overseas. The work was pleasant, if hectic, and there was plenty to eat. It also seemed a safe place to hide out, but the last day she came face to face with Rachael, her friend at the employment agency.

PART IV

WHY, hello," said Rachael Decker to both of us—to me and to Trudy who had followed me. "I didn't know you two knew each other." Then to me, "I phoned you yesterday—or was it day before. Did you get my message? I think they've got a part-time job for you at Hammond

Strawber's—selling."

Most of life's dramatic moments aren't. Here I'd been frantic lest Rachael of the employment bureau would find out I'd taken this temporary job as waitress, after she'd expressly advised to hold everything until I heard from her. Now stumbling into her at Trudy's, because of all things she had been intrigued by my chocolate



MAYBE I WASN'T SO HOT AS A WINDOW WASHER

fudge cake and wanted to order one, I'd been ready to turn tail and flee like a gazelle. . . . If only we could learn once and for all that what happens to us is of life-and-death importance to one citizen and one citizen only—ourselves. We lead our own inner lives of fear and hedgings because of the other fellow—but the hurdles are all in our minds.

Back in my bravely gay little lavender room at the Rush hotel I dropped my coat on the flowered spread, my gloves on the lilac-painted dresser, and emptied my purse on the catch-all table—badge of the four-dollar room.

There was the loot—\$11.25, which I had belatedly collected from Mr. Crocker for that all-out typing job, \$10 from Trudy, plus 85 cents in tips. Twenty-two dollars and ten cents! Why, that wasn't so bad. In fact, that was wonderful! And now, to brim the cup already running over, prospects of a job.

The new job started—though not exactly with a bang. Several years before in my dark past I had had a breezy dynamic never-to-be-forgotten experience in a large eastern department store. In fact, reporting the glittering details in one of the better known national magazines had accidentally launched me on my literary career.

I didn't refer to this experience in the interview which Rachael had arranged. But whether I said it out loud or not, one thing was certain: *I did know department stores!*

Well, the joke was on me. All those two stores had in



IN RAPID SUCCESSION—APRON, APRON, ETC.

common was a roof and four walls. At a quarter of nine, bubbling with self-assurance and feeling alert and capable, I entered the portals of Hammond Strawber. And that was the last calm or confident breath I drew for four weeks. From the first moment I was fighting for my business life. Never in all my big-city experience had I run into anything like those sales cyclones in the fashion department of Newmarket's Hammond Strawber.

Mr. Daily, the assistant manager who had done the final interviewing in my case, met me at the front or customers' door that first day and whisked me quickly to the second floor where I was to be added as an extra salesgirl, needed each Saturday and on call other days if wanted. "Hat sale," he tossed back over his shoulder as I crowded after him up the steps, and then he was introducing me to Mrs. Mason, head of the department.

IN looks Mrs. Mason was blonde, slim and smart. In manners, she was pleasant, cool and impersonal. She gave me about five minutes before she plunged back into her own demanding work. These hats were on sale, these were not. Also, rush slacks and suits. Aprons were on sale, too—59-cent ones for 35 cents, 35-cent ones for 25 cents. Pay no attention to the apron price marks, which were the original ones—the sale was going off tomorrow night. You handle your own change and here's the wrapping material—bags and boxes. You wrap your own sales. The register works like this, and you punch this number K, which will be yours. Better walk around a little now to get a line on the department, and if you want to know anything, ask one of the girls.

Coats, hats, dresses, housecoats, bathing suits, blouses, slacks, shirts, shorts, suits, housedresses, aprons—the fashion department ranged over the whole second floor. I looked around at my half dozen co-workers and tightened my belt. If they could learn it, so could I.

"Powell, do the showcases." (Later on when I was a veteran of several months I was to hear those words applied to another newcomer: "Gately, do the showcases.") For the moment I was stunned at the responsibility. New and green as I was, did they expect me to redecorate that long line of glass cases that contained blouses and sweaters?

But instantly I had a grim awakening. For the perky, pencil-thin young girl who had called my name was proffering me two dust cloths and a bottle of glass-cleaning liquid. My job was kitchen police. "I'm Kelly," said the girl coolly. "After you clean the showcases, do the hat stands, the glass racks and the mirrors." She vanished among the housecoats.

I started squirting the liquid lavishly and then rubbing violently with my double dust cloths. You could certainly see



A JUDGE-IN-WAITING
FOR THE TOTALED SALES RECORD

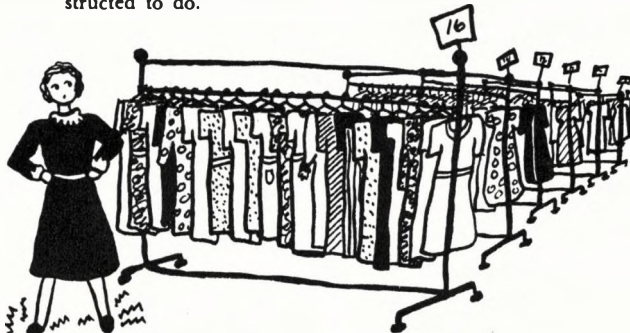
where I'd been. For I was making at least two smudges grow where one had grown before.

And then I became aware of a jovial young man who was cutting big sections of plate glass into smaller ones and fashioning them into interesting and original holders for slacks and sweaters and blouses. You could see everybody liked him from the way the salesgirls sallied back and forth. But suddenly he stopped everything to watch me. "For the love of God, sister," he said in awed tone, "what are you supposed to be doing?" By now one section of the largest showcase was almost dimmed out, thanks to my frenzied ministrations.

"You're not trying to put out a fire, sister; just spray it." He touched the button at the top of the bottle gently and a fine mist descended. "And don't make such hard work of it. Light, even strokes, and only go over each section once. That's all there is to it."

WELL, maybe I wasn't so hot as a window washer, I told myself. But just wait until time came for selling! They'd all see my dust! . . . Only they were too busy to look. Nobody had stopped a second once the customer rush started.

In rapid succession I sold apron, apron, apron, housedress, housedress, apron, apron, apron, smock, smock, smock, blouse. And each time as I rang up the amount and made change, I marked the sale on my record card the way I had been instructed to do.



EVERY DRESS HAD TO BE HUNG IN ITS PROPER PLACE!

Just before I left on my lunch hour at eleven-thirty I heard Kelly say to Mason, "I've had a vile morning. Just one looker after another." And Mason, "How much is your book?" Kelly, disgustedly, "I doubt if it's a cent over seventy dollars." Mason, reassuringly, "It'll probably pick up this afternoon." I scanned my long line of sales and had a body blow: Grand total: \$19.37.

My former sales experience, a brief act in my own department-store drama, had been (1) in a section that had high-priced items and therefore (2) conducted in leisurely manner. Hurrying the customer would have been fatal. Now, even to my thoroughly addled brain, it became crystal clear that I had been giving each customer too much time and concentrating on too low-priced stuff. That explained why I had had such a clear field in aprons. Nobody else would touch them with a ten-foot pole.

Fortified by a cup of coffee (5¢) and a ham on rye (10¢). I began to circulate where the dresses and coats hung forth. And almost instantly I was rewarded.



COMANCHE AT HAT SALE

A BLONDE girl was trying on coats by herself. "That plaid looks awfully well," I said in my best sales manner. "You're so slim, you can wear those blocks."

"Do you think so, really?" She preened up and down before the long mirror. "Wonder if I mightn't get tired of it."

First and last we tried on practically every coat in the place her size. But I didn't mind. This lass seemed interested in the expensive ones—\$19.98, \$20.98. Easy figuring showed me that if I could make one \$19.98 sale stick, I'd have sold the equivalent of eighty aprons in one fell swoop. "Now this shepherd's green," I was saying—and there was Kelly.

"Find anything you liked, Jane?" she asked.

Customer Jane drew a breath of relief. "Well, at last! I thought you'd never get through. Yes, I kind of like that little red number." She turned to me, "You don't mind, do you?"



THE SEAT TEST

I backed off. So she'd been Kelly's customer all the time, and just killing twenty minutes with me until Kelly was free. The Greeks have a word for it. But this was my first day and no time to make the fur fly.

With inward fury I gave lissom lassies with time on their hands a wide berth.

In the maelstrom of the sale, children were running all over the department, yelling like Comanches. Why not concentrate, I thought, on one of these harassed mothers who no doubt, with a mile-long shopping list, wanted to be out in a hurry.

The youngster I drew was a nice, quiet, well-behaved little fellow about seven. He was accompanied by both parents, a pleasant-looking, well-dressed young couple who could evidently afford the best of our stock, none of which was priced very high. It was a suit for the mother. I slipped the requested well-cut tweed on the young wife. The effect was charming. But even before she glanced into the full-length triple mirror, she and her husband both turned to the boy. He took one look at the suit and drew his small fedora over his eyes.

"He doesn't like it," they chorused. "That's the way he acts when he doesn't like it."

A flattering sales talk, suddenly turned to the young, did no good. He only drew his hat to smothering proportions over his nose and mouth.

"It's really lovely," said his mother.

A low moan came from under the [Continued on Page 74]



I Keep House in Bolivia

To a friend in the States, *Phyllis Campbell* writes of the colorful ins and outs of managing her home in the world's highest capital

DEAR KATE:

In your letter you asked what it was like to keep house, far from the United States, in the Bolivian capital of La Paz, 12,000 feet above sea level.

Although La Paz is within the tropical zone, we have a temperate climate due to the great height and so enjoy plenty of rain and sunshine.

Our house is two-storied and semi-detached and, though rather small, is just right for a family of three. It is built of "adobes" or mud bricks, as is usual here, and has an outer facing of cement which gives it the appearance of a building of better construction.

In the front, as most houses in La Paz, it is bounded by a low wall, and an iron gate which is kept locked. Inside the wall I have a small garden which is my pride and joy, for there I have a selection of lovely flowers. These include carnations, enormous sweet peas and multicolored snapdragons, all of which grow easily even at this altitude!

A small path at the side of the house takes you to the patio, and here there is a small vegetable garden. In this same

patio there is a tiny chicken-coop where I used to fatten a few fowls for home consumption.

It may amuse you to know why I gave up keeping fowls. One day, a while back, I came home at lunch time to find my servants in a frantic state. On asking what had happened, they told me that the Indian woman who lives in the gully behind our house, had spent the morning sitting on the back wall, declaring that the black hen in the chicken-run was hers and that it had been stolen! The cook added that she had tried to convince the Indian that I had bought the hen at the door, but had not convinced her, and that the Indian would not move off. In Spanish, I told the woman to go away. But as she only spoke Aymara, one of the Indian languages of Bolivia, my words meant nothing and it was not until my husband shook his fists at her that she gave us some peace. It was not a lasting peace.

IN the afternoon I heard a loud argument going on in the back, and then the cook rushed in and said that the

woman had returned. I did not go out to the patio until the din had reached such a high note that I thought something must be done about it. There, in the small yard, were no less than ten people. Some of these were defending the old Indian, and the rest, who were mostly the servants of my neighbors, were arguing on the side of my servants! From the windows of all the neighboring houses people were having a good look at the fight.

"You stole that hen from this poor Indian. You two women are thieves and have sold the hen to your mistresses." In fact, within a few moments they would all have been at each other's throats had not the Indian woman's husband appeared on the scene.

Without a word he climbed into the yard and then into the coop, and proceeded to inspect the black hen to see whether it was the missing one or not. At this moment the cook, who is sharp-witted and quick in action, got a padlock from near by and locked the man in! He, by now, realized that the hen was not his wife's and [Continued on Page 58]

ILLUSTRATED BY WINFIELD HOSKINS



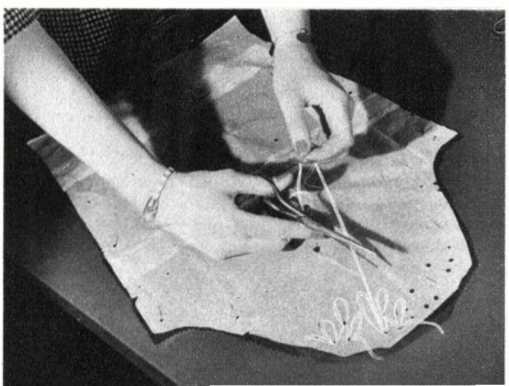
The cook, who is quick and sharp-witted, got a padlock from near by and locked the man in



ONE: Our beginner follows the rules. She's altered her pattern to fit (see sketches on page 48) and is trying on the pinned tissue. Sleeve is not attached. If further adjustments seem necessary, she'll make them now



TWO: With altered pattern pieces pinned to fabric according to sewing instruction diagram (straight-of-goods perforations carefully noted) she's ready to cut. Using pinking shears in this step saves pinking seams later



THREE: She has marked perforations with tailor tacks, using long double thread with no knot (different colors for different size holes). Two small stitches through double layers of the fabric, with 1/2-inch loops in between

Make Your First Dress

a Success

by Mabel Hill Souwaine

THERE are more "first dresses" being born these days than ever before. Shortages may have their disadvantages, but they're at least giving our hidden talents a real workout. If you've never before attempted to make a dress, there's no need to get panicky, but you'll save yourself a lot of headaches by learning the rules of the game and—incidentally—following them.

For example, until you've got the hang of choosing patterns, don't get adventurous and pick a type of dress you've never worn before. Stick to lines that you know belong to you. If your waist and diaphragm are the nice slim kind, then you can fit them snugly with a basque top; if your hips are the oversize variety, a dirndl, if only today's modified one, will help conceal them. But, you should know your best points by this time. The important thing is to stick to the type of clothes you know look well. Then, make your selection from what are called "Quick-and-Easy" patterns. These are so named because they have comparatively few pieces, and are designed for the bright beginner rather than the professional dressmaker. We chose for our attractive young "guinea pig" whom you see photographed, Butterick 2461 (Sizes 12-40, 25¢). Two other favorites of ours are Butterick 2462 (Sizes 12-44, 25¢) and 2454 (Sizes 11-15, 12-20, 35¢).

NOW that you've got your pattern, choose your fabric. This isn't just a matter of pleasing your eye. This material must be chosen to go well with the pattern. Each pattern is designed with specific types of material in mind. Sometimes you'll need a fabric which will drape well; sometimes one which will tailor crisply—but whatever the demands, take stock of them. A few general rules to remember are these. Stay away from napped or elaborately figured fabrics. If you have to watch for nap direction or match prints or plaids, you'll add hours of time and subtract inches from your temper. Our beginner chose a good rayon crepe in two tones, but regretted it a little because it didn't take a press as well as it might. You'll do well to get a firmly woven, easily pressed fabric, perhaps a cotton, for your first dress.

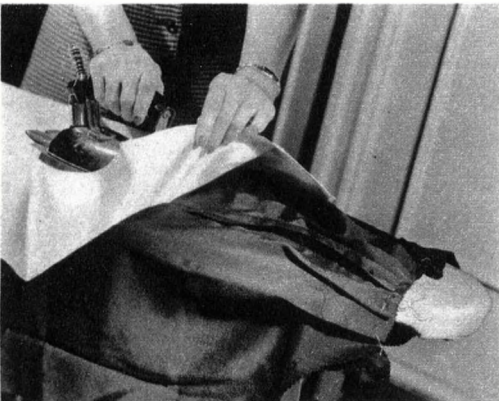
Individual measurements and pattern adjustment: The homemade look, unfortunately possessed by so many amateur dressmaking efforts, is often due to failure to adjust the pattern before cutting the fabric. Even the most expert fitting later on won't make up for this omission, as any good dress designer will tell you. So take your measurements with scrupulous care (sketches on page 48 will show you how) and then adjust your pattern according to them; pin pattern together and try it on. As your experience grows you'll become more familiar with your own deviations from the norm and these adjustments will become routine, but until then follow the rules carefully. Many pattern companies offer directions for altering patterns. The Butterick Company has a little booklet "The Pattern Clinic Digest" which gives clear instructions for altering patterns in [Continued on Page 38]



FOUR: After clipping long threads between tailor tacks, she lifts pattern from fabric and separating one section of cloth from the other, as far as loops permit, clips the threads. A sewing line is now on both layers of fabric



FIVE: The first fitting. The entire garment has been basted together and she's checking the fit. Shoulders are a trifle too wide, blouse side seams need taking in. She'll mark these changes carefully before assembling the garment



SIX: The all important pressing. Every stitched seam is pressed before joining to another—side and shoulder seams pressed open, waist and armhole seams, flat. She's using a damp cloth in the approved professional way

If you follow the rules of the dressmaking game, even your first dress will have a professional look

every conceivable way. Our girl's shoulders were wider, her waistline and legs longer than the standard 16, so she adjusted her pattern as shown on page 48 before fitting the tissue. (Incidentally tissue sleeves shouldn't be pinned in as they are too prone to tear.) If the pattern fitting indicates further changes—make them before cutting fabric. Ours seemed to fit very well.

Of course the safest way to *check* pattern alterations and fit is to make a muslin model before cutting into your material. But good sewers find that making a muslin of just those sections about which they are uncertain is sufficient. For instance an expert home dressmaker we know has unusually short arms and always makes a muslin sleeve to check that part of her pattern alteration.

Laying out, cutting and marking: First of all make sure your material (cotton or wool) is pre-shrunk and if it isn't, have it done at the store where you bought it or at your neighborhood tailor's. Press out all creases and straighten the ends of your fabric by tearing or drawing a thread. You'll probably find it helpful to press lightly the ruffled pattern pieces, too.

Now is the time to refer to the sewing instructions which accompany your pattern. Diagrams for laying the pattern pieces on various widths of material are given and you should find the correct one for the pattern *view* you have chosen, for your *size* and the *width* of your material, and follow it exactly. Don't belittle the importance of this step, because here again the beginner often falls down. Infinite care must be taken to see that the pieces are pinned to the material so that the grain or straight of goods perforations are parallel to the selvage edge. The slightest deviation will cause your finished garment to pull out of line in a manner that screams "Homemade!" Lay out and pin the entire pattern, before cutting. Now with pattern and material on a flat surface, start to cut accurately and [*Continued on Page 48*]

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZOLTAN FARKAS



SEVEN: Final fitting. She's altered her pattern correctly and made careful changes after first fitting, trying on each change, so her garment fits well. She has only to mark and turn the hem—give the dress a grand final press



Navy and chartreuse rayon crepe combine in a striking first dress. Hat from Bonwit Teller

IT IS MORNING

by
Jennie Harris Oliver

WILD earth is a friend; turned earth is a revelation. Squeeze the waiting soil in your hands; sift it through your fingers. After its eager sun and dew, the soul of its dead grasses and the persistence of its blind, groping atoms have soaked through your palms, comes a strange, new courage precious and indescribable.

The knowledge of this walks stilly. When Mrs. Nash lugged a coarse bag of dahlia roots to the unused patch of red earth behind the barnyard, she wanted only to get away from the house with its familiarity, away from the sin that was giving her sleepless nights and tortured days. For Rachel Nash—who, until her daughter's marriage had been open as the day—was a liar. She had bought Cynthia Ann's pretty wedding clothes and threatened innocence with lies.

It pointed back to Aunt Ad's hundred-dollar check. Some hold it no lie, Rachel's using the yearly payment from her own inheritance. Even if it was—as year by year—promised for debt, wasn't it her money. But what of stealing it out of the mail and saying it hadn't come. What of letting Cynthia's father send letters and "tracers" after it. But for Joie, her dreamer, Rachel would have confessed and taken the consequences. Joie had enough hindrance without his father and mother quarreling—maybe separating.

The patch behind the barn had never been plowed, but Rachel knew how to spade. Foolish loss of time and strength, Ira Nash would have said. If she must dig, why not help Joie chop cotton. Oh, well! With the sack bulging awkwardly at her feet, Rachel Nash stood and read the pamphlet tucked in with the hundred choice—she did not dream *how* choice—roots. Reading, she smiled, knowing exactly why her girl had passed on these tubers. There was an experiment station at the A. & M. College, where Cynthia's young husband taught English, and these had been a present from the greenhouse.

Rachel thought shrewdly that the gardener might be proving some new phase in dahlias. But no bride wishes to raise flowers; that comes toward middle life; toward losses, silence; in the case of Rachel Nash, after a bride of lies.

CYNTHIA'S mother read the booklet through—not many pages. It was only Bulletin No. 1370, sent out by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. But it was interesting as a fairy tale. In spite of herself Mother was thrilled.

When she had stripped off her faded blue sweater and begun turning packed red earth, she looked often at the lowering sun. With Joie in the field and his father at the gin cleaning out the seed-house, she would have tremendous appetites to satisfy. Supper must be on the dot. Rachel's dark, silver-touched hair came loose and clung in curls to her damp neck and face. Some work, setting out dahlias! But it *was* diverting.

Back in the kitchen, slicing bacon, making biscuits, Rachel felt better. Where had been a stone in her left side, was a pulsation—not as it had been, but more like it. Supper was all but done when Ira stepped in. Big, Ira Nash was, almost blond, almost good-looking.

"Gosh, I'm tired!" he puffed, and kissed his wife's smiling mouth. "How's my girl? I missed the mail carrier. Nothing from Ad?"



Son's dream was Mother's, too, but she had her own way of making it come true

"Nothing."

Rachel opened the oven door, flinched, and closed it again. She stood looking at her husband's broad back stooped at the washbowl. Nash was scouring his hands and face noisily, flinging water on the laded linoleum. Where the suds left sprang up gay little roses on a gray ground. The man was mad clear through. Should she tell him the check had bought a "shade of green silk" for Cynthia to be married in?

At that moment of greatest temptation she saw Joie hopping across the barnyard and clipping toward the house as if he hadn't chopped cotton all day. In September he hoped to go to Stillwater where Cynthia was and attend Junior High. Let him have his dream—she'd wait.

WHEN the boy breezed in, it seemed the very walls reached out for him. Alive, Joie was! He peered at the oven, squinched up his nose, and made motions of feeding his face. When his father, wiping his wrists thoroughly before yielding up the basin, asked loudly where he'd been, he jumped and bugged his big blue eyes absurdly. He didn't answer at once, either. In fact, he was buttering a hot biscuit when he burst his joyous bomb.

"I was talking with Margaret Foss. She drove her truck up to the south fence to look at Selim. You couldn't see us from the lane. Dad"—Joie leaned and upset his glass of water. When his father ordered him to "set up," he made himself a ramrod—any way to please! "Say, Dad. Selim's mine, ain't—isn't he? He's my horse?"

Nash narrowed his eyes. "Yes, of course. Why?"

"Margaret'll give me seventy-five dollars for him this fall. She's learning to ride. I—" Joie looked away—"I wouldn't let him go for anything but school money. You said you couldn't afford to let me work out this summer"—Mrs. Nash flinched; she hadn't known that—"but seventy-five will buy my books and clothes—huh?" He added practically, "Maw, pass the 'lasses."

Nash was of a suspicious turn. "How'd Margaret know we'd sell Selim?"

"She didn't. Just saw us shaking hands and stopped to find out."

"I thought you were chopping cotton."

"Aw—Dad! Selim learned at the barn. You said let him crop grass along the fence. It's only a minute to 'shake,' after you learn how."

"Leave Selim at the barn." Mr. Nash drank his third cup of coffee at a gulp. "Now get your cap," he said. "I need you at the gin."

JOIE grabbed his "sky-piece" and chucked it on bill-side behind. His mother had to smile, watching him follow his father with high-stepping strides. Little monkey! Here he was aching to get through and glue his eye to the Latin grammar Cynthia sent him, and he could cut up like that!

Later, when Mother was writing to Cynthia about the dahlias, she must mention the dark-lantern Joie had fixed up so his light couldn't be seen from the stairway. She shouldn't be telling this; Ira might step in. He was offended with Cynthia for running off to get married—a letter addressed to "Mrs. Field Houston" was outside his notice; still—one could never tell. It was a quarter of a mile to the postbox, but she took the letter and mailed it right then.

