

MAKE LIGHTER CAKES!

CALUMET BAKING POWDER
DOUBLE-ACTING

YOU can make lighter, finer-textured cakes with Calumet Baking Powder. Why? Because it's a double-acting baking powder. Its action is continuous—from the mixing bowl to the oven. Remember to try Calumet for your next baking.

Commands British Naval Forces Off Madagascar



Rear Admiral E. N. Syfret, C.B., who commands the British Naval Forces that took part in the landing operations on the Vichy-controlled island of Madagascar, Madagascar, in a strategic spot off the Eastern coast of Africa, was seized by the British with U.S. approval to prevent its harbors from being used by Axis Units.

Last Great Fleet Action At Jutland

Only isolated sea battles fought in this war

The last great sea battle in which capital fleets were engaged was the Battle of Jutland, May 31, 1916, in the First World War. Although the British Grand Fleet commanded by Admiral Sir John Jellicoe suffered heavier losses than the German high sea fleet commanded by Admiral Reinhard Scheer, the ultimate result was a victory for the British, since the Germans retired from the high seas, leaving the British in undisputed mastery.

British losses were three battle cruisers—the Indefatigable, the Queen Mary and Invincible—three cruisers and eight torpedo craft with total casualties of 6,274 men.

German losses were one battleship, the Pommern; a battle cruiser, the Lutzow; four light cruisers and five torpedo craft with total casualties of 2,545 men.

The German fleet had consisted of 110 vessels and the British had 149. One British officer in the action was the Duke of York, who now is King George VI.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS
Put Mint Away To Use In Syrups or Sauces

Mint is on the market now and will soon be ready in the garden, bringing the promise of many a refreshing concoction for spring menus.

Although for so long mint has been associated with lamb as if they were real blood brothers the flavory sprig can be used in many other combinations with equal success.

Why not, for instance, try mint and new cabbage? One tablespoon minced mint leaves added to one cup crisp shredded cabbage and the whole dressed with oil and lemon juice makes an unusual and delicious salad; or you may stuff tomatoes with the combination. Cucumber slices with mint leaves are appetizing and novel.

Mint in Fruit Cups
Mint adds an alluring and seasonal touch to fruit cups. Sometimes merely bruising mint leaves in the bowl in which a fruit salad or fruit cup is mixed gives as much mint flavor as is wanted; or the minced mint leaves may be preferred mixed with the fruit for a definite mint flavor.

It's a good idea to make up mint syrup to keep on hand for fruit cups and what not. You can bottle the syrup and keep it for use when mint is not in season. This syrup can be used to make jelly and ices and makes a delicious drink combined with lemon juice and ginger ale.

Mint Syrup
2 cups minced mint leaves
2 cups sugar
1 1/2 cups vinegar
1 1/2 cups water
1/2 teaspoon salt

Mince leaves, cover with sugar and pound with a wooden potato masher. Add salt, vinegar and water and bring to a boil. Let simmer about 15 minutes until the mixture is syrupy. Pour into sterilized jars and seal.

When this is made up to use immediately omit the vinegar and add lemon juice as you use it.

Mint Jelly
Mint jelly is preferred by many persons to mint sauce to serve with lamb. An attractive way to serve it is to mould it into tiny individual moulds and turn out each mould on a slice of orange.

1/2 cup minced mint leaves
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon paprika
1/2 cup hot vinegar
1/2 cup water
1 tablespoon granulated gelatine

Soak gelatine in water for ten minutes. Heat mint leaves with vinegar, sugar, salt and paprika and simmer closely covered for ten minutes. Strain through cheese cloth and add gelatine at once. Stir until dissolved and turn into mould. If a vivid green is desired a drop or two of green coloring may be added.

HE WAS BLAMING EVERYONE BUT ME!

Everything he did seemed to turn out wrong. His nervousness and bad temper were getting his family down, until one day his wife made him cut out tea and coffee and start drinking Postum. Now he is going around with a smile on his face, and I've lost one of my best cases of caffeine-nerves.

POSTUM

If you are feeling out of sorts, it could be from drinking too much tea and coffee. Delicious Instant Postum is entirely free from caffeine. Try it for 30 days and see how much better you feel! Order a tin from your grocer today.

