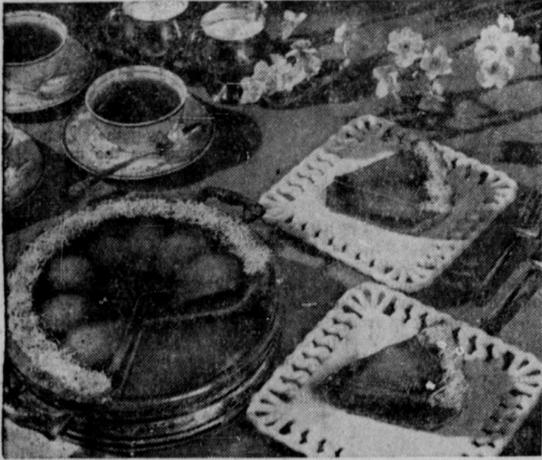


# HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



**Pear Put on Airs in Lime-Pear Pie**  
(See Recipe Below)

## Colorful Fruit Desserts

We may like meat and vegetables prepared the same way day after day, but there's at least one type of food in which we like plenty of variety. Yes, desserts, of course!

Now that the war is over and we can go back to many of our favorite foods, with rationing permitting, we'll still have to hold off on desserts that still take it easy on the sugar canister.

My advice to you, in this matter of desserts, is to concentrate on fruits, both fresh and canned. They contain sweetening and will not require too much extra sugar. Then, too, there are lots of time-saving tricks you can apply to dessert makings, like chilling them or using biscuit mixture.

Select several of these desserts and do try them on your family. Serve them and be proud:

**Peach Crunch Cake.**  
(Makes 1 cake, 7x11 inches)  
1/2 cup shortening  
1/2 cup light corn syrup  
1 egg, beaten  
1 cup sifted flour  
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 tablespoon orange juice  
1 1/2 cups sliced peaches

**Sugar Glaze:**  
2 tablespoons sugar  
2 tablespoons light corn syrup  
1 teaspoon grated orange rind  
1/2 teaspoon salt

Cream together shortening and syrup. Add egg and mix well. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture alternately with orange juice. Spread in paper-lined pan. Lay sliced peaches in diagonal rows over batter, letting slices overlap slightly. Drizzle sugar glaze over peaches. Bake in a moderate oven (350-degree) about 55 minutes.

Note: Mix ingredients for sugar glaze in order given.

**Peach Puff Pudding.**  
(Serves 4)

1 1/2 cups milk  
1 1/2 cups bread cubes  
1 1/2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute  
1 egg, beaten  
1/2 cup honey  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 1/2 teaspoons grated orange rind  
1 cup sliced peaches

Scald milk and pour over bread cubes. Let stand for 10 minutes. Add melted butter or substitute, egg, honey, salt and peaches. Pour into individual greased casseroles. Bake in a moderate oven (350-degree) about 45 minutes. Serve with milk or coffee cream.

## Lynn Says

**Economy Tips:** Ask for the trimmings and bones when you buy your meat. The fat can be rendered and used as shortening. The bones do well when simmered with vegetables to be used as soup.

Save leftover gravy and use it as stock for soup. You'll be delighted with the rich flavor.

Mustard mixed with butter makes a nice spread for sandwiches. It's especially good with meat and cheese "wiches."

Leftover cereals can be molded and served as dessert with fruit or custard sauce. Or, they can be combined with ground meat for loaves or meat balls.

Keep leftover "dabs" of butter in a covered container in the refrigerator and use for seasoning vegetables or sauces.

Leftover meat and vegetables are good when creamed and served with waffles, toast, rusk or toasted noodles.

## Lynn Chambers' Menus

**Country Fried Steak**  
Mashed Potatoes Cream Gravy  
Tomatoes Stuffed With Corn  
Peach, Grape and Melon Salad  
Hot Muffins Honey

\*Lime-Pear Pie  
\*Recipe given.

If you're looking for something different and colorful in fruit desserts, you'll find this lime-pear pie just the thing. It uses a cookie crumb crust, which is fat-saving, lime gelatin and bottled gingerale. Only five pear halves are needed:

**Lime-Pear Pie.**  
(Makes 1 8-inch pie)

1 1/2 cups finely crushed cookies (vanilla wafers or gingersnaps)  
4 tablespoons melted fat  
1 package lime-flavored gelatin  
1/2 cup hot water  
1 1/2 cups gingerale  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
5 pear halves  
1/2 cup shredded coconut or nut meats, if desired

Combine cookie crumbs with melted fat and mix well. Press mixture firmly in an even layer on bottom and sides of a well-greased pie dish. Chill.

