

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



Not Meat Loaf . . . But Pea-Potato Loaf!
(See Recipes Below)

Menu Magic

New life for your meals—without meat. That's a problem which concerns us more day after day. A balanced diet dictates we must have a serving of more of meat or fish or beans or peas—one of those will fill our protein need—and give us energy, build and repair our tissues.

To homemakers who for years have used generous quantities of meat—this use of other protein food may be a new, but a delightful lesson in cookery.

Vegetable dinners please—and make attractive platters. Consider the excellent possibilities of strips of green beans, carrots, clusters of white cauliflower and diced beets in orange sauce—topped off in the center with a poached egg on toast.

Or, here is a loaf made of iron-supplying potatoes and protein-supplying peas fashioned in a loaf gaily garnished with egg slices amid broiled bacon:

*Pea and Potato Loaf. (Serves 6)

- 2 tablespoons vitaminized margarine
- 1/2 cup dry bread crumbs
- 1 cup fresh or canned peas, mashed
- 1 cup cooked potatoes, mashed
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1/2 cup thick white sauce
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
- Broiled bacon, if desired

Brown crumbs in vitaminized margarine and sprinkle 1/2 of them into a well greased loaf pan (8 1/2 by 4 1/2 by 2 3/4 inches) to form a lining. Mix together peas, potatoes, remaining crumbs and seasonings. Add white sauce (2 tablespoons vitaminized margarine, 2 tablespoons flour and 1/2 cup milk), and mix well. Alternate layers of peas and potato mixture and sliced eggs until all is used. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) 25 minutes, or until set. Serve with Tomato Sauce made by the addition of 2 tablespoons of vitaminized margarine and a bay leaf to a can of undiluted tomato soup and cooked together several minutes. Garnish with eggs or broiled bacon, if desired.

Your family will exclaim pretty-pretty when you serve this au gratin dish—ringed attractively with carrot slices. The cheese-white sauce combination can make it a main dish:

Cabbage and Celery Au Gratin. (Serves 6)

- 5 cups raw cabbage, shredded
- 3 tablespoons butter or other shortening
- 1 cup diced celery
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons chopped pimiento
- 1 cup thin cream or top milk
- 1 cup cabbage cooking water
- 1 cup grated cheese
- 1/2 cup sliced carrots

Lynn Says:

Meaty Facts: If beef supplies are low, learn to use pork, for it's one of the best sources of the B vitamins. It also contains high quality proteins and minerals and is 96 to 98 per cent digestible when cooked long, at low temperature. The non-restricted meats, liver, heart, kidneys, oxtails, etc., are as nutritious as the restricted cuts. Learn to use them by themselves or by combining them with restricted cuts so you can get the best of both worlds.

Tougher cuts of meat will be on your menus often, because they take less points than the expensive cuts. Most of them can be cooked by braising—that is, browning in hot fat, then adding water or another liquid, and cooking at long, slow heat until the meat is tender.

This Week's Menu

- Tomato Bouillon
- *Pea and Potato Loaf
- Baked Spinach
- Hot Biscuits with Marmalade
- Pear Salad
- Baked Honey Custard
- *Recipe Given

Cook cabbage in small amount of boiling salted water for eight minutes. Drain and reserve 1 cup liquid. Melt butter in saucepan. Add diced celery and cook about 3 minutes. Remove from heat and blend in flour.

Combine cabbage water and cream or top milk. Scald and add gradually to the mixture. Stir constantly and continue to cook until mixture is smooth and thickened. Add 1/2 cup of the grated cheese and cook until melted. Remove from heat. Place alternate layers of cabbage and sauce in a greased casserole. Top with carrots and sauce. Sprinkle with remaining grated cheese and dot with pimiento. Bake in a hot oven (400 degrees) for 25 minutes.

