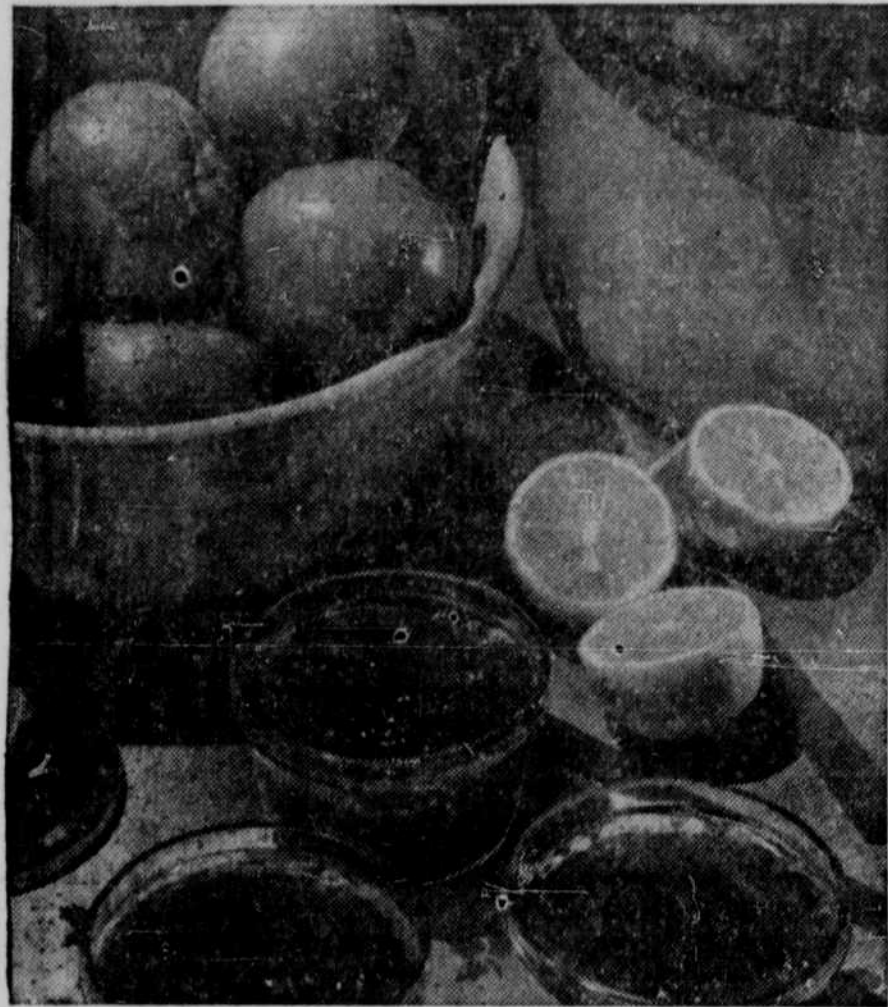


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Preserves Bring Bright Cheer for Winter (See Recipes Below)

Let's Preserve

Wise are the women who gather their fruits and vegetables and plan ahead for winter months when food is scarce. Imagine, if you can, the thrill of knowing that your canning cupboard holds within it the provision for several hundred meals, all the result of your own work.

Last winter the women who put up pickles and preserves blessed the providence that caused them to do it. For preserves often made up for the plainness of the meat dish, pickles gave a flavor touch when menu variety was at a low ebb, and chili sauce went into hundreds of meat dishes which otherwise might have lacked for flavor.

Preserves may be served with meats, fowl or plain bread. Try to gauge how much sugar you will have and allot only a portion of that for preserves this summer as you will want to use much of the canning sugar for whole fruit.

To be at their best, preserves must be cooked in small batches, anyway in fairly wide pans. There is no need for skimming preserves if they are left in the pans for five minutes after cooking time is finished.

In warm climates where storage is difficult, they are best when processed in a water bath at simmering temperature for 20 minutes. This will help prevent mold.

Tomato Preserves.