Meanwhile, dissolve lime gelatin in hot water. Add gingerale and lemon juice. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Pour a layer of the chilled gelatin mixture into the shell. Cut pear halves in two and arrange, pit side down, in star shape. Cover with remaining gelatin mixture. Sprinkle edges of pie with coconut or nut meats. Chill in refrigerator until firm.

There's no need to try commando tactics to get the family to go for these fruit desserts. This apple dessert is made all the more nourishing because it uses both oatmeal and peanut butter and has a delightful nut-like flavor.

**Apple Crisp**  
(Serves 4 to 6)

5 medium-sized apples  
1/2 cup water  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg  
1/2 teaspoon allspice  
3 tablespoons flour  
1/2 cup rolled oats  
1/2 cup brown sugar  
1/2 cup peanut butter  
2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute

Pare and core apples; slice. Arrange in baking dish. Add water and lemon juice. Sprinkle with spice. Blend together flour, rolled oats, brown sugar and peanut butter. Add butter. Spread over apples. Bake in a moderate oven (350-degree) for 40 minutes. Serve hot with milk or cream.

Pears coming into season right now will make a delectable dessert when baked and served with a sour cream mixture:

**Toasted Pears.**  
(Serves 4 to 6)

6 large fresh pears  
3 tablespoons lemon juice  
1/2 cup sugar  
1/2 cup melted butter or substitute  
2 1/2 cups corn flakes  
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind  
1/2 cup powdered sugar  
1 cup sour cream  
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Peel, halve and core pears; remove stem strings. Dip at once into lemon juice to which sugar has been added. Dip in melted butter. Roll in crushed cereal flakes. Arrange cut side down in a shallow baking pan. Bake in a moderately hot (375-degree) oven for 20 to 25 minutes or until pears are tender but not soft.

To make the lemon cream sauce, beat powdered sugar into the sour cream and flavor with the lemon juice.

Peaches may be used in place of pears, if desired.

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# Tomorrow is Forever

by GWEN BRISTOW

THE STORY THUS FAR: Herlong, motion picture producer, married Elizabeth, whose first husband, Arthur Kiltredge, was reported killed in World War I. Arthur, badly disfigured and not wanting to live, was in a German hospital. Dr. Jacoby, who was treating him, finally secured a promise from Arthur that he would try to live, providing the doctor reported that he was dead. Arthur did not want Elizabeth to know of his condition. When he arrived in America he secured a job with Spratt, and was invited to his home. He knew who Elizabeth was, but believed the change in him was sufficient so that she would not recognize him.

## CHAPTER XIV

"Have you ever been to the United States before, Mr. Kessler?"

He turned to her at once, and Elizabeth thought, "He's as relieved as I am to have that look between us broken, or if he's not, then I'm letting my imagination go haywire." He was answering Cherry.

"Yes, Miss Herlong, but that was many years ago, long before this country was brightened by your existence."

"Say, that's very good!" Dick exclaimed with a grin.

Elizabeth flashed him a teasing glance. "You will, Oscar." They all laughed, and Dick said to Kessler.

"You speak awfully well for a man who's just been here once, and that so long ago."

"It has been three years since I left Germany. Besides, I have visited England and Scotland. We have more chance to practice foreign languages in Europe than you have here."

"Oh yes, of course you do," said Cherry. "We don't have any. We take French, and learn to say 'Have you seen the garden of my grandmother's cousin?' and then school is out for the summer and we forget it. At least, I always did."

"Haven't you three children, Mrs. Herlong?"

"Why yes," said Elizabeth, "but Brian is only eleven, so he had his dinner early." But she could not help asking, "How did you know there were three?"

"Mr. Herlong told me, and showed me a picture of you all. Brian isn't asleep yet, is he?"

"I'm sure he isn't. Do you want to meet him too?"

"I should like to very much, if it's quite convenient."

Elizabeth laughed a little. "Mr. Kessler, you should know it's never inconvenient for a mother to display her jewels. Dick, will you run up and get Brian?"

"Sure, but you'd better warn Mr. Kessler that he'll be all smeared with glue and bugs. Brian's mounting butterflies, does it all day and night, and he'll talk your ear off about them if you let him."

"I should like that. Tell him to bring his specimens down and show them to me."

"There are thousands," Cherry warned, but Kessler showed no dismay. He only said,

"Then tell him to bring a few, or he'll dislike me before he sees me." He and Dick exchanged a look of understanding. As Dick went out Kessler turned to Elizabeth.

"I hope I'm not upsetting a domestic arrangement, Mrs. Herlong, in asking that he come in. But your two older children are so entertaining that I couldn't help wanting to see the other."