**Pork and Parsnip Luncheon Dish.
(Serves 6)**

- 1 pound fresh pork, diced
- 1 medium onion, minced
- 3 cups boiling water
- 3 cups diced cooked parsnips
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 1/2 tablespoons flour
- 3 tablespoons minced parsley

Brown the pork cubes in their own fat in a hot skillet. When well browned, add the minced onion and simmer for 3 minutes. Add the water and cook gently until the meat is almost tender, then add the salt, pepper and parsnips. Continue cooking for 10 to 15 minutes. Thicken the remaining liquid and serve on a hot platter, with the gravy separate. Sprinkle with parsley.

Another pork dish makes use of hearts, one of the unrestricted cuts of meat:

**Baked Stuffed Pork Heart.
(Serves 6)**

- 3 or 4 pork hearts
- 3 slices bacon
- 1 cup fine bread crumbs
- 1 small onion
- Salt
- Pepper
- Flour for dredging
- Lard for browning

Wash hearts and remove enough of center portion to permit addition of the dressing or stuffing. Dice bacon and fry until crisp. Combine with bread crumbs. Season with finely minced onion. Season cavity in hearts, fill with stuffing, and fasten with skewers. Roll in flour and brown quickly in hot lard, in a heavy kettle. Add a small amount of water. Cover and cook slowly in a moderate oven (350 degrees) until the hearts are done—2 to 2 1/2 hours. Thicken the liquid for gravy if desired.

Baked Spinach. (Serves 6 to 8)

- 2 pounds spinach
 - 6 tablespoons flour
 - 5 tablespoons fat, melted
 - 1 cup milk
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt
 - 1/2 teaspoon pepper
 - 4 tablespoons grated cheese
 - 3/4 cup bread crumbs
- Wash and chop spinach. Arrange in layers in baking dish, sprinkling flour between layers. Mix fat, milk, salt and pepper and pour over spinach. Combine grated cheese and bread crumbs and place over top. Bake in moderate (350-degree) oven about 45 minutes.

Cake Making? Bread Making? Cookie Baking? Budget Fixing? Housekeeping? You name the problem and explain it. Miss Lynn Chambers will be glad to give you expert advice if you write to her, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope for your reply, at Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago, Ill. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

MURDER at PIRATE'S HEAD

By ISABEL WAITT

THE STORY SO FAR: Judy Jason, who is telling the story, receives an anonymous letter enclosing \$500 and asking her to bid for an abandoned church to be auctioned the next day. Judy bids for the church and gets it, only to find, in an old chest, the body of a man identified as Roddy Lane. The body disappears a few hours later. A fish shed burns, apparently killing an old man named Brown who is supposed to have lived there. When the anonymous letter disappears, Judy tells Victor Quade. While exploring the "Pirate's Mouth" for clues, Lily Kendall sees something which frightens her. With Victor, Judy is looking for her bag.

CHAPTER XII

I'd thought it a wild cry coming from the sea.

Victor heard it, too. "Just a gull, probably. They sound like that." He was halfway up the stairs. "Come on, Judy."

I saw him hesitate, run a little way back and inspect the waters around the bluff; then, just when I was wondering if he were going to go down into the Pirate's Mouth after whatever was there, he came back and made for the inn, two steps at a time. I could hardly keep up with him.

"Only a gull," he reiterated. "Nobody's been down there, evidently."

Our guests had scattered. I could see Bessie Norcross's white coat disappearing into the house, with some man holding the door for her. Hugh, no doubt. The others were out of sight, save the minister. He had stopped by the fire ruins and was waving something at us.

"Lily Kendall thinks you k-k-know s-s-something about—" Victor was way ahead of me. By the time I caught up with him all thoughts of what Lily had hinted were driven out of my mind. The minister was waving a much-worn brown handbag.

"There's your bag, Judy!" Victor called. "Where did you find it, Mr. DeWitt?"

"Why, right there." He pointed out a young juniper bush beside the path which ran in back of where the fishhouse had stood. We'd all been on that path innumerable times and not seen my bag.

"Thank you very much." I hunted for Bessie's key. Yes, there it was. Now she could lock her bedroom door and I could give the artist back his key. My coin purse was O. K., too, with a little change in it. Also, I saw at a glance, the lovely compact a girl friend had sent me from Florida.

I was torn between going to assist