

EVERYWOMAN'S

THE WOMAN'S GUIDE TO BETTER LIVING

SEPTEMBER
5¢
1952



Are They Cheating Your Child?
READ - YOU ARE TO BLAME!

Chili's good with or on a sandwich!

New idea for serving chili!

Big bowls of bubbling hot Armour Star Chili served with Armour Star Franks in buns make a wonderful supper. But just for a change try Armour Star Chili this new way tonight—heaped *right on* the franks-in-buns. Be sure to heat the Armour Star Chili to boiling. This blends to perfection the flavors of the fine meat and beans and the delicate Armour spices. Then pour this beef-rich chili on the franks-in-buns and serve with olives and celery. Better pick up a jar of Armour Star Franks and a tin of Armour Star Chili—today!



ARMOUR Pantry-Shelf Meals



ARMOUR 85th ANNIVERSARY

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When it's CLOROX-clean...
it's SAFER for Family Health!

EVERWOMAN'S

The Woman's Guide to Better Living

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SEPTEMBER, 1952

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COVER BY JOSEPH RUSTAN

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CURTiSS



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Candies*

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Coconut Center, Bittersweet Coating!



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Nougat, Full Flavored
Soft Caramel Nourishing!

makers of Baby Ruth, Butterfinger, Coconut Grove, Dipcandy bars, Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops, Mints and Gum



Which one does not use Tampax?

The truth is: *nobody knows!* But you would be greatly surprised to find how many women *have already adopted* this modern form of sanitary protection. A lot of your best friends, too—married and single.

Tampax will really surprise you by the number of improvements it brings into your life. Take belts and pins, for instance. From now on you need not be bothered with any such devices (including external pads), because Tampax was specially designed by a physician to be *worn internally*. Also, with Tampax, there is no odor to contend with—and no chafing, no bulges under clothing.

The small size of each Tampax permits it to be contained in a slender applicator, so your hands need not touch the Tampax. Best of all, *you cannot even feel it while wearing*. Made only of pure surgical cotton, Tampax is extremely absorbent and its compactness makes it easily disposable.

Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply may be carried in a purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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by the Journal of the American Medical Association

THE RED HAT

EDITOR'S NOTE: Each month you will find in your copy of *Everywoman's* a personality sketch of some interesting woman. If you have one to offer, send it to us. She need not be rich or famous but she will be a woman whose character and personality have influenced people she knew.

If we find your contribution acceptable we will send you at once a check for \$100.

"**T**here's only one Tiny. That's why there is so much unhappiness in the world," Dad used to say. And I think Dad was right. Because Tiny is one of the few people in the world who have learned how to live without worry.

How my mother came to be called "Tiny" by her children and everyone who knows her is a mystery I've never unraveled. She was "Annie" when she was young, and she is anything but tiny except as to height. The best description of her is that she is short, plump as a jellyroll, has an infectious laugh and a philosophy that there's nothing so important it can't be settled over a cup of good coffee and a little talk.

Tiny believes that if something is bothering you the best thing to do is to write it down on a piece of paper, file it way and forget about it. If you will look at it a month later you will find the situation is either all cleared up or so much worse it's too late to worry



Drawing by Charles P. Beck

BY DOROTHY COPELAND

about anyway. Besides, worry makes wrinkles. And who likes wrinkles?

Wars, the economic situation, personal troubles, whether big or small, real or imaginary that bedevil most people, Tiny takes in her stride. She's always expecting the best, but if it should prove otherwise, she is willing to accept it without losing any sleep until something better comes along.

"You never know what tomorrow's going to bring, so why worry about it?" she has always said.

Tiny's solution to the problem of how to live a serene and happy life was acquired, rather than born in her, she points out. When she was just a slip of a girl she was smart enough to realize that you can't laugh and worry at the same time. And now she can't worry because she's out of the habit, even though she has as many ups-and-downs as the next one. But she gives a lot of credit to the purchase of a red hat for showing her the right turn at one point in her life.

Tiny was about at the halfway mark among the nine children of her German parents. She was born and raised in the German settlement of St. Louis. From the time she was eleven years old she was forever being fired from jobs such as nursemaid, errand girl for a dressmaker, bundle girl in a department store, scrubbing floors in a rooming house, waiting table, and selling pickled pigs feet. Between jobs she sandwiched in her meager schooling.

When she was sixteen she bought the (Continued on page 6)

**Now-Say Goodbye
to Smudges on
Cups, Teeth,
Cigarettes!**

NO MORE LIPSTICK SMEARS!

YES, IT'S TRUE! Hazel Bishop's No-Smear Lipstick won't eat off...won't smudge off...won't kiss off! It stays on and on until you yourself easily wash or cream it off.

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No other lipstick is so creamy, so smear-proof, so long-lasting. Get it today!



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New, easily applied liquid creme rouge is so natural-looking you can't tell where color starts or stops—or where it comes from! Never leaves "painted rouge look." Get Hazel Bishop COMPLEXION GLOW today!

Now science makes it possible to...

bleach nylon and rayon -safely!

Lingerie turning gray? Now, a NEW KIND of bleach lets you SAFELY, gradually whiten nylon and rayon—fabrics you could never bleach before. It's Gold Seal's "snowy"—the new powder bleach discovery!

Only "snowy" bleaches with 3-way action:

1. Conditions water.
2. Dissolves gray film.
3. Bleaches gently, gradually, safely.

If your store does not have "snowy", send 25¢ to Gold Seal Co., Bismarck, N. Dak., for trial box.

snowy powdered bleach

Takes away nylon gray



(Continued from page 5)
bright red hat that was to make such an impression on her. It was a lovely hat, embellished with plumes, flowers and fruit. It even had a veil. It was the pride of her life and had cost two full weeks salary.

"Such a red hat!" her brothers said. "You cannot wear it. With your yellow hair it makes you look like a girl who is not nice."

"It's a pretty hat," Tiny pleaded. "People will talk." Her brothers had spoken, and that was that.

The store refused to take the hat back. She couldn't afford to throw it away, nor could she afford to have people think she wasn't "nice." For almost a month she kept the hat hidden away and worried about what people would say if she did wear it. She cried and worried to such an extent that even the cream-puffs she snatched from the bake shop where she worked lost their flavor. Finally she made up her mind to wear the hat to church. The first person who even looked as though he thought she wasn't a lady was going to get a bust in the snoot. And what happened? Everyone said, "How very nice you look." That cinched it. Tiny would have "no truck with worry from then on."

Eventually Tiny met the man who was to be our Dad. When she brought him home her mother said, "Such a nice man. Too bad he's Irish. If he was German we could like him." But Tiny remembered the red hat, so she up and married him. Of course Grandma and everyone else loved Dad.

When we children were growing up, Dad was a railroad man and we were in moderate circumstances. On payday Dad would spread the months' bills out on the kitchen table and put money from his pay envelope on each bill. If he ran out of money before he reached the end of the bills, as he often did, he would scowl and get upset. That was when Tiny would pour him a cup of coffee from the pot that was always bubbling on the back of the stove. Then she would reach over and arrange the money so there was some on each bill.

"Give them all something and they won't holler," she would say easily. "Now drink your coffee and stop fretting. Everything's fine." And somehow it always was. Pretty soon Dad would be laughing and talking and we'd be safe for another month.

Tiny figured that if worry could increase the money she would be willing to worry a whole box full, but as long as it couldn't there was no sense bothering with it.

She felt the same way about all other troubles, including sickness. There were three home-cures for all illnesses. For colds it was a rag around the neck, mustard plasters, and liberal doses of onion juice,

New way-helps you
clean a window a minute!

SEE WHERE YOU'RE CLEANING!
No need to guess, no need to skip dirt when you clean windows with "GLASS WAX". Apply a thin coat of "GLASS WAX" with a damp cellulose sponge. You see it go on. No skips, no misses. The sponge gets into the corners so "GLASS WAX" cleans every square inch, quicker, easier, better!

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Now wipe off the dry "GLASS WAX". Dirt disappears too. Eight cleaning chemicals in "GLASS WAX" first dissolve greasy grit, soot and grime. Then "GLASS WAX" actually absorbs the dirt. You just wipe it off with a clean cloth. Windows come sparkling crystal clear—stay clean longer.

GLASS WAX

NEW
handy size
29¢
ALSO 59¢, 98¢

made by sprinkling sugar over raw onions. The fever treatment was plenty of water, no food and stay in bed. Any kind of pain meant an enema and a good physic. For childbirth, which couldn't be called a sickness because it was a natural occurrence, a knife placed on the floor under the bed was sure to cut the pain and make everything all right. Getting excited and calling a doctor was silly, and only darned fools went to hospitals.

Tiny didn't even get excited the time Dad got hurt on the job and they brought him on a stretcher. A heavy piece of machinery had fallen on his foot and smashed it badly.

"You sure ruined your shoes," she said as she stroked Dad's head. "But never mind, you can get a new pair of shoes, and by this time next month your foot won't hardly hurt at all."

Sometimes Dad's work kept him away from home several days at a time. On those days we slept until noon and felt sorry for the poor kids whose mothers made them go to school every day. If we had a particularly "nasty" teacher who wrote notes home, Tiny would pay her a visit and everything would be fine. When passing time came we passed right along with the other kids.

"You kids are smart. See? You go to school and pass," she would tell us. And we did.

Tiny was never much of a house-keeper. We always had clean clothes and well prepared food, but a little dust and toys and papers lying around didn't bother her. If the dishes hadn't been washed she stacked them on the drainboard and covered them with a towel so they wouldn't show. She was never too busy to stop her work and play dolls or jacks with her own and all the other kids in the block.

Our kitchen was the gathering place for the neighbor women, especially if one of them had "troubles." People always told Tiny their troubles and she dearly loved to give advice—probably because she never asked for or took advice herself.

The method of handling "troubles" was to make an extra strong pot of coffee, and while the neighbor woman unburdened her soul Tiny would sip coffee and nod her head sympathetically. "My, my! It can't be that bad," she would say from time to time. "Who would of thought it! Now let's see what the cards say." And out would come the deck of cards.

Tiny prided herself as a fortune teller. She never in her life told fortunes for money, but she was always telling fortunes for her friends. Where or how she learned to read the cards I have never known, but I've always suspected she made it up as she went along.

(Continued on page 36)



isn't it wonderful?...

there's nothing like it!

it's time you learned...

**it's so easy to make perfect starch
instantly in COLD water**



for only



a quart!
(of medium starch solution)

Yes, you save time... save money... when you starch with Niagara. Just swish Niagara in cold water... and starch! That's all! Niagara gives all your washables a beautiful finish.



SWISH... Niagara mixes instantly in cold water, and is ready to use at once! Simple.



PERFECT... all your cottons... shirts, children's clothes iron so easily... look just perfect.



20 QUARTS of medium starch
from 1 package! Make just what
you need at the time.

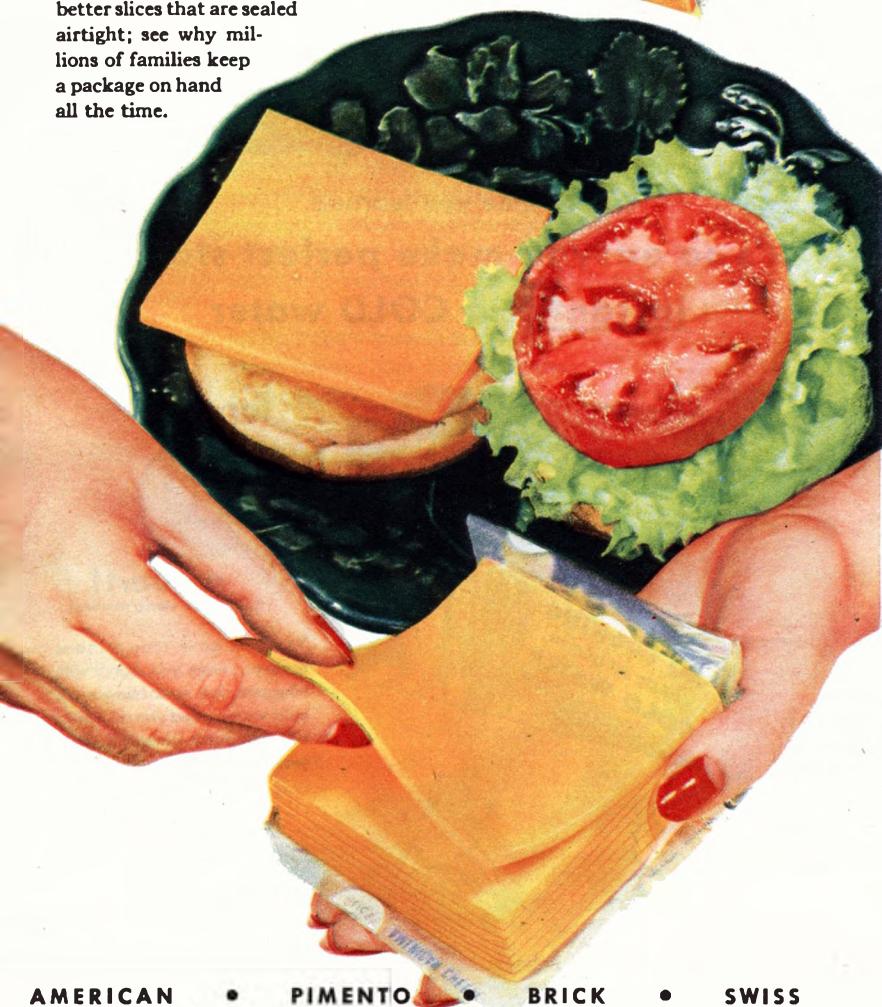
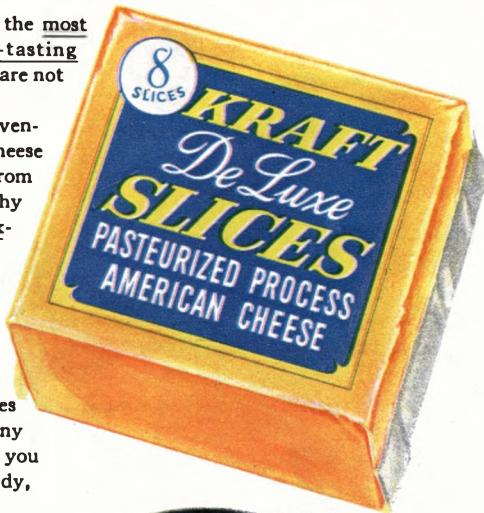
Perfect Slices

because they're NOT "SLICED"

Funny thing, isn't it, that the most perfect slices of the best-tasting process cheese you can buy are not actually "sliced"?

Truth is, a new Kraft invention forms the fine process cheese into slices just as it comes from the pasteurizers. That's why every slice is the same thickness. That's why the slices separate so easily and keep so beautifully (surfaces are never "roughed up" with a knife).

That invention is also the reason Kraft De Luxe Slices have the finest flavor of any pasteurized process cheese you can buy. Just try these handy, better slices that are sealed airtight; see why millions of families keep a package on hand all the time.



AMERICAN • PIMENTO • BRICK • SWISS
OLD ENGLISH PASTERIZED PROCESS CHEESE

THAT MAN IS HERE

OH NO, NOT AGAIN!

By PARKE CUMMINGS

Sometimes I wish I lived in a great big city like New York or Chicago where there's very little chance of encountering a friend on the sidewalk by accident. Don't get me wrong; I'm not the unsociable type. It's just that—I get to wondering what—

Well, let me explain how it is in this modest-sized town. The other day, while walking south on Main Street, I ran into Charley Thaxter. Neither of us had seen each other for quite a long time—it must have been at least two weeks—so we stopped and shook hands.

"Hi, Charley," I said. "How have you been?"

"I can't complain," he admitted, "and you?"

"I'm O.K. now," I said. "I was laid up with the grippe for a while, but I feel better now."

"My whole family had it," reported Charley. "The wife, Sandra, Carl and Bob. It's sure been going around town."

I nodded. "It's this cockeyed weather. Cold one day, thaw the next. No wonder everybody gets laid up."

"You said it," he agreed. "Still, you've got to admit it hasn't been too rugged. We haven't had any snow to speak of."

"I can do without that," I said. "It's O.K. for the kids, but when you've got to shovel a fifty foot drive and cope with chains—"

"That's the way I feel," he said. "It's a darn nuisance. Well, give my best to your family."

"And mine to yours," I reciprocated. "We'll be getting together soon."

"Right!" said Charley. "We'll give you a ring. So long, now."

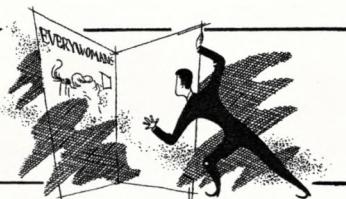
"So long," I said.

I then headed into Flannagan's Hardware Store, where I made a few purchases, after which I returned to the sidewalk and started north. I had taken exactly ten steps when I encountered somebody I knew,—Charley Thaxter.

"Hi," I said, "How—"

"What you—" began Thaxter.

"Pretty good day—" I faltered.



"Yeah," he said. "Be seeing you—"

"Right," I countered, moving away rapidly.

Of course Thaxter and I had made the same mistake, all too common. We had used up practically our entire quota of small talk at our first meeting.

I did a couple of other errands and went to the bank. That's where Thaxter ended up too—in the line right in front of me. However, I had the advantage because, although I saw him, he wouldn't see me—unless he turned around. So of course, before I could help it, I sneezed violently, and he turned around. Beholding me, he started, opened his mouth as if to say something, and then just nodded. I nodded back.

Thaxter made his getaway first, and, as I was preparing to leave, Mrs. Endicot collared me. "What's happened between you and Charley Thaxter?" she demanded.

"Huh?" I said.

"I saw what happened," she continued. "You looked right at each other and didn't say a word. Have you had a quarrel or something?"

"No, no," I assured her, "it's not that. It's just that—well—"

"You're perfectly safe in explaining to me," she said. "I'm not the type who goes around telling tales."

"Well," I began, "about ten minutes ago—" Here I paused to light a cigarette. "—About ten minutes ago I—"

Looking up, I was startled to see Mrs. Endicot streaking out the bank door at a cross between a canter and a gallop. I streaked after her and caught up with her half a block later. "Was there a hold-up?" I asked.

She shook her head. "My sister came in," she said, "and we've already run into each other four times this afternoon."

I suppose there's a solution to this problem of multiple meetings. Perhaps on the first meeting the conversation should be confined to one topic—like the weather—holding in abeyance other subjects like health and politics in case of further encounters. But I think I've got something simpler. From here on in I'm going to carry one of those Halloween masks, ready to slip it on at an instant's notice.



In the farmhouse kitchen, pancakes and syrup are one of the favorite treats.

In the heart of the maple sugar country Vermont Maid is a favorite!

Table Tips...

Here's a maple sundae you can make at home in a jiffy! Just pour plenty of Vermont Maid Syrup over vanilla ice cream. Add chopped nuts—and you'll have a wonderful, maple-sweet treat!

Cereal sweetened with Vermont Maid tastes different—and delicious!

French toast makes a super supper—with golden-rich Vermont Maid Syrup!

To be sure of golden-brown pancakes add a tablespoon of Vermont Maid Syrup to your batter.

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Good, old-fashioned real maple sugar flavor—that's a taste treat that lingers in the memory. And *real* maple sugar flavor is what you get in every jug of Vermont Maid Syrup.

Skilled blenders choose only the finest maple sugar, then blend it with cane sugar to bring you, at moderate cost, a full-bodied syrup that's always the same . . . maple-rich and delicious.

Look for the attractive 2-handled glass jug on your grocer's shelf. In the 12-ounce or generous 24-ounce family size.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc.
Burlington, Vermont

Made by the makers of My-T-Fine
Desserts and Brer Rabbit Molasses

Mrs. Lauritz Melchior Puts On Blue Bonnet To Get F. N. E.!



Mrs. Lauritz Melchior appreciates F.N.E.! She puts on BLUE BONNET Margarine for Flavor, Nutrition, Economy! Like the wife of the world-famous tenor, you will love the delicate, sunny-sweet taste BLUE BONNET adds to any food! You will also like its nourishment. No other spread for bread is richer in year-round Vitamin A! And you'll welcome its economy. Two pounds of BLUE BONNET cost less than one pound of high-priced spread! So remember the letters . . . F . . . N . . . E! All-Vegetable BLUE BONNET Margarine gives "all three" — Flavor! Nutrition! Econom-e-e!

Doubly Ideal for Children!

21 Child Specialists Agree that Royal Gelatin Desserts are Ideal for Digestibility and Ideal for Food-Energy!



Royal

GELATIN DESSERTS

Taste Like Fresh, Ripe Fruit

IN THE FAMILY



Mary Brinker Post who wrote *What Mother Knew Best* for this issue poses with her son

"What shall we tell them about you?" we wrote Dorothy Copeland when we sent her the check for this month's Everywoman's Woman. "Tell them," she answered from Seattle, "that I am a full-time housewife who frequently lets the beans burn while I bang away at the typewriter. For relaxation I read blood-curdling whodunits or repaper the house. I'm a whiz-ding with hammer, nails and paint. But when it comes to homemaking virtues like sewing I think needles were meant to pick out splinters with or to be used when you can't find a pin. I'm Mom to two girls and a boy, a husband and a 150 pound Great Dane dog named Lena. Our house is like Grand Central station — something always happening. People barging in and out, the TV set and the radio blaring away at the same time, the phone ringing, the perpetual lineup at the bathroom door, and Lena having to be dragged off one of the beds.

"I go hunting and fishing with my husband and hate every minute of it. When we fish I snarl up my line, fall in the drink and never catch a fish. On hunting trips I carry the lunch instead of a gun, and make like a bird dog while my husband brings down the game. Some fun! If I had my druthers I'd take lovely trips and rough it in the best hotel in town. But Tiny, my mother, says, 'Dorothy, you're going to end up being a real outdoor girl yet.' And Tiny's usually right. I'm very happy that she is going to be an Everywoman's Woman."

Another writing housewife is Augusta Blinick (*The Old Man Knew A Secret*). She said, "My chiropractor husband and I share an office-apartment, and I'm constantly interrupted by the bong of his door chime. To get even, I frequently call him in

for story conferences. We both welcome these interruptions and I find him a discerning critic. Our eleven-year-old son is even more critical than his father and is always warning, 'Keep it down to shirt-sleeve English, Mom.' We live in the Bronx and I've been writing since the age when most little girls want to be actresses. My best ideas come while I'm washing dishes, a chore I hate. My pet ambition is to take a cross-country trip with the family and have a push-button kitchen to come home to."

Mary Brinker Post, who wrote *What Mother Knew Best*, was born in Seattle. Grandfather Brinker was the first judge of Federal Court in

what was then Washington territory. She lives now in Connecticut and her husband is managing editor of the local weekly newspaper. Two of their three children are married and they have several grandchildren. Did you read her immensely successful first novel, *Annie Jordan*? Her second, *Prescription for Marriage*, is now out. It's the story of a modern marriage.

Joan Rowland (*Two Into One You Can*) thinks that being born in Tokyo is what has made her always want to travel. She's interested in foreign cookery, too, but maybe just because she loves good eating. Her peculiar house-keeping problem is chips, of all things. That's what comes of having a wood sculptor for a husband, who lets the chips fall where they may. When they dress up they have to look each other over for bits of wood caught on her skirt or his trousers.



Augusta Blinick

Bringing Up Baby

HINTS COLLECTED BY
Mrs. Dan Gerber
(MOTHER OF 5)

Growing Up? As soon as baby has enough teeth so he's ready to learn to chew, don't forget all those delicious Junior Foods that the Gerber people have made so specially for teething tots. The change-over is easy if you begin with baby's favorite variety!



Good 'n' Sweet. Extra treat for a small one's dessert (and you'll probably love it yourself!): Beat 2 Tbs. sugar and a pinch of salt with 1 egg white, until stiff. Gradually fold in 1 Tbs. lemon juice and 1 container of Gerber's Strained Applesauce, Apricot-Applesauce, or Apricots with Farina. Turn into three individual dessert dishes and chill thoroughly. Wonderful fruit whip that's not over-sweet!



Forecast: Showers. Plan that new-baby shower around the theme of the month the baby's due: the almanac will tell you the birth-flower, birth-stone, etc. A new twist for the decorations and a double-check to make sure that all presents are truly seasonable!

Free! For soon-to-be new mothers—a helpful little book titled "New Tenant Expected." For your copy (or one for a friend), write me at Dept. 59-2, Fremont, Michigan. In Canada, Gerber-Ogilvie Baby Foods Ltd., Niagara Falls, Can.



Help, help! Many useful ideas come in for me to pass on to young mothers. This is a tremendous help in adding to the hints I've found helpful with my own children (and tiny grandchildren). But there's always room for more, so don't hesitate to give your own suggestions on the fine art of being a good parent!



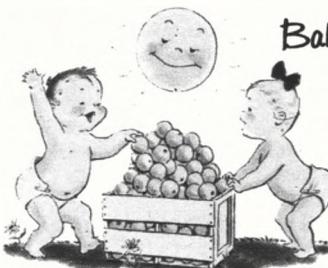
Sunny Sweetness for a Little Sweetheart

LONG before your little one's first real tooth appears, you'll notice his sweet tooth developing! It's natural and normal—as long as it's not over-developed. That's why you'll find Gerber's so helpful, with their special, tasty desserts for babies—ever so lightly sweetened. Take Orange Pudding, for one—

Rich milk, nutritious egg yolks, and pure concentrated orange juice help make Gerber's Orange Pudding as wholesome as a home-made custard. Babies

love its pretty yellow-gold color, creamy-smooth texture, and mildly sweet flavor. For variety, Gerber's also offer Vanilla Custard and Chocolate Pudding made with the same loving care.

Other tempting desserts are the strained fruits. Like all Gerber's Strained Baby Foods (including meats), they're made from specially selected ingredients . . . processed to help retain precious natural food values, along with the appetizing true color and flavor babies enjoy!



Babies are our business... our only business!



Gerber's
BABY FOODS

the joy of good eating



RICH...RED...RIPE TOMATOES... as prepared for you by Stokely make

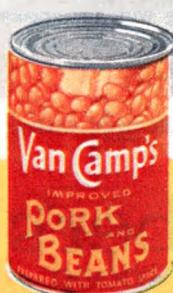
the joy of eating more joyous. Spiced and blended into the finest of catsup and chili sauce. Pressed and seasoned into sparkling, appetizing Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice.

Stokely's Finest Whole Tomatoes for tempting salads and hot vegetable dishes. Enjoy them all . . . often.

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Finest
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TWO GREAT NAMES IN FOOD that mean QUICK MEALS for you



WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND...FEAR?

By PRISCILLA JAQUITH and DR. ANNE L. CLARK

► "Claustrophobia, agoraphobia, a fear of high places, of thunderstorms, of cats and dogs. . . . What are these phobias, Dr. Clark? Will you tell us?"

"Why? I'd be greatly astonished if even one of your thousands of readers ever was troubled with a phobia. So why should we talk about them?"

"For one thing, it will undoubtedly reassure a

great many people to learn phobias are so rare. I thought many people had them."

"Oh, no. Some of us may not feel exactly comfortable in a crowd or on top of a mountain or in a thunderstorm. But we certainly don't suffer from a 'phobia.' I'd much rather talk about the fears all of us face. The phobias, you (*Continued on page 38*)

TWENTY FOUR KEY QUESTIONS

Is at least \$200 a year spent per pupil? (Divide annual budget by average daily attendance.)

Are classrooms bright and airy, colorfully decorated to make a child want to be there?

Is a minimum half-hour physical check-up given each child once a year by a qualified physician?

Are community resources, under teacher direction, used by the children to supplement classroom learning?

Do teacher's salaries begin at a minimum \$2700 in your school and is there a ceiling of not less than \$5000 per year?

Does the intramural athletic program include corrective physical education and is there enough equipment to do the job?

Is there at least 30 square feet of classroom floor space for each child?

Is at least \$3 a year, over and above the library budget, spent on each child for textbooks and other reading material?

Are there remedial reading and speech classes with a program for assigning to them children in need of help?

Are foreign languages taught to be used?

Do teachers of vocational subjects get a weekly salary not less than the prevailing wage in the trade they teach?

Is the turnover of the teaching staff less than 15% each year and do the teachers feel your school is their career?

YOU Are

Schools are what parents make them. Here's how you can safeguard your children's future.

BY JAMES C. G. CONNIFF

► Tom and Clara Gates have made a name for themselves in Weatherton, all right, though that was the last thing they intended. In fact neighbors told them if they went ahead poking into the local schools their name would be Mud. As it turned out, the educators were glad to see them.

"Superintendent Nichols not only answered all my questions," says Tom. "He supplied me with dozens I had never even thought of. And I asked them all at the next public meeting of the Weatherton School Board."

A few tender political toes got stepped on, of course, but Tom and Clara Gates, ordinary American citizens, won the day. Much of what was wrong with Weatherton's educational system is being remedied, thanks to them,

TO ASK ABOUT YOUR SCHOOL

18
Is there at least 100 square feet of playground space per child?

19
Is there a well-stocked, active (a) school and (b) classroom library?

20
Does the school spend 50¢ each year per child for films, records and other kinds of helpful audio-visual education aids?

21
Is there at least a part-time guidance expert for private conferences with pupils about their individual problems?

22
Do you receive at least twice a year more detailed information about your child's progress than a report card?

23
Is the teacher's job regularly hampered by classes of 30 or more children?

24
Does your school have adult education programs at least one or two evenings each week of the regular school year?

25
Can children get hot food at your school?

26
Are school board members elected directly by the people or appointed politically, and how must they qualify?

27
Does the school board determine its annual budget independently of non-educational city authorities or are its hands tied?