Rachel Nash wrote about the dahlias and forgot them. She had milk to see to, hens to set, and vegetables to lug up from the swale where Nash cultivated them, richly, with his corn. There was patching—always patching to do. She must manage, without stinting the [Continued on Page 66]

Joie, a smudge pot in his hands, could only stare at her standing between the towering, paper-tented blooms



For a Young Contour

Here's how professionals work against lines of fatigue and strain, and raise the drooping muscles of maturity

by MABEL HILL SOUVAINE

THERE'S nothing quite so luxurious, of course, as relaxing in a beauty salon and having the gifted operator make you beautiful at five dollars a performance! But since most women take their beauty treatments right in front of their own mirrors, we have persuaded the experts of Face Contour, Inc., to translate their ministrations into homework. As we've said, it's not so relaxing when you do it yourself, but it can be done, at least a major part of it. (If you'll look at the picture at the top of this page, you'll see the strong hands of a male Face Contour operator; to get the same effect with your own less sturdy hands, you reverse their position as in figure 10.) Before you reach step 1 in the pictures, the skin has been thoroughly cleansed with a cleansing cream (if pores are clogged or blackheads present, a special cream is then applied for deep pore cleansing). After excess cream is removed, a lubricating cream (different from the cleansing one in that it is much more penetrating) is patted on and you are ready for step 1. Remember that dry skins wrinkle more readily than oily ones; that wrinkles cannot be removed—new ones can be discouraged and lubrication helps conceal those present. Here's a good relaxing tip—rest the back of your neck against a hot washcloth while in your tub. It soothes the nerves.



4 Deep lines from nose to mouth are given spiral pressure of the index finger. Press, move finger upward

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN MEREDITH



8 Where lids are crêpy, or wrinkled, use index fingers to press lightly outward many times under brows



9 For horizontal creases along forehead, use middle fingers to press flesh down and slightly together



10 For neck lines, use backs of hands to sweep firmly upward on neck and under chin. Repeat



1 The lubricating cream is pressed in, not rubbed, with an upward motion of the flat of the fingers



2 Where jowls sag, slide palms of hands from collarbone over jaw to temple. Repeat, press firmly



3 Bent index finger here kneads the flesh of double chin to break down the fatty tissue and tone muscles



5 The same press-and-zigzag motion is used to work out lines from the corner of lower lip to the chin



6 Start at outer corner of eyes and then press lightly inward for those fine lines and bulges under eyes



7 For frown lines between brows, press with fleshy part of fingers from eye-corners up along lines



11 While you're relaxing (but not sleeping) a chin strap is helpful in restoring an upward contour. Hold a strip of stockinette (a knitted fabric, 2 inches by 36 inches) firmly under chin, twist at sides, bring it up along the front of the ear, tie it on top. Then slip fingers under straps, lift jowls up over jawline



BUTTER, etc.

and what to do about it

BY GOVE HAMBIDGE

Why do I eat fat?

Because it tastes good.

Bread and butter tastes better than bread without butter. A juicy steak marbled with fat tastes better than a dry chip of steak without fat. A salad with oil tastes better than a salad without oil. Cereal and cream tastes better than cereal with plain milk. Cereal with whole milk, which contains fat, tastes better than cereal with skim milk. An oyster stew with a big gob of butter tastes better than an oyster stew without any butter.

And so on.

All right. I eat fat because I like it. Meals without fat are pretty dry going. They don't slide slickly down the throat. They're ascetic—as everyone knows who has given up fat to try to get thin.

I even like certain fats more than others.

I'd rather have butter than lard on bread. I prefer olive oil rather than any other kind in a salad. I like my egg fried in bacon fat.

Other people have other tastes.

The Eskimo likes blubber. Not for me.

Many people in the South prefer fat back and drippings to any other fats. They're used to the taste.

Good old Dr. Johnson, they say, liked his meat a little high. It didn't taste right to him unless the fat was a wee bit on the far side of being fresh.

The Tibetans use ghee in their tea. Ghee is butter fat. I don't like ghee in my tea. True, I never tried it. I hope I never will.

A lot depends on what you're used to.

I also eat fat because it furnishes fuel.

One ounce of fat furnishes more than twice as much fuel as an ounce of carbohydrate—sugar or starch.

So if I work hard physically and need a big intake of fuel, I eat some fat so I won't have to stow away so much other food. Without stuffing myself, I can get a lot of energy by eating a comparatively small amount of fat.

By the same token, if I don't need a lot of fuel, I eat less fat. Otherwise the excess over what I burn up will be stowed away in my body as human fat. Then I will tend to protrude toward the front and the rear.

People who work hard physically—soldiers and such—need more fat than those of us who don't.

And they like it because it sticks to the ribs. In other words, it digests a little more slowly than starch and sugar.

You might say it dribbles energy into the body over a longer period.

If you have a sizable amount of fat in a meal, and then go out and chop wood, you're not so likely to feel starved before the next meal.

I also eat fat because it gives me nutrients I need.

There's vitamin A in butter and in the fat of whole milk. There's vitamin D in the fat of eggs (but more in cod-liver oil).

These two vitamins dissolve in fat (oil, in other words), but they don't dissolve in water. So you find them in the fatty part of certain foods. But not in all food fats by any means.

Quite aside from vitamins, certain components in some fats are essential to the body. Nobody yet knows just why or how. Nobody knows just how much of these components we need. But it's pretty certain we need them.

And it may be—finally—that I eat fat partly because it is an internal lubricant. Oils—such as cold cream—are good on the outside skin. Maybe we need them still more on the inside skin of the stomach and intestines.

Now in every war fats are usually one of the first things to get scarce.

Soldiers need them. Heavy workers need them. Some fats and oils that might ordinarily be used for food go into other materials. For fats and oils are useful in many places besides my insides. Soaps, paints. Glycerine. A lot of things require fats and oils.

We couldn't be in a war without being short of fats. It always happens.

Well, what am I going to do about it?

First, I'm going to take comfort from the fact that we're not going to be as short as many other poor devils in this world. We're not going to starve for



The Eskimo thinks raw blubber is elegant



The Tibetan likes ghee in his tea

fats. Not so far as we can see yet.

Second, I'm going to call on the good old human trait called stoicism to get me by.

Third, I'm going to use my wits.

Lots of people never eat butter—can't afford it.

I can afford it—but suppose I can't get any for a while. Shall I weep over it? No, I'll eat oleo.

Lots of people never even eat oleo—can't afford it.

I can afford oleo, but there may be times when I can't get that.

Well, then, I'll eat something else. Peanut butter, maybe. Or drippings. To millions of people, drippings are a delicious luxury. I guess I could get along on them temporarily if I had to.

I can't get olive oil, certainly. Well, I'll use corn oil, or cottonseed oil, or peanut oil. Perfectly good in a salad dressing.

All down the line, I'll use one fat or oil instead of another just as much as I have to. And try to be cheerful about it.

After all, what does my taste matter in a world at war? I can develop a new taste if I set my mind to it. Or at least put up with a change for a while.

I'll use my wits to save fats and oils in every possible way.

Don't throw away those drippings. Strain them, clarify them, keep them carefully in a jar in the refrigerator.

Use them for frying. Use them. Get them inside of you to make up for other fats you can't get.

Be economical with every bit of fat—from chicken, other meats, bacon, everything.

We won't be so short but that, one way or another, and all ways in combination, I can get my fats.

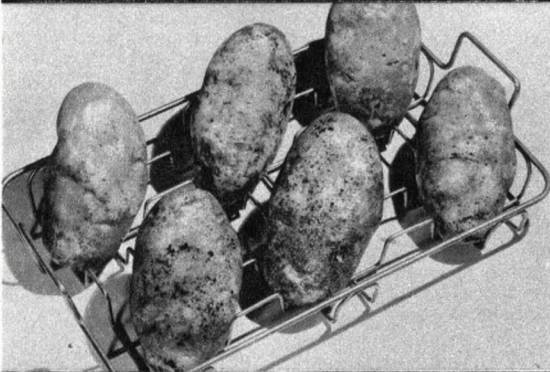
And as far as Vitamin A goes, I'll look for it elsewhere to whatever extent is necessary. [Continued on Page 65]



1 Scrub the potatoes well, so the skins may be eaten



2 Brush with fat, if you like soft skins. Use pan to save oven



3 If you like crisp skins, a wire cup rack is handy to use



4 Press potato open. Serve with margarine and hot milk

Baked Potato Secrets

We baked potatoes of all types and sizes in slow, moderate and hot ovens—with equal success

By GLENNA McGINNIS

It is not necessary to use extra large potatoes, but it is best to select fairly well-matched ones to bake together. We baked regular potatoes, both old and new, as well as the special Idaho. Even individually wrapped baking potatoes require scrubbing with a brush and lukewarm water, for some people like to eat the skins. This is good practice since most of the minerals in potatoes are found right next to the skin. If the skins are greased before baking, they are soft and have a fine flavor. Only a very thin coating of cooking oil, vegetable shortening or fat drippings is necessary. We recommend placing greased potatoes in a pan before baking to save extra oven cleaning. If you like a dry crisp skin, do not grease the potatoes. Occasionally ungreased potatoes will burst open and completely lose their shape if baked in a very hot oven. Some restaurants cover wet potatoes with a heavy coating of cooking salt before baking. The salt keeps the potato hot a long time. It is taken off before serving and leaves a dull, dry skin.

It is just as satisfactory to bake potatoes in a slow, 300° F., oven, as a hot,

425° F., oven. Of course, the lower the temperature, the longer the cooking time. When we used potatoes about 3½ or 4 inches long and 2 or 2½ inches across, it took 45 minutes in a hot oven at 425° F., and an hour in a moderate oven at 350° F. Using a slow oven, 300° F., it took 1 hour and 10 minutes. Smaller potatoes require less time. By allowing time enough, it is possible to bake potatoes along with other foods at whatever temperature the other things require.

SOME of the new potatoes we baked were round in shape and about 2¾ inches in diameter. They required the same length of time as the larger old potatoes. A shallow pan of very small greased new potatoes baked in 30 minutes in a moderate oven at 375° F.

If the potatoes are covered with hot water and boiled for 15 or 20 minutes, they can be baked 25 to 35 minutes less than the usual baking time, depending on the oven temperature and size of potatoes. The skin of a parboiled potato breaks easily. Greasing the skin after parboiling will help prevent the potato from bursting in the oven.

Baked potatoes are thoroughly cooked when you can press the sides gently and pierce them easily with a fork. It is best to serve the potatoes the minute they're done. If they have to stand, prick the skins with a fork. This allows the steam to escape and prevents potatoes from becoming soggy. Some people prefer breaking them open, but we cut a cross in the skin and hold the potato in two pot holders, pressing until the inside pops up. In the opening we put a little margarine whipped with milk.

Missing the generous chunk of butter we used to have, we added about a tablespoon of hot milk to our potato. It worked fine and now we always put a small pitcher of hot milk on the table when we serve baked potatoes.

To stuff cold baked potatoes: Cut a lengthwise slice from top; scoop out inside, chop and mix with milk, a little fat dripping, salt and pepper. We like to add a bit of grated onion or chopped chives before stuffing the shell. Top with a little grated cheese if you like before browning in a hot oven at 400° F. Cold baked potatoes are excellent too to use for creamed or hashed brown potatoes.

PRIZE-WINNING RECIPES FOR

Lenten Dishes

This collection of prize-winning recipes for Lenten dishes will be useful for meatless meals all through the year. They not only save meat ration points but they save money as well

GREEN SPLIT PEAS AND SAUERKRAUT

Costs 10 cents (March 1943)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

½ pound green split peas	4 tablespoons fat drippings
½ clove garlic, minced	1 cup sauerkraut
1 onion, chopped	Salt and pepper

Wash split peas and cook in 1 quart of salted water until tender but not mushy. Cook garlic and onion in drippings in large skillet until browned. Add sauerkraut and 1 cup of liquor drained from peas. Simmer 15 minutes. Add drained

peas; season to taste and serve immediately. Mrs. Joe Palmieri, Republic, Pa.

SPINACH AND CHEESE ON FRENCH TOAST

Costs 29 cents (March 1943)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

1 egg, grade B, beaten	1½ tablespoons fat drippings
¼ cup milk	2 cups cooked, seasoned spinach
¼ teaspoon salt	4 thin slices cheese
4 slices whole wheat bread	1 hard-cooked egg

Combine beaten egg, milk and salt. Dip

each slice of bread into mixture. Heat drippings in skillet. Fry bread slices slowly until lightly browned on each side. Remove to flat baking sheet. Thoroughly drain and chop spinach; place ½ cup on each slice of bread. Top with a slice of cheese. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., until cheese melts and spinach is heated. Remove to warm serving platter. Garnish with slices of cooked egg. Mrs. Natalie Gomez, New York, N. Y.

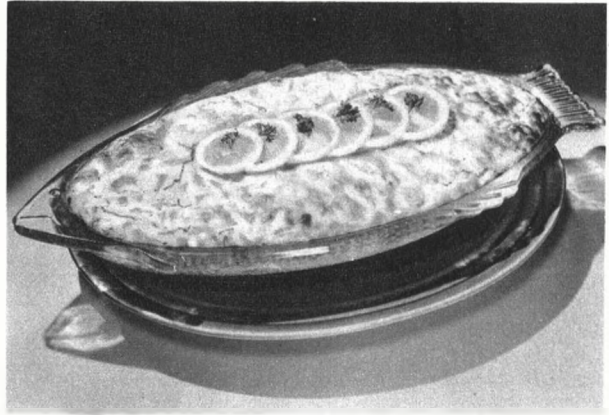
Note: Instead of spinach, left-over cooked string beans, asparagus or thickened, stewed tomatoes would be good to use in this way.

Spinach, cheese and slices of hard-cooked egg on French toast, make this a satisfying meal





Scotch Peas with Onions, a substantial, top-of-the stove meal, takes about 1½ hours of cooking time



Rice muffin batter covers a well-seasoned mixture of vegetables and flaked fish in a new fish pie

SCOTCH PEAS AND ONIONS

Costs 19 cents (March 1943)

4 large servings Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 pound dried Scotch peas | 1½ teaspoon salt |
| 4 tablespoons rendered poultry fat | 1 large potato, diced |
| 1 onion, diced | 2 onions, sliced |

Soak peas at least 2 hours in 2 quarts water. Do not drain. Heat 2 tablespoons fat in large saucepan; add diced onion and cook until yellow. Add undrained peas and salt. Cover and cook slowly 1 hour. Add potato; cook 30 minutes until peas and potato are tender. Heat remaining fat in skillet; add sliced onions and cook until brown and slightly crisp. Add onions and fat to cooked peas. Serve at once. Mrs. F. Zavadsky, New York, N. Y.

FULL MEAL SOUP

Costs 29 cents (March 1943)

Serves 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 cup pea beans | 3 tablespoons margarine |
| 4 quarts water | 3 tablespoons cooking oil |
| 4 teaspoons salt | 3 tablespoons grated cheese |
| 1 cup dried split peas | 2 tablespoons chopped parsley |
| 2 cups shredded cabbage | 1 clove garlic, minced |
| ½ 5-ounce package noodles | Salt and pepper |
| 1 cup cooked green beans | |

Wash beans and soak overnight in the water. Add salt and cook for 1 hour. Add unsoaked peas and continue cooking until tender. Add cabbage and noodles and cook 8 minutes. Add green beans. Before serving soup, combine remaining ingredients, stir into soup and boil 5 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Mrs. L. L. Schultz, Chicago, Ill.

FISH PIE WITH RICE MUFFIN-TOPPING

Costs 71 cents (March 1943)

Serves 6 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 large onion | 2 cups cooked fish |
| ½ green pepper | Salt and pepper |
| 2 tablespoons fat drippings | 2 cups cooked green beans or carrots |
| 3 tablespoons flour | Rice muffin-topping |
| 1½ cups milk | |

Chop onion and green pepper; cook in

drippings until lightly browned. Add flour; mix well; add milk slowly and cook until thickened. Add flaked fish; season to taste and place in 2-quart baking dish. Cover with cooked vegetable. Top with rice batter and bake in hot oven, 425°F., for 30 minutes or until crust is done and nicely browned. Garnish with lemon slices if desired.

RICE MUFFIN-TOPPING

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1½ cups cooked rice | 1½ teaspoons sugar |
| 1 cup milk | 1½ teaspoons salt |
| 1 egg, grade B, beaten | 3 teaspoons baking powder |
| 1½ cups sifted flour | 3 tablespoons melted shortening |

Combine rice, milk and egg. Sift dry ingredients and add to liquid, stirring only until blended. Add shortening. Mrs. Edward Barrins, Gary, Ind.

TWO-LAYER FLAKED FISH CASSEROLE

Costs 58 cents (March 1943)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 2 cups cooked fish, flaked | Salt and pepper |
| 1 cup mashed potatoes | ¼ cup toasted fine bread crumbs |
| 2 eggs, grade B | ¼ cup grated cheese |
| 3 cups milk | Paprika |
| 2 tablespoons margarine, melted | |

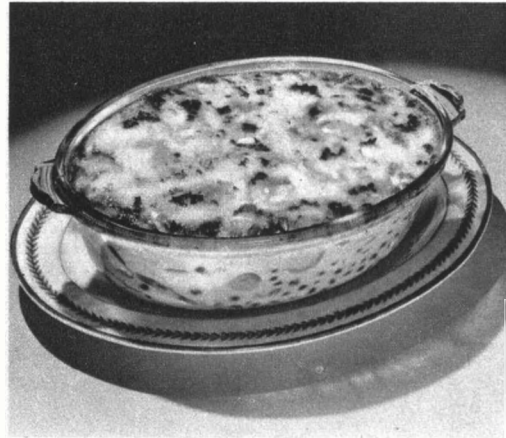
Combine fish, potatoes, 1 egg, 2½ cups milk and margarine. Add salt and pepper to taste and pour into a greased 1½-quart casserole. Beat other egg until light, add remaining half-cup milk and crumbs. Pour over fish mixture; sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., for about ½ hour or until set. Sprinkle with paprika before serving. Mrs. Merle M. Feathers, Belmont, Wis.

KIDNEY BEAN BAKE

Costs 12 cents (March 1943)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 cup dried kidney beans | ¼ teaspoon ginger |
| 6 cups water | 1 tablespoon Worcestershire |
| 1 tablespoon fat drippings | ½ cup grated cheese |
| 1 teaspoon salt | ½ cup milk |



Here's a new way of serving a combination of vegetables with a topping of cheese custard

Soak beans in water overnight; do not drain. Add drippings, salt, ginger and Worcestershire. Cook slowly about 2 hours or until beans are tender and only about ¼ cup water remains. If necessary add more water during cooking. Place half the beans in 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle half the cheese over top; add remaining beans and top with remaining cheese. Pour milk over all. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., for 45 minutes. Mrs. A. A. Roseboom, Hiawatha, Kan.

VEGETABLE CASSEROLE WITH CUSTARD TOPPING

Costs 42 cents (March 1943)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1½ cups hot milk | 1 small onion, chopped |
| 1 cup soft bread crumbs | 1 teaspoon salt |
| ¼ cup melted margarine | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| 1 cup grated cheese | 2 eggs, grade B, beaten |
| 2 tablespoons chopped parsley | 4 cups cooked vegetables |

Pour hot milk over bread crumbs; add other ingredients, except vegetables. Place vegetables in 1½-quart greased casserole; cover with milk mixture. Place casserole in shallow pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven, 350°F., for about 1 hour or until set. Mrs. Charles Simms, Lincoln Park, Mich.

[Continued on page 49]

MAKE YOUR FIRST DRESS A SUCCESS

[Continued from page 38]

carefully along the very edge of the pattern. (Seam allowances have been taken care of.) If you have pinking shears, use them to cut out the pattern pieces and save pinking seams later on. Notches should be carefully clipped and perforations marked with tailor tacks of different colored thread. It is often helpful to run a basting thread down the center front and back of the pattern pieces. (Our dress had center front and back seams so this wasn't necessary.) Remove tissue from the material only as the pieces are used. Now run a line of machine stitching along bias and curved edges to prevent stretching.

Prepare for the first fitting: Pattern instructions give very accurate step-by-step directions for assembling a garment, but custom dressmakers recommend basting an entire garment together and fitting before any stitching or finishing is done. Personally we think this extra step pays dividends. After pinning and basting pleats, darts, facings, etc. in place, pin the pattern pieces together carefully, placing pins at right angles to the edge. Baste, following seam allowance perforations and using two or three short stitches, one long stitch in the good professional manner. Some experts feel that the sleeves should be left out for this first fitting

but we like to assemble the entire garment and refit the sleeves later on if need be. Whether sleeves are in or no, tack shoulder pads in place for this first fitting. Now put your basted garment on and if possible get help in fitting it. If you have altered your pattern correctly, too many changes shouldn't be necessary, but the ones you do make must be carefully marked with tailor's chalk or pins. If you are doing the fitting yourself, you'll probably have to keep the changes in your mind's eye, take off the garment, repin and try on again. Incidentally, one of the advantages of dressmaking for yourself is that you can test any of the changes you make by slipping the garment on and off without losing a moment. Make certain that shoulder seams (with pads tacked in) are square and trim, armhole seams come exactly at shoulder break (pads extending a trifle beyond them); skirt and blouse join in straight line at natural waistline; waist is snug but not tight; side skirt seams hang straight (if they slant toward the front, back skirt should be raised; if toward the back, front skirt should be raised). After removing the garment, corrections should be checked from front and back center so that two sides will correspond. Now you'll proceed pretty

much as the instructions indicate. Mark and rip only the basted seams that need to come out in order to go back and finish pleats, darts, facing, etc.

Stitching and pressing: Stitching should be done on the basting lines. Stitching a straight seam takes practice and if this is your first try at the machine, you'll do well to practise on scraps of material. Wavy seams will completely ruin your dress. Whether you're practised or not, you'll want to try out a newly threaded machine on a scrap of material to check the tension, length of stitch, etc.

PRESS is the biggest word in the dressmaker's vocabulary, but sewing instructions give it all too little space. When your step-by-step directions say "join," they mean baste, stitch and press! We urge a lot of other pressing besides . . . before and after you turn the binding of a tiny bound buttonhole for instance, before and after you turn a facing . . . you can't overdo it. You'll do this pressing with a damp press cloth and a medium iron and should test a scrap of material before working on your garment. Pressing is naturally on the wrong side of dress, but always examine a pressed seam on the right side. Clothes are worn on the right side after all. Sending the finished garment to the corner tailor for a final pressing will pay you, too.

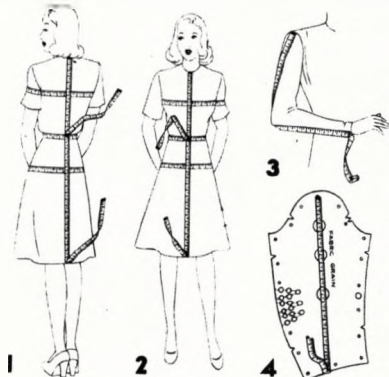
Setting in the sleeve: The set of a sleeve is the test of a dressmaker's skill, so approach this step with respect. If you have done your fitting well—shoulder line square but not exaggerated, armhole seam just at the tip of the shoulder, basted fullness evenly distributed—half your battle is won. The best way to stitch is from the underarm toward the shoulder, both back and front. Press the seam wrong side out over a tailor's cushion and shrink out fullness at shoulder with the point of your iron. You'll have to dampen your cloth several times during this process. Our pattern had a darted sleeve head which took care of much fullness, but many patterns call for an eased-in shoulder and this easing must be shrunk flat. Look at the shoulders of a man's well-tailored jacket—you'll see what we mean.

The hem: This would seem to be the very easiest step of all but there are tricks here, too. Mark your hem line with a skirt marker or have someone mark it for you with pins, turn and baste the hem about half an inch above the hem line and press. Now go on and finish your hem (See sketches at left).

Sketches on this page show how measurements should be taken, how our sewer adjusted her pattern, how to set in a sleeve, make a belt and turn a hem.

If you have difficulty securing these Butterick patterns at your local store, enclose the correct amount in stamps along with your request to the Fashion Editor, WOMAN'S DAY, 19 West 44th Street, New York City. Please print name and address clearly. If you are interested in the "Pattern Clinic Digest," we'll be glad to include it in your pattern order upon request, or if you wish it alone, send a three-cent stamp to cover cost of handling and mailing.

