

# Night Has a Thousand Eyes, You Have But Two



Pads saturated in a "pickup" lotion ease the tired, tense eye muscles and erase that weary look.

DO YOU remember being told when you were a child that "we dig our graves with our teeth"? It used to be considered a pretty cagy, grownup reproof when you wouldn't touch your spinach because you'd gorged on gumdrops.

It suddenly dawned on us the other day that in much the same fashion predestination usually has precious little to do with the business of wearing glasses. Most of us invite faulty vision by a slow, relentless abuse of our two good, irreplaceable eyes.

The tragedy is that we can't catch up with the progressive harm of neglect. There's no

## They're to Look AT as Well as Through

By ELEANOR NANGLE

undoing the damage done; all you have, plus glasses and resolutions to sin no more, are your memories of the care-free days when you didn't appreciate good light, when you read on jouncing buses, and never, never laid the thriller down until the heroine made the last-chapter swoon into the hero's arms.

The very first rule of eye care is self-education as to what constitutes neglect. Moderation in using eyes, above all. A good light whenever you do use them. Have them examined from time to time. If glasses are prescribed, wear them. Don't take advice from the neighbors about eye exercises. Don't fall for the old hooey that a lotion will strengthen. A lotion cleanses and soothes the eyes—and strained, weak eyes

need this coddling more than others—but there its therapeutic powers end. We speak now of prepared lotions. What your own eye specialist prescribes for your individual needs might be something else again.

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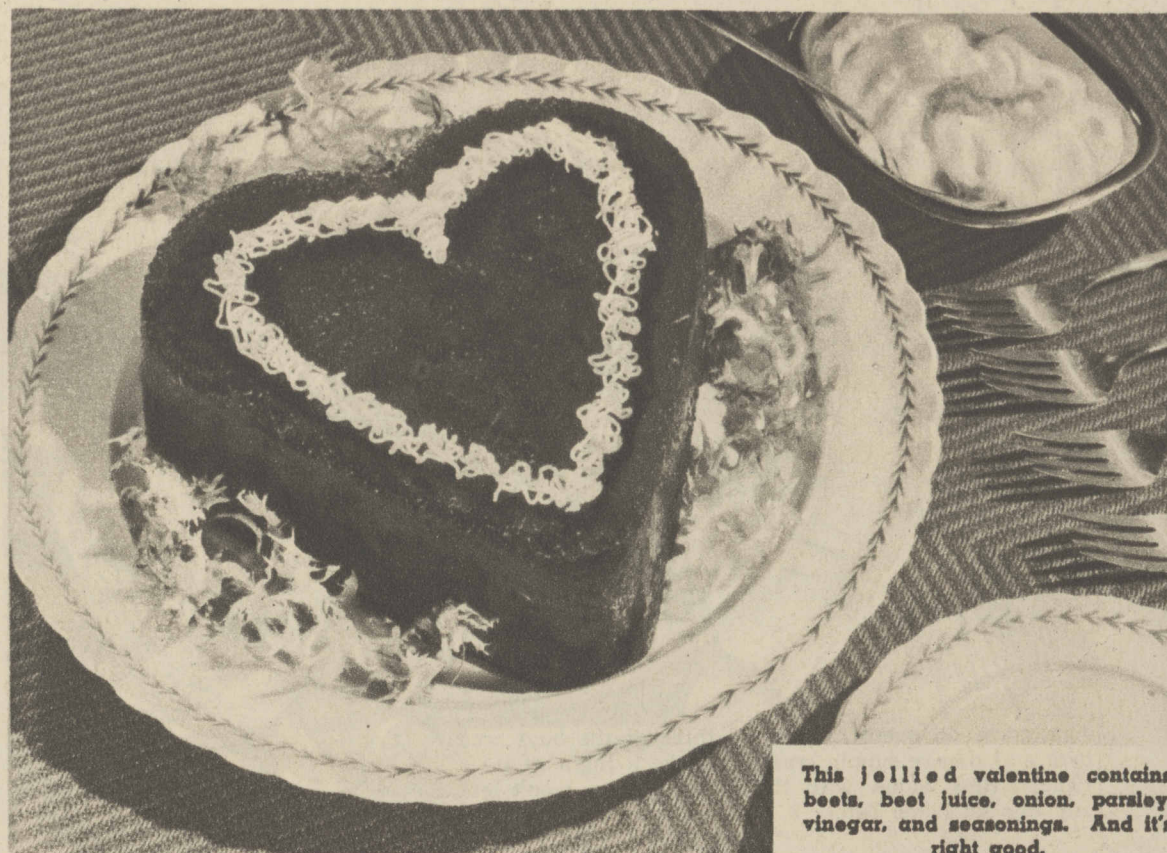
Lapses, when you sleep too little and perhaps cavort too much, will often create the temporary handicap of circles and puffs, but when these under-eye disfigurements are chronic the cause is probably organic. See your doctor.