28
Are laymen welcome occasionally to supplement the school's work with their special know-how, or is the administration too hidebound?

29
Is your school a place where at least half the children might find it fun to be, or do all of them just plain hate it?

To Blame !

and the rest will be in time. The same thing can happen in your town.

"It was funny the way it all started," says Clara. "Sue and Buddy never seemed to have homework any more. They're honest kids and I know if they had it they'd say so, but I decided to check up anyway."

In little Susie's class she found sixty-eight children—some of them jammed two to a seat—presided over by a young, once-pretty teacher now gaunt with fatigue. She did her best with such an unwieldy group, she assured Clara Gates, from nine straight through till three. Even during her lunch hour she had to share with other teachers the supervision of playground activities. She admitted having cut down on homework to the vanishing point, because she simply didn't have the strength to correct papers. Things were pretty much the same in Buddy's class and—as Clara was to find out—in other classes throughout the school.

"I'll never forget the way my heart was going," she says, "when I sat in the principal's office later that day and asked why (Continued on page 40)

The Double-Barrelled Day Dream

it was a fine day for
ducks when Doc Deeveres
did the shooting



BY WILLIAM IVERSEN

Old Doc Deeveres was dead set on getting himself and young Lute Tatum to the cove by sun-up, and he was bearing down on the oars in a way that would astound. He was setting up a regular fire hazard in the oarlocks, fair making them smoke, and the rhythm was something to write a tune around.

At any rate, it was infectious enough to set young Lute to boisterously singing *Old MacDonald Had a Farm*, and thumping his eight-year old foot.

"Lute!" Doc grunted, stroking away. "Lute...cut out...that thompin' or I'm gonna have to take you back to port and dump you straight out onto the dock!"

Lute pulled himself up straight in the stern seat and did his best to look like a reformed character.

"It ain't that I'd ordinarily mind it," Doc explained. (Continued on page 49)



ILLUSTRATED BY: GUSTAV REHBERGER

THE OLD MAN KNEW A SECRET

BY AUGUSTA BLINICK

► The old gentleman entered our lives on a long-ago morning in January, when the city lay wrapped in snow and the doorstep of our jewelry store was a slippery trap over which Papa had poured a pailful of hot water in hopes of melting the ice. We were all having breakfast in the big kitchen in the rear basement because there the gas heater did a much faster warming job than the massive coal stove in the small kitchen upstairs.

As we munched our rolls we could hear someone at the door, stamping his feet, then rapping on the glass with a metal object. We looked to see who it was, but frost had shrouded the door in a filigree of ice through which we could discern only a tall, dim shadow.

We wondered who it might be. The milkman had long since come and gone and it was too early for customers. In a jewelry store all untimely visitors are regarded with suspicion, for there is always the threat of a holdup. Especially since Papa stubbornly refused to keep a gun, reasoning that "nothing will happen anyway, and in the meantime it's dangerous for the children."

"Why, who can that be?" Mama asked guardedly.

"Maybe it's only an early customer," said Papa.

He went to open the door and Mama got the ring-sizing stick ready. It was a long conical iron rod on which rings were hammered to the desired size. It could crack a skull with just a half-hearted tap. Having it handy was Mama's practical way of making up for Papa's trust in human nature.

Papa opened the door cautiously. A gaunt old man stood there. He was tall and broad and you could tell there (Continued on page 54)

ILLUSTRATED BY: JOHN McCLELLAND







"I WANT MY

Every little girl does. And this father tells why she needs you.

BY JHAN ROBBINS

Jhan Robbins has three children—a son, Tommy, age three, and two daughters, Penny four and Margaret two. As we go to press we await the arrival of another, sex unknown.

► The widow or divorcee who is struggling to raise a child usually gets plenty of sympathy from her neighbors. If she is obliged to work during the day, the other mothers usually try to give special consideration to the poor little one who must be left with a housekeeper or a feeble grandmother. If the child in such a home runs into trouble, the community is likely to say, "Well, of course, it's not his fault. The poor kid had no father."

Yet, an overwhelming number of those sympathetic homes are all but fatherless themselves—and don't know it! Dr. Edward A. Strecker, chairman of the Department of Psychiatry, University of Pennsylvania Medical School, says that the father is the nation's number one Vanishing American. He blames the decline of the father's role in the family for many of the emotional ills that are showing up in our rising rates of juvenile delinquency and divorces.

Psychologists and people everywhere who are working in the field of mental health agree with him. Too much mother and not enough father in the modern home is turning out boys who will grow up to be inadequate husbands and girls who will grow up to make unsuitable marriages.

It isn't all father's fault. Anna W. M. Wolf, consultant at the

Child Study Association of America, points out how modern living has pried him away from his home. He gets up early and rushes off to work while his children are still eating their oatmeal. He comes home just as they are climbing into bed. His wife is considered both considerate and efficient if she can manage to have her noisy brood out of sight before his key rattles in the lock.

Your children probably have only the faintest idea of what your husband does for a living. In the old days, it was easy to say, "Daddy makes shoes for horses," or "He grows wheat and sells it to people who make it into bread." But try and define the vague and varied occupations of the modern average office or factory worker, and you've got a problem.

There is little doubt that today it is a tougher job than ever to be the head of a family. Most wives, even those who work and contribute to the family income, say they wouldn't be in their husbands' shoes for anything. The responsibility is tremendous, what with constantly rising living costs, the increasingly rough competition.

That's why the American father hasn't the time—and when he does have the time he lacks the desire—to be much of a father. On weekends, when he's

DADDY!"

comparatively free, he needs desperately to relax and have fun. And this, in his mind, means golf, or cards, or naps on the sofa, or a few social drinks—but not jollying along a couple of whiney, demanding youngsters.

He tells his wife, "You raise the kids. That's your job." And, bravely, the modern wife and mother tries to take over. Of course, she can't. Both of them know it and they both worry about it—he, guiltily and she, acutely.

Unfortunately, most of their worries center around their sons. The chief fear is that too much mother will make a sissy out of a boy. And having a sissy for a son is one thing the American father can't take. So, from time to time, he makes a real effort to be a father to his male child. He tosses a ball around in the back yard or takes him fishing once a year or gives him a boxing lesson—or, sometimes, gives him a spanking.

But in this scramble for a share of father's precious time, the girls are being cruelly by-passed. It's not that fathers don't like daughters. They usually like them tremendously well but they are a little afraid of them. After all, daughters will soon be women, like their mothers—lovely, charming, but always a little mysterious and unpredictable.

Since his time is limited, the father feels, it is probably better to leave the girls to their mother, who understands their interests in dolls and such, and devote his efforts to encouraging masculinity in his sons.

But the little girl needs her father. On the quality of your daughter's relationship with her daddy depend the answers to the following important questions:

1. Will my little girl be truly feminine, full of all the warmth and grace and sweetness that we associate (*Continued on page 46*)

TWO INTO ONE YOU CAN

Did you know your house had wide-open spaces in any number of unlikely places?

BY JOAN ROWLAND

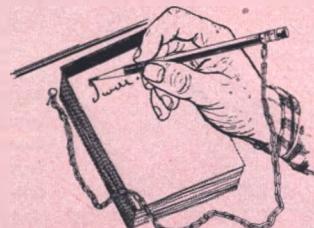
► Does your home sometimes feel as though, like Alice's magic Wonderland, it is gradually shrinking? Have you ever returned from a shopping trip to wonder, as you approached the front door that five or ten years ago you thought wide and hospitable, exactly where you were going to put the things you had bought? This feeling of "crampophobia" is common, but there are several simple remedies for it which are not in common enough practise.



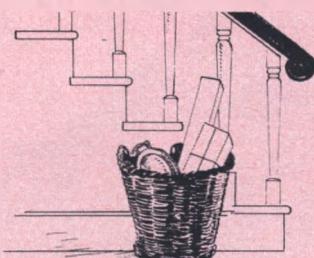
Probably there is a small table somewhere in your house which would not be missed from its present location. Perhaps it is even making some room unnecessarily crowded by its presence. Tomorrow why not move it to a spot where it will be invaluable to every member of the family, and to friends and delivery men too?

Put it on the porch beside the door. The next time you open the door after a marketing session you won't have to practice amateur jujitsu in order to balance bundles and still aim the key at the keyhole with fair accuracy. Friends who come bearing gifts will be able to deposit a package on this utility table while waiting for the door to

be opened. When the paper boy comes to collect he can place his notebook and pencil on the table while hunting your change in his pockets, already overloaded with assorted nuts, bolts, pieces of string, movie ticket stubs and so on. A table by the door will prove its usefulness several times a day.



Another household help which belongs beside the front door is a small pad of paper and a pencil on a chain or string. Friends who are not equipped with calling cards can jot down a note to let you know you had visitors. Delivery men who deposit a parcel for you next door can leave word to that effect.



Another front door accessory which requires no costly remodeling or refurbishing is a basket placed near the inside stairs. During the day, when you handle various small items (*Continued on page 35*)

Elizabeth went home to Mother and learned

WHAT MOTHER KNEW BEST

► **BY MARY BRINKER POST** They had said just about everything except the words that would bring about the end of their marriage. But Elizabeth was thinking them and she knew from the cold mask that had taken the place of dark passion on Jud's face that he was, too. Why don't we say it and be done with it? she thought, wildly. Why don't we say that we hate each other, that our marriage is a mistake and a failure and we'd be better off apart?

Realizing that they had reached the point where such words could even take shape in their minds, she was suddenly stricken with terror. If our marriage ends, how can I possibly go on living? My whole life has been built on my marriage. Love, marriage, a home, our baby, the idea of two making a life together, the warmth, the not-aloneness, the sharing, the private jokes, the family feeling, the love and security, and specialness that I had at home and that I thought I would have when I got married, *that I took for granted* I would have, because my parents had it.

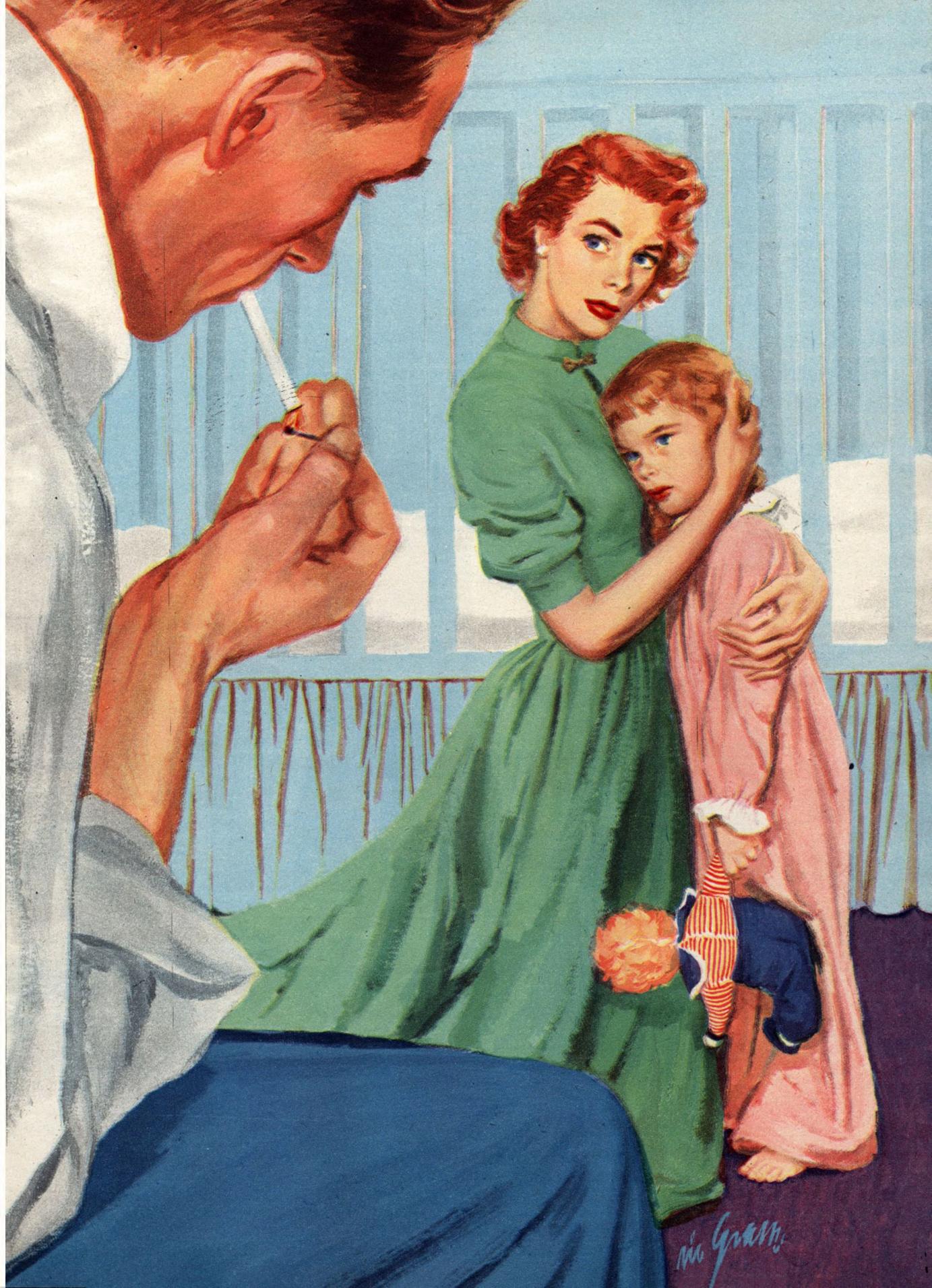
She looked at her husband and he was a stranger who had no love for her, nor patience or understanding. He *didn't care* how she felt.

"I'm sentimental and childish, am I?" she cried. "Because I am hurt, not only that you should forget the things that mean so much to me, like birthdays and anniversaries, but that you shouldn't even have the common courtesy to let me know you weren't coming home to dinner. When I went to so much trouble—" her voice broke and the sobs choked her words—"spent all that money on steak and wine—made a cake—even put candles on the table—dressed up—and I thought—" the tears were stinging her throat—"how nice it should fall on your day off—surely, *this* time you'd remember. I thought maybe you'd surprise me. Instead you spend the whole day painting your *damn'* boat, and you call up at nine o'clock and say you had fish and chips on the docks with Andy Mason!"

"Cripes, do we have to go through all that again!" (Continued on page 61)

ILLUSTRATED BY RIC GRASSO

"What act are you putting on now?" he inquired with bitter amusement. "Is this the one where you take the baby and go out of my life forever?"



Nina Graham



Everywoman's presents Samuel Edelson



noted designer

► Would you object to looking as slim as you aren't? Say, ten to twenty pounds slimmer than you are? If you would, steer clear of clothes Sam Edelson designs, for that's just what they'll do to you. Over on New York's Seventh Avenue he's always at it—scheming to put you (no higher than 5' 6" and can't seem to melt off those pads of superfluous flesh) right onto the running with those taller, svelter gals who imagine they can corner smartness. One of his schemes is making things in half sizes. Thirty years' experience in designing have shown how to devise a composite set of measurements that fits Miss and Mrs. America. We're told that the reason WAC's of World War II looked so well turned out was because Mr. Edelson and his house helped design and make what they wore. Now he has chosen two of his creations for us to offer you. That suit has an adaptable waistline—"fluid," he says. The darts in the top of the jacket mold it to you yet they look like a design line added for beauty. The pockets are in the right spot to flatter your figure. The skirt is wonderfully cut. It will make you a six-gore girl for good and all. He made it of a gray mixture—a Forstmann crepe named Porella. And the coat is ember red with braid trimming on the collar and cuffs, which are of black velvet. Those kimono sleeves are made extra comfortable by the new tulip cut of the back. Fabulaine, Forstmann calls the material. (At this point you write for the pattern.)

Here are two of his wonderfully slimming designs for you to make up for yourself.

By MARY BROOKS PICKEN



***For instructions on ordering
these designer patterns
turn to page 48***



pie,

Stake your reputation on a family choice; then turn and follow directions carefully. Guaranteed to win with the first taste.

THE WINNER

By MARION MCGILL A juicy fruit pie, a frothy chiffon, or a tangy lemon may be top entries at county fairs—but at home, they are sure winners. A flaky pie crust containing a favorite filling is at the top of any dessert preference list—just ask the man in your house. You can use fresh, canned, frozen or home-packed fruits for variety in making those delicious home-made pies. For a chiffon like a puff of flavored air, plan a fruit filling as well as other flavors.

For a sure-fire winner in your own everyday "pleasing-the-family" contest just pick a family favorite and follow these recipes.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE NO. 1

THE CRUST

1 cup flour

1/2 teaspoon salt

1/4 cup shortening

3 tablespoons orange juice

Sift flour; measure and sift again with salt. Cut in shortening with pastry blender until fat particles are size of small peas. Sprinkle orange juice over mixture, mixing until all particles are moistened. Form into a ball. Roll out on lightly floured board and fit into a 9" pie pan, leaving 1" edge of dough. Turn under edge and flute. Prick dough with fork. Chill 15 minutes. Start oven at 450 F. or very hot. Bake 10-12 minutes or until golden brown. Cool.

THE FILLING

3 eggs

Grated rind of 1 lemon

2 lemons

1 cup sugar

6 tablespoons cornstarch

1/4 teaspoon salt

2 cups hot water

2 tablespoons butter or margarine

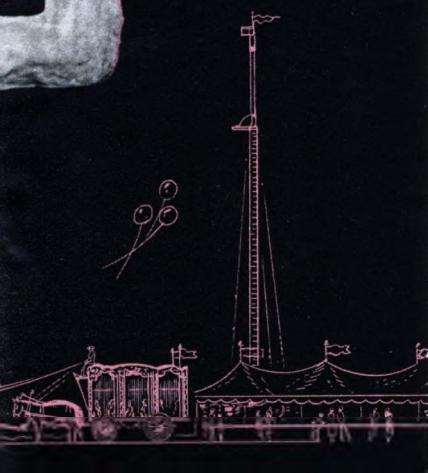
6 tablespoons sugar

Separate the eggs. Grate the rind of one lemon. Squeeze juice from lemons, about 1/3 cup. Set aside. Mix sugar, cornstarch, and salt together. Slowly stir in the water. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Place over boiling water. Cover tightly and cook 10 minutes longer.

Beat the egg yolks until bubbly. Pour small amount of cornstarch mixture into yolks, stirring constantly. Return to rest of mixture and cook, stirring constantly for 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Stir in butter, lemon juice, and lemon rind. Cool before topping with meringue. Start oven 325 F. or slow. When filling is cool, pour into baked pie shell. Beat egg whites until stiff enough to hold soft peaks when beater is lifted out. Gradually beat in sugar, a tablespoon at a time, until meringue is very stiff. Cover top of filling with meringue. Be very sure all edges are completely sealed so meringue does not weep. Bake for 20 minutes or until meringue is a golden brown.

More recipes on page 70

Design: J. Walker Flynn; Photographer: Albert Gammie

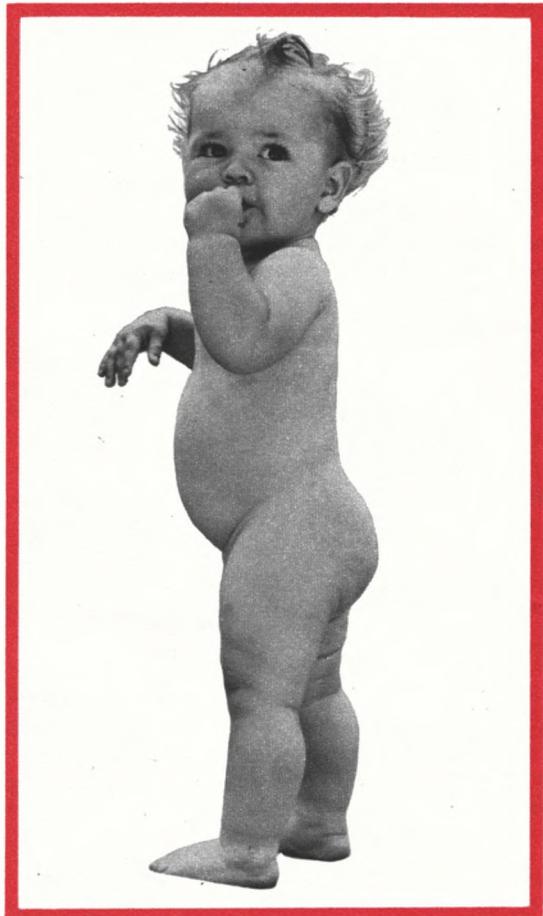


Things to do TODAY

BY JOHN McNULTY

Aged 8 months

(This is a secret document discovered under the mattress in the crib in Apartment 17-A, 325 East 72nd Street, New York, in the momentary absence of the author who lives there with his parents, John and Faith McNulty.)



H. Armstrong Roberts

7:30 A.M. Tear 50-cent magazines apart.
8:00 A.M. Rip Daily Racing Form (Price 25¢) to shreds so Stubble-Face, my old man, won't know where he's at for today's races at Jamaica. Big laugh.
8:45 A.M. Knock own head real hard on play-pen sides. Scare the wits out of Stubble-Face. Another big laugh for me. (Big morning ahead!)
9:00 A.M. Take nice nap. Be sure and bury face in the bed to make off I'm not getting any air at all. Stubble-Face real comical when I do this number. Thinks I'm suffocating. What a guy! Doesn't know what a man my age is all about and acts scared stiff.
10:45 A.M. Wake up. Crying practice, 5 mins.
11:00 A.M. Real crying. Otherwise no orange-juice, the dirty misers, both of them! (I'm only kidding, because Smooth-Face, my old lady, is sure a good egg and, as I said, Stubble-Face means well, dumb as the poor old crock is.)
11:05 A.M. Orange juice. See how many bubbles I can blow in it through that little bit of hole in the rubber nipple. I was lousy at it yesterday, hardly any bubbles. Try and do better today.
11:30 A.M. Oh boy! Bath! Today's the day I get that soap to put in my eye. Smooth-Face been pretty clever blocking me at it up to now. Today try to nail soap while she reaches for towel. Or maybe, during big splashes, knock some water in her eye, then get soap. Careful don't hurt Smooth-Face, though, in water-kicks.
12 Noon In play-pen, hit self on head with only hard toys. Makes good warm-up for lunch.
12:30 P.M. Lunch. Don't forget to squawk on mashed potatoes. Day in and day out, mashed potatoes. Be sure put up big squawk.
1 P.M. Nice nap. Take it easy. Get lots of air asleep. No sense doing face-in-bed routine as Stubble-Face not around. He's gone to work. Least, he told Smooth-Face work. What was he doing with that Racing Form? No fun trying to rib Smooth-Face. She pretty wise character, in my book.
2:30 P.M. Get ready for road-work. Fight off wearing knitted cap to last ditch. Time to let Smooth-Face know once and for all I'm not going to wear that stupid cap with a baby-string under my chin like a dope, dope. Funny how Smooth-Face can't seem to get it into her head what a nuisance that cap is. **PUT THIS POINT OVER TODAY!**
3:00 P.M. Road-work. In baby-carriage up a few blocks to park and hang around, gawking. Noticed yesterday birds coming up from South. Keep eye on them. Be sure grin at passers-by peeking into carriage. They seem to get a kick out of it.
4:15 P.M. Back in the joint at old 325 East 72nd.
4:25 P.M. Howling practice, 5 mins.
4:30 P.M. Nice nap. Play it straight.
5:00 P.M. Wake up. Never mind toys for a while. Figure out own fingers, 10 mins. Check on number of fingers each hand, make sure same as yesterday.
5:30 P.M. Crying. The Real McCoy. Otherwise, no supper, the dirty misers, both of them!
6:00 P.M. Supper. Give them Good-Baby Routine tonight. No squawks. Eat everything, no matter even if it's squashed-up beets. Idea is make up for last night. Think I overdid the mean-nasty stuff at supper last night.
7:00 P.M. Sleep. No hollering. Sleep. (Just looked over this plan for day. Rugged. But looks good.)



EASY-TO-MAKE LACE TABLE-CLOTH

By MARY SUMNER

► We hope that every woman who crochets or knits will, in her planning, select a worthy design, one of lasting beauty and usefulness. It is regrettable that some women spend so many hours making something that they or their families will grow tired of too soon. We like to think that in our needlework pages we are providing our readers with designs that will always be a credit to their good taste and that are deserving of a treasured place in

the family heirlooms spoken for by daughters and daughters-in-law—beautiful creations that every member of the family can be proud of—our Popcorn bedspreads in the January issue and the All-Purpose Motif, in February, for example. And now this lovely, easy-to-make lace table cloth.

The cloth shown here is one appropriate for a buffet, tea, or bride's table or banquet or formal dinner. It will wash well and will be beautiful for always.

*For details of making,
see Make-It-Yourself Instructions, Page 48*

Photographer: William F. Howland

Tablecloth designed and made by Myrtle M. Hamilton for Lily Thread

Room Setting: Stern Bros., New York City. Furniture: Drexel.

Dishes: Wedgwood Cornflower with Wedgwood Blue Pitcher for flowers.

Silver: Gorham's Rondo; Candlesticks, International Silver. Glassware: Libbey.





Photographer: Albert Gammie

Fall-Time Vegetables

BY PRUDENCE DORN

Autumn brings with it a whole brand-new crop of bright, flavorful garden-ripe vegetables to your table.

► Buy the seasonal vegetables that are now on the market—cook them correctly, season them expertly and you'll find your meat-and-potato man demonstrating a remarkable appetite.

The vegetable plate pictured on the opposite page is simple and quickly prepared. If you'd like a little meat with it, fill the squash with sausages and canned pineapple chunks instead of peas.

Vegetables are rich in the vitamins and minerals necessary for healthy eating. Here you have happy combinations of what tastes good and is good for you.

THE VEGETABLE PLATE

Corn-on-the-cob: Drop corn in boiling water, cook, covered, about five minutes. Drain; serve with melted curried butter.

Carrots: Scrape and slice carrots on the diagonal. Cook in small amount of boiling water until tender, about 10 minutes. Drain; season with salt, pepper, thyme and butter. Sprinkle with parsley.

Acorn Squash: Cut squash in half; remove seeds. Put 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon brown sugar in each half. Bake 350 F. for 45 minutes. Fill with buttered, seasoned cooked peas.

Tomatoes: Remove skins. Place in bowl; pour over tangy French dressing. Marinate 1 hour. Cut into quarters.

Cauliflower: Cook whole head cauliflower in lots of boiling salted water until tender, about 25 minutes. Serve with nutmeg buttered bread crumbs.

Recipes on page 44

COOKED SKILLET STYLE

Filling and handsome are these meals cooked in one dish. If you like, you can serve them from the same.

By PRUDENCE DORN Any of the modern and attractive skillets—copper, aluminum or steel—will cook a complete meal perfectly. Get a smart looking one and let it serve a dual purpose by using it as a serving dish too.

SKILLET SWISS STEAK (Top right)

1 medium onion

1½ pounds round steak

½ cup flour

3 tablespoons fat

1 teaspoon salt

¼ teaspoon pepper

2 cups fresh tomatoes*

1 cup cooked small onions

1 package frozen green beans

* or 1 No. 2 can tomatoes

Peel onions, cut into fine pieces. Place steak on floured board. Spread some of flour over steak; pound with the edge of a plate or the broad side of a knife. Turn meat; add flour and pound other

side. Continue to do this until all flour is used.

Melt fat. Add onions and cook until tender but not brown. Remove from pan. Add steak to heated fat; brown well on both sides. Put salt, pepper and onions on steak. Core tomatoes, and cut into small pieces before adding to steak. Cover tightly and cook over low heat for 2 hours. Add onions and green beans. Cover and continue to cook for 30 minutes longer. Serves 4 easily and so good with crisp green salad and baked potatoes.

SKILLET PORK CHOPS (Bottom right)

½ small onion

1 tablespoon fat

4 pork chops

1 cup hot water

1 large apple

½ cup raisins

2 tablespoons brown sugar

2 cups lima beans, cooked, canned or frozen

1 teaspoon prepared mustard

1 teaspoon salt

1 tablespoon flour

Peel onion, chop in fine pieces.

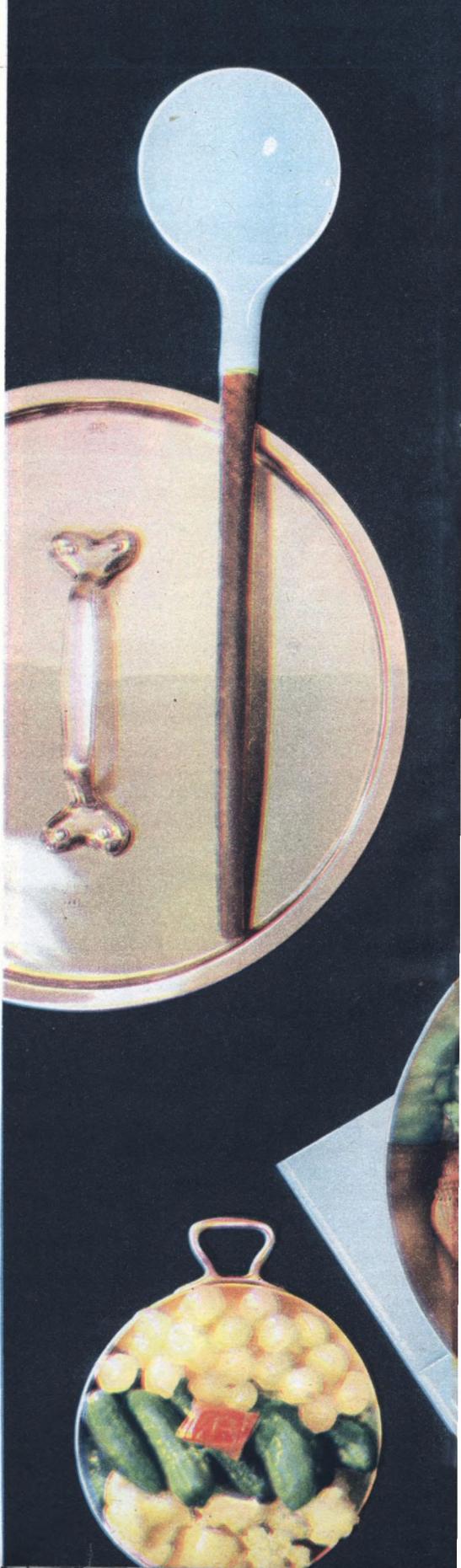
Melt fat in skillet, add onions and cook until tender. Add chops and brown very well on each side. Pour in water. Cover tightly and

cook slowly for 20 minutes. Meanwhile, cut apple in half; core. Then cut into eighths. Arrange apple slices and raisins on top of chops and sprinkle with sugar. Add lima beans. Cover and cook over low heat for 25 minutes longer. Remove chops, apples and beans. Add mustard, salt and flour to liquid in pan. Cook, stirring constantly until gravy is thickened.