HOW WE MEASURED, ALTERED THE PATTERN, TURNED THE HEM



Figures 1 and 2. How to take body measurements. Figure 3. Bend elbow when measuring sleeve length. Figure 4. Check arm length with sleeve pattern laid flat

Our model found after taking her measurements that she needed to widen her shoulders $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch; lengthen blouse and skirt (front and back) $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch each; sleeve above and below elbow $\frac{1}{2}$ inch each. Figures 7 and 8 show how to slash pattern and insert piece to widen shoulders (back pattern is altered in same way as front). Figures 9 and 10 indicate where blouse and skirt should be cut before pinning in strip of needed width (back same as front). Figure 11 shows how a sleeve is slashed above and below the elbow before inserting strips of paper to lengthen it

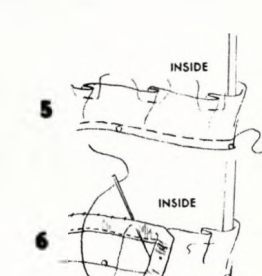
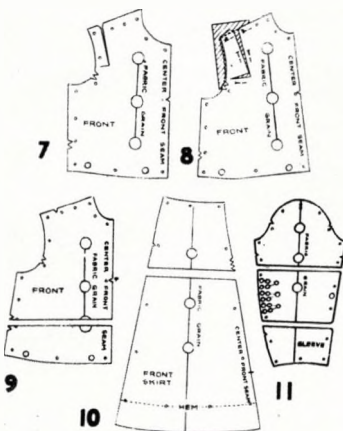


Figure 5. Turn up hem at line marked during last fitting, pin carefully and baste. Lay extra fullness in small pleats. Figure 6. Sew seam binding next to raw edge and blind stitch in position



LENTEN DISHES

[Continued from Page 47]

POTATO DINNER DUMPLINGS

Costs 30 cents (March 1943)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

1 onion	2½ teaspoons salt
5 large potatoes	6 cups water
1 tablespoon milk	1 teaspoon paprika
2 eggs, grade B, beaten	¼ cup chopped parsley
4 tablespoons flour	2½ cup diced cheese
¼ teaspoon pepper	

Grate onion and 3 potatoes into small bowl containing the milk; mix thoroughly. Chop the two remaining potatoes very fine and add. Put into a fine sieve or cloth and press all liquid from vegetables into a 3-quart kettle. Add 6 cups water and bring to a boil. Add eggs, flour, 1½ teaspoons salt and the pepper to the potato and onion mixture. Drop by teaspoonfuls into the boiling liquid. Reduce heat; cover tightly and cook 12 minutes. Add 1 teaspoon salt, paprika, parsley and cheese. Cover and simmer very slowly 5 minutes.

Mrs. Maud Plees, Whitehall, Mich.

BLACKEYE BEAN CASSEROLE

Costs 15 cents (March 1943)
Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

2 onions, chopped	3 cups cooked blackeye beans, mashed
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper	¼ cup grated cheese
3 tablespoons fat drippings	½ cup water Salt and pepper

Cook onions and pepper in drippings until lightly browned. Add other ingredients; season with salt and pepper. Bake in 1-quart casserole for 1 hour in a moderate oven, 350° F.

Susan Demko, Bronx, N. Y.

Other prize-winning recipes for Lenten Dishes are in the War Food Bulletin pages 1-8 in this issue

NEW FOOD CONTEST

This year, more than ever, you'll be doing all you can at home to save foods for the future. A lot of you will be looking up the canning and pickling recipes your mothers and grandmothers liked; some of you will be using the recipes you worked out last year for conserving fruits and vegetables for winter meals. We'd like to have your very best canning and pickling recipes or any recipes you use for conserving foods.

A \$5 prize will be awarded for each of the 12 recipes considered best by the judges. Prize winners will be announced in the July issue of Women's Day, and as many recipes as possible will be published. Mail your recipes, as many as you like, on or before April 15th, to the Food Contest Editor, Women's Day, 19 West 44th Street, New York, New York. Be sure to say in your letter "I authorize you to use my material."

Inspiration, Please!

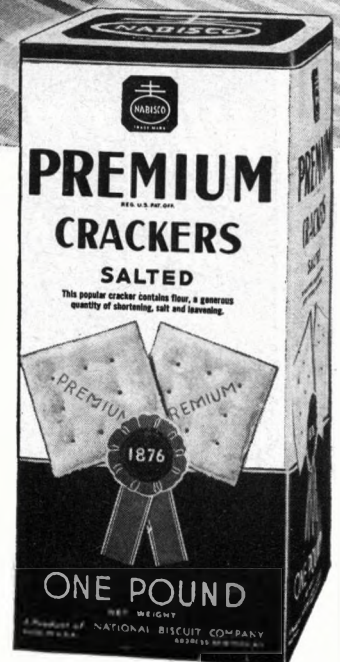


Question:

What's a quick and easy way to give meals a happy ending?

Answer:

PREMIUM CRACKERS with spreads! Those extra flaky crackers give cheese or preserves new flavor-interest!



A real inspiration for women planning

meals these busy days! There's no "easier"

dessert—nor one more popular—than

Premium Crackers with the family's

favorite spreads. For it takes delicious,

oven-crisp Premiums to really bring out the

best in spreads. To be sure of the same

goodness in all crackers and cookies,

look for the red Nabisco seal!

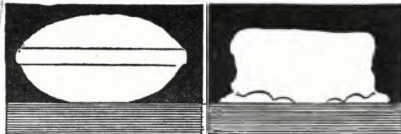


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SweetHeart's Oval-Shape curves UP and OUT of the wet soap dish.

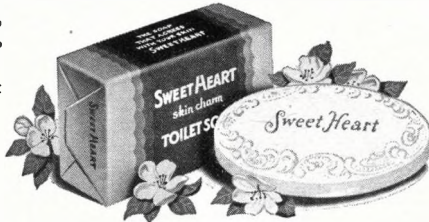
Square or flat soaps "sit down" in the wet —waste away fast!

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SweetHeart Soap is OVAL in shape—rounded top and bottom. Unlike flat or square soaps, only a small part actually touches the wet soap dish. Thus, the air dries it off fast—doesn't leave the cake PART-SOAP, PART JELLY. Among 8 leading brands, only SweetHeart Soap is OVAL!

Buy pure economical SweetHeart Soap today!

SWEETHEART
TOILET SOAP



WE DO A COAST GUARDSMAN'S HOME

[Continued from Page 26]

and needed a complete rebuilding job from the webbing up. We used 10½ yards of fabric at 85 cents a yard, and spent \$4.71 for disinfectant, twine, webbing, tacks, padding, cambric, sateen, braid, thread. To give the couch a touch of sparkling color, we bought 6 small cushions at 15 cents apiece, and covered each with different colors of glazed chintz—red, green, turquoise, yellow—using neutral beige cord to unify the colors. We spent \$1.18 for fabrics, cording and thread.

Next requisite for the room was a generous dining table. For \$8, at second-hand, we bought a beautiful old round mahogany Victorian table. It was in fine condition except for the top, which was badly scratched, marred and soiled. For three days we rubbed and rubbed that table top with steel wool and turpentine until it glowed and shone, soft and clean. We spent 44 cents for turpentine, steel wool, new screws, and paste wax. The four old chairs were all recaned. We used one hank of cane (\$1.10) and binder (5 cents). The frames were carefully taken down to the natural wood with paint remover, and refinished with mahogany wax stain so that they blend with the big table. Paint remover, sandpaper and stain cost 84 cents.

A place for books was high on the order list. For \$4, we bought an old oak bookcase that had no shelves, but was

trimmed with lovely rope molding. We removed layers of paint, then used a commercial bleach to lighten the wood, then rubbed on a wax stain in a glowing greenish tone, polished with steel wool, and waxed the outside. Inside we painted the coral-red of the roses in the draperies, made shelves of lumber, put in shelf supports. Cost of materials was \$3 for paint remover, sandpaper, bleach, lumber, shelf supports, paint, stain.

We needed another comfortable chair, so we bought at second-hand for \$5 an armchair that looked dreadful but had sound "innards." We sprayed it with disinfectant, reupholstered it with a striped fabric that introduced a neutral beige into our color scheme as its background, repeated our green in its stripe, and our pink in small textured flecks. We used 7 yards of fabric at 75 cents a yard, spent \$1.15 for disinfectant, padding, twine, tacks.

Small tables were the next problem. For the coffee table, we spotted one for \$1, much too tall and rather odd-looking, but with a good oak top and legs. We cut it down to low coffee-table height, framed the top with corner molding around the four sides, wax-stained the legs green to match the bookcase, and painted the top the coral red of the inside of the bookcase. We spent \$1.31 for sandpaper, molding, nails, paint, stain. For the other small tables in the room, we spent \$1.50 for a nest of three new unpainted ones of simple modern design, planning to use them at either end of the couch and beside the large chair. We finished them with wax stain in a neutral wood tone to give them a mellow look. Cost of materials was 50 cents for sandpaper, stain, finishing wax. To hold Mrs. De Young's collection of bric-a-brac, we bought a hanging shelf for \$1, painted it coral red, gave it a prominent spot on the wall between the two windows near the large table. Cost of refinishing materials was 39 cents for sandpaper and paint. Hooks for hanging, 10 cents.

The windows in the living room are low, and flooded with sunshine, so we bought Venetian blinds to cut the glare and to afford privacy. We bought 3 of these for the living room, ordering an inexpensive quality from one of the mail-order houses, since we did not feel that in a temporary home such as this a better quality justified extra expense (\$6.18 for the three). But otherwise throughout the house we tried to use furnishings sufficiently flexible and adaptable in use and arrangement for the next stop the De Youngs may be called to move on to.

Buying lamps these days is a real problem, since their manufacture has been curtailed. Choice is little and cost is high. So we bought our lamps second-hand. For \$6 we picked up a fine three-way indirect floor lamp, with nothing the matter with it that some brass polish and a new plug couldn't cure. Shade frames being completely at a premium, we bought some rose-beige taffeta and some green braid and re-covered the shade. This lamp now lights the big table for dining or for games. Cost of materials was \$1.24 for brass polish, household cement, taffeta, braid, thread, set screw. To light one end of the couch for read-

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Makes 1 1/2 pounds
MEAT-ABUNDANT
VITAMIN-RICH FOOD
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HUNT CLUB
DOG FOOD
A MEAL FOOD

ing, we bought a glass table lamp for 75 cents, that needed nothing but a new plug (5 cents) a converter (15 cents) and a new shade (50 cents). A rather over-decorated dark-stained, urn-shaped lamp (\$1) responded to the wood chisel and a thorough sanding, and with a new shade (\$1) turned out quite well as a light for the large upholstered chair. We spent 13 cents for sandpaper, wax and a clamp.

Remembering the wall restrictions, plus Mr. De Young's distaste for what he calls an "art gallery look," we purchased just one picture for the living room, choosing a pastoral print (\$3.49 plus 10 cents for picture hanger). Above the dining table and over the armchair we hung some of Mrs. De Young's own needlework. For 20 cents we bought 4 glass ashtrays. The total cost of the living room was \$148.99.

It is hard to believe that no two pieces in the master bedroom were bought at the same time, or even in the same places. They fit so well together, and this ensemble feeling comes not alone from the fact that all of the pieces are painted the same color, and faced with the same wallpaper, but from the repetition of curves in each piece that gives a look of similarity. The two bedside commodes were made from an old dressing table which cost \$6. We cut them apart from the joining center section, patched the backs, painted them and polished the hardware. The two chests (\$6 each) were scraped clean, wallpapered and painted. The bed itself (\$8) had to have some fancy molding chipped from its head and a sheet of loosened veneer stripped off before the headboard could be papered. A new spring and mattress were musts for the De Youngs and they did not want cheap ones (cost \$34.50). When we went to choose the paper for the bedroom pieces, we thought of getting a stripe or a plaid, but the De Youngs both miss their farm flowers and want as many reminders of them as possible. The apricot color in the flowers picks up the peach walls. We bought one double roll of wallpaper for 48 cents, which was sufficient for all the drawer fronts, the headboard and the valance boards that we made of lumber (80 cents). It cost us \$3.14 for sandpaper, paint, nails, size, glue, shellac, knobs, paste wax. A flat surface where Mr. De Young can lay out his uniform trousers, handy for quick morning dressing, was one special request. We cut down the legs of an old piano bench (\$2), padded the top and covered it with a yard of pale cinnamon and white striped chintz. We painted the legs the deep green of the flowers in the wallpaper. Cost of fabric, padding, tacks and paint was 91 cents. As the paint color for the furniture we chose a rich cinnamon brown that appears in the flowers of the wallpaper. The bedspread, easy to launder and with no pattern to conflict with the floral paper, is a white all-over candlewick (\$3.80). Mrs. De Young's own small sewing rocker, her machine, and plain white ninon curtains that she brought with her, complete the room. They are great readers-in-bed, so there is a pin-up lamp (\$3.25) with plenty of light for both. The total cost of the bedroom was \$74.97.

[Continued on Page 52]

"It's time someone took the child in hand!"



1. It isn't like Joe, my husband, to lose his temper with our youngster. But this day, when I came in from shopping, he was *really* upset. "This child," he said, "has got to learn to take his laxative without all this fuss and fighting. What's more, I'm going to *make* him take it."



2. Then I interrupted, "Wait, Joe. It's *my* fault for not telling you something I learned from the doctor just the other day. He said it's wrong to force bad-tasting medicine on a child. It can upset his whole nervous system."



3. "Well, the laxative we've been giving Johnny is bad-tasting and when I was shopping today I should have bought some Fletcher's Castoria. That's what the doctor suggested. He explained that it's pleasant-tasting, so children like it."



4. "He said Fletcher's Castoria is made *especially* for children. And he approves it because it's safe, yet effective. He told me it's gentle and mild, so it very seldom causes griping or upsets digestion. Let's go get a bottle now."



5. Our druggist praised Fletcher's Castoria, too. "I recommend it," he said, "not only for babies, but for youngsters up to 10 years. Especially, now, when colds are prevalent and there may be more need for a laxative."



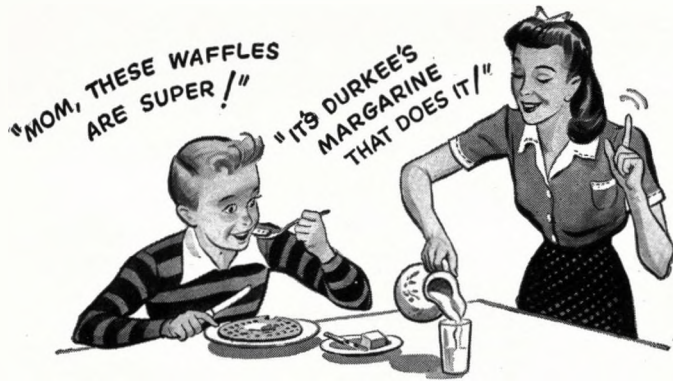
6. I bought the money-saving Family Size, and we gave Johnny Fletcher's Castoria. One taste, and he took the whole spoonful, grinning. Joe was amazed. "All I wish, dear," he said, "is that you'd let me in on these things sooner!" Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**
The SAFE laxative made especially for children.



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Fletcher's Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.



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The delicate flavor of DURKEE'S MARGARINE is due to an improved process which seals in the flavor of the fresh ingredients.



Every pound is enriched with 9,000 units of Vitamin A. Easily-digested, Durkee's Margarine is healthful . . . and an important "energy" food for everybody in the family.

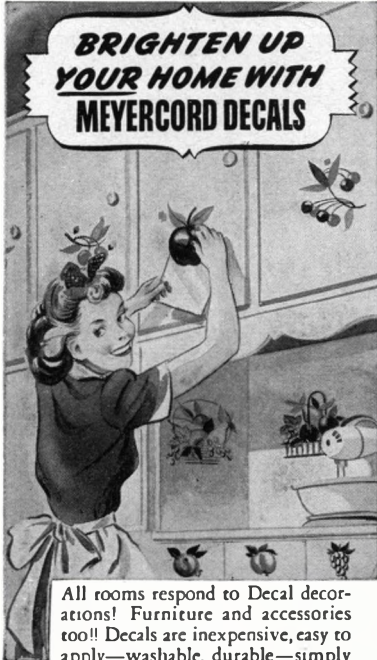
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WE DO A COAST GUARDSMAN'S HOME

[Continued from Page 51]

Thirteen-year-old Josephine was scheduled to inherit the spool bed. We thought her room would seem much more grown up if we treated it as a sitting room, so we spent most of our money in this room on the fabrics for the really handsome spread, putting the bed lengthwise as a day bed. It has a center panel of chevron-textured sturdy cotton fabric, that won't crush quickly under sudden dive attacks. This panel is in a medium shade of green that matches the green leaf in the printed sateen of the deep ruffle. The sateen is a deep rich blue, between navy and royal, and there is a spark of cherry red in its dainty small motif. We chose all our paint colors from this fabric. We made a desk of an old dining-room serving table (\$3), simply by cutting its height and painting it cherry red. We made new shelves and a new top for a small old washstand (\$2), painted it bright deep blue outside and cherry red inside, and it serves as a perfect catch-all for comic magazines, airplane journals (Josephine's hobby), a radio set, and tiny animal favorites. We bought a sturdy tall chest of drawers (\$3.50) and painted it deep blue. For the desk, we found a good maple tall-back chair (\$3.50) in excellent condition, needing only to have its upholstery covering replaced by a square of the green of the spread.

Mrs. De Young had two pairs of white

ninon curtains for this room, and double curtain rods, so we gave the windows a finishing touch with a double-ruffle valance of the bedspread chintz. We made pillow covers of the green, with deep bands of the sateen, for three pillows standing against the wall along the back of the bed. Fabrics used in the room cost \$10.70, and we spent \$3.48 for sandpaper, lumber, paint, tacks, cording, thread. A lamp for Jo's desk cost 50 cents second-hand, its shade 20 cents. Jo had asked for a picture of a bomber so we splurged and bought a fine rendering of a flying fortress, framed in light wood, for \$1.98 (picture hanger 5 cents). The oval blue rug (\$4.88) and the light blue walls were brightened by the green and cherry red in the room. The total cost of Josephine's room was \$33.79.

Though the house itself is standardized like hundreds all over America, the rooms bear the individuality of their owners. By keeping the buying down to essentials and letting color, function, living appeal and workmanship substitute for any lavish touches, we were able to get the job done for \$257.75 so that Mrs. De Young could use the difference for a War Bond.

SOME HOW-TO'S

by CAROLYN FEILER

LIVING ROOM

Draperies: Since the draperies were not planned to close, we found small screw eyes placed in the molding of the window frame an inexpensive and effective way to hang them. The screw eyes were set in the molding so that they matched the drapery pins in the pleats in the heading of the draperies. This method is especially good when there is no valance board.

Sofa: In making the self cording for the upholstery, we used the same twine as was used in tying the springs. It gave a much firmer, neater appearance. However, it is not a good idea to use this twine in making slipcovers, since they are usually made of a washable fabric, and the twine does not take to washing.

Dining-Room Table: The top of the table was gummy and dull—also badly stained and scratched. We applied turpentine to a small area at a time and then rubbed with the grain, using fine steel wool. (We still had a small supply of steel wool on hand. If you can't find any, use powdered pumice on a pad of cheesecloth dipped in turpentine.) As the old wax and dirt embedded itself in the steel wool, we discarded it for a fresh piece. This process also removed the scratches and stains. The entire top was then wiped with turpentine and waxed to a soft gloss.

Bookcase: We removed the old finish with paint remover until it was thoroughly clean of all old paint and varnish. Then we sanded the bare wood until absolutely smooth, then stained it. The basis of the stain was deep green paint, to which we added twice as much boiled linseed oil, half as much turpentine and several drops of drier. This was applied with a pad made of cheesecloth, and after an hour the excess stain was rubbed off.

Coffee Table: It was not an easy job to fit the crown molding used to frame the coffee table. However, by extremely

careful measuring and marking of the molding, and by using a mitre box, we were able to cut it quite accurately. The joints were glued and nailed in place. Where the joints did not meet exactly we filled the cracks with plastic wood.

Lampshade: We carefully removed the old material from the frame, intending to use it as a pattern. However, we found it easier to pin the new material to the tape covering the wire frame and then trim it to shape. We pinned half, then sewed it, and pinned and sewed the second half. We used an overhand stitch to hold the taffeta more firmly to the frame. The binding was glued with transparent cement.

MASTER BEDROOM

How to Wallpaper Furniture: First, prepare surface by removing all previous paint thoroughly. Sand well, until surface is quite clean. Fill all holes with plastic wood. Sand again, then apply thin coat of glue size, allowing to dry thoroughly. Now plan placing of pattern. If you are using small all-over pattern, there will be no difficulty in matching design. However, if you are using pattern with large motif, it is usually better to place one large motif in center of the piece you are papering, matching this motif from center, and then working toward top and bottom. Allow at least one inch margin on outside edges of chest, drawers, etc. Have large flat surface covered with newspaper for spreading paste on wallpaper. Moisten sized surface, using cheesecloth or other lint-free rag, dipped in warm water. Then moisten back of wallpaper which has been previously cut to size. Now apply to moistened paper a thin coat of vegetable glue, using flat of hand to smooth glue and thoroughly cover surface. When you are sure the glue has been spread as thin as possible and there are no lumps or bulges, place paper on sized surface, smooth from center out, press all edges firmly. If you are doing this on a curved surface, it will be necessary to slit edges of paper, using razor blade to accommodate the curves. Allow glue to dry, going back frequently to smooth out any bulges which may appear, also to go over all edges again. After an hour, or when the glue is fairly dry, use a razor blade to trim all edges. Finally, apply two coats of white shellac or shellac substitute, sealing and covering all edges.

Cleaning Hardware: We removed from the chests the badly tarnished, plated brass hardware. This we polished to a soft pewter-like finish by first rubbing with a damp cloth dipped in powdered pumice and then finishing with a commercial metal polish.

GIRL'S ROOM

Double Ruffled Valance: We cut a straight piece of the printed sateen, 8" deep and the width of the window. We sewed one 5" ruffle across the top, one across the bottom, stitching the bottom one, face side up, to the face of the material, the top one, face side down, to the reverse side of the fabric. Using the double curtain rods, with sheer ninon curtains hanging on one rod, it was easy to fold the finished valance over the empty rod.

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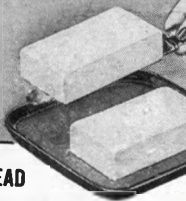


"I MAKE THEM BOTH THE SAME!"

[Continued from Page 18]

MAKE 1/2 LB. BUTTER INTO 1 LB. SPREAD

Now!
A butter stretcher that keeps true butter flavor



RECIPE

DELICIOUS SPREAD

for bread, toast and sandwiches

1. Allow 1/2 lb. (1 cup) butter or oleomargarine to stand in warm place until soft, but not melted.
2. Meantime, dissolve 1 teaspoon salt in cup (1/2 pint) whole milk (not canned), top milk or cream. Warm slowly stirring constantly. When COMFORTABLY WARM, (110°F.) not hot, remove at once from heat.
3. Add 1/2 "Junket" Rennet Tablet which has been dissolved in 1/2 tablespoon cold water; stir quickly for few seconds only. Let stand in saucepan until firm—about 20 minutes. Do not chill.
4. Add this rennet-custard to softened butter. (If desired, add 1/2 teaspoon Dandelion Butter Color.) Beat with egg beater until perfectly blended. Chill until firm. (Do not make more than one week's supply at a time.)

Important—This spread not suggested for frying, sautéing, shortening, or greasing pans.

Save this recipe—it is not in package

New Wartime Use for a product famous for 80 years



Doubles butter servings for trifling extra cost. Easy to make. Delicious. Easy to spread. Get "Junket" Rennet Tablets at grocers or druggists. Send for other tested war-time recipes. "The 'Junket' Folks," Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., Dept. 594, Little Falls, N.Y.

"JUNKET" RENNET TABLETS

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I'm SMOOTHIE

Use HAMPDEN'S powder base before making up, to give soft radiance to your complexion. Keeps make-up fresh. In 5 "tints," to match your coloring, mood or costume.

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unwanted. They are made to feel that nobody cares what they do and they are driven back upon their own inexperience and childish attitudes for a chance to have a good time, to get what they want, to be important.

Being without obvious obligation in such situations, young people who are not supervised feel irresponsible. That they have money and time—and urges—exposes them to exploitation by those who know how to attract them for their dimes and quarters. There is clamor here and there, calling upon the police to close those "dives." But closing such recreational opportunities as are open to them and attractive to them is no solution. That merely forces them into dark corners.

Finally, we must not overlook the fact that boys and girls have unquestionably been affected by the general mood of our time. It is a time of tension, excitement and uncertainty. It is a time when many people who are older, wiser and more stable than the teen-age youngsters we are talking about tend to feel: "Oh, what does it matter anyway? Let's live for today!"

