Here's the gayest, springiest, happiest cake ever! It's orange-crowned, orange-filled and luscious through and through. Another homemade beauty that shows what a difference Calumet makes! No wonder so many women depend on Calumet to turn out wonderful cakes and to give them superb biscuits and hot breads.

HE'LL CROWN YOU

QUEEN OF THE MAY!

And queen of his heart when he tastes this dreamspun cake!

Don't tell him a real homemade cake like this was *easy*—let it be your secret and Calumet's. Because any cake can be a success if you use *dependable* Calumet Baking Powder.

Calumet's double-rising action—first in the mixing bowl, later in the heat of the oven—is the reason Calumet cakes are always heavenly light and luscious, so beautifully fine-grained.

More and more women are discovering the *wonderful difference* Calumet makes in their cakes, their biscuits and hot breads. That's why more women buy Calumet than any other baking powder.

Try a can of Calumet yourself—and be a baking queen!

MAY BLOSSOM CAKE

Attention: This recipe has been developed and tested for Calumet—the dependable Baking Powder. Use Calumet for best results.

2½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2½ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
½ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoons grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
⅔ cup shortening
1½ cups sugar
3 eggs, unbeaten
2 tablespoons lemon juice
*Milk (see below for amount)

*With butter, margarine, or lard, use ⅔ cup milk. With vegetable or any other shortening, use ¾ cup milk.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking [illegible] lemon juice, then milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth.

Turn batter into two round 9-inch layer pans which have been lined on bottoms with paper, then greased. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 30 minutes, or until done. Cool. Spread Sunny Orange Filling between layers and frost top and sides of cake with one-half recipe of seven-minute frosting, using 1 egg white and beating only four minutes. Garnish with wedges of sliced orange and mint leaves.

Sunny Orange Filling

Combine ¾ cup sugar, 4 tablespoons Swans Down Cake Flour, and dash of salt in top of small double boiler. Add 1 egg yolk, ½ cup orange juice, and 1 teaspoon lemon juice; mix thoroughly. Place over boiling water and cook 8 minutes, or until [illegible] stirring constantly. [illegible] margarine and 1

(Continued from Page 94)

But the food should be lukewarm, never in large pieces, and should include milk, a basic ration, ground meat, baby cereal; and at eight weeks he needs four meals a day.

Some supplementary vitamins are needed, and we add cut-up suet or bacon fat. The amount varies according to the breed; we use a third of a pound of meat a day for an eight-week-old cocker. Puppy biscuits to gnaw on will help save a few of the rugs.

We have all puppies given a temporary inoculation against distemper, repeating this until they are old enough for a permanent shot. You cannot be too careful.

A puppy should be played with a lot, but never teased. The main principle with dogs is that you get back what you invest, plus all the extra dividends of loyalty and love.

May is a fine month for puppies, grown dogs and people. It is New England sweet with apple blossoms, bright with budding lilacs. The asparagus is green and the rhubarb rosy. In the old orchard, the narcissus stars the grasses. In the garden, the white tulips stand tall. Birds are singing in the early mornings.

When the maples are in their first quiver of green, we plant the garden that means a full freezer later on.

And I begin my annual struggle over squash. All winter, I try to choose just which squash I really like best, for there is not room enough for all kinds in the vegetable patch.

The patty pans are so pretty with their scalloped edges and their warm greenish-ivory color. And they do stuff so nicely! On the other hand, the Zucchini—no, we can't abandon that. Sliced and dipped in egg and fried lightly to a golden tone—we must have Zucchini. The yellow, crooked-necked squash are rather special, too, and then the Butternut is possibly the queen. But we need room for the acorn squash, those sturdy dark green ovals that seem so particularly Yankee in their lasting power.

> **Contentment preserves one even from catching cold. Has a woman who knew that she was well dressed ever caught cold?**
> —FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

Cooking is fun in May, for I can see the garden through the kitchen window, and watch the cockers rolling on the new sweet grass. Working outdoors makes everyone hungry, and there are plenty of guests on the glamorous spring week ends.