Serve chops, apples and beans on a platter or return to skillet for serving. Serves 4 happily and tastes wonderful with tangy cabbage slaw and cornbread.

More recipes on page 45

Design: J. Walter Flynn; Photographer: Albert Romano; Models: Maxine Franklin





COMMUNITY COOK BOOK

★ Powell Butte

*The Garden Club of Powell Butte, Oregon,
offers you its collection of "657 Potato Recipes."*

By CHRISTINA THURMAN A handsome, shallow-eyed potato named Deschutes Spud speaks: "Air and water are enemies of a potato's vitamins, minerals and flavor. Foil them by steaming us." Sounds heroic! He is a Deschutes Netted Gem, one of the show potatoes of the Northwest raised around Powell Butte. That town's garden club, needing a clubhouse, launched this book. Nina Elliott is the member who suggested it so it is dedicated to her. Its pages of well-arranged recipes are sprinkled with practical tips: the best proportions for the ingredients of a salad so that the blend is good;

which part of the salad to dress first and why; a trick for keeping white potatoes from boiling to pieces; the happy effect of a hot bath for the ones you're going to bake; how to convert this vegetable into holiday greenery or into a carrier for plant slips. You're a good peeler if you can strip the whole potato in just one long paring. "Of all good food for winter, and for summer, spring, and fall," sings the book, "A great big baked potato served with butter beats them all." Did you ever sniff the bouquet of a country kitchen with the low sun streaming in and the spuds for supper in the oven?

POTATO FUDGE

3 cups white sugar
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup evaporated milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Karo
Pinch of salt
2 cups hot potatoes, sieved
2 cups nuts
1 tablespoonful butter or margarine
4 squares chocolate

Boil cream, sugar, chocolate and salt together until it forms a medium soft ball. Add butter. Let cool, then beat until half done, add two cups of hot potatoes that have been baked and forced through a fine sieve, then continue beating until creamy. Add nuts.—Edna Coons.

RED FLANNEL HASH

6 beets, cooked
6 potatoes, cooked
1 onion, minced
3 slices salt pork
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. ground beef or ham
6 fresh eggs
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water or meat stock

Chop up the vegetables quite fine. Fry the diced salt pork in a skillet. Mix the meat and vegetables, seasoning with salt and pepper and add them to the well-greased skillet. Pour the water or meat stock over the hash. Cover and cook slowly until well browned. Form six deep hollows in the hash with a tablespoon

and break an egg into each. Continue the slow cooking without a cover until the egg whites are firm. Cooked carrots, turnips and cabbage may also be chopped with the other vegetables. Will serve 6.

POTATO CUSTARD

Pare four potatoes of medium size and grate them, placing the pulp immediately in a quart of milk in order to prevent discoloration. Beat 4 eggs without separating them, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Mix the eggs and sugar with the milk, stirring well so that the potatoes may be thoroughly incorporated, and pour into a buttered baking dish. Bake forty-five minutes in a very moderate oven. A few chopped nuts may be added to the custard. Flavor with grated rind and juice of half a lemon or orange, or use $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful almond extract with chopped almonds.—Berta Ross.

LEMON POTATO PIE

1 large Deschutes potato, grated
1 lemon
3 egg whites
1 cup of water
1 cup of sugar
Few drops of rose water

Combine grated potato, lemon

juice, 1 egg white well beaten, water and all but 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar. Pour into an under crust and bake. When done cover the pie with 2 egg whites well beaten. Add 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar and the rosewater. Return to the oven to set, not brown. This should be just cold for dinner.—Adaline Adams.

BROWNED POTATO LOAF

3 tablespoonfuls butter
3 tablespoonfuls flour
1 cupful of rich milk
4 or 5 medium-sized cold boiled potatoes
1 tablespoonful minced parsley
Salt and pepper
Grated cheese

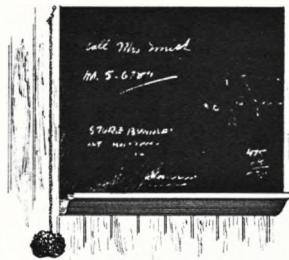
Make a thick cream sauce of the butter, flour and milk. Season with salt and pepper. Dice or slice potatoes into the sauce, add parsley, cook 5 minutes longer. Use enough potatoes to make a stiff mixture. Press firmly into a well-buttered pan and set aside for several hours or overnight in refrigerator. A half hour before serving turn it onto an oven-proof platter or pan, sprinkle with grated cheese, bake at 375 F. until nicely browned.

"657 Potato Recipes" costs \$1.50. Order, enclosing check or money order, from Mrs. Nina L. Elliott, Powell Butte, Oregon.

TWO INTO ONE—YOU CAN

(Continued from page 21)

that belong upstairs, don't put them down just anywhere and then wonder where on earth you left them hours later. Deposit washed bedroom ashtrays, books of matches, soap, and such miscellanies in the basket. When someone is making a trip upstairs the basket can go along, thus saving many steps. This vice-versa basket is then deposited near the top of the steps, but not on them of course. When filled with little things it is brought down again.



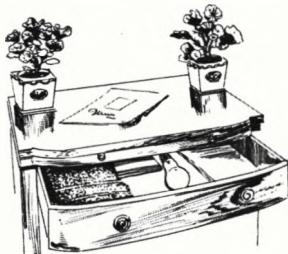
A Family Bulletin Board should be a must. It may be as elaborate or as simple as you wish to make it. Some households prefer a black board—beaverboard with black surface treatment is far less expensive than real slate. Others like a plain piece of beaverboard or thin plywood, a pad of paper and plenty of thumbtacks. Choose whichever system seems most convenient to you, but have one.

Telephone messages, bills ready to be paid, letters to be answered, and shopping lists are but a few of the materials which will find a spot on the bulletin board. Then, too, what better place for posting a poem or a cartoon which you think the family will enjoy? Each person will read it at a time convenient to him; and by tacking it on the board when you first think of it you won't misplace the clipping.



I once worked in an office where one of my colleagues had to go to the stockroom and ask for paper and string every time she wanted to remember a member of her family or a friend on a birthday. I found this very odd for as long as I can remember, both at home when I was a child and now, in my own home, there was a place where neatly folded wrapping paper and a box of miscellaneous string was kept. This is a simple convenience; but from the looks of many parcels

entrusted to the hands of the U. S. Postal Service there are too many Americans who have to scrounge around in the wastepaper basket for paper and rip up an old sweater to find a bit of string. Incidentally, large brown paper bags which come from the grocery store and the dry cleaners can be cut open to make dandy, sturdy wrapping paper. And don't forget to save the beautiful gift-wrap papers which come to all of us at Christmas—and the wonderful ribbon too. Then throughout the year when birthdays and other gift times roll around you will be ready.



You'll bless yourself a dozen times if you put a spare light bulb of proper wattage in a bureau or desk drawer in every room. Replacing any bulb which burns out will then be a simple matter and not an occasion for stubbing your toe or cracking your "funny bone" as you grope through darkness to get a bulb from another room.



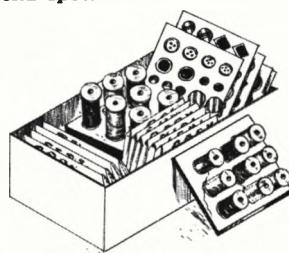
Here's an idea, if you need extra storage space and don't know where to find it. This, unlike the preceding tips, does call for some nails and hammering. Has it ever occurred to you that almost any interior stairway can be utilized as a chest of drawers? This metamorphosis is brought about by putting the back of each step (the flat part which supports each tread) on two small hinges, thus making a small lift-up door. Of course you must nail in a board to form the back wall of the space. Use plywood cut to the exact size by the lumber yard for this.

Countless things which are always getting in your way or underfoot may be kept in such drawers. Hobby materials, for example; the philatelist's album and box of loose stamps; the box of equipment for one who makes shell jewelry and novelties; your knitting bag, so you won't always be sitting up with a start when you flop down on knitting needles instead of on a soft

cushion. And what better place to store cards, checkers, dominoes and other games? Perhaps you'll want to keep a box of stationery and pen and ink there too, for those sudden urges to write a note to a far-off friend when you don't want to go upstairs to your desk.



If you are not the fortunate possessor of a greenhouse, a shelf somewhere near the kitchen sink on which you keep vases, flower holders, wire and a pair of scissors will help you make quickly flower arrangements which are things of beauty and a joy to behold. Any task is far easier if necessary materials and tools are ready in their special spot.



If you sew or would like to, the pathway to that well-dressed look will be made smoother if you organize your sewing corner and equipment. Whether you have space enough to have a permanent sewing room or nook in a room, or have to roll the sewing machine in and out of the over-loaded hall closet, you will find a scrap file and button card index of immense help. After a garment is finished put all the scraps in an envelope and mark the outside, "green wool suit," "grey silk crepe," or whatever inscription is appropriate.

Many minutes will be saved if you sew matching buttons loosely on squares of thin cardboard (use parts of old boxes) and stand the cards up in a row in a box. If you do not have a special sewing cabinet, nail a rectangular board on the wall at a convenient height and drive long nails into the board in rows. Put spools of thread on these protruding nails. Make sure the nails are the small-headed type.

All these suggestions will make little things a little more convenient, a little easier, and will result in saving you trouble and time. And as the great American sage, Benjamin Franklin wrote, "Do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

THE END

I can't remember anything she ever told actually coming true, but it all sounded wonderful. Her fortunes were always good, never bad.

If the woman who was having "troubles" was worried over money, Tiny would say, "See the two tens? That means money. And the two eights are a change of states. A trip maybe. You're sure going to get some unexpected money!"

An ace next to a red card meant a letter with good news or money. When the woman asked excitedly, "When am I going to get this letter?" Tiny would reply, "Who am I to know the exact date? It could be two days, two weeks, two months, but you're going to get it."

The "other woman angle" always turned out to be hogwash. The husband dearly loved his wife and was planning to buy her a whole flock of new clothes.

If the big worry was sickness, the sick person was going to get well, get a lot of money and—if single—have a wonderful love affair. The married ones got money and marvelous trips and invitations to super-duper parties where everyone would have a swell time.

The neighbor woman would sometimes be a little dizzy from the strong coffee, but definitely cheered up by the time she went home. "Now don't worry. Everything's going to work out. I said so, and it will," Tiny would say as a parting shot.

After we children married and moved away to raise families of our own, Tiny told our fortunes and gave us the same advice we had heard her give all of our lives. She comforted us through our troubles.

Once my sister and I and our two husbands got caught in a terrible storm while fishing in Puget Sound. After a bad time, we finally made shore in a small town miles from home. It was impossible to return that night as we had planned and we couldn't phone because the wires were down. Tiny was taking care of our children. We were sure she would think the boat had sunk and we had drowned and she was going to be stuck with our offsprings. The storm raged on, and it was late the second night before we got a call through to tell her we were still alive.

"I never even gave it a thought," Tiny said cheerfully. "The kids and I had a swell time. We went to a show-picnic."

A "show-picnic" meant that Tiny had packed a big lunch, taken her grandchildren and all of their little friends to an early movie where she doled out sandwiches, potato chips and pop to the kids and herself while they watched the picture. The idea had first originated one time when Tiny had promised to take her grandchildren to a restaurant for lunch and to a movie, but

so many of their friends wanted to go along she had felt she couldn't afford to feed them all in a restaurant, so she packed a lunch and made a picnic of it.

Then Dad died. And Tiny was faced with her first major crisis. He died of a sudden heart attack, without any warning. It was a terrible shock and grief to the family, but to Tiny, after forty years of the close companionship of a perfect marriage, it was much worse.

Her friends shook their heads and said, "Tiny will never be the same again." But they were wrong.

After the funeral, Tiny dried her tears and moved in with me. "If you think it's going to be hard having me around, you're mistaken," she told me right from the start. "I'm not going to be mooning around with a long face. Dad wouldn't want me to. I'll miss him, but crying and making a fuss won't bring him back. And worrying about what the future holds for me won't help either. What's to be, is to be," she said simply.

A short while after Dad was gone Tiny bought herself a red coat. I had heard the story of the red hat many times, but I had never in my

PERFECT MATCH

A marriage is a pleasure
When man and wife agree,
And she's to him a treasure
And he's her treasury.

Richard Armour

life known her to wear anything red. I didn't ask, and she didn't say, but I've always thought she bought the red coat as a gentle reminder to herself.

Not long after she bought the new coat she looked at herself in a full-length mirror and decided she ought to do something about her weight. For two days she went on a strenuous diet. On the third day she was breakfasting on black coffee while reading an article on the atomic bomb in the morning paper. She read the article through, then closed the paper and went to the icebox for bacon and eggs, and proceeded to prepare herself a man-sized breakfast.

"If a bomb falls on me, who's going to know whether I was fat or skinny?" she asked.

Tiny has never lost her bounce. Now in her sixties, her eyes are as bright as ever, her laugh as hearty, and her hair shows only the faintest trace of gray. And she's still telling fortunes on the kitchen table. I've always had a sneaking hunch that even without the red hat she would have been the same. Sometimes I think I can hear Dad chuckling and saying, "Yes, there's only one Tiny."

THE END

Now's the time for JELL-O SALADS!

1 Jellied Potato Salad. →

Dissolve 1 package Lemon Jell-O in 1 1/4 cups *hot* water. Add 3 tablespoons vinegar and dash of salt. To 3 cups of the Jell-O mixture, add 3 tablespoons water. Chill in 1 1/2-quart mold until slightly thickened. Arrange garnish of cucumber and radish slices in mixture. Chill until firm. Chill rest of Jell-O until slightly thickened. Place in bowl of ice and water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Fold in 3 1/2 cups well-seasoned potato salad, 1/4 cup finely diced cucumber. Turn onto firm Jell-O in mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serves 8.

2 Carrot and Apple Salad. →

Prepare Lemon Jell-O as directed on package; add dash of salt. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in 1 1/3 cup finely diced unpeeled red apple and 1/3 cup finely diced raw carrot. Chill in molds. Serve on salad greens. Serves 5.

3 Vegetable Salad Mold. →

Prepare Lemon Jell-O as directed on package. Chill until slightly thickened. Meanwhile, combine 1 cup diced tomato, 1/2 cup cooked Lima beans, 1/2 cup diced celery, 1/2 teaspoon grated onion, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; let stand 1/2 hour to marinate. Fold into Jell-O. Chill until firm in 1-quart mold. Serve with tomato wedges and salad greens. Serves 6.

4 Peach and Cheese Salad. →

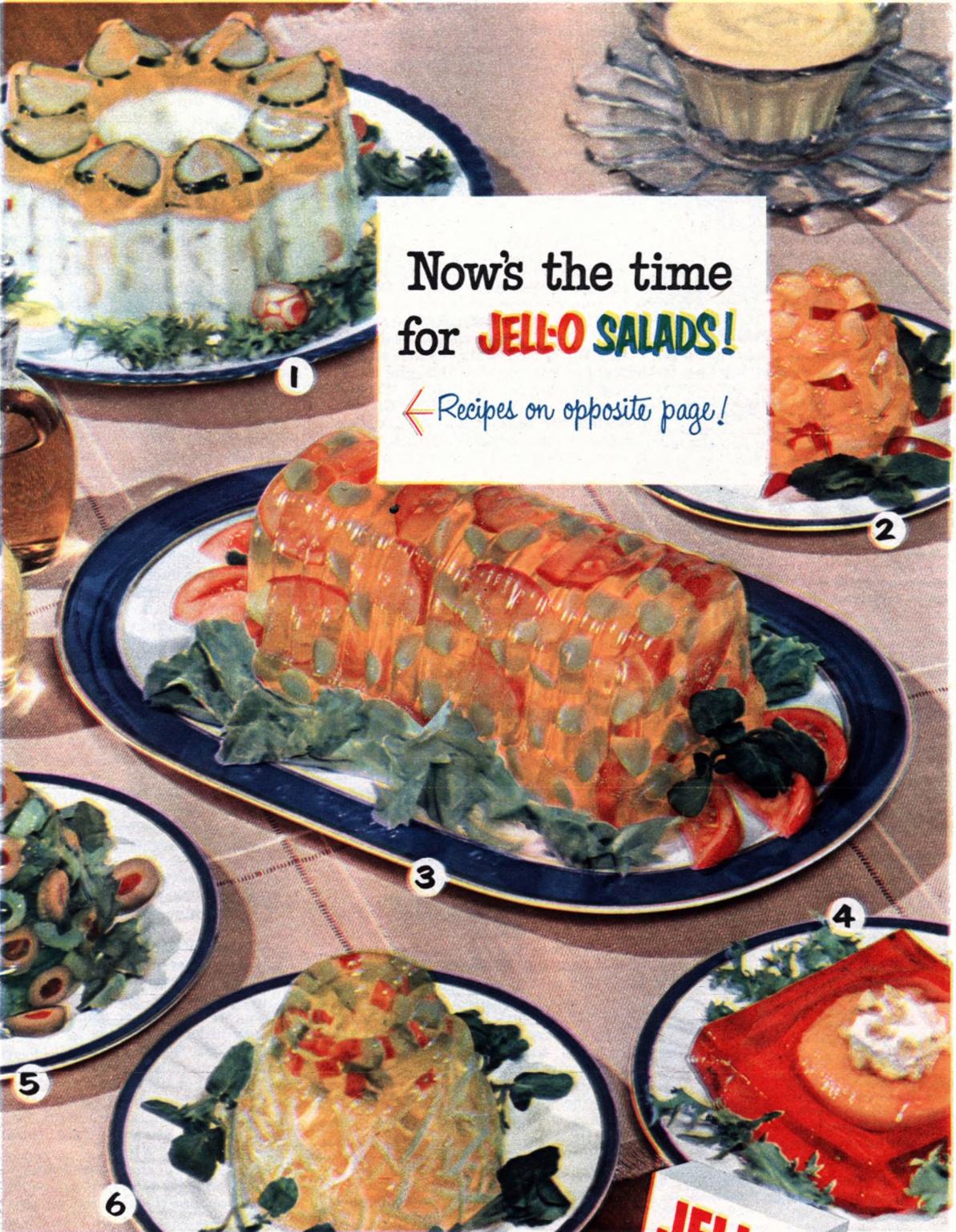
Prepare Raspberry Jell-O as directed on the package. Mold in shallow pan with 6 peach halves, rounded side up. Cut in squares. Serve with cream cheese ball rolled in nuts. Serves 6.

5 Emerald Macédoine Salad. →

Dissolve 1 package Lime Jell-O and 1 teaspoon salt in 1 cup *hot* water. Add 3/4 cup cold water and 2 tablespoons vinegar. When slightly thickened, fold in 1/4 cup finely chopped celery, 1/2 cup sliced stuffed olives, 1/4 cup diced green pepper. Chill in molds. Serve on salad greens. Serves 5.

6 Jell-O Cabbage Relish. →

Dissolve 1 package Lemon Jell-O, 1 teaspoon salt, and dash of pepper in 1 cup *hot* water. Add 1 cup cold water, 1 teaspoon celery seed, and 2 tablespoons vinegar. Chill until slightly thickened. Add 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 1/2 cups finely shredded cabbage, 1/3 cup diced sweet pickle, and 1 1/2 tablespoons diced pimento. Turn into small molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serves 12.



Now's the time
for **JELL-O SALADS!**

← Recipes on opposite page!



Now's the time
for **JELL-O SALADS!**

Don't let a week go by without serving one.



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by *Suzina Bell*

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jars with new Ball Dome Jars, to insure canning success.

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND? (Continued from page 13)

know, are only some of these fears raised to the nth degree."

"You mean claustrophobia comes from a common fear, Dr. Clark?"

"Yes. Did you ever feel you didn't want to tie yourself down to a dinner date three weeks away? Well, some people carry this fear to unbelievable lengths. They don't want to make a date even three hours ahead. They can't stand anything confining—tight collars or belts, for instance. Carried to the extreme, which is most unusual, they are even afraid of confined spaces like closed rooms. And that, of course, is claustrophobia."

"I see. And what about acrophobia? Once, years ago—it was the day the Queen Mary docked on her maiden voyage—I saw a girl terrified by this fear of height. We had gone up on top of Radio City to watch the Mary come in and this poor girl was so white with fear she had to hug the central tower."

She had a pretty prominent position, didn't she?"

"Yes, she was a top executive with a radio company and had her eye on a post even higher. But how did you know, Dr. Clark?"

"It's quite simple. This kind of fear is usually suffered only by prominent and ambitious people. Yet acrophobia is linked with one of the commonest fears of everyone—that we'll lose face."

"In what way, Dr. Clark?"

"In a number of ways. Perhaps that we won't have as good clothes as our friends; that we won't seem intelligent; we'll be criticized. . . . They all boil down to the same thing: we're afraid we'll fall from the lofty heights we set ourselves. True acrophobia, though, happens only once in a coon's age."

"What can we do about it?"

"Nobody need suffer such terror today. With good medical care, all the phobias can be overcome. They are always tied up with character traits. Once you correct these flaws, you cast out the fear itself."

"But please don't misunderstand me. I don't mean all fear is harmful. If it weren't for fear, we'd never live to grow up. But most of us are plagued with unnecessary fears—these are the ones I'd like to talk about."

"Fine. Let's tackle the fear that makes the most misery for all of us, Dr. Clark."

"What do you think it is?"

"Fear of failure? Or loss of money?"

"Not at all. It's the fear that people won't like us. Of twenty-eight patients studied recently, nine—almost a third—had this fear."

"But that doesn't sound serious."

"Did you ever work overtime consistently without pay? Did you ever buy something you didn't really want from an insistent salesman? Did you ever kiss a man when you didn't want to? These are only a

sample of the lengths we sometimes go to make others like us."

"But surely it's only natural, Dr. Clark?"

"Oh, yes. But most of us just assume people will like us because we feel friendly towards them."

"Are you implying that the reason we're afraid people won't like us is because we don't like them?"

"Exactly. We may not be aware of it at all. Nevertheless, that's the way we feel way down in the unconscious part of our minds."

"Then how do we overcome it?"

"Look for this dislike in ourselves. It isn't easy to see but the clues crop out. One young mother I know used to criticize her friends for gossiping until she realized she was gossiping with them. So she saw her criticism didn't come from a disapproval of gossip; it came from a dislike of the people themselves."

"You think we'll find revealing clues like that?"

"Yes. At the same time, realize it's ridiculous to expect everyone to like us. It's much more important to be ourselves."

"But what if being ourselves means leading timid, fearful lives? In my apartment house there's a woman who is terrified of thunderstorms. Her husband is in the Army. So whenever a storm starts, even in the middle of the night, she picks up her baby and knocks on a neighbor's door, 'Please, may I stay with you till the storm is over?'"

"Your friend isn't being herself. She's honest in admitting she is frightened, that's true. But her fear isn't a part of her character. She can lessen it."

"How? And why is she so scared?"

"For the same two reasons that apply to everyone with this fear: the realistic one that she may be hit by lightning. And the irrational one that she's afraid of her own unbridled impulses."

"I don't understand, Dr. Clark."

A thunderstorm symbolizes violence, unleashed fury. Many of us have a violent rage at life buried in our unconscious. When a storm strikes, we fear that someday we too may unloose our rage."

"What can we do about it?"

"Look for telltale signs of this fury inside ourselves. Usually if we see it, even dimly, it will diminish."

"I see. I have another friend, Dr. Clark, who is always afraid she's going to be sick. Why?"

"Are you sure she doesn't enjoy talking about it? Quite often people are hypochondriacs because this gives them the center of the stage. Occasionally, too, people fear illness because they think it will incapacitate them and they won't be able to work. Usually, such people don't really want to work at all."

"As a matter of fact, this mechanism works quite often: we're afraid because we unconsciously want to do the thing we fear."

"You mean we're afraid of burglars because we want to rob?"

"Sometimes, yes. But please don't over-simplify. We can be afraid of burglars for many other reasons: because we feel we can't protect ourselves or because, realistically, we live in a neighborhood where robberies are frequent. However, it can help sometimes to ask ourselves, 'Why am I afraid? Is it because I really want to do this thing myself?'"

"What about agoraphobia, Dr. Clark?"

"That fear of open spaces is extremely rare. It almost always occurs in women, you know, probably because it is linked with prostitution fantasies, with a fear of giving way to temptation, of 'going on the street.'"

There's only one more fear on my mind, Dr. Clark. Don't you think today, with all our uncertainties, many of us face financial fears? I've a friend who lies awake nights worrying that her husband might lose his job."

"That can be justifiable, you know. If so, the only remedy I know is to keep a little nest-egg.

"On the other hand, your friend may not have real cause for such extreme fear. In that case, she's probably fearful for the reason we mentioned before: loss of face."

"You mean she'll feel disgraced if he loses his job?"

"Yes. Most of us can do quite a bit to get over this particular fear. And that's lucky because it's next to the top of all fears: eight out of twenty-eight patients suffered from this."

"How do we get over it?"

"First, a little sleuthing. Usually, you see, like your friend we see only the top layer of fear. In her case, that her husband will lose his job. Whatever your bugaboo, ask yourself, 'Could it be I'm afraid of losing face?' Once you decide that, the next questions follow naturally, 'Why should I be so important? Do I expect others never to fail in any respect? If not, why am I so harsh on myself?'

"At the same time, take action, down-to-earth action, to remove the spark that set off your fear. You're afraid Johnny won't graduate? Talk to his teacher. Ask if you can do anything to ease Johnny's homework, perhaps by setting aside an hour for quiet study, perhaps by helping him more, perhaps by seeing he gets more rest."

"But what if you want something you can't get, Dr. Clark? A house you can't afford, for instance?"

"That's something else again, a big subject, but one all of us have to understand for real happiness. I'd like to talk about that—frustration—next month."

"Meantime, if we're afraid, let's face it. That burglar in the closet is probably only a mouse. But if we cower under the covers, we'll never know, will we?"

THE END

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Shampoo

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NOT AS ADVERTISED THEIR

YOU ARE TO BLAME (Continued from page 15)

such conditions had to be. I was to ask many other questions before it was over, but Dr. Willoughby's answer to that one contains the key to all the rest."

"It was the answer that got me in on the act," Tom adds. "You can't ignore that kind of challenge."

Dr. Willoughby had looked across at Clara and said, not unkindly, "You know, Mrs. Gates, a lot of the blame for today's fuzzy school picture rests squarely on you parents.

"Even the parents who are active," said the alert young administrator, as if he read her mind, "don't bother to ask enough pointed questions. Mrs. Gates, you are the first parent to visit me voluntarily and ask any questions at all about the school, *in over two years!*"

"Perhaps it's because we ordinary people don't know what questions to ask," Clara pointed out.

What she and Tom learned from Dr. Willoughby the following Saturday morning—and from later talks with Superintendent Nichols—woke Weatherton from its dangerous sleep. Tom and Clara passed the magic questions on to other couples. Visiting the schools for a firsthand look at what their children were getting became a matter of community conscience. Board of Adjustment and Tax Board sessions, political campaign rallies and, above all, public meetings of the Board of Education rang with citizens' demands for straight answers—and, where needed, action. Weatherton is now in the habit of getting both.

"But isn't there some book or report we could read?" Tom asked at first, "that would tell us how to check up on our schools without taking all your time?"

"You give me a chance to supply three answers right there," said Dr. Willoughby. "First, we educators are here to give you—and your children—our time. So in checking up on your schools, if the head man is too busy to see you, get suspicious. If further inquiry proves your suspicions well-founded, in a democracy there are ways you can replace him."

"By petitions, you mean?" said Clara. "Or delegations of parents to the Superintendent?"

"That's right. But I'd let the man himself know first, perhaps via a courteous but firm letter," replied Dr. Willoughby. "Then the other ways, and if they fail, the ballot-box."

"And the other two answers?"

"Oh yes. You can help yourself, for instance, by dropping in at City Hall or writing for a copy of your Board of Education's annual budget and annual report. That will give you a good picture of what they're up against financially and what they're trying to do with the funds.

"Might also give us a talking point for the next Tax Board meeting," said Tom with a grin.

Dr. Willoughby smiled his agreement. "I wish we had more parents like you, Mr. Gates. There is one little booklet, though, that might give you some ideas. It's called *The Right School* and was prepared just last year by Blitzer and Ross from research done by Dr. Paul R. Mort of Teachers College, Columbia University. You can get a copy for a nominal sum from the Metropolitan School Study Council, 525 West 120th Street, New York 27."

