

A New Wardrobe From Old Clothes

Don't Give up in Despair if You Can't Afford to Buy a Lot of New Dresses

Before you throw up your hands in despair because your budget won't permit a complete new wardrobe this fall, try the system of making the most of what you have in your present one.

NEW ACCESSORIES
Last winter's wool dresses won't look or feel the same if you have them shortened, re-fitted through the waistline if necessary, cleaned and pressed by an excellent dry cleaner. And then wear them with good-looking shoes, bag, hat and gloves in one of the new, exciting accessory colors, such as benedictine brown.

Perhaps a new, inexpensive jacket and a skirt you already have will serve the suit situation in pretty good order. Maybe if the old black dress had a new bright scarf or a new clip at the neckline, it wouldn't look like the old black dress.

Even shoes often can be reconditioned to look and feel like new. Before you throw away a pair of old favorites for which you paid quite a tidy sum, consider having them re-soled or perhaps dyed.

DRESS AND JACKET
If you can have one new outfit, you might get a wool dress and a matching jacket and accessories which will be smart with it and with one or two left-over dresses in your wardrobe. The dress and jacket will be right for street and general wear. And, if it isn't too severely tailored, the dress minus the jacket will be useful for bridge and dressier occasions.

A Real Raisin Pie

By Frances Lee Barton

SING a simple food song. Oven heat turned high. Four and ninety raisins baked into a pie.

When the hostess cuts it, guests both old and young, clamor for their portions. Now my song is sung.

Raisin Pie
1 cup raisins
2 cups water
4 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
1/2 cup sugar
3/4 teaspoon salt
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 baked 9-inch pie shell
Cream, whipped

Add raisins to water, cover, and cook 30 minutes. Drain; add water to juice to make 2 cups. Combine tapioca, sugar, salt, and liquid in saucepan and mix well. Bring mixture quickly to a full boil over direct heat, stirring constantly. Pour small amount over egg, stirring vigorously; return to saucepan and bring just to a boil. Remove from fire and add butter, raisins, lemon juice, and rind. Fill pie shell. Cover with whipped cream.

Linen: Heirloom Of Civilization

As A Fabric — Flax is the Most Ancient of Fibres Used By Man — Ireland is Sole Source of Supply Now For This Continent

The position of linens in the high-style field is of increasing importance now that Ireland, because of war conditions is the only source of supply left to this continent. Leading U. S. importers expressed confidence however, that there are sufficient stocks in their markets to care adequately for the normal care of the trade until at least next summer. But the fact that there is no over-supply of this textile offers an excellent opportunity to build up its prestige in the American fashion picture.

Linen might well be termed the heirloom fabric of civilization. Flax is one of the most ancient of fibres used by man, and flax-spinning one of his oldest industries. Linen doubtless, was in widespread use before the dawn of history, for fragments of flax fibre cloth have been discovered in Switzerland, presumably left there ten thousand years ago by its ancient weavers, the Neolithic Lake Dwellers.

MENTIONED OFTEN IN BIBLE
Frequent mention of linen occurs in the Bible, and the linen burial wrappings, and ceremonial cloths found by modern archaeologists in the tombs of the Pharaohs, prove that linen was the fabric of the aristocracy in Egypt. The Romans and the Gauls used the textile, and America's enormous consumption of linen has been the determining factor in modern linen history, particularly in its styling and the development of crease-resistant qual-

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, a worshipper at the Nazi shrine. She finds love with Martin Breiter who is labeled a Pacifist and a Red. But soon afterwards he is forced to flee the country. Then Professor Roth is taken to a concentration camp and shortly afterwards dies from brutal treatment. Freya and her mother leave for Austria but at the border Freya is sent back on a technicality. Then one day she joins Martin secretly at his farmhouse.

CHAPTER FIVE (Conclusion)
Martin held her tight. "I've come to take you away. We'll go to-night on skis, the way I took Werner — across the Pass to the Austrian border."

"Tonight?" Her voice was a whisper. "I need never go back to town? I need never let you go?"

He laughed quietly. "Try and get rid of me." Then he went on with his plans. "We should be ready to start soon after sunset."

