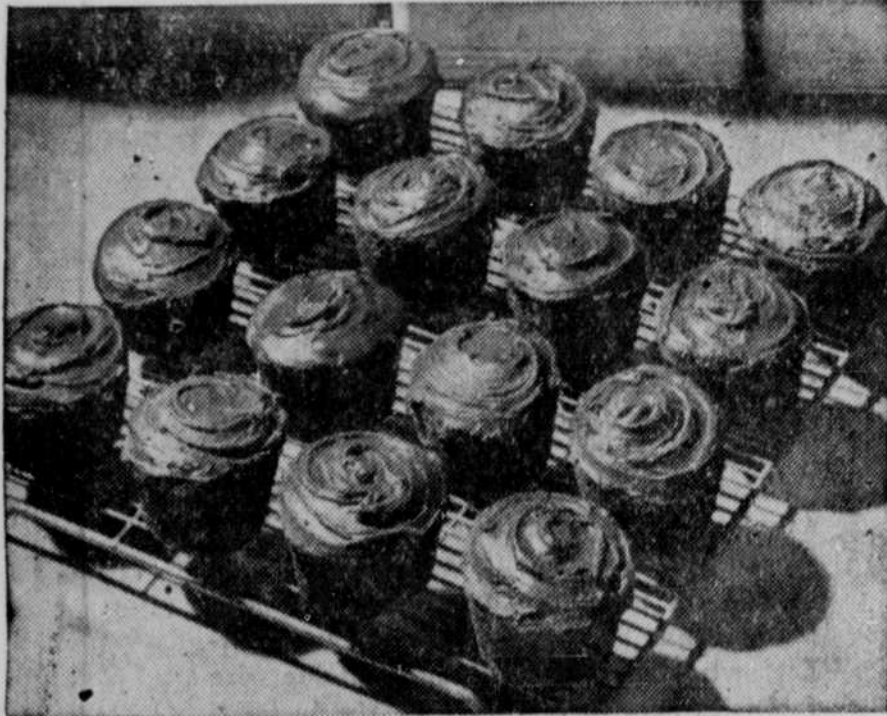


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Good to Bake—That's Devil's Food Cake (See Recipe Below)

Cake Tempters

Family hungry for cake? As a general rule, families take it easy on cakes during the spring and summer because there's a wealth of fruits and berries to solve the dessert problem.

But, comes the first whiff of fall in the air, when the kitchen will stay cool enough even for baking, and there's the family on mother's heels begging for a cake.

Then, too, husbands and sons will soon be returning, and they will want a big taste of mother's good homemade cake. Be ready for the call when it comes, homemakers, with a brand new line-up of recipes that are bound to win the family.

We're still aware of the strategic situation in regard to sugar, so the following recipes don't go all-out for sugar. They're taste-tempting and delicious in spite of it all, and there's a grand variety from which to choose. Take your pick:

"Bran Devil's Food Cake."

(Makes 16 cupcakes)

- 1 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup whole bran
- 1 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 eggs

Sift flour once, measure then sift again with sugar, cocoa, baking powder, soda and salt into mixing bowl. Add shortening and whole bran. Add about 1/2 of the milk, then vanilla; beat until perfectly smooth, about 100 strokes. Scrape bowl and spoon and mix well. Add remaining milk and beat until well blended. Add the well-beaten eggs. Fill greased muffin tins 3/4 full. Bake in a moderate (350-degree) oven about 25 or 30 minutes.

Do you like a cake served warm, in squares, with the tangy flavor of a citrus marmalade? This, then, is made-to-order:

Marmalade Tea Cake.

- 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1/4 cup corn flakes
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons shortening
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/4 cup marmalade

Blend together butter, brown sugar and 1/4 cup corn flakes. Set this aside for the topping. Sift together flour, baking powder, sugar and salt. Cut in shortening. Beat egg and add milk. Add to dry ingredients, stirring only until combined. Add remaining 1 cup of cornflakes. Turn into greased 8-inch square pan. Dot

Lynn Says:

Make Dishwashing Easier: Stunt fishy odors on dishes by washing them in soapy water to which some vinegar has been added. Rinse dishes in hot vinegar water, also.

Hot, soapy water is indicated for greasy dishes; cold water for egg, starchy and milky dishes.

Scrape dishes before starting to wash and have a strainer in the sink to collect all leftovers. It's much easier than scooping them up out of the water.

