

# HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Daughter Can Make These for Mother (See Recipes Below)

### Food Is Fun!

It's a good idea to let small fry take hold of the kitchen duties once in a while and give mother a rest. The children will enjoy doing new things and mother can feel she is contributing to their all-round development.

Naturally it isn't a good idea just to open wide the doors in the kitchen and leave the children up to their own designs. What I'm suggesting is that they be allowed to make up something they've watched mother do so often they know how.

There's a lot of satisfaction in making cupcakes, especially if they are iced with tinted icings and sprinkled with finely chopped nuts.

**"Delicate Cup Cakes."** (Makes 18)  
 2 cups sifted cake flour  
 2 teaspoons double acting baking powder  
 1/4 cup sugar  
 1/4 cup butter or substitute  
 1 cup milk  
 2 eggs, unbeat  
 1/2 cup vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually. Cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla.

Bake in greased cupcake tins in a moderate oven (375 degrees) 20 minutes or until done. Spread with confectioners' sugar icing or your favorite chocolate frosting. Decorate with chopped nuts, colored candies or tinted coconut.

A cookie that will keep fine and fresh and uses only a moderate amount of fat and sugar is this delicate citrus bar:

**Orange Marmalade Bars.** (Makes 28 1-by-3-inch strips)  
 2 1/2 cups sifted flour  
 3 teaspoons baking powder  
 1/2 teaspoon salt  
 1/2 cup shortening  
 1 cup sugar  
 3 well-beaten eggs  
 3 tablespoons orange marmalade  
 2 tablespoons grated orange rind  
 1 cup orange juice

Mix and sift together dry ingredients. Cream together shortening and sugar, then beat in eggs, marmalade, rind. Add dry ingredients alternately with orange juice. Turn into a greased pan and bake in a

### Lynn Says:

**The Score Card:** Good news is in store for homemakers for there will be plenty of eggs on the market and cabbage and spinach. All of these foods give a boost to health and to your menus.

You will be eating about a pound less cheese this year than last. The kind available mostly will be Cheddar—the kind most popular. Kinds least obtainable will be limburger cream, roquefort and Italian. About 5 million more pounds of cheese are going to servicemen to help provide milk nutrients needed by armed forces. Cheese will also go to our Allies and to the Red Cross, which helps provide for our prisoners of war.

When you go marketing, watch weights and watch change. Just because you have more bookwork to do with points, don't neglect your prewar precautions of counting change.

### Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu

- Pork Chops Cream Gravy
- Mashed Potatoes
- Buttered Spinach
- Raw Vegetable Salad
- Rye Bread Beverage
- \*Delicate Cup Cakes
- \*Recipe Given

moderate (350-degree) oven for 40 to 50 minutes. When cool, cut into narrow strips and spread with an orange icing made by creaming powdered sugar and orange marmalade. The icing may be omitted.

### Frosted Fruit Bars.

- (Makes 48 bars)
- 1 egg yolk
  - 1/2 cup brown sugar
  - 1/4 cup molasses
  - 1/2 cup sour cream
  - 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
  - 1/2 teaspoon soda
  - 1/2 teaspoon baking powder
  - 1/2 teaspoon salt
  - 1/2 teaspoon ginger
  - 1/2 cup nuts, chopped
  - 1/2 cup dates, pitted and cut

Mix egg yolk, brown sugar, molasses and blend in sour cream. Sift together flour, soda, baking powder, salt and ginger. Blend into first mixture. Stir in dates and nuts. Spread into greased pan and bake for 15 minutes in a hot (400-degree) oven. Cool in pan. Frost with: 1/2 cup confectioners' sugar beaten into one beaten egg white. Add salt and lemon extract.

Have you tried the new toppings that don't require elaborate preparation? Most of these are low on sugar and ideal to use on cakes the children have made. Here, too, is a good basic cake recipe on which to use them:

- Standard Cake.**
- 1/2 cup shortening
  - 1/2 cup sugar
  - 2 eggs, well beaten
  - 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
  - 1/2 teaspoon salt
  - 2 teaspoons baking powder
  - 1/2 cup milk
  - 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add eggs. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with milk and vanilla to creamed mixture. Pour into greased, floured 8-inch cake pans and bake in a moderate (350-degree) oven for about 35 minutes.

In using any of the following toppings, frost only top of cake. Square and loaf cakes take less icing than layer cakes.

- I. Raisin Topping.**
- 1 cup raisins, ground
  - 1/2 cup water
  - 1/2 teaspoon salt
  - 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
  - Dash of cloves

Mix ingredients in a saucepan and stir constantly while cooking until thickened—about 5 minutes. Cool slightly. Spread on warm cake.

- II. Apricot Topping.**
- 1/2 to 3/4 cup apricot jam
  - Spread on warm cake.
- Meringue Topping.**
- 1 egg white, beaten stiff
  - 1/2 cup confectioners' sugar
  - 1 teaspoon flavoring
  - 2 tablespoons butter, softened

Beat sugar into egg white with flavoring. Fold in softened butter and spread on cooled cake.

