

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



Boys Will Welcome This Cake Overseas!

(See Recipes Below)

Send It Overseas!

It won't be long now before you can start those Christmas presents on their way to the soldiers overseas. Of course, you can send baked goods at any time to the boys in camp here in this country; and sailors and marines stationed overseas can also receive packages at any time.

For your local service centers, you can bake luscious, frosted cakes, but you will have to reserve cakes that will pack well and travel easily for "over there." It has been found that cakes with fruits and nuts stay fresh longer than plainer ones.

Use frosting that doesn't rub off easily or crack if you are sending the cake to some camp in this country. For overseas, it's best to send unfrosted cakes.

The use of cake flour will give a cake fine grain, and such a cake will not crumble easily during shipment. And to pack both cakes and cookies as tightly and securely as you can to assure their arriving in the best possible condition.

Here are some of the nominations for cakes and cookies that pack well and travel easily. The first is an easily mixed fudge nut cake:

- Fudge Nut Cake.**
 2 cups sifted cake flour
 1 teaspoon soda
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1/4 cup vegetable shortening
 1/4 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
 1/4 cups milk
 1 teaspoon vanilla
 2 eggs, unbeaten
 3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted over boiling water
 1 cup coarsely chopped nuts

Sift flour once, measure into a sifter with soda and salt. Have shortening at room temperature, mix or stir to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add brown sugar, drying through a sieve to remove lumps, if necessary. Add 1/4 cup milk, vanilla and eggs. Mix until all the flour is dampened, then beat 1 minute. Add remaining milk and blend. Add melted chocolate and beat 2 minutes longer. Fold in nuts. (Count only actual beating time or strokes.) Allow at least 100 strokes to the minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often. Turn into a greased (13x9x2 inch) pan which has been greased lined on the bottom with waxed paper and greased again. Bake in a moderate (375-degree) oven for 35 minutes or until done.

Another good, substantial cake with the flavor of orange, honey and nuts is also a good choice for overseas shipping:

Lynn Says

Try These Tips: Transform yesterday's roast into a scalloped casserole, a quick stew, Shepherd's pie or hash.

Bits of cheese and eggs and vegetables can be ground up, mixed with mayonnaise or salad dressing to make delicious sandwich fillings.

Leftover vegetables are also welcome in soups. Or, add them to meat loaves or mold in gelatin salads.

Leftover sandwiches can be toasted to add new, delightful flavor to them. Call them toast-waffles.

Several kinds of leftover canned or fresh fruit can be a topping for upside-down cake.

Dried out cake and cookies can be used for bread pudding.

Leftover rice makes de luxe waffles or griddle cakes.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menus

- Vegetable Casserole with Cranberry Jelly
 - Melon Ball-Cottage Cheese Salad
 - Sour Milk Biscuits Spread
 - *Orange Honey Nut Cake Beverage
- *Recipe given.

- *Orange Honey Nut Cake.**
 2 cups sifted cake flour
 3 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1/2 cup butter or shortening
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 cup honey
 2 egg yolks
 1/2 cup orange juice
 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
 3/4 cup nuts, if desired

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add honey slowly and blend. Add egg yolks and beat thoroughly. Add flour, alternately with orange juice, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer cake pans in a moderate (350-degree) oven 30 to 35 minutes.

There are any number of cookies which will keep easily and travel well even if they travel far. Here are suggestions for those camp and overseas boxes:

- Honey Chocolate Chip Cookies.**
 1/2 cup butter or substitute
 1/2 cup honey
 1 small egg
 1 cup sifted flour
 1 teaspoon baking powder
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
 1/2 cup semi-sweet chocolate chips
 1/2 cup nutsmeats, chopped

Cream butter and honey until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Sift flour, baking powder and salt twice. Add flour mixture to butter mixture; then add vanilla and blend all well. Fold in chocolate chips and nuts. Chill and drop by spoonfuls on a greased cookie sheet. Bake in a fairly hot (375-degree) oven for 12 minutes.

