

Hang Pictures On Eye-Level

They Should Be Placed in Relation to Furnishings of Room

Pictures, small or large, delightfully framed and waiting to be hung will look their best when hung on eye-level, or at least in direct relation to the furniture below and about it. Remember that it is a part of the furnishings of your room, and as such should tie up with them rather than be placed near the ceiling, for only a six-footer to enjoy in comfort.

You need be concerned only with the lower lines of the pictures being on the same level on one wall.

INVISIBLE HANGING
Invisible hanging is taken for granted. It is not necessary to use a cord stout enough to support a grand piano from your moulding—not when those small brass push pins do the job so neatly and simply, out of sight. Just stretch the wire taut between two screw-eyes and hang it from the metal loop provided.

If the moulding must be utilized, hang two wires, one from each corner of the frame—parallel to one another.

IN IMPORTANT WALL-SPACES
If you must make any mistake, make it on the side of too few pictures, rather than too many, in your home. Hang them only in the important spaces above the larger pieces of furniture. Use there well-chosen, tastefully framed paintings or prints and leave the smaller areas clear, as peaceful oases for the eye to come to rest.

A Cold Weather Favorite

By Frances Lee Barton

Now that "cooking days" are here again I am suggesting some luscious hot desserts. An apricot-rosy-poly made by following the recipe below will send anyone away from the table with satisfaction. Try this and you'll be trying other recipes that I shall feature later.

Apricot Rosy-Poly
2 cups sifted cake flour; 2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder; ½ teaspoon salt; 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening; ½ cup milk; melted butter; 1½ cups cooked, sweetened apricots, drained and cooled; 6 tablespoons sugar.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Add milk all at once and stir carefully until all flour is dampened. Then stir vigorously until mixture forms a soft dough and follow spoon around bowl. Turn out immediately on floured board and knead 30 seconds. Roll ¼ inch thick. Brush with melted butter, cover with apricots, and sprinkle with sugar. Roll as for jelly roll. Moisten edge and press against roll. Place in greased loaf pan with edge of roll on under side, brush with melted butter, and bake in hot oven (400° F.) 25 to 30 minutes, or until done. Serve hot with an apricot sauce, if desired. Serves 8.

Paris Showing Tweed Hosiery

To Offset Scarcity of Silk in Occupied France — Bicycle Attire is Modeled

Paris, with generations of tradition as the world's arbiter of feminine fashion, had its first style show since the fall of France, the middle of September. She bid for interest on the one hand with a practical item — tweed stockings to offset a scarcity of silk — and on the other with nostalgic offerings reflecting her old-time glamor.

And—Once this would have been big news—skirts for daytime were lengthened below the knees.

SKIRTS WERE LONGER
Nearly 50 models displaying the elaborateness and chic of pre-war days were brought out by the famed style house of Jeanne Lanvin in the first of the winter displays. Costumes for daytimes trended to trimmings of natural and dyed furs with intricate fabric workings and big gold and silver buttons. Afternoon and evening dresses flashed with gold and jet embroideries. Fur gauntlets were featured for day wear.

PRACTICAL COSTUMES
The changed conditions of the new Paris life and travel were reflected sharply in many of the most practical costumes.

The bicycle has become important again, and one mannequin in a grey jersey cycling costume made the rounds of the salons wheeling her bicycle beside her.

To combat the scarcity of silk stockings, one brown tweed suit was shown with tweed stockings to match. They were like garters, fastened under the shoes and with a garter fastening at the top.



MORTAL STORM

Adapted from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

by BEATRICE FABER

SYNOPSIS
In a little University town in Southern Germany, the happy family of Professor Roth, a non-Aryan, has been tragically torn asunder by the accession of Adolf Hitler to the Dictatorship of the country. Mrs. Roth, an Aryan, is agonized by the persecution of her husband's race, especially when her two sons, by a former marriage, Erich and Otto, become fanatical Storm Troopers and repudiate the stepfather they had once revered. Then young Freya Roth breaks her engagement to Fritz because he too, has offered himself to the State, body and soul. It is then that she realizes her love for Martin Breiter, who had been Fritz's rival suitor and whom the other boys now hate, labeling him a Red and a Pacifist because he refused to join the political party.

