FOR BETTER BAKING!

● Here is a double-acting baking powder that makes finer, lighter cakes and biscuits. You'll notice *such* a difference. It's low-priced, economical and gives surer results. Try Calumet for your next baking.

● SERIAL STORY

WANT-AD ROMANCE

BY TOM HORNER

THE STORY: The pretty, green-eyed girl knew the young man was no park bench loafer, sensed he was a job-seeker like herself since both were studying the want ad columns as they sat on the same seat in the park. It seemed quite natural that she should listen to his story of how, he, Ted Andrews, super-salesman, had lost his job with Ace-High Card Tables Co. when his selling stunt to stack tables one above the other and then climb on top of the stack ended in a crash that injured a few bystanders. It seemed even more natural to tell him how she had worked for a doctor in downstate Sumner for five years, living with her aunt and uncle after her mother died giving them everything she earned for room and board. "I'm looking or my Dad," she said, explained, saying her mother had left him because he was an impractical inventor. "Tim Donovan is his name," she went on. "He was planning to build a factory here." Then Ted Andrews thrust the paper under her nose. A want ad sought Katie Donovan.

* * *

TED ANDREWS WANTED

CHAPTER II

WANTED—INFORMATION concerning the whereabouts of Katie Donovan, 23, daughter of Tim and Emily Donovan. $10.00 will be paid to person providing address. Notify MacLeod, Goldberg and Flynn, attorneys-at-law. Box 1114 City.

* * *

Kay Donovan read it again and again.

"Why . . . why, they're looking for me!"

"Your mother's name as Emily?" Ted asked.

"Yes. But what?"

"Don't ask questions." Ted was business-like. "Listen, I need that ten bucks, and how I need ten bucks. Here, you write the name of your hotel—you're in a hotel, aren't you?—here. Then go to your room and stay there. I'll report to the MacLeod, etc., outfit where you can be found. I get the cash. The lawyers get you. Maybe you're an heiress."

* * *

Kay had on her newest and best dress when the telehone rang to announce that MacLeod and company were in the lobby.

"Send them right up."

There was a knock on her door within two minutes. She opened it to admit the trio of attorneys.

"Miss Donovan? I'm MacLeod," the Scotch burr rolled out.

"I'm Goldberg."

"I'm Flynn."

She liked them immediately. "I'm Katie Donovan," she echoed.

The Irishman took her hand. "I knew your dad well, Miss Donovan. He was a smart man, and a fine man. We were friends for years."

"We handled all your late father's legal affairs," Goldberg put in.

"My . . my late—Is Dad dead?"

"He is that, girl." Flynn's arm was around her shaking shoulders. "Two weeks ago it happened. It was his heart."

He waited until her sobbing almost ceased. "Tim wanted you to have everything he had . . ."

"Everything—" Her surprise surprise showed through tear-wet eyes. "But Dad had nothing . . . He was an inventor . . . a failure"

"Not entirely, lass," MacLeod interrupted. "He had one successul invention, a measuring gadget that the automobile manufacturers found handy. They bought the patent."

"Then Dad died rich?"

"Not exactly." It was Goldberg's turn. "In spite of our advice to the contrary, your father insisted on investing the profits from this invention in a factory to produce his latest product. And it did not sell."

Kay sat down, waited for the three lawyers to pull chairs close to her.

"Now tell me quickly, do I have to go to work or do I have money?"

"You have a million cans of Wondrosoap, an idle actory, two tons of raw materials and $428.85 cash, less legal fees," Goldberg enumerated.

* * *

They told her everything then, the three of them, talking in turn for more than an hour. Everything she had wanted to know about her father, his work, his success and his failure; how they had tried to find her in Sumner and how Uncle Ralph had told them that he was glad to be rid of her, before he discovered that Tim Donovan had left a small estate. Unable to find her registered in any of the larger hotels, they tried advertising and a young man named Andrews had finally led them to her.

"Oh, yes, Ted Andrews. I met him in the park."

They drove her down to the factory. It was, as Tim Donovan had dreamed it would be, a small brick building, a short distance from the city. There was an acre or so of land surrounding it.

"Tim figured he'd be expanding the plant soon," Flynn explained.

The took her through the factory with its huge copper and steel mixing vats, a canner and a conveyor belt leading into the warehouse. There were long stacks of boxes the[illegible] each containing 144 small, circular cans of Wondrosoap.

"What is this Wondrosoap?" Kay asked.

* * *

"Your father called it an all-purpose cleaner," MacLeod explained. "The label says it will clean clothes, machinery, wallpaper, floors and cut road scum from automobiles. You can wash windows with it, and in a pinch, grease an axle with it . . ."

"But your father priced it too high," Goldberg added. "He wanted to sell it at fifty cents a can and there wasn't enough of the cleaner at that price to get many customers."