2 pounds tomatoes
4 cups sugar
1 1/2 cups water
1 lemon
1 stick cinnamon
2 pieces ginger root, if desired

Use small, firm red, yellow or green tomatoes. Scald one minute. Dip into cold water. Skin but do not core. Combine sugar, water, lemon (sliced thin), cinnamon and ginger and simmer for 20 minutes. Add tomatoes and boil gently until they are bright and clear. Cover and let stand overnight. Pack cold tomatoes into sterile jars. Boil syrup as thick as honey and pour over tomatoes. Process in water bath for 15 minutes.

Apricot Preserves.

2 pounds apricots
3 1/2 cups sugar or corn syrup

Wash, peel and halve firm, ripe apricots. Combine fruit and sugar in alternate layers. Let stand several hours or overnight. Heat slowly until sugar dissolves, then boil rapidly until fruit is clear. Let stand several hours. Pack cold fruit into sterile jars. Reheat syrup, boiling it

Lynn Says

Serve These Leftovers with Scrambled Eggs: For every six eggs used, blend in 1 cup diced, sauteed bread cubes with 1 teaspoon chopped chives.

If you prefer a meaty flavor, add 1 cup sauteed chicken liver and top with several slices of cooked bacon.

Fish is delicious with the egg combination. You might try 1/2 cup flaked fish, or 1/2 cup of any of the following: flaked lobster, shrimp, or crabmeat.

Vegetables add eye-appealing goodness to a golden fluffy mixture of scrambled eggs: 3 tablespoons minced parsley and chives; 1/2 cup chopped or cooked tomatoes, in which case omit the milk from the mixture; 1/4 cup chopped, cooked mushrooms.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Easy Menus

- Frankfurters Stuffed with Potato Salad
- Broiled Tomatoes Green Beans Celery Carrot Sticks
- Green Onions
- Sliced Rye Bread with Spread Beverage Fruit Shortcake

down if not thick enough. Pour hot syrup over fruit and seal at once. Chili sauce does not require much sugar and is very good when made with the combination of spices given in the following directions:

Chili Sauce.

- 1 gallon tomatoes
- 2 cups onions
- 2 cups sweet red peppers
- 1 pod hot red pepper
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons salt
- 1 tablespoon mustard seed
- 1 tablespoon celery seed
- 3 tablespoons mixed spices
- 2 1/2 cups vinegar

Skin tomatoes before chopping. Chop all vegetables before measuring. Tie spices in a mixed bag. Mix all ingredients except spice bag and vinegar. Add spice bag after mixture has boiled for 30 minutes. Cook until very thick, then add vinegar and boil until there seems to be no more free liquid. Taste and add more seasoning if necessary. Pour while hot into hot, sterile jars and seal according to manufacturer's directions.

There are a number of other foods which you may not have preserved in other years that would now come in handy. First of all, you may want some lovely garden or orchard fresh fruit juices. For these you will need one cup sugar to the gallon with additional sweetening when served.

Canning Berry Juices. Blackberries, blueberries, loganberries, raspberries, etc., may be used. Wash, crush and simmer juices until soft. Strain through several layers of cheesecloth. Add one cup sugar to each gallon of juice. Reheat to simmering and pour into hot, sterile jars. Process for 30 minutes in hot water bath at simmering temperature (180 degrees).

It's good to have tomato sauce handy for those meat and vegetable dishes throughout the winter. Canned? Of course: **Canned Tomato Sauce.** Mix 3 quarts chopped tomatoes, 1 quart sliced onions, 1 pint chopped green peppers, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt to taste and a pod of hot red pepper. Cook slowly until thick. Then pour into sterile jars and process in a pressure cooker at 10 pounds for 35 minutes or 2 hours in a boiling water bath.

Canned Vegetable Soup. 5 quarts chopped tomatoes
2 quarts chopped green lima beans or
2 quarts green beans
2 quarts carrots
1 pint celery
4 tablespoons salt
Cook tomatoes until soft, then press through sieve. Add other ingredients and simmer for 10 minutes. Pour into sterile jars and process in boiling water bath 60 minutes at 10 pounds pressure or 3 hours in a boiling water bath. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Tomorrow is Forever

by GWEN BRISTOW

THE STORY THUS FAR: Spratt Herlong, successful motion picture producer, had married Elizabeth, after her first husband, Arthur Kittredge, had been reported killed in World War I. They had three children, Dick, Cherry and Brian. Dick, 17, would soon be called into service. Spratt called Elizabeth to tell her that he was bringing Kessler, a refugee writer, to dinner the following night. Kessler, who in reality was Arthur Kittredge, had returned to America and gone to work for Spratt. He believed his disfigurements would prevent Elizabeth from knowing him. The dinner date was to be just 24 years since Arthur was reported killed.