I am the very proud possessor of a recipe from Hazel, the female St. George that Ted Key draws for The Saturday Evening Post. Hazel is a good friend of mine, and I have her recipe in a letter she wrote me on Key's typewriter when he wasn't looking.

HAZEL wrote, "I got a recipe here you might like. It isn't fancy as I don't go for that fancy stuff. If you have to go out and buy a pinch of blanched East Indian sassafras root or a thingamajig full of nutless Norwegian nutmeg, I say skip the whole thing. Life's too short.

"This one I call LIME CHIFFON PIE. Everyone's got limes growing in his own back yard, and if they haven't, what's the phone for? Don't make this pie when limes are high. No pie's that good.

"Get some gelatin, about a tablespoon of the stuff, and soften it up in some cold water. Half a cup of water, no more. Okay. Now get all of this following stuff and mix it well in a double boiler: get four egg yolks, half cup sugar, pinch salt, a third of a cup of lime juice and the grated rind of half a lime. That's not hard, is it? Put all that junk in a double boiler, like I said, and mix like crazy. Okay. Lay off listening to any radio serials or you'll mess it up. Okay. Now cook this stuff over boiling water until it's sort of thick and foamy, meantime beating the mess with [illegible] Beat it about three minutes; [illegible] and dump it in a cooled baked pie shell. Anybody can make a pie shell. Then you chill the thing till it sets, then dish it out. Awful good pie if I say so myself. Picks you up and sets you down. Try it."

Now of course there are people who think Hazel is just an imaginary pal of Ted Key's, but her recipe is far from imaginary.

I am suggesting to Hazel that on the night she wants to get away early for a movie, she serve her household a Mexican Supper plate. This is elegant if you have tortillas, but when you don't, it is still good served with bread sticks or corn muffins.

ON each plate, I put a deep layer of cracker crumbs or toasted bread crumbs. Over this I ladle steaming hot chile con carne. Over the chile, I lay a salad of chopped lettuce, tomatoes, onions, and then a layer of fluffy rice. Then I pour a hot cheese sauce over the whole plateful and garnish with slivers of dill pickle.

Cheese sauce may be made any number of ways. The cheese spreads that come in glasses will make a good smooth sauce if melted in a double boiler with a little cream or top milk. Or you may grate sharp cheese and mild cheese, half and half, into canned cream of chicken soup. Or you may use a white sauce with cheese diced in it (about half a cup of cheese for each cup of sauce).

I cannot understand women who are bored with cooking. There is always something new to try.

In May, the city week-enders begin to open up their houses. People dig in the gardens in the evenings almost till it is so dark they need to light lanterns. Children go whooping about lively as fireflies. The dogs rush around to find their favorite old bones stored last fall in the tulip bed.

I can remember when we were week-enders, when the children were small. We used to bring enough food so we could spend the week ends without shopping. The week ends were so short for all the wonder of the country!

Now that we see the seasons in and out, it has not lost its enchantment at all, but it is really comfortable not to begin to feel sad around Sunday afternoon.

There does not seem to be an hour we can afford to miss in the springtime, when every where the countryside is bursting with color and every change of light makes a whole new composition of beauty. Breakfasting again on the terrace, the new-laid eggs taste better than ever, and our own home-cured bacon is crisp and delicious.

It will not be warm enough to swim in the pool until mid-June, but the water reflects the blue sky and ripples in the morning breeze.

The raw banks of earth that were thrown up last fall as the digger worked are already settled, and growing green. Another week will find the banks blossoming with wild iris and pink with hedge roses. There will be flowering shrubs farther up the hill, and room for all the wild violets to move down from the orchard.

Walking down the country road is breathless beauty. I think of Miss Millay's lines:

"In the spring of the year, in the spring of the year,
I walked the road beside my dear. . . .
He broke me a bough of the blossoming peach
That was out of the way and hard to reach."

It is not only young love that belongs to spring, but love that stays young, which is the only real love after all.

The day goes by, what have we accomplished? We have lived and loved the sunlight and the scent of hyacinths, we have sat by the coffee table talking with friends, [illegible] brushed [illegible] ham [illegible]