The COURTSHIP of ANDY HARDY

CHAPTER ONE

As Judge James K. Hardy glanced through the files of papers marked Nesbit vs. Nesbit, the two litigants, Roderick O. Nesbit and his divorced wife, Olivia Nesbit, glared at each other with hatred. Their daughter, Melodie, aged seventeen, dressed in expensive clothes and a hairdo that "did nothing for her," sat listlessly near her mother's attorney. She had lovely hair and features, rather a charming undeveloped figure, but there was a dead look in her eyes.

The bailiff approached Judge Hardy and whispered: "You told me to remind you—"

"I know, twelve-fifteen," whispered the Judge, glancing at the clock which was three minutes after twelve. He turned to the Nesbits. "You were separated in 1932, followed by, according to these records, a sordid ten years of lawsuits—accusations and counter accusations—"

"I want him put in jail!" exclaimed Mrs. Nesbit. "He didn't send us our money this month!"

"Because you broke the agreement," charged Mr. Nesbit. "You won't let me see my own daughter—and I demand her custody!"

"His daughter! She's my child. The court awarded her to me!"

"She's not your child, Mrs. Nesbit!" At her gasp and her husband's grin, Judge Hardy added: "She's not yours either, Mr. Nesbit. When the court divided you two, you both forfeited your rights to this child and she became the ward of the state—merely in Mrs. Nesbit's custody. Melodie Eunice Nesbit is my child. And my child's got to be supported. Now, Mr. Nesbit, give Mrs. Nesbit her cheque, please."

But, Mrs. Nesbit, my child is to see her father whenever he wishes."

"I don't want to see him! I hate my father!" cried Melodie.

For a moment, Judge Hardy was silent with shock. Then he said: "I'm going to adjourn this court until two o'clock. I'd like to speak to you two privately in my chambers."

The two litigants followed the Judge into his chambers and seated themselves distant from each other.

"My only concern in this matter is the welfare of the child. Obviously she is unhappy. Mrs. Nesbit, what kind of a life does she lead?"

"Mostly, she's fond of reading and music—"

"Doesn't she go out and have fun? Dances, boy friends?"

"She never seems to want to."

"And why not? One look at her and I know the whole story! The ugliness surrounding her has made her bitter and resentful, destroyed all her illusions. Do you realize that a large per cent of criminal and delinquent young girls come from broken families? Was your daughter in any way the cause of your marriage breaking up?"

"Certainly not!" cried Mr. Nesbit savagely. His wife, shocked, exclaimed: "Of course not!"

"Then why punish her? You cheat your child out of her God-given rights to a happy home with love and guidance from a father and mother. You've got to make up for it... Can't you conceal this bitterness? I don't ask that you conquer ten years of mutual hatred, but play a little game and let your daughter see you as her help and inspiration. Try it for a couple of weeks, won't you?" Judge Hardy got up and glanced towards the door.

"I'll try if you will," said Mr. Nesbit ungraciously to his wife, as they got up to leave.

"I can... if you can," replied Mrs. Nesbit as the bailiff hurried past them and again whispered to the Judge.

"I've got plenty of time," said the Judge. "Oh, dear! I've forgotten what I was supposed to do at twelve-fifteen!"

"You just said you had to

leave. Here's your hat."

"Thanks. Confound that memory system of Andrew's! My hat! That's it! I was to think of my hat and that would remind me—"

He looked at the clock and hurried out. "I'll never make it!"

Peter Dugan, proprietor of Dugan's garage, answered the telephone and then said: "Andrew! Andrew Hardy!" the roar of the sand-blasting apparatus drowned out his voice and he went to the back of the garage where Andy Hardy was blasting paint and dirt from the under side of his ancient jalopy. The car, four feet up on the electric hoist, had been denuded of bumpers, hood, lights, fenders, doors and license plates.

"Your mother called!" yelled Dugan above the noise. "She says you'll go to the railroad station at once! Must be an emergency!"

"Just my sister Marian coming home," said Andy shutting off the blasting apparatus. "I'm turning the old meat-grinder into a towing truck."

"That? A tow-truck?"

"Got a second-hand tow-bar on her now. Remember, I get ten per cent of all business I bring in!"

On the way to the station, Andy ran into his first tow case. An expensive sedan was stalled at the roadside, a well-dressed elderly man behind the wheel. Andy drove in front of the sedan and hopped out. "Mister your troubles are over! I'll tow you to Dugan's garage." The man agreed and Andy, after much protest on the part of his denuded jalopy, started up. "Mister, as one motorist to another do you mind if I make one brief stop?"