Stack dishes carefully before washing. It won't seem like you have so many, and there's less chance of their breaking.

China can be allowed to dry by itself on a dish rack, but glasses, silver and cutlery should be wiped immediately after washing.

Make sure you have plenty of good absorbent dish towels handy. Use paper toweling for hands to save cloth towels.

Tomorrow is Forever

by GWEN BRISTOW

THE STORY THUS FAR: Spratt Herlong, motion picture producer, met and married Elizabeth, whose first husband, Arthur Kittredge, was reported killed in World War I, but who later appeared in Hollywood and secured a job from Spratt. Under the name of Kessler, and his disfigurements, he was not recognized by Elizabeth. He had Brian and Peter over and mounted a bat for them. They became regular visitors at his home. His ward, Margaret, was invited over for a swim and party. They were so surprised that she was not shy and fitted into the party and enjoyed herself. Elizabeth began to think that she had seen Arthur before, but could not place him.

CHAPTER XVI

Margaret was evidently glad to hear this. "Thank you, I'll tell him. Mrs. Herlong, may I pick one of those purple flowers on the fence?"

"Why of course. But the stems are strong—wait a minute and I'll get a pair of scissors." When she brought the scissors Margaret was waiting. "We can cut a lot of them if you like," Elizabeth offered.

"There must be thousands of blossoms here on the fence."

"The yellow ones are the same sort of flower as the purple ones, aren't they?"

"Yes, and the deep orange ones too."

"The dark ones have yellow centers. That's pretty. What do you call them?"

"Lantana," Margaret repeated. "I've seen a lot of them here, but I never knew the name. They bloom all the year round, don't they?" She gathered the bouquet into her hands.

"You must like flowers," she suggested, looking around, "you have so many of them."

"I do like them. We used to have some beautiful beds there on the other side of the pool, before we put in the Victory garden. You enjoy flowers too, don't you?"

"Oh yes," Margaret nodded vigorously. "Do you like to put them under a microscope and see how they're made?"

"I don't think I've ever done that. Where do you have a microscope? At school?"

"No, at home. My father shows them to me. He knows all about flowers. We put lots of things under the microscope at home and we look at them. It's fun."

"Your father certainly knows a lot. But he was some sort of doctor in Germany, wasn't he?"

"Not exactly a doctor. He worked in the laboratory. But my real father was a doctor."

"Your real father? Isn't Mr. Kessler your father?"

"Oh no," said Margaret, her blue eyes serious across the lantana. "My real father died. And my mother too, and I was very sick. That was a long time ago when I was little. But I remember being very sick, and before I was well we left the hospital, late one night, and we rode a long way in an automobile in the dark, and I started to cry. I don't cry now, I'm too big, but I was little then and I cried, and he—your know, my father, Mr. Kessler—he said he would give me something to put me to sleep so I wouldn't be so tired, and he did and I went to sleep, and when I woke up he told me I was his little girl now. That's how he got to be my father."

Margaret had run ahead of her. As Elizabeth met them she was talking to Kessler.

"We had the best time! I can swim all the way across the pool, the short way, not the long way. And look, these are named lantana and they grow on the fence."

"I should have warned you," Kessler said to Elizabeth, "that Margaret would demand a sample of anything she saw that was unfamiliar to her. Either she was born inquisitive or I've infected her with my own curiosity."

"I like children who ask questions," Spratt commented. "How are they going to learn anything if they don't?"

"Margaret's been telling me," said Elizabeth, "how you encourage her with a microscope."

He laughed, and then said soberly, "I'm glad she enjoys that. In these days—or for that matter any days—we can't foretell what children are going to live through, but we can be pretty sure it won't all be pleasant. But nobody is utterly desolate if he's learned to appreciate the world around him."

The garden had grown chilly. Spratt gathered up Margaret and several others whom he had offered to take home, and Kessler said he would occupy himself with a book while Elizabeth changed for dinner. She went through the den, where Dick sat by a table agonizing over his lessons. Dick was evidently in the throes of struggle. His papers strewn on the floor and table, he sat holding his head between his fists, his hair wildly rumpled and his forehead wrinkled with anguish. Elizabeth paused at the door.

"What's the trouble, Dick?"

He groaned without looking up. "Mother, did you ever get through physics?"

"Not very gloriously, and I'm afraid I've forgotten most of it."

"I liked physics in high school." With an effort Dick untangled his hands from his hair. "I still like it, but every now and then you get a problem that simply will not make

sense—" He shook his head, looking at her through a fog.