"But he liked to make it, he and Old Hans Stadt, his chemist. They kept turning it out, constantly experimenting and improving it," Flynn supplied. "The two of them lived here and ran the factory by themselves. That is, until Hans went out to West Texas to visit his grandsons. Tim worked on alone until he died.

"He came to the office that day all excited. 'I've got it now,' he said. 'If what I plan works, little Kay will have all the money she can spend.' But we never found out what his plan was. I came down here the following morning and found him."

* * *

They left her alone in the little combination office and home that had been Tim Donovan's. Her mother's picture was on the desk, Emily in her wedding gown. Kay's picture, too, as a laughing, dimpled baby, nude on a white rug.

She fingered her father's pipes, strong with the odor of rich tobacco, and felt his nearness for the first time in her life. She peered into his cupboard, caressed his few dishes, pictured him cooking for himself, alone.

"We were wrong, Mother," she whispered. "Our place was with Dad." They were together now, she knew. And they would be watching out for her.

* * *

MacLeod, Goldberg and Flynn were waiting at the car when she came down at last.

"I would suggest that you try to sell this property," MacLeod began.

"We can probably find a buyer, but it's away from the railroad and the highway. You'll have to take a loss," Goldberg added.

"That's really the smart thing to do, Miss Kay," Flynn advised. "I think that is what your father would want you to do. Take what you can get in cash. It should amount to $5,000. You can live on that for a while."

"Maybe we can find a way to get rid of the product, but I doubt it," MacLeod said.

"You can count on us for all the help you need, and we're not charging you full price." Goldberg again.

"I think you are all a grand, loyal friends of Dad's and of mine," Kay told them. "But, I'm not going to sell either the factory or the Wondrosoap."

"You're not going to sell?—" They got together on that. "But you—a girl . . ." The property will depreciate in value. You can't give Wondrosoap away, much less sell it. How are you going to live on $400? Four hundred and twenty-eight dollars and eighty-five cents?"

Kay waited until they stopped firing questions at her, then told them her plans.

"I'm going to live right here at the factory, just as Dad did. On $428.85 I can manage for some time. I'm not used to having much money. I'll be safe here and if I get lonesome I can take in a roommate, some working girl with a car.

"And—I'm going to sell Wondrosoap!"

The lawyers let Flynn do the talking. He had handled Tim Donovan after a fashion. Perhaps, he could manage his daughter.

"You can't do it, child. You'll be lonely, you'll be frightened. And you can't sell Wondrosoap. Your dad tried that. If he could not, how do you expeot to?"

"I'll sell it!"

Flynn had run into the set Donovan jaw before. He knew when it was time to stop arguing.

"All right, then. How can we help?"

* * *

"First, I'll need a roommate who will keep the books and be secretary and general helper," she decided. "Advertise for her, tell her to come out here for a personal interview. If they won't come out, they don't want the job. I want a girl like myself, jobless, friendless—but I have three good friends now," she added, smiling. "You can interview any girl I pick, check over her family to be sure she's all right.

"Then I want a salesman with ideas—the best salesman in town. Find Ted Andrews."

The attorneys showed their bewilderment in blank faces. "Ted Andrews?"

"Yes. The young man who told you where to find me. He has dark hair, blue eyes. His nose has been broken, probably in football. He's six feet tall, wears—"

"You wouldn't know his address now, would you?" Flynn grinned.

Kay blushed.

"This Andrews used to work for the Ace-High Card Table Co., until he got arrested. Maybe Mr. Archibald can help you. Try him anyway."

"Won't any other salesman do just as well?" MacLeod asked. "I know of several reputable firms that could be induced to let you borrow a sales manager. I think we could arrange it. But you're throwing your bank account away."

(Contiued Next Week)

LEADS TASK FORCE

Rear Admiral Robert C. Griffen commands a powerful U. S. naval force serving with the British home fleet.

USEFUL TWO-PIECER

By Anne Adams

Mainstay of your summer-on-the job wardrobe is a two-piecer like this easily made Anne Adams style, Pattern 4910. The jacket has the new inset belt and two sleeve lengths; the slim skirt is panelled.

Pattern 4910 is available in misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 4⅝ yards 35-inch fabric.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern to Room 421, 78 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

ISSUE 26—'42

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

With care the amount of sugar allowed each family should be sufficient for the ordinary cooking, but with fruit season and holiday visitors there will be a strain on the sugar allowance. Dieticians are being asked to encourage the use of corn syrup and honey as substitutes. Many are using them entirely in their cooking.

From the laboratory of one of Canada's most noted food experts and dieticians come the following recipes,—

Rhubarb Custard Pie

1 egg
¾ cup white sugar
¼ cup corn syrup
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 tablespoon melted butter
2 cups rhubarb cut in one-inch pieces

Method: Line a nine inch pie pan with pastry. Beat egg till light. Add the sugar, syrup, salt and corn starch and the melted butter. Add rhubarb and pour into raw shell. Cover with criss-cross lattice work of ½ inch strips of pastry. Bake in hot oven for 15 minutes; reduce heat to 350° and continue cooking for 25 to 30 minutes or until rhubarb is cooked.