"Not at all."

"That's fine. It's the railway station."

Meanwhile Marian Hardy had alighted from the train, and, looking for someone to meet her, had unconsciously stopped beside a good-looking young fellow. He startled her by speaking—very politely and charmingly.

"I beg your pardon—"

Marian turned and responded stiffly: "I beg yours."

"No, please, let me beg yours. I have an apology to make," he continued with winning confidence. "I need help. I'm dying of boredom, and you look as if you speak my language."

"What makes you think I can help?" she said, flattered and amused.

"Because you obviously don't belong here."

"But I do!... Why, I know you. Aren't you Jefferson Willis from Digby?"

"Yes, but I couldn't forget you. I must be slipping."

"She was further pleased. 'Oh, I've changed! I'm Marian Hardy.' 'Not Judge Hardy's daughter? Not that girl in that outfit?'"

"I've been away."

"And how you've come back! I never expected to see anything like you in this whistle stop!"

"And why not, Mr. Willis?"

"You're too 'big city'—and call me Jeff. Jump in. I'll drive you home—or am I working too fast for the Judge's little daughter?"

"Oh, no. I've acquired a 'big city' perspective. Oh, there are my folks! I'll take a good look for that ride. I've got to go and be the prodigal daughter."

"I still don't believe Carvel could ever produce such a streamlined model!"

She glowed at the compliment. "Goodbye, Jeff."

Marian went to meet her mother and Aunt Milly. Her mother kissed her, and looked at her get-up and said: "Oh, dear!"

"Now mother, don't be narrow minded!" She would have said more but her father came striding along the platform at the moment and she ran into his arms. When he released her she asked: "Where's Andrew? Gosh, I've missed that brat!"

"James," said Mrs. Hardy. "What are you doing here?"

"Wasn't I to meet Marian at 12.15?"

"You were to see the insurance man at 12.15."

"I'll say this for Andrew's memory system: it at least makes you remember the wrong things!"

There came a hail, and Andy Hardy jumped out of the jalopy, grabbed Marian with a boisterous: "Nice to have you back, old kid! Boy, that's kind of a heavy paint

job you're wearing?"

"Of course I love you, darling. Now prove you're grown up by not making remarks about my clothes."

"Okay, I'll be my age. Patch my pantywaist, sugarplum! You're a ball of fire and my folks don't let me carry matches! So long, folks. I got a customer."

He waved to them and jumped into his jalopy without noticing that the owner of the car he was towing had gone into a telephone booth.

Driving jauntily back to Dugan's garage, Andy was overtaken by a police car. The officer got out and started to write a ticket. "Nothing wrong today, Officer! I'm over sixteen. I've got my driver's card right here! I wasn't speeding. I was on the right side of the road."

"Fine! Name, please."

"Andrew Hardy. Honest. Officer, you can smell my breath and see I'm not drunk."

"They've got a funny little law in this state. They like you to have license plates on your car."

"License plates!... Omigosh!" cried Andy in horror.

But worse was to come. As the policeman returned to his car his loudspeaker announced that a sedan had been stolen. The license number was the same as that of the car Andy was towing. The officer repeated the number and returned to the doubly horrified Andy.

"I didn't steal that car! You ask the owner?"

"Where's the owner?"

"Right there in back of the wheel." Andy pointed and followed the gesture with his eyes. They all but popped out of his head. "Omigosh! I've lost my customer! He musta fell out somewhere along the road."

"Come on, my young friend," said the policeman.

(Continued Next Week)
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No further major sea battles were fought during the World War and the Germans remained in the safety of Heligoland Bight until the final days of the conflict. Shortly before the armistice, Admiral Scheer ordered the fleet to sea to "break the blockade" but the crews refused to weigh anchor. The German fleet finally was surrendered but was scuttled by the Germans as they were delivering it to the British base of Scapa Flow.

Only isolated actions involving the huge battleships have been fought in this war. Last year the new German battleship Bismarck sank the largest warship afloat, the Hood, but the British in swift vengeance surrounded the Bismarck in the North Atlantic and sank her.

Other losses of British and United States battleships have been from torpedo-carrying planes, submarines and the Pearl Harbor bombing.