Dr. Willoughby leaned back in his chair. "Let's start with the boss," he said. "I mean the principal or whoever's the chief administrative officer in your school. Does he have a Master's degree? Is he free to give his full attention to running the school, or must he teach too? Does he have enough office help to relieve him of paper work? Is he retained on a twelve-month basis so that he can be there during the summer to get things ready for a fresh school year ahead? Has he checked with any educational experts other than his own superiors lately, to get new ideas?

"Blowing my own horn a bit," Dr. Willoughby went on. "I happen to be a close friend of Dr. Stanton Leggett. He's with the big educational consultant firm of Engelhardt, Engelhardt and Leggett in New York City, at 300 Park Avenue. He has great new ideas for better schools. You can even write to him."

"How about some of these ideas this Leggett's bursting with?" said Tom Gates.

Dr. Willoughby gave them samples. "Does your school have at least two private talks between parent and teacher per year? Is the school big enough so that double sessions—some children go in the morning, others in the afternoon—are unnecessary? If it isn't, why hasn't there been a municipal bond issue or a bigger cut from taxes to do something about it? Is the teaching staff big enough to permit classes somewhere near the ideal size of twenty to twenty-five pupils per teacher? Do the teachers get a break of an hour or so, entirely free of any duties, some time during the school day? Do most of them have a Master's degree and is the School Board backing them financially to further their own education and make them better teachers? Here's an idea of Dr. Mort's that Stan Leggett and I both like especially: Are the teachers in your school on the job, *with pay*, for at least a week before school begins, so as to have everything ready to welcome the children back?"

Tom and Clara exchanged surprised, approving glances.

Dr. Willoughby went on thoughtfully. "The average person can see for himself whether building and grounds are kept neat and clean. And you might ask these general questions:

Is the building inspected at least once a year by fire or building authorities? Is fireproof construction part of the municipal building code for schools? Are fire drills held with unvarying regularity under the eyes of a Fire Department official? Is there a full-time custodian or janitor or maintenance man with clearly defined boiler-room duties? Do the children have hot running water at all times to wash up? You know in American cities—not rural districts, mind you—we must still ask if a school has flush toilets."

Dr. Willoughby handed Tom and Clara a more detailed list of building questions.

"Visitors especially," he warned, "can never put their fingers on things like school spirit or a teacher's personality. But you can find out if a teacher has freedom in choosing methods to suit the class and materials to match, or if he or she is being forced into a rut. I'd ask if books, pictures, films, recordings and other audio-visual aids are used to vary pace and fill in gaps. Is the child being taught as an *individual*? Do pupils work in groups as well as singly? Is classroom furniture adapted to variation or is it screwed down in rows? Are bulletin boards used even in corridors to display the children's work? Is it school policy to link what they learn to the children's daily lives? Does the school have a guidance expert, with at least a lighter teaching load, for private conferences with individual students?

"And above all," said Dr. Willoughby earnestly, "look at the children themselves. Make friends with your own children's friends. Find out if they're happy, if they like school. If the answer is yes—all other things being equal—your school is probably a good one."

Tom and Clara went right to work, sparing what time they could and finding they could spare more than they thought. Tom had the question lists mimeographed and squads of parents fanned out through Weatherton schools. A month or so later they put all their notes together and three couples made an appointment to call on Dr. Nichols, Superintendent of Schools. He was glad to see them.

He knew the schools weren't up to snuff, he said, but this parents' report was just the thing he needed to win his next budget battle with the Board of Estimate. Would the parents back him up in person? They would and did. The Board listened attentively to its fellow citizens, then voted most of the money Dr. Nichols proved to them he needed.

Today, thanks to a woman who wondered why her children had no homework, the most glaring defects in Weatherton's school system are all but wiped out. Weatherton's parents will never again be content with standing still.

THE END

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MARTHA LOGAN'S

Fried Meat Pies

Yield: 5 pies

Wonderful way
to use left overs!

Piecrust: Follow standard recipe (using 2 c. flour and 3/4 c. Swift'ning.) Extra rich, Swift'ning makes flakier pastry than any other all-purpose shortening. Use a 4" tart pan for each pie, fill, seal well, and turn out before frying.

Filling: Make 2 c. thick white sauce. Swift'ning—pure, rich and tasteless—is ideal for this. Cool 1 cup white sauce and combine with 1 tsp. curry powder and 2 1/2 c. chopped cooked meat or poultry.

To Fry: In a deep skillet, heat 1" melted Swift'ning to 360°F. or until bread cube browns in 50 seconds. (No "off" odors when you fry with Swift'ning!) Carefully lower pies into pan. Fry until light brown; about 10 min., turning once. Lift pies slightly from time to time with spatula to brown evenly; drain on paper. Swift'ning-fried, they'll be crisp and light and digestible. Garnish with pimiento. Serve with hot sauce made by adding milk and chopped parsley to remaining cup white sauce.

*Swift'ning is the trade-mark for Swift & Company's Shortening.

ROOM FOR EVERYTHING

BY MARY BROOKS PICKEN

► Every time Roy Hutchinson's wife happened to go into anyone's home in the years before they built theirs, her friendly blue eyes took in all the nice things about it. Some day, she and Roy were planning, they would build their own and lots of preliminary eye-shopping would be needed to make it come out as they were dreaming it. So she never tired of hearing and seeing what other people had done to their houses and why, and whether the idea had stood up under time and use. She clipped pictures from all kinds of printed matter and catalogued them; she roamed in shops and mused over exhibits. Hunting for the substance of things she'd seen in her dreams, she was on the lookout too for good things she hadn't happened to dream about.

She and the boss held sessions for sifting and comparing, discarding and grouping; and time waltzed right along to the day when they found the right piece of land for their house. It's in Weston, Connecticut. That town suits the Hutchinsons. They like the coziness of the countryside (that's Noel Coward's word for it.) Pretty woods are a short walk from an amiable spread of water, and there are plenty of congenial neighbors. They found a builder with an eighteen-year-old son trained in architecture. He has several beautiful houses to show for his talent. They called him in. He listened to them and they listened to him and each got the other's point of view. Of course long consideration had made the Hutchinsons' ideas so definite that it didn't take a great while for the live-minded young professional to make them add up to a finished plan and get it onto his drawing boards. Where do you bet Mrs. Hutchinson was when the first shovelful of dirt was dug and tossed? Yes. And she was right there, too, when the first stone was set and when the first joist was put in place. She never skipped a daily visit to the house while it was being built. But it wasn't because she had nothing else to do. She was assembling the furnishings, and you know what that means. Pieces from their apartment in New York had to be face-lifted or adapted in some way to their assignment in Connecticut. Diane is a good shopper. A number of antique experts and second-hand dealers got to know her during this interval and to respect her judgment. She knew the right thing when she saw it, for the interior she had planned. She bought some new things, of course—the lovely floor coverings, all the furniture in the television room and all the draperies. In her kitchen (she likes to cook and is a master hand at it) are cabinets of pine boarding and a built-in oven. She keeps her flour, sugar and other dry supplies in handsome apothecary jars. There's a breakfast table—not a nook. Guests who glance into this room walk right in and sit down, and you can't budge them.

Photographer: William F. Howland
Rug: Alexander Smith Carpet Co.
Sofa Fabric: Morton Sundown
Chair Fabric: Kendall
Drapery Fabric: D. N. & E. Walter & Co.



Here's a real television room (above) and a lovelier one you would have to hunt to find. The Admiral TV holds place of honor. On the right Mrs. Hutchinson stands in the doorway of house.





FALL-TIME VEGETABLES (Continued from page 31)

SWEET POTATO, SOUTHERN STYLE

4 medium sweet potatoes or yams

¾ cup maple flavored syrup

¾ teaspoon salt

Few grains pepper

½ teaspoon nutmeg

1 cup corn flakes

3 tablespoons butter or margarine

Cook the sweet potatoes in a large quantity of boiling water until tender or use the canned. Peel and cut in half. Mix the maple syrup, salt, pepper and nutmeg together. Dip the potato halves in syrup and place in buttered baking dish. Pour over the remaining syrup. Place under broiler, about 4" from heat and broil, basting frequently, until potatoes are glazed. Crush the cornflakes. Melt butter or margarine and mix with the cornflakes. Sprinkle over potatoes and return to broiler until cornflakes are browned. Serves 4.

BAKED ZUCCHINI AND CORN

1 pound zucchini

1 small onion

½ clove garlic

½ green pepper

3 eggs

2 tablespoons butter or margarine

2 tablespoons salad oil

1 cup cooked kernel corn

½ cup grated sharp cheese

½ teaspoon salt

½ teaspoon pepper

Wash zucchini well; do not peel. Cut into ¼" slices. Add to pan containing one-half cup boiling water and cook for 10 minutes. Drain well. Meanwhile, peel and cut onion in fine pieces; chop garlic fine. Cut green pepper into small pieces. Separate the eggs. Beat yolks until bubbly. Start oven at 350 F or moderate. Put butter or margarine and oil in pan and heat until butter is melted. Add onion, garlic, green pepper and cook until tender and lightly browned. Mix zucchini, corn, cheese, egg yolks, cooked vegetables, salt, pepper together. Beat egg whites until stiff enough to hold soft peaks and gently stir into mixture.

Pour into a greased medium casserole. Put casserole in pan of warm water and bake for 1 hour. Serves 4.

EGGPLANT CREOLE

1 medium eggplant

1 medium onion

2 fresh tomatoes

½ cup salad or olive oil

1 teaspoon salt

½ teaspoon pepper

½ teaspoon thyme

1 can tomato paste

½ cup water

Start oven at 350 F. or moderate. Peel the eggplant and cut into ¼" slices. Peel onions and tomatoes. Chop onions fine; slice to-

mates. Heat the oil; add the eggplant slices and fry until brown on each side. Remove from pan. Add onions to oil and cook until tender. Add salt, pepper, thyme, tomato paste, and water to onions. Mix together well. Place eggplant in bottom of 2 quart casserole, and then sliced tomatoes. Pour tomato paste mixture over eggplant and tomatoes. Cover. Bake for 20 minutes. Remove cover and bake 20 minutes longer. Serves 6.

STUFFED PEPPERS

4 medium green peppers

1 medium onion

3 fresh tomatoes

4 slices bacon

½ teaspoon salt

½ teaspoon pepper

½ cup quick-cooking rice

Wash peppers; cut slice off top and remove seeds. Cut onion in thin slices. Peel tomato and chop in small pieces. Fry bacon strips until crisp. Remove from pan; drain. When cold break into pieces. Add onions to bacon fat and cook until tender and browned. Add tomatoes, salt, pepper, bacon pieces to onion. Stir in rice.

Start oven at 350 F. or moderate. Fill the peppers almost full of mixture. Place in casserole with ¼ cup water. Cover and bake for 30 minutes. Remove cover; bake 10 minutes longer. Serves 4.

THE END

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MM-M-CRISP, TENDER WITH TOASTY NUT-LIKE FLAVOR!

SAY MOM-HERE'S A REAL TREAT FOR BREAKFAST!

QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT & RICE

COOKED, SKILLET STYLE (Continued from page 32)

SKILLET SUPPER

2 large onions
2 medium potatoes
1 green pepper
2 cups shredded cabbage
3 stalks celery
2 medium tomatoes
2 strips bacon
1 pound ground beef
1/4 cup soy sauce
1/2 cup water

Peel onions; cut in thin slices. Peel potatoes; cut in strips. Cut off top of green pepper and remove membrane and seeds, cut in strips. Slice the cabbage on a shredder. Cut celery in small pieces, and tomatoes in slices. Cut the bacon into 1/4" pieces and cook until crisp. Add sliced onions, beef; cook until beef is browned. Stir in soy sauce and water. Add the vegetables in layers. Cover; cook over high heat for 1 minute, reduce heat and cook slowly for 15 minutes longer. Serves 4.

SKILLET HAM CREOLE

1 slice ham, 1/4" thick
1 large onion
3 sprigs parsley
1 medium green pepper
2 tablespoons fat
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 (No. 2) can tomatoes
1 cup rice
1 1/2 cups water

Cut ham into 1/4" strips. Cut onion in thin slices. Chop parsley fine. Remove top and seeds of green pepper; chop in small pieces. Melt fat; add ham; fry until browned. Add onion, parsley, green pepper; fry until vegetables are tender. Add salt, pepper and tomatoes. Cover tightly and bring to a boil over high heat. Sprinkle rice over top. Pour in water. Cover tightly and bring to boil. Reduce heat and cook slowly for 30 minutes or until rice is fully cooked. Serves 6.

STUFFED CABBAGE ROLLS

1/2 cup raw rice
1 medium cabbage
1/2 onion
1 tablespoon fat
1/2 pound ground beef
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1/8 teaspoon thyme
1 cup tomato juice

Cook the rice. Remove eight large outer leaves from cabbage. Cook in large amount of boiling salted water for about 5 minutes or until tender enough to roll. Chop enough of the remaining cabbage to make 1 cup. Peel onion; chop fine. Melt the fat; add the onion and ground meat and cook until meat is browned. Remove from heat. Add the cooked rice, chopped cabbage, salt, pepper, thyme. Divide the filling among the 8 cabbage leaves. Roll; place in skillet. Pour over tomato juice. Cover; cook 40 minutes. Serves 4.



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Johnson's Baby Products!



When you buy cotton tips...
buy the dependable
JOHNSON'S brand!

I WANT MY DADDY (Continued from page 21)

with her sex?

2. Will she be well-liked and popular with the boys, accepting their attentions modestly and naturally?

3. Will she learn to tell good men from bad, avoid unhappy sexual misadventures as she grows up?

4. Will she make a good marriage?

Every father hopes and even prays as his daughter begins to grow up that she will avoid wild behavior, loose morals or an ill-advised, runaway marriage. But a good, affectionate father relationship is a better safeguard for a teenage girl than dating rules, hygiene lectures or stern midnight curfews.

The problem may seem remote to you if your pigtainer is only four years old, but just glance at the headlines or talk with the parents of the pretty fifteen-year-old down the street! A few hours of fatherly companionship for your daughter now will mean that ten years from now you will be able to say with confidence, "Jane can be trusted!"

For both boys and girls the mother—a female—is the first human being to be loved. Your boy, as he grows older, won't find it too difficult to accept the fact that he can't marry his mother (although four-year-olds often announce that they are going to do so!), but there are other females in the world, and a nice one, like mother, will surely be found for him!

Your daughter, however, has a slightly more difficult problem. Sometime during her third to sixth year, she will switch her affections to her father. For a while, she will be "daddy's girl," in a big way. Mothers who don't understand that this is a perfectly natural way for her daughter to prepare for a normal marriage of her own some day, are sometimes deeply hurt.

"Don't come crying to me," you have probably heard the mother of a four-year-old snap at her little girl. "You're so crazy about your father—let him take care of you!"

This is foolish, of course, and cruel and damaging. Once your daughter has assured herself that her father finds her lovable, her affection will encompass you again more warmly than before. At seven or eight she will look up at you, starry-eyed, try to wear your shoes, cosmetics, dresses and apron.

But if there is a little jealousy in the heart of the mother whose little girl is going through the, "I want my daddy," stage, it is better than the suffering which is almost certainly in store for the girl whose father neglects her.

The little girl whose father jilts her in what is quite plainly her first love affair will regard all the other men she meets with bitterness and suspicion. Because her father has "stood her up," she will decide that she is not loveable. People who think poorly of themselves are rarely thought well of by others.

Girls whose relationships with their fathers have been poor, or lacking altogether, are most often the ones who elope at fifteen or go in for sexual promiscuity because it brings them, temporarily, the feeling of being loved and important.

"Fatherless" girls who escape real disasters of this kind often make unhappy marriages. They may marry men who are sincerely in love with them, but they never become convinced of that love and they never let down their guard. Instead, they devote their married lives to punishing their husbands by nagging, throwing tantrums, becoming spendthrifts, picking quarrels or lapsing into long periods of hurt silence—revenging themselves on their mates for the childhood hurts inflicted by their fathers!

Fathers who want to have happy womanly daughters should begin to build their relationship from the day they're born. The best way to communicate with a very tiny infant is through skin contact. Fathers are sometimes afraid to hold their babies while they're still wobbly, but you can assure your husband that even very young babies are really awfully tough and won't break. Your little daughter should learn before she is six weeks old that there is another person in her life, quite different from her mother. She may not recognize his face for quite a while, but she will know that this other person is bigger, harder-muscled and has a deeper voice.

It is not necessary as your baby grows older for your husband to take an equal share in bathing, changing diapers or preparing food. Although he will undoubtedly do these things occasionally, the mere physical contact is what is important at this stage of the game.

As your little girl rounds out her third year, she will begin to make an openly flirtatious play for your husband's attention. Of course, he can still teach her to swing a hammer or throw a ball, but he should respond to her advances by paying tribute to her as a girl. Don't chide him when he tells her that she is pretty. See that he comments when she wears a new dress.

At seven or eight, a new spurt of growth will make a startling change in your little girl's appearance. Even the child who at five was a fairy princess, golden-haired, dainty and rosebud sweet, will stretch out into a gawky stringbean.

Within the year, she will stop playing with dolls and begin to climb trees. It's the tomboy stage and her father should help her enjoy it. Give her a baseball and bat, if that's what she wants, and never say, "Girls can't be cowboys!"

The fact of her sex should not be used to keep her from accompanying her father and brothers on camping trips or hikes. If she has

no brothers, her father will still need to take her fishing, teach her to help change a tire. He ought to make a real effort, too, to know her friends, to distinguish their grubby little faces and call all by their right nicknames. This is a period of father worship. The good father, however, will also be careful not to dominate his daughter so that she becomes too devoted to him. He does not want to keep her at this stage forever, like some neurotic fathers who feel that their wives are not giving them all the attention they deserve.

The good father will see beneath all the tomboy behavior and beyond all the fervent declarations of, "Oh, gee, I wish I could be a boy!" He will know that she is deeply aware of her growing femininity. It's just that when she looks at her mother she feels pretty hopeless about it. Her mother, probably by this time in her early thirties, is in the full bloom of womanhood. Her figure is full and rounded, she has learned the knack of keeping her hair straight and her clothes neat, and she can serve tea and cook and make beds without wrinkles and do all the ladylike things so effortlessly. It seems to her discouraged little daughter that she can never learn these arts and that it would be easier to be a boy!

He is waiting for both her mother and father to guide her gently along the path to girlhood. Now is the time to stimulate interest in piano lessons, dancing and other traditionally feminine interests. Admire nailpolish, even if it has been applied over cracked and dirty fingernails. Don't tease her when the boys in the neighborhood begin to carry her books or pull her hair ribbons. Gradually, the hoyden with the catcher's mitt will give way to the young lady with the embroidery frame, but it will be easier if her father praises fully both her fancy-work and her put-outs at first base.

Without this groundwork it is exceedingly difficult to build the more mature relationship that begins at adolescence. Fathers, in those early teen-age years, should strive to keep from being over-critical. This is often difficult, for first boy friends are usually perfectly awful. But if he has been a good father, your husband need have no real fears about your daughter's taste in men. From now until her wedding day, she will compare every boy she meets with daddy. His sobriety, piety, fidelity and sense of responsibility are all being weighed in the balance. Will they meet the test? Will your husband succeed in giving your daughter a high standard by which to take the measure of a man? You'll know, fifteen or twenty years from now, when she brings a nervous youth into the living room one evening and says, "This is the man I'm going to marry."

THE END

Put that \$100 gleam in your hair!

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Wildroot gleam girl, Diane Chervil of Omaha, Neb. says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo rinses away like magic . . . gleams my hair without a special rinse . . . leaves it radiantly alive."



Wildroot gleam girl, Tommie Hender, Vancouver, B.C., says, "Lady Wildroot Shampoo makes my hair gleam because it gets it so clean."



Wildroot gleam girl, Barbara Ellen Myers of New York says, "I love the good smell of Lady Wildroot Shampoo . . . 'n mother says it never leaves a dull film 'cause it rinses right out."

Does your hair have that \$100 gleam? Does it sparkle with highlights . . . does it have that alive look? Sounds like you've discovered new Lady Wildroot Shampoo . . . the liquid cream shampoo that gleams as it cleans . . . cleans as it gleams.

You see, Lady Wildroot Shampoo is more than just a liquid . . . more than just a cream! It's a combination of the best of both. It's a soapless shampoo plus soothing lanolin. Watch it foam into a quick lather for deep-down cleansing. Feel it leave

your hair soft, silky, in all its natural beauty . . . with just enough body to take a quick set . . . and to hold that set!

For a clean . . . deep-clean scalp . . . for softly gleaming, radiant hair . . . for manageable hair that never needs a special rinse . . . for a soft shampoo that protects your hair . . . try new Lady Wildroot Shampoo today!

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Want to win \$100? Want to have your picture in a Wildroot ad? Just send a snapshot or photo (not more than 8 x 10 inches in size) that shows your hair after using Lady Wildroot Shampoo, plus a Lady Wildroot Shampoo box top, to Lady Wildroot Shampoo Model Hunt, P. O. Box 189, New York 46, N. Y. Print your name and address on back of picture.

If your photo is chosen, a famous artist will paint your portrait from it for use in a Wildroot ad, and Wildroot will pay you \$100. Judges will be a New York Artist and art director. Decisions of the judges are final. No photos will be returned. Offer is good only in 1952. Send in your photo today. And keep that \$100 gleam in your hair just by using Lady Wildroot Shampoo!

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MAKE IT YOURSELF

TO MAKE THE TABLECLOTH MOTIFS

MATERIALS: Daisy Mercerized Crochet Cotton (made by Lily Thread Co.), size 20, white. One 400 yd. skein makes 32 medallions. For a cloth 55" x 70" 21 skeins of Daisy will be needed. $\frac{3}{4}$ " wide Hairpin Lace Staple, Crochet Hook size 12. Each motif is $2\frac{1}{2}$ " square.

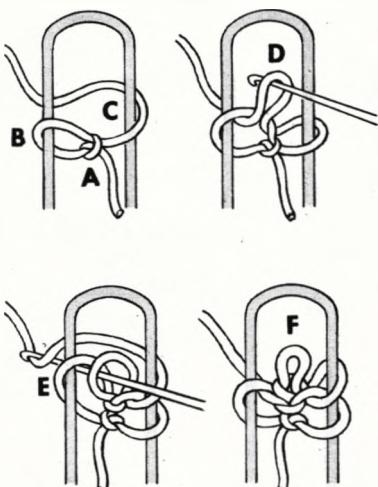
abbreviations

ch—chain	lp—loop
st—stitch	sl—slip
sc—single crochet	sp—space
dc—double crochet	tr—treble

TO MAKE HAIRPIN LACE: With crochet hook, make a loose ch st. Take hook out of st and insert one prong of staple thru st, as at B. Draw out until knot is halfway between prongs, as at A, then bring the thread front and around right-hand prong, as at C. Insert hook through lp around left-hand prong, draw thread thru, making a lp, as at D. *Withdraw crochet hook. Now turn staple over once to the left (which makes a lp over the right prong). Insert crochet hook thru lp and then thru front thread of lp on left, as at E. Draw thread thru two lps to make a sc, as at F. Repeat from*. Continue for desired length. As prongs become covered with lps, the lps can be easily slipped off the staple prongs, leaving last 4 lps in position. Continue working as before. Some prefer to hold prongs of the staple with open end upward, making lps in the same manner. Make 32 lps of hairpin lace on each prong. Remove from hairpin lace staple, and join last sc made to first sc neatly so that hairpin lace is in a circle. Cut thread.

To Join Loops of Hairpin Lace for Center:

Join thread in one lp at center.



(Keeping the twist in all lps, draw thread thru next 4 lps, ch 1) 8 times. Tie threads and cut.

TO CROCHET OUTER EDGE AND COMPLETE EACH MOTIF: Tie thread to one lp of outer edge of hairpin lace. Row 1: Keeping all lps straight, sl st in 1st lp, ch 2, (sl st in next lp, ch 2) 31 times, join with sc in 1st lp. Row 2: Sl st into center of this last ch-2 sp, turn, (ch 3, sc in next ch-2 sp) 31 times, ch 1, dc in last sp. Row 3: *Ch 5, 2 tr in same lp, ch 9, 2 tr in same lp, ch 5, sl st in same lp, ch 5, skip next 3-ch lp, (2 dc, ch 5, 2 dc) in next lp, ch 5, skip next lp, sl st in next lp, ch 5, skip next lp, (2 dc, ch 5, 2 dc) in next lp, ch 5, skip next lp, sl st in next lp. Repeat from * 3 more times. Fasten off. Second motif: Join to 1st motif at center of corner ch-9 lps and edge ch-5 lps. Continue making and joining motifs until cloth is desired size. An overhang of 3 motifs sides and ends is usually sufficient. Some like to make such cloths to come only to edges of table without an overhang. These motifs joined to achieve desired size make beautiful doilies and runners for table, buffet or dresser.

Everywoman's presents

Samuel Edelson



M367—Misses and women's half size coat. Comes in sizes $14\frac{1}{2}$ - $24\frac{1}{2}$. Sizes $16\frac{1}{2}$ takes $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 54-inch fabric; $\frac{1}{8}$ yard 35-inch nap contrast.

A604—Misses and women's half size suit. Comes in sizes $14\frac{1}{2}$ - $24\frac{1}{2}$. Size $16\frac{1}{2}$ takes 3 yards 54-inch fabric.

Send FIFTY CENTS (in coins) for each pattern to: EVERYWOMAN'S, Pattern Department, P.O. Box 88, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N.Y. In Canada: Box 146, Terminal A, Toronto, Ontario.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

PATTERN..... SIZE..... AMOUNT ENCL.....

THE DOUBLE-BARRELLED DAY DREAM (Continued from page 16)

"But we got to be as quiet as we can from now on in, else we're apt to scare off every duck between here and Halifax."

Working closer to shore, he found a break in the tangles of growth and they floated into a small pool surrounded by thick rushes.

"Boy," Lute whispered, "this sure is a secret place!"

"You betcha," Doc agreed. "Best natural blind I ever seen. Ducks come risin' out of the marshes back there and fly over here so low, you can just reach up and pluck 'em. Hardly need a gun at all."

Lute reached out and gently ran his fingers over the silky-smooth gun stock. "That's a real old gun," he murmured.

"It's old," Doc acknowledged, giving it a pat. Then he looked up at the brightening sky, scratched his nose, and added, "And pretty famous, t'boot. Son," he said, like he didn't know whether he should tell, "Did you ever hear mention of the shot heard round the world?"

"Sure I have."

"Son," Doc sighed, as if it pained him to say, "you're havin' the rare privilege of sittin' in the same boat with the gun that did the shootin'. Fired by my Deevers ancestor as fought with the embattled farmers at Lexington."

"Jeepers," Lute breathed. "Must be the loudest shootin' gun ever!"

"Oh, it ain't that it actchelly makes such a loud noise," Doc assured. "What they meant was that it was so important. That there shot was the one that set off the entire American Revolution—got it started with a bang, you might say."

Doc rubbed his pipe against his cheek to give the wood a polish. "I got it restored back to the Deevers after my ancestor gave it away. . . . Interestin' how it happened, too . . . how he come to part with it. . . . It was right after the Revolution, as the story goes, and he'd gone back to his blacksmithin' business"

The clanging of the blacksmith's hammer trembled the distant Vermont hills. The blacksmith, was a busy man. Walloping big feller, he was, toiling away in the shade of the spreading Liberty Tree. Voice on him like a bull moose, and whenever he came to strike a weld, he'd holler out a dedication. "The Union forever! One nation indivisible!"

This particular morning he'd been on the job for three or four hours when a tall, white-wigged traveller galloped up the road and pulled up sharp in front of his shop. Expecting the feller would soon move on, being probably only another sightseer on his way to Bunker Hill, the blacksmith flipped him a quick wave and kept right on with his work. But the stranger leaned on his saddlehorn and watched.

Now the blacksmith couldn't

stand to have somebody looking over his shoulder that way, so he set down his hammer.

"It's a great mornin' to be alive and bolsterin' the common welfare, Mister!" he sang out.

"Yup," the feller said.

"You by any chance called by the name of Deevers?"

"That's me."

"Well, then," the stranger grinned, swinging down out of the saddle, "I got business with you. My name's George Washington."

"General George!"

"I been gallopin' all up and down these glorious States," said

General George, "lookin' for the feller as fired this here 'shot heard round the world.' Now folks around here been tellin' me that you're the man I'm after."

Habakkuk hedged a bit, but he finally had to own up. "I'm the feller," he admitted, "so help me, General, I cannot tell a lie." And with that, G. W. started pumping his hand with so much gizzum, their two arms were blurs to the elbows. "Congratulations!" he said. "Your country's proud of you, and I'm gonna see to it personally that you get some really big doin's done

(Continued on page 50)



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(Continued from page 49)
in your honor!"

"Oh, no," Habakkuk protested. "All I want is to be left alone with no fuss, so's I can get this backlog of blacksmithin' cleaned up."

The General shot him a regular truth-digger of a look. "You mean to tell me you'd rather stay here and wrestle with this mess of rusty refuse when you could be takin' yourself a little flyer down on Easy Street?"

Habakkuk allowed that was about the way he felt, but the General was still set on arranging some kind of a tribute. He gave it a heavy think.

"I got it!" he beamed. "Why don't you let me take that gun of yours

back down to Washington with me, and I'll fix it up as a sort of memorial—put it someplace so's folks can see it. We could maybe set it out with Martha's whatnots in the White House parlor. How's that hit you?"

"Like a whackin' good notion," Habakkuk declared, fidgeting he was lucky to escape being a celebrity.

"If you're ever down my way, Habby," the General said, as he mounted to the saddle, "be sure to look me up. I'm in the book, you know."

"So he gave his gun to George Washington," Lute meditated.

"Sure did. But it was a sorry day for the Deevers and the nation,"

Doc said, "because he took to pinin' after that. Died of melancholy at the age of eighty-four. Pretty young for a Deevers." Doc yawned. He lifted his head and peered back into the marshes. "Wonder where all the ducks are today?"