CHAPTER FOUR
Freya was still in Martin's arms and they were murmuring all the wonderful and age-old words of endearment when the outer door opened.

They turned as Mrs. Breiter ushered in Professor Werner. Then the reality and horror descended again for Werner told them what they had known would be inevitable—since that day in the Inn—he was to be arrested for "treason" and the Brown Shirts were searching for him. All he wanted was a pair of skis so that he could get through the Karwendel Pass into Austria.

Freya's heart told her what Martin would do even before he spoke. The Pass was dangerous and only an expert skier like himself could get a man through, he declared. And despite Werner's protests he began to ready himself for the journey.

A few moments later they were poised at the slopes and Martin took Freya's hands in his. "Pray for me," he whispered. "Every minute." She pressed his lips with hers for one last yearning moment. Then she stood back. "Goodbye, my love." She watched them as they disappeared down the mountainside. Then, "I love him," she said softly, to Martin's mother.

"Did you tell him?" She nodded. Mrs. Breiter wiped away a happy tear. "I'm very happy my dear. I always hoped—I'm very, very happy."

DEFINITELY SUSPECT
But the silence was suddenly disturbed by the shouts of a Brown Shirt patrol. They rushed into the house and Mrs. Breiter quickly instructed Elsa, the little serving maid, to say that she had seen nothing. Then the men stamped in and from their blunt questions it was clear that Martin was definitely suspect now.

When they had left, Freya said tonelessly, "He can never come back. You must warn him."

Slowly, Mrs. Breiter nodded and it was then that Freya re-

alized the dreadful import of her words. "He can never come back now," she said again.

One black day after another passed and Freya tried to keep a tight grasp of her control. She busied herself doing research for her father. She tried to do needlework. But always the pall of this new order prison-world hung over her like the miasma of a poisonous swamp.

IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP
Even so, she had thought herself steeled to shock. Until that day when Professor Lehmann hurried into the house with his infamous news. Father—father had been arrested. He was in a concentration camp. They had taken him off the street that morning.

After that, one didn't seem to be living at all. One merely existed for a purpose—to secure a visiting card to the prison so that Mother might visit there to see her husband. Then finally there came an hour of desperation when Freya went to see Fritz, at political headquarters, hoping for his help.

He looked at her with tortured eyes, unable to extinguish the love that he still felt for her. And finally he said, in a choked voice, "What you ask is difficult and dangerous. But I'll do my best to find out where your father is—and if your mother can be allowed to see him." The door opened and a Gestapo agent came in. Mechanically, Fritz changed his tone. "I'm sorry Miss Roth, there's no point in further discussion."

But Freya knew that she had won. He would get the pass for the prison.

It came a few days later and for hours Freya paced the floor waiting for her mother to return from the prison.

But as Amelia Roth walked into the front door, Freya wanted to shriek aloud. Her mother—this woman—was a ghost. Something inside her had died today when she had gone through the gates of the concentration camp. "WILL LEAVE FOR VIENNA!"

Tonelessly, she told Freya the stark details. Chained men, marching on paved stones, as guards stood over them with guns and whips. Barbed wire fences. Their prisoners' uniforms with the arm-bands, "Jude." Fine, sensitive faces, bloated and disfigured from starvation and cruelty.

Mrs. Roth's voice was just a thin thread as she finished. "He said for us to get ready. We're going to leave for Vienna when he is released."

"Released." The word was grim irony. One day, without any warning, Otto came to the house. Yes, he told his mother, Father was released now, from all care and strife. He was dead—a heart attack.

It was then that Freya turned on him. "They killed him—your father. They killed my father."

Otto started to reply. Then his jaw clamped and he turned away.

It was Otto and Erich who arranged for their mother's departure with little Rudi and Freya. On the station platform they said their farewells but the simple word "goodbye" stuck in Freya's throat. Impossible to even speak to these brothers who now appeared in guise of monsters. They and their kind had struck her father down. They and their kind were murdering the people of his faith.