Refuses Help From U-Boat Commander

After drifting alone in an open boat for 14 days in the South Atlantic, an 18-year-old British merchant seaman encountered a surfaced U-boat, and refused the offer of its commander to take him to Germany.

He told the Nazis that he would rather be shot, or die of starvation and exhaustion, than be in their hands. So he was left—to drift on.

Two days later the seaman, Ronald Sowerby, was picked up by a British ship, and is back in London.

War Savings

The post office has sold the public more than \$8,000,000 war savings stamps valued at more than \$20,000,000 since May, 1940, Postmaster General Mulock has announced.

The department has delivered to purchasers more than 17,000,000 war savings certificates valued at \$135,000,000.

COOKIES FROM HOME
By BARBARA E. BROOKS

Cookies from home—what a thrill for the soldier, or the children who've grown up and moved away but who still remember those wonderful sweet-smelling home-made cookies that filled the cookie jar.

But here are some good rules to remember about cookies that are going travelling.

1. Choose a type cookie that will keep fresh in appearance and flavour for several days. Avoid heavy frostings or meringues.
2. Choose a size and shape that will not crumble easily. Cookies that are square pack best, because they can be set up on edge with wax paper between each row.
3. A square or round box, whether tin or cardboard, is preferable to a oblong one. Tin is fine because it helps keep the cookies fresh longer.
4. Be generous as possible with your wax paper (wrappers from loaves of bread can be used). Cut it into strips as a cushion for the bottom of box then cut a piece for the bottom and sides that will fold over the top when filled. Place wax paper between layers.
5. If possible fit the cookie box in an outer cardboard box; if not wrap with heavy paper.
6. Remember that men like BIG cookies—the bigger the better, like the Ranger Cookies given below. This recipe, by the way, is in man-size proportions, which means that it turns out four dozen at once.

Ranger Cookies

1 1/2 cups shortening
1 1/2 cups sugar
1 1/2 cups light brown sugar
3 eggs
1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla extract
3 cups flour

1/2 teaspoon soda
1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
3 cups quick cooking oatmeal
3 cups oven-popped rice
1 1/2 cups cocoa nut
1 egg and flavoured thoroughly, add egg and flavouring; beat well. Sift flour, soda, baking powder and salt together; combine with oatmeal, rice cereal and coconut; add to creamed mixture and stir until well blended. Drop by tablespoonfuls onto well greased baking sheet, or turn onto floured board; roll to 1/4-inch thickness and cut with cookie cutter. Place on greased baking sheet and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 15 to 20 minutes or until brown. Yield: 4 dozen (2 inches in diameter).

Krispies Marshmallow Squares

1/2 cup butter
1/2 lb. marshmallows (about 2 1/2 dozen)

1/2 teaspoon vanilla (if desired)
5 1/2 oz. pkg. oven-popped rice cereal

Melt butter and marshmallows in double boiler, add vanilla; beat thoroughly to blend. Put cereal in large buttered bowl and pour on marshmallow mixture, stirring briskly. Press into shallow buttered pan. Cut into squares when cool. Yield: 16 2 1/4-inch squares (10 x 10 inch pan).

Corn Flake Filled Cookies

1 1/2 cups chopped dates
1/4 cup sugar

2 tablespoons water
2 tablespoons orange juice
1 tablespoon grated orange rind

1 cup shortening
1 cup brown sugar
3/4 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder

1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup water
1/4 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups corn flakes

Combine dates, sugar, water, orange juice and grated orange rind; cook until soft paste is formed. Blend shortening and sugar thoroughly. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together and add alternately with water and flavouring to first mixture. Stir in coarsely rolled corn flakes. Chill. Roll dough to about 1/4 inch in thickness. Cut with floured cookie cutter; spread one round with filling and put a second round on top, pressing edges together. Bake on greased baking sheet in moderately hot oven (425° F.) about 12 minutes. Yield: 36 cookies (2 1/2 inches in diameter).

Ontario Provides School On Wheels

Northern Children Get Education in Railway Car Classroom

Although they attend school an average of seven days out of every six weeks, children in the sparsely populated districts of Northern Ontario, says the Christian Science Monitor, are found to be forging ahead in their studies and the schools are turning out pupils who "make the grade."