Lute said it was sure odd. But he didn't care if the ducks never came. "What happened after that?"

"That's another story," Doc said pensively. "All the Deevers men between me and Habakkuk tried to get it restored to the family, every mother's son of 'em. Because it long ago got back to us that General George had been so busy when he returned home to the White House that the whole matter just naturally slipped his mind. Seems that the gun just knocked around from one place to another down there for years, until it finally ended up as a double-duty doorstop and paper-weight in the Bureau of Indian Affairs. . . ."

The two of them sat there awhile, making little breathing sounds and shaking their heads. Then Doc cocked one eye at the sun. "Goshamighty," he said, "it must be gettin' near time for lunch."

"Goshamighty, yes," Lute agreed, and he reached under the seat to haul out the bag of sandwiches and fruit his mother had packed.

"Now would you believe it?" Doc exclaimed, thrashing through his gear. "You know what I done?"

"What?"

"I left my box of lunch sittin' on the table at home."

"Don't worry," Lute said, "I got plenty for both of us."

"Goor," Doc munched, "sure torstes goord."

MM," Lute gulped so that he could ask, "So who got the gun away from there?"

"Well, it wasn't until years later, at the close of the Cuban fracas, that yours-truly managed to bring 'er home to roost for good and all."

"You fought the Spanish-American War with it?" Lute supposed.

"Nope, I didn't. I fought the Spanish-American War mostly with my head," Doc claimed suggestively, "—with my little old kabeezer."

The year was 1898 and the temperature was 169. In the shade. In July. In Cuba. At the foot of San Juan Hill. In the southern-fried encampment of Colonel Teddy's saddle-bustin', harness-happy Rough Riders. Great bunch of boys. Born to the leather and weaned on wild oats. Not a straight pair of legs in the outfit. Looked like a convention of human parentheses.

The thermometers spouted like fountains and the water holes were as dry as Temperance picnics, but Colonel Teddy hardly noticed at all. He sat in his tent with the flaps down, poring over a big wrinkled map. He looked like the front of an old Pierce-Arrow with hair growing on the bumper.

"Now let's see," he muttered, "if we heads west, over this way, then

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maybe by swingin' off sharp and . . . But no!" He pounded his fist down on the table. "No, we can't do that!" he groaned.

The tall bronzed figure reclining on a cot at the far end of the tent stirred, and the handsome lean face of Lieutenant Tremont Deevers (for it was he) turned a look of deep concern toward his superior officer. Silently, he arose and, in the effortless gait of an Apache scout, moved his impeccably uniformed person into the light. His deep, rich voice asked, "What's eatin' you, Colonel?"

The Colonel's mustache rose up like the hackles on a mad dog's neck. "Deevers. I got a problem, a *treemenis problem!*" he glowered, crouching over the chart. "You see this place here," he pointed.

"Well, that's us. Now you see this other place over here, where somebody left a cigar burnin'?"

"Well, that's Santiago, our final objective."

"I see," the Lieutenant nodded. "And what's this place in between?"

PRECARIOUS POSITION

Situation?

Not so hot.

Money's gone.

Month is not!

Helen Houston Boileau

"That's the whole confounded trouble!" the Colonel grumbled. "That's San Juan Hill! She's right in our way! And I can't figger out no means to get around 'er so's we can move on and capture Santiago."

Lieutenant Deevers gripped the edge of the table. "Go around 'er?" he whispered hoarsely. "Go around San Juan Hill? You mean . . . you mean you ain't gonna charge up 'er?"

"Not if I can help it, I ain't!"

The younger officer brushed one fluttering hand across his high, classic forehead. "Bu-but . . ." he stammered weakly, "you just got to charge up San Juan Hill!"

"Awrr," the Colonel growled, "I'll be blamed if I do!"

"You'll be blamed if you don't," Deevers warned. "Listen here, Colonel, there ain't no course open for you but to charge up that there hill, win this here war, and get to be elected President of the U. S. of A.!"

Well, T.R. just settled down and gave the matter a second rinse in the old gray suds, he did. Then he hopped to his feet and yanked out his sword. "All right, then!" he roared, swinging the blade around over his head and shredding the tent so's it looked like a canvas corn crib. "All right!" he bayed. "We'll charge right persnickety up 'er with the bugles ablowin', and the flags flyin', and the rifles crackin', and . . ." Suddenly the sword drooped. "Only one thing troubles me."

"What's that?"

"There's a Spanish blockhouse sittin' up on top there, and we got to somehow find out how strong that place is garrisoned."

Lieutenant Deevers wiped the air with the flat of one reassuring hand. "That ain't no problem at all, Colonel. I'll have all the information you need inside of two hours."

"But you can't send a man up there in broad daylight."

Deevers grinned. "—That's why I'm goin' myself."

"You're goin'?" the Colonel mooed. "You're goin' loony, that's what! You don't know what you're about!"

"I sure do, Colonel," Deevers replied, fishing a small pair of dice out of his tunic pocket, "I'm about a half hour early for lunch at the San Juan blockhouse!" And with that he marched out of the tent.

Lute no more than got his mouth open before Doc held up his hand for silence. "I know what you're gonna ask," he said. "How did I ever manage to get up to the blockhouse and what did the dice have to do with it?"

"Yeah," Lute said eagerly.

Doc peeled his banana carefully, as if the answers were all on the inside. "Well," he said, cropping off the top three inches, "first thing I did was pay a little visit to the compound where we kept the Spanish prisoners, my object bein' to find one who was my size and broke. And when I finally hit on a likely prospect, I got him aside and told him a couple of funny stories in pure Castilian, rattlin' the dice all the while. Not in a pointed way, mind you, but just kind of casually as I was talkin'. Well, his eyes lit up. I made a few idle passes against the stump of an old tree, and the first thing I knew, I was rollin' for his coat. One thing led to another, and with Fortune breathin' hot on my neck, it wasn't no time at all before this feller's wardrobe was down to a waxed goatee."

"You won all his clothes off him?" Lute guffawed.

"He didn't have so much as a scrap of lint to separate his skin from the weather, but bein' a cheerful loser, he smiled and bowed and shook my hand. So I explained to him that we weren't playin' for keeps, and I'd return his things to him in a very short while. Then I set out for our front lines, where I informed the sentries of my plan of operation."

"You told them you was gonna put on the Spanish uniform and . . ."

"Precisely!" Doc said, snatching the conversation back with a flourish of the banana. "I donned them foreign duds and started creepin' up the hill on my hands and knees —backwards."

"Backwards?"

Doc fingered his jaw and winked. "A carefully thought-out maneuver to convince them fellers in the blockhouse that I was one of their (Continued on page 52)



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Fabulous New Lotion Shampoo by Toni

(Continued from page 51)
own men creepin' down to reconnoiter on us! Get it? Well, it worked like a Zulu charm, and inside of ten minutes, I was bibbed and sittin' in the Spanish officers' mess, forkin' away at a pile of flapjacks and molasses with sausage on the side."

"They eat flapjacks, the Spaniards?" Lute asked in surprise.

"Sure do, call 'em *los cakes de la griddle*. So I et my fill, as I said, and wandered around the blockhouse drawin' diagrams and countin' noses, all the time jabberin' their lingo and passin' for one of the muchachos, until I began to notice everybody was kind of wilitin' in their tracks and fallin' off into slumber. Sleepin' sickness, I thought it was, but I was wrong."

"Maybe they was tired from waitin' for the Rough Riders to charge," Lute suggested.

"Nope, nothin' like that," Doc wagged. "It was just a habit."

"And did you capture 'em all single-handed while they was sleepin'?"

I could have," Doc sighed a little remorsefully, "but I restrained myself out of loyalty to Colonel Teddy. I just took moves to insure the fall of the blockhouse."

"Did you put dynamite all around, and light the fuses?"

"What?" Doc snorted. "And run the risk of somebody gettin' hurt? Why that would have been a most unhuman thing to do! No, sir, I simply whanged open the bung-holes on the casks of molasses and opened the icebox door."

"Why did you do that?"

"Strategy," Doc said. "The molasses poured out all over the blockhouse, and the cold air from the icebox hardened it so's all them sleepin' Spaniards was stuck like flies on sticky paper. The ground was one big taffy bar, and when the Rough Riders went chargin' up the hill a few minutes later, there wasn't nothin' for 'em to do when they got there, but to shut the icebox door and pry their captives loose when things softened up."

"That was a smart idea!"

"It was nimble thinkin'," Doc agreed. "And Colonel Teddy was so all-fired pleased, he never forgot it. Soon as he was inaugurated President, he got in touch with me first thing and wanted to make me Secretary of the Interior, head of the Texas Rangers, and Governor of the State of New Mexico, all at once. But I just politely refused on account of I was afraid it might interfere with my big-game huntin' career. Though I did see to it that this gun was returned to the Deevers, because I figured I could use it in my business, which I did."

"And you was a big-game hunter, too," Lute reflected. "And that's the same gun that fired the 'shot heard round the world' and everything?"

"The very same, Lute boy, and in the hands of a Deevers, she's certain lead poison to whatever she's

aimed at. Why I recall. . . ."

A sudden rush of flapping soared up from the marshes behind them, like a hundred lines of wash in a Monday-morning wind. "Listen!" Lute said, "—listen to that!"

"Ducks!" Doc grunted, and he stood up so fast, Lute clutched at the sides of the tipsy boat. "I can see 'em!" Doc shouted, "they're headin' this way!" He crouched low and held the gun ready. "Quit rockin', Lute!" he whispered.

"I ain't rockin'," Lute said. But he didn't have a chance to say any more, for there was a big whirring overhead and the boat gave such a crazy lurch when the gun went off he thought sure they were blown up.

It was all over like that—quick as it happened. The sun came back, the boat rocked gently, and the ducks were gone—and so was Doc. Lute realized in a twinge of panic. "Doc!" he called.

And then, as if he'd been politely waiting at the bottom to be called, Doc bobbed up near the edge of the pool, looking altogether like a blow-eyed walrus with the pip.

In two strong pushes Lute was at Doc's side. "That's a good lad," Doc coughed gratefully, dumping himself aboard like a sack of clams. "Did we . . . did we get any ducks?"

Lute looked everywhere but in Doc's eyes. It was awful quiet all of a sudden. "Nope," he said.

Doc slapped his hands together.

"Good!" he beamed. "That was the only thing that worried me. I was afraid I'd hit one and maybe killed it or somethin'."

Lute blinked. "But wasn't that what you was aimin' to do?"

"It was," Doc acknowledged. "It was, indeed—right up until the last moment. But that last moment was fatal."

"How's that?"

"They come too close," Doc sighed. "So help me, Lute, when I looked up and found myself starin' into their beautiful, trustin' eyes, the jig was up. I couldn't do it. I just threw my aim. I'll never hunt again," he announced solemnly, squooshing the water out of his mackinaw. "I'm goin' home and apply for membership in the Audubon Society!"

Lute sat with his chin in his hand. "Baloney," he murmured, "—seagoin' baloney."

Doc near let the oar slip from his grasp. "What was that you said, Lute?" he asked, with a funny kind of shake in his voice.

"I said baloney," Lute repeated, pointing to the wax-paper package floating under Doc's feet. "You forgot to eat your baloney sandwich."

Doc tore open the wrapping and gobbled with a will. Then he left off in the middle of a chew. His eyes rolled down and he pointed at Lute's feet. "Say," he said, "I think I see somethin' down there belongin' to you."

Lute looked. "You mean the banana peel?" he asked.

"Nope, that other object—that long thing there."

"You mean . . . the gun?"

Doc winked and finished his mouthful. "She's all yours," he smiled, "all yours, on one condition."

"Sure," Lute said, all of a daze, "what is it?"

"That you never breathe a word of its history to a livin' soul." Doc whispered. "Is it a promise?"

"It's a promise."

"Good enough!" Doc said. "They'd call you a liar, most people would—and do you know why?"

"Why?"

Because they misjudge the truth to be somethin' a size-and-a-half too small to allow a man to stretch his soul. They hog-tie their dreams with a lot of bitsy facts, you see, and they no longer believe anything wonderful can happen . . . So it never does."

"But it can happen," Lute said earnestly. "Me gettin' this gun was somethin' wonderful!"

Then Doc slung the oars in the locks and pulled for home. The syncopated two-one stroke tapped strains of music inside Lute's head, and he groped around to find the words, but there weren't any. Just the rhythm and the tune and the rhyme of smiles that passed back and forth between himself and Doc.

THE END

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1. Drain 1 cup juice from a (No. 1 tall size) can fruit cocktail. Add water if necessary.
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3. Cool to unbeaten egg white consistency.
4. Whip $\frac{1}{3}$ cup icy cold evaporated milk until fluffy, using well-chilled beater and bowl; then beat in 1 tablespoon lemon juice.
5. Fold into gelatine mixture which has been beaten until fluffy and fine textured.
6. Combine with $\frac{1}{3}$ cup mayonnaise, $1\frac{1}{3}$ cups, well drained, fruit cocktail, and $\frac{1}{3}$ cup chopped nut meats. (If desired, use an additional $\frac{1}{3}$ cup fruit cocktail* instead of nuts.)
7. Turn into a large (5-cup) or (6) individual molds and chill until firm.
8. Unmold and decorate, if desired, with salad greens or mayonnaise. Or, for a dessert, decorate with additional fruit cocktail.*
9. Makes 6 to 8 servings.



*If additional fruit cocktail is used, a No. 2 size contains $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups drained fruit; No. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ size can contains 2 cups.



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THE OLD MAN KNEW A SECRET (Continued from page 18)

was no fat on his frame by the way his long coat hung on him. His face, between a heavy plaid muffler and a large fur cap, was almost hidden. He stood in the doorway a moment, wiping the cold out of his eyes and stamping his feet while his vaporous breath preceded him into the store. When he spoke, his voice sounded as if an invisible hand were pinching his nose.

"Are you the clock-doctor?" he asked Papa.

"Yes," said Papa, smiling. "Have you got one that's sick?"

Mama relaxed her hold on the ring-sizing stick. This old gentleman didn't look like a holdup man. Still . . . she lingered in back of the showcase.

"The clock is in my house," said the old man. "It's too big to carry, but I thought you might come and take a look at it."

This was a little unusual and Papa had to confer with Mama. During the interval my sisters and I drew nearer. The old man eyed us frankly, and our gaze was just as frank. We stood in a row, three little girls of thirteen, eleven and seven, staring up at the tall old man. He took off his cap and shook the snow into a nearby umbrella stand. The gesture revealed a thick thatch of snow-white hair and two cotton-tuft eyebrows under which

were brown eyes that were fiercely alive. Our interest must have amused him, because he winked at us and, reaching down, tweaked my little sister's nose.

"Alright," Papa said just then. "I can go right now. Later I'll be busy in the store."

"Right now is fine," said the stranger.

Papa went off with him and we children were hustled back to our breakfast. We wondered whether

★ ★ ★

Being adored is a nuisance. Women treat us just as Humanity treats its gods. They worship us, and are always bothering us to do something for them.

Oscar Wilde

★ ★ ★

the old man who spoke good English in such a nasal voice might have an interesting home. Although it was almost time for school we ate slowly and lingered over our dressing, hoping Papa would return and tell us about the clock that was too big to carry. But Papa didn't return.

When we came home for lunch we found Mama close to tears. Papa hadn't returned yet, and she had stupidly not thought of asking the

old man's address, and God only knew what happened to poor Papa, and now what was she to do?

We were all thrown into a panic by this news and were about to set off en masse for the nearest police station when Papa walked in. He carried a large bundle wrapped in brown paper and looked as happy as a schoolboy at three o'clock.

Mama threw herself on his neck first, then began to scold.

"How does a person bring himself to stay away so long?" she demanded. "Where have you been?"

"It was a big job," Papa said. "Wait till you hear."

"What's in there?" we children asked, pointing to the package.

Papa undid the string. The paper fell off. There stood a smiling brown bear two feet high. It stood on its hind legs. In one paw it held a miniature fiddle and in the other a tiny bow. When Papa gently tapped the head it began to turn from side to side. Instantly the front paws cooperated. The bear was playing the fiddle and turning its head in time to the ticking of the mechanism in its belly.

"How darling!" we cried. Little sister clapped her hands in delight.

"Is this what he wanted you to fix?" asked Mama.

"No, no. You should see the clock
(Continued on page 56)

Easy casserole bakes in just 20 minutes

BUSY-DAY DISH



Macaroni with Pabst-ett

2 cups (8 oz.) uncooked macaroni broken into pieces (makes 4 cups, cooked)
1-lb. Pabst-ett Pasteurized Process Cheese Spread
1/2 cup milk 1 cup soft bread crumbs
Dash cayenne pepper 2 tablespoons melted butter or Phenix
1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce Margarine

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water; rinse and drain. Melt Pabst-ett in the top of a double boiler, gradually adding milk. Stir constantly till smooth. Add seasonings; blend well. Place macaroni in casserole, pour hot Pabst-ett sauce over it. Mix with a fork. Toss crumbs with melted butter or margarine, sprinkle over macaroni. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 20 minutes.

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(Continued from page 54)

I fixed. It's bigger than me and stands on the floor. This he sent for the children to see."

And although Mama protested we'd be late for school, we stood around Papa, listening to his adventure with the old gentleman.

The big clock was old and parts of it were rusty but nothing was broken. A good cleaning would put it right again. Papa quoted what he thought was a fair price. To his surprise, the old man shook his head in disapproval.

"Is that the best price you can give me?" he asked.

"Yes. I have to take it apart, clean every piece and put it together again. And I must regulate it. Maybe I'll have to come two or three times. It's the best price."

The old man looked stern. "A family man like you with three little girls? How do you expect to support them?"

Papa was puzzled. He was accustomed to the "bargaining down" process but this was a new approach that he couldn't understand.

"It's my best price," he insisted stubbornly.

"I'm sorry," the old man said sternly. "You ask five dollars, but I won't pay less than seven."

Papa couldn't believe his ears.

"Did—did you say seven dollars?"

Now the old man was chuckling, pleased with Papa's bewilderment: "I said seven dollars. You'll have to charge more if you want to support your family. But we'll see. You do this job well, and you'll get more work."

Papa cleaned the clock and reassembled it. Then, as he was ready to leave, the old man asked him to step into another room. There on a long table that stood against the wall was the strangest assortment of mechanical objects. There were animals of all sorts and dolls dressed in the native costumes of many countries. Some were turning from side to side or wagging their heads or playing a musical instrument. Others were motionless, either because they required winding or were in need of repair.

Papa stared fascinated. "These things—do you make them yourself?" he asked.

"No, I only collect them."

"But why do you want them?"

"They keep me company. I don't like a quiet house, and these little friends of mine are almost alive."

"You have no family?"

"My family is gone."

Papa wanted to ask more, but he sensed the old man wouldn't like it. As he reached out to set the head of the brown bear moving, the old man asked, "Do you think your little girls would like to see that?"

Papa smiled. "Not only my little girls, but my wife."

"Good. Take it home and keep it for a few weeks. I'll come and get it."

Papa left with the fiddle-playing

bear and seven newly-earned dollars, and our friendship with the old gentleman began.

We somehow never referred to the old man by name. Mama gave him a name that suited him far better than any "Mr. So-and-so" possibly could. Because of his voice, she called him "The Fumfitch" which in Yiddish means the "nasal-voiced one."

There were two things about "the nasal-voiced one" that set him apart from most of the people we knew. He was Gentile. And he spoke what we called "perfect English," which made him a "real American" like most of the teachers in our school. We felt great admiration for anyone who spoke "perfect English."

One morning a week after his first visit, as we were getting ready for school, the nasal-voiced one appeared again, stamping his feet and knocking at the door. This time Mama didn't bring the ring-sizing stick. She came with a smile. He entered carrying a small square package wrapped in brown paper.

"Call the children," he said to Mama.

We didn't wait to be called. We flew in. He opened the package, watching our faces. First there was tissue paper, through which could be seen a square garden carton. He removed the tissue paper and we gazed upon huge, luscious strawberries in a bed of glossy leaves. Strawberries in January! It was unheard-of in those days.

"Where did you get them?" Mama asked wonderingly.

The old man put a long, bony finger to his lips. "It's a secret," he said, softly. He reached for the door and opened it, but turned back toward us in the doorway.

"Be sure to give some to a neighbor," he said, and was gone.

The following week his rap at the door brought us all into the store. He laughed when he saw us all eagerly awaiting him. He held a longish brown-paper package that looked as if it might contain flowers. It did. Six full-blown peonies hugging tiny ice-drops to their hearts. It was the most thrilling sight to see on a cold winter's morning.

To Mama's query, "Where did you get them?" he again answered, "It's a secret!"

As he left he reminded us, as if it were of the utmost importance, "Be sure to give some to a neighbor."

Meanwhile he kept Papa busy repairing the mechanical animals. Out of gratitude Papa always quoted less than the work was worth, and usually was paid more because that was the old man's wish. And when the work was finished, the old man would say, "Take it home and show it to the children."

Mama put the amusing little figures into the silverware window and made capital of their charm by

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(Continued from page 57)
dressing them in jewelry. People came from blocks around to see and laugh at the organ-grinding monkey with rings on its tail, or the giraffe that kept forever stretching his neck to munch at some out-of-reach necklaces, or the elephant that kept lifting and lowering its trunk adorned with bracelets.

Not only did delicacies such as alligator pears and kumquats find their way to our table, but the old gentleman began to find out little things about us and act on his knowledge.

I was a bookworm, and the most beautiful book in my recollection is still the huge, magnificently illustrated volume of *Gulliver's Travels* that the old man brought me.

My little sister, whose straight black hair and bangs reminded him of a China doll, still treasures the memory of a mechanical China doll that for months nodded daintily at everyone from the living-room mantelpiece.

"I can't give these to you," he explained. "I can only lend them. Many children have loved them before you, and I want many children to enjoy them after you."

When he asked for their return, we gave them up without a murmur

★ ★ ★

Family jokes . . . are the bond that keep families alive.

—Benson

★ ★ ★

of regret. His philosophy of "share it with someone" had become part of our daily lives.

My older sister, who was thirteen, adored pretty clothes and wore them with an air. One day the old man brought a length of sky-blue taffeta ribbon decorated with hand-painted Chinese figures. It was exquisite.

"Wouldn't it look lovely on her hair?" asked the old man, as he draped it across my older sister's curls.

"It's beautiful," said Mama. The blue of the ribbon brought out the blue of sister's eyes, and we all stood there, admiring her.

As he was leaving the old man paused at the door.

"Be sure to let your sisters wear it sometimes," he said, wagging a finger at her. She raised her chin slightly. She didn't want to lend it and was too honest to say she would if she didn't intend to.

"I never share my hair ribbons," she said. "They make them dirty."

The old man came back into the store and closed the door behind him. His dark eyes under their white brows looked more alive and purposeful than ever.

"You must share your ribbon with someone," he said. "How else can you enjoy it?"

We all watched big sister's face.

It worked a little, as if she were struggling with herself. Nobody said a word.

When the old man spoke his voice was soft and persuasive. "If you want to you can cut it in three parts, so you can have one-third all to yourself."

"But—but that would make it too small even for a bow," my sister protested.

"Well, if you want to keep it in one piece, you must lend it sometimes. That's the only way."

My sister was near to tears. I felt sorry for her, because she did love beautiful things so much.

"It's a pity to cut it," she said at last, shakily. "I'll—I'll lend it to them sometimes."

The old man patted her cheek and turned to leave. At the door he paused and turned back toward us. His face had undergone a change in the moment he'd turned away. Sadness had quenched his smile and dimmed his eyes. When he spoke it was with an effort, as if he were impelled to speak, and his eyes, although fixed on my older sister, seemed to hold our attention as if he were addressing each of us separately and intimately.

"I had a sister once, whom I loved. But when she needed my help desperately I turned her away, and tragedy was the result. There's nothing more bitter than hopeless regret. Love each other and be good to each other."

It was the only time he unburdened his heart to us.

Could it have been coincidence that I began tidying up the house for Mama while she was downstairs polishing the silverware? Or helping little sister with her arithmetic homework which we both detested? Or that I firmly stopped sneak-reading "Little Women" while I should have been practicing the piano?

Was it mere chance that my older sister let me wear her green velvet dress to my best friend's birthday party, and even went to the trouble of curling my unruly red hair with a sugar-water mixture that left it sticky for days afterwards?

And then there was the matter of Cousin Joseph.

A childless widower with no ties to detain him, Cousin Joseph wanted desperately to come to America. He kept writing Papa, "In the new country I might forget my troubles and start life afresh. If only God would grant me the passage money!"

"He asks God for it, but he expects you to send it," Mama would fume. "What does he think we are, millionaires?"

"It's enough of a struggle to feed my own little mouths," Papa would agree.

"What work could he do, and in four small rooms where could we keep him? I've got four beds to

make already; isn't that enough?" Mama would grumble. And it was quite true that our home was small and Mama, mindful of the danger of contagious disease in childhood, made each of us sleep in her own little bed.

So it had been going for months. Although they felt compassion for Cousin Joseph they never sent him the passage money.

But on the day following the gift of the blue hair ribbon Papa opened a new letter from Cousin Joseph. He read it in silence, sighed, shook his head, and handed it to Mama.

"What does he want now?" Mama asked crossly.

"The same as always—America," Papa answered. He turned to his bench and resumed his work.

Mama read the letter carefully. Then she folded it up and put it in a drawer of Papa's bench.

"After all, how much would it take? A couple of hundred dollars?"

"Even that's a fortune if you haven't got it," Papa said.

"Once he's here, we could fix up a bedroom for him in the stockroom," Mama said.

WATCH CHARM

It's not increasing warmth you feel;
His feelings haven't changed a notch.
When he pumps your hand with greater
zeal,

He winds his automatic watch!
Leonard K. Schiff

"He might find a job right away. And if not right away, is it so terrible if we feed another mouth for a few weeks?" Papa's voice was eager.

There was a moment's silence. "The money for my Hudson Seal coat! We could use that," Mama offered suddenly.

"No, no! The coat you must have. But we can wait for a bigger safe for a couple of years. This safe is strong enough even if it is small."

"No. The safe you must have for the business. But my coat—after all, with three small children, where do I go that's so important that I must wear a fur coat?"

That's how Cousin Joseph came to America. He was a small, timid, hollow-cheeked man with a wealth of Yiddish folk-lore that we loved to listen to. We were all sorry when he found a job downtown and went to live close by his work at lodgings Papa found for him at the home of a "Landsfrau," whose eldest daughter he later married.

Once when he visited us he met the "nasal-voiced one." Mama introduced the two men and they shook hands—two human beings from different parts of the world, who couldn't even converse in the same language. Yet the dream of one had become a reality because of the potent words of the other.

One night after dinner Papa and

Mama discussed the old gentleman.

"It isn't right we should always take and never give," said Mama. "We must do something for him, too."

"But what?" asked Papa. "I try to do a little repair work without pay now and then but he won't let me. Always he pays more than I ask. What can you do for such a man?"

"There must be something. Maybe I can make something with my hands. He might like that."

"Maybe you can knit him a sweater."

"No, my sweaters never fit right."

"At least they're warm."

"Such a rich man can get a sweater that's warm and fits right too."

"Maybe you can bake something."

"I was thinking about that. But my cakes are European. I don't know how to bake a real American cake."

"Maybe you can get help from Mrs. McCleery."

"Now you've got an idea," said Mama happily.

Mrs. McCleery was a friendly Irishwoman who lived in the house next door. Mama paid her a visit the following morning and stated her problem.

"Speaking for me own family," declared Mrs. McCleery, "there's nothing closer to their hearts than a well-baked apple pie, and if I say it myself as shouldn't, I can bake a pie that'd be the glory of a county fair."

Mama didn't know what a county fair was, but she was impressed anyway. "You can show me how to bake one?"

"Show you, is it? And if it's for that blessed old gentleman that's always sending you those lovely things that's even been tickling the palates of me own children, then I'll bake the pie myself, if you're willing."

"No, no. This pie I must bake myself. I want you should only show me."

Mrs. McCleery did, and Mama followed her instructions faithfully. She baked two pies, one for us and one for the old gentleman. Although the crust as I remember it was a bit too thick, it still was a delicious and mighty handsome pie.

When Mama handed it to him, he seemed quite touched.

"A pie!" he exclaimed, looking at it tenderly. "And you baked it especially for me."

"Yes. A nice neighbor helped me because I don't know yet how to bake American cakes. This was the first one."

"It looks wonderful. I can hardly wait to taste it."

"Why wait? I can make you tea in a minute and you can taste it."

"No, I'll enjoy it more later. I'm expecting an old friend tonight and I can share it with him."

(Continued on page 60)

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BROWN GRAVY
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BROWN GRAVY

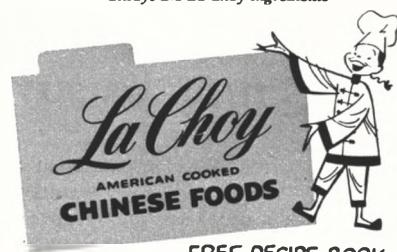
6 thsp. meat drippings
6 thsp. flour
2 thsp. La Choy Soy Sauce
1 tsp. La Choy Brown Gravy Sauce
1 tsp. salt, dash of pepper
1/2 cup cold water
1 1/2 cups hot water

Mix flour and drippings in pan. Add La Choy Sauce, salt, pepper and cold water. Crush lumps and mix thoroughly. Add hot water. Stir well and cook to a smooth paste. Serve hot with potatoes, dumplings, biscuits, noodles, roast meats, rice or Egg Foo Yong.

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WHAT MOTHER KNEW BEST (Continued from page 22)

he groaned slamming into the coffee table. He kicked it viciously.