They had just reached Thalheim at the border when the inspection officials boarded the train. Dully, Freya watched as they opened all her suitcases. Then suddenly, she realized that something was wrong. They were examining her father's manuscript with minute care. It had been his last work and she had brought it along so that she could look, finger it, look at it with a fond eye now and then—and imagine that he was there beside her, alive and well.

The Gestapo officials however,

Five-Minute Beauty Tips

If You're Trying To Economize, Here Are Helpful Hints

Excessive make-up has gone by the board. Concentrate on keeping the face in good trim rather than "gone-glamorous." Remember that to be sure of a good result a face must be clean and it must be nourished. Cleanse it night with cream, leave on for a few seconds, then wipe off. It takes under a minute to do this. Tap in a mild astringent and you will feel the skin glow under it. Last thing at night tap the skin food all over the face and particularly round the eyes, because this is where lines come first. Second danger points are those smile lines, and under the chin. Feed these points well.

CARING FOR THE HAIR
Now for the difficulty of hair. Hair feels the strain of present times badly. Brushing takes up too many of the precious moments but give it as much as you can. Use a good brilliantine if your hair is dry, and do make up your mind that you must use a first-class hair tonic.

Don't go in for elaborate hair styles. The long bob is the easiest to manage and you can always push it into a snood and look tidy. When it comes to the home shampoo, white lots of us indulge in today, remember to choose one suited to your type of hair. Be sure you rinse your hair enough—that is where most of us trip up when we resort to home methods. Spray with setting lotion if you have greasy hair, use only water if you have dry hair, and pin into waves; dry in the sun, if you can.

Nervous Tension Needs Recreation

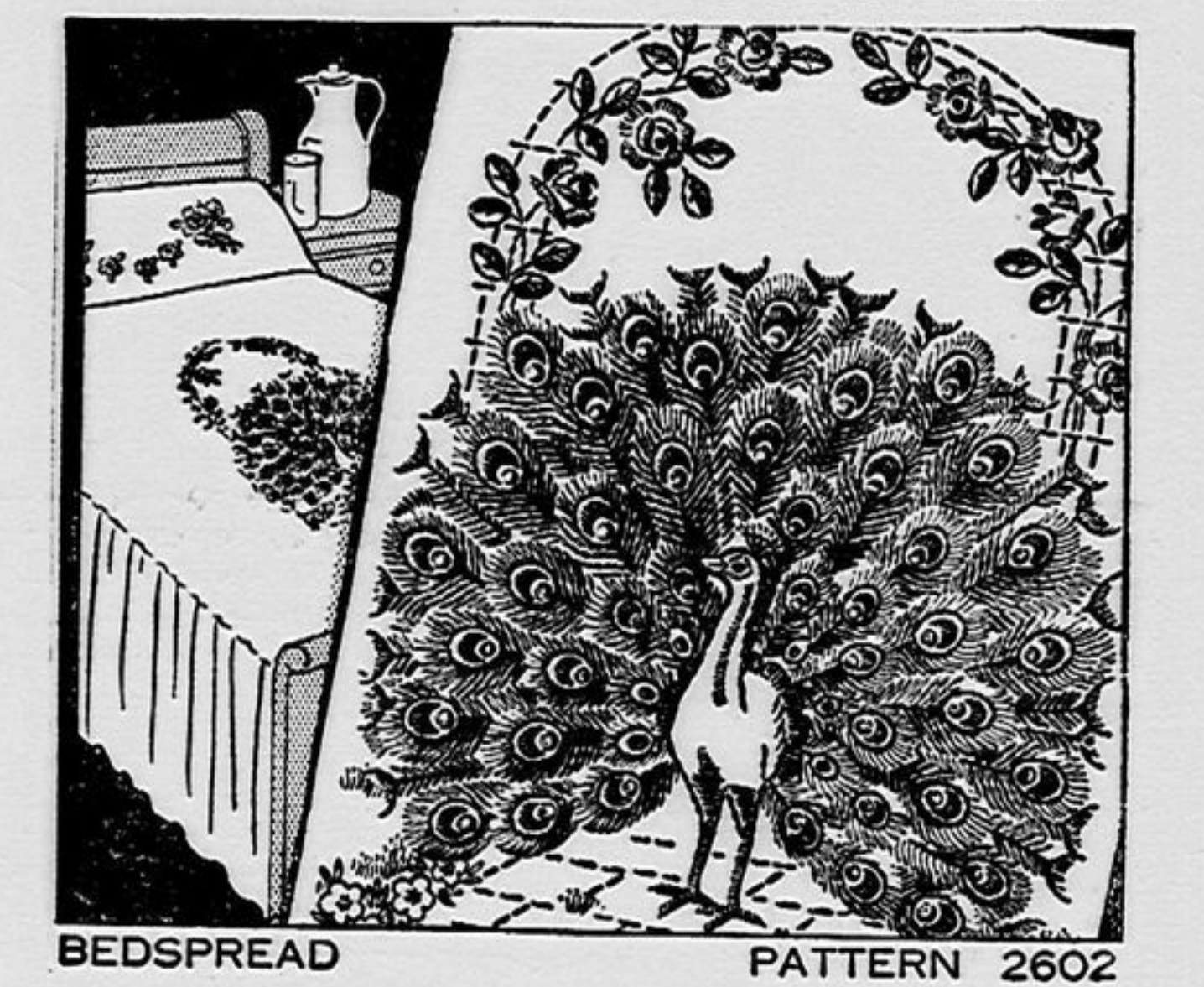
Change From Normal Routine Helps — Keep Feet On Floor