The pupils attend two school-houses on wheels, started some 15 years ago by a public school inspector, who, in his work of founding schools in isolated districts, discovered that in some cases the children lived too far from these stationary schools to make school attendance possible. The result was the establishment of the Department of Education School Car system, two cars having been supplied by the Canadian Pacific Railway, built as homes for the travelling teachers and their families. They contain fully equipped schoolrooms, where the youngsters living in the wilderness receive an education such as they might in any Canadian city.

Schoolbooks Free

The "school" is attached to trains and left on different sidings for some days, 4 to 10 at a stretch, depending on the number of children to be instructed. In some cases the parents come to the school too, in order to gain knowledge enough to help their children. Homework is given out in a quantity sufficient to last until the car returns again. The teachers' quarters have a completely equipped modern kitchen, a living room a quarter the size of a Pullman car, and the classroom is furnished with rows of desks, a blackboard, and the ordinary schoolroom paraphernalia. All books are supplied free, and the Ontario Government also takes care of the children's health. There is also a traveling dental car.

Enthusiastic Pupils

Evidence of the enthusiasm with which these children regard their school is shown in the case of one family which moved 15 miles into the bush. In summer the children come to the car by canoe, camping overnight or sleeping on stretchers in the classroom. In winter, when the lakes were impassable, the father walked the 15 miles to the car with the children's homework, and taking more back to them.

Another family, two boys and one girl, proved exceptionally talented. When the boys were younger, they made their own velocipede, the wheel being made from a poplar tree and cut to follow the steel rails, compasses, dip needles and even invented an explosive.

Today one of the boys, at 22, is in the mechanical branch of the R.A.F. and the other is a qualified electrician attached to the radio branch of the R.C.A.F. The daughter, after receiving her "public" school education, registered with a correspondence school of art, and her illustrations have appeared in more than one United States publication.

For Distinctive Service "SALADA" TEA BAGS

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Japanese Parent Advises Offspring

"My son," said the properly indoctrinated Japanese father, "we know how many things are not true. They tell untruths who say American airplanes can fly over our Nippon. It is untrue that when they do fly over they can drop bombs. It is false when we hear that their bombs can start fires. We know this, do we not? But, my son, when you hear those planes that are not there, when you see the bombs that cannot fall, when you feel the flames that cannot start, forget truth and untruth and fetch the water pails and the sand buckets. Otherwise we shall be living in a house that is not here. Do you understand?"

—New York Times.

Menace Of Weeds Serious In Ontario

The Ontario weed menace is the fifth column of the agricultural war production, says John D. MacLeod, of the Crops, Seeds and Weeds branch, Ontario Department of Agriculture. Mr. MacLeod said crops lost through weed infestation cost Ontario farmers \$20,000,000 last year and unless "stern efforts are made this year by farmers and municipal authorities the loss may be even greater."

Lone Parachutist Battles Germans

A lone parachutist battled a German posse, killing several before he took his own life southeast of Bordeaux in an incident which might mean that parachutists are being dropped to join French dissidents in sabotage. Some sources reported the soldier was a Canadian.

He carried demolition material and a portable radio transmitter, it was learned, and resisted capture with a ferocity which convinced the Germans that he was not a flier who had bailed out of a plane in distress.

The man came down near Langon, about twenty-five miles from Bordeaux. A score of Germans immediately surrounded him, but he kept them off with a rifle for several hours until, his ammunition exhausted, he took his own life with his last bullet.

Several light coats of floor wax last longer and are less slippery than one heavy coat.

Bouquets are Gay



Bouquets of cross stitch and lazy daisy flowers make bed sets colorful—finish with the crocheted edging. Pattern 302 contains a transfer pattern of a 4 1/2 x 18 1/2 and two 4 1/2 x 13 1/2 inch motifs; color schemes; illustrations of stitches; materials required.

Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Baby Emus

Probably the most beautiful babies in the entire bird kingdom are the chicks of that remarkable flightless bird—the Australian emu.

Unlike most other birds, the emu chicks are able to run about almost as soon as they are hatched, and having no weapons of defence very few of them would survive but for their protective dress. At birth they have beautiful and vividly striped coats, which blend so admirably with the long grass of the forest country they inhabit that the young birds are very difficult to see, especially when they stand motionless with head erect—a pose they always adopt whenever danger threatens.

As the birds grow—the stripes

Drive out AGES

JUST RUB IN MINARD'S LINIMENT

ISSUE 22-'42