- Honey Pecan Cookies.**
 1/2 cup butter or substitute
 1 cup honey
 1 egg
 1/2 cup sour milk
 2 cups flour
 1/2 teaspoon soda
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1/2 cup pecans
 1/2 cup each of raisins, candied cherries and dates

Cream butter and honey. Add the egg, sour milk, flour which has been sifted with soda and salt. Add the fruits and nuts. Drop on greased tins and bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes.

Spicy and sweet are these fruit spice bar cookies. They are easy to pack and they mellow with age:

- Fruit Spice Bars.**
 1 cup sifted flour
 1/2 teaspoon soda
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1/2 teaspoon ginger
 1/4 cup shortening
 1/4 cup brown sugar
 1/2 cup molasses
 2 eggs, beaten
 1/4 teaspoon vanilla
 1 cup raisins
 1/4 cup nuts

Sift together flour, soda, salt and ginger. Cream together shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Add molasses and blend well. Add eggs and vanilla extract. Mix well. Add flour mixture gradually to creamed mixture, blending well. Fold in raisins and nuts. Spread batter into a greased pan 7x11 inches. Bake in a moderate (350-degree) oven. Cut in bars.

Tomorrow is Forever

by GWEN BRISTOW

THE STORY THUS FAR: Spratt Herlong, motion picture producer, married Elizabeth after her first husband, Arthur Kittredge, had been reported killed in 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 marriage, Arthur enlisted, and soon afterwards was reported killed. Elizabeth moved to Los Angeles, where she met and married Spratt. Arthur had not been killed, but disgraced and left almost helpless. Dr. Jacoby worked over him and managed to save him. Under the name of Kessler, Arthur landed in Los Angeles in Spratt's office.

CHAPTER XI

He shivered with a cold gust of hate whenever he remembered how the Nazis had hounded that great man to his death for no crime but the unforgivable iniquity of having been born a Jew, and of being so rock-bound in his own goodness that he was incapable of accepting the evil of mankind until it had crushed him beyond escape. There had been little he could do in his love for Jacoby's memory, nothing but get to the United States while there was still time to save Jacoby's child.

His grief and rage at what had happened to his friend, and his terror lest he not be able to bring Jacoby's little girl to safety, had been so great that not until he was on the westbound steamer did he realize that when he got to America he was probably going to see Elizabeth. He knew her husband's name was Spratt Herlong and that he was employed by Vertex Studio, and in his own luggage was a contract signed in the Paris office of Vertex. He would be virtually sure to meet Herlong some day, and it might follow as a matter of course that he would meet Elizabeth. He went into his cabin and looked at himself a long time in the glass, as he was doing now. If there was a chance of her knowing him he would break his contract and make a living as a translator, a clerk, anything that would provide little Margaret with three meals a day without destroying Elizabeth's peace of mind.

But a long scrutiny satisfied him that there was no chance of it. In no sense, except the memory of her behind all that had happened since that explosion at Chateau-Thierry, could he believe he had any trace of the Arthur Kittredge she had known. He was Erich Kessler, dear friend of the late Dr. Gustav Jacoby, author of books based on case histories of Dr. Jacoby's patients, and the change in his personality was as thorough as the change in his name. No man who had endured what he had endured in body and spirit could have much left in common with a happy, arrogant youth who did not know what it was to want anything he could not get.

He looked thoughtfully at his image in the glass. Crippled as he was, his appearance was not repulsive. One could see that in spite of his uncertain legs he had been meant for a tall man, and since his torso had to carry his weight the muscles there were powerfully developed. The effect was inevitably one-sided, since his left sleeve had been empty so long, but his right arm was like that of an athlete, and the hand which for twenty years had supported him upon a cane, was strong enough to break a china cup between the thumb and fingers. His face had no visible trace of the wound there except a scar that went upward from beneath his beard in a thin curving line. His hair was still thick, gray like steel; his beard was heavy, too, and darker. He had let it grow with no thought of disguise, but to cover the scars that all Jacoby's careful skin-grafting had not been able to eliminate. Now he was glad he had it and was so used to it, for in spite of having seen thousands of Hitler's pictures most Americans still thought of Germans as being professors in dark beards.