He started. "Look, the sun's setting already. We've got to go busy." She was a bit dismayed. "So soon? But we've so much to say." Her lips curved with wistful humor. "We've ever said the usual foolish things."

"Children," Mrs. Breiter called, "it's getting dark. You have no time to waste." Martin's eyes gleamed with humor. "We're not wasting time mother."

"YOU'RE NOT AFRAID?" Night had fallen by the time they had their knapsacks ready, and their skis strapped to their boots. Then came the moment for departure and Mrs. Breiter's quavered blessing was upon them as they started down the slopes.

They moved swiftly and steadily for hours, stopping now and then for a moment's rest. But after a long while Freya began to falter. Martin's voice floated back in the mist. "Am I going too fast? I'm sorry dear." He returned to her. "Every time I look back you seem smaller and frailer."

She reached out to him. "Oh Martin, we're not lost, are we?" "Lost? No. You're not afraid?" "Not — when I see you." Her voice was weak with exhaustion. "Is it still — very far? The Pass?" "We should make it in an hour, less perhaps." His arms gripped her anxiously. "If your strength holds out."

She smiled back at him valiantly. "You're my strength. I won't fail you."

chance. Shall we try for it? Or shall we go back?"

She said quietly, "To what? To your death — perhaps to mine?"

Swiftly, they kissed, knowing that this might be their last caress in life. Then they emerged from their shelter and started to fly across the open snow.

But all at once the mist lifted and there was a ringing shout. "Halt . . . Halt." Almost, it sounded like the voice of Fritz, begging them to stop.

They went doggedly on. Again came the plea, desperately urgent. "Halt. Halt there!"

And then a rifle shot rang out. Another, Martin turned as if the hand of God itself had stopped him. In that moment he knew that he was alone. Freya had been taken from him.

No, there was still a small smile on her lips as she lay huddled in the snow. He stooped and gathered her into his arms. "I must have fainted," she murmured painfully. He nodded.

"But we did it, didn't we? We're free." Her eyes closed. "I — I think I must rest a little now. I'm tired. Very, very tired." Her head fell back and she was lifeless in his arms.

THE DEAD FREYA
And now the patrol came up, headed by Fritz. Slowly, Martin looked at this man who had once been his friend. And then, the emotions raging darkly within his soul moved him to an instinctive action. He lifted the slim body of the dead Freya in his arms and rose to his feet.

The mocking sun fell on her young broken body, on the still, white face, the bright tossed hair. Fritz looked at her, there, gazed upon this sacrifice he had offered to his gods on the altar of duty. Then, white-lipped, and crushed, he turned away . . .

In the tomb that had once been the Roth home, Erich and Otto moved about, gathering up their mother's possessions. She had written and asked them to send on her little knickknacks, reminders of her former life.

But there was a step for which they were listening. They knew that he had been ordered in pursuit of Freya and Martin. Why hadn't he returned yet with their sister?

"What made her do it?" Otto suddenly cried. "Why?" He turned as the door opened.

Stiffly, mechanically, Fritz approached them. His voice was harsh with suppressed emotion. "I met them at the Karwendel Pass. They refused to obey. He couldn't meet their dawning horror. 'At my command, the patrol opened fire. Your sister is dead.'"

"BLOW OUT THE CANDLES!" Otto fell back. "Freya?"

"Martin Breiter was arrested — charged with treason." Their silence screamed out at him. "I had no choice. It was my duty."

He went to the door. "There's a staff conference at Headquarters. You're to report with me now."

He and Erich went to the door and without knowing why, Otto stood there a moment. Suddenly, he seemed to hear the muted strains of music. A flood of memories came to him . . . Father's birthday dinner . . .

And then there was Freya's warm, gay voice, "Six candles — one for each decade of a wonderful life, father. Now you must blow them out."

And the Professor, "Ours has been a very united family — in this home we've had the habit of gracious living. We've prided ourselves on our tolerance and our sense of humor."

"Wish, father," said little Rudi in a ghostly whisper, "blow out the candles . . ."

Swamped in bitterness, Otto heard it all, felt the pull of it upon the grim vows to which his youth was sworn. Then his jaw hardened. The path of terrorism!

