

23A



Mrs. Brown's  
Minit  
Mystery





It was 5:30. Mr. Brown was due home at 6:00, expecting his dinner ready and yet as Mrs. Brown unlocked the front door, after a thrilling afternoon of bridge, no trace of haste or nervousness marked her actions. She even hummed a little tune because it had been such a bright, happy, care-free day. Drawing off her gloves and removing her hat and coat, she put on her flowered kitchen apron, without changing her afternoon dress, and went into the kitchen.

John, the best husband in the world, was fussy about only one thing and that was, he simply **must** have his meals on time—hot and flavory. Nothing ruffled his usual good nature more than to have to wait for his dinner.

But Mrs. Brown's calm was not without reason, for she knew she would have Mr. Brown's meal on the table at the appointed minute. She set about her task gayly. In a few minutes she heard the rattle of keys at the front door and the cheery call that announced John was home.

"Supper ready?" he asked, kissing her.

"It will be, darling, as soon as you get cleaned up."

"O. K."

And she heard him run up the stairs and disappear into the bathroom. In a few minutes John came bouncing down the stairs and sat down to the table before a savory spread: an appetizing roast—steaming hot—with potatoes, onions, carrots, and string beans—all the things he liked so much.

"Say!" he exclaimed. "This sure looks good! But didn't I see you about a half hour ago just leaving Mrs. Morton's?"

"Yes," she said.

"I left the office a little early and stopped at the cigar store with some of the boys and thought I saw you, but wasn't sure."

"Yes, we had a very marvelous game of bridge this afternoon. Polly and Sue were there and you know what good players they are."

"Well, what I would like to know is—how you got home less than twenty minutes ago and yet have this roast and all these delicious vegetables cooked just the way I like them in such a short time."

"That's my surprise," said she, mysteriously.

"Spending more money—how much did it cost?"

"Just like a husband! Much less than it would to have a maid cook for a whole week. Now, if you will just finish your meal and come out in the kitchen with me I will tell you all about it and show you how instead of spending money I have actually saved you money, to say nothing of the extra time I have to do other things."



So John took another bite of the tasty roast and helped himself again to the vegetables.



"Say, this food tastes marvelous. I don't know when I have ever tasted carrots like this. You know I am not overly fond of carrots, but these are so delicious I could eat the whole plate of them myself. And this meat melts in your mouth. I never knew meat could be so tender and yet, at the same time, so flavorful."

"Yes, this food was cooked without water and, therefore, all the vitamins and mineral salts that the doctor says are so healthful for us, are still right in it—that's what makes it taste so good."

"Say, let's hurry—I want to be let in on this big secret. You've got my curiosity aroused."

So they finished their meal and John, as eager as a boy, went into the kitchen with her.

"Here is my magic!" she said. "This handy, good-looking, cast aluminum Min-it-maid Cooker. See how thick it is? And here's the way it works—I put the meat in the bottom, brown it a little, just the way you like it, on one side only. Then I turn it over, sprinkle a little salt and pepper on it, add a slice or two of onion to flavor it, and put these gratings that

you see here (holding up two semi-circular aluminum racks) on top of the meat. On top of them I place all the vegetables that I wish to cook—potatoes, carrots, beans and whatever else is in season. Then I quickly close it like this (slipping the cover into place and screwing it tightly). Now I set this little gadget here (setting the action to the word), and in four minutes this little whistle blows, calling me to turn off the gas."

"Do you mean to tell me that you only cook this over the gas for four minutes?"

"Yes, and you notice I am only using one burner to cook four vegetables and the meat."

"I can see a saving there right away, but is it cooked then after only four minutes?"

"Yes, but it has built up a steam pressure inside that makes it impossible to open until this steam settles, so I go about setting the table, getting the coffee ready and fixing the dessert. By the time that's all done, or even before, the pressure is down and I can open the cooker. In other words, from the time I put this on the stove until I open it is only about fifteen minutes."

"Gee, what a break for you. I wish I could do some of my jobs like that."

"Yes, and what a break for you. Did you ever taste meat quite so delicious as that we had tonight, and those vegetables?"



"No, I didn't. They sure were swell!"

"And you can see, the house doesn't reek to high heaven of onions and cooking vegetables—all those odors are kept right in the food—that's what makes it taste so good. And another thing, you will notice there is only one pot to clean—that will mean about four less pots for me to wash and you to dry, Mr. Dishwiper!"

"Well, that sure is a break."

"And just think of the saving in gas! We use just a fraction of the amount as by the ordinary method of cooking."

"Tell me more about it. What else can you cook in here?"

"I'm not going to tell you anything. You just wait until tomorrow and the next day. I will have something new and different every day, to make you realize what a good cook you married."

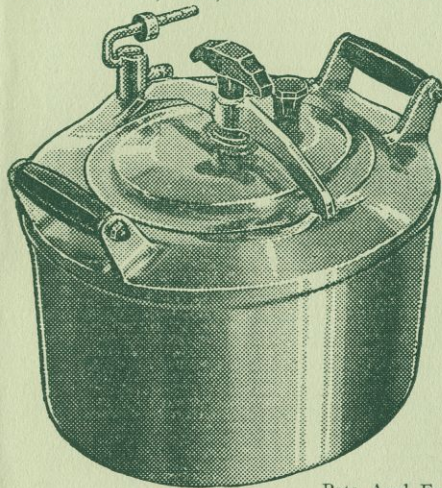
"O. K. by me," said John. "You certainly have made a good start already."



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