



Luscious Ice Cream-Favorite Summertime Dessert (See Recipes Below)

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving

Ham and Egg Souffle

Green Lima Beans

French Fried Onions

Molded Apricot-Grape Salad

Vanilla Ice Cream with Jam

It's combined with chocolate for a

Peppermint Wafer Dessert.

(Serves 9)

1/2 pound peppermint stick candy

1/2 tablespoon unflavored gelatine

11/2 cups evaporated milk, chilled

Crush candy; add light cream.

Heat in double boiler until candy

dissolves. Add gelatine softened in

cold water. Chill until partially set.

half and stand around outside of a

9-inch pan. Place layers of wafers

12 hours. Cut in squares and serve.

Cherries are another great favor-

ite for dessert. The family will en-

joy these tarts made with either

Cherry Tarts

(Serves 6)

2 cups canned or fresh sour, pitted

Drain cherries. Mix together

sugar, cornstarch and salt in sauce-

pan; add cherry juice or a small

amount of water (1/2 cup). Cook to-

gether 15 to 20 minutes until thick-

ened, stirring constantly. Remove

from fire; add butter and jelly. Fold

in cherries. Pour into tart shells.

Bake in a hot oven (475 degrees)

There are some evenings when

Orange Honeys

(Makes 714 Dozen)

and sugar until light and fluffy. Add

egg and vanilla extract. Beat well.

Add flour mixture, nuts, orange and

lemon peels to creamed mixture.

Mix well. Drop by teaspoonfuls into

well greased baking sheets. Bake in

a moderate oven (375 degrees) for

(Yield: 21/2 dozen, 2 inches in

diameter)

¼ teaspoon baking powder

1/2 cup chopped nut meats

Beat eggs slightly; add remaining

ingredients in the order given. Fill

small buttered pans % full of mix-

ture. Bake in a moderate (350-de-

gree) oven about 15 minutes. Cool

slightly before removing from pan.

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Marguerites.

1 cup brown sugar

¼ teaspoon salt

14 cup whole bran

Dust with powdered sugar.

1/2 cup flour

fresh or canned cherries:

2 tablespoons cornstarch

2 tablespoons currant jelly

6 tablespoons sugar

11/2 tablespoons butter

6 baked tart shells

about 5 minutes.

most of us enjoy

a - bit of well-

chilled fruit with

a few crispy

want the cookie

jar full with these

Orange Honeys

that taste better

3 cups sifted flour

1/2 teaspoon salt

1/2 cup shortening

14 .cup sugar

1 cup honey

10 minutes.

2 eggs

1 egg

as they mellow:

cookies. In this

case, you will will

3 teaspoons baking powder

1 teaspoon vanilla extract

14 cup chopped nuts

1/2 teaspoon salt

cherries

flavor combination hard to resist:

Nut Bread

Beverage

1/2 cup light cream

2 tablespoons celd water

1/2 pound chocolate wafers

and whipped

Menus

Select Desserts Carefully

The choice of dessert should be a eareful one - a light dessert if the meal has been rich and hearty; a substantial one if the menu has been on the light side. A dessert should be

the perfect close to a meal, not just something thrown in because we think there ought to be an "ending" to eating.

One of the best ways to selecting the appropriate dessert is the guide that the seasons offer. In summer we can depend upon fruits and berries, plentiful supplies of eggs, milk and cream. In winter, of course, there are some fruits, but it's a good idea to make puddings the mainstay.

Ice cream is a perfect choice for warmer weather. If you want a dressed-up dessert, you can round it out with cake and berries; for simplicity, just serve the velvety mixture with fresh berries or crushed fruit sauce.