This mood has caught up with these boys and girls at the most crucial point in their lives. Even in normal times they would be going through the "storm and stress" famed in song and story—the time when young people are thrilled by the prospect of the brave new world stretching out before them and then frightened at the thought of facing for themselves all the risks in this very risky business of living. And it is the time when they are most filled with doubts about their worth, their ability, their importance. It is the time when they feel most called upon to prove themselves.

All that is just part of the process of growing up. Whether one is born in the South Sea Islands, in Kansas City or in Philadelphia, the inner turmoil is remarkably the same. One cannot jump from being a child to being a man or woman. And that, in a sense, is exactly what we have tried to make our own adolescents do.

Where have we failed?

Delinquency—stealing, unapproved sex behavior, general lack of responsibility—all this is so sudden. It came out of a clear sky just like a summer thunderstorm. It seems that way but it is really no more sudden than the storm. The clouds have been gathering all the while and we just didn't notice.

For years we have been keeping our boys and girls on ice, putting every possible obstacle in the way of their growing up, forcing them to remain children just as long as possible. Then, with hardly any warning, they have been allowed (we might almost say they have been forced) to become men and women overnight. These same girls who had to beg their parents for a quarter every time they wanted to go roller skating are now earning more money in a month than they used to handle in a year. These

same boys who had to defy their parents in order to be able to listen to certain radio programs, read certain newspapers and see certain movies, are now being trained to fight a war.

It is no wonder that the youngsters go haywire when they hear the pleasant "jingle jangle jingle" of coins in their pockets. This money is theirs, to do with what they will, to save or spend or fritter away, and no questions asked. They should have had that thrill when they were seven or eight or nine years old. Children have to learn how to use money just as they have to learn how to use books and pencils and radios. They are all tools in our everyday living, and like every other tool, money must actually be handled and experimented with before it can be used intelligently.

By the time a boy or girl gets to high school, he should have had quite a bit of practice in making his regular weekly allowance stretch to cover such things as carfare, lunches, club dues and extras. As he gets older he should handle more money, make more important decisions, and more difficult choices. Therefore, at about high school age, certain items of clothing (shoes and socks, perhaps, sweaters or underwear) can be bought out of an enlarged allowance. It takes a lot of figuring and adjustments to find out just how much of an allowance is necessary and appropriate, taking into account the needs of the boy or girl, the customs of the community in general and of his schoolmates in particular and also, of course, the family budget itself. But it is worth it.

Nor is it any wonder that our young people are behaving wildly, dangerously, and irresponsibly in the sexual side of their lives. One thing that concerns everybody is love, and sex and the "x" thing that makes the world go 'round.' But during the teen-age the subject takes on gigantic proportions, the youngsters' interest in it is all-consuming, their anxiety often ever-present. And all the noisy and most stimulating doings that come to the attention of young people revolve around sex—the most exciting movies, the most scandalous newspaper stories, the most salacious court trials. The advertising pages, the show windows, the popular songs promote sex allure, sex conquest and sex intrigue. Yet on this subject, the three great character-building institutions—home, school and church—have been silent. It's something "we don't talk about."

If young people turn out unequipped to meet all the pullings and pushings, if they fail to remain upright and steadfast among the thousand impacts, we have solemn editors and righteous judges denounce them for their folly and wickedness. And the schools and churches often enough join in piling up scorn and disgrace. Yet no one helps them.

Telling children the facts of life is not enough. Most children learn the facts or get a pretty shrewd inkling at an early age these days. But, at the teen-age, the story of reproduction is merely a back-

ground (though a necessary one!) for the deeper concerns. "Is it all right, is it *normal* for me to feel the way I do?" "Is it *wrong* to give way to my sexual feelings?" "How far can I go and still keep my own integrity?" "Is it worth while, in times like these, to wait for real love and marriage?"

Every young person needs someone to turn to with these human but disturbing questions. A "chum" doesn't serve the purpose because one young person is as likely to be perplexed as another. Someone who is as understanding as a chum but older, wiser, more secure in the world and less bewildered about what values are the real ones—that would be the ideal person with whom to talk over the mysteries of life.

None of us can be an ideal person. But mothers, with their affection, their sympathy, their genuine caring, can help their own boys and girls in a way that no one else can if they will try to break down the barriers that have grown up between generations. Of course, no young person wants to tell his mother everything but he has to feel that he *can* talk to her, that she'll understand, that she'll stand by.

But what has perhaps brought the severest criticism on the heads of the present generation of adolescents is the lack of responsibility—to one's family, one's community and to oneself. I have come to their defense often and I must come once more. I do not think that it is their fault and I will tell you why.

About two years ago the principal of a very good high school told me that a seventeen-year-old boy came to him with the statement: "My mother wants to know what subjects I will have to take in order to get into college." There was no indication that the boy himself wanted to know or that he was in any way concerned.

That very same week I asked a young sixteen-year-old I know, whether his teachers discussed the war at all or brought up questions of international affairs for informal class discussions. He said, "No," and then, when he saw my surprise, he added, "they arrange other interests for us." At first, I confess, I was quite shocked by his attitude. He spoke as if the war, the whole vital problem of the relations that exist between the countries of the earth, would be a nice, commendable interest for him to have, but as if clay modelling or fossil collecting would do just as well. That boy is eighteen now and eligible for the draft. He will find out what the war is all about but he'll have to start from scratch and he'll have to find out the hard way. Still I say that it is not his fault. Both these boys had this attitude thrust upon them. We have to let our young people in on what concerns us and we have to treat them in such a way that they will let us in on what concerns *them*.

What can we do?

The first thing that we have to do is to recognize the legitimate urges of our boys and girls and to help them find legitimate outlets. We must make a vigorous, positive effort to supply suit-

[Continued on Page 56]



"MEAT MAGIC"

WORKS WONDERS IN THE WARTIME KITCHEN

*The very essence
of good, lean, red BEEF—
vegetable flavored*

B-V is an extract of lean beef, with vegetable flavoring added. It contains the stimulating qualities of beef

Use B-V to add meat flavor to casserole dishes, macaroni, spaghetti, rice, left-overs and aspics—also gravies, sauces, dressings. Use it as a meat stock for soups, broths, and hot or cold consommés.

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As a practical aid to the food-saving program, and to good eating, every wartime kitchen should have its jar or two of B-V "Meat Magic" at all times.

George Rector
Food and nutrition consultant for Wilson & Co.



The Wilson label protects your table

CRISIS ON THE FARM

[Continued from Page 23]



I do have stationery but I will explain. Last week we cut oats—not quite as bad as the wheat.

What a breakfast that first morning—pancakes big as a saucer, baked to a golden brown, real maple syrup, two glasses of milk and eggs. Right after that I was assigned to what you warned me I might have—that dreaded finger-work—weeding. It wasn't so bad after all because it was something to eat—vegetables. This morning just before milking time I hinted for a chance at it. Finally, I was given a matronly seventeen-year-old to learn on. She was quiet, she was gentle, she was patient, she wasn't nervous, but still I believe she thought to herself, "What's that guy trying to do anyway?" I found out milking isn't as easy as I thought. My hands don't want to cooperate very well. But I'm trying and I'm going to do some each night till I'm good at it.

DAVID HODGE
Harrisburg, Pa.

The experiment was a success



... When I joined the Volunteer Land Corps I was fully aware that I was a direct "misfit." Nothing could possibly have been further from my former way of life than farming. My work was arduous

but things improved and soon I was given a raise. It cannot be explained how much this meant to me: it was not the money, for I did not need that; it was the fact that, in spite of the great unsuitability of myself to such work, I had succeeded. The experiment had been a success and I was a helping hand instead of being a "Millstone about the neck."

GEORGE C. LEAKE
Boston, Massachusetts

It was simple when we knew how



A good school friend of mine, whose father is a high official in a large tobacco corporation, offered me the opportunity of working, as he intended to do, on a tobacco farm in Connecticut. Arrangements for transportation, lodging and working were completed before we left the city.

I was quite excited to say the least. I had fine, new work clothes, and was all ready to go to work the following day.

We were set to work in a field which looked endless. This was shade-grown tobacco. That is, it is grown under cheesecloth nets which makes thinner and finer leaves, both desirable characteristics. We

worked on our knees going down the rows and picking off the bottom leaves, or "suckers" from the tiny plant. The tallest was no more than six inches high. The task was simple when the "straw boss" showed us how, but it soon became very tiring. Oh, how our backs ached and how sore our knees grew. We got through the day which fortunately wasn't too hot.

We were driven home where we trudged down to the brook and had a most refreshing bath in the cool swift stream. We changed clothes and packed away the biggest dinner we had consumed in all our years.

NEAL FLORMAN
New York, N. Y.

I want to own a farm some day



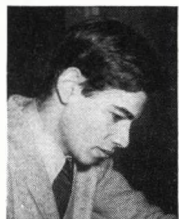
In the summers of both 1941 and 1942 I worked on a farm. I was 17 my first summer of farming. The first thing I had to do was to get up early, which is not the custom of a boy in the city. The next

new experience I had was doing chores before I had breakfast in the morning. The work on a farm is swell, and it sure makes you feel good after you have really worked hard and long to sit down to a real farm meal.

The work on the farm is hard, but all work in war time is bound to be hard due to longer hours, but you soon get used to it. One of my hopes after the war is that I will be able to have a small farm of my own and be able to live the life of a farmer.

JERE MOSHER
Dowagiac, Michigan

I came back a better person



... From June 26 until the end of August, one new and exciting experience followed after the other. Since my farm was primarily a dairy farm, most of our work was directly concerned with the

care of livestock and the haying and silage, the main job that summer was for their up-keep.

We were up at five in the morning and had the cows milked and the barns cleaned before breakfast. After our potatoes and oatmeal were finished, we went out to the fields for haying or whatever job we had to do for the day.

At first it was not so simple as that. Every day I stuck it out with a victory for me and I lived from day to day. Gradually the work became easier and I more adept. Then I began to get full gratification and the sense of a job well done from each, what was for the others, simple everyday task.

I came back a more sober and I think better person, thinking and living, than before. It was a grand experience.

DAVID APTER
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

DELINQUENCY IS YOUR PROBLEM

[Continued from Page 55]

able recreational opportunities for all of them—not merely playgrounds such as we furnish for little children, and not merely dimes and quarters for more time watching the movies or watching other people play. We have to furnish meeting places and meeting opportunities suitable for their own age.

It is not enough to allow boys and girls to go to dances or to meet with individuals of the other sex. We have to make it easy for them, encourage them to do so. Dances for the older boys and girls are virtually necessities. When we encourage them to have parties and help in planning for them, however, we must realize that we are competing with the commercial dance halls and we must try to make our places attractive and gay and conducive to fun. In our anxiety to make school and home and church parties wholesome, we adults sometimes forget that the whole idea is to have a good time!

There is, of course, no objection to commercialized recreation as such. Being commercial does not necessarily make it either good or bad, but the parents in a community can do a great deal to raise the standards of the places of amusement. We can imagine young people enjoying soft drinks mixed with talk and banter and frivolity and serious discussion, but not obliged to find such fun in "dives" or disreputable hang-outs.

All our children want and need play and fun. They want games and athletics, dramatics and excursions and bull sessions. Those who cannot get their recreation in approved ways will turn against us, against the community. That's what we mean by delinquents.

But young people want to work, too. They want to feel that they are of some use. They want a chance to share in what is important for the whole community, in the planning and the thinking. Many have the opportunity in clubs and other organizations, such as the Scouts, the Campfire Girls, the Y's, the 4-H organizations and so on. But this does not account for all of the boys and girls, nor even most of them.

In England, when they discovered that the war had brought a delinquency problem, only about 25% of the children belonged to active groups outside of schools. The percentage has gone up to 75 and the goal is 100. All the boys and all the girls have to *belong*. They have to take part, they have to do something they know is useful.

As a war measure, our high schools (under the leadership of the U. S. Office of Education) are attempting to organize the boys and girls into Victory Corps for activities and services useful in the emergency. It is fortunate that the schools are being hitched up to the war effort for they reach practically all of our children and can be very effective. If these youngsters don't have a chance to work with us, they will find ways to work against us—just what we mean by delinquents.

[Continued on Page 58]

If they win ...only our dead are free

These are our enemies.

They have only one idea—to kill, and kill,
and kill, until they conquer the world.

Then, by the whip, the sword and the gallows, they will rule.

No longer will you be free to speak or write your thoughts, to worship God in your own way.

Only our dead will be free. Only the host who will fall before the enemy will know peace.
Civilization will be set back a thousand years.

Make no mistake about it—you cannot think of this as other wars.

You cannot regard your foe this time simply as people with a wrong idea.

This time you win—or die. This time you get no second chance.

This time you free the world, or else you lose it.

Surely that is worth the best fight of your life
—worth anything that you can give or do.

Throughout the country there is increasing need for civilian war service. To enlist the help of every citizen, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. If there is no Defense Council in your community, or if it has not set up a Service Corps, help to organize one. If one exists, cooperate with it in every possible way. Write this magazine for a free booklet telling you what to do and how to do it. Join the fight for Freedom—now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

*Contributed by the
Magazine Publishers of America.*



DELINQUENCY IS YOUR PROBLEM

[Continued from Page 56]



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Can successfully in BALL IDEAL fruit jars—the jars that save metal for war! This jar, preferred for years by many experienced home-canners, has a "no-stretch" spring steel wire clamp. The glass top lasts as long as the jar. Extremely easy to seal or open.

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Buy Glass Top Seal closures for Mason jars you have on hand. Easy to use—no puncturing to open.

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Shoes
FOR Wee WALKERS

Beyond the value that comes from the activities of such clubs and organizations, a boy or girl can get much benefit from personal contacts with the leader. In many cases the group leader turns out to be the sort of person in whom the youngster can confide or can turn to for guidance. Young people need a chance to bring their problems and doubts to someone a little older than themselves and there are many many times when parents cannot help. Sometimes they are too close to the whole problem or even the cause of the anxieties. Sometimes they are too old and the group leader can bridge the gap between the generations. And often they are unable to see the situation clearly because "They think I'm a baby!"

Every teen-age boy and girl yearns for a chance to talk things over with someone who understands and who, at the same time, is more experienced and in a position to help. There are not many such persons, but some are to be found almost anywhere. Let us find them and give young people a chance to get helpful and much needed counsel.

We must believe that the future is important. And the future consists of all these children and young people—not merely the superior ones or the "good" ones or the handsome and smart ones, but all of them. Indeed our forefathers rather meant that when they established free schools for all the children of all the people a hundred years ago.

We must make our plans for schooling and recreation and working apply to all the children. Through selecting competent leadership and through maintaining in ourselves the high spirit of genuine democracy, we will see that the various projects in which our children are en-

gaged are genuinely democratic. We will see to it that no boy or girl is left out or pushed around by reason of nationality or race or religion. For it is those who are pushed down and out who become the delinquents! And any group that feels itself pushed out produces vastly more than its share of delinquents. The sociologists have a name for it, but every parent must have a feeling for it.

Haven't you seen it at work? It starts in childhood. Any little girl or boy who feels that the others are mean to him, that nobody likes him, or that he or she is not wanted, is bound either to run away from it all—into fantasy or day-dreaming—or else to turn against the hostile world. Beginning in the home, the child must get the feeling of genuine security, of being wanted, of being cared for, of being loved—of *belonging*. The delinquents are those who at some point got the feeling that they do not belong and are not wanted.

Who are these boys and girls about whom we are concerned? They are ours, they belong not only to the mothers and fathers of their own flesh and blood, but to all of us. And we are all, each of us and all together, responsible for what they do and for what happens to them.

We are glad enough to hang up banners with stars representing this one and that one from our town who has gone to war. We are proud to read in the papers of a signal honor to a hero from our town (a fellow from a family we never heard of) or from our State. But the failure from our town and our State we disown. He is none of ours, we say. But we are mistaken. Every failure is ours, in a sense even more than the successes. Every last boy and every last girl is our concern.

I KEEP HOUSE IN BOLIVIA

[Continued from Page 36]

told her so, as he started to get out, only to find he could not. The old woman begged forgiveness and the liberty of her man, but the cook refused to give either until the master of the house returned from the office. After a while my husband arrived bringing a lawyer who spoke Aymara (I had advised him over the telephone of what was going on), and he gave both Indians a good talking to.

They then released the man who together with his wife disappeared over the wall, this time for good. I am not going to keep any more hens—they might resemble those of my Indian neighbors!

Thursday

I was interrupted by friends dropping in and just now have found time to get back to my desk. I am busy even if I do keep two servants, a cook and a maid, who earn seven and six dollars a month, respectively. Both of them are "cholas," that is women who are half Indian and half Spanish, as most of the working-class women are. Their costume consists

of numerous colored skirts which are made of either silk, cotton or homespun wool, and which reach halfway between the knee and ankle. Favorite colors for these skirts are bright orange, purple or a gaudy pink. With these skirts they wear blouses with a frill at the waist, and over these a shawl with a deep fringe, which may be also of wool or silk. Cholas wear their hair in long braids, and on their heads goes a derby at a rakish angle. They have, as a rule, very neat feet on which they wear heelless slippers which look extremely comfortable. Altogether this outfit is most becoming and adds color to the streets of La Paz.

A day in my housekeeping life may contain many surprises. The cook may not turn up, there may be no meat obtainable, the milk may not be delivered owing to the river being impassable or the delivery truck being out of order. Usually though, there is the daily routine, just as there is in every household the world over.

Every morning as soon as the cook arrives from the market with the meat

and vegetables, I order lunch and dinner for the day, and give her the necessary supplies from my store cupboard which I keep locked. We are lucky to have an electric stove. The majority of houses have stoves which burn *taquia* (the llamas' droppings), coal and wood being extremely rare and very expensive. An electric stove has the very great advantage of keeping a regular heat and so speeds up the cooking. Vegetables take hours to cook at this altitude, where water boils at only 185 degrees Fahrenheit, instead of 212 degrees. If it were not for the excellent pressure cooker we possess, our vegetables would have to be boiled so long (in this boiling but not very hot water) that they would have no vitamin value left.

All cake recipes have to be altered for use here. We must cut down sugar, butter and baking-powder quantities to two-thirds of the given amounts, and increase the flour slightly. Nevertheless, after a little experimenting we obtained excellent results.

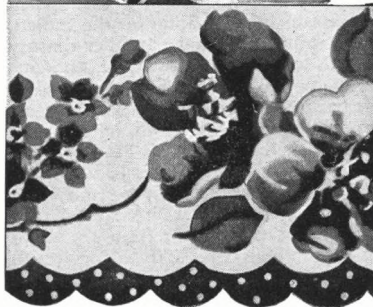
Now and again I go to market with my cook so as to check up on prices and see what new produce may have come into season. The interior of the market place is full of stalls of fruit and vegetables, with a chola, the vendor, sitting squat on top of the stall with her produce surrounding her large self. We will buy from our *casevas* (as regular sellers and buyers are both called) who will weigh out a pound of peas or grapes using inaccurate scales with potatoes for weights! We dare not complain about quality or quantity or the chola will refuse to sell us anything. Most independent are these market women who are famous for their sharp tongues. Very often the cook and I will delay longer at the market on account of a fight which has held our attention. There are frequent fights also between the different stall-holders, in which insults are hurled as well as knives. They are thrilling occurrences for the stranger but quite the usual thing to those who live here.

Once we buy our requirements I shall have spent approximately \$1.50, and these vegetables and fruits will be sufficient for three days. Meat is not abundant, in fact it is so scarce that there is seldom enough to go around. I prefer to pay a higher price at a butcher's shop in the town and so have my meat reserved for me.

Milk is one of the few daily requirements that is delivered at the house. Milk too is insufficient for the city's needs and many people have to use tinned milk. As soon as the milk is delivered, in the morning, it is boiled for safety.

Eggs are brought to us by an Indian woman who pops her head in at the kitchen door once a week. She squats down on the floor and removes a bundle from her back. The bundle consists of a basketful of eggs tied in a handwoven blanket. The cook then produces a basinful of water into which the Indian counts the eggs I am to buy. If they float they are returned to the woman as being bad, and if they sink everyone is happy, and then the Indian gets paid (at present) twelve bolivianos, that is 25 cents per dozen. [Continued on Page 60]

Blitz the Blues from your Kitchen



This pattern is shown $\frac{3}{4}$ actual depth

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- *What a grand war-time-saver!* Especially *saver...* for this efficient, gay shelving comes at a piggy-bank price... only 6¢ for 9 whole feet at a store just a step from you!

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War Savings Bonds and Stamps

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Your Grandmother Knew Best

Your Grandmother trusted WRIGHT'S, just as you should today, as the best way to keep precious silver lustrous, bright, gleaming.

Send 3¢ stamp for sample to Dept. W-9, J. A. Wright & Co., Keene, N. H.



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America's largest selling silver cleaner

All Dogs Like Ideal
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The Gingerbread Man

MOM MAKES SWELL GINGER-BREAD. P.S. SHE USES DUFF'S

Easy as A B C
ADD WATER - MIX
BAKE --- THAT'S ALL!

SHE USES
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TOO!

WAFLE

Duff's
GINGER BREAD
MIX
ADD WATER - MIX
BAKE - THAT'S ALL!

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GRAVY MASTER

Makes gravy good!

For Gay
Easter
Eggs

PAAS
EGG
DYES

An Indian whom I enjoy seeing at my kitchen door is one who comes once a month bringing potatoes for sale. He is a *pongo*, or *serf*, who comes from some *finca* (the name given to a farm here) to sell its produce for his master. The feudal system is still in existence in Bolivia and there are several *pongos* in every landowner's town house, where they serve for a period of six months before they are allowed to return to their home on the *finca* to work the land they receive in payment for their services. There is talk of abolishing this system by introducing education for the Indian, but I think it will take another century for this to come to pass.

The potato man carries his produce on his back in a homespun sack. He wears trousers of this same cloth, an old shirt and a jacket. Then on his head goes the usual Indian cap, which is hand-knitted and has ear-flaps, greatly resembling a skiing cap. On his feet he wears *abaracas*. These are sandals made from a piece of an old rubber tire and tied on with leather thongs. I generally buy his entire load, fifty pounds of potatoes, to last the whole month, the usual price being about \$1.25. He comes in the early morning, having found that it is a good time to be handed a cup of tea. Once he finishes his tea he chews his coca leaves while he waits for me. This chewing of coca (which is entirely different from cocoa, by the way) is the one vice that is rampant among all the Indians, women as well as men. It gives them extra stimulus to withstand hard labor and cruel living conditions, but also it dopes them so heavily that coca, I think, must be blamed for the very backward condition in which the Indian still remains.

On the first day of the month, not long ago, I went downstairs to buy my potatoes and found my Indian friend looking very sad and with a *huge* black eye. He speaks very little Spanish and I still less Aymara, but with the help of the cook I was made to understand that he had been beaten by his master. I am positive that a fight with his wife or with a drunken friend had produced the blow but anyway I sympathized with him and looked around for some ointment for the unfortunate eye. I suddenly remembered that the traditional cure for a black eye is a piece of raw meat. So I found a slice

in the icebox and much to the horror of the cook, who thought it an awful waste, I gave the Indian this piece of meat and recommended that he take it home, and that on getting to his hut he place it on his eye for a long while. He wrapped the meat in his empty bag, and with happiness lighting up his face, took off for home.

When he had gone my cook laughed and said, "He'll never put that meat on his eye! These Indians are used to getting black eyes, but never to getting a piece of good meat!"

Every month since then when my Indian potato man receives the money for his potatoes he asks, "Will you give me a piece of meat, Senora?" He always gets it and this, no doubt, is his only commission, for he takes from every customer (but does not give, as one might expect) a signed receipt. The receipt states what has been paid for the load of potatoes, and the Indian must turn it over to his master. Since he can neither read nor write he dares not do otherwise than pay over every centavo he gets.

Friday

This letter is certainly taking on proportions, and I keep being interrupted—hence the installments. But I did want to tell you how the old "help" problem is not restricted to the U. S. A.

"My cook has left!" is a common exclamation heard among housekeepers here in La Paz. Cooks leave without giving any notice at all. I have had cooks who have sworn fidelity till death should us part, and then for no apparent reason they have completely disappeared for a few days, turning up later only to demand their wages. The general excuse for such odd behavior is that some dear relative is sick and has needed attention and that the relative lives far out of town. Most cooks here do not like to be instructed about their work, even though they may know almost nothing, but I, for one housekeeper, manage to overlook most of their shortcomings.