CHAPTER IV

It was quite dark when her friend, Frances, knocked on the door. When Frances came in from work and the maid said she had not seen Elizabeth, Frances came up to her room. Elizabeth did not hear the knock, so Frances opened the door, saying, "Elizabeth, are you here?" and then, "Why, what's the trouble?" She switched on the light and ran to the bed.

Elizabeth managed to say, "Please leave me alone." Looking around in astonishment, Frances caught sight of the telegram which it had blown into a corner. She picked it up. "Oh, my dear," she gasped. "Oh my dear." After a minute in which she could not say anything else, she asked, "Do you want me to call your aunt?"

"No!" cried Elizabeth. "Please go out. Please just let me alone." Frances hesitated, but being a sensible girl she only said, "You're going to catch flu in this cold room," and brought a blanket from the closet to throw over Elizabeth's tense body, and went out.

Elizabeth did not call up anybody that night, not even her Aunt Grace, an omission which Aunt Grace never forgave her. For weeks afterward Aunt Grace could not think of this without exclaiming, "But I was just like a mother to the poor girl! She needed me. And just when she needed me most, she didn't call me." Aunt Grace loved to hover over people in distress. She could well believe that her dear niece had been grieved when she was told of her husband's death, but she was always sure this grief would have been lessened if she herself had only been around to offer sympathy and a nice cup of tea.

Elizabeth had no use for her aunt's ministrations. She did not think of wanting anybody. Later, she was able to appreciate her friend's kindness in leaving her alone. But that night she was not capable of appreciating anything but the fact that she was alone and would remain so. Then, slowly, she began remembering everything about him, not merely his strength and humor and gentleness, but the tiniest details of his appearance, little unimportant words he had spoken to her, the way his eyes would catch hers across a crowded room and make her feel warm with his love. She remembered his splendid mind, the energy with which he went to work—why should the world want to destroy a man who had no purpose but to contribute to its happiness?—and more than that, his goodness, his large tolerance—"Oh, Elizabeth, why get so bothered about it? Who are we to think anybody different from ourselves is wrong?"—and for herself, more even than all of these, their exquisite sense of unity. "Elizabeth, I couldn't say this to anybody but you, but you'll understand..."

She had had so much with him. And yet she had had so little of it. Two years ago she had not known Arthur existed, and now she had lost him. Her thoughts went back to the beginning. If she had only known him longer! She might have, if she had stayed in Tulsa, for Arthur had lived there several years before she met him. But her aunt and uncle had deprived her of those years by sending her away to school, though of course they had not known they were depriving her of anything and she had not known it either. She liked going to school much better than staying at home with them, for even in her early childhood she had comprehended that though they had a strong sense of duty they really did not know what to do with her. After fifteen years of childless marriage they had hardly been prepared to welcome an orphaned baby left to their hands. Luckily her father's life insurance prevented her being a financial burden. So they provided her with a competent nurse until she was old enough to go to boarding school, and in the summers there were always camps and other supervised vacations. It had all seemed a matter of course to her until the summer after her first year at college. She was spending a few weeks with her uncle and aunt before the date of an educational trip to Canada with a group of college girls, and one day she went to swim at the country club and met Arthur.

She went swimming alone, expecting that she would meet some acquaintance at the club, which was always full of people on Saturday afternoons. She was practicing a swan dive; she had already gone through it several times, but she liked to repeat it—standing poised in the sun high above the green stretch of water, the spring, the swift

plunge down through the rush of air with her arms out like wings, and then at the right split-second bringing her arms together to cut the water and feeling it close around her, cold on her hot skin, and then up again into the warmth and brightness, so vigorous that she felt like crying out, "I'm alive, alive, and I love it!"

She went down into the water again and came up, pausing an instant to shake the drops out of her eyes before she struck out for the edge of the pool. Her face half submerged, she swam quickly. As her fingertips touched the edge she lifted her head and laughed from sheer joy of being healthy. She was not looking at anything when she put out her hand to raise herself out of the water, and was astonished and for an instant embarrassed to feel her fingertips closing on somebody's leg.