"No!" she cried. "No, we don't have to go through all that again."

She turned and stalked into their bedroom where Susan had been sleeping peacefully through it all. She dragged out a suitcase from the closet.

"What act are you putting on now?" he inquired with bitter amusement. "Is this the one where you take the baby and go out of my life forever? And being careful to leave a good, clear trail so I'll come dashing after you and bring you back?"

He didn't look at him. She quickly and deftly folded clothes, opened drawers and packed the suitcase. She shut and locked the bag and answered him in a steady, cold voice. "It isn't an act, Jud. And I don't want you to dash after me. I want you to let me alone."

"May I ask where you are going and when you'll be back?" His tone was light and unconcerned and he smiled with his lips, but not with his eyes. "So I can tell the neighbors, of course."

"I'm going to Mother and Dad's and I don't know when I'll be back, or if I'll be back."

Their eyes met in a long, measuring look.

"That's a good act, too," he said

disdainfully, "running home to Mama to weep on her shoulder. Or is it Papa's shoulder?"

"I am going there because I want a peaceful place to think things out in. Also, I want to be where people are happily married. I have no intention of weeping on anyone's shoulder."

"Hadn't you better wait till morning? Susan's asleep. It's a two-hour drive and you can't get there till after midnight now, I suppose you'll take the car."

"I want to leave now. And since you always ride to the station with your great friend, Andy, whose company you obviously prefer to mine. I don't think you'll miss the car."

She knew he was trying to ask her not to leave, and that this was as far as he would let himself go, that he could never bring himself to ask her outright, for that would mean that she had triumphed over him. But while she was dressing the sleepy three-year-old, putting on her coat and hat and rummaging in her purse for the car keys, her heart was disloyal to her resolve. If he had touched her as she went out the door, carrying Susan and the suitcase, she couldn't have gone. But he stood aside for her to pass, made no move to help her with the sleep-groggy child or the heavy suitcase and she hardened her heart against him.

Once in the car, with Susan asleep again beside her, she concentrated on her driving and it wasn't until she'd been on the highway for half an hour that she realized she should have called to see if her parents were home. At the sound of her mother's calm, warm voice over the phone at the highway gas station, relief flooded over her. It was hard to keep her own voice steady.

Lucy Trimble replaced the receiver and turned away from the telephone with a faintly worried expression in her bright, brown eyes. "That was Elizabeth," she said to her husband, who sat on the davenport with the latest *Flower Grower* and his garden notebook.

"So I gathered," he replied. "Why didn't you let me talk to her, too?"

"You'll have plenty of time for that, Charles," she said. "She'll be here in two hours."

"Wonderful! Are Susie and Jud with her?" The flower magazine slid to the floor and he put down his garden notebook and got up eagerly, his face alight.

"Jud isn't, but Susie is."

"Wonderful, wonderful! How long are they going to stay?"

His wife puckered her usually serene, wide brow. "I don't know, Charles. She said, as long as we could stand them."

"Well, that's as long as they want to stay isn't it?" Charles Trimble met his wife's gaze and began to frown. "What's the matter with you, Lucy?" She balanced herself thoughtfully

on her right foot and slowly extended her left leg behind her. She held the graceful pose for two seconds, then came down on both bare feet flatly, with a sigh. "I think I'd rather have been a ballet dancer than anything else. To be able to come flying out from the wings in a lovely, airy leap to the music of *Les Sylphides!* Ah, well, perhaps the next time I live."

"If you hadn't married me, you'd no doubt have been all the things you wanted to be, a dancer, a poet, a cabaret singer, a world traveler," said Charles drily, with an unconscious look of expectancy.

She smiled and didn't disappoint him. "I'm sure I would have been—but look what I'd have missed! Actually, darling, being married to you has been quite as exciting and exhausting as all my frustrated careers rolled into one."

She picked up the fallen magazine and laid it on the coffee table. "Did you notice the article on hybrid teas in here?"

"Don't go changing the subject on me. Why aren't you glad Bibs is coming to stay with us?" demanded her husband sternly.

She fumbled in her blue denim skirt's wide pocket for cigarettes. "I didn't like the sound of her voice over the phone. I think she'd either been crying or was trying to keep from crying. And I don't like the idea of her running home to Mama and Papa, if she's been fighting with Jud."

Charles struck a match for her cigarette, a sign that he was disturbed. A pipe smoker himself, it normally never occurred to him to light women's cigarettes.

"Well, why shouldn't Bibs come home, if she isn't happy with Jud? That's the proper place for her to come, isn't it?"

"Oh, Charles!" Lucy laughed and shook her head. "That wasn't the way you talked when we had that terrible fight after the Harrises' party and I took Bibs and the boys and marched home to my parents. You said then that my place was in my own home with my own husband, that my parents' home wasn't my home anymore—"

And I was right, wasn't I? And you came back and we got it all fixed up!"

"Yes, darling, you were right—then. Why can't you be as reasonable about Elizabeth?"

"Because the situation isn't the same," he cried. "Jud is completely selfish and Bibs is far too good for him. He needs to be taught a lesson."

"That was what my father said about you," smiled Lucy.

"Your father was absolutely blind where you were concerned, my dear." The subject, his voice indicated, was closed, and Lucy, still smiling, let it drop, thinking, "That (Continued on page 62)

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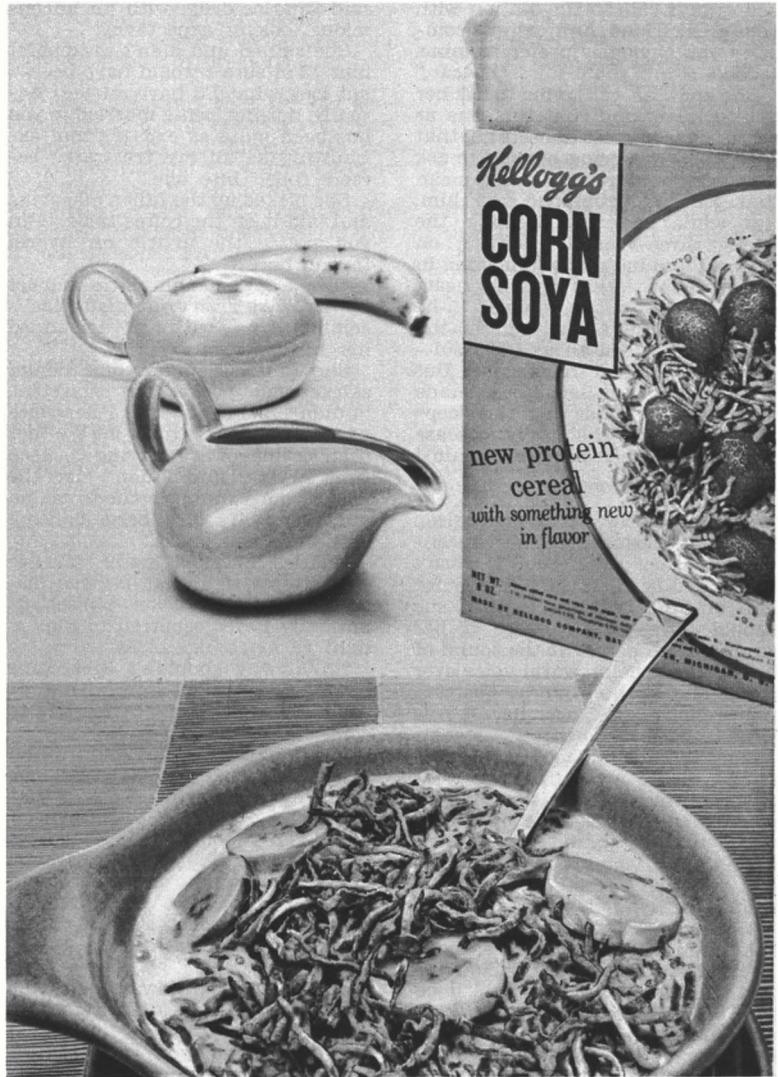
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**CORN
SOYA**

(Continued from page 61)
much I've learned in twenty-five years. One of the main reasons we had so many flare-ups when we were younger was because I thought that you could win an argument with a man by reasoning, by pointing out the flaws and inconsistencies in his own logic."

She went up to him and leaned her forehead against his chest. "Just don't baby her too much, Sweetie. Don't treat her like Papa's poor, misunderstood little girl, huh? After all, we don't really know they're having any trouble, do we?"

"Well, it was your idea that they are," he grumbled. Then his arms tightened about her soft, slender body which was as provocative to him now as it had been the first time he held her in his arms. More so, he thought, because I know the sweetness of every curve and hollow and they are mine.

When Elizabeth wakened the next morning, she reached out a hand to touch Jud. She almost always woke up first, and the first thing she did was to put her hand on his shoulder, to feel the warmth and solidness, to reassure herself that he was still there. Her hand went out now and there was only emptiness beside her. Then she knew where she was and how she had got there, and for a moment she felt sick with panic.

Then a bird balanced on the catalpa bough outside the open window and burst into passionate song, sweet, clear, high notes. The morning air was fresh and fragrant with country smells and the white organdy curtain breathed in and out.

She heard the clatter of dishes downstairs and her mother's cheerful voice calling, "Charlie! Where are you, Baby?" and her father answering from outside, "Coming right in, Mama. Is Bibs down yet?"

Momentarily, she forgot her own unhappiness, caught up in the sureness of her parents' love for each other. She dressed quickly in slacks and a jersey and came downstairs just as they were sitting down to breakfast. Susan was already dressed and ensconced on Webster's Unabridged Dictionary at the table. "Nanny dressed me!" she cried, beaming. "And Grampa let me pick a pansy in his garden."

"Let me get a look at you. I was too sleepy last night," said her father, smiling in his tender, half-rueful fashion, as if he could not quite believe she had grown up and married. "Lord, you're skinny. We'll have to fatten you up."

"You shut up, Charles," said her mother, handing round the coffee cups. "He's so used to the milk-fed maidens out here in the country he can't recognize a chic figure when he sees one. I think you look marvelous and I adore your new hair-cut. It's so French. I'm going to have one just like it."

"You do and I'll divorce you," threatened Charles, grabbing her by the waist as she filled his cup.

"Go right ahead, darling," she purred. "I've had my eye on that attractive widower who moved into the Thompson place this spring, anyway. And, I might add, he's had his eye on me."

"Well, he can just take his eye off you, unless he wants to get it punched."

"Ooh, swell! I'd love being fought over. The last time was when I was ten years old and Jimmy Beck knocked Tommy Lane's front tooth out to win me."

"Your mother is a hussy at heart, Bibs," said her father. His eyes were merry. If Jud had said that to me, Elizabeth thought, he wouldn't have been fooling and I would have snapped him up and reminded him of the night I caught him kissing his old flame, and he'd have countered with the time I danced all evening with Peter Grey, and then we'd have gotten into another bitter fight.

"How is Jud?" asked Lucy, smiling at her daughter. "Will he be coming up later?"

Elizabeth's voice was even and flat. "Jud's fine. I have no idea what his plans are. I think he's sailing in the Star races this weekend at Larchmont."

"Grampa's going to take me to see the baby cows after breakfuss," cried Susan. "Aren't you, Grampa?"

Elizabeth helped her mother with the dishes and they chatted companionably about everything imaginable except Jud. I will not weep on Mother's shoulder, Elizabeth told herself sternly. But it was hard not to burst out with it all. Her mother's manner, at once warm and casual, always made her want to tell her everything. But she talked about her brothers—Stan in the Army, Paul still in college, taking the summer course; and about Susan's nursery school. She heard about Lucy's dancing lessons.

"Charles kids me, of course, calls me The Dying Swan and The Dead Duck," laughed her mother. "But I don't care. It's fun and it keeps me limber. Staves off that old middle-aged spread. And I have lovely times imagining myself as a ballerina, with roses at my feet."

It was Saturday and her father only went to his office to open the mail. He took Susie with him and when they returned in time for lunch she had a new doll.

"Oh, Dad, you shouldn't have!" protested Elizabeth. "She has three at home."

"A girl can't have too many, I always say," he grinned.

"That's the way he used to be with you kids," said her mother. "Even if we couldn't pay the grocery bill, he couldn't resist buying you toys. I finally had to stop letting him take you with him."

(Continued on page 64)

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(Continued from page 63)

"Jud thinks the only time to give presents is at Christmas," said Elizabeth. "I'm sure he wouldn't remember then if there weren't so much talk about it. And grocery bills always come first."

"Jud is sensible," replied her mother, approvingly. "Presents are nice, but bill collectors aren't."

"Now, Mama, when have you seen a collector? Not in years," protested Charles.

"Only because I made you work out a budget and turn over the bill-paying to me," Lucy said drily.

"Your mother prides herself upon being practical and efficient, but just about twice a year she gets her checkbook all fouled up and who has to balance it?"

Lucy dimpled prettily and patted his cheek. "Why, you, of course, lamb. My great big wonderful smart Baby. You balance it just like the juggler at the circus, with all the patience of an early Christian martyr."

"Oh, by the way," said Charles casually. "I brought home a turkey for dinner."

"But Charles, we have chops for tonight."

He grinned sheepishly. "I know, dear, but I ran into Jane and Hal Dana in the post office and they said they hadn't seen us in weeks, and we were sore at them or what? So I asked them out to dinner tonight. I want to show off Bibs and Susie to them. It's okay, isn't it?"

"It's okay, but only if you promise to stop putting in the garden the minute I call you and come in, take your shower, and dress and have cocktails started before they get here." Lucy gave her daughter a woman-to-woman look. "Last time we had dinner guests he was still putting liquid manure on the rose bed when they arrived. They insisted he shouldn't bother to change his clothes, so he didn't. It was a very fragrant party."

"I promise, I promise." He went off, laughing, with Susie swinging on his hand, and Lucy added out of the side of her mouth, "It's not okay at all. I don't feel in the least like coping with the Danas. I just wanted to relax with you and Susie."

"That's one of the things Jud and I fight about," said Elizabeth. "He's always dragging some of his sailing friends home for meals, only he doesn't even bother to warn me and half the time there's hardly enough food to go around. The last time he did it I raised hell."

"Oh, I used to raise hell, too, but that was when I was younger and you kids were little and I was doing my own work and touchy as the devil." Lucy gave a small sigh. "Now it just seems easier to be pleasant about it. Less wear and tear all around. And Charles does love to have company." She smiled indulgently. "He loves to be the host.

press food and drink on people, show them his prize roses, tell all his stories. I suppose it's good for him. It doesn't hurt me, either. If I were left to my own devices I'd forget there were other people in the world. And actually, after the party begins, I have as good a time as he does."

Elizabeth frowned and made an impatient gesture. "Men are really incredibly selfish, aren't they? Even the best of them."

Lucy laughed. "Of course. Selfish and vain and not very sure of themselves—which, I suppose, is why they're selfish and vain. And women are touchy, easily hurt, apt to brood because, while they may be sure of themselves, they're not sure about love." She sighed and did an arabesque. "So there is war between them, and neither side ever wins. It's devilish, but it's lively."

"But you and Dad don't really war—not the way—" Elizabeth paused, bit her lip and plunged ahead—"not the way Jud and I do. It's all light and easy and like a game between you two. Because underneath there's deep, deep love. You never hurt each other, at least, not intentionally."

Lucy turned away just then, to look at something on the stove. She didn't look at her daughter and when she answered, her voice was rather strange. "There have been times when we have hated each other."

"Mother! I don't believe it! You're just saying that to make me feel better about—about Jud and me. You have a perfect marriage, Mother. Why, ever since I can remember I've wanted to get married so I would be as happy as you and Dad."

"It may be a perfect marriage, now," said Lucy. "But there were plenty of times when it could very easily have gone on the rocks."

"Why didn't it, then? What saved it?" asked Elizabeth, her grey eyes very large and clear in her white, heart-shaped face.

Her mother met her eyes candidly. "I'm not sure that I know. We loved each other so madly . . . but that was why we fought so bitterly. That was why we were jealous of each other and touchy at the slightest sign of the other one's indifference or thoughtlessness." She fumbled in her skirt pocket for cigarettes and her hand, as she struck the match, was not quite steady, as if the memory of that time of youthful passion and pain had shaken her beautiful, serene acceptance of life. "I don't think it was because of you children—children aren't enough to keep two people together unless there is more, much more." She puckered her fine white brow and gazed at her daughter with almost painful concern. "Maybe it was because we both believed in marriage so intensely that we were determined to hang on, in spite of everything."

guess we meant what we said when we 'plighted our troth, each to the other'—so beautiful, those words, aren't they?" She smiled suddenly and her bright, dark eyes were shining. "Maybe the words we said that day—goodness, it was twenty-five years ago—really made us one flesh and one heart, so that we could never go back to being separate beings."

"That may have been part of it." Charles had come into the kitchen, his eyes fixed on his wife's face. "But it was mostly because you are the most wonderful and understanding woman that ever lived, my dear."

Lucy looked at him and walked past her daughter, into his outstretched arms. Neither of them saw Elizabeth run quickly out of the room, her eyes bright with tears.

When Lucy disengaged herself she said, "I never thought that our happy marriage would keep our daughter from having one."

"I don't get it." Charles looked startled.

"You set a pretty high standard for husbands, you know," she said, smiling ruefully. "All that I've been trying to say to Elizabeth isn't going to do any good unless Jud can, in his own way, measure up."

"Did she tell you what the trouble is?"

Lucy shook her head. "Not in so many words. But I know. She sees us now, at peace with each other, willing to compromise, taking things lightly and easily that once tore our hearts out. She sees us happy in our middle-aged marriage, with all the rough spots smoothed out, all the agonies in their proper prospective, and she thinks she and Jud have failed. She doesn't understand that it's because they're young and growing and learning to live in the world and with each other, that they quarrel and say bitter words. She hasn't learned to manage very well and he hasn't learned to remember the little things that are so important to women." She put out her hand in a sudden eager gesture. "If only I could tell her that it's all right, that all young, vital people who are passionately in love have these terrible moments of rage and hatred, that it's all part of being in love, that if they didn't have them, they wouldn't be really alive or really in love. Why, I think even now, I'd get a real thrill out of a good, knock-down, name-calling fight with you, darling!"

"As a matter of fact," he said, with a deceptively casual manner. "I've been meaning to ask you. What about this widower who's living in the Thompson place? Has he been coming up here while I'm at the office, by any chance?"

"Why, Charles Trimble, you're not really jealous of Tommy, are you?" cried Lucy, happily.

"Oh, so it's Tommy, is it? Since (Continued on page 68)

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To begin, draw up a $\frac{1}{2}$ inch loop on hook, thread over and pull through loop, sc over single loop of st, repeat from beginning 63 times (63 single knot sts), turn.

2nd Row. Skip 3 single knot sts, sc in sc between knot sts, ** work a double knot st (double knot st: draw up a $\frac{1}{2}$ inch loop on hook, thread over and pull through loop, sc over single loop of st, repeat from * once), skip 1 sc between knot sts,

sc in next sc between single knot sts, repeat from ** across row, work 3 single knot sts to turn each row.

3rd Row. Sc in loop to right of sc of next double knot st, sc in loop to left of sc of same double knot st, * double knot st, sc in loop to right of sc of next double knot st, sc in loop to left of sc of same double knot st, repeat from * across row, work 3 single knot sts, turn and repeat last row until work measures 68 inches.

To finish the edge: Work a row of sts all around stole but drawing the loops up 1 inch instead of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. Dip in thin starch and block out flat on a bath towel covered surface.



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BODY ODORS IN PETS

BY C. KENT NEWTON, D. V. M.

THE DOG was a boxer, a big, handsome animal with that alert, politely interested but slightly condescending look that boxers have, like a professor listening to some of his more intelligent students argue among themselves. The lady who held his leash was middle-aged, beautifully dressed.

"Doctor," she said, "I keep him clean. And he's perfectly healthy. But—" She hesitated.

"Yes?" I said.

"He smells. No matter what I do, how I bathe him, he smells. Isn't there some way . . . ?"

I leaned over the dog. His skin was clean and healthy, his coat glistening. Around his throat there was a heavy leather collar and he stood leaning into it so that the leash was taut. A handsome creature. But there was no ignoring the heavy, acrid, doggy odor about him.

"Are you sure it's the dog that smells?" I asked.

For an instant she misunderstood me. "Doctor! What—?"

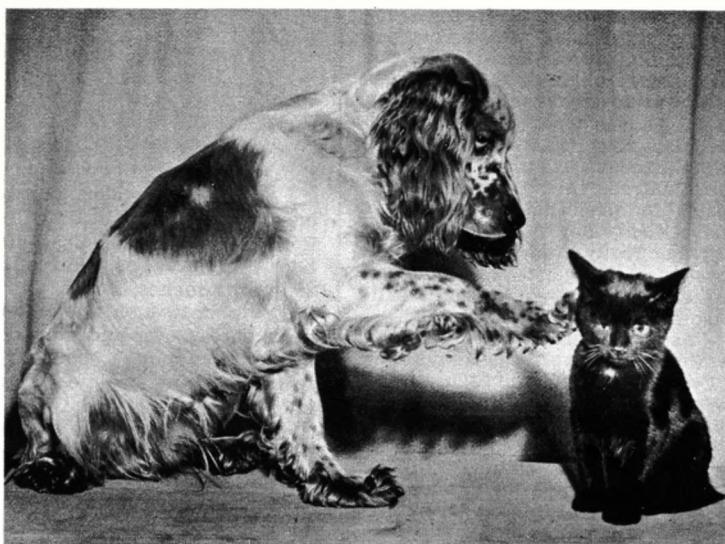
"It may be the dog's collar, not the dog." I removed the collar. It had a heavy, waxy feel. I put it on the desk and began to scrape it with a knifeblade. A thick brownish crust came off the leather. The lady leaned over to watch, then backed away. She did not need to get close to realize it was the collar that reeked.

"Dogs have thousands of sebaceous glands which give off a kind of secretion," I told her. "The sebum forms around the hairs and spreads over the skin. If you let it form on a dog's coat it smells."

"But I keep him clean."

"When you wash the dog you ought to wash his collar," I said.

It is surprising how many animal owners never think of this. Though they keep their pets clean and healthy, they allow the collars or harnesses to become crusted with sebum. That smells,



Georgia Engelhard

and not the dog.

This sebum, along with ear canker and the anal-gland secretions, are the chief causes of body odor in pets.

Canker gives off a rather cheesy odor. It causes wax to form in the ear and the dog may scratch at it until the ear becomes swollen and infected. Canker may cause loss of appetite. The dog may seem sick and listless, or he may go almost frantic with the pain in his ear and keep clawing at it.

Canker can usually be cured without any lasting ill effects. Most veterinarians wash the wax from the ear with a mixture of alcohol and ether, then insert a sulfa drug so-



Hanks Photo

lution in propylene glycol. Sometimes a dilution of phenol or iodine in glycerine is used. It is best, however, not to try these without consulting a veterinarian. For a good home remedy, I recommend one half to one teaspoon of olive oil poured in each ear and massaged gently for one to two minutes. Then wipe out waxy exudate with absorbent cotton. Repeat this daily for four or five days, then every other day for a week. If this simple remedy is not effective consult your veterinarian.

One source of body odor rarely recognized or understood by pet owners is the anal-gland secretion. Everyone knows and can identify, with far too little effort the secretion of a skunk, but few persons

realize that dogs and cats have similar glands and that these give off an odor just as do the glands of the skunk.

These glands are situated one on either side of and just below the anus and their contents are discharged through ducts to the anus. The wild dog centuries ago was chronically constipated due to diet of hair and bones of its prey. The anal gland secretion acts as a lubricant to the anus. Also the musk secretion hides the odor of the fecal matter, and keeps other wild animals from detecting the dog's lair.

If you see your dog sitting on her hind quarters and dragging them along by her front legs it is more likely that her anal glands need emptying than that she has worms. Many books on dogs claim that this dragging of the hind quarters is a sure sign of worms but in my experience this has not been true. Putting pressure on the anal glands with the fingers will cause them to empty; the secretion then may be washed away and this source of odor is, temporarily, removed.

But sebum growing crusted on the dog's skin—the same sebum that can collect on collars or harness—is the most common source of body odor. This sebum tends to cluster around the hairs to form a kind of waterproofing for the animal. This is why a dog which is kept outdoors in cold weather and is then brought into the house is apt to smell stronger than the house pet: the protective coating of sebum is greater. The secretion also helps to keep down certain kinds of bacteria. But only small quantities are needed for that, and the dog quickly supplies them. So there is no reason to leave your pet unwashed. The sebum smells and the only way to remove it is by thorough washing with a good detergent powder. To counteract the removal of the protective sebum secretion I recommend a medicated rinse such as Clorox—one ounce to a gallon of water. The related chlorine solutions are very effective in combating offensive odors.

Some owners do not like to wash their pets in the winter, but I have never known of a cat or dog being harmed by bathing so long as it was thoroughly dried before being exposed to cold or wind.

Questions and Answers

Question: Is it advisable to worm a dog or cat periodically?

Answer: No. A dog or cat should be wormed only when there is positive evidence of worms. The species of worm should be identified by the veterinarian before any medication is given in order to make sure that it is the proper one for eliminating the particular species of worm with which the animal is affected. If the pet shows no evidence of worms, it simply should not be wormed.

Dr. Newton will answer questions relating to the general health and hygiene of pets, both in this column and by mail. He will not make individual diagnoses or prescribe for your pet, and advises that you see your own Veterinarian for such assistance. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope, and address Dr. C. K. Newton c/o Everywoman's.

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(Continued from page 65)
when have you been on a first name basis? What's been going on around here?"

Elizabeth lay face down on her bed, but her tears had ceased. She was ashamed of having given in to them, but suddenly, as she stood in the kitchen and watched her mother and father reach out for each other as if, for that moment, no one else existed, she'd felt lost and alone and shut out. She suddenly realized that, beloved as she was to them, she didn't come first. Nor did the boys, nor anyone else in the world. She realized that for Lucy and Charles there were just two people in the whole world, Lucy for Charles and Charles for Lucy. And that was why their marriage was perfect and had endured. But it left her shut out. There was now no real security for her in her parents' home.

"Oh, Jud!" she whispered with dry lips. "You are my home and my security."

Suddenly she had to hear his voice, even if it were cold or angry or indifferent. There was an extension telephone in her parents' bedroom. She got up and hurried across the hall. The sound of angry voices from downstairs reached her faintly. She paused for a moment and caught a few words.

"Charlie Trimble, are you suggesting for one moment that I . . ."

"I'm not suggesting, Lucy, I'm warning you. Just because you don't look your age and are still rather attractive—"

"Rather attractive! So that's your opinion of me . . ."

As she went into her parents' room, the telephone rang two short, sharp rings, startling her. She waited until it rang again and then answered it.

"This is Jud. Is Elizabeth there?"

For a moment she couldn't reply. Then, her voice shaking a little, she said, "This is Elizabeth. Are you all right, Jud?"

"Oh, sure, I'm fine. How are you? Did you get there okay?"

"Oh, I'm fine and I made it in an hour and three quarters, but I got stopped by a state trooper."

"You would. How many times have I told you that parkway is a boobytrap? Cops behind every bush! Did you get a ticket?"

"No. I turned on my charm and when I told him I was leaving my husband because he was a beast and had forgotten our wedding anniversary, he patted my shoulder and let me go."

There was a short silence on the other end of the wire, then: "Oh, I see. Well, I just called to see if you got there okay and to ask you where you put the oil company receipts. They say we owe them for two months."

"We do not!" she cried. "You took the money I was saving for us to go to see the Sadler's Wells Ballet

and paid them, a month ago. Don't you remember? I was furious at you."

"I remember, but they don't. Where are the receipts?"

"On the spindle in the kitchen, where they always are."

"Oh. I didn't think to look there." There was a pause, then, "will you be home by Saturday?"

"I don't know. Why?" her heart took a great leap.

"Well, I got tickets for that concert you wanted to go to. It was supposed to be an anniversary present, but I forgot to give them to you."

"Oh," said Elizabeth, pushing down the warmth that rushed into her own voice. "But I thought you didn't remember about our anniversary."

"You know I never could remember dates. That's why I flunked history. I thought it was the twenty-first instead of the twelfth."

"Why didn't you tell me that last night?" she demanded, not sure whether she would laugh or cry.

"You didn't give me a chance. You jumped on my neck the minute I stepped into the house."

"Well, I—" she began weakly. "Do—do you want me to come home Saturday?"

"It'd be too bad to waste those tickets. . . ."

"What? I can't hear you very well. Mother and Dad are having a fight downstairs."

"I said, yes, I want you to come home if you want to come."

"Oh, I see. Do you still think I'm a poor manager and sentimental and childish and all those other things?"

She heard a far-off chuckle. "I sure do, Baby. But I'll overlook it this time if you'll come home."

"That's big of you, I'm sure. Is that all you've got to say?"

"Well, I—" the voice was getting tinier and farther away—"I can't find any clean socks and the coffee I made for breakfast was rotten and I cut my hand on the damn can-opener—"

"You're breaking my heart," she said drily. "I'll be home Saturday. It would be a shame to waste those concert tickets."

After she'd hung up, she stood looking at the telephone and smiling. She felt warm all over and her body, that had been tense and tight, seemed light as air. She floated out the door down to the kitchen. Darling Jud, he hadn't really forgotten their anniversary after all, and it wasn't because he couldn't find the oil receipts that he'd phoned; she knew perfectly well that he knew she always kept them on the spindle—hadn't he bought the spindle and trained her to keep them there? He called because he had to hear her voice; he was lost without her as much as she was lost without him, even though he'd never in the world tell her so.

Her mother was chopping cabbage in a big wooden bowl in the kitchen with savage, angry strokes. Her back was very straight and there were two red spots on her cheeks.