Orange Cake

½ cup shortening
¾ cup brown sugar
¾ cup corn syrup
2 eggs
1 orange, 1 cup raisins put through food chopper
2 cups pastry flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup sour milk

Method: Cream shortening gradually; add sugar and corn syrup. Add the well beaten eggs. Add orange and raisin mixture; blend well. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with sour milk. Pour into 9 inch layer cake pans lined with waxed paper. Bake at 350° for 25 minutes. When cool put together with Orange cream filling and ice with butter icing.

Orange Cream Filling

1 egg yolk
2 tablespoons white sugar
2 tablespoons corn syrup
½ tablespoon grated orange rind
2 tablespoons orange juice
1 teaspoon lemon juice
½ cup cream stiffly whipped

Mix thoroughly all ingredients except cream. Cook until thick. Chill and combine with whipped cream.

Butter Icing

3 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon corn syrup
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 cups icing sugar sifted
2 tablespoons cream or hot water
1 teaspoon vanilla

Fresh Strawberry Ice

¾ cup white sugar
2 cups water
¼ cup corn syrup
1 cup crushed fresh strawberries (pulp and juice)
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Make a syrup by boiling together the sugar, water and corn syrup for ten minutes. Cool; add the strawberry pulp and juice. Add the lemon juice. Pour into the freezing tray of automatic refrigerator and freeze, stirring every five minutes until mixture begins to set. Serves six or eight. This ice must be served at once as it melts very quickly.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is vn ready to listen to your ::pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto." Send stamped self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

CEREAL CRUMBS TAKE A BOW

By BARBARA B. BROOKS

There's no need to struggle with a food-chopper or grater when your recipe calls for dry crumbs. Here's a much easier and quicker way: Place crisp cereal flakes between two folds of a towel, roll to desired fineness, shake the crumbs into a bowl — and there you are! Crumbs, a clean towel and a rolling pin.

This is one of those cases where the easiest way is the best way. For the toasty flavour of crisp corn flakes or oven-popped rice adds an extra finish that's hard to beat. Here are recipes in which cereal crumbs are an important ingredient:

Crumb Kisses

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1¼ cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup finely cut dates
½ cup corn flake crumbs

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly; add egg and beat until fluffy. Sift flour with baking powder and salt; add to first mixture along with dates. Mix well. Roll one teaspoon of mixture in cereal crumbs and flatten down on greased cookie sheet. Bake in slow oven (325°F.) about 20 minutes. Remove from pan while warm.

Yield: 3 dozen cookies (1¾ inches in diameter).

Browned Paprika Potatoes

6 medium potatoes
1 tablespoon melted fat or drippings
1 cup corn flakes
1 teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon salt

Pare potatoes and cook in boiling water about 20 minutes. Drain and brush with fat. Roll corn flakes into fine crumbs and mix with paprika and salt. Roll potatoes in crumb mixture until well covered. Bake in shallow greased baking pan in moderately hot oven (425°F.) about 35 minutes.

Yield: 6 servings.

Oven-Fried Fish

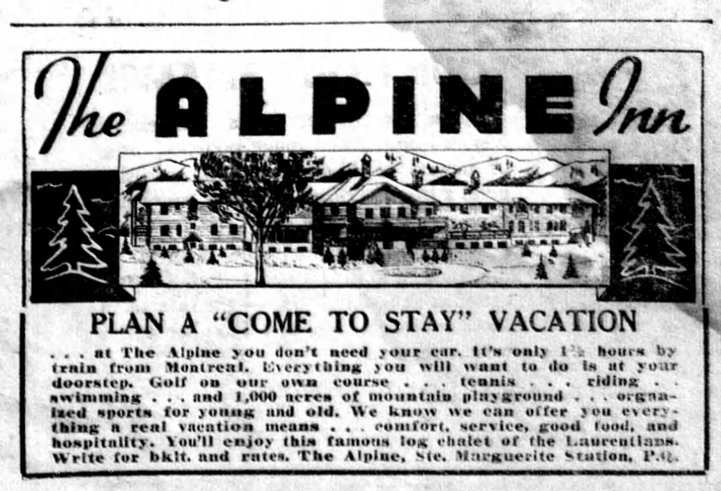
1 pound fish fillets or fresh fish
4 cups corn flakes
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon salt
4 teaspoons salad oil

Cut fish into serving pieces, allowing about ¼ pound for each serving. Roll corn flakes into fine crumbs. Add salt to milk. Dip fish in milk, then in crumbs and arrange on well oiled baking sheet. Sprinkle all over top of fish. Bake in very hot oven (500°F.) 12 to 15 minutes.

Yield: 4 servings.

ARMY WEEK

JUNE 29 - JULY 5

Don't miss this grand opportunity to see our very efficient Army in action and to pay a well-deserved tribute to our gallant men and women in khaki.

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