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Telltale
The kitchen's full of the nicest sounds:

of pans, and ladles stirring, of dishes out, and kettles on, and egg-beaters a-whirling.

The kitchen's full of the nicest smells:

of dinner in the making, of turkey on, and cranberries, and pumpkin pies a-baking.

The kitchen gives it all away, as sure as you are LOOK — you never have to LIVE at all to know that it's Thanksgiving!

Aileen L. Fisher.

Horn-toot Love Call Ruled Out by Mayor

Salt Lake City's mayor, Ab Jenkins, proclaimed the unnecessary blowing of automobile horns a misdemeanor.

"The auto horn should be used as a warning—not a love call," he said.

LAURA WHEELER OLD-FASHIONED DOLL IS DECORATION OR TOY

This doll is as fascinating to make and dress as she is to look at. And what little girl or grown-up wouldn't be charmed with her gay clothes yarn curls and easy-to-embroider features.

Pattern 2578 contains a pattern and directions for making a 14½ inch doll and clothes; 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.

EXIT MR. CAFFEINE-NERVES!

JOE: I've got to quit this job, Jim—it's got my nerves all shot—they're so bad I can't sleep and I've been suffering a lot from indigestion lately.

MR. CAFFEINE-NERVES: Attahoy! Let the wife go out to work for a change!

MR. CAFFEINE-NERVES: Look out!—Here comes the old lady with her advice!

MR. CAFFEINE-NERVES: Maybe it's that coffee you're always drinking, Joe—giving you caffeine nerves. Why don't you try Postum for awhile! You'll see a big difference!

30 DAYS LATER—

MR. CAFFEINE-NERVES: You were right, Jim—I switched to Postum for a month and feel like a new man—no more caffeine nerves for me! I'm sticking to Postum!

MR. CAFFEINE-NERVES: Gangway!—Postum always chases me!

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.

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Table Talks

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Thanksgiving Dinner

Happy Thanksgiving to all! Let us be truly thankful for our homes, our country and a nation determined to stand defending the heritage of liberty and tradition, that all might have the right to give thanks as a people and individually. Is not all that sufficient to make us more thankful than we have ever been before in spite of war clouds and much sadness throughout the world?

For the Thanksgiving Menu, I have aimed at simplicity, economy, and a purely Canadian dinner, for how better can we show patriotism than by helping the Canadian producer?

Thanksgiving Dinner Menu
Cream of Tomato Soup
Roast Chicken — Savoury Dressing
Creamed Mashed Potatoes — Mashed Turnips — Giblet Gravy
Salad — Chopped Carrot, Celery and Cucumber served on Lettuce
Dessert — Apple Trifle Pie, Pears, Apples and Grapes
Beverage of Choice.

Savoury Dressing
2 cups of fine bread crumbs
2 cups of canned corn
1 tablespoon onion chopped
1 teaspoon poultry dressing seasoning
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 cup milk
1 tablespoon butter

Soak bread crumbs in the milk, then add corn and seasoning, mixing well. Melt butter and add last.

Salad — Chopped Carrot, Celery and Cucumber
Chop or run through food mixer the carrots, measuring 2 cups when minced. 1/2 cup minced cucumber, 1/2 cup chopped celery, 1 tablespoon of chopped onion.

Mix thoroughly, then fold in your favorite salad dressing. Serve on lettuce and top with a little chopped parsley.

Apple Surprise Pie
Prepare apples by peeling, coring and quarter. Take 6 medium sized apples — after the above preparation steam, which will take from 15 min. to 30 min., according to kind of apple. When soft, run through sieve — sweeten to taste, also add 1 teaspoon of candied ginger, chopped, chill. Beat the whites of 3 eggs until stiff and fold into the apple mixture. Have ready and bake a pastry shell (nine inch); when it is just about finished baking before the delicate brown appears — turn into it the apple mixture. Return to oven and bake until edge is the delicate brown. Serve with whipped cream — should be served warm.

A novel and seasonal centre piece can be made from a pumpkin cut basket shape with handle and filled with fruit of menu — grapes, apples and pears.

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New Smoking CIGARETTE PAPERS
DOUBLE AUTOMATIC BOOKLET

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