

Radio-Listening Germans Jailed

Special courts in six German cities sentenced 12 persons to prison terms ranging from 18 months to five years last week for listening to foreign radio broadcasts. The longer sentences were imposed in some cases because the listeners had spread the information they had heard.

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE A RUG?

Laraine Day, one of the many Hollywood celebrities, has taken up the latest fad of making string-type cotton rugs. Miss Day shows us how to make a rug which requires only two days to complete.



A—The first step is to have all the necessary articles to make the rug. Dot-marked duck backing, tubes of cotton yarn; yarn tube holder; wooden winder, needle, scissors and thimble as shown in above picture.



B—After cutting the desired size rug from the dotted-duck backing, hem the edges completely around the duck.



C—Place the clump of yarn through loop and fold double. Tighten loop end of yarn that is threaded through needle and tie clump tight to canvass with a square knot.



D—After tying securely, hold up both ends of clump and trim evenly as illustrated by Miss Day.



E—Finally, after a succession of the preceding instructions, a rug is born. Miss Day gracefully poses with the rug which she made for herself in two days. So, read carefully if you want to make yourself one of these new type rugs.

Tea At Its Best "SALADA" TEA

● SERIAL STORY SKI'S THE LIMIT BY ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES

CAST OF CHARACTERS
SALLY BLAIR—heroine. She had everything that popularity could wish for, except...
DAN REYNOLDS—hero. He might have had Sally but while he was king on skis...
COREY FORBES—king of the social whirl. So... But go on with the story.

Last week: Sally, queen of the campus, meets Dan Reynolds, king of skis, and is rebuffed, whereupon she vows to win his attention.

CHAPTER II

The Ski-Rest, perched high like a crow's nest on top of the mountain, was packed with red-cheeked, bright-eyed youngsters dressed in sweaters and knickers and snow suits, woolly mittens and heavy boots. A big fire roared at each end of the long, log room in the huge stone fireplace. The smell of the smoke and wax mingled with the more tantalizing fragrance of coffee and hamburgers. The record machine sang out one gay dance tune after another in rapid succession challenging the chaff and chatter that rose all around. Outside the thermometer registered fifteen below and there was a bitter wind, but within was warmth and coyness and laughter.

"How come you're not entering any of the women's events, Sally?" Babe Fairchild, a plump-doll-faced blond whose nickname suited perfectly, asked the question that all of the "gang" had been hesitating to put. "Everyone thought, as the Queen of the Carnival, you'd put the rest of us girls in our places on skis and skates."
"Why should you think that?" Sally asked. Her dark eyes, beneath long curling lashes, were searching covertly for one particular person among all the close-knit groups. "I'm not that good. Not nearly good enough, in fact." She had her reasons, but she did not mean to divulge them.
"Maybe Sally's satisfied just to be Queen this year," Pudge remarked, coming gallantly to her rescue. Sally might not be able to see him for dust, which was no small wonder with Corey paying her such open homage, but Pudge wouldn't give up hope until the last gun. "What's your mean not good-enough? You're plenty super when it comes to any sport, my love."

MORE THAN A PENNY
"Don't you wish she were your love?" Corey taunted, winking very broadly. He pulled his chair a bit closer to Sally's, bent his fair head nearer her dark one. "A penny for your thoughts," he murmured, just for Sally's ears. "Why don't you keep your mind on your work—which is me—why this life-is-real, life-is-earnest attitude, my sweet?" Sally's eyes smiled back into his. "They're worth much more than that!" she informed him loftily, adding quickly, "How about showing me a bit of shagging?" For Corey prided himself on knowing all the newest, most intricate dance steps. Besides, Sally knew she never was expected to be quiet or serious. That was part of the price paid for maintaining the status of popularity.

"You're a woe for punishment," Corey said with grudging admiration, pulling himself to his feet. "After the strenuous hours we've put in these last two days and nights, and if anyone questions the strenuousness just let him look how my poor knees are beginning to cave in!" He took a circle around the table, making his knees wobble comically, turning his feet on edge, bringing a laugh from everyone at his clowning. Then he whirled Sally out onto the tiny square of polished floor in a dizzy wild tango that caused the few other couples to shy into corners to watch the exhibition. For among all her other accomplishments, Sally was the slickest dancing partner any fellow ever had.