She would not know him, but he would know her, as readily as he had known the picture standing on Spratt Herlong's desk. To be sure, he had been looking for it, but he would have recognized it anyway as Elizabeth. She had changed in those years, of course, but her alteration had been nothing more than the well-ordered development from youth into the maturity that could have been foreseen by anyone who had been as intimately acquainted with her as he had. Elizabeth had always known what she wanted out of life, because she was so eminently fit to have it. Physically and spiritually, she had wanted love, marriage, children, a home in which she would be no petted darling, but a versatile and devoted creator. From the beginning she had instinctively known herself capable of bringing all this into being, and so she had looked forward to it with the eagerness of those who have no doubt of their destiny. When he met Spratt, and saw the pictures of Elizabeth in Spratt's office, he felt that the change time had made in her appearance had been no more than the change one observes in the achievement of something of which one has seen the beginning. Now that he could think of her without the pain of the earlier years, he was glad he had been wise enough to step aside so that she could have it.

He saw the pictures last week, on the first day he went into Spratt's office. Spratt had been talking for

some time about the script, and if Kessler's attention had wandered it was no matter, since he was going to read the script tomorrow anyway. When Spratt had finished, and he himself had risen to leave, he glanced at the photograph on the desk, saying with the casualness born of years of self-command, "Your wife, Mr. Herlong?"

Spratt said, "Why yes," taking up the picture and handing it to Kessler with the proud smile of a man showing his friend a treasure. "But that's not very good of her—at least, I never did think those formal portraits were as good as candid shots, too smooth and pressed-out, if you get what I mean."

"Yes, I understand and agree with you," Kessler was looking at her face. "But this is very charming."

"Oh yes, so it is, but this one on the wall looks more like her. Over here by the door. Those are the children with her."

Kessler followed Spratt and looked at the picture on the wall.



"But this is very charming."

"Yes, yes," he said with involuntary eagerness, "that, I am sure, is more like her."

For it was like her, he knew that without having seen the original in so long. The picture had been taken somewhere outdoors, perhaps on a ranch.

Today, alone in his office, he let his memory go back to the days when he had realized he had to do this because he loved Elizabeth too much to do anything else. The first days after the battle were nothing but confusion, fever and pain. He was in a place where there were a lot of other men on other cots, and women with pale harassed faces trying to take care of them, but he could not understand anything that was being said or anything that was done. He was strapped up in bandages that were far from clean, and among the people around him was a man gaunt as an ascetic, who came over now and then and did various horrible things to him. He did not know then that in those closing days of the war in Germany there was not cloth enough for fresh bandages or soap enough to wash those that had been used, or drugs to relieve suffering, or that his attendants had white faces and shaky hands because they were not getting enough to eat. Even when he began to discover this he did not care, because by that time he had begun to discover also the extent of the damage these Germans had done to him. He had no doubt that he was going to die, and the only wish he was strong enough to make was that he might die quickly and get it over.

Babbling in the only language he knew, he begged the gaunt cruel man to let him alone. At first the doctor seemed to be paying no attention, but one day his patient observed that he was talking, and after several repetitions the ungainly syllables acquired meaning. The doctor was saying, "Forgive me that I hurt you."

His accent was so thick as to be almost unintelligible, but the fact that he had any English at all gave a flash of hope to the mangled object on the cot. Any effort was torture, but if this fool of a doctor could be made to understand that a dying man wanted nothing more than to be left in peace, it was worth the effort. His own words were muffled because of the bandage on his chin, but he managed to get them out.