Keep your feet on the floor and don't grit your teeth if you want to escape nervous tension.

An issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association recommended elimination of "energy sapping" motions, monotony and immobility as the best means to avoid nervous tension, a product of civilization.

Recreation should provide a change from normal routine, not merely physical activity, the journal advises. Eat regularly and not between meals, and relax completely several times each day, the journal said.

COLORFUL BEDSPREAD MOTIF IN EASY STITCHERY BY LAURA WHEELER



Give old or new bedspread a splash of color with this glorious peacock motif. Just a few simple stitches are required. Pattern 2602 contains a transfer pattern of a motif 15x19 1/2 inches, two 3 1/2x4 and three 2x2 inches motifs; illustrations of stitches; materials required; color chart.

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.

were suspicious of such sentiments. A manuscript like this was traitorous to the law of the State, in its scientific content. She would have to return with them. Her passport was cancelled.

Only at Freya's urgings did her mother continue on with Rudi. "Father would have wished it," she said feverishly, in that moment before she was led away.

And Mrs. Roth could only nod and give her daughter one last embrace as the tears rolled silently down her cheeks.

Back in her home town Freya was taken to the Gestapo building for more questioning. She was leaving the place when suddenly she saw Fritz. Impulsively, he ran to him and poured out the story. But suddenly, realization came to her. He was the enemy. He was of that breed who had destroyed her father—destroyed all of them.

Sobs stifled her voice. "I — I don't know why I'm telling you all this. I'd forgotten that we're no longer friends." She tore away, not heading Fritz's distressed cries.

"Freya — please Freya!"

MARTIN AGAIN!
But as she walked up the steps of her dismantled house and opened the door something white on the threshold caught her eye. It was a note from Mrs. Breiter. If should could manage it this afternoon?

The first happiness she had known in many days stirred in her breast. A while later she was at the door of the Breiter house.

"My dear, I'm so thankful," Gently, Mrs. Breiter took her in her arms. "I was afraid you were followed?"

"No, I was very careful." Now Freya looked at her. There was a twinkle in the woman's eyes. "Why did you send for me? Is there a message?" Still no answer. "Why do you smile . . . ?" And then she knew. "Oh." She broke away and ran through the front door. Then she stopped. "Martin!"

He brought her close and kissed her eyelids, her cheeks, her hair. And Freya clung to him, giving herself up for a moment to the protection of his strength.

(To be continued)

Snake "Shorts"

Trouble-shooters of the Alabama Power Company have found a new cause of short circuits. The pumps at a station at Mobile, Ala., went out because of a blown fuse. Subsequently it was found a snake had crawled over a wire on a rafter, short-circuited the line and burned itself to a crisp.



THE BISCUITS EVERYONE LIKES!