Housekeeping here is as hard as it is fascinating, and though I have not all the conveniences that you in the States have, I enjoy the life I lead here in Bolivia. I am sure you would, too.

My greetings to you all.

Affectionately,

PHYLLIS

STRAWBERRY TIME

[Continued from Page 20]

small pieces, on the topmost shelf.

"Somebody must have done a right good piece of dish packing, to get that stuff all here, unbroken," Todd Parker said. "I'll fill the teakettle and bring some fish from the spring house."

"That's a beautiful cupboard, nicer than the one Handy made for me, even."

"I know," Mira said. "Handy and I copied it, out of the catalog, before he built it."

"And there's a sideboard. I guess you never saw a sideboard. It's a low-curtained cupboard, this one is, and on it is her silver—the teapot, the sugar bowl and all on a silver tray, with a pattern running round each piece of wheat and wild roses

—very different but pretty. It's an old family piece."

"I'll be bound," Todd Parker said, "all a woman will notice! Wife, unfasten this button and let me out of this collar!"

"Braided rugs on the floor."

"Tell me about the floor!"

"What's there to tell you about that floor? You went to the mill with Handy yourself, for the lumber, and were up there when he laid it."

"I know, but I just wanted to know if it was still as white."

"That birch floor was so white I thought we all ought by rights to take our shoes off, before we set foot on it," Mr. Parker said, stretching and turning his

neck in its regained freedom. "Aren't you going to get supper, now, wife?"

"I'm going to tell this child, who had to stay home, about the party first. I thought of her a hundred times and wished her there to see. Handy's bunk! It was like a bed in a fairy tale. Like the princess and the pea in your book. The lower bunk she'd piled high with feather beds and spread a tasseled spread over, with a row of pillows with embroidered pillow slips at the head and across the back. I'm glad we got there early and saw that bed before 'twas piled high with wraps. The upper bunk she's curtained off, to have a place to put things away, and there's curtains that hang down, to within an inch of the floor, of that stuff the curtains at the window are made of, hanging at the corner posts, so you can't see the posts."

"What else?" Mira urged.

"Oh, pictures on the walls, and a mirror. Back of the stove hanging on the wall are rows of pots and pans, all copper, and how they shone!"

"They'll keep her busy, with a wood fire," Mr. Parker said. "Are you ready to get supper now? Shall I bring you some potatoes?"

"What else? What else has Handy made for her?" Mira asked.

"Oh, let's see—so much I don't know's I can remember it all. A closed cupboard for food stuff, a new wash bench, chairs and a little footstool, like a milk stool, but lower."

"Where does her sewing machine stand?"

"At the end of the bunk. I expect she rolls it over by the window when she opens it up to sew on it."

"Now tell me about her," Mira prompted.

"I was saving her for the last," Mira's mother said. "She's like Handy said, when he told us about her. She's little and she's pretty and she has such a gentle speaking voice. She was so busy seeing that everybody was comfortable and had cakes, and tea, I didn't get a minute to get acquainted with her. She asked about you, and sent you cakes in a box."

Mrs. Parker got up from her chair and took her summer hat from her head.

"Handy's eyes follow her everywhere she goes," she said. "We were wrong, Todd, dead wrong to be afraid for Handy to send for her. Now I could no more think of that house but just as it is, or without her in it, than anything!" She reached up for the lamp, lighted it and set it on the table. It was still light, with the beginning of the long summer twilight outside, but in the cabin it was dark enough for the lamp. "Who were we," Mrs. Parker said, looking very pretty, Mira thought, with the new-lit light brightening her face, "to set a measure on the might of love."

"Well, now," Todd Parker said, "I was thinking that myself at the party. I hope you're right."

"You hope I'm right?" Mrs. Parker cried. "There, first you were the one was sure it was a wife he needed and against me for fearing he should send for her. Now that he has her and has fixed up

his place and is happy, you hope I'm right."

"Well, he's not been into town yet, Handy hasn't," Todd Parker said. "That's what'll tell."

Mrs. Parker gave a quick look over her shoulder at Mira who had quite given up being down with the mumps at all, and had opened the box and was looking at the cakes Handy's wife had thought to send her. They were so careful always that Mira should not know what all the valley knew, that Handy Persell went on sprees.

"I don't know," Mr. Parker said. "What I wait to see is Handy go to town, and get back safe home again."

"I'm not afraid," Mrs. Parker said. "Not after I've seen that house! If that wouldn't hold a man straight, what under heaven would?"

Mira wanted to run to her mother and hug her, but she sat still on the window seat, the open box on her knees, and fear chilled her through as she heard her father say, "Well, we'll see. He asked me if I'd come up, day after tomorrow and do the chores, come up three days and see to his stock while he's in town."

"In town? What's he going to go to town for? Why he's just been to town, just three weeks ago! Is she going with him?"

"No, it seems not. He's going in by himself."

Mrs. Parker sat down heavily in a chair by the stove, the baby's new jacket in her two hands.

[Continued on Page 62]

MOTHER'S DREAM COMES TRUE THE YOUNGSTERS GET BREAKFAST—

ALL MY LIFE I'VE DREAMED OF WAKING UP AND FINDING BREAKFAST ALL READY!

I'LL BET YOU HEARD GRANDMA SMACKING HIS LIPS!

WE'LL LOOK AT MOTHER'S LIGHT AND FLUFFY AS AN AUNT JEMIMA!

I SURE PICKED THE RIGHT TIME FOR MY FLUFFY. THESE AUNT JEMIMAS ARE GREAT ENERGY BUILDERS!

AUNT JEMIMA'S SECRET RECIPE MAKES 'EM SWELL COOKS 'EM OUT OF US KIDDIES?

WE SAVED YOU A CHAIR AND SOME OF THE SYRUP!

YOU PUT 'EM ON AND I'LL TAKE 'EM OFF! IT'S AS EASY AS 1-2-3!

AND YOU CAN BET ON AUNT JEMIMAS ALWAYS TURNING OUT JUST RIGHT!

GET BOTH—the Yellow Box for Buckwheats, the Red Box for Pancakes **AND WAFFLES!**

AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX PANCAKES
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX BUCKWHEAT, CORN & WHEAT FLOUR

'SHO'NUFF!
 Everybody loves delecticious
AUNT JEMIMA
PANCAKES
 at any meal!!

YOU just add milk or water to Aunt Jemima ready-mix, stir and pop 'em on the griddle! It's easy as 1-2-3. Makes scrumptious Waffles, too!

***RECIPE:** Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Butter and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Sugar. Beat in one Egg. Blend $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Soda, 1 tablespoon Hot Water and 1 teaspoon Vinegar. Stir into creamed mixture. Sift $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups all-purpose flour, measure and re-sift with 1 cup Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Nutmeg, 2 teaspoons Ginger. Add 1 cup of creamed mixture, with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of Molasses. Drop from a teaspoon onto a greased baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven 375° 12-15 minutes. Makes 4 dozen.

TONIGHT! ENJOY THIS OLD SOUTH SUPPER!
 Creamed Chicken on
AUNT JEMIMA WAFFLES
 Tossed Green Salad
 Ginger BUCKSNAPS • Beverage



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THOSE "LITTLE INDIANS" OF YOURS
COMFORT AND SAFETY!**



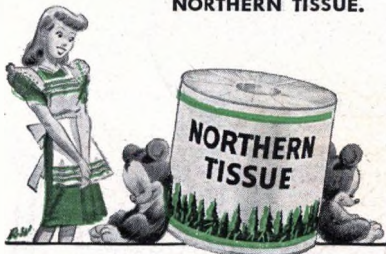
Such softness . . . so safe! Just the thing for tender skins. That's why so many mothers *always* ask for *Northern* when buying bathroom tissue.



Such strength . . . yet so wonderfully gentle! And extra-absorbent! *Your* family will be much better satisfied if you *always* say *Northern*, too.

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SHOPPERS: it *pays* to shop *early* in the week. You'll save yourself the lost time and inconvenience of the week-end rush.

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*** BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS REGULARLY! ***

"Oh, Todd," she said. "I'll hold my breath. I'll hold my breath those three days."

Mira didn't ask her mother why she said that. She knew well. "I'll hold my breath, too," she said to herself.

"What's he going for?" Mrs. Parker asked. "What did he say he was going in for?"

"Didn't say," Todd said. "Just said he was going."

Mira sat on the doorstep holding across her knees the wooden doll, Maud, that Handy had carved for her. Maud's tack-head eyes looked up at her, and her little arms that were joined by garter elastic through a hole bored through her from shoulder to shoulder, lifted to Mira, asking mutely for a kiss, but Mira had no heart for kissing Maud: Handy had not come home. It was six whole days he had been away, and Handy had not come home. "Not yet?" Mira's mother would ask, ask sometimes just with her eyes, when Todd Parker came down morning and evening from looking after Handy's stock, and milking his cow.

Mr. Parker would shake his head. "What does she say?" his wife would ask.

"Oh—nothing much."

"Well, how does she look? How is she taking it?"

"She looks all right."

"Todd Parker, *tell* me!"

"Well—I never saw the beat of her. She's got pride, that's what! Just smiling chipper as you please, with a pretty apron on, handing me down the milk pail, asking me if I won't drink some coffee with her. Asked me to take a look and see how their garden is and that they'll have peas ready to eat by the time Handy gets home."

"She heard from him?"

"Guess not. Didn't say so," Todd said, and shook his head again. "Just said she guessed he must have found he had more to do in town than he had planned."

"Todd—do you think it might be she doesn't *know*, doesn't suspect a thing?"

"Wouldn't be surprised. Don't know them who'd tell her."

"Maybe I ought to go up there. Think I better, today, take the baby and Mira and go up there?"

"No, I don't believe I would," Mr. Parker said. "Your face would give you away, Wife. She'd say, 'What *is* it?' the minute she saw you, and think something had happened to Handy. As it is, she's like a kid, like Mira here, playing at being a homesteader's wife, and staying home like a good girl, and not getting scared or worried because he's away three days longer'n he said he would be. You better just wait."

"I'll wait two days, and if he's not back I'm going up there. When I see her, I'll know whether she's aware of what's happened or if she's just putting up a front. Poor thing! Todd, we should have stopped him! We could have kept him from sending for her if we'd tried."

"It's Handy's affair and hers, not ours," Mr. Parker said grimly.

Mira, at her play and supposedly not paying attention, had heard her parents say all that. Now the morning of the sixth

day, she sat on the step and waited for her father to come home from doing the chores up at Handy's place, and hadn't even the heart to dress Maud, but let her lie in her white birch nakedness across her knees.

When she saw her father, she got up and ran to meet him, took his hand in hers and looked at him. "Handy back?" she asked with forced casualness.

"Not yet," her father said.

"What's she say? Anything?"

"Yes, she said she was going to town, going in tomorrow morning when the mail goes in."

"She did!" Mrs. Parker said. "What else did she say?"

"Nothing, just that she was going, and would I kindly go on minding the stock until Handy got home."

"Just like that?"

"Yes."

"What else did she say? Did she say she was taking her trunk, her things, or anything?"

"No, just that she was going."

"She didn't say she was coming back?"

"No, I told you all she said."

"And that was *all*!"

"All."

"But Todd, you mean to tell me she'd just walk out, just go away and leave there in that house all she brought into it?"

"Looks that way. Something for Handy to walk into when he does come home, isn't it? That house, like it sets and her gone."

RUN on out, Mira, and play with your doll," Mrs. Parker said.

"Oh yes," Todd Parker said. "She did say something else. She said to tell Mira that the strawberries on the hill back of their place are ripe. She said Handy said she was to watch them and tell Mira, that she always picked them there in that good patch."

"You hear that, Mira?" Her mother asked. "The berries are ripe, up back of Handy's place. You like to go up and pick a pail?"

"Yes, why don't you go up and pick them?"

"May I go to Handy's?"

"Think she should?" Mrs. Parker asked her husband.

"Oh—I don't believe so," Todd Parker said. "If she'd wanted her special she'd have asked her to come to the house, wouldn't she? I don't believe I would Mira. You wait—you wait until Handy comes home. He ought to be home, some day soon now, and then when he asks, you can go up."

"She's never seen the place," her mother said. "She's never seen it like it is now. You think she'll . . ." Mira's mother lowered her voice, "you think she'll leave it just as it stands, Todd? Was anything changed this morning? Had she taken down the dishes or packed anything?"

"Nothing's touched. Everything spick and span. I carried in the milk. This morning she didn't offer me coffee. That's the only thing different."

"Poor soul! I expect it was all she could do to hold up. You're right, Todd. After all, I don't know her. I've never

seen her but the one time. She'll be able to take it better, taking it alone. She'll surely know I wanted to come. You think I should?"

"I don't know," Mr. Parker said, and sighed so deeply Mira could hear him from where she sat, again, on the doorstep.

"Mira," her mother called. "Why don't you take a pail now, and go up to Handy's and pick a pailful of berries? You might take two little pails and pick them both full, and then take the one down to Handy's. That would be all right, wouldn't it, Todd, for a child to come to the door with a pailful of berries, after she spoke about them being ripe, herself?"

"I don't see what harm 'twould do," Mr. Parker said.

"Come here, let me see how you look," Mira's mother said. "Here, let me tie this apron around you, and you'll not get berry stain on your dress. Here's your bonnet. You look all right now, run along, and when you pail's full, you might take it down, take it to the door."

"And say I was not to come in but must come straight home?" Mira asked, wanting to know the worst, if the worst it was to be.

"Oh, I can see no harm in your stopping in a minute, if you're asked. Mind you behave nicely. Here's your pails. Run along."

Out on the road, Mira wanted to run and couldn't. Her feet were heavy.

At the Swedes' place she waved the pails to them, where they were playing around their door, but did not stop or call out "strawberries" for she did not want them with her that day, much as she liked to play with them.

When she neared Handy's place, his dog came down the trail to meet her, licked her wrist, then turned back and trotted ahead of her, and stopped still in dog-surprise when she slipped under the fence and started up the hillside instead of keeping to the trail that led past Handy's.

The berries were well ripe as Handy's wife had sent word they were, and Mira thought that never in her ten years had she seen them so thick and so large. Some of them were almost as large as tame strawberries.

Times she had picked them there with Handy were sadly fresh in her mind. "Handy, what would you do if you looked up and saw a bear?" she would ask, or some such foolish question, and Handy would say, "Well now, I'd speak to him and I'd tell him something and hold him spellbound while you ran down the hill to bring my saw, and then I'd play him a tune."

"Think I should run?" Mira would ask. "Wouldn't it be better if I'd just walk like I was going for a pail of water or something, so it wouldn't put any notions in its head?"

"He'd never see you," Handy would say. "I'd have him so spellbound."

"What story would you tell him—Sinbad the Sailor?"

"Well now, it's a toss up between that or a Paul Bunyan. What do you think?" Her and Handy's talk was so much of [Continued on Page 64]

MAKES BUTTER RATIONING EASIER!

Stretch $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Butter into $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Grand Spread with KNOX GELATINE

Patent Applied For

KNOX SPREAD

1 teaspoonful Knox Gelatine $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. butter
1 tablespoonful cold water $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk

1. Soften gelatine in cold water. Dissolve thoroughly over hot water.

2. Cut butter into small pieces and heat over hot water until soft enough to beat, but do not melt the butter.

3. Add dissolved gelatine and salt to the milk.

Gradually whip milk into butter with a Dover (or rotary) egg beater or electric mixer until milk does not separate. Add coloring, if desired.

4. Pack in dish or container and place in refrigerator until hard. Keep in refrigerator when not in use.

NOTE: To make 1 lb. spread—double above ingredients. To make 2 lbs. spread, use 1 envelope Knox Gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, 1 lb. butter, 1 teaspoonful salt and one large can evaporated milk.

Fresh milk may be substituted for evaporated milk, in same proportions (using preferably the top of a quart bottle). Soften gelatine in milk instead of water.

Knox Spread is not suggested for frying, sauteing, or greasing pans.

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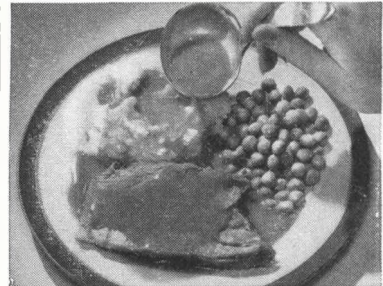
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THE MAY ISSUE OF WOMAN'S DAY IS
SCHEDULED TO GO ON SALE
THURSDAY, APRIL 29TH



DELICIOUS GRAVY at only a penny's cost* Try our RECIPE!



1. Blend until smooth 3 tablespoons each of pan fat and flour.

2. Add gradually $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water (or water from vegetables) and 2 tablespoons of evaporated or top milk. Stir and cook about 3 minutes over direct heat until thickened and smooth.

3. Stir in $1\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons of KITCHEN BOUQUET. Salt to taste.

Finest gravy you ever tasted! K.B. is wonderful for soups, stews, meat and fish.

*Per portion

KITCHEN BOUQUET

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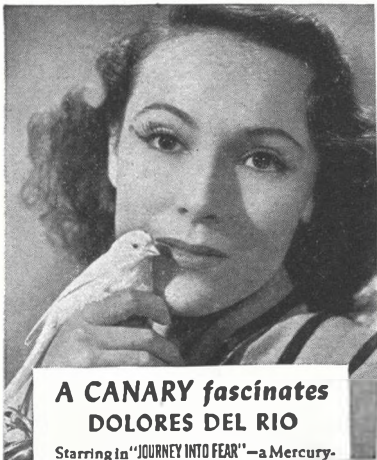
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|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 lb. beef or pork liver | 2 cups bread crumbs |
| 2 tbs. chopped onion | 2 tbs. melted fat |
| 1 well-beaten egg | ½ cup chopped, cooked celery |
| ½ cup canned tomatoes | ¼ tsp. pepper |
| ¼ cup water | 1½ tsp. salt |
- 4 tbs. DURKEE'S DRESSING

Simmer liver in salted water 15 minutes. Drain, skin, grind through chopper. Combine with other ingredients and mix well. Bake in moderate oven (350 F.) 40 minutes. Serves 6.

Liver at its best! Because it's made with Durkee's Famous Dressing . . . a sauce so "tangy," so full of zest that it dresses up all kinds of food—sandwiches, fish, salads, "yesterday's" meats. Easy-pouring, guaranteed against spoilage. Write for free booklet, "How to Dress up Wartime Menus," Durkee Famous Foods, Dept. WD4, Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.



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



A CANARY fascinates DOLORES DEL RIO

Starring in "JOURNEY INTO FEAR"—a Mercury-RKO Production. And you, too, will find daily joy in the song and companionship of a Canary. For cheer you will cherish—buy a Canary! Easy to care for . . . costs little to keep . . . the ideal pet for tots, teens and grown-ups . . . makes home brighter and work seem lighter.



OWN A CANARY—THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS

it like that, pure foolishness. Maybe somebody should have gone to town with Hardy if he had to go to town at all, and have brought him safe home again. Maybe somebody should have told his wife about Hardy's fault so that she, very gently and without hurting Hardy's feelings, could have persuaded him to stay at home or have gone with him. No, that would never have done. Hardy would never have put up with anybody going along to town with him to make him behave, and it would never have done for anybody to have told his wife anything. How sad Hardy would be when he came home to the empty house with all the "shining delf" standing on its shelves waiting, and the clock run down, and nobody but his dog to meet him. How sorry Hardy would be. Her heart ached for him.

"You get up," she said to Hardy's dog, "and go lie where there are no berries. Go lie over there by that log!"

Panting happily, the dog got up and minded her. "More berries there than here, even, looks like," she said. "My, I believe you've got more sense than Hardy! Why'd you let him go, oh why?"

The dog got up, came and licked her cheek and went back, turned around three times and lay down in the berries where he had been before.

"Maybe she'll get him and bring him home," she said to the dog, for often when they were alone she talked to Hardy's dog. "Maybe she does know or has guessed, and she won't go away, but just will bring him home and see that he doesn't go any more, or for a long time." Yet it was very bitter to think of Hardy's happiness being spoiled, of his having done something to spoil it. "And she never smiled again," Mira said to the dog, thinking of the old king who saw the black sails on the ship and thought his son, the prince, was dead.

Her first pail full, she got up and walked to the edge of the hill where it fell away sharply but greenly, and looked down on Hardy's place. There was the house with the garden around it and the freguard plowed around that. There was the barn with hay atop it, and Hardy's milk cow standing by her calf, not yet gone out to pasture. No smoke rose from the chimney. Except for the cow who stood quite still beside her calf, there was no life about the place. It was a sleeping house like the Beauty's castle. Looking, Mira found herself wishing Hardy would not come back, would not have to come back, but would go away somewhere, to Alaska perhaps, and have the house with his wife and all her things and all the things he had made for her, to remember, always like a dream, dreamed. At the thought of Hardy's not coming home ever, tears dimmed her eyes, and through them she saw the sunlight flash on the little lake beyond Hardy's house—Hardy's Lake, its name was. Maybe by the time she was grown up, that would be all there would be to remember Hardy by, a lake. "I found our cows way up by Hardy's Lake," boys, sent for cows, would be saying.

She turned quickly and ran back up

the hill, and caught up the other pail, first hanging the one she had picked up on a tree twig, well out of Hardy's dog's and any legendary bear's reach.

Beyond the patch of bushes, there would be more berries. She rubbed the tears from her face with her wrist, and when she took her hand away from her eyes and looked, looking for berries, there on her knees, picking, was Hardy's wife.

"Hello, Mira," Hardy's wife said, and smiled. "You are Mira, aren't you? Hardy's little sweetheart?"

"Yes," Mira said, overcome with surprise and shyness and wonder that anyone so surely troubled could smile so.

"I've eaten more than I've picked," Mrs. Handy said. "Aren't they good? I never ate wild berries before. Hardy told me they'd be good, but I never imagined. Have you been here long?"

"Picked a pailful," Mira said shyly. "They're good this year."

"I should say they are. I'm so glad you came, Mira, for I was going to come down to see you this afternoon if you hadn't."

MIRA stood looking. How pretty she was with her dark and silvered hair coming loose about her face, under her pink bonnet.

"I'm going to town tomorrow. Did your father tell you?"

"Yes," Mira said.

"It will be nice," Hardy's wife said. "You know, I scarcely saw town when I came. Hardy had the marriage license in his hand when he helped me off the train, and had us to the parsonage and married before I hardly knew what he was about. Had to catch the stage he said, and we caught it just in time, and as we were driving away I meant to look back and see the town, and I was talking with Hardy and I forgot to look, so—'twill be like seeing it for the first time. I didn't know I'd have to go and fetch Hardy from town, but it seems that's how it is."

Mira stood and looked. She knew then. She knew what had happened to Hardy and about his fault, and she didn't care, at least she loved him enough that she forgave him and understood and would go to fetch him home. Yet it would not be the same, even with her loving Hardy that much. It would hurt Hardy so to have failed, to have tried to spoil, even though his wife would not let anything spoil it altogether, the happiness he had found, the happiness she herself had helped him to.

"Maybe you'd better not," Mira said. "Maybe he wouldn't want you to. I think maybe he'd rather you'd wait, and he just come home when he's ready."

"Oh, no," Hardy's wife said. "I'm going to town. I want to!" She got to her feet, Hardy's wife did, and spread out her arms, spread them out to the hills and the sky and the lake. "Mira," she said, "I'm so happy! I'm so happy I'm silly! I've lived almost four times as long as you have, and still I had to live until now to know what 'happy' means."

She didn't know then! She didn't know

[Continued on Page 74]

THE HOLLYWOOD PICTURE

[Continued from Page 10]

THE CRYSTAL BALL. *United Artists, Ray Milland, Paulette Goddard, Virginia Field.*

SO-SO The crystal ball in this case is what fortune tellers look into. Ray Milland is a lawyer. Virginia Field is a widow alter Ray Milland. Paulette Goddard is a redhead from Texas who is broke and also alter Ray Milland. Paulette impersonates a fortune teller and gives Ray Milland phony steers. Steers of course into her arms. But there are Complications. Said Complications are cleared up but not before it looks as if Virginia is going to get Ray. But Paulette Gets Ray. It's all pretty silly. One of those manufactured, complicated plots which should have been vacuum cleaned and brushed up first.