"Listen to me, I am not one of your countrymen—you know that, don't you? My name is Arthur Kittredge. I am an American. Your enemy—don't you get that? I am going to die anyway. Why don't you just let me do it?"

The doctor said something. Arthur did not understand it until it had been repeated several times, and when he finally caught the words

they were not worth the trouble of listening, for all the doctor said was, "Quiet. You be quiet."

Arthur tried again, desperate with pain and weakness. "Do me a kindness. Give me something to finish it, won't you?—Please listen—I'm talking as plain as I can! Finish it. That's not much to ask, is it?"

Again the doctor said, "Quiet."

"If you don't care about doing a kindness to me, do it for somebody who can get up again—one of your own men. Why should you let me fill up a bed when German soldiers are lying on the floor? Or waste food on me when you haven't enough for your own? Don't keep me—"

His words ended in a gasp of pain. But he still looked at the doctor, too weak to say any more but conscious enough to plead with his eyes. Whether or not the doctor had understood all his words, he had grasped enough to know what Arthur wanted. He shook his head. "No," he said. "No." Exhausted as he was, Arthur could see him groping for more words. Muttering all his strength, Arthur managed to say again,

"I am going to die anyway."

"No, no. You are not going to die."

He spoke with a grim resolution that seemed to typify all Arthur had ever heard about the coldness of Germans and their inability to understand any reason why they might not always be right. Arthur was not able to form any more words, but he looked at the doctor with eyes that Jacoby told him later conveyed all his rage and disbelief. Arthur knew he was going to die and he wanted it over. But Jacoby's thin face had no yielding in it. Jacoby left him then, but he came back later, and this time his bony hand brought up a German-English dictionary out of his frayed pocket. Even with this aid, his English was so poor that he could convey nothing but a repetition of his refusal. Alone in his prison of pain, Arthur thought, "At home they'd shoot a dog that had been smashed by a truck. But this can't last much longer. It can't. If I hadn't been so healthy it would be over by now. But, have these people no mercy at all? I'd shoot the most heartless German under heaven before I'd let him die a death like this."

He was glad Elizabeth could not see him. She would never know anything about this lingering torment. They would simply tell her he was dead and she would think it had been quick and clean. "He never knew what hit him," they would say to her, and at least it would be easier for her than if she had to know how long it had taken him to die. And of course he did have one thing to be thankful for—if that shell had to hit him, he could be glad it had done its work. He would be dead and done with, and would not have to go back to her a half-human caricature of what used to be her husband. Though that wretch of a German doctor refused to shorten this last phase, though he might be beast enough to enjoy seeing one of his enemies get what was coming to him, even he could not indefinitely prolong it.

But at last Arthur discovered, with a revulsion that he could not have expressed if he had known the whole dictionary by heart, that this was exactly what the doctor meant to do to him.

Jacoby had been trying to talk to him for some days. Arthur had ceased trying to understand him. He had about given up trying to do the only thing that interested him, which was to refuse nourishment and get it over that way, for they fed him through a tube and he was too weak to resist. He hated the sight of the doctor with his gaunt face and thin cruel hands. But though he could not resist him, he did not have to listen to the man's awkward manipulations of the English language and try to make sense out of them.

However, the creature persisted, talking to him with many references to his dictionary. Unable to pronounce Arthur's name, he called him Kitt. He kept telling him something, in a low, insistent voice. He kept at it so long that at last one day the words he had been hearing arranged themselves in Arthur's mind and became an orderly sequence.