"Just what is the big idea?" Corey asked, after the applause had died down and they had taken a breathless bow before they wandered back toward their table again. "Why aren't you entering the women's events, Sally?" He had expected Sally to come off with top honors, as she had last year. Incidentally, as his girl, he felt she owed it to him. Just as now he felt she owed him an explanation for not entering.

"I'M NOT ENTERING"
"I told you, I'm not good enough," Sally answered lightly. The color in her cheeks deepened, her heart-

beat quickened. Not because she still was breathless from the dance, but because—at last—her bright, roving glance had been rewarded. In a far corner, all by himself, his attention completely absorbed in the task of waxing his skis with infinite patience and loving care, sat the person she had been searching for. Apparently he had not even taken the trouble to observe Sally and Corey's exhibition. Apparently he did not know they were on this earth.

"This way!" Sally tugged at Corey's sweater sleeve. She gave him a knowing look. "Remember our 'check,' Corey? Be a good boy and keep quiet. And watch the fun."

ASKING A FAVOUR
She walked, straight over to that corner. Corey following, his handsome face a bit puzzled, a bit sulky.

"Greetings!" Sally said in her calm, clear voice. She tossed her dark curls back; her eyes held their bright, dangerous look. "We know we're interrupting. A thousand pardons for that. But Corey wants to ask a favour, as one brother to another. Isn't that right, Corey, my lad?" She threw him a laughing look that bound him in intimate understanding.

Corey prided himself on being a good sport. She knew she could rely on him not to let her down.
Dan looked up reluctantly, running one hand absently over his hair in a sort of caress, down the smoothly-polished ski. He said, "Hello," not too cordially. His eyes—Sally had taken note before that they were gray, and very grave, as well—met hers squarely.

"Don't bother to get up," Sally said quickly, significantly. Usually men could not get to their feet swiftly enough when Sally stood before them. She wondered if he was being rude purposely, or if he did not know any better.
The slow flush that crept up the high planes of his dark cheekbones answered this. He knew better, all right. For some reason he was determined to snub Sally. His gray eyes still were direct. "I wasn't going to," he answered. "I couldn't risk dropping these." He nodded towards the skis balanced across his knees. "What can I do for you, Corey?" His tone held the tinge of politeness due an upper-classman.

RIISING TO A DARE
"Corey wants to ask you if you'll give me a lesson in skiing tomorrow morning," Sally put in before her escort could say anything. She slipped an arm through Corey's, and gave him a little warning pressure. "Corey says he knows you could teach me better than anyone else. I'll meet you at whatever time you name."

The gray eyes never wavered. If he was taken by surprise, if he wanted to refuse, but felt that he could not, Dan Reynolds did not give any sign. "Make it six o'clock."

READ ABOUT THE
FREE
OFFER BELOW



ISSUE NO. 13-40

Sweet Content Children's Goal

Blessing Every Parent Should
Wish for Child—Points The
Road to Later Happiness

What is your idea of happiness for a child:

- A. Thrills?
- B. Possessions?
- C. Contentment?
- D. Play?

Check "C" as the royal road to real happiness. Contentment is the lasting peace that the body and the mind must have.

Contentment means that Mary and John have been able to adjust themselves nicely to their daily lives. Parents set the example. Children usually accept pretty well what their parents say is right or can't be helped.

The mother who complains too constantly about not having more hats or a better car and happens to envy her next door neighbor is likely to find her child doing the same thing. But if mother and dad are optimistic, or at least philosophic the child will adopt the same attitude.

T A B L E

By **SADIE B. CHAMBERS**

TUNING UP THE SALADS
I have had a number of letters lately with requests and advice about salads so I have decided to make this salad week.