CHIEF FAULT: It must have been the direction. The cast is good and a good director could have disregarded the plot to the extent where something might have emerged. **A BOX OF HAIRPINS FOR:** Virginia Field who walks off with top honors as a smooth, sleek, vicious and predatory widow. I have never seen her in a part like this and she is swell. She should have more of the same. **CLAP HANDS FOR:** Ray Milland. *A Girl's Dream.* Why should Melvyn Douglas get all the good roles? **SPECIAL NOTICE:** There's some pretty good dialogue scattered around in this. It helps. **BEST SCENE:** The real-life quarrel in the restaurant between Paulette and Ray. **RAISED EYEBROWS FOR:** That evening dress worn by Paulette. Tsk. Tsk. Tsk.

YOU'LL PROBABLY LIKE:
(Reviewed last month)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT A Hitchcock Thriller with the scene laid in a typical American household in a small town. Teresa Wright grand as usual.

STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM Notable because it has all the Paramount stars in one gigantic clambake. To be seen with a box of crackerjack.

COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN A raid on a Nazi-occupied Norwegian fishing village. Paul Muni at his best.

BUTTER, ETCETERA

[Continued from Page 44]

Fats supply only part of our vitamin A anyway. Carrots and other vegetables have carotene—a yellow substance from which the cow's body makes the vitamin A in butterfat. And the fish's body the vitamin A in liver.

My body can make Vitamin A out of carotene too.

The more I have to do without the Vitamin A in fats, the more I'll go after carotene in vegetables and fruits.

I'll get along.

By a combination of some knowledge, some stoicism, and using what wits I have—I'll get along all right.

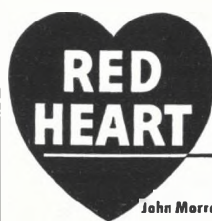
The situation over here isn't going to be so bad that I can't.

That's my guess.



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When Gums Shrink, Plates Loosen—See Your Dentist

SOAKERS FOR THE BABY

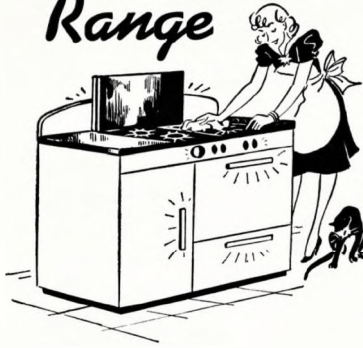


Soakers, used instead of rubber pants, are becoming very popular. Not airtight, they minimize scalding and, when made of cotton, may be sterilized by boiling as required by modern practice. Knit several Soakers and use them daily. Since they can be knitted so quickly of Enterprise Cotton Yarn (4 to 5 hours working time), Soakers make lovely, inexpensive shower gifts. White yarn for two pair with pink or blue trim in kit 1893 with book, sent for \$1.00. Mention color.

Instructions for the two styles pictured are in "Wings to Your Crochet Needle," a new book for more than 40 things to crochet and knit—for gifts, bazaars, or personal use—sent for 10c in coin. Address: Thread Mills, Dept. 43, Merchandise Mart, Chicago.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR

Range



Give your range good care to keep it working efficiently and looking its best

As soon as the stove cools, wipe the enamel parts, inside and out, with a soft cloth wrung out of warm, soapy water; dry with a clean cloth. If you use a wet cloth on it while the stove is still hot, the enamel may craze or crack in fine lines.

Wipe up spilled food before it has a chance to dry or burn on, otherwise fine scouring powder will be needed to remove the stubborn spots. Never use a gritty cleanser on the enameled surfaces.

If food containing even a little acid—salad dressing, fruit juices, vinegar, lemon or milk—gets on the enamel, wipe it off immediately; even mild acids may remove the lustre and leave a dull spot.



Clean gas burners promptly if they become clogged by food that spills or boils over. Gas burners can be removed and washed in warm soapy water, with a brush. Food spilled on the burners of an electric range will either burn off or fall into the drip pan below. Avoid spilling salt, sugar, soda or soap on the open units of your electric range; they may cause the wires to burn out. Use a brush (not wire), a cloth wrung out of soapy water, or mild scouring powder to clean enclosed units.

Keep a small tray on the work surface of your range, and put mixing spoons, beaters or scrapers on the tray, to protect the range from sticky spots and spilled food.

If the pilot light becomes clogged, clean out the opening with a wire or needle.

When you have used your broiler, let it cool until the fat in the broiler pan solidifies. Scrape out solid fat, wipe rack and pan with crumpled, soft wrapping paper or newspaper. Wash rack and pan in hot, soapy water and scour with fine scouring powder. Rinse with hot water and dry.

If food cooks over in the oven, use a long-handled brush, a spatula, or pancake turner to remove charred material; when the oven cools, clean the oven bottom with hot, soapy water or fine scouring powder.



Touch up chipped spots in the enamel with special paint recommended by your dealer.

When you light the gas oven with a match, don't let the match drop down into the lighter tube to clog it.

IT IS MORNING

[Continued from Page 41]

table, to sell eggs and buy Joie a silk shirt for his school outfit. The problem would be to hide the money where Ira couldn't find it.

It was a full month—the last of July—to be exact, Wednesday, at noon, when she thought again of the tubers planted beside their tall stakes in the red earth lot. She had fried chicken and dewberry pie for dinner that day, but Joie didn't eat a bite. He was late getting to the table, and there he sat, breathing hard. He had been running.

"Eat," ordered his father. "What's the matter with you?"

"Been hunting Selim," Joie mumbled, breaking a biscuit and just looking at it. "Selim's gone. Maybe somebody stole him. I—" he swallowed.

Nash deliberated over the platter of crispy chicken, chose a thigh, and set his teeth in it. "Selim's all right, son," he said at last. "I sold him."

"Ira!" gasped his wife.

JOIE swallowed painfully. He didn't speak; he couldn't. He had always looked pinched—Mother bade herself consider that. But she had never before seen his big blue eyes go so far back in his head nor his cheekbones look so glazed.

"Old Man Porterfield gave me eighty dollars for him, and we need it, every cent. If Ad's check—no use discussing that. Anyway, those things happen. I want you to go to Stillwater, understand that. Maybe you can go next year. But Selim's a thing of the past. Forget him and see if you can keep your mind on that cotton-chopping. Get it done before rain catches us. Why don't you eat your dinner?"

Joie tried to answer, but his lips only gripped each other, twisted sidewise, and drew into a little pucker. Suddenly he got up and reached for his cap. One rough hand, all knuckles, pressed his middle; he couldn't seem to straighten.

"What's the matter with your stomach?" his father demanded impatiently. "Been gnawing them green apples?"

And when Joie, just shaking his head, stumbled out and crossed the yard toward the cottonfield,

"Any more coffee?" Nash asked uncomfortably. "There, that's plenty. I've had three cups."

Rachel wouldn't pick a quarrel. She did want to remind him what a pitiful little colt Selim had been—how Joie had lugged him in out of the field and hid him to keep him from being shot. She wanted to point out how, after keeping Joie out of school, he would later on say wrathfully.

"If you'd gone to Stillwater as I wanted you to, you'd know something."

The things she might have said—no use!

When Mother went to the red earth lot again, there wasn't a dahlia in sight, nothing but junson weeds. But the plants were there. Of course they had to be weeded before ridging up with the hoe. She had no love for the dahlias, but she was careful not to uproot or bruise them. When she cut one off, she bit

her lip. Too bad! Some plants would have spindled to nothing in all that jungle; not they. The Bulletin told how this old-fashioned flower that had bloomed in even tubelets, expressionless as a row of china dolls, now changed its appearance with marvelous whimsicality. Maybe the one she sliced off had held a cactus bloom, a flaming peony, or a dew-haunted anemone. She was going to tell Joie what possibilities were in the tubers Cynthia sent, but when she finally got to the field she was too frightened to say a word. Joie couldn't have heard her anyway.

The boy was working in what was called the "south slope." At first, she didn't see him. He was lying between the short, shining cotton plants not quite as if he had fainted, more as if he had slumped down in sleep.

"Joie, Joie," she got her breath hoarsely, "Sonny, wake up."

"Huh—huh, Maw?" The boy blinked foolishly and eased himself to his knees. "Gee, Maw, did I scare you?"

"Did you!"

"Must a-been asleep. I studied till most morning. Maw, Latin verbs have more cases—" Joie paused, trembling. Then he "out with it." "No, it wasn't the verbs; it was Selim. You never did see him shake hands; I was saving it for a surprise. Margaret—"

"Yes, Joie?"

"Margaret Foss was going to let me keep him for her till September, then she was going to kind o' keep him for me. It was som'pin like borrowing money. If I got enough to do after school and Saturdays—"

The trailing explanation dwindled; failed utterly. When in dead earnest, Joie dropped his teasing "Maw" and said "Mother." He said that now, "Mother!" and again, "Mother, Mother!"

So Rachel Nash took him in her arms and cried with him, there on the edge of the unfinished cotton.

MRS. Nash did not know how she would have managed without free evenings. When her husband drowsed over his farm journal and was in bed, sleeping audibly, she pattered around the house for hours. Usually she read a little or looked through catalogues for pretty clothing she knew she could never have; but tonight she worked rapidly.

The storm was holding off. When, finally, she ran around the yard and peered up at Joie's open window, frail clouds were weaving and raveling lace across the full face of the moon.

One never can tell about mothers. Rachel Nash—she who had been Rachel Culppepper—was at heart a gay adventurer. Ira was impatient with anything he thought "nonsense": she had had her lesson with him. But there was Joie—when she gathered a handful of pebbles and tossed them with fair aim, his pinched face appeared instantly between two trails of budding woodbine.

"Come down," she gestured, "and hurry."

Joie was outside the kitchen door, put-

ting on his shoes, when she reached him. He had been on the bed with his books. Mother grabbed his arm and hustled him out the side gate.

"I got to thinking about Selim," she whispered. "Want to shake hands with him?"

"Gee—Mother," Joie found her fingers and gripped them, "you're a joe-dandy! How'd you know where they keep him?"

"I telephoned Mrs. Porterfield. It's the west lot, right against the road."

"It's a mile over there."

"Then let's hurry."

The Porterfield road was deep-rutted, wallowing in sand, but they clipped right along. Mother was ashamed when she stumbled.

"I ought to walk more," she laughed; "must be getting old."

"Old," Joie chuckled, "old? You think an 'old one' would do this?"

"Forty-two, my next birthday."

Joie was silent till something that looked like a straggler, and wasn't, had been passed. "You will get old," he then said, "nothing to keep you from it. If I could go through the university and get a job teaching Latin, you'd have a home where there's gas and running water and folks—*your kind*. Dad could go along. He'd do the spending—he's that stripe."

"Joie, he's your father."

"Can I help that, Maw?"

In his breaking boy-voice, Joie struck up a ragged little thread of melody.

How Joie was keeping his chin up, steering away from the tragedy that had prostrated him in the cotton field! Joie Nash was sixteen and had missed two terms of school. Another year on the farm would cripple his ambition and stunt his body. Mother was proud of her boy's grit. A Culpepper, Joie was. Cynthia—a Nash—would have raved.

The rain was getting nearer. In sight of Porterfield's, Joie whistled on two fingers, and there was immediate answer—a neigh, close and coming closer.

The adventurers hurried now; they almost ran. This was the place—yes, they could see the white patch on Selim's right shoulder.

"Think you can get in, Maw?" Joie panted. "Here, I'll put my foot on the bottom wire and hold up the top one. Now, scoot."

Mother scooted. Her eyes were misted. When she could see again, there was the Porterfield house black against the night-blue horizon; there was a blur of orchard and of coarse meadow. Right there was Joie leaping on Selim's back; Joie getting down to rap Selim on his right foot, only he called it "hand."

"Shake hands, old sport," Joie croaked. "Good! Now, shake with the lady."

Mother tore her dress getting back into the road; no matter. Lightning was closer now; boomings, before heard faintly, rolled nearer; the wind dropped out of the moon's casement and blew dust in their eyes. Before they were near home, they smelled rain on the red dust behind them.

"Maw," yelled Joie, "can you sure-enough run?"

"Can I?" laughed Rachel. "Watch me"—and led.

[Continued on Page 68]



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scratched
yet!"



**Mary had a little ham
Left from her dinner Sunday
She served it with Heinz Mustard—cold—
And made a hit on Monday!**



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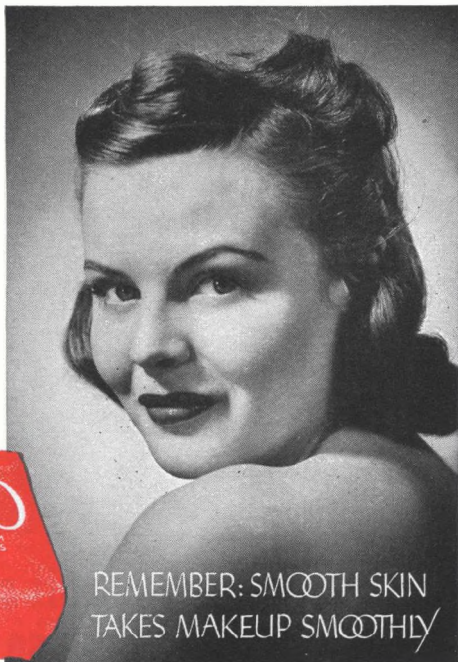
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TAKES MAKEUP SMOOTHLY

A FINE SOAP MADE FROM PURE OLIVE
COCO AND OTHER GENTLE OILS - Oliv-i-l-O

string of a body was growing! And vacant—no, never vacant! She longed to share with him a ray of hope; only, if she did and it failed, things would be worse than ever.

Flood had worked miracles with the dahlias—dahlias shoulder-tall and still stretching! These plants were like children who shoot up stoop-shouldered; even tall stakes and soft, firm strings could hardly hold them straight. Then came the midsummer heat. It was terrible what the hot sun did to her dahlias, before they were mulched. The day she carried litter from the barn and spread between the rows, she was too tired to rest.

Not that Rachel minded that, if her crop flourished, and it did for a time. But when it didn't rain again for a straight month, that too was bad. The irregular patch of earth behind the barnyard had drawn back its parched lips when she began carrying water—enough water for a hundred plants, pumped from the deepest well on the slope! When Joie was there, he helped and asked no questions. Ira's huge, solid arms made nothing of working the pump handle—for wash water. Hot weather makes much washing, and the suds Mrs. Nash carried to her dahlias would have floated a canoe. But it paid. Her back did ache continually; her arms got lame and got over it. Maybe her right arm didn't quite recover, but it would, in time.

With cultivating and flooding and dry-mulching on top of that, the glossy giants picked up and went on. Here and there their enormous, long-stemmed buds laid back dazzling petals—topaz, lilac, crimson. There was one stunted dahlia that bloomed ahead of time—surely an oddity. Its center was snow, shading outward through orange to flame; and the under petals—fringed, like raveled floss—were jet black. Mrs. Nash wanted to take the strange flower up bodily and send it to Stillwater, but that would start questions. What she must have now was silence—silence and growth.

The first of September it rained, and that stopped the water carrying. There had been a season of ruin—boll-weevil; gardens long dead. Rachel knew that cotton-picking was a torture, ginning a nightmare, but she worried over her flowers slumped against their stakes! If conditions had been normal, Joie and his father would have protested against her anxious racings back and forth between the house and the dahlia lot, but they were too tired to notice. After supper, eaten silently, they either went back to work or threw themselves on the grass, where one slept audibly and the other lay on his face without sound or motion.

High school began the first of September, though it was not mentioned in the Nash family. But Rachel thought of it terribly—it, and the blossoms that hung like dull-flaming rags on their fainting stalks. After a last visit to them, she sat on the grass in her back-door yard, letting the hot wind sift her with sand. When, before, had she been idle? Vaguely she glanced at the bermuda crisped under her supporting hand, its shimmery green a dead, wintery white. Soon the dahlias would be like that!

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IT IS MORNING

[Continued from Page 67]

After Joie was in bed, the worn little Bible lay open on the work-table, and by a spent and sputtering light Rachel Nash sought and found this passage, marked: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." Suddenly even the sputters ceased, and she stood in darkness. There came to her senses the vile smell of charred wick mingled with the freshness of the falling rain; the sound of a rack-a-bone body turning uneasily on sagging springs. It had been months since she had dared to pray. Now she knelt.

"I'm a liar," she confessed. "It isn't for myself I ask another favor—not for myself, but mine. Please, Lord."

In Oklahoma the rain comes and goes. From a deluge the hills emerge swiftly, drying their faces in the prodigal sunshine; the lowlands gulp down the overflow. Did it rain, after all?

The Nash farm, sloping to the "bottoms," dried out moderately. Ira thought some of his cotton would have to be planted over. Not that anybody had a holiday. Joie worked around the gin, getting down weeds, scraping the yard, hauling off the trash. Mother couldn't bear to look at her boy, these days. She wanted him to bug his eyes and step high; yearned for him to "feed his face" imaginary biscuits and chuck his cap on billside behind. How stooped his nervous

For days she had been searching the sky for rain. Now she narrowed her dark eyes on the taunting west and wondered. If Joie had been there—not the boy who had no pep left to sneak off with her and shake hands with Selim, but the old Joie—he would have pointed out strange impersonations on the intense blue: fat old men of gold driving crimson automobiles; gray lions with spread pinions of mauve and jade; towers of jasper; lagoons dreaming with poppies.

MAYBE he would have known certain trappings along the parched earth as thunder. At any rate, with no more warning than that, the delayed rain was right there. All the crimson went out like a lamp: the west boiled with indigo and with black. Then a silver wall appeared in the south, and before that the wavering redness of a dust-storm put out every other color—spat-spat, the deluge!

Furiously pelted, but exultant, Rachel Nash ran in to close the windows and put out the tubs. She hunted dry underwear. When her menfolks came, she was closing the oven door on a big pan of corn bread. Nash told her the rain was too late to do any good; it would only beat what cotton there was into the ground. He mentioned the absent check bitterly. When Joie went to sleep with his head on the table, he drove him off to bed and went, himself.

All night long the rain ran on the roof. So cool it grew: such a time to rest! But Rachel could not relax till she had flung on an old overcoat and splashed her way

to the dahlia lot. She had told herself the plants were cooked, but when her groping fingers found a blossom—if color has a language, a blood-red blossom—oh, surely wider than a saucer; wide as a plate!—her hot eyes stung with tears. One who has fingered a lusty flower of the night rain knows *what* she felt!

In the utter blackness, against pressing storm, she stumbled back, threw off her wet things, and crept smilingly to bed. She had cut her hand on the wire fence, and it throbbed, but listen to the rain filling the cracked lips of her red earth, flooding the shriveled arteries of her dahlias!

Joie no longer “jerked” the grudging cotton, but he could shovel cotton-seed. Next morning, when he went to the gin with his father, it was still pouring rain. It poured till ten o'clock and didn't clear off then. Rachel worked by lamplight. The dahlias were opening wide now, but gently, waiting for a touch of sun. After several trips to the lot, she went to the telephone and called up Stillwater.

It was well she did. The storm had done something to a bridge—No, she mustn't cut the dahlias—one had to know how. The greenhouse man could be there in the morning. And there was talk of frost. She might do something with smudging—not likely. One had to know how—no hurt to try.

Smudging! As she hurried dinner, Mrs. Nash brought up all she knew about smudging orchards. It came back to her

how her father had saved his peaches that way. Desperately she canvassed her resources; rotten fence posts with the stapled wire still hanging; limbs of dead trees that had been felled for wood; buckets and pans for dried grass and weeds—she could smudge all right. She could pin on newspapers—where went all the pins? But hairpins would do; nails, even.

One never can guess Oklahoma weather. At noon, the second of September, a smiling blue eye appeared in the heavy clouds; here and there patches of sun alternated with patches of shadow gliding like lizards down the jack-oak slope. Four o'clock found it clear as a bell.

Frost!
Rachel Nash stood among her dahlias, her very throat aching with beauty. She moved among them like a sleepwalker, hidden in mysterious brightness. In her exultation she saw them at first but splotchily, as crimson and green lacquer spilled; as a rainbow shattered. No form—just brilliance, massed. Then she questioned them singly, the giant disks; peered into their centers that still clung, slightly, as if with wet paint. Peonies—cactus blooms—anemones? They were all there.

Oh, it couldn't frost the *first* of the month; it must wait for the equinoctial storm! Yes, but the “daily” she had brought with a heap of papers for pinning had the weather forecast! Well—where were the old gloves she used in

[Continued on Page 70]

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Peanut Crunch
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IT IS MORNING

[Continued from Page 69]

handling coal? Where was a tight box for storing plenty of matches? She must wait till things had settled down—Ira was against fires near the barn. But she'd have everything ready.

Later she left the supper dishes and shipped back to light her smudge pots. She needn't have worried; Nash glanced over the cotton market and went straight to bed. When she touched off two small brush heaps and started back to the house, fate was right there. She shivered, hearing the stiffened grass crackle under her hurrying step.

Well, Joie Nash might be just a prodded shadow, but she needed him; she had to have him. When pebbles failed as signal, she tiptoed upstairs and literally dragged him from the bed.

"Be still," she whispered, closing her smoke-smelly palm over his protesting lips. "Put on your clothes and come right along."

And when he had stumbled after her to the flower lot, she pointed out the brush pile looming sketchily on the south.

"Run and light it," she bade him firmly. "Here are some matches. Run!"

If Joie thought his mother gone crazy, there was small chance to tell her so then. She was off, gathering more sod, pinning more papers in place, running and grabbing like a player in some wild game. So Joie lighted the big heap and saw it blaze high; threw on dirt and held the flame to a smoky heat. Such a fuss over a lot of doggone posies! Joie had never, in all his life before, talked back to his mother, but he did so now.

"Jumping fishhooks," he borrowed this from his father; "what d'you mean, Maw? Can't a fellow rest? Think more of these blamed old dahlias than you do of me?"

Strange that Maw could laugh! "What if I tell you," she said, jerkily stuffing grass into a rusty bucket, "that Stillwater greenhouse will give me twenty-five cents apiece for every perfect blossom we bring out of this, and buy the tubers besides?"

And when Joie just stared at her, standing whitely between the towering, paper-tented blooms, she laughed again.

"I haven't counted the flowers exactly, but there are hundreds of them. A car will start here from the college at sun-up, unless I phone the frost got us. That's all, Joie. Minutes are precious. Get busy, now, and help me with this smudging. I mean it. If you don't brace up, I'll—I'll whip you."

Ge—Maw sure had gone "bugs!" B it Joie got busy. *He* could locate all kinds of smudge stuff. Up and down the littered aisles he carried absurd buckets, smudging, smudging; around three sides of the lot he fed brush fires.

Whenever he began having another fit, demanding how she knew this would do any good, saying they were a pair of lunatics, Rachel Nash saw *frost*—a tall, cowed figure, hard-eyed and relentless; reaching hands that seared with whiteness; taking beauty without asking—and drove her tired accuser on. After a while she didn't laugh; she cried. Her long hair came down, and she twisted it back from her face in a fury of impatience. Her dress

caught fire, and she beat it out with her bare hands.

"Stop it," Joie stormed. "Maw, you'll kill yourself!"

Then, at her swift, stinging retort, he went on like a poor crippled prisoner—up and down, around and around, an endless chase of smokes and stumblings.

Hour trod on hour—the moon went down. When darkness stooped between the flowers, Joie quit. Mother missed him and came with a glowing smudge pot to where he hunched, prying his lids apart with blackened fingers, his eyes blue slits.

Sitting on some scattered papers he was swaying and mumbling:

"Maw, can't a fellow—even—study? Can't—a fellow—"

Rachel stripped off her sweater and put it around him. She started to ease him down, then set her chin.

"Let him fall down," she muttered, starting on. "I'm smudging."

Till morning Maw carried her pitiful smokes alone. If she stopped at all, it was to stand at the fence and compare the whiteness beyond with where she was—and to pray. But finally it was daybreak. Far off a rooster yawnd; a sleepy bird called, and another answered. The east blushed. Long stems of color grew up the sky, on which bloomed flowers of rose, of crimson, of gold. Mechanically the haggard watcher unpinned her paper tents, leaned and shook her sleeper.

"Joie, Joie!"

"Huh—huh, Maw?"