There is no one feature more important to the beauty of the face as you grow older than your eyes. Bright, intelligent eyes lend charm to the woman of 80. Good health and good hygiene are the answers.

Under the head of hygiene comes the use of soothing pads, to be applied to the closed lids, preferably when you can steal time to relax the whole body. Lie down if you can, letting every taut nerve and muscle unkink. The use of eye pads—some must be dipped in warm water, and some, already saturated with a "pickup" solution, are used just as you take them from the jar—facilitates the immediate relaxation of the tensed, tired muscles around the eyes.

The effect in the way the eyes feel and look is surprising and certainly welcome. You come up smiling. In the space of twenty minutes you're transformed from a tired-looking hag into Mrs. Bright Eyes.

# MAKING A SALAD THE HEART WAY



This jellied valentine contains beets, beet juice, onion, parsley, vinegar, and seasonings. And it's right good.

NOT a sweetheart, but a beetheart, is this salad valentine. The message which should have been piped within that lacy cheese border is not "I love you," but "You'll love me." For you will.

The valentine begins with a large can of beets. First you drain them, then you strain them, but let the recipe tell you how. We'd like to call this heartbeet salad, but don't quite dare.

### BEET VALENTINE SALAD (Serves eight or ten)

- 1 No. 2½ can beets
- 2 teaspoons minced onion
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- ½ cup mild cider vinegar
- 2 tablespoons plain unflavored gelatin
- 6 tablespoons cold water
- 2 packages (6 ounces) cream cheese

Drain the juice from the beets into a mixing bowl. Sieve or rice the beets and add to juice with onion, salt, sugar, parsley, and vinegar. Soak gelatin in cold water five minutes and dissolve over hot water. Stir into beet mixture. Pour into a heart-shaped mold which holds 4 cups. Chill until firm. Unmold onto a chilled serving plate. Mix cream cheese until smooth and soft and pipe through a pastry tube to decorate the surface of the heart. Garnish with lettuce hearts, endive, or chicory.

In the other photograph we see a cherry upside-down cake,

By MARY MEADE

which is as appropriate for the other February holidays as for Valentine's day.

### CHERRY UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup minus 2 tablespoons all-purpose flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup hot milk
- ½ teaspoon lemon extract
- 2 cups (1 No. 2 can) pitted red cherries
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons butter

Beat eggs until light and creamy. Add sugar and continue beating. Sift dry ingredients together three times and add to the egg mixture, beating well. Add hot milk and flavoring. Combine cherries and sugar in the bottom of a buttered baking dish and dot with butter. Pour in the batter and bake at 350 degrees until done. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream, plain cream, or cherry sauce made by sweetening and thickening the cherry juice left from the can of cherries.



Cherry upside-down cake is appropriate to serve on Lincoln's birthday, Valentine's day, and, of course, for Washington's birthday, too.

### KITCHEN FRESH IS THE BEST!



### WHEN YOU MAKE CHOP SUEY OR CHOW MEIN AT HOME, YOU CAN CHOOSE YOUR OWN INGREDIENTS

See for yourself what you're eating when your meal is Chop Suey or Chow Mein. The result is supreme deliciousness. Try this week's recipe.

### CHICKEN CHOW MEIN

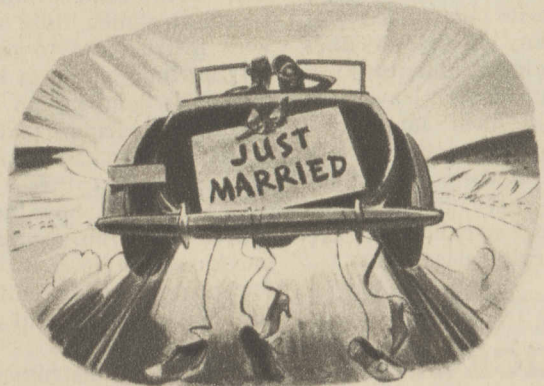
- 2 cups cooked diced chicken
- 1 No. 2 can FUJI CHOP SUEY VEGETABLES (well drained)
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 tbsp. COOK'S MAGIC
- 1 lb. FUJI SAUCE
- 1 No. 2 can FUJI CHOW MEIN NOODLES (onions and mushrooms, if desired)

Cook celery (and onions) in hot greased pan until nearly done. Add diced chicken and Chop Suey Vegetables (except Bean Sprouts)—slicing Water Chestnuts and Bamboo Shoots. Add meat stock thickened with cornstarch, mix with Cook's Magic and sauce. Gently fold in Bean Sprouts. Heat Chow Mein Egg Noodles, place in deep platter and pour above mixture over them.