Stripped of its grotesqueries and repetitions, what Arthur understood went like this:

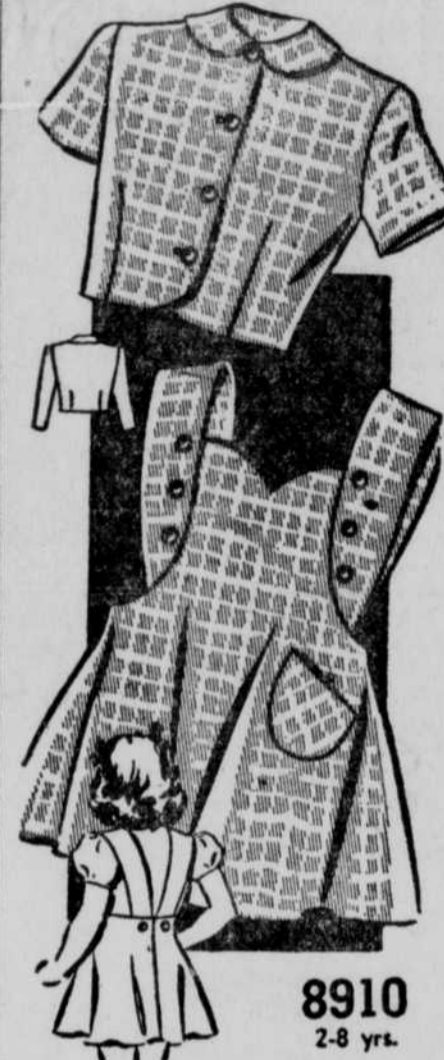
"You are not going to die, Kitt. You will be alive a long time. Not as you were. But you have your eyes, your hearing, the jaw will heal and there will be a hand. I think you will be able to sit upright. Walking I cannot promise, but I will try. It will be long and hard. But work with me, Kitt, and I will work with you. Do you understand me? You are not going to die."

Arthur made an inarticulate noise. He looked at the doctor's steely blue eyes. They were fixed on him with a determination that made Arthur feel that this fellow was regarding him not as a man but as the subject of an inhuman experiment. Instead of letting him go, Jacoby was going to keep him conscious for years to come, simply to prove that he could do it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

Tot's Jumper and Matching Jacket



8910
2-8 yrs.

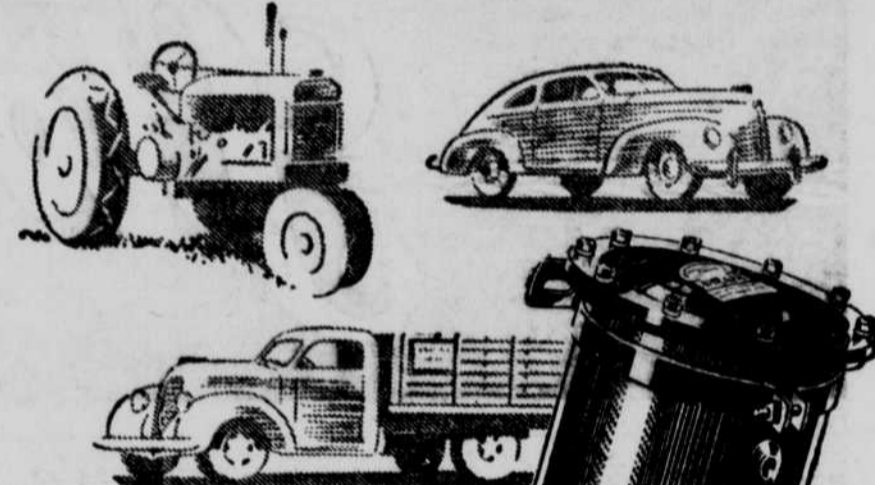
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Pattern No. 8910 comes in sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 years. Size 3, jumper, requires 1 1/4 yards of 36 or 39 inch material; jacket, 1 1/4 yards.

Television, Like Movies, Can Create Odd Illusions

Like the movies and radio, television can be made to create illusions, one of the oddest being the blending of two scenes taken simultaneously by two cameras, says Collier's.

For instance, a recently televised act showing a man and a woman dancing in flames higher than their heads was produced by Camera No. 1 photographing the dancers from a distance of 20 feet and Camera No. 2 photographing the flames of some oil-soaked waste from a distance of two feet.



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SNAPPY FACTS
 about
RUBBER

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By Miss Manning

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