"I wish I could help you!" Elizabeth exclaimed.

"Oh, I'll get it. It's always the same. You can't do the problem—you try everything and you can't make it, you go nuts, and then you see some tiny little detail you've already seen a thousand times but you never noticed it, and there it is, click-click like a safe opening, and the answer is so simple you want to kick yourself around the block for not having seen it in the first place."

He laughed at himself. "Then when you go to school the next day you say, 'That third problem was a hum-dinger, wasn't it?' and the dumbest guy in the class says, 'Why, that's the only one of the whole bunch I could work.'"

Elizabeth laughed too. "I remember it used to be like that with Latin translations. Why don't you stop till after dinner? We're going to Romanoff's."

Dick gave his head a violent shake as though to stir up his brain. "Think I will. Evening paper come? I'll read the funnies."

"It should be here. I'll see." She went out to the front lawn, Dick following her. In front of the house

and your family are so kind about ignoring my handicaps that I feel almost unkind to refer to them. But I have learned something from them."

"Yes, go on," she said earnestly. "I know you've had to face life in a way that I haven't. Tell me."

"It's simply this," said Kessler. "There is a rigorous joy in facing a battle even when you have very little chance of winning it. The worst experience on earth isn't tragedy that comes from outside. That may be dreadful, and it frequently is, but it's almost pleasant compared with the experience of being ashamed of yourself."

Elizabeth lowered her eyes. They showed her his thick right hand grasping the cane, and she looked up again. "You can tell me that better than anyone else I know," she said in a low voice, "because—well, you've never said anything to me about your past life, and I'm not asking you, but I know you aren't referring only to physical distress. Such a disaster as yours doesn't just change your bodily powers, but everything else. You had to face spiritual tragedy as well, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did."

"And you did face it," she went on. "Instead of becoming resentful and bitter, you became so wise and kind and understanding that everyone who sees you feels the presence of a great man. You have suffered terribly, but you have no reason to be ashamed of yourself."

"Neither have you, Mrs. Herlong."

"How do you know?"

"You haven't told me anything about your past life either," he returned smiling. "But as soon as I came into your home the first time, I knew I was meeting a mature and courageous woman. It's impossible for anyone to live as long as you have—"

"Forty-four years," she said with a little laugh. "I'm not sensitive about the passage of time."

"Very well, it's impossible for anyone to live forty-four years without experiencing a good many unpleasant events, things you either have to face or run away from. When you meet a woman whose husband adores her, whose children are intelligent and uninhibited, whose domestic affairs run like invisible clockwork, and who goes about with a serenity suggesting that all these things just happened that way—you can be sure that she achieved it by meeting each crisis as it came. Some people's lives are like wastebaskets, so cluttered up that nobody can find anything there but trash that should have been disposed of long ago."

"I have tried to keep things clear," she answered simply. "I can't say I've always been successful. But looking back, I can say I've tried."

"When I left your home that first evening, I told you that being there had made me very happy. Perhaps you thought I was too intense in what I said. But I had seen so much clutter, so much wretchedness that could have been avoided, that it did make me happy to see so much unobtrusive richness of living. I had hoped I should find you like that."

"You had hoped? Why did you care what you'd find?"

He bit his lip as though he had said too much. But he answered, "Was it too much to hope for? I had left a continent full of torture and despair, for one thing; for another, I liked and admired your husband, and he had shown me your photographs. You have a good life, Mrs. Herlong, because you have made it a good life. Don't lose it now by being afraid."

"How can I help being afraid?" she exclaimed. "Yes, I have a good life. I've said so myself a thousand times. And I have worked for it. As you said, there are plenty of occasions in anybody's experience when he's tempted to sit down and quit trying. But when you do achieve a good life, when you feel that now at last you have what you want and can enjoy having it, and then when you see it about to be blown to pieces by circumstances you aren't responsible for and can't control—how can you help being afraid? I'm sick with fear. I look over it all—Spratt's bothering about his pictures, Brian with his bats and bugs, Cherry excited about a party dress, Dick struggling with his lessons, and I think, 'How much longer?' I love them so, I've been so proud to know I was important to them—but now!" She stopped. "Why on earth am I talking to you like this? It's the first time I've been so frank about it to anybody."