"What's been going on down here?" cried Elizabeth gaily. "What was all the shouting about?"

"Your father and I were having a fight," said Lucy. "He's just as childish as he ever was. I don't know how I've stood him and his tantrums all these years!"

"Where is he?"

"Out in the garden squashing Jap beetles, I suppose."

Elizabeth chuckled and put her arm around her mother's waist. "Was it a good fight, Mom? Did you give him what for?"

"I certainly did!" Lucy turned, her face still angry. "It was a *dandy* fight. Haven't had such a good one in years. It was just what we needed. Things have been too peaceful around here. I was beginning to feel middle-aged. Now I feel like a bride, again."

Charles appeared suddenly at the back door, his face cold and aloof. "I don't suppose you'd be interested, Lucy, but there's a very lovely rosebud coming out. It's the new one I put in last fall—the one named 'Peace'."

THE END

PENNYSAVERS

How To Care

For a Kid Handbag

By MARY SUMNER

Richard Koret, famous designer and manufacturer of some of our finest American-made bags, says, "For kid bags use a damp—not wet—chamois, one that never touches anything but your bags. Clean bag all over with it, getting it in all crevices. This will remove finger prints and average wear marks. Do this frequently if the bag is in regular use."

A little bit of good shoe cream rubbed in well with a soft clean flannette cloth will get rid of most surface marks and help the bag to look new. Mr. Koret also says, for long life of a bag, "Don't overstuff it and don't put it down on rough surfaces. Wrap your bag in a soft cloth when you put it away. After all, it is the showiest piece of your costume and should have the cared-for look, even as you yourself."

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PIE . . . THE WINNER

(Continued from page 27)

APRICOT CHIFFON PIE NO. 2

THE CRUST

1 cup sifted flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup salad oil
2 tablespoons ice water

Start oven 450 F. or hot. Sift flour, measure. Sift again with salt. Mix oil and water and beat with a fork until thickened and creamy. Immediately pour over flour. Mix with fork until all dry particles are moistened. Form into ball; flatten out. Place between two 12" square pieces of waxed paper. To keep paper from slipping, dampen table slightly. Roll out to form circle, reaching edges of paper. Remove top sheet; invert dough over 9" pie plate. Peel off paper; fit into plate, leaving 1/2" edging. Turn under and flute. Prick crust with fork. Bake 10-12 minutes until brown. Cool.

THE FILLING

1 No. 2 can apricot halves
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 envelope unflavored gelatine
1/2 cup sugar
2 egg whites

Open apricots; drain syrup and save. Put apricots through sieve or food mill. There should be 3/4 cup pulp. Add lemon juice. Soften gelatine in 1/4 cup cold apricot syrup. Heat 1/2 cup apricot syrup and add sugar and softened gelatine, stirring until gelatine is completely dissolved. Add sieved apricots and chill until slightly thicker than consistency of unbeaten egg whites. Beat egg whites until stiff enough to hold soft peaks. Gently and quickly stir gelatine mixture into egg whites. Pour into baked pie shell and chill until firm.

APPLE RAISIN PIE NO. 3

THE CRUST

2 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup grated cheese
1/2 cup shortening
5-6 tablespoons cold water

Sift flour, measure. Sift again with salt. Mix in cheese. Cut in 1/4 cup shortening with pastry blender or two silver knives until consistency of coarse cornmeal. Cut in remaining 1/4 cup until size of small peas. Mix in water until all dry particles are dampened. Form into ball. Divide in half. Roll out one half on lightly floured board. Fit into 9" pie plate. Trim edges. Roll out remaining dough. Cut gashes in top crust. Fill shell with apples. Fit top crust over and seal edges. Flute or press with fork.

THE FILLING

5 medium apples
1/2 cup white raisins
Rind of 1/2 lemon
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 cup light brown sugar
4 tablespoons cream
2 tablespoons flour
1/8 teaspoon salt
1/8 teaspoon cinnamon

Peel the apples; core. Slice into 1/4" slices and arrange with raisins in pastry-lined pie plate. Grate lemon rind; squeeze juice.

Start oven 450 F. or hot. Mix brown sugar, cream, lemon rind and juice, flour, salt, cinnamon together until smooth. Pour over apples. Fit top crust over apples. Bake for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 F. and bake 45 minutes longer.

CHERRY LATTICE PIE NO. 4

THE CRUST 1 package pie crust mix. Follow directions on package for mixing. Roll out one half on lightly floured board. Fit into 9" pie plate. Trim edge. Roll out remaining dough and cut into strips. Fill crust and arrange strips in lattice design. Flute edges or pinch with a fork.

THE FILLING

1 (No. 2) can pie cherries
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1/2 cup sugar
1/8 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg

Drain the cherries; save juice. Measure 1 cup juice. Mix the cornstarch and sugar. Add cherry juice, stirring until mixture is smooth. Add salt, nutmeg. Cook, stirring constantly, until juice is thickened. Start oven at 450 F. or hot. Put drained cherries into pastry-lined pie plate. Pour thickened cherry juice over fruit. Put on lattice top. Bake 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 F. and bake 20 minutes longer.

BLUEBERRY PIE

THE CRUST 1 package frozen pie crust mix. Follow directions on package for mixing. Roll one half of dough on lightly floured board. Fit into 9" pie plate. Trim edges. Roll out remaining dough and cut gashes in top crust. Fill pastry-lined pie plate with blueberry mixture. Fit over top crust. Flute the edges or pinch them with a fork.

THE FILLING

3 1/2 cups blueberries, frozen or canned
3/4 cup sugar
3 tablespoons flour
1/8 teaspoon cloves
1/8 teaspoon cinnamon
1/8 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter or margarine

If frozen, do not thaw berries. Turn into bowl and separate. If canned, drain well. Start oven 450 F. or hot. Mix sugar, flour, cloves, cinnamon, salt and gently mix with blueberries. Pour into pastry-lined pie plate. Cut butter in small pieces and put over top of berries. Bake 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 F. and bake 40 minutes longer.

THE END

"I KNOW A LITTLE MAN . . ."



By KEN KRAFT

When I say somebody is a little man, I mean maybe he can walk under a table with his hat on. What my wife and her friends call a little man is one who can fix things.

My darling narrows her eyes wisely, nods her head, and murmurs: "I know a little man who is just the one to do this job." Any job, including many I have just done myself and consider all finished.

If the little man is one we must seek out, I bundle into the back seat of the car the spavined windsor chair my brother-in-law demonstrated Perfect Muscular Control with. I may only gash a hole in the ceiling fabric if I'm lucky, or instantly remove the glass in a side window if I'm not.

We run the little man to earth on a country lane 20 leagues from the noise and smoke of traffic cops. Sweet-talking our chair out of the car, I march it into the little shop.

If you think the little man is glad to see business wheezing in the doorway, think again. He doesn't even say hello. Say hello! He doesn't even look up.

After we clods have twisted our handkerchiefs for a spell, he grudgingly lays aside his work and mumbles over. He looks at our wreck with a pitying smile.

"Can you fix it please do you think, huh?"

"Ikon fixm, he answers shortly in Old Russian.

"Oh, I'm so GLAD!" she trills, flashing a 300-watt smile and momentarily blinding me. "And could you—well, that is—about when, do you—?"

"Two, tree wiks, summat."

Charmed by this rattle of small talk, I toss one out myself. "How moocha costa?" I ask, keeping to the vernacular to make things homely.

"I really can't say as yet," answers the little man, delicately removing a handful of tacks from his mouth and looking at me curiously.

When I got home that evening, he had just finished.

The gravel, I noted, was all gone except for a short ton scattered in the grass which I easily found later with the lawnmower.

"Used every speck except a few wheelbarrow loads," said the little man, reading my mind. Spread that on the driveway next door. It had holes."

"Mighty neighborly of you," I said, counting to ten. With my toe I nudged an empty cement sack.

"Had a dab left over," said the little man easily. "It don't keep. Just about enough to fix Mrs. Piffle's front steps and walk. She's the one told your wife about me, you know."

"And that's the extra sand." I pointed to a Jones Beach nearby in which my two visiting nieces were planting each other up to the ears.

The little man chuckled. "That's it! Just can't say no to a little nipper. Know what I mean?"

"I think so," I said. "I have a form of the plague myself."

But if I can tough it out a while, relief usually comes. When a little man is a success and expands into neon signs, a cash register, and a plate glass front on Main Street, his goose is cooked. My wife and her friends lose interest. They don't like big little men at all.

"I must determine the full extent of damage and price of materials."

I don't bother to ask any more questions, as it is growing late and I am falling over my feet trying to get out in a hurry.

When our backyard goldfish pool got to leaking, my wife had a little man on the job before I could plug the crack with chewing gum.

"Bail her out, bub," he said, handing me a bucket, "whilst I trot inside and telephone up some stuff."

Next morning as I left for work, a dump truck slid a mound of sand into the mint bed. A hasty fortress of bagged cement was being thrown up in the driveway.

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What's on your mind—RELIEF?

NOW that school's about to start, millions of mothers are breathing sighs of relief. A youngster under one's feet all summer can be taxing. It's easy to let yourself get frustrated, upset at the world and your children (or yourself). But next time you get that way, keep in mind there's something you can do.

The October issue of Everywoman's will have an excellent article, *What's On Your Mind—Frustration?*, with some very sound pointers on what to do for that exasperated feeling. (And there'll be a scale for you to measure your ability to take frustration in your stride.) You'll want to read and save it.

SEPTEMBER						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
		LABOR DAY	2	3	4	5
7	SCHOOL BEGINS	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				



Also coming in October: Fresh, amusing stories, significant articles on fashion, food and children. And a salute to cheese, showing different kinds of dishes you can prepare with this versatile food, from appetizers to desserts.

Be sure to get your copy of the October issue of Everywoman's, at your grocer's about September 25th.

EVERYWOMAN'S MAGAZINE

The Woman's Guide to Better Living



WHAT'S NEW?

A new insulated paper refrigerator bag with handles for easier carrying is the perfect answer for transporting food and drinks. Bags hold up to ten pounds of food and will keep chilled bottles cold for 12 hours. Jiffy Manufacturing Company, Hillside, N.J.

A new style 100-watt light bulb has a bowl with a unique shape that directs two-thirds of light toward ceiling. The bottom of the bowl is covered with enamel finish to filter one-third of light downward. General Electric, Cleveland, Ohio.

Babies can now have creamed spinach from a jar. Rich in B complex vitamins and minerals, it has a dual purpose of tasting good and being nutritious at the same time. Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajaharie, New York

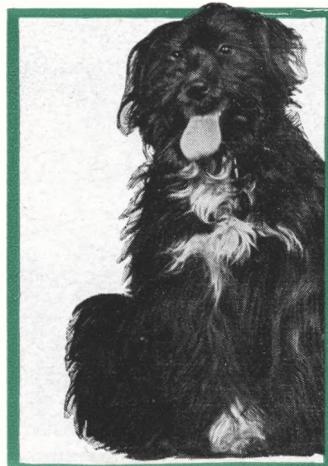
Now a stack of 4 white enameled pans fitting into a metal rack make carrying food on a picnic or heating leftovers at home an easy task. Each pan can be used alone for a saucepan, too. Federal Enameling and Stamping Co., McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania.



A new 9.4 cu. ft. refrigerator-freezer combination is 28½" wide, 29½" deep and 59" high. With two separate doors, the lower part is a regular self-defrosting refrigerator while the upper compartment is a freezer with a separate control and separate insulation. Nash Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Michigan



"We have a small dog who had very bad breath!"



Yes, Ken-L-Products with Chlorophyllin End Dog Odors.

Here's Mrs. Harter's Letter!

"We have a small dog who had very bad breath. When we went away for a day we would put her in the cellar and she would make the cellar smell, too. I heard about Ken-L-Products so I thought I would try some. Within a week my husband and sons were asking me what I did to stop the dog smell. Everyone who comes in is surprised at the dog. I sure would not like to be without Ken-L-Products as it is a real pleasure to have the dog around now."

*Mrs. John Harter
307 Winston Avenue, Elmhurst
Wilmington 14, Delaware*

You too can feed away dog odors! Here's how: All three Ken-L-Products—Ken-L-Ration, Ken-L-Biskit, and Ken-L-Meal—now contain the magic odor-ending discovery called chlorophyllin. Regular feeding of any of these super dog foods will now end breath and body odors in any normal dog!

Complete nutrition, too! Your dog will love the meaty sniff appeal of these famous foods. All dogs thrive

on them because they contain all the nutrient, all the vitamins and minerals that healthy pets need. The odor-ending chlorophyllin that is now added to Ken-L-Products is tasteless and harmless. Dogs can't tell the difference—but dog owners can!

Start your dog on nourishing, odor-ending Ken-L-Products today. Get Ken-L-Ration, Ken-L-Meal, or Ken-L-Biskit wherever dog foods are sold.

All 3 contain odor-ending chlorophyllin!

Guaranteed to rid any normal dog of offensive odors in just 7 days—when fed alone or in any combination of the three.



KEN-L-BISKIT

The meat-flavored biscuit with real meat meal baked in. In 2, 4, 25 and 50 lb. sizes.

KEN-L-RATION

Packed with lean, red U. S. Govt. Inspected horse meat. Ready to serve, in regular can or new jumbo jar.

KEN-L-MEAL

Thrifty, protein-rich—made with real meat meal. In 2, 5, 25 and 50 lb. sizes.

Aunt Jemima's

Recipe of
the Month
Contest

"I Will Give **100⁰⁰**

every month for the best
recipe using my
Fluff-Whipped Pancake Mix"

HERE'S ONE SUGGESTION

The Famous Pan-San



YOU CAN WIN \$100 for a recipe as simple as the Pan-San. To make this exciting pancake sandwich, start with an Aunt Jemima pancake (its richer flavor adds so much to any pancake dish). Spread with currant jelly. Fill with cooked sausage meat. Cover with a second fluffy Aunt Jemima pancake. Top with butter 'n syrup. Wonderful eating!... You, too, must have unusual recipes using famous Aunt Jemima Pancake or Buckwheat Mix... for waffles, muffins, batter dipping, etc. Send them in... as many as you like. You may win in Aunt Jemima's \$100!

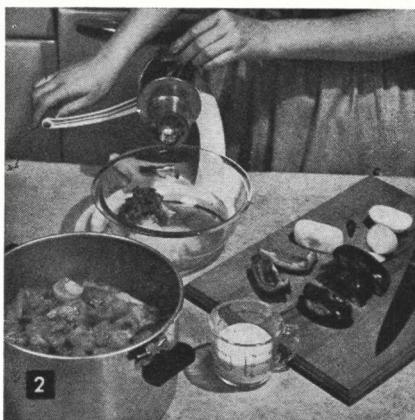
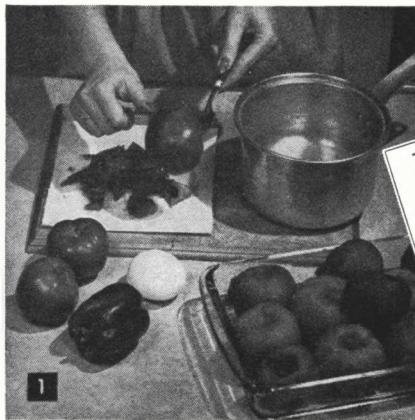
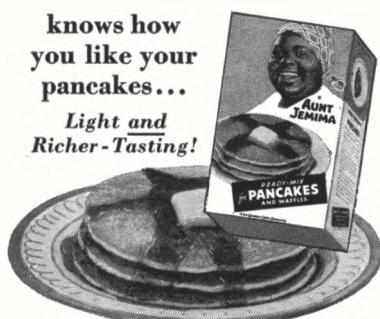
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SIMPLE CONTEST RULES. With
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knows how
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pancakes...

*Light and
Richer-Tasting!*



Chili Sauce

4 pounds ripe tomatoes
3 onions
1 green pepper
1 sweet red pepper
1 hot red pepper
1½ tablespoons salt
½ cup sugar
1¼ cups mild vinegar
2 teaspoons mustard seed
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon allspice

1 Skin tomatoes easily by dipping into boiling water for a few minutes. Core; cut into pieces. Put into large kettle. Peel onions; cut in half. Cut tops off green and red peppers; remove seeds. Cut into eighths.

2 Put onions, red and green peppers through food grinder. Add ground vegetables to tomatoes. Add salt, sugar. Bring to boil; reduce heat. Boil gently, stirring occasionally until slightly thickened.

3 Pour in vinegar. Measure and add mustard seed, cinnamon, allspice. Bring to boil and cook gently 30 minutes longer until mixture becomes thick and loses all watery appearance. Sterilize three pint jars and lids.

4 Ladle chili sauce into sterilized jars and seal immediately. This amount makes 3 pints or 6 half pints. Let stand until cold. Store. Tastes good with roasts, cheese and meat sandwiches, and baked beans.

Photographer: Albert Gomm

SEWING TIME IS

NOW

By MARILYN MADISON



Arrange your sewing accessories neatly

► Back to school brings sewing activity. Make a list today of the notions you need—get out the yard goods you have, the remnants you've been tempted into buying. Leaf through pattern books, watch ready-to-wear advertising and you will find many illustrations of garments that will suggest to you how you can use short lengths of fabrics to make long-serving articles of wear—the kind of things you can thoroughly enjoy. Visit the notion department and see all the timesavers they have—keeping an open mind about them. Many things that you once tried and possibly did not like have, if still for sale, been improved.

Treat yourself to a visit to the lace and embroidery counter. See also ribbons and braids and buttons. You will come home with stars in your eyes for the things you can make—that will save money and be right for your laundry or cleaning routine.

Visit the closet accessory shop in your favorite store—see the lovely plastic-covered boxes and cabinets that are so ideal for holding all your sewing supplies, such as zippers, patterns, braids, buttons, and the like.

The notion and yard-goods buyers plan big sales at this time of year. The pattern companies launch promotions and present their most attractive designs. The sewing machine companies offer special services of lessons and sewing-machine overhauling, all to help us to spur ourselves on to have the children as well as ourselves clothes-ready for the winter ahead.



Precious Time... Don't Waste it!

Let Sani-Flush save your housekeeping time. Cleans toilet bowls quick . . . no work, no messy scrubbing. It not only cleans chemically but disinfects—and removes the invisible film that gathers in all toilet bowls. Just follow directions on the familiar yellow can. At all grocers. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton 2, Ohio.



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REALLY CLEAN toilet bowl

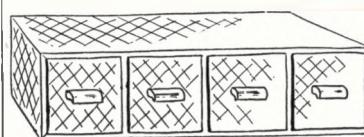
BAKE IT FOR SUPPER



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PACKED WITHOUT ADDED
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Available at
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Calorie and carbohydrate content
clearly stated on each label.

Richmond-Chase Co., San Jose, California

A PARENT'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

By JOAN BARLOW



Gurawaski

The first Monday after each Labor Day, a familiar but still strange sight is to be seen in our land. Hurrying down the narrow lanes and broad avenues of all the cities and towns is the annual pilgrimage of well-scrubbed, combed and polished children with lagging parents in tow.

In vain the timorous parent glances wistfully back in the direction of home, that bastion of the familiar. The much discussed day has arrived at last and there is no place to go but forward.

There is little doubt but that the first day of school is one of the most difficult days in a parent's life. Those who have been through it agree that newcomers to the fray, successfully passing the test, have earned the right to a night out on the town or at least a double feature.

Just as the most forgetful observer can tell by the street-corner Santas when Christmas is upon us, so the childless wayfarer can spot the "new" parent abroad at twenty paces. It isn't only the shiny new school bag she is constantly abjuring her young not to forget, there is also a stricken, apprehensive look that sticks out a mile in front of her carefully made-up facade.

Prior to reaching school, the new parent is likely to limit her remarks to "do's and don'ts" well larded with gratuitous, and frequently unconvincing, reassurances to her small charge that he (or she) is going to have "just loads of fun."

If, however, the parent has navigated the trip from portal to portal with a minimum of travail, the discovery on entering school that Mortimer's birth certificate is home on the bookcase is sure to shake her up to the general consistency of a chocolate-frosted.

The damage done, nothing remains but to brazen it out with the teacher who, the new parent can see at a glance, is sure to misunderstand Mortimer's sensitive nature right from the start.

Catching Miss Thigpen's attention (1st grade—8:40 to 1:00 o'clock), the bewildered newcomer stammers out an unintelligible but heart-rending plea concerning "timer's buggies."

Being, in actual fact, a kindly soul not unfamiliar with new parents' tendencies to come apart at the seams, Miss Thigpen ascertains that while Mortimer is hot stuff on zippers, he has a rough time with buckles.

She assures the near-frantic female at her side that Mortimer will not be sent out into the September snows to freeze but will receive an assist with his outer garments if one is required.

At this point the bell rings, and the new parent receives her knockout blow. Mortimer, having struck up an acquaintance with a contemporary named Joey, marches happily off up the stairs toward the first grade and manhood.

Just as he disappears from view, he waves an airy palm in the general direction of his parent who by now is too stunned to do more than blow a weak kiss in return.

In the quiet that follows the battle, new parents can be observed moaning softly or quietly licking their wounds. Here and there a grandmother commiserates with the newly bereaved in her loss and, with the wisdom of her years, points to the brighter side. "After all," she might be heard to murmur, "you wouldn't want Sally to grow up illiterate!"

Matters having been taken out of her hands at last, the new parent pulls herself together and heads for the nearest telephone booth. As she walks away from the school house, there is a slight spring to her step and color returns once more to her cheeks.

Safely inside the little brown booth, with confidence returning by leaps and bounds, the new parent can be heard to report, a fine, proud light in her eye, "Mission accomplished, all present or accounted for . . ."

SEPTEMBER'S BEST FOOD BUYS*

FRUITS	Lima beans	FISH
Grapes	Carrots	Frozen fillets
Plums	Cabbage	Fresh fish
Pears	Onions	DAIRY PRODUCTS
Canned fruit juices	Beets	Eggs
Frozen fruit juices		Cottage Cheese
VEGETABLES		Non-fat dry skim milk
Tomatoes	POULTRY	MISCELLANEOUS
Corn	Broilers and Fryers	Peanut Butter
	Hens	

*According to the U.S. Department of Agriculture and normal seasonal variation.

WEEK'S MENUS

SUNDAY

<i>Breakfast</i>	Frozen Orange Juice
	Scrambled Eggs
	Bacon Muffins
	Milk Coffee
<i>Dinner</i>	Roast Chicken Dressing
	Carrots Lima Beans
	Perfection Salad
	Grape Pie
	Coffee Tea
<i>Supper</i>	
	Tomato Rarebit
	Green Salad
	Chocolate Cake
	Milk Coffee

MONDAY

<i>Breakfast</i>	Canned Fruit Juice
	Corn Flakes
	Toast Jelly
	Milk Coffee
<i>Lunch</i>	Fresh Fruit Cottage Cheese Salad
	Egg Salad Sandwich
	Cookies
	Milk Iced Tea
<i>Dinner</i>	
	Swiss Steak
	Green Beans
	Mashed Potatoes
	Cabbage Salad
	Plum Tarts
	Coffee Milk

TUESDAY

<i>Breakfast</i>	Grapes
	Bran Flakes
	Soft-Cooked Eggs
	Toast Jelly
	Milk Coffee
<i>Lunch</i>	Fresh Tomato Soup
	Peanut Butter Sandwich
	Crisp Relishes
	Orange Slices
	Milk Iced Tea
<i>Dinner</i>	
	Meat Loaf
	Baked Potato
	Beets
	Tomato Salad
	Chocolate Roll
	Coffee Tea

WEDNESDAY

<i>Breakfast</i>	Grapefruit
	Shredded Wheat
	Sweet Rolls
	Milk Coffee

Lunch

Eggs	Goldenrod on Toast
	Lettuce-Tomato Salad
	Sliced Peaches
Milk	Iced Tea
<i>Dinner</i>	
	Stuffed Pork Chops
	Corn-on-Cob Lima Beans
	Cabbage Salad
	Pineapple Sherbet
	Milk Coffee

THURSDAY

<i>Breakfast</i>	Cantaloupe
	Puffed Rice
	French Toast
Coffee	Milk
<i>Lunch</i>	
	Frankfurter on Roll
	Vegetable Salad
	Orange
Milk	Iced Tea
<i>Dinner</i>	
	Liver and Bacon
	Mashed Potato
	Parsley Carrots
	Onion-Orange Salad
	Spanish Cream
Milk	Coffee

FRIDAY

<i>Breakfast</i>	Fresh Pears
	Sugar Coated Corn Cereal
	Poached Egg Toast
	Milk Coffee
<i>Lunch</i>	
	Cheese Souffle
	Crisp Green Salad
	Toasted Rolls
	Gingerbread
Milk	Coffee
<i>Dinner</i>	
	Baked Fish Fillets
	Scalloped Potatoes
	Stewed Tomatoes
	Cabbage Slaw
	Deep Dish Plum Pie
	Milk Coffee

SATURDAY

<i>Breakfast</i>	Sliced Peaches
	Cooked Cereal
	Toasted English Muffins
	Milk Coffee
<i>Lunch</i>	
	Lima Bean Casserole
	Cold Cuts
	Rye Bread
	Ice Cream
Milk	Iced Tea
<i>Dinner</i>	
	Broiled Chicken
	Curried Rice
	Cauliflower
	Lettuce Salad
	Fresh Fruit Compote
	Milk Coffee

It's HICKORY SMOKED
It's SUGAR CURED
It's all meat and
so different

Heap fine meat for any meal



The Wilson label protects your table



*Happy
Homes have
Nesbitt's*



a soft drink made
from *real* oranges

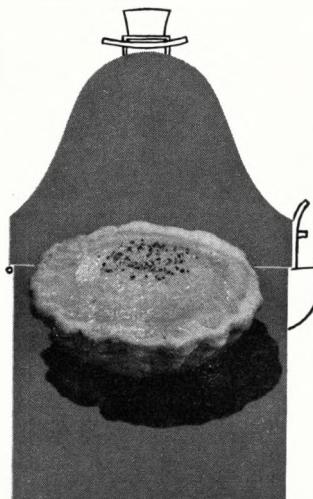
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Desserts THAT PACK

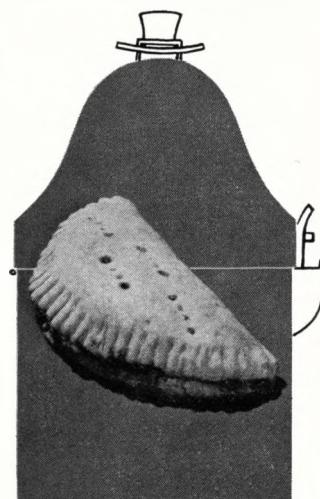
FOOD STAFF



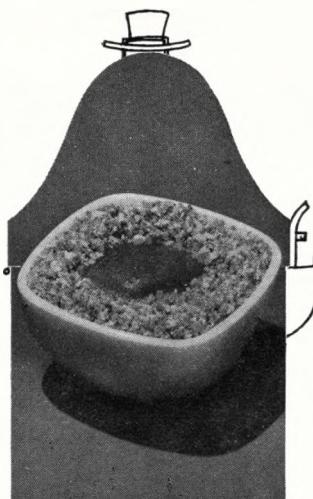
Here are quick-to-make, easy-to-pack sweets made with handy mixes and Junior fruits. Good, too.



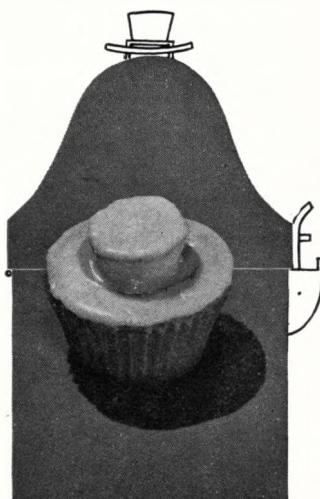
Fruit Tart: Baked pastry shells, canned peach halves, pear glaze. Mix 1 jar pureed pears, 1 tsp. cornstarch, 2 tbsp. sugar; cook until thick. Pour glaze over 4 peach tarts.



Prune Turnover: Biscuit mix rolled; cut into 4" rounds. Fill with 1 jar pureed prune mixed with cinnamon, mace, sugar. Fold rounds; seal; prick top. Bake 400 F. for 20 minutes.



Fruit Betty: Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup graham cracker crumbs, 1 tbsp. sugar, 1 tbsp. butter. Divide in layers with jar of apple-apricot puree in 3 custard cups. Bake 350 F. 20 minutes.



Banana Cupcake: Make up cup cake or cake mix. Cut out top starting $\frac{1}{2}$ " from edge. Fill cavity with strained bananas. Replace top. Ice the top with confectioners' frosting.

People never seem to worry about falling until after they fall in love and get married. From then on, they have the adult attitude, the "watch-out-you'll-fall" phobia.

When I was a child, I used to run around happily looking for high fences to leap off of, and steep, slippery boulders or rickety-limbed old trees to climb. No more. I am a mother.

It all begins before the child you are going to worry about for at least twenty years is even born. "For goodness sakes," everybody tells you, as soon as you are pregnant, "don't fall!"

You have visions too horrible for me to relate. The fact that your doctor assures you that your baby is very well-protected—"mighty tough little sack he comes in," he says—is outweighed by the fact that he also tells you to be careful.

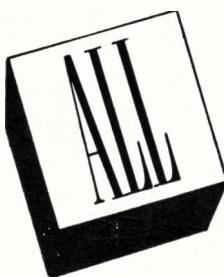
There is something about being careful not to fall that makes you fall. That is what happened to my first baby, two months before she was born. The street I was about to cross was a sheet of ice, so naturally I took my husband's arm. He has never been known to slip, before or since—but he slipped then. Our feet shot simultaneously out from under us and we went down flat on our backs.