Elizabeth started back, about to make an apology. But before she could speak the young man had



They talked without any sense of strangeness.

grasped her arms and lifted her to the edge of the pool by him, and he was begging her, "There now, do it again!"

"What?" she exclaimed, moving back a step, but he insisted, "I've been watching you. Honestly, that's the most beautiful swan dive I ever saw—please do it again!"

She looked up at him, and in that first moment she liked him because he looked just the way she felt—young, joyous, alive with an extraordinary vitality. He was instantly so vivid to her that Elizabeth exclaimed, "Do you often come here? Why haven't I met you before?"

"I don't know. I was wondering the same thing myself. I come here a lot Saturdays and Sundays, when I'm not working. My name is Arthur Kittredge. Will you let me see you do that dive just once more?"

"Of course," she said, and ran back to the ladder leading up to the high diving board. At the top she looked down at Arthur. He lay stretched out, his eyes on her. As she saw him he smiled, raising his hand in a little gesture of praise, and it was as though everybody else in the pool had become invisible. Elizabeth ran forward and arched her body into the air, and as her hands touched the water she knew it had been the most graceful dive she had ever made. "That's what it does for you," she thought under the water, "to have somebody to dive for."

Arthur sprang into the pool to meet her. Though he was a big young man who gave an impression of great physical strength, he moved with the grace of one long accustomed to rhythmic exercise. They swam up and down together, trying to ride a rubber swan and falling off with shouts of laughter, till Elizabeth lost her cap and Arthur had to dive to find it for her, though by that time her hair was down her back, as soaked as though she had never worn any cap at all. "Now I look simply awful," she said, treading water while she wrung out her hair, but he retorted, "You do not, you look like a mermaid, tawny skin and sea-green eyes and your hair floating." They came out to sit in the sun, and while she shook out her hair to dry they talked without any sense of strangeness.

They were all divisions of the same subject, which was the fascinating way the various bodies of creation were made. "Even a smattering of it," he said, "makes you see things you never saw before, you feel as if you've been walking around blind." Pulling a leaf off the nearest plant, he called her attention to how glossy it was on top and how velvety beneath, and told her the tiny tufts on the velvet side were clusters of little nostrils through which the leaf breathed the air.

She was interested, so he went on, telling her how the leaf used air and water and the energy from the sun to make food for the plant. "Then animals eat the plants," he said, "and we eat the animals and the plants both, so we stay alive. But we don't know how to use the sun; nobody understands how that's accomplished, only the green leaves can do it. It's the fundamental life-process of the world. Our bodies can't do it. Only the green leaves know how, and if they should forget we'd die, all the life on earth would end, because we've never learned their secret."

Elizabeth was delighted. "But that's wonderful!" she cried. "Why didn't anybody ever tell me that before? Now whenever I walk across the grass or look at a tree, I'll remember it. What a lot you know."

"Oh no I don't," he assured her laughing. "I don't know anything, but I like finding out."

As they talked she discovered that his outstanding characteristic was a profound curiosity about how the universe and its inhabitants were put together. Everything from babies to planets interested him. He wanted to take them all apart and see what made them behave as they did. He told Elizabeth that before choosing his specialty he had hesitated before the attractions of becoming a chemist, a surgeon, a biologist, an astronomer—not because he did not know what he liked, but because he liked so many fields of study that he could not decide which one would be most interesting to enter. It was lucky he had his living to make, he remarked, as otherwise he might have turned into one of those scholarly recluses, a suggestion that provoked her mirth, at the notion that anybody who loved life as much as he evidently did should imagine it possible for himself to withdraw from it. "No, I guess not," he admitted, laughing too. "I love people. I can't imagine anybody's actually liking to live alone, can you?"

"I don't imagine you've ever been alone very much, have you?" she asked.

"Why no, I haven't. I always meet somebody."

"Have you been in Tulsa long?" asked Elizabeth.

"About three years."

"Where did you live before that?"

"Chicago."

Elizabeth began to laugh again and said, "That's where you were born, isn't it?"

"Yes, how did you know?"

"Because people born in Chicago always call it Chicawgo, and everybody from other places call it Chicahgo. Why is that?"