"Get up, son," Rachel lilted, "*it is morning!*"

JOIE staggered to his feet and stood there, bewildered. Then he remembered. Dad had made him shovel cottonseed all day, and Maw had "run him ragged" all night. Gee whiz, what a world! The boy's resentful gaze turned and turned. Beyond the red earth lot lay a solid whiteness, but between the clutter of buckets and blackness, the dahlias loomed straight, fresh and gorgeous, like the morning sky come down. No frost there!

"When the car goes back to Stillwater," Rachel said flatly, as one who knew, "you are going with it—to stay. You will collect for the flowers, settle for transportation, buy your books and—" she managed a grin—"get yourself a sky-blue-pink sweater. Go to the house now. Wash up and put on your school suit."

Joie Nash looked at his mother—stared at her. His shoulders went back; his chin lifted. A full minute he stood so, facing the sunrise, but he didn't see the sun. He saw what had been in his "forest of a thousand hopes"—a boy in the classroom, reciting; a bigger boy in the lecture room—in the laboratory. A tall fellow in cap and gown, marching at the head of his class—the things he saw!

Then he choked up; his chin twisted as when, a very little chap, he had held back tears. His arms, groping, found his mother's neck and locked there, tight.

"Mother," he mumbled, hoarsely sobbing—hiding his puckered face on her shoulder—"Mother!"

THE HOLY BASKET

[Continued from Page 17]

him. As he tiptoed past the pews toward the altar rail, he could see a scattered design of baskets before it. Each had its napkin pulled back in preparation for the blessing. Edmund set his basket down gently at one side, lifted the corner of the napkin, and entered one of the front pews. He had not looked up all the while. He was sure his friends were observing him closely.

He knelt and prayed. As the word *Amen* formed within him, his mind picked up the cue and continued on. Edmund knew the others usually sat back with the *Amen*. However, he liked to let his mind pray by itself, without speaking in the ordered rhythm and phrase. So many wonderful thoughts had come to him this way. And today his mind seemed eager to go on. He shut his eyes. The figure of Jesus atop the altar bent toward him, smiled at him, warmed him, soothed him. Edmund leaned his head on his tightly clasped hands. The movement did not break the spell. The voice of Jesus was saying to him: "Yes, I am in your blessed basket. And everything that you hope for and yearn for from the world is in it. Everything good; everything strong; everything gentle. Your mother's hands and care are there; your father's sweat and work are there. Your school and the wonderful colored books are there. Everything lovely, everything holy is there. Protect it, Edmund. It is yours and mine; it is our hope. . ."

The voice of the priest beginning his prayer over the food startled him. He felt strangely light and free. It did not worry him that the service had started without his notice. His eyes fixed on the priest and the altar boys. He did not raise his gaze from their white surplices and black cassocks to the figure atop the altar. He scarcely heard the words spoken over the baskets; the sprinkling of the holy water over the food did not stir him. This was all good; this was good for the others. But he knew what was in the basket without it. He understood.

EDMUND was one of the first out of the church. The day now seemed even sunnier; the basket lighter. He could feel new strength growing in his arms and shoulders as he turned the corner and started on the way toward home.

As he neared the vacant lot with its short cut, he slowed his steps. On his way to the church the lot had been quiet, lifeless. Now, however, a herd of boys frisked and shouted over the hard ground. He stopped short. He couldn't cut across now. He would have to go back. Maybe they hadn't seen him yet.

But they had. A loud chorus told him so.

Now there was no turning back. He would have to walk on straight to the corner. Edmund started ahead slowly. He had taken only a few steps to the edge of the lot where a wire fence extended along the back, when they were upon him. A confused barrage of shouts and jibes attacked his ears.

"Hey, shrimp, wotta you got in the basket?" [Continued on Page 72]

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Try this easy Recipe
TENDERONI
with SHRIMP Creole

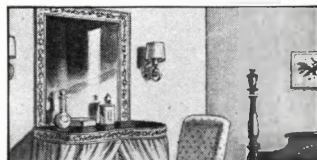
- | | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 (6 oz.) package TENDERONI | 2 tablespoons chopped onion | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| 2 tablespoons butter | 1½ cups canned tomatoes | ½ teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce |
| 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper | 2 whole cloves | 1 small can (5¼ oz.) shrimp |
| 1 cup chopped celery | 1 teaspoon salt | |

Cook Tenderoni according to directions on package. Melt butter in a saucepan; add green pepper, celery and onion, and cook until soft, about 10 minutes. Add tomatoes, cloves, salt, pepper and Worcestershire Sauce, and simmer until mixture is of sauce consistency. Remove cloves. Remove black line from shrimp, and add shrimp to sauce. Cook until shrimp are heated, about 10 minutes, and serve on a platter with hot Tenderoni. Makes 6 servings.

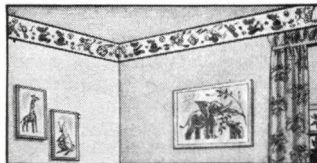
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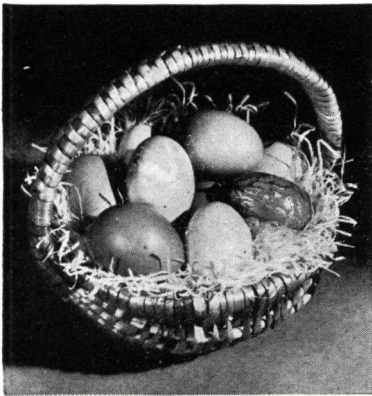
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TRIMZ Ready-Pasted Borders

SERVE SUNDAY'S EASTER

EGGS ON MONDAY

by GERTRUDE BUCHHOLZ



IF you were brought up in a family that made a special occasion of every holiday, you know how much it means to a child to have a basket of colored eggs on Easter morning. There's no reason why we can't have Easter Eggs this year, as usual. We may have a few less and certainly we'll plan to use the eggs in the day-after-Easter menus.

Egg dyes are made of vegetable colorings, and are harmless if absorbed through a cracked shell. To hard-cook eggs that are to be dyed, cover with cold water, bring to a boil slowly, remove from heat and let stand in a warm place 20 minutes. Follow directions on dye package for using.

You can use the hard-cooked eggs for an Easter Monday lunch or supper dish, in one of the following recipes:

EGG AND POTATO PATTIES

Costs 15 cents (March 1943)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

2 onions, minced	2 cups cold, riced
Fat drippings	potatoes, firmly
2 eggs, hard cooked	packed
½ teaspoon salt	3 tablespoons flour
⅛ teaspoon pepper	

Brown onions in 1 tablespoon drippings; add to chopped eggs and seasonings. Mix well-seasoned potatoes with flour; form into 8 flat cakes. Put cakes together in pairs, with part of the egg mixture in the center. Press edges together. Brown filled patties on both sides in hot drippings.

EGGS GOLDENROD

Costs 25 cents (March 1943)

Serves 4 Woman's Day Kitchen

3 tablespoons	Salt and paprika
margarine	
2 cups milk	4 hard-cooked eggs
3 tablespoons flour	4 slices toast

Make white sauce of margarine, flour and milk. Season with salt and paprika. Separate yolks and whites; add diced whites to sauce; pour over buttered toast. Sprinkle with egg yolks which have been rubbed through a sieve.

THE HOLY BASKET

[Continued from Page 71]

"Give us a look."

"Come on, dish it out."

Edmund tightened his fingers over the wicker handle and braced his legs. Strangely, he didn't feel like running. Ordinarily, he would be halfway down the block with the pack at his heels. That was part of the game when you met an enemy gang. But not this time. Not while he had to take care of the holy basket.

Edmund backed away until he felt the wire of the fence against his shoulders. He looked straight at the grimy hands, perspiring faces and torn sweaters edging nearer. One voice rose above the others.

"I smell Polish sausage! How long is it—two feet?"

A laughing shout greeted this sally. It bit into Edmund. They didn't understand! They didn't care! Words of rage, of pleading rushed into his throat but became confusedly entangled there. His breath choked within him.

A STUBBY enemy in a green sweater hopped out of the ranks to within two paces of Edmund and, turning his back on him, shouted to the others, "Eggs! I know he's got 'em! Let's play catch with the eggs."

The loudest shout of all now went up as they pressed ahead. Edmund scarcely had time to put the basket down between his feet before an arm jerked forward to snatch the napkin from the basket. Edmund kicked at the arm savagely, gripping the wire behind him for support. There was a sharp yelp of pain.

Their wounded comrade, however, served only to make the others more determined. They edged forward daring each other to action but not quite trusting the wild look in Edmund's eyes.

He clenched his fists. Tears of despair at his cornered position began to blur the boys from his sight. The words in his throat broke past their barrier and rushed forth.

"Get back! Get back or I'll kill you! I'll kill you! This is my holy basket!"

No blow landed. No hand disturbed

the napkin. The molesters suddenly retreated. By the time Edmund's vision cleared, they were already breaking up into twos and threes on the run. He stood there, still straddling his basket, his entire body trembling. He couldn't understand. Had the word "holy" driven them away?

There was a stir behind him. Edmund shifted his stance quickly, fists still tight. There, on the other side of the fence, stood an old man with a cane in his hand. Then Edmund knew why the boys had run.

Before Edmund could speak or move, the old man laid a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"So you would kill them? Do you hate them that much?"

Something in the old man's voice told Edmund he must consider his answer. He thought quickly. His mind was again clear.

"No . . . no . . . I don't hate them, I guess," he faltered. "But I hate what they were going to do to my holy basket."

The hand on his shoulder tightened slightly, and Edmund knew he had said the right thing by the pleasant current the other's fingers sent through him.

The old man patted his head. Their eyes met.

"That's right, my boy. Never hate *men*. Never kill *men*. If you must hate and kill, hate and kill them for what they would do to . . . your *holy basket*."

In the ring of the last words, Edmund could hear a Voice saying again:

"Yes, I am in your blessed basket. And everything that you hope for and yearn for from the world is in it. Everything good; everything strong; everything gentle . . . Everything lovely; everything holy is there. Protect it, Edmund. It is yours and mine; it is our hope for the world . . ."

Edmund Lesnik transferred his mother's letter into his breast pocket, rose from his chair, and strode firmly out of the lounging room to the Spitfire pointing into the clouds.

YOU CAN KNIT TO FIT

[Continued from Page 33]

which they can be made. The most common way is to knit to your measurements as you go along figuring everything out mathematically all the way. So many inches of skirt, then increase. Fourteen rows of the back, then decrease four on each side. Cast on 200 stitches. Pick up twelve, etc. This is a very accurate method (if you check your test swatch against the gauge given with the directions). But despite its accuracy it is very trying to women who hate to count stitches as they go, hate to keep looking from direction sheet to work and back every other minute, hate to drag out a tape measure and see if they've quite reached the proper inch mark at last.

Admittedly, we fall into this hate-to-count group and we are very fond of the yardage knitting idea—a system in which you work long lengths of your design and then cut it to fit a paper pattern just as

you would cut any cloth. The line on which you plan to cut must be carefully stitched on a sewing machine in order to prevent unraveling, but after that the knitter has a dressmaking job and nothing else. Left-over scraps could be used for lapels, false pockets, cuffs or, if you have enough to piece attractively, a turban to match would bear the approval of our fashion editor. There is no doubt that by following this method you have two operations, knitting the material and making the dress, but to people who are more experienced at dressmaking than they are at mathematics, it's a happy solution.

The third and seemingly middle course, is to knit to a paper pattern or to some dress or suit you already have. This is difficult for all but the experienced knitters, but it does give the advantage of achieving certain styles you

might not be able to find in any direction book and in some cases, better fit. It requires careful painstaking work, it's well worth it.

Finishing What You Have Knit

Under this heading lie the deepest pitfalls of most knitters. It is possible to ruin a well-designed, beautifully knit garment by poor finishing. It's an understandable mistake and one of which many of the best knitters are guilty. It's a long way from casting on the first stitches to binding off the final ones and at that tired point the only thought in mind is to sew the piece together, complete the blocking and say "Finished."

Contrary to good sewing technique, the neatest seams in knitting are made on the right side. Using a tapestry needle and your knitting yarn, join the pieces by weaving through the stitches of both pieces so that they are joined by a loop. This will give you a flat seam which blends with the knit stitches and looks like part of a row. Seams joined and whipped over on the wrong side are heavy and bulky. They look awful. They feel awful. In joining sides of unequal length as the front and back of a sweater, either work the extra fullness of the longer side into the shorter, or work them evenly and catch the fullness in a dart. Be careful not to stretch the shorter side to fit the longer, or to pull hard on any piece you are joining to another.

A collar which is just the least bit crooked is likely to make you unhappy for the life of the garment. You will always be pulling at it, giving the back a jerk or the whole bodice a twist in order to make it line up. It is worth all the time spent in matching the center of your collar to the center of the neckline, in careful, easy stitching as you join them, in taking it off and trying again till it's right. It's worth it because almost nothing is more comfortable than a perfectly fitted knit dress.

Most knitted belts stretch, fold over or look heavy. A leather belt will usually look neater. If you cannot find a belt which matches or harmonizes with your dress, try a contrasting color or one which matches your shoes.

Blocking can be done at home, but it has to be done with infinite patience and care. Shape the garment gently, be sure to cover it when you steam iron it, never leave iron resting on the knitted material. Pin rust marks have spoiled many a home-blocked sweater. Make sure yours are really rust proof before you put them in your knitting. If you are drying it outdoors, put it in the shade.

And Now You're Through

You've planned your knitting, the design, dimensions and color scheme. You have made it up carefully, knitting with even tension and never putting it down in a way which would crease or stretch the stitch. You've finished it with close attention to any trimmings, the set of the collar, the way you blocked it. You have done all this and you feel like a sculptor, and justifiably so. For having been given only balls of yarn, you have molded them into something of your very own. You have knit to fit.

NOW YOU SEE 'EM!



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**WORKS WHILE
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"Whittling" at the TOP of a corn may leave the CORE in your toe to act as a focal point for renewed development. Use medicated Blue-Jay Corn Plaster instead! It gets after the core, helps remove the corn as

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STRAWBERRY TIME

[Continued from Page 64]

at all. She wouldn't know until she went in to town to fetch Handy.

"Oh don't go, please don't," Mira cried in her heart, but her lips were still.

"Want to hear the letter?" Handy's wife asked. "Come sit on this log, Mira, and let me read it to you, part of it at least, for part of it is to you. I think it is all right for one sweetheart to read a man's letter to another sweetheart, when the other one is you, don't you?"

"He wrote you a letter?" Mira cried.

"He did."

Handy's wife took the letter from her pocket and pressed the edges of it between thumb and forefinger, and squinted down the envelope like she expected to find something in it beside the folded pages. Then she slipped the pages from the envelope and spread them on her knee.

"DEAR Wife," Handy's wife began. "I—" she stopped, "well, we'll just skip this first and get down to the business of the letter, shall we?"

"Is there business?" Mira asked.

"Very important business. Here it is: 'The buggy had not come, long as it had been ordered, but we have the bill of lading on it and it will be here tomorrow for sure. Now that I've waited this long for it, nothing will satisfy me but that you come into town on the stage, and drive out with me, in it. This buggy will have red wheels and the shiniest sides and the finest striping and the slickest leather seats of any buggy ever to come over that trail. I want you in it when it comes home.'"

"Oh, oh," Mira said, in happy wonder.

"And there's more," Handy's wife said, "and it's for you, Mira."

Mira waited, holding her breath.

"Watch the berries on the hill above the house. Mira always helps me pick them, and tell her when they're ripe. They should be ripe right about now. Tell her I want her to come in to town with you and drive out with us in the buggy. We'll have to tie her down, I expect, she's so light, and those seats will be so slick, or she'll fly out when we come up-stumpum-in-a-swamp hole. Get your bonnets on and come."

"Does he mean me?" Mira asked, knowing well that he did but wanting to be made sure. A camp robber, blue as sky, was hopping in the berry patch.

"He does."

"I've never been to town, never ever, ever."

"Now now you'll come home in a buggy!"

"With red wheels!" Mira said, and leaned so far back on the log, in her joy, that she very nearly tipped over.

"I'll read you this last," Handy's wife said very softly. "I see you before me, Sweetheart, like a picture. I have been seeing you like that every hour away. It is a very pretty picture and now that you are my wife and in my house, I know that it will never dim. Tell Mira I want that shortcake, now it's berry time, a four-layer one."

I JUST WALKED OUT

[Continued from Page 35]

fedora. "If I put this pretty suit for your mother in a big box, could you carry it, young man?"

"No."

"Ever make airplanes?" I asked with casual wile.

Nary a peep.

"I bet you use tissue paper for wings." I went on. "You know what I'm going to do? Put three nice smooth sheets of tissue in the box just for your planes."

"Six." He held out.

The deal was on. Two minutes later out walked a small satisfied customer lugging a suit box. But give me a Comanche every time!

Selling, it seemed, took more than met the eye. Feet, for instance. By four o'clock my feet were feeling like the grandfather of all toothaches. By six, the rest of me throbbled in sympathy. At eight my eyes were glued to the clock. Nine o'clock couldn't come a minute too soon when we could get out and go home.

ONLY we didn't get out and we didn't go home. As the closing gong sounded and the last customer left the department, it was as if the gnomes and elves took over. Kelly kicked off her slippers to disclose two slender, silk-clad feet. Somebody shouted, "I'll be right out; I'm getting my floppers on." Somebody else groaned, "Gosh, my arches are about to kill me."

But Mason started giving orders. "Powell, you can begin in house dresses."

Every dress had to be hung in its proper place, according to size. But that was the least of it. Every waist line had to be folded in and clipped in a special way, so that the dresses hung, straight and even, in their long thick rows. Every slack suit had to be folded and put in its right place, every blouse, every apron, every coat. Three-dollar blouses had been mixed with the \$1.39's, aprons with smocks, silk dresses with cottons. All the hodgepodge the customers had accomplished during the day had to be cleared up before we left.

But everybody was relaxed. Mason had had an experience that she claimed was enough to physic a weevil. Jokes were told, at which every one howled with laughter. Kelly, though, was the life of the party. She was the youngest, prettiest and probably the most spoiled. When the demands of straightening up brought Kelly in my vicinity, she would talk right through me, as though I didn't exist. It wasn't that she was going out of her way to be disagreeable. But this place, I was to learn at once, was no different from any other in creation. The old were certainly not out to gladhand the new.

We finished a little after ten and streaked out through the front door. Mr. Daily was there, a judge-in-waiting, and he took the totaled sales record from each as we passed. "Fine," he accorded to several. Then, "Good!" When he looked at my modest \$76.89, his verdict was, "Not bad."

"Well, it's good to have your teeth in your problem. Two things stood forth in-

stantly before me. Both had to be done, and soon. I was determined to make young Kelly like me, and I was going to compel Mr. Daily to say, "Fine!"

The second chore seemed easier and I decided to tackle it first. It behooved me to tackle it first anyway. For unless I made a more impressive showing fast I wouldn't be on hand to enjoy the beautiful friendship of Mademoiselle Kelly when it burst to full flower.

I decided to study the sales methods of the others in the department, for whatever they were doing, was evidently right. It brought results. Mason, who sold as well as acted as department chief, I put to one side instantly. I'll never know how she did it. She never seemed to be rushing, just quiet and pleasant always—yet sold twice as much as anyone. Call it genius, and let it lay.

Ada Craig, the country-school teacher who came in every Saturday, seemed one to watch and pattern. She was about forty, tall and rangy, and very jolly. She laughed a lot and kidded the customers, and you'd better be careful she wasn't copping yours. Yet she was terribly kind. When a woman asked me if she could have an elastic to tack in the hatband, I told her in my ignorant innocence, "With the rubber shortage, we are not able to supply them with the sale hats." And Carig, talking out of the side of her mouth like Operative 67, whispered, "That little drawer there."

I opened it to find it full of those hat elastic bands. "Oh, did we finally get some more in?" I asked Carig, in quick cover up. "They just came," was her co-operating answer, as I gave the woman what she wanted.

"Thanks, pal," I said when my customer left.

"Okay," said Carig. "You'd do the same for me any time."

But while Carig was fitting a coat on one customer, she had two trying on suits in the cubicles. And when that woman who had been picking out house dresses had decided on her three—that very instant, Carig like a swallow swooped down and took them gently from her arm, "Shall I wrap these up for you?" Another four-dollar sale on Carig's record. Yes, Carig was jolly—jolly keen! Confided Carig: "You like this diamond? I can get \$100 loan on it any time. I was engaged for fourteen months. Got to have something to show for all that bother."

REBA Weathers lived on the other side of the Zircon, on the chicken farm she and her husband owned. She came in to Hammond Strawber two days a week; and often in the busy seasons, the entire week. She sold thousands of her eggs to hatcheries, and rose each morning at four. She was placid and hearty—but someone said that she got a better price for her eggs than most men. And anyone who watched her sell, saw something. The way that woman could move like a steam roller over customers' objections and send them out bewildered but blissful buyers, was a sight for sales eyes.

I watched little Kelly, who was always calling herself lazy. Lazy like a fox.

I watched Jean Parson, lovely dark-
[Continued on Page 76]



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Hers WAS, But NO MORE



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CLIMALENE makes the BIG DIFFERENCE

"Since I discovered Climalene, I don't dread housecleaning like I used to. It makes my work so much easier."

That remark is typical of the things Climalene users say. "Dirt just rolls off," "makes floors like new," "finish cleaned but *not* marred," "can use it for everything"—these are just a few actual word-for-word statements of housewives.

Floors, woodwork, painted walls, tile, enamel, shelves, stove, refrigerator—Climalene cleans them all beautifully. Can't scratch—leaves no film.

Make your housecleaning easier with this wonderful helper. Thrifty, too—a little Climalene goes so far.

Best Buy—Big 2 Lb. Thrift Package

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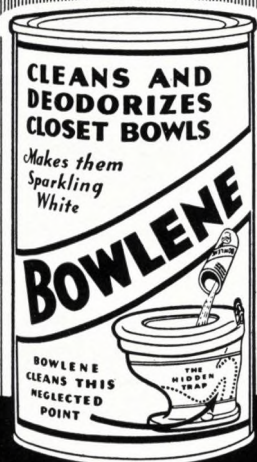
Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek

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MEAN JOB MADE EASY

Bowlene thoroughly
cleans toilet bowl and
trap—without a brush.



MORE FOR YOUR MONEY
Get the 26 OZ. BIG CAN

I JUST WALKED OUT

[Continued from Page 75]

haired girl, but so painfully thin. She had so recently lost her small son. "He was just a little boy like any other little boy," she told me. "But he seemed perfect to us."

Some days she ran up a fantastic total, selling with feverish purpose, as though there was nothing else in the world but making people buy dresses.

I watched Betty Marshal, a young married woman whose husband worked in a parachute factory and who wore on her breast the insignia of the Daughters of Darius. "You must come with me sometime to one of our open meetings," she said.

Of course, in addition to being darned good saleswomen, they all had followings, good old stand-bys who would come in and wait until they were free. All right, in my own way I'd start people coming back to me. I'd make my own imprint.

As my own great secret I constituted myself a beauty-and-fashion expert. And I was—just as anyone with two good eyes in her head is. If lipstick looks as if it were splashed on with a paint brush, if the hair-do flattens the broad face, or adds inches to the long thin one, well, it's all there, easy to see and easy to capitalize on helpfulness.

In no time I was whisking out a lipstick in a smart new shade (10c size) with "Here, let me put it on." And we'd see how elegant the blouse looked now. Sometimes a woman would come in and after I had fitted her in a dress would ask, "Do I wear my hair right?" And I would look appraisingly. For it developed that I had told her sister to pin up her side curls when she wore the smart hat I sold her.

"I don't like that dress on you," I would say when a dress looked like the dickens, thereby beating the customer to the punch. "I'm ruling out that shade of green for you entirely."

I picked out two dresses for a girl with a figure like Jean Arthur's if she carried herself right. They should have looked stunning but didn't. Here was the place to spring lesson one in the gentle art of walking. "Stand against the wall," I ordered with the assurance of Elizabeth Arden. "Get your three-point contact. Head, shoulders, hips. Now—walk straight to me!"

"Why, honey, you just lost a good ten pounds," said her husband.

They bought both dresses.