"Aren't you nice!" exclaimed Cherry.

"Thank you for saying so," answered Elizabeth. "Of course, their father and I think they are, but we love having other people agree with us."

"I'm sure other people do. You should be very proud, Mrs. Herlong." He glanced around him. "When one sees a home like this, one knows who is responsible for it. I don't mean the physical furnishings of your house, attractive as they are—I mean its atmosphere. It's not by chance one achieves such confidence and vitality."

His words made her feel better than she had felt all day. Now that the two of them seemed to be back on a normal basis from which a friendship could be started, it occurred to Elizabeth that perhaps Kessler, fresh from Nazi Germany but evidently not part of it, could tell Dick more clearly than she ever could something about the issues at stake in this war he was going to be asked to fight. Much as she loved Dick she could not disguise from herself the fact that he was more superficial than she would have liked him to be, so occupied with girls and football that he was glad to accept clichés that relieved him from being occupied with more troublesome matters. Dick was a nice boy, but mentally he was a rather lazy one, and neither she nor his father was quite capable of coping with him. Spratt was inclined to believe he would begin to take life seriously when the time came; Elizabeth thought the time had come for it. Sometimes it happened that a friend was better at this than the parents who had spent so many years being more indulgent than they should have been, or who at least had emphasized details of socially acceptable behavior at the expense of the much harder job of making a boy think for himself.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the opening of the door from the

hall. Spratt and Dick came in with Brian, who had a glass-topped box of specimens under his arm. "This is Mr. Kessler, Brian," Spratt said. "He wanted to meet you so he could know the whole Herlong family."

"How do you do sir," said Brian, all in one word, and held out his hand. Fortunately Kessler was sitting down instead of leaning on his cane, and so could give him a handshake. Brian stood uncertainly, one foot curled around the opposite ankle.

"Your brother tells me you are interested in natural history," said Kessler, "and I asked him to tell you I should like to see some of your specimens. Is that what's in the case?"

Brian nodded. "Butterflies. Want to see them?"

"Look out," warned Dick, and Cherry said simultaneously, "You don't know what you're getting into, Mr. Kessler." Paying no attention to them, their guest already had his



"It's never inconvenient for a mother to display her jewels."

head close to Brian's as they bent over the butterflies together. Dick poured a cocktail for his father, and saying, "You'll need another one too, Mr. Kessler, if you let him get started," he refilled Kessler's glass. Kessler appeared to be deeply interested in Brian's butterflies. Brian was chattering.

"... that blue one is easy to get, they're everywhere except where it's too cold for them. The name is Lamp-Lampides something, I forget, but I've got it written in my notebook. This is a monarch butterfly, they fly north in the summer-time like birds. The copper and black one, you've seen thousands like it, it's a viceroys."

Spratt sat down by Elizabeth. "Good fellow, isn't he?" he said under cover of the other dialogue.

"Yes indeed. But we mustn't let Brian wear him out."

"I think he likes it," said Spratt. "One of these men who's interested in everything."

Elizabeth glanced at Kessler, almost ready to believe that her impression of self-consciousness on his part had been mistaken. Certainly their exchange of remarks before Brian's entrance had not suggested it. When the maid came in to announce dinner neither Kessler nor Brian heard her. They were deep in conversation, Brian sitting on the floor with his case in his hands, this time listening instead of talking.

"... one of the ugliest objects in the world, but strangely fascinating," Kessler was saying to him. "It looks like a man with his hands spread out, but they are tremendous hands, many times larger than his body. The first time you look at one you feel a cold shiver run down your spine."

"What on earth are you talking about?" Spratt demanded.

Brian started and turned his head. "The skeleton of a bat. Mr. Kessler says if we can get hold of a bat he'll help me mount the skeleton."

"If your mother doesn't mind," Kessler amended.

"Of course I don't mind," said Elizabeth. "But Brian, Mr. Kessler is a very busy man, and you mustn't use up too much of his time."

"Mother, Mr. Kessler says I can come over to his house and we can take the bat apart there, and Peter can come too. He's got time for it, haven't you, Mr. Kessler?"

"I shouldn't have offered if I hadn't. Will you let him come, Mrs. Herlong?"

"Certainly, and it's very good of you, Brian, we're going in to dinner. Won't you move so Mr. Kessler can get up from his chair?"

Brian scrambled to his feet. "Mother, couldn't I come to the table?"