"Chicawgo," he said thoughtfully, and laughed at himself. "Why, I do. What do you call it?"

"Chicawgo," said Elizabeth.

"Chicawgo," repeated Arthur. "I can't seem to say it any other way. It's like a birth certificate, isn't it?"

She nodded.

"Did you ever hear anybody from England say it?" Arthur asked.

"No, what do they say?"

"Chicawgo," said Arthur. "The Ch like in church. You can tell them a thousand times that it's like the Ch in machine, but they can't seem to change."

"Any more than you can."

"Chicawgo," Arthur repeated.

"Chicawgo," as though trying to change, and shook his head in amusement. "No, I can't. Shall we go swimming again?"

"Yes, let's." She rolled up her damp hair and tucked it under her cap. They caught hands and dived in together.

Elizabeth thought she had never had such a good time. Arthur was a magnificent swimmer. He moved with such beautiful control that when they came out of the water again she exclaimed, "I bet you're a wonderful dancer."

Elizabeth had a date for that evening, but the young man was not nearly as attractive as Arthur so she reflected she could get out of it somehow. "All right," she said.

"I'll come for you," said Arthur, "if you'll give me the address. And by the way—"

"Yes?"

"What's your name?"

"Good Lord! Didn't I tell you?"

"No. It doesn't matter, except that they might think it a bit odd if I just rang the bell and said 'I'm calling for the green-eyed sunburnt young woman who lives here, please.'"

"You'll say nothing of the sort. My name is Elizabeth McPherson. And something else—my aunt, the one I live with, thinks a great deal of being proper, so you'd better tell me just where you work and all that and we'll see if we don't know some of the same people, so she won't guess I picked up a perfect stranger."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Novelties to Crochet In Pineapple Design



732

LIKE to crochet the pineapple design? Here's a group of small pieces—just right for a gift—each made of odds and ends of cotton.

Novelties you'll love—crocheted basket, handkerchief case, sachet, pincushions, edging and corner. Pattern 732 contains directions.

Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers.

Send your order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
564 W. Randolph St. Chicago 80, Ill.
Enclose 16 cents for Pattern
No. _____
Name _____
Address _____

Household Hints

A skillet that has become encrusted with a rough coating which cannot be easily scraped off, may be put into a hot fire or bed of hot coals and the crust burned off. In this way the skillet is left smooth and like new and is not injured.

Grease the spout of the pitcher when you use it for muffin or waffle batter. It will make pouring smoother.

When making pies that are likely to be juicy, cut the lower crust larger than the upper and fold over like a hem to prevent leaking at the edges.

Sprinkle a stubborn ribbon knot with talcum powder. Unties easier.

Yellow ochre dissolved in boiling water makes a lovely dye for muslin curtains.

Kool-Aid
Makes 10 BIG THIRST-QUENCHERS
5¢
6 Delicious Flavors

SNAPPY FACTS
about RUBBER

Although rubber is ordinarily considered non-conductive, B. F. Goodrich has perfected an electrically conductive rubber used in the form of a "shoe" for de-icing airplane propellers.

Bathing suits that won't get wet even when the wearer goes in swimming are a good possibility. The waterproof bathing suits are coated with B. F. Goodrich Koroseal.

"Bullet-proof" tires are so designed that a punctured tire can be run for 40 miles before it is ruined.

Almost every modern weapon has some rubber in it.

Bessie M. Manning

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

DOROTHY LAMOUR
star of "Riding High," a Paramount picture, is one of the many well-groomed, well-informed Hollywood stars who use Calox Tooth Powder.
McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.
CALOX TOOTH POWDER

HERE'S Today's Baking Powder...
The Baking Powder with the BALANCED Double Action
CLABBER GIRL BAKING POWDER
For years and years, a favorite, yet modern as tomorrow... that describes Clabber Girl Baking Powder... balanced double action... tested and proved in both mixing bowl and oven... the natural choice for the modern baking recipe.

CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder
Popped Extra Crisp!
Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES
"The Grains Are Great Foods" — *Kellogg*
Kellogg's Rice Krispies equal the whole ripe grain in nearly all the protective food elements declared essential to human nutrition.
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM
TIRED, ACHY MUSCLES
Sprains • Strains • Bruises • Stiff Joints
What you NEED is
SLOAN'S LINIMENT