My first thought was how funny we must have looked, and I burst out laughing. At almost the same instant, I decided this was the end of my child and I burst out crying. This had me in a fine state of hysterics which was very worrisome to my husband; but we all survived. The only "mark" I have ever noticed on my oldest daughter (born two months later on the very day the doctor prescribed) is that she has a mania for ice-skating.

An inexperienced mother who had practically never seen a baby before, let alone touched one, I was positive I was going to drop her. Naked and well-oiled after her bath, some day she was going to shoot out from my frenzied grip. But she never did, though I will say she tried hard.

After I left the hospital, I weighed her every day before her bath, and also, because I was trying to nurse her, I weighed her before and after each breast feeding to see how much she got. She bounced so much that it usually appeared that she had not only not got any milk, she had lost some. While I was standing on my head trying to figure this out—oops!—down would come baby, scales and all, and I would just catch her in time.

From the time a wee new baby that can't even turn himself over gives you



the shock of your life by rolling off the guest-room bed, you're in for it. He will hang by his heels from the tray of his high chair; he will tip over his baby carriage and dangle upside down in the harness that was supposed to keep him from falling out; he will climb over his crib bars or else ride his crib around the room and climb out on the top of a chiffonier—I found one of mine asleep there once.

He learns to climb up stairs—and falls down. You purchase one of these wooden folding gates and your husband says it will ruin the woodwork to bolt it on. However, you decide to go ahead and ruin the woodwork—and before you have figured out how to work that complicated latch yourself, the baby can do it.

Fathers seem to be more daring than mothers. Mother has to learn to smile brightly while Daddy tosses his infant son to the ceiling.

Your real ally is Grandma. If you listen to her advice you'll construct a small cell in your cellar and keep the baby behind bars. He can't fall any lower than the cellar.

On Grandma's advice, my husband and I went to great trouble and expense to build a railing on our front porch, off of which our baby had not yet fallen; though she was bound to, Grandma said, sooner or later. Sure enough, as soon as we got the railings up, she climbed them—and fell all the farther. Elizabeth was not even bruised. The next day, standing on her kiddy-car on the living room rug, she fell eight inches and fractured her elbow.

This green-stick fracture is the sum total of our casualties to date, during twelve years in which we have had four babies—all of whom have fallen down stairs at least once apiece.

A good many times, busy in the kitchen, I have heard that peculiar thumpety-bump and breathless silence that means one of the babies has started to fall downstairs.

And then, though I'm practically scared witless, I have to sit down on the bottom step and *laugh*.

"Ha-ha! Wasn't that funny? There now, you're all right. You were an old smartie. You caught yourself. Aw, come on, big boys don't cry!"

And, gradually, I am acquiring a philosophy. . . . I hope. It doesn't do any good to worry. They're bound to fall but that doesn't necessarily mean they're bound to get hurt (much). I shouldn't bring my babies up to be timid and fearsome. Time enough for that when they become mothers!

By OWENITA SANDERLIN

FOR a year or so before I met my mother-in-law I knew about her patch of grass.

"I have just come in from weeding it," she would write me. Or "I am sure it is the most beautiful green in the world."

Most of Jessie Fife's life was spent on a dry-farm. It had not been easy. As a young wife she and her husband and her first-born left their native Utah to settle "on their own" in a raw, untamed section of Idaho. Their worldly possessions included a team of horses, a hand plow, a few tools and a covered wagon in which they lived until the land could be cleared of sagebrush as big as trees, and a log cabin built. Water was a commodity more precious than gold, and no birds came to sing in the wilderness swept by wind and dust.

This might have been an unhappy life for a young girl like Jessie Fife—handsome, high-spirited, a natural organizer of fun and parties. But she turned her energies into softening the harshness about her. When loneliness plagued her she would sing over her tasks of bottling choke-cherry jelly, carding wool for her quilting, or sewing a layette for her next baby.

If she ever flinched, she never faltered, whether the job in hand meant taking up rifle after an Indian stalking the cabin, clubbing a rattlesnake in her hen-yard or nursing a child through grave illness.

One of her favorite sayings was, "Gold and silver I have not. My children are my jewels."

Yet there was one thing that Jessie Fife longed for all her life. A patch of grass. It became a reality only after many years.

Her children grew up. They left the homestead. Some of them married. She wrote to me:

"I should like to meet you, new daughter, wife of my eldest son. I want you should come home to me for a visit, taste my fried bread and squash pie, and see my fine grass."

Succeeding letters would often mention the grass. But when we finally made the visit to Idaho and drew up before the weathered house I was disappointed, even slightly alarmed. There was no grass. None at all.

I had a moment of misgiving

about Jessie Fife. Then I saw her coming out to meet us. I knew her health had been poor, yet the dominant impression I had of her was that of great strength. Tall, square-shouldered, straight-backed, the eyes in her weathered face brimming with tenderness.

When our first greetings were over she said: "Now you must see my grass."

She led me out of the back door, and there under the clothesline there was indeed a patch of grass. It was probably eight feet wide and extended from the house to the woodshed. She gazed at it as if it were a luxuriant greensward.

"All my life," she said, "I have wanted clean grass under my clothesline so I could hang sheets and socks without walking in the mud. Whenever I would drop a freshly washed diaper, or the wind would whip a blanket off the line into the dirt I would say, 'Some day I will have grass.'"

Where I came from the climate was mild and grass was taken for granted, so to me her patch seemed very ordinary, and I could not understand why it meant so much to her.

But now in maturity the most unrelated incidents will suddenly thrust a picture of the green patch before my eyes. Maybe I'll overhear a conversation:

"You can't blame her for leaving him. Married three years and still in that miserable little apartment."

The times the grass seems brightest, though, are when I pass a soap box orator in the park, or listen to a "bright young man" at a party, or read the words of an "intellectual" hacking away at democracy, our way of life, which has been HANDED down to him.

Then I have the answer to why Jessie Fife tended her grass patch so lovingly—carried water from the well, trimmed and weeded and watched over it. Having known long anticipation, she could experience true appreciation. She had worked hard to attain the grass and she worked hard to keep it.

Not for a moment did Jessie Fife take the grass for granted or imagine that it would tend itself.



By DALE H. FIFE

HOT BREAKFAST



IN A JIFFY!

FISH CAKES IN BLANKETS

Bake 400°F. 4 servings

1 10-ounce can Ready-to-Fry Codfish Cakes
4 strips bacon 4 eggs

Divide fish cake mixture into four equal portions, shape into round cakes, wrap each in a strip of bacon, fasten with toothpick. Make a depression in top of each cake, drop egg in each. Bake in oven at 400°F. until egg is firm and bacon is brown. 4 servings.

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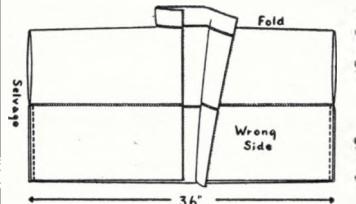


EASY-TO-MAKE BED JACKET

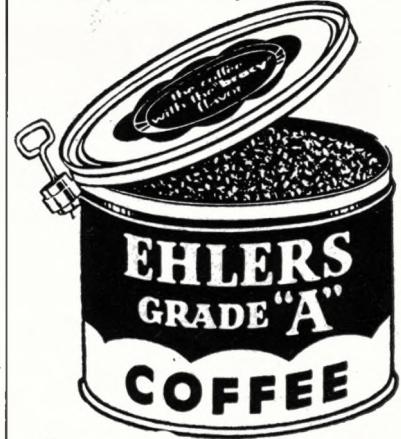
By MARY SUMNER

Make for yourself or as a gift. Quickly done and so simple to iron. Make of sheer nylon or washable challis in lightweight wool or cotton.

Buy $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. each of a plain and a flowered fabric. Usually plain fabric is wider so cut your collar piece 3" wide from this. Straighten all crosswise edges. Split one fabric in half crosswise. French seam a piece to each crosswise end of the half yard piece as shown. Fold the piece lengthwise, then crosswise and cut through one center fold, up to the crosswise fold. Then make a T cut for the neck 3" each way at the crosswise fold. Be sure to cut on a



thread line so all edges will be true. Join collar to the neck edge. This seam joining can be pressed open and seam covered with lace insertion or ribbon. The outside edges can be finished with narrow lace, applied with the edge stitcher or zig-zagger, or all edges can be ribbon bound. Use a hook and eye to close at center front. Finish with a ribbon bow.



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with
the
"bracy"
flavor



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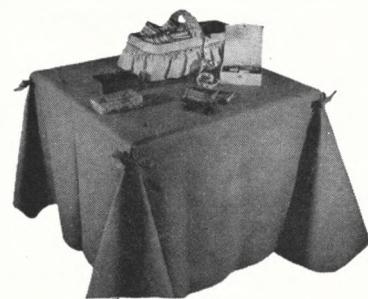
Hudson

THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR PAPER NAPKINS

Sewing Corner

By MARY SUMNER

FELT TABLE COVER. We show you here how Mrs. Jankus covered the table that houses her portable sewing machine. She wanted to dress the table up so it could be in the room and always conveniently near. Her machine is kept in its case underneath the table, also her sewing basket and she can bring them out in a jiffy when she is ready to sew. When she removes the felt cover everything is at hand for sewing.



Photographer: William F. Howland
Portable Sewing Machine and Table: Singer
Felt: Lamkin by Central Felt Co.

Mrs. Jankus took a two-yard square of blue felt, exactly the same color as the daybed covers, cut it so that it is a little longer at the corners, then pinked a 1 1/8" wide strip of felt and made a bow for each corner, as the picture shows. She has a window nearby and says that the table is convenient for many things when it has the felt cover on and is readily accessible for her sewing when she's in the mood.

Felt can be used for so many things—to make card or work table and chair covers. When you cut felt, lay a newspaper pattern on, or use a ruler and chalk cutting lines so they will be true.



DOOR DOUBLES AS MAGAZINE RACK

By DARRELL HUFF

► The odds are that somewhere in your home there is a door that is not working as hard as it could. With a handful of dowels and a little lumber, you can turn it into a handsome magazine rack.

Basically the rack is a wood frame with several crossbars to support the magazines and dowels to keep them from falling over. Cover the back of the frame with plywood, hardboard, or lumber and it becomes a door. Or you can simply add the rack to your present door.

Begin by making the frame. If it is to be fastened to a door you already have, make it just enough smaller than the door to keep it from hitting the knob or door casing. If it is to replace an old door, make it the same size as the door.

Cut two pieces of 2x2 and one of 2x4 as long as your frame is to be wide. (Purpose of the 2x4 is to provide plenty of wood at the point where you may wish to put the door knob or other kind of hardware.)

Cut 14 dowels—the $\frac{1}{2}$ inch or $\frac{5}{8}$ inch kind, available in lumber yards or hardware stores—to a length just 1 inch longer than the crosspieces. How all these pieces will fit together is shown in Figure 1.

Now mark the two long 2x2s as shown in Figure 2, beginning at the bottom of the door. Draw lines across the inner edge at 20 inches, $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches, 56 inches, 69 inches to show where the crosspieces will go. Center marks at the other points indicated and drill a hole $\frac{1}{2}$ inch

deep at each. Make the holes the same diameter as the dowels you are using.

Now assemble the frame. First fasten all the crosspieces to one of the long uprights, using glue and a pair of 2 inch or longer flat-head wood screws in each. (For a neater-looking door edge, counter-sink the screw heads well below the surface and fill the holes with wood filler.)

Drop a little glue into each of the holes you have drilled, and push in a dowel. Now fasten on the other long 2x2 in the same manner. That completes the frame and rack.

If you are using an old door, take it down by pulling the hinge pins. Use three screws along each side and one at top and one at bottom to fasten the rack to the door. Paint to suit the room—the job is done.

If your new rack is also to form the entire door, back it with lumber or hard board or plywood, using glue and screws.

The door shown in the photographs is backed with horizontal pieces of 1x6 inch tongue-and-groove lumber to match the paneling of the bedroom behind it. Redwood was used throughout and the door and rack finished with two coats of water-white lacquer.

Figure 1

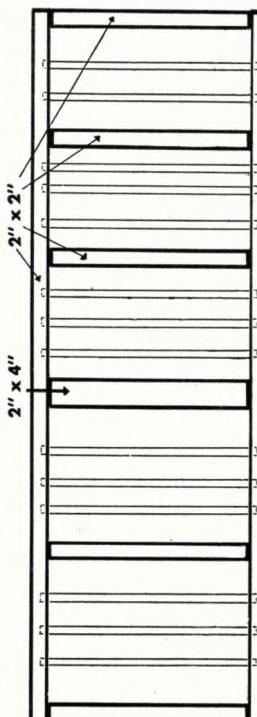


Figure 2

14 dowels ($\frac{1}{2}$ " or $\frac{5}{8}$ ")
each 1" longer than
2" x 2" and 2" x 4"
cross-pieces

bottom:
measure from here
to mark
for cross-pieces
and dowel holes.

Here's News!
Survey Shows



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THE QUESTIONS PARENTS ASK...

WHAT SHALL I DO TO
KEEP MY CHILD FROM

G E T T I N G S I C K ?

By REUEL A. BENSON, M.D.

Professor of Pediatrics, New York Medical College

It is good that Mrs. Baldwin comes to me with this question. More and more parents have asked this question and doctors now are trying to answer it. Prevention of illness has become one of the major concerns of all doctors caring for children. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why there is less sickness in our children than in those of the preceding generations.

Many diseases are now preventable. The methods used are simple, but you must work out a schedule of treatment with your physician and you must follow his instructions. Diseases that are preventable by inoculations include: Smallpox, Diphtheria, Whooping Cough, Tetanus ("Lockjaw"), Typhoid Fever, Paratyphoid and Measles. Mumps, Chickenpox and German Measles are not preventable, but they are less serious than the others.

"Aren't there some diseases that are prevented by vitamins?"

Yes. Before we knew about vitamins, many children had Rickets, a disease due to lack of lime in the bones. But now nearly all of the crippling after-effects of Rickets—bow legs, knock-knees and other bone deformities—are preventable if the child receives vitamins A and D (contained in cod liver oil) in small daily doses through infancy and early childhood.

Another disease, Scurvy, is just about unknown at the present time because of the almost universal use of fresh fruits in the child's diet. Here vitamin C, abundant in such fruits as oranges, acts as a preventive of Scurvy, and here vitamins, again, are given to keep your child from getting sick.

"I suppose we ought to think about food itself as a preventive of disease."

Yes. An adequate and well selected diet may help to build up in the child the necessary resistance to disease organisms. However, this must not be over-emphasized. Many mothers, in their natural desire to give their children every health advantage, overfeed or try to force the foods they think the child should eat. It is mainly in this matter of diet

selection that you will be wise to check with your physician when you visit him for periodic examinations of your child. Not only will he tell you about food, but he may also pick up the early signs of disease that may be stopped almost before they start.

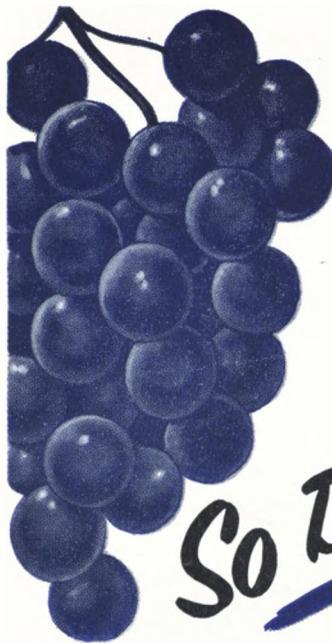
"How often should I take my child for a medical examination?"

Once a month during the first year; after that every six months. You'll find this an excellent investment. In the long run it will prove to be a money saver, and it will give you a feeling of security which is bound to be reflected in your child's mental attitude.

Of course, guidance in the development of mental habits and adjustments should be an important part of your health program. This must be gradual and it takes patience. Many of the emotional conflicts at this age period are caused by the mother's natural desire to educate her child rapidly. Kindly repetition is a better course to follow. Tension in the parents, especially in the mother, will quickly show in the child's behavior.

"What about the prevention of accidents? I've read that more deaths in children in this country are caused by accidents than from any other single cause."

That's true, and every mother should do what she can to prevent accidents and to train her child to be cautious. Exploration is a part of your child's education. At eighteen months, for example, he can just make out the top of your kitchen table. Naturally he reaches for the first object he sees. If this happens to be the lamp or a pot of boiling water, he may be injured for life. Constant watchfulness at this point is necessary; not the watchfulness that consists only of "No," but the kind that teaches him to do his exploring in safe places with his own safe playthings. Soon he will get beyond this dangerous period. And as he grows older, he will, perhaps, unconsciously exercise the same care on other children that you have taught him.



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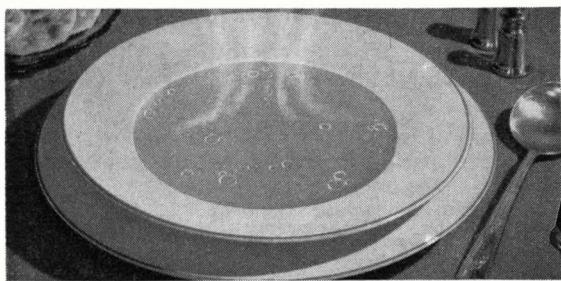
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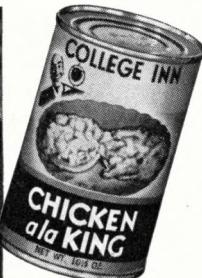


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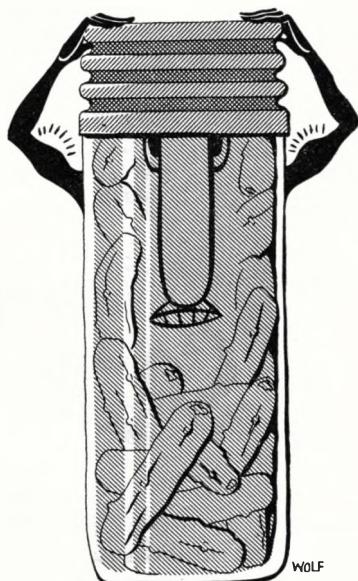


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HOW TO UNCAP A PICKLE JAR



WOLF

By AD SWEENEY

1. Remove all other items from work table and place jar in precise center. Stand back and eye jar with hands on hips. A firm determination should be established to get off to the right start.

2. Grasp jar with left hand if right handed, or vice versa, applying full strength to cap with opposite hand. Do not grunt over-loudly. Maintain an attitude of nonchalance. This is important in the preliminary steps.

3. Transfer jar to sink, invert, and pour scalding water over cap for thirty seconds. Apply application of Unguentine to scalded thumb.

4. Re-approach jar with hammer and make like you are pounding tracks around outer rim of cap. Oops, sorry! I meant to remind you about that sore thumb.

5. Now take can opener and force anchor hook under screw-edge of cap to permit air to enter. Wring bath towel in hot water and apply double thickness over jar cap. Twist.

6. Send only \$19.95 to Lower Apple-jack, North Dakota for attractive hand-tooled cowhide wrist brace together with free testimonials of thousands of satisfied customers. A sprained wrist need not be a permanent disability. You, too, can live anew to unscrew bigger and better pickle jars.

13 TRICKS WITH SUGAR

By HELEN HOUSTON BOILEAU

Whether you use cane or beet sugar, brown or confectioners', here are some wonderful exciting sugar ideas to enhance mundane foods.

1. Add a teaspoon of sugar, a little lemon juice to enough frozen, fresh or canned green beans to serve 4. Such savory freshness from a mite of sugar!

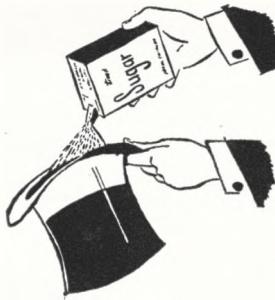
2. Make a glaze with 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and cook for 3 minutes. After meat has been browned, brush on glaze and bake. For ham, use brown sugar for glaze; coat ham and let bake for 30 minutes. So handsome, so shiny, so flavorsome. Try on pork tenderloins, too.

3. Make up prepared pudding; chill. Then sprinkle sugar generously over top and slide under broiler until sugar is bubbling.

4. Sprinkle sugar over meringue before baking. There will be little golden droplets on its baked puffy surface.

5. Brush top of pie with sugar glaze a few minutes before taking from oven, for a shiny, tan top. Do the same to tart shells and give them a protective coating from fillings that cause soggy crusts.

6. Roll out leftover pie dough. Cut in strips, dot with butter and



sprinkle liberally with sugar and cinnamon. Bake 425 F. for 10 minutes for a real tea treat.

7. Mix 1 cup sugar, juice and grated rind of 1 large orange. Let stand for 1 hour. Meanwhile bake up sheet cake from handy mix. Pour over cake and heat for few minutes in oven. A heavenly, quick dessert.

8. For a leisurely breakfast, mix up a batch of biscuits. Dip cut biscuits in beaten egg; coat with cinnamon and sugar and then bake. So good!

9. For tea, mix up biscuits. Dip lump of sugar in pineapple or orange juice and place on top of biscuits before baking.

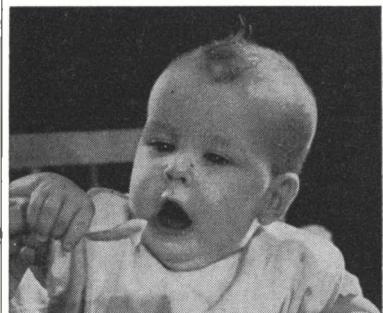
10. Sprinkle butter cookies with sugar, lemon rind and nutmeg before baking.

11. Dust confectioners' sugar over fresh strawberries and place them in the center of a mound of chopped strawberry flavored gelatin.

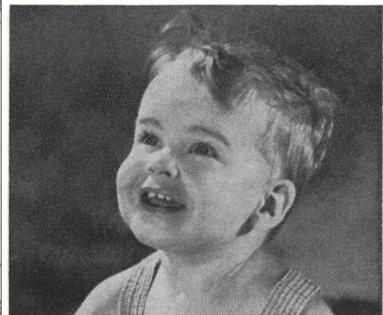
12. Sprinkle brown sugar over cooked cereal. Slide under broiler until bubbly; serve with cream. An eye opener!

13. Add a few drops of food coloring to granulated sugar. Mix evenly throughout. Sprinkle on top of cookies, puddings.

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TURN YOUR SPARE
TIME INTO CASH

MAKE EXTRA MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME. It's easy to show Hycrest high-quality, low cost Greeting Cards to friends and others. Show new self selling assortments of 21 lovely Christmas Cards at only \$1.00. Other assortments, too, religious, humorous, metallic, floral stationery, etc. Embossed, name-imprinted Christmas Cards as low as \$1.00 a box.

CLUBS, CHURCH GROUPS . . . Easy to raise hundreds of dollars. We show you how to fill your treasury fast. Mail coupon for Hycrest's proven fund-raising plan.

FREE SAMPLES . . . Send no money! Just mail coupon for full facts, assortments on approval and **FREE** personalized samples. Act today!

SEND FOR FREE TRIAL OFFER

HYCREST CARD CO. 78 Chauncy St., Dept. R
Boston 11, Mass.

Please send me **FREE** Samples of Christmas

Folders with Name and Assortment on

Approval.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

() Check for Groups.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

EASY COOKING

Small appliances can be placed almost anywhere; connected and the cooking done right on the spot.

By PRUDENCE DORN

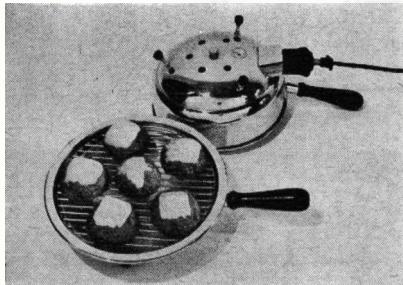
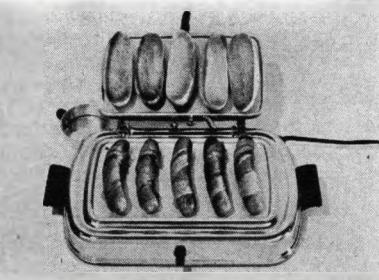


TABLE BROILER

Juicy hamburgers topped with melted cheese broiled to perfection right at the table. The round dome lid holds the electric unit and fits tightly over the platter. Heat control indicates the correct temperature for broiling.

DEEP FAT FRYER

Batter fried chicken cooks golden brown in this deep fryer. Mesh basket fits into pan holding heated fat or oil. Temperatures are automatically controlled. This appliance can be used as baker, steamer, warmer or chafing dish.

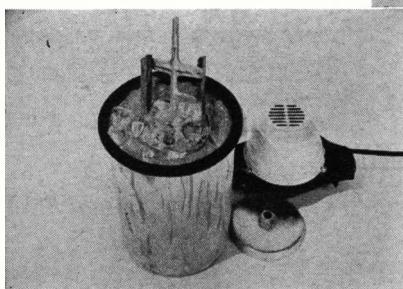
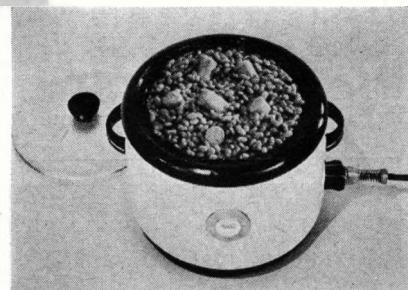


SANDWICH GRILL

Toasted rolls and bacon circled wieners cook perfectly on this electric table grill. A signal light indicates correct temperature for grilling and toasting. Expanding hinges adjust for toasting sandwiches of varying thicknesses.

ELECTRIC CASSEROLE

Baked beans slowly cook and keep hot while waiting in this small electric casserole. Casserole can be used also for baking, roasting and stewing. A dial automatically regulates the temperatures for you for all types of cooking.



ICE CREAM FREEZER

Home-made ice cream is frozen in minutes in this one quart electric freezer; can be done with ice cubes from refrigerator, too. The motor clamps on and off easily; plastic tub holds ice, and a metal can the cream and the dasher.

We love it 'cause it's so fresh!



Peter Pan
is just 60 seconds old
when you open the jar!



Try both
kinds

Smooth
and Crunchy

You'll notice the difference when you lift the lid... and you'll *love* the difference when you taste Peter Pan.

That's because creamy-smooth, easy-spreading Peter Pan Peanut Butter is specially *vacuum-sealed* within 60 seconds after it's made. It's *extra-fresh* when you get it and

extra-good when you eat it!

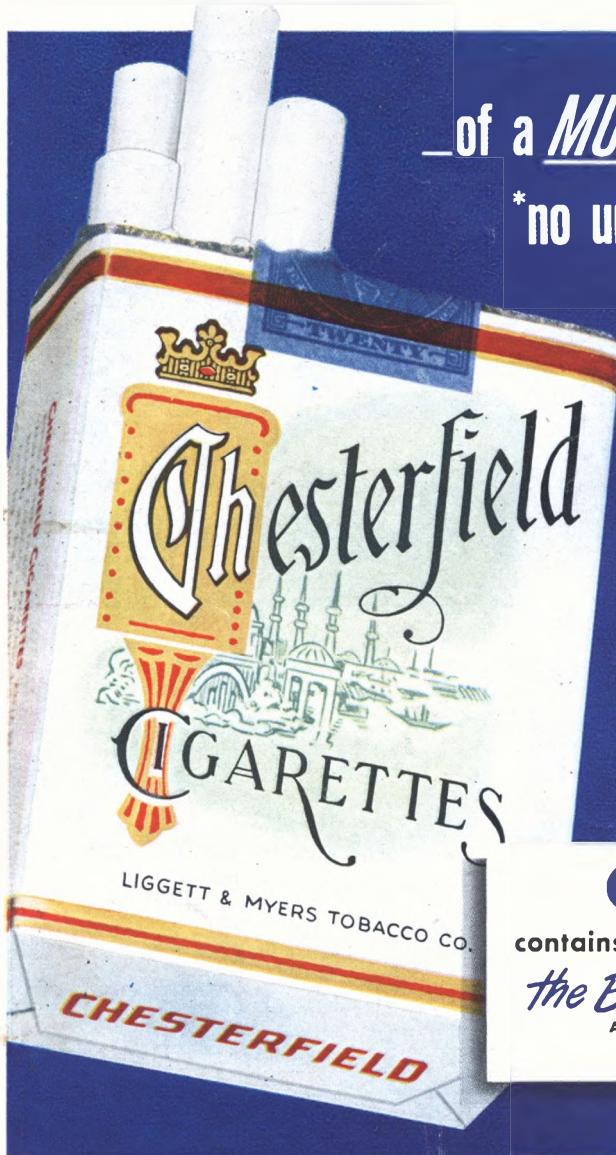
If you agree that the freshest foods are the *best* foods, then you'll choose Peter Pan Peanut Butter.

Kids! Don't miss Sky King!

On TV, see Sky King every other week on NBC-TV.

America's favorite peanut butter... outsells all others

SMOKE CHESTERFIELD AND BE SURE



— of a MUCH MILD smoke and
*no unpleasant after-taste

BECAUSE —

A. CHESTERFIELD uses the world's best, mild, ripe tobaccos, pre-tested for the most desirable smoking qualities.

B. CHESTERFIELD keeps these tobaccos tasty and fresh with tried and tested moistening agents—pure natural sugars, costly glycerol . . . nothing else.

C. CHESTERFIELDS are wrapped in cigarette paper of the highest purity.

* From the Report of a Well-Known Research Organization

CHESTERFIELD
contains only ingredients that give you
the Best Possible Smoke—

AS TESTED AND APPROVED BY SCIENTISTS
FROM LEADING UNIVERSITIES