**Honey Icing.**

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons honey
- 1 tablespoon hot milk
- 1/2 cup coconut
- Dash of salt

Mix all ingredients together. Spread on warm cake and broil slowly until icing bubbles and browns but does not burn.

Get the most from your meat! Get your meat roasting chart from Miss Lynn Chambers by writing to her in care of Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplains Street, Chicago 6, Ill. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply. Released by Western Newspaper Union.



# MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR

By THEODORE PRATT

W.N.U. RELEASE



**THE STORY THUS FAR:** Forty-four-year-old Wilbert Winkle, who is the proprietor of a general repair shop in the alley back of his home, is notified by his draft board that he is in I-A. He had thought that the doctor who examined him would not overlook his dyspepsia, his near-sightedness and his cavities in chest. He breaks the bad news to his wife, Amy, and goes to work without kissing her goodbye. The next day a newspaper photographer calls on him at his shop and takes his picture, which appears later on the front page under the caption, "Winkle Proud to Fight." The story explains that Winkle was the first married selectee in Springville to be called.

### CHAPTER III

"The telephone's been ringing ever since the paper came out," she announced. "People I haven't seen or heard of in years have called. One woman I didn't know at all—I mean, she was a perfect stranger." "What did she want?" asked Mr. Winkle.

Amy looked baffled. "I don't know," she replied. "She said she just felt she had to call. As if—oh, Wilbert, as if you were dead already."

Mrs. Winkle had often glared at him as if herself wishing him dead,



The Pettigrews were first to arrive. Mrs. Pettigrew was red-eyed from weeping.

and now her concern that he might be killed seemed a little outlandish. Mr. Winkle merely said, "Well, I'm not dead."

"Wilbert, how do you really feel? This morning there wasn't time to find out," Mrs. Winkle gazed at him doubtfully.

Again, at her hesitancy, at this suggestion that the upper hand was being returned to him, Mr. Winkle had an impulse to remind her of certain things. And again he refrained, not thinking the urge was quite decent. But he did protest, "Amy, don't you look at me like that."

"Like what?" she asked. "As if I—that mouse-look," he accused.

She looked abashed. At first Mr. Winkle could not accept the fact that the expression was on her face.

"I didn't mean to," she replied. She sounded humble.

"I can't help being the way I am," Mr. Winkle stated.

"Of course, dear. No one can." Mr. Winkle was amazed. But still he didn't say anything about the miracle occurring before his very eyes. He didn't care to embarrass Amy.

"I feel," he said in answer to her previous question, "like taking two doses for my dyspepsia." He fumbled in his pocket for his pills and brought them out.

"Some people are coming in tonight," Mrs. Winkle revealed as she bustled to get dinner. "Just the folks on the street."

"Astounded," Mr. Winkle asked, "what for?"

"Well, they wanted to see you. Especially the Pettigrews. Their boy, Jack, has been called, too. He's twenty, you know. He'll be going off with you."

The evening, when it came around, was something of a combination of a funeral, a wedding, a family reunion, and a celebration for a person about to leave on a dangerous expedition.

The Pettigrews were the first to arrive. Mrs. Pettigrew was red-eyed from weeping, and she burst into new tears when she saw Mr. Winkle.

"Yes, sir," Jack said. He could make no more of Mr. Winkle being drafted along with him than Mr. Winkle could make of Jack being selected along with him. Mr. Winkle wished that the boy wouldn't be quite so respectful.

More people came. They chattered, and gazed curiously at Mrs. Winkle, as if they couldn't believe what their eyes saw nor what their ears heard. Some of them were earnest about Mr. Winkle's predicament, some wondered, and others were amused. Mr. Winkle liked the last least of all. He didn't see why people should laugh at him.

Mr. Wescott, their next-door neighbor, a rather pompous individual, cornered Mr. Winkle and stated, "If you're the kind of soldier we're going to have, God help us." He stared at Mr. Winkle as if to ask him how he ever got himself into this.

Mr. Winkle didn't think this was very patriotic.

Mr. Wescott, who was prone to tell anybody all about how anything was conducted, and who could well afford to inform Mr. Winkle about his future because he was over forty-five and not subject to military duty, went on to say, "Of course, you know they won't use you as a combatant."

"You don't think so?" Mr. Winkle asked hopefully.

"Think it out for yourself, man," Mr. Wescott lectured. "They'll have enough young fellows to do the actual fighting. They want men in their proper places, according to their abilities. That's why they're calling you in the first place, so you can release a fighting man to fight."

Mr. Winkle was encouraged. "They won't waste you as a killer," Mr. Wescott assured him.

Mr. Winkle didn't know whether to feel flattered or insulted.

His neighbor looked at him critically, as if gauging him for the first time. "You wouldn't be any good, anyway. They'll use you in some kind of mechanical work."

"Well," said Mr. Winkle, "I could handle that." His courage took hold of him at this talk. "But, understand me, if I thought I was capable of using a gun, I'd do it anywhere they say."

"No, sir," Mr. Wescott went on, "you'll never see active service. I can tell you that. You don't have to worry about that for a minute."

Mr. Winkle ceased to worry, but only for the allowed minute, for Mr. Wescott then looked thoughtful and amended, "Of course, men of your age are being used for combat in all the other armies, and if things get to that stage with us, I suppose you've got to consider that you might have to do a little shooting or bayonet work."