Recalling Brian's usual eagerness to avoid company dinners, Elizabeth was astonished. Kessler had won

him, evidently, as he had won the others. She let him come in, pausing to remind him in an undertone that he mustn't monopolize Mr. Kessler's attention. Brian nodded solemnly. As Kessler stood up, Brian watched the procedure with undisciplined interest, for hitherto he had only seen him sitting down and had not been warned of all his new friend's handicaps. Elizabeth felt a moment's embarrassment, until she reminded herself that Kessler must have had to bear many stares from children and would understand that Brian did not know he was being rude. She was not sure she had been right in permitting Brian to bring a chair to the dinner table. Though she had planned the menu with special reference to his disability, Kessler might nevertheless be awkward about eating with one hand.

That was all they said to each other. Spratt got up and suggested that he and Kessler go into the study and talk over their story problem. The children said good night with a cordiality very warm compared to their usual routine of politeness toward adult guests, and Brian went upstairs. A few moments later Pudge and Julia came to call for the two older ones. "Get through dinner all right?" Pudge asked with a sympathetic grin.

"Pudge," said Cherry, as though conveying momentous news, "he was nice."

Pudge scowled incredulously. "A refugee?"

"Sure," said Dick, "but he's okay."

Elizabeth went upstairs to say good night to Brian. He was enthusiastic about Kessler and the promise of help in mounting the skeleton of a bat. "You know what he told me about bats, mother? He said if we had ears as good as theirs we could hear a fly walking up the wall. He said a bat was one of the most mysterious creatures on earth, we just didn't understand them a bit. That guy sure does know a lot."

The initial sense of familiarity returned to tease her. But whether or not she already knew him, Kessler was a fine fellow, she reflected, and she was glad Brian liked him.

Brian turned over in bed. "Mother, I just thought of something. Peter's a Jew."

"So what?" asked Elizabeth.

"Mr. Kessler's a German, and you know how they are about Jews. He said I could bring Peter, but I didn't tell him—"

"If Mr. Kessler had approved of that sort of thing he'd have stayed in Germany, Brian."

"Maybe Mr. Kessler's a Jew," Brian suggested hopefully. "Is he?"

"I don't know, but you needn't worry about it. He's not stupid enough for that foolishness."

"I guess not," Brian said, relieved. "I sure do like him."

"So do I." She reflected that Kessler's enjoyment of a happy domestic scene might mean he was lonely in a strange country. "Brian," she suggested, "since we like Mr. Kessler so much, let's prove it by doing something for him. Let's ask his little girl to bring some of her friends over to go swimming."

"Oh, rats," said Brian. One thing he could not understand about his big brother was Dick's liking for girls.

"Brian, suppose we had to pack up all of a sudden and go live in Germany. Wouldn't you be glad if other children made friends with you instead of making you play all by yourself?"

"Well—do we have to?"

"Not at all, and Mr. Kessler doesn't have to be; you with the bat, either. Come on, Brian, be a sport. We'll have a good party with lots to eat, sherbet and one of those big cakes from Delhaven's, and all you'll have to do is be polite. You can ask Peter over and she can bring her own friends."

Brian sighed. "It'll be awful," he objected.

"All right, let's put it this way. If you go over to Mr. Kessler's and he helps you put a bat's skeleton together, you can play with his little girl one afternoon by way of saying thank you. If you don't go over there, you needn't do it."

Brian mournfully considered the alternative. It was a struggle, but at last, after she had tried again to tell him the value of give-and-take in the world, he yielded. As she closed the door Elizabeth drew a long sigh of her own. "I don't wonder so many parents let their children grow up to be monsters of selfishness," she thought. "It's so much easier. But then they grow up to grab, grab, grab, until they turn out to be fascists grabbing for the whole world."

She went into her own room. Glancing at the radio, she wondered what fresh disasters she would hear about if she turned it on, and did not turn it on. She sat down at her desk and got ready to write some letters.

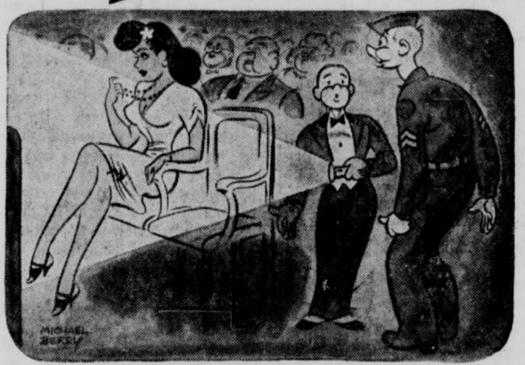
"Maybe my children are pretty self-centered anyway," she was thinking. "Oh, for pity's sake, why should I be discontented with them? They're not malicious, disobedient, untruthful—they're simply hard, and it's the age they live in."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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