Christie's PREMIUM SODA CRACKERS



By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

"SAVORY MEAT DISHES"
As Autumn advances and the fresh fruit season nears the end, the homemaker as a natural consequence makes changes in daily menus. As desserts change in type so do all the courses to some degree. Meat savory dishes seem to be synonymous with the early crisp Autumn days.

Savory Tenderloin Casserole
1 1/2 lbs. tenderloin
2 cups soft bread crumbs
1 cup diced apple
1/2 cup diced onion
1 teaspoon sage
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
1/2 teaspoon pepper

Dip each piece in flour and sprinkle with paprika. Fry until brown quickly in hot fat on top of stove.

Place brown pieces in baking pan. Add about 2 tablespoons of fat in which meat was fried, to the other ingredients. Combine together for a dressing and add to the meat (each piece) a mound of dressing. Cover and place in oven at 400 deg. F. Remove cover, bake 30 minutes longer. Serves 4 people.

Spaghetti and Steak
1 1/2 lbs. round steak
1/2 cup chopped onion
1/2 cup chopped green pepper
1/2 cup chopped mushroom
1/2 cup green peas
1 teaspoon horseradish
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1 1/2 cups cooked spaghetti
1 cup tomato soup (canned)

Combine steak, onion, green pepper and mushrooms. Fry until browned. Blend in seasonings and peas. Arrange meat mixture and spaghetti in alternate layers in casserole. Pour on tomato soup (if real thick, dilute a little with milk or cream). Bake at 375 deg. for 30 minutes. Serves six.

Pork Tenderloin Braided
1 1/2 lbs. pork tenderloin
1 egg
1 tablespoon water
1 teaspoon tomato catsup
1 small onion, chopped
1 cup dry bread crumbs

Beat egg slightly, add water and seasoning. Dip tenderloin into egg mixture then into crumbs. Place in greased pan (sprinkle with onion). Dot with butter. Bake at 400 covered for 10 min., add 1/4 cup hot water at side of pan, cover, bake 35 minutes longer.

Pressed Veal
4 lbs. veal shank
1 lb. pork (hock or other meat)
2 quarts water
2 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 teaspoon cloves (ground)
1 small onion
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoon chopped mint
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1/2 tsp. mustard

Wipe off meat. Cover with water and add seasoning. Bring to boil and boil 5 minutes. Re-

duce heat and simmer for 1 1/2 hrs., or until meat falls from the bones. Pick off meat, put through chopper. Place in mould. Cook stock down slightly; add lemon juice and pour onto the meat until it feels soft and moist. Chill until set. Slice, arrange on plate with garnish. Serves 8.

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 "get peevish." 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.

Fashion Flashes

Placing a fall of gathered fullness off-centre is an arresting feature of a dramatic white silk jersey frock, the bodice developed with a cape-like bloused back, the deeply pointed wide corset waistline embroidered like fine grille work.

In an afternoon frock of black woolen, the skirt is slashed to show the sapphire blue velvet sheath, which also is revealed beneath the cut-work embroidery. A widened, dropped shoulder yoke is emphasized by embroidery.

Novelty stiff taffetas — the kind that "stand alone," are a high-style choice for teen girl "formals" in woven stripes or stripes or checks that suggest a brocade effect.

A tweed trottier, moderately flared skirt, looks new with a double-breasted cotton for fall, here done in a heather herringbone hand-loomed tweed

Can't Find House So Leaves Town

With housing accommodation of all kinds at a premium in the Lakehead cities, despite a building boom in houses, the Port Arthur Chamber of Commerce has issued a call to citizens with an extra room to rent it. A member of the Port Arthur City Council has had to move to Fort William because he couldn't find a house in his own city, it was reported. Alderman G. McComber, theatre manager, sold his home, was unable to buy a suitable one, and rented an apartment from Mayor C. M. Ross of Fort William.

Workers in war industries, Air Force instructors at the Fort William Air School and others in the armed services have taken up all rooms available.

FAMOUS FOR HEALTH and FLAVOUR

EDWARDSBURG CROWN BRAND PURE CORN SYRUP

BOYS FREE!

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