The salad has grown up to be a very important and individual dish and gives the homemaker the opportunity of adding those little individual tastes and touches, which place her in the class of individual cooks. Salads have so many different forms and fit into every course and every meal. I shall try to give to you, as far as space allows, a variety and also a different collection, from meat has been appearing in this column. Such a vast medley of delectable combinations appears under the general name of "salad."
In the past I have written a

GIVE YOUR HOME THIS TOUCH OF COLOR SUGGESTS LAURA WHEELER



PARROT WALL HANGING PATTERN 2425

Any room would be much gayed with this colorful panel that you'll quickly embroider. Pattern 2425 contains a transfer pattern of a picture 15 x 20 inches; color chart; illustrations of stitches; materials required.

Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft Dept., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Write plainly Pattern Number, your Name and Address.

Says Marriages Aren't "Happy"

English Jurist Claims "Normal" Best to Be Expected

Judge Alfred Bucknill of the King's Bench, England, last month was hearing a divorce case, and a lawyer said to a witness: "Was your marriage happy at the start?" Then His Lordship chimed in:
"We cannot assume marriage a state to which the word happy can properly be applied. It is enough if the spouse can say it was normal. It may then be understood that normal means there was nothing much to complain about, and that is quite enough for anybody."

EARLY RAPTURES
Perhaps 90 per cent or more couples enter marriage in love with each other, argues the St. Thomas Times-Journal. Among the younger people the early raptures moderate in course of time, but be they young or old, love was the inspiration of their partnership, and unless it withers from neglect or cruelty, which sometimes happens, a husband or wife experiences a mild thrill, and in many cases a thrilling thrill, from the turn of a key in the front door and the welcome home, a joy ineffable from companionship that no other person can give, an inner satisfaction from the unexpected gift of flowers, candy or a little article to wear or to decorate a room. Possibly this occurs oftener with those who have been married some years, or who marry in the latter years, when, as Douglas Jerrold said, love is like the measles—all the more severe when it comes late in life.

Bucknill is a cold-blooded monster; the Boris Karloff of the bench, thinks the Times-Journal.
More than 25 varieties of peas are grown in New York State for canning and quick-freezing.

March
March is the month of little living things—
The gossamer of baby spiders, gnats,
Small beetles folding up their shimmering wings,
And silver gleaming on diving water-trats.

Spring comes with April. Summer is far away,
When March brings these for lack of bigger news—
The cry along the night shore, and by day
The startling, shepherd of the lambing ewes.

Catkins there are, and brown flowers on the elm,
And wavering trout in brooks, and celandines;
Not like the thousand things that overwhelm
A summer day, but little broken signs
And practicings of summer not begun,
All lingering on the senses one by one.
—William Montgomery.

good deal on my favorite tomato jelly. For those of you who save those week by week, with this week's collection I shall give you a fairly wide scope in the variety of vegetable, fruit and other sweet salads.

Tomato Tuna Salad
1½ tablespoons gelatine
¼ cup cold water
2 cups canned tomatoes
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 stalk celery hearts
a dash cayenne
1 tablespoon horseradish
¼ cup sugar
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup flaked tuna fish

Mix tomatoes, bay leaf, salt, celery and cayenne and simmer 10 minutes. Add gelatine to hot mixture, stir until dissolved, and add lemon juice, onion and sugar. When about lukewarm, strain and add the flaked tuna, pouring into a mold, which has been rinsed with cold water. Chill. When ready to serve, unmold on cupped lettuce. Serve with salad dressing.

Cheese and Vegetable Salad
1 cup kidney beans
½ cup cooked or canned peas
½ cup grated cheese
1 teaspoon grated onion
6 tablespoons melted butter
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon each of mustard, paprika and pepper
1 tablespoon chopped mint and parsley each.