Here is a Lemon Cream that has a piquant flavor and is a perfect close to a light, cool supper when served with fresh berries:

Lemon Cream. (Serves 6)

2 well-beaten eggs % cup sugar % oup light corn syrup 1 cap milk If cup light cream 14 cup lemon juice

Whole berries for garnish Beat eggs and sugar. Mix corn syrup, milk, cream and lemon juice. Add to egg mixture. Freeze in automatic refrigerator tray until just set. Beat until light. Add crushed berries. Continue freezing until firm, about 21/2 to 8 hours. Garnish with

I cup crushed, sweetened berries

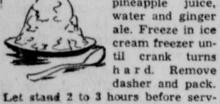
whole berries. An unusual sherbet with a tang that is bound to please is the following, using ginger ale:

Ginger Ale Sherbet. (Serves 6 to 8)

I tablespoon unflavored gelatin % cup cold water % cup hot water 11/2 cups sugar

¼ cup lemon juice Z cups unsweetened pineapple juice 1 cup water 1 pint pale, dry ginger ale

Soften gelatin in cold water; dissolve in hot water. Add sugar and stir until it dissolves, Cool; add lemon juice, water, pineapple juice, water and ginger ale. Freeze in ice cream freezer un-



Have you ever thought of using candy as a sweetener? Here is a suggestion for a deliciously flavored dessert that uses no sugar at all.

Lynn Says

Make New Things From Old: Old wornout oil tablecloths can be made into attractive place mats by cutting them into squares with pinking shares.

If towels have faded, dye them in colors to match the bathroom Old shower curtains can be cut down in size and used as curtains in the pantry, bathroom or kitch-

When shades become discolored and old, they may be covered with attractive prints in cotton, cretonne or chintz to match the room's decorative scheme. Wornout pajamas with the leg parts still good can be used to

pad out the ironing board by cutting to size. Discarded curtains make nice pot holder filler; or, they may be sewed together (six layers) after cutting, into dishcloths.

World War I. Elizabeth had been orphaned when a baby and raised by her aunt and uncle in Tulsa, where she met and married Arthur. Shortly after their fnarriage, Arthur enlisted, and soon afterwards was reported killed. Elizabeth moved to Los Angeles, where she met and married Spratt. Elizabeth overheard her children reading about and laughing at the World War I days. Kessler, a German refugee working on a motion picture script, and his daughter were coming to

long, motion picture producer, married

Elizabeth after her first husband, Arthur

Kittredge, had been reported killed in

CHAPTER X

the daughter.

"I'm sorry, Dick," Elizabeth continued with sympathy. "But the boss wants to talk pictures with Mr. Kessler after dinner, and you'll have to take care of the girl."

Cherry and the two guests were already beginning to laugh at Dick's woebegone face. Dick groaned. "Can she talk?"

"I don't know, Dick, but there's musical show downtown-"

'Mother, please! Honestly, Iwhat does she look like?" Elizabeth started to say, "I've never seen her," when Cherry put

"I bet I know. Two yellow braids around her head-" The others joined,

"Maybe you could play some Wagner records for her." 'What about Faust?"

"Silly, Faust is sung in French." "I bet she's fat and has applecheeks." "She's probably intellectual. Lots

of refugees are." "Talk to her about food. They all

like to eat." "I can't talk to her about anything," stormed Dick. "Mother, I've got a date! Why can't the boss tell Mr. Thingum to leave his daughter at home? Why do I have toand shut up, all of you. I think you're being unsympathetic and aw-

"Dick, please be a good sport," Elizabeth urged. "This doesn't happen often."

"It does too. You remember that horrible girl from New York who was all teeth that I had to take out when her family had dinner here? Fold in beaten, chilled evaporated But this is worse. A foreigner who milk. Break chocolate wafers in can't even talk except to say glub 'How do you know she can't talk?

on bottom; spread with 1/2 of the Her father speaks English." gelatine mixture. Top with second Dick groaned. half of wafers and spread with re-

"Be nice about it, Dick," pled maining gelatine mixture. Chill for Elizabeth. "She'll probably have a very good time if you'll let her. Remember she's in a strange country, and most of those refugees have had some very unpleasant experiences. Can't you be sorry for them at all?" "It's easy to be sorry for refugees," said Dick, "when you don't

have to put up with them." Torn between a desire to laugh and tell him he needn't do it, and a realization that Mr. Kessler's daughter must be taken care of somehow if he and Spratt were to have a chance to talk business, Elizabeth did not answer immediately. She was glad to hear the sound of

a key in the front door. "There's the boss," said Cherry,

getting up. "Now we can eat!" Dick exclaimed as though glad to have something to rejoice about. He got up to pour a cocktail for his father. Spratt came in and greeted them

"You've no idea what a comfortable picture you make around the fire," he remarked as Elizabeth took his coat and Dick gave him a Martini. "Where's Brian?"