AT YOUR GROCER



NEVER A DULL MEAL WITH FUJI CHOP SUEY FOODS



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**CAMAY** THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

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(Continued from page three.)

ter sports, was a little gem in a splendid setting. Towering above it were the five huge peaks of the famed Karwendel range, sparkling by day in the spring sunshine and standing like silent sentinels by night. About us stretched the steep slopes on which the athletes of Germany gathered to ski. On the hills the peasants tended their cattle and sheep, and, although the snow still lay on all but the sunniest spots, they were preparing their little garden plots for planting.

This was the happy land of Germany. Forgotten here, it seemed, was the constant political nagging so prevalent in the northern flatlands. The local inhabitants, sturdy, upstanding folk and picturesque in their colorful costumes, were friendly. The visitors, nearly all of them devotees of sport, were the merriest people we met in my husband's country.

The first night when we went down to dinner we found the largest table was being held for twenty members of the "Strength Through Joy" organization, a promotion of the National Socialist government. Young men and women who are members of it may travel through the country and stop in hotels and boarding houses at nominal cost. Pension keepers, who had to accept them as non-profitable guests, usually gave them food of a plainer sort than that served to full-rate patrons.

The young people didn't mind. Frau Hoffman had provided plenty of nourishing fare, and they wasted no time attacking

## I Married a Nazi!

It. They were a healthy lot with red faces (an overdose of violet rays is inevitable when the sun is reflected from the snow in the thin mountain air). They drank beer, they laughed, they shouted, they told the day's adventures. Their food was shoveled in with knives, forks, or spoons, which ever was handiest, and they scorned to use the paper napkins furnished them.

Other guests smiled indulgently and made no complaint about the uproar. Strength Through Joy is a privileged body; to criticize it would be to criticize Hitler, which isn't done. I for one was glad to see any Germans shaking off the sensitive, morbid seriousness that seemed so characteristic in Hamburg.

Karl and I settled down to a pleasant routine. We bought ski costumes and shoes that were almost as stiff as iron. We climbed the hills and slithered down the slopes. We walked under the bright, keen stars. We saw all the sights that a mountain retreat could offer. By rail and cable car we went to the top of the Zugspitze, the highest point in Germany, and found there the most entrancing view it has ever been my fortune to enjoy.

Once again we found ourselves, our personalities, in harmony. Here in the splendid mountains we were closer than we had been since we left the romance of Haiti. Gayety took hold of us. Away from the newspapers and the radio and their

constant one-sided propaganda for the Reich, Karl was having a wonderful time. His old gentleness returned.

I think that for the time being he set new values on the things that make up existence for all of us. Once, I remember, we passed a peasant plodding along behind his cows, and I asked Karl mischievously if he believed that man worried much about Hitler and his world aims. "Perhaps not," he replied. "That man, though, is a true German. He works hard, raises a big family, loves the fatherland, and fears God. Politics is not for him. He is the sort I like—the man who works with his hands."

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The night of the full moon came. It began like all our other nights at Mittenwald. Silver, icy light lay softly on the roofs of the village, on the snowy slopes and the clean-swept pavements. The village was preparing for bed.

Then came strange noises—strange, yet oddly familiar; the reverberation of heavy trucks rolling on the mountain roads, the pounding of horses' hoofs.

Karl seized my arm. "Come outside," he said. "Something big is happening. You may see it, but, please, no English on the street."

It was always painful to him when I called attention to my American upbringing by speaking my native tongue.

On the streets the peasants, in feathered hats and mountain capes, were patrolling solemnly up and down. They carried guns, and Karl explained they had been deputized. For what? I could not imagine. There had been no hints of important events to come in the Nazi papers. The radio had given no basis on which we could speculate.

And yet soldiers were coming into Mittenwald. Soon they arrived, in armored cars and in trucks. Following them were field guns and ammunition trains and supply wagons. They marched on without a halt, taking the main road to Innsbruck, on the Austrian side of the border.

No one seemed to know why. Karl's inquiries went unheeded; shrugs instead of answers had to suffice. We hurried back into the pension and twisted the radio dials, but without result. Secrecy prevailed. If the other guests knew anything they kept it to themselves. Puzzled, we went to bed.

Hours later I was awakened. In strident tones the radio downstairs was ringing with "Deutschland Ueber Alles" and the Horst Wessel anthem. Too tired to bother about it, I went to sleep again. But in the morning, when I told Karl, he hurried down to investigate. We met a little later at the breakfast table.

"Margaret," he said, and there was excitement in his voice, "Austria has disappeared. Hitler will enter Vienna today."

Next Sunday—The Spell of Hitler.