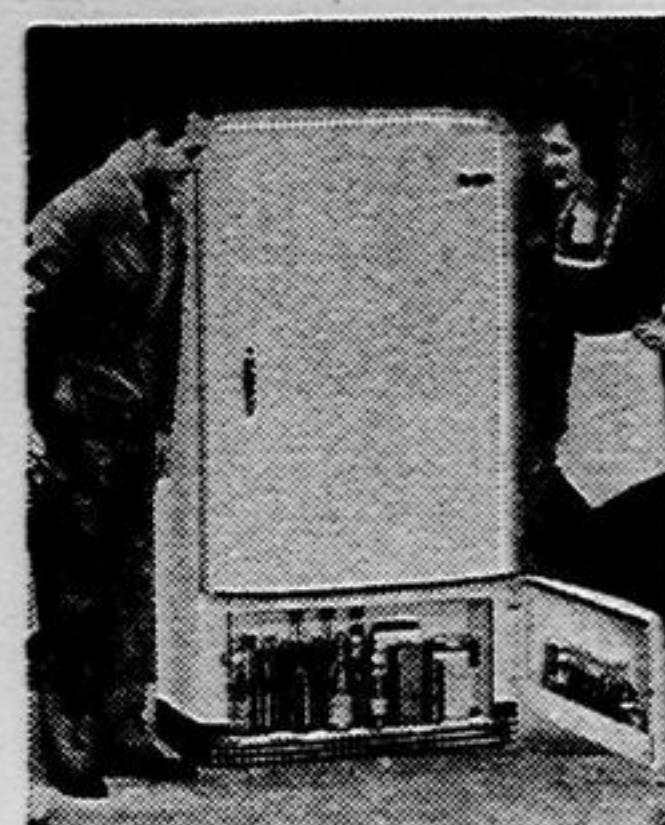
Mix oil, lemon juice and seasonings. Add chopped parsley and mint, also the same quantity of olives if desired. Mix vegetables and cheese thoroughly, then marinate with salad dressing. Serve on crisp salad greens. Mint or watercress makes an appetizing change from the lettuce.

Olive Salad
We're coming to depend on olives, when we want to add smartness, flavor, or that little touch of difference to the various dishes. Then the olive gives us such different types, the plain olive, the ripe and stuffed. For a little color and extra flavor always add a little pimento chopped up.
2 cups cold boiled rice
½ cup each of chopped ripe and green olives
1 cup green peas
1 teaspoon salt
one-eighth teaspoon pepper
1 green pepper shredded
1 cup celery cut fine
Salad dressing.

Mix all ingredients together carefully; add seasoning and mix with salad dressing. Serve on

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crisp lettuce, garnish with green peppers.

Waldorf Salad
1 cup finely chopped apple
1 cup celery chopped
1 cup prepared raisins
1 cup chopped pecan nuts
Mix altogether thoroughly, adding the nuts last and just when ready to serve. Toss with salad dressing (boiled dressing best) thinned with whipped cream.

Fruit Dressing
¼ cup chopped pineapple
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ cup orange juice
2 eggs
1 cup whipped cream
¼ cup sugar
Beat the eggs, add the sugar, pineapple and lemon juice, also the orange juice. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until thickened. Cool and chill, then fold in whipped cream. Add cream just before serving. Good for all fruit salads.

READERS, WRITE IN!
Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is even 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."

Mr. Caffeine-Nerves Does a Disappearing Act



SHE: If you could make your bad temper disappear you'd really be doing a trick!

MR. CAFFEINE-NERVES: Leave him alone, Lady—He's a sick man!



SHE: Easy trick to do, too. Just stop drinking tea and coffee all the time. Switch to Postum instead. You've got caffeine-nerves!

MR. CAFFEINE-NERVES: Tell her you'll ask for advice when you want it!



HE: Say—you're some magician! My headaches and indigestion sure did a disappearing act when I switched to Postum. I feel fine!

MR. CAFFEINE-NERVES: Ring down the curtain! My act's over when Postum comes on!

Many people can safely drink tea and coffee. Many others—and all children—should never drink them. If you are one of these, try Postum's 30-day test. Buy Postum and drink it instead of tea and coffee for one month. Then, if you do not feel better, return the container top to General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario, and we'll gladly refund full purchase price, plus postage. Postum is delicious, economical, easy to prepare, and contains no caffeine.