Here's something odd. No matter what you do, you identify yourself with it. At noontimes I'd find drugstore clerks staring at me, for I was practically armored with pins. Why? I was giving fashion pin-fittings, of a kind never seen before on land or sea. No shortening of the skirt or sleeves in mine—that belonged to the alteration department. But many a time a woman would sigh as she looked at herself in the mirror and say, "It's just not right for my shape." Then out would come my pins, and in would go a box pleat, or graduated tucks, or a dart, or heaven knows what. Just following the old one-two-three of any figure—if you're

fat, you want to look taller, if you're skinny, you want to look wider. Any of the others could have done it, if they felt it was worth the trouble. But remember, this was Powell, starting from scratch.

The seat test for slacks was a combination of Powell bait and sheer practicality. Girls who wear size-14 dresses, seemed to have a mania for size-12 slacks. The seat test on a chair specially placed near a triple mirror cured that fast—they couldn't sit down! By the same token, older women who wear a size-36 dress, seemed to feel that work slacks ought to be at least 38. The seat test showed them that 38 not only gave them plenty of space to sit down, but also left room for a few good books and Friday's marketing. In short, too big.

Shortly, I began to have a following. They weren't sitting around on chairs or standing three deep. But they looked for me when they came, and if they couldn't see me, asked for me by name. Also, especially also, there was nothing to hinder me from watching, and seeing the customer picking out for herself the hat or the smock and then swooping down like a swallow, asking, "May I wrap this up for you?"

So one Saturday night: "Your card, Mrs. Powell?" I handed it to Mr. Daily—\$128.75. "Fine," said Mr. Daily.

I WAS now selling two, often three days a week right along at Hammond Strawber's, running between six and eight dollars in my pay envelope every Saturday night. For I was paid by the hour, 90c an hour. With that, plus my carefully hoarded nest egg and odd typing jobs, I was managing to get by. But of course all the time I was gunning for a full-time job, and I had Rachael Decker of the employment office as my unswerving ally.

By now there were other friendships, too, stemming out of casual introductions over cokes, out of my slowly expanding clientele at Hammond Strawber's, out of meeting friends of friends of Rachael's. Especially there was Irene Rafter, secretary to the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce; and her friend, Jessie Ormond, who was secretary to the president of the bank.

"Come over when you have a minute," Irene would phone you. Or Jessie, "C. B., have a coke with me on your way home. You can slide right out of Hammond's and in the back of Dustin's," that being the drugstore that was the meeting place of all Newmarket. Actually, before I realized it, Irene and Jessie constituted themselves a sort of guard of honor. Any time a few days would pass without my seeing them, they would call up the Rush Hotel to see if I were all right.

Friendship, I was now learning, is a strange meeting of hearts and minds, that has nothing to do with years or sections of the country. I shall never again hear a person say, *Oh, I can't bear to move west because all my friends are east or I don't want to move east because my friends are west*, without thinking of

Jessie and Irene. My home was a thousand miles from theirs and I'd never laid eyes on them until a month before. But calling us *the three musketeers*, as Newmarket was soon doing, only fringes the deep feeling we had for one another.

On those job trailing afternoons I'd get quite a lift to pass coats that I'd sold and hats that I'd put on people's heads and hear, "Hello, Mrs. Powell!"

Then suddenly my job trekking afternoons were no more. With the perverseness of life that decrees either feast or famine, three of my job prospects came to a head in a single day. I could have gone to work in a paint store. My services were in demand at a hat shop. An insurance company finally decided I'd do.

BUT that same Friday, when I was giving the card *Clara Powell* its preliminary bang at the time clock, Mr. Daily stopped me. "We'll be wanting you all next week," he said. It meant only one thing—they had me in mind as permanent material. Any day now the word might come: "Mrs. Powell, we're transferring you from will call to regular department." So I stayed at Hammond Strawber's.

A little girl also came in for her first formal that same afternoon with her mother. We tried on five or six and finally decided on the higher priced model—not the \$4.98 but the \$7.98. In that soft blue with its net overdress she looked like a fairy princess.

"We'll call alterations," I said, "for the dress is a little long."

"Wait," said the mother. "I want to ask you something. I tell her that with the eight dollars she could buy enough good clothes to last her all summer, instead of that dress for one night. You tell her."

I looked at the child. The light had been turned out in her slight face. Suddenly she looked at us with the wide, lifeless eyes of an old woman. "You tell her," repeated the mother.

The child said nothing. "I don't know what to say," I said. "Shall I leave you here and let you talk it over?"

"No," said the mother. "Just tell me what you'd do."

Other people's business is not your business. But I heard myself saying, "When I was married, my father gave me a sum of money and said I could either put it in furniture for my home or buy fine wedding clothes. I bought fine wedding clothes. I had a lifetime to get furniture, but I'd only be married as a young girl once."

At that the mother burst into tears. "You're right. We work so hard and so long, that we forget about when we were young."

I asked the girl, "Couldn't you find something to do this summer and help buy your clothes?" She nodded, her face radiant, "I don't know, but oh, I know I will. I just know I will."

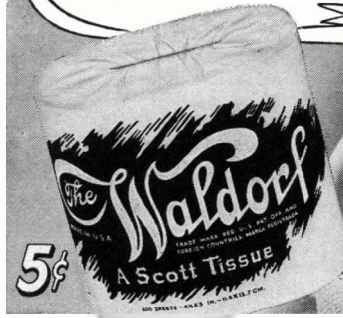
"Get that fitter," said the mother. "I liked that tall tale," said Kelly five minutes later. "I was in the next cubicle."

Something went to the winds, and I told Kelly off. "You're a pretty little girl and you're a smart little girl," I said. "But there are some things you don't know

Especially for her care —so important today!

WALDORF'S *Baby-Safe Texture*

IN SPITE of wartime's busy, trying days, there must be no let-down in baby-care standards. Give your baby's skin the gentle protection of Waldorf's *Baby-Safe Texture*. Baby will love its pliant softness. You'll like its delicate cream tint. And the whole family can enjoy its comfort—for Waldorf is strong . . . safe . . . economical.



BY GOVERNMENT ORDER, all toilet tissue rolls are now flattened to save shipping space. While the wrappers may not look as well, the high quality of Scott Products is not affected. Press firmly to restore original shape.

anything about. If you had lost your husband as I have, you'd be glad to the end of your life—oh, fiddle, why do I discuss it with you?"

I waited for her sharp retort. But, "Sorry," said Kelly gently. "I was just fooling." She started away, then turned back. "Did you know I was going to be married, Powell. I have my silver—I'll bring in a piece to show you. It's beautiful Community Plate."

THE following Monday she came around and whispered, "Peanuts?" and held out her hand, "Gimme your nickel." Then presently she returned, and still talking like an arch conspirator, said, "Okay," and gave a meaningful nod. It meant to the initiate that behind the cash register was a big bag of salted peanuts. Everyone who put in a nickel was entitled to help herself. Every time you rang up a sale you grabbed a handful, then cleaned your hand with a cleaning tissue before you returned to dresses or suits.

Kelly liked me. That night when I opened the door of my little room, it seemed like home. I no longer felt strange in Newmarket.

Scarcely had I sat down in my comfortable rocker when Mrs. Rush tapped at my door. "Rachael Decker has been calling you," she said. "You're to phone her at this number the minute you come in."

[To Be Continued]

FOR VICTORY BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

Household Hints

SHOPPING VICTORY HINT • Try to do your week's food shopping on a week day to relieve the Friday-Saturday crowding at your grocer's. He's shorthanded. He'll be grateful.—*J. H. Curtis, New York, New York.*

♦ ♦ ♦

Your dishes will be sure to come back from the Victory bazaar sale if you write your name on a piece of adhesive tape and fasten to the bottom of each.—*Mrs. Gust Heyer, Agawam, Montana.*

♦ ♦ ♦

Few housewives know that mold spores live in grease which often collects on sinks and in pots and pans. They're liable to cause food to spoil. Sunbrite carries them right down the drain. Sunbrite is ideal at spring cleaning time, especially if you have to "move in on someone else's dirt."

—*Mrs. Ruth H. White, Clarendon Hills, Ill.*

Susie S. says: "Dad carries three umbrellas: one to forget on the train; one to leave in the restaurant and one in case it rains."

—*Suggested by Nancy Fowler, Winnetka, Ill.*



WE GET OURSELVES A PERMANENT

[Continued from Page 28]



WE DON'T TALK ABOUT TOILETS!

An unsanitary toilet is "unmentionable" in any household. It's unnecessary too. Ugly film and stubborn stains are removed easily and quickly with Sani-Flush. No scrubbing. Every time you use this scientific compound you clean away many recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. Do it at least twice a week.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. *Cannot injure septic tanks* or their action and is safe in toilet connections when used as directed on the can.* Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes.

FREE* For Septic Tank Owners

Septic tank owners don't have to scrub toilets, either! Tests by eminent research authorities show how easy and safe Sani-Flush is for toilet sanitation with septic tanks. For free copy of their scientific report, write: The Hygienic Products Co., Dept. 40, Canton, Ohio.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET
BOWLS WITHOUT
SCOURING

OUR MEN NEED
★ BOOKS ★



SEND
ALL YOU CAN SPARE

That book you've enjoyed—pass it along to a man in uniform. Leave it at the nearest collection center or public library for the 1943 Victory Book Campaign.

"Why not long in the back and curls on top for us," she says brightly.

"Us?" I ponder silently this bit of whimsy. "How you'd look with 'long in back with curls on top!'"

"Well, I've had it that way, and I guess I want something new." I stop meekly, waiting.

Madame is lost in abstract thought.

"The halo," she cries like a medium who has caught contact with the other world.

I start to say "ma'am?" but catch myself. "Yes?" I say instead, which means nothing. On to her game.

"Halo." She says it firmly, and because I am nervous at the prospect of the ordeal I want to giggle and say, "halo, yourself."

Armed with a simple comb, the woman then tackles my head and shortly gives the effect of myself as a pompadoured and haloed beauty.

"Yes," I murmur laconically. I seem to have no choice in the matter anyway.

"Let us get cut then," she states briskly.

I shudder. Will we both be cut?

I am tied in the original Mother Hubbard. The neck is very tight. My eyes bulge, and my veins must be standing out. I cannot speak. I croak and point to my neck. She loosens ungently the offending band. We are now ready to get cut.

Madame examines the remains of the old permanent with several "tsks."

"Dry," she says.

I am silent, shamed and silent. Dry.

"How long since you had a wave?" she asks with the inference that it has been too long, and there is something disgraceful about it.

"Six months," I tell her.

"We'll have to cut our old permanent off," she says. "All of it," with emphasis.

Generous of her to cut hers off too, I think.

"It may turn out shorter than you'd expected," she admits.

Then this is the end. As usual I will leave with it too short. Oh, why did I come? I should never have weakened to vanity.

The scissors are cold on the back of my neck.

"You won't make it too short?" I plead. Entreaties sometimes work on these women. She must have a soul somewhere.

She does not answer. The dreadful clip, clip. The ominous sound of shears on one's own hair.

"Let us get washed now." Once more she is her bright, efficient self.

I am put in a chair, and my head is bent back with osteopathic precision. I am drenched and soaped. Above the scrubbing I hear little *tsks* of horror.

"I guess my head was dirty," I say, feigning great amusement.

No answer. I don't care. I'm better than she is. I repeat it to myself with the bravado of whistling in the dark.

Then she gets soap in my eye. Meanness. Pure meanness. Spite. Why doesn't she come out in the open and say she hates me, I reflect in a pitiful sort of way. Nothing but cowardice to get a

woman in this position and deliberately put soap in her eyes.

I am roused from my smouldering reverie by the shock of water pouring down my back. I cry out.

"Get us wet?" she inquires lightly.

"I don't know about you," I reply savagely, "but I am wet."

"Didn't get on me," she responds in some surprise. Thick as a stone, I comfort myself. No sense of humor. Now I know I am better than she is, and my spirits lift somewhat.

From this point on we get along better. Which is fortunate because the worst of the atrocities is yet to be endured.

We are dried. Rather, we are blown and burned and dried incidentally. Then we are marched, or led, with long strings of curlless hair hanging in our faces, to the "back booth."

The back booth is the torture chamber. With only the two of us shut up back there, almost anything can happen and it does. First, we, I mean *I* (the woman has me doing it), have thousands of little parts drawn all over my head and as many little devices applied to the few hairs between the parts.

I remind myself of a Fiji picture I saw in a geography book once. I say so, but Madame does not smile. I amuse myself by thinking of her in my position. I bet she dyes her hair, I console myself by further thinking.

At this point she begins to pull. She wipes the wispy and sticking-out brushes on my head with some manner of goo. It smells dreadful. "She anointest my head with oil." I am probably going to die, thinking of such things.

Wrapping each strand, and the application of various layers of gadgets takes place next. She is bracing her feet on the pedestal of my chair. She is pulling and working with a trancelike fascination. I try to stir her with trivial remarks, but she does not reply. She puts a fiendish roller on top of an already-laden patch of hair, and twists.

"I moan." "I must be bleeding," I cry.

"Let us be brave," she says in the tone of a general who is sending his men out to certain death while he stays at headquarters.

And I hate her thoroughly.

Cowed and submissive, I sit while she twists me into a thousand aching nerve centers. I am no longer interested in the fact that I resemble an ancient Egyptian. I no longer stick out my tongue and try to amuse myself with such simple pastimes. I have given up pinching my arm.

My head weighs a thousand tons. I have the weight of the Grand Central Station and the tracks for five miles around on my head. I am going to die. I am fuzzy. Scenes from my childhood come back. The events of my life flash before me.

"Do people die, getting permanents?" I inquire in meek and weak tones.

"Not often," she replies. "There were a few electrocuted years ago, but that doesn't happen nowadays."

I would like to say "Oh, yeah," but I think it best to die beautifully, serenely.

"The heat is on," she finally volunteers very matter-of-factly, just as though this were not the end or almost the end, for I feel my life blood leaving my veins.

The life blood surges back long enough to feel myself being burned, and I wail out, forgetting the serene death I wanted. She remains calm, and after what must be several enraging hours of the heat, she announces that the five minutes are up, crass liar, and that we can begin to cool.

"Can we?" I think with a cynical sneer. She never was anything but cool. Yet I incredibly perceive that my sufferings have touched her, for she makes some slow and thoughtful move to take part of the weight off my head.

One by one she unwinds the gadgets from my tresses. Oh, blessed relief. Oh, head as light as air. I am freed of my shackles.

Gingerly I touch my stiff, damp hair. I look like Shirley Temple with ringlets hanging in coy array about my ears and forehead. It is over.

But no, it is not over. Ruthlessly I am brought out of my dream and commanded to let us be washed.

Settling back into the same tortuous device, in which I was washed before, I am stimulated to a mild rage by having icy water dashed over my new curls. Then, dripping and but partly covered with a towel, I am seated in front of yet another mirror while the new ringlets trickle endless little streams down my back, over my watch and on to the chair.

"Now we'll have our hair set." The woman still speaks in the fanciful manner she used when we began. Looks like she could get off it now, after all we had been through together; rather after all she had seen me through.

"Halo," she pronounced. This is where I came in.

And she spends forty-five minutes flattening my hair to my head with myriad tiny hairpins.

"Is it all right?" I ask timidly, in my former subdued mood once more. I remember the ringlets that intrigued me so in the back booth and shudder. Will it be ringlets?

But I am netted and my ears are stopped up, and I am thrust under the drier.

Just as the last drop of blood is dried inside my head and shoulders I am pronounced dry. A remarkable example of understatement.

"Let us get combed," she purrs. I have nothing to say. I am in the last stages of exhaustion.

No doubt it is a halo. I look awfully peeled. At once it occurs to me that I won't be able to wear any of the hats I have now. Why couldn't she have done it the way I suggested in the first place? But I should be thankful to have gotten out alive, and not quibble.

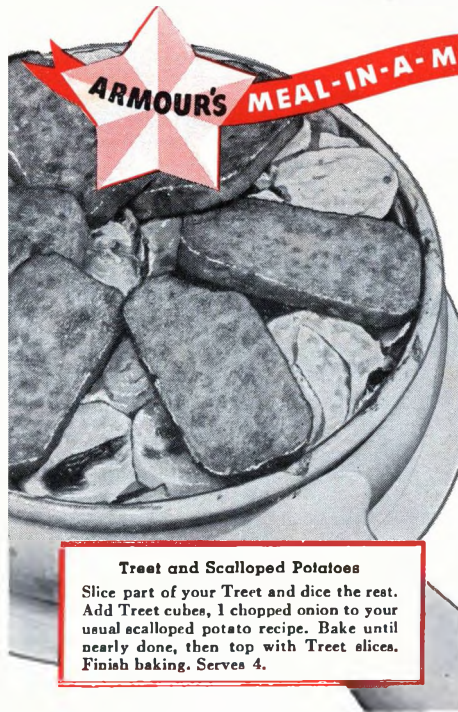
A bevy, yes, a veritable bevy of ravishing white-clad operators have gathered about, cooing that my hair is a dream, a miracle of beauty. As if I cared!

Don't I like it, they ask. I shall wait and see what the man in my life says.

"Well, darling," he says when he comes in that afternoon, "when are you going to get that permanent you were talking about?"

No bone, no waste

TREET is ALL meat



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Sliced cold, baked or fried—Treet tastes simply grand. You get 12 ounces of solid meat in every tin. No bone or waste—it's a big meat meal for 4. Get Treet and serve it often.

ARMOUR and COMPANY



Treet and Scalloped Potatoes

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G66-2

From the notebook of Elsa Couner

ATTIC REGRETS Now that attics must be cleared for reasons patriotic, every woman with an attic plays a game of chance as well as the age-old attic game of hide-and-seek. Will the things she eliminates be the very things she should have saved? Will the things she spares, be junk or treasure to her children's children? These are the questions which she asks herself as she plays that other attic game, the game of hearts, when senti-



ment and strains of Auld Lang Syne come into conflict with the sterner needs of the day. In the homes of the future, they tell us, there will be no attics, but they will miss something of adventure and romance anyway—those children of the future who will be soaring high into cleaner, brighter skies—for once you've had an attic in your childhood, it is always yours. Whether or not you still hold physical jurisdiction over its enchanted spaces, you will always have command of its most shadowy corners in your heart.

APRIL AND ATTICS go together in my mind, for with the first April shower, my mother was sure to say—"It's time to begin spring cleaning. I always like to start at the top and work down." And then we would be off to the attic. To Mother, this was a time for rearrangement in that Lost and Found department of the home—of checking through the household files—of cleaning and sorting and replacing. To me, in childhood, the attic meant a glorious playground. In adolescence, it meant an opportunity to bring the family up-to-date by getting rid of as many things as I could persuade my mother were hopelessly out-moded and completely useless. And that is why, come any April, I am seized with a violent attack of attic regrets. In April, more than any other time, I mourn the treasures I might now be enjoying, had it not been for the callow follies of adolescence—had it not been for other April days, when what would now be honored heirlooms, were banished from our attic at my ill-informed insistence—or lost through a series of errors which I myself put into motion.

It was during an April clean-up week that I prodded my reluctant mother into getting rid of the wide, gilt frames that once surrounded the not so good portraits of various of our cousins and our uncles and our aunts. These pictures had been getting longer and longer vacations in the attic, until the day when we heard Mother wail as she looked out on the front porch—"Any aunt but that aunt!" and there, making us a surprise visit, stood our Aunt Elizabeth whose husband's gilt-framed likeness was even then

attic sulking in dusty neglect. We children wanted to rush Uncle William down the back stairway and into position on the parlor wall, while Mother engaged Aunt Elizabeth's attention otherwise, but either, because of visions of the catastrophe two excited children might precipitate dragging a heavy portrait downstairs, or because she wanted to establish in us proper standards of forthrightness, my mother sharply vetoed this suggestion. We were all relieved when our adored and unpredictable aunt, having missed the picture, burst into laughter and exclaimed, "Well, Louise, I'm glad you had sense enough to get rid of that thing. Why don't you take them all down now?" This was done, and all forgotten—as well as forgiven—until that April day when I wanted to know as we stood in the east attic—"What in the world could we ever do with these heavy old frames? They're so Victorian, Mother! Let's get rid of them." And so we gave them away.

Now I realize that the frames were hand carved and gold-leaved; that their Victorian curlicues were the kind that become strikingly modern when touched with plaster white. Now, when I admire shining mirrors handsomely bounded by inherited frames which owners, wiser or luckier than I, exhibit with proper ancestral pride, I realize with sharp attic regret, that those old gilt frames of ours were really beautiful martyrs to the frowns and moustaches and set smiles of the relatives whose pictures they encircled—relatives, I hurry to testify, who were so much nicer than those old pictures portrayed them to be.

For the loss of the frames I was solely to blame but the case of the missing music box is another and a sadder attic story. It all began when I was on the junior collection committee for the Ladies' Aid rummage sale and urged my mother to let her housecleaning activities and my committee obligations merge. That was the April when I managed to get rid of a funny little old pot-bellied stove—the kind you see featured today in model country homes. I got rid of a Franklin stove too, and of an accordion-folding magazine pocket that pulled out to a diamond-shaped pattern on the wall to the delight of knowing collectors. That was the April when I got rid of piles of



old periodicals among which were some now highly desirable first volumes. I got rid of twin coal-oil lamps with china shades hand-painted in pink and white snow scenes—and I got rid of other things too, which in the interests of my peace

of mind, I like to forget.

The most mourned item, however, on my list of attic regrets, our Swiss music box, was never repudiated—not even by me. It was lost by mischance unknown. The last time we saw the box was that rummage-sale April. We had listened to a tinkling tune or two, then pushed the box in its carton far under the eaves to keep it snug and safe. We never saw—or heard—it again.

Whether it went as rummage after all, or was later transported elsewhere in its carton as a castoff, we shall probably never know. Suddenly it was incredibly missing and though we hunted long and often in desperate unbelief, that cherished walnut and ebony inlaid music box which our grandfather had brought from Switzerland, was gone. It was not a miniature—which makes its disappearance the more mysterious—for it stood about twelve inches high and measured over twenty inches in length. It played six or eight tunes, all perfect in every silvery note—or so we thought. Edelweiss and tiny wild rosebuds entwined in caressing scrolls to edge the title card on the inside of the lid. The names of the songs were written there too in a cramped, meticulous script and I seem to remember that grandfather's initials—JHW—were penned in one corner of the title card, though of this I am not certain. Long ago I resigned myself to the loss of the other things on my list of attic regrets, but I am always hoping to meet the music box again and I never cease to wonder about its destiny. I have searched for it in a small house on the outskirts of Edison's



birthplace in Milan—in the imposing collection of an eastern state gallery. I have looked for my music box at Oberlin Inn, on a Cuyahoga River farm, in the historic town of Marietta, in Cincinnati, in Canton. I lost the box in Ohio but it may be anywhere at all. Maybe I'll find it again some day in Florida—in California—in Maine—or Alaska. It always affords possibilities for a joyful surprise just around the next turn in the road. Over the next hill, maybe I'll find it again, that lost music box whose tinkling tunes would sound sweeter to me than the finest symphony music. Or would they? If I found it now, would it seem as beautiful—as magical—and as musical—as it did when my sister and I, with our young friends, hovered over it on gala occasions—when winding the curved silver handle, setting the silver keys at the side to the stop or start position, were birthday and holiday privileges? Would it be as wonderful as I remember it—if I found it again—our old Swiss music box?

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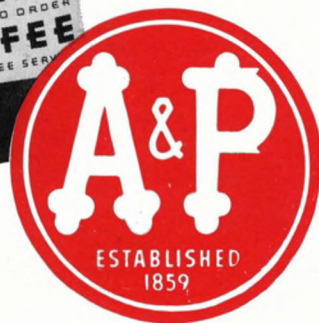
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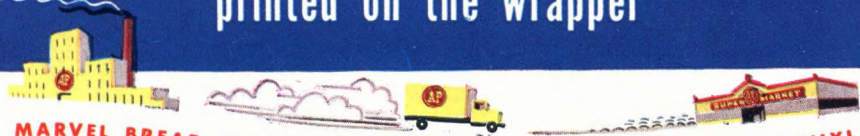
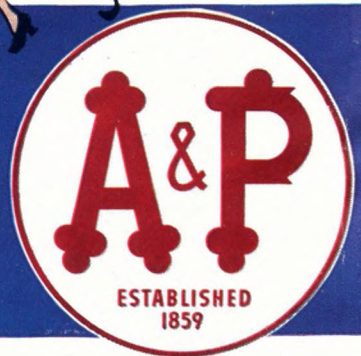
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