"You couldn't talk to anybody who'd be more interested," Kessler answered. "It's good now and then to confess our fears. Of course you're frightened. You see the war coming closer, you don't know what it may bring—"

"I do know," she interrupted sharply. "I don't live in a tower looking down on two conflicting ideologies! Oh, it may be a noble struggle, fought for a better world, but I don't see it that way and I can't. I don't see it in terms of anything but my son."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Mother, did you ever get through physics?"

Spratt and Kessler were shepherding the little girls into the car. Dick picked up the Hollywood Citizen-News from the grass and moodily began to open it. Black war-headlines went across the front page. Elizabeth glanced around, thinking how little Beverly Hills had the look of being in a country at war. The dancing flowers, the damp odor of grass, the noise of carpenters repairing the house across the street, all seemed so ordinary. Margaret, about to get into the car, paused and looked up at Kessler.

"Why do you see those men hit with the hammers before you hear them?"

He smiled at her. "We always see things before we hear them, because the noise comes to us by sound-waves and the sight by light-waves, and the light-waves get to us faster."

Margaret frowned, puzzled. "I'll explain it better when I get home after dinner, if you're still awake—" Kessler had begun to say, when Dick shouted, "Holy Jerusalem!"

He had shoved the paper untidily under his arm and was laughing at their astonished stares.

"It's that physics problem. It's about sound-waves and I was figuring with the speed of light. Oh, such a dope, such a dope—thank you, Margaret!" He was off into the house.

"Are you tired? Wouldn't you like to rest for a minute before going up to dress?"

"I'm not really tired, just a bit breathless. But it might be pleasant to sit down for a minute or two. What shall we do?"

"It's about time for a news broadcast."

"I'm losing courage to listen to the radio," Elizabeth confessed. "All it brings is news of more calamities."

For an instant Kessler did not reply. She had said nothing to him about her dread of Dick's going away, but she saw him give a glance toward the house and suspected that he had guessed it. Leaning heavily on his cane, he turned back to her, saying, "Mrs. Herlong, will you forgive me if I tell you something?"

"Certainly." Then, as she saw the gentle gravity of his eyes, she added, "If it's a rebuke, go ahead. I deserve it."

"Yes," answered Kessler, "you do." He smiled, and went on. "Mrs. Herlong, talking about one's personal troubles is unforgivable unless one has learned something from them that is worth passing on. You

and your family are so kind about ignoring my handicaps that I feel almost unkind to refer to them. But I have learned something from them."

"Yes, go on," she said earnestly. "I know you've had to face life in a way that I haven't. Tell me."

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

And So Again the Fly Birds Got the Worms

Morris Gest, the theatrical producer, was a genius when it came to thinking up effective publicity stunts.

"I think I'll put an ad in the newspapers announcing the fact that tickets will be on sale at our box office at 5 a. m. tomorrow," he confided in a friend.

"It sounds crazy," reproved his companion. "What's the idea?"

"I want people to think our show is such a smash hit that if they don't get tickets first thing in the morning, they'll be out of luck."

It worked out, too. Next morning at the crack of dawn patrons stormed the box office and bought out every ticket in the house!

GOT A COLD? Help shake it off with HIGH ENERGY TONIC

If you are run down—because you're not getting all the A&D Vitamins you need—start taking Scott's Emulsion to promptly help bring back energy and stamina and build resistance. Good-tasting Scott's is rich in natural A&D Vitamins and energy-building, natural oil. Buy today! All druggists.

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Here's the heater for your home this winter... the famous WARM MORNING. Exclusive, patented, interior construction makes possible amazing heating results... with remarkable fuel economy. Semi-automatic, magazine feed. Model 420. Holds 100 lbs. of coal. Burns any kind of coal, coke or briquets. Heats all day and night without refueling. Holds fire several days on closed draft. Start a fire but once a year. Your home is WARM every MORNING regardless of the weather!

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It's the job of helping our people here at home, and our sons and brothers and husbands wherever their military duties may have taken them.

We need your help to keep U. S. O. Clubhouses and Camp Shows going, to enable War Prisoners' Aid to spread its mercy among American prisoners of war still in Japan.

hands, to feed and clothe and keep alive the destitute men and women and children of ravaged lands over the whole face of the earth—to help our own grieved and uprooted and troubled, right here at home. You can provide that help by giving to your local Community War Fund.

No matter what you give, it's vitally needed. We hope you'll give from the bottom of your heart and pocketbook. More than ever before, every dollar counts. So dig deep, won't you? And dig now.

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YOUR COMMUNITY WAR FUND

Representing the NATIONAL WAR FUND