When it was time for their visitors to leave, they shook Mr. Winkle's hand as if bidding him goodbye before he went into action. Mrs. Pettigrew's tears had dried, but her perturbation remained. She pleaded of Mr. Winkle, "You'll look after Jack, won't you?"

Mr. Winkle, despite all his timidity and ineffectual outer character, could appreciate the humor in a situation. "I think," he said, "Jack ought to look after me."

He and Jack glanced at each other, and both smiled. The condemned men had at least that mutual understanding.

It was nearly eleven before the last of the guests left. Penelope came out from the corner where she had sulked all evening at the invasion of her own peaceful life. Mr. Winkle, out of habit, took her to the back yard.

When he came in again he started for the radio, to turn it on for the nightly war news broadcast he usually favored. Then he stopped and didn't go near it, but turned toward the stairs.

"Aren't you going to listen to the war news?" Mrs. Winkle asked.

"I don't think I will tonight."

"But why?" Mrs. Winkle began to speak as if she were the same person as of before this morning. But she caught herself and then said merely, "Oh."

Mr. Winkle felt like pinching himself to be sure he was awake and that this was Amy showing such tact and consideration. He smiled a little, but not so she could see him, and he decided that it was very nice indeed to have her this way.

They went upstairs and there, while they prepared themselves for the night, Mrs. Winkle commented in a small voice that seemed to indicate she had other things to say but couldn't say them. "It was a nice party, wasn't it?"

"Except," said Mr. Winkle, "I don't see exactly why it was held."

Mr. Winkle found his imagination running away with itself until his mind was possessed of a nightmare.

He saw himself packed into a troop transport. He had seen pictures of how it was done. The bunks, one on top of another in many tiers, with only a narrow aisle between, made the men look like sardines. Across the ocean the ship throbbed. And then in the night there was a dull, jarring thud. The ship shuddered. It began to list. Its engines stopped. Flames rose and men pushed and fell and screamed and struck and jumped. Mr. Winkle was in the water, which was covered thickly with oil. The

oil caught fire and the flames raced toward him.

He tried to blot out this picture. But it came again, and made him cold all over. He was bathed in perspiration. He began to shake slightly and found he couldn't control it, no matter how much he tried.

At that he learned how far Amy's reformation had gone, and how real it was, and that she was good-hearted all along as he always knew, and that now he was to become a soldier, she was willing to express her feelings about it, even if only silently.

Without a word, Mrs. Winkle turned in the bed beside him. She slipped a soft warm arm under his neck and put the other over his chest, and held him tightly. She seemed to understand.

Mr. Winkle was ashamed that she did, but greatly comforted, too.

The President of the United States, To Wilbert George Winkle,

Greeting: Having submitted yourself to a local board composed of your neighbors for the purpose of determining your availability for training and service in the armed forces of the United States, you are hereby notified that you have now been selected for training and service in the Army.

Mr. Winkle had never before received a communication from the President.

Following his prominent newspaper appearance and the gathering of the people of Maple Avenue, he would look very foolish indeed if he were turned down and returned home after being sent to the Induction Center.

He understood that, even though accepted, he had the privilege of returning home for a week to put his affairs in order before leaving again for good. But his fellow draftees had all announced their intention of waiving the week's furlough, and now he followed suit. He had heard the jokes to the effect that if you could breathe or were warm, the Army would accept you, and though he didn't like to believe them, he prepared for going away and staying away.

As a precaution against a drastic circumstance, Mr. Winkle made his will, a ceremony that not even Penelope regarded as a happy one.

He finished the few jobs he had in the shop and would take no more. He packed away his tools in grease and oil, and tacked up heavy pa-



In its place over the doors he placed a small sign "Closed."

per over the windows. He took in his sign and placed it on the floor with its face against the wall. In its place, over the doors, he placed a small sign saying, "Closed."

He reflected that people who didn't know his establishment wouldn't know what was closed because he had taken in the other sign, but finally decided that this didn't matter in the least.

He was ready to leave. The evening before his departure he investigated the bag Amy had packed for him and brought down stairs. In it she had put those few articles listed in a pamphlet Mr. Winkle had purchased at a newsstand for guidance.

"Travel light, Mr. Selectee," this advised. "Don't load up with baggage because you won't have any use for it. The Army is going to clothe you, Mr. Selectee, complete to underwear, socks and handkerchiefs."

Only on one point had Mrs. Winkle deviated from the instructions. Upon examining her packing, Mr. Winkle found that she had included his rubbers. He now took them out.

Firmly, showing a spark of her old spirit, Mrs. Winkle put them back again, rewrapping them in the tissue paper he stripped away. "With the rubber shortage," she said, "the Army may not have a pair for every man."

"I don't think they have rubbers in the Army," Mr. Winkle protested. "They won't let me wear them."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Over a short distance, the cheetah, a leopard, is the fastest four-legged animal alive. In London it was clocked at 70 miles an hour. Almost unbelievable is the speed attributed by scientists to an insect called the deer fly, 818 miles an hour.

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