"Having dinner with Peter Stern. Cherry, go to the kitchen and tell them the boss is here.'

"What have you been doing?" asked Spratt. "Listening to the radio?"

"No, what's going on?" "The same, only worse. All hell's loose in Russia. Come on upstairs with me while I get cleaned up," he invited Elizabeth. "Cherry, tell them I'll be ready in fifteen min-

"Wait a minute, boss," exclaimed Dick. "I've got something important to ask you. Do I have to take that refugee girl on a date tomorrow night?"

"What refugee girl?"

"The one who's coming here to ¼ cup chopped candied orange peel dinner with her old man. Can't she ¼ cup chopped candied lemon peel Sift together flour, baking powder possibly-" and salt. Cream together shortening

Spratt drew a long breath and started to laugh. "I forgot to tell you. Kessler's daughter," he said, "is eight years old."

The four youngsters gave long simultaneous whistles. "Oh joy, oh rapture unconfined!" sang Dick. "My life is renewed. I don't have to! Did you hear, everybody? She's eight years old! Why didn't you tell me? What were you doing talking about Russia when all the time you knew that girl was eight years old? Me sitting up here dying and you've got to bring up Russia!"

Elizabeth got out of the room ahead of Spratt and ran up the stairs. He followed her. When he came into his bedroom he found her crumpled up in his reading chair. She was laughing uncontrollably.

Spratt stood watching her in amazement. "Elizabeth, what in the world is the matter with you?"



time in my life I've nearly had hysterics." "Elizabeth, what-"

"Please don't pay any attention to me. I'm behaving like a moron. But it is funny, Spratt. We're sitting on the edge of a volcano dangling our legs over the crater, and Dick knows it-I've just heard him talking, so grim and hard he frightened me, and in fifteen minutes nothing was important to him except that that German girl was eight years old and he didn't have to take her dinner. Dick was to stay and entertain out. Oh, that resilience! Did I ever have it, I wonder?" She began to laugh again, this time more softly. Spratt shrugged, went into the bath-

> Spratt stood over her, shaking his head in confusion. "Did anything happen this afternoon, Elizabeth? You can tell me."

room and turned on the water. When

he came out Elizabeth, having made

herself be quiet, was wiping her

"Not a thing. I came home and got dressed for dinner and lay on the chaise-longue in my room till it



girl on a date tomorrow night?"

was time to get out the cocktails." She stood up. "I'm sorry for being so foolish, Spratt. But every now and then-well, maybe sometimes you've got to laugh so you won't scream.'

"All right," said Spratt, "leave it at that." He never pressed her for explanations, knowing if there was anything she intended to explain he would get it eventually without asking. "You'd better go and do something to your face. You've laughed

and cried it streaky." "All right, I will." Slipping her thank you for being such a calm person. Most men would either have

questions." With an expression of mingled kissed her. "You're not a fool. In-

cidentally, you look mighty well in that outfit." "It's the hostess gown you gave me," Elizabeth reminded him as she

tracks on her face.

the stairs. She smiled at him reand he smiled back. They went in to dinner with the others.

down. "Shrimps to start with. I love 'em."

"So do I," said Spratt, and ate the first one. "Quite a sauce, Elizabeth," he observed. "A decent writer on that picture for a change, and a good dinner-" He grinned at his offspring. "What have the millionaires got that we haven't got?"

"Dyspepsia," said Dick. At half-past four the following afternoon, Spratt was winding up another conference with the new writer who had come from Germany. Spratt pushed his chair back from

league. "That's all for the present, Kessler. We can go into more detail tonight after dinner. And you'll start writing the story treatment in the morning?"

his desk and grinned at his col-

"Yes, Mr. Herlong." The new heavy dark beard emphasized his foreignness to this American office that his smile, unlike Spratt's, could hardly be called a grin, he conveyed his acknowledgment of the comradeship that springs up swiftly when two workers discover they can work together. "When you will read the synopsis-I am sorry, the treatment-you will forgive my awkwardness with the language?"

Spratt chuckled. "In the first place, your language is very rarely awkward, and in the second place swer. With an effort she caught her | English grammar for one who can | man he was ever to know in his life. breath, saying, "N-nothing. Only tell a story. I don't mind saying,

day. You understand stories-I wish you could tell me how to make all these English grammar writers understand them.'

"Perhaps it is only sometimes viewing situations as other people would view them, and not entirely from the unchanging viewpoint of one's self."

"Am I supposed to tell that to the inhabitants of this ego-ridden capital?" Spratt laughed ruefully and shook his head. "Yes, Lydia?" he said as his secretary came in.

"He wants to see the sketches, and we are no longer in conference, Miss Fraser." He moved forward in his chair, placed his heavy hand on the head of his heavy cane, and pushed himself into a standing position. It was not an easy movement, but he accomplished it with the skill of long practice. Lydia opened the door for him. A clever girl, she managed to make it look like a gesture of deference instead of necessary aid. Their new writer could not stand without the support of his cane, and since he had only his right hand this made it impossible for him to open a door without pushing a chair toward it so he could sit down. Spratt had risen too, and walked over to the entrance.

"Then I'll pick you up at your office this evening, as close to sixthirty as I can, and we'll go to my home for dinner."

"Thank you, Mr. Herlong." He smiled courteously at Lydia. "And thank you, Miss Fraser."

Lydia went with him to the outer door of the bungalow, then returned to Spratt's inner office with the set sketches in her hand. "A remarkable man, Kessler," Spratt observed as he took the sketches.

"Isn't he? To sink into that script forty-eight hours and come up with a solution. And him half dead, too. Did the Nazis beat him up, or was he in the war, or what?" "I've no idea. You don't ask

about those things, though you can't help wondering. Maybe nothing but an auto accident."

"He does manage to bow from the waist in spite of it. Do you suppose he's going to continue forever calling everybody around here Mr. and Miss?"

Spratt laughed a little, and shrugged. "Probably. Germans are very formal. Never mind. I like him."

"So do I," said Lydia.

Meanwhile the subject of their conversation walked to his own bungalow, which was conveniently located next door, since his power of walking was limited to very short distances. Explaining to his secretary that Mr. Herlong was to call for him later, he went through the reception room into his private office beyond.

He went over to the mirror on the wall and stood there looking at his reflection. It was not possible that she could recognize him. Between them lay not merely twenty-four years, but the wreckage made by that shell at Chateau-Thierry, which hands into his, she stood up. "And had destroyed him so terribly that it had taken one of the greatest surgeons in Germany five years to put called me a fool or asked a thousand together the semblance of a body that he now possessed. A makeshift that had been uncertain enough sympathy and amusement, Spratt in normal times, this frame of his could hardly, after the effort to which it had been forced when he had to get out of Germany, be expected to last much longer. It was only because he was sure he could went into her room to obliterate the | not last much longer that he was willing now to let himself see Eliza-Spratt was waiting at the head of beth. He had never expected to see her again. In those frightful days assuringly and they started down, in the German hospital, he had not wanted to. He had wanted her to be rid of him, as desperately as "Oh boy," said Dick as they sat he had wanted to be rid of himself. Even now he trembled when he remembered that slow, tortured rebuilding, insertion of metal strips to replace shattered bones, stretching of shrunken muscles, inadequate food and inadequate anesthetics, his own screams and curses at the man who persisted in keeping him alive when he wanted to die.

How that doctor had kept at him. with implacable hands that he himself could see only as instruments of horror, forcing into him the life he did not want, and slowly, through all of it, giving him against his will life that was really life-not mere physical existence, but a personality and a will, a re-creation so profound that it seemed quite natural, when he began to realize what was being given him, that along with all the rest he had a new name. Kesslerthank heaven, he had thought then, it was easy to say, for in those days writer smiled back, and though his the new language had seemed very difficult, though now it was so much his own that when he first came and his customary dignity was such | back to the United States he found that he had half forgotten the old. The doctor's name was not so easy. Jacoby. How he had dreaded that man at first!

He remembered Jacoby, in the days when he himself did not know word of German, struggling through a scanty knowledge of English to make him understand what was being done to him, which he did not understand and hated Jacoby for doing, never dreaming then For a moment she could not an- I can get a dozen writers who know that he was meeting the greatest

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

Smart Two-Piecer for Fall Time



FASHION favorite for fall-A the two piece frock. This one, buttoned down the back, nipped in smartly at the waist, makes you look your best on those extra special occasions.

Pattern No. 8899 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 14, short sleeves. requires 3% yards of 35 or 39 inch fabric.



Wash burners on gas stove once week in a solution made of one gallon water, two tablespoons washing soda and soap flakes. Rinse and dry well.

To clean fireplace bricks, cover them with paste made of powdered pumice and household ammonia. Let dry for an hour, then scrub the bricks with warm, soapy water.

Put a few pieces of charcoal into

glass in which a hyacinth bulb is planted to keep the water sweet. To exterminate white flies on house plants, cover with a newspa-

per canopy and have someone blow smoke under it. Wipe off the fruit you have bought with a clean, slightly damp cloth before putting it away. This will clean it and check any rot that

fruits. To keep a hem even, in a dress or other garment, after you have sewn an inch or two, insert a piece of cardboard the width of the hem and about six inches long and slip it along as you sew.

may have gotten on it from other

Keep cooked meat covered. Chopped and sliced cooked meats spoil more quickly than meat in the piece. Cut or chop just before using. Keep meat sandwiches and salads cold right up to time of serving.

Don't throw away lemon and orange skins. Bake them in a moderate oven until very crisp. When cold grate or grind them and store in a well corked bottle. A pinch in a pudding or cake makes a great improvement.

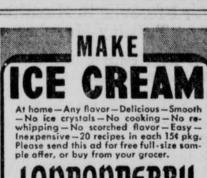
Moderate heat should be used to preserve the life of your porcelain enameled utensils. When the contents have reached the boiling point, the flame may be lowered even more. This is a fuel saving

Ball Players' Weight

In major-league baseball this year, the 554 players range in weight from 140 to 230 pounds, averaging 183 pounds; and they range in height from five feet five inches to six feet six inches, averaging exactly six feet.

the current conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers. Send your order to:

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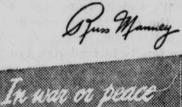
STABILIZER



A Boeing Superfortress lands on enough nylon to make 4,000 pairs of stockings, B. F. Goodrich builds Superfortress tires reinforced with nylon cord.

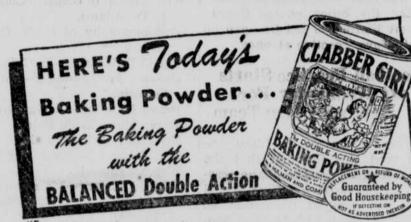
California not only has more passenger automobiles than any other state in the Union but also has more than any foreign country.

Using a road magnet, the Michigan State Highway Department recently gathered 400 pounds of nails, tacks, and other metal objects from 200 miles of highway.



B.F.Goodrich FIRST IN RUBBER

Golden Goodness! "The Grains Are Great Foods" K. W. Kellogg Kellogg's Corn Flakes bring you nearly all the protective food ele-ments of the whole grain declared essential to human nutrition.



"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 bowt and oven . . . the natural choice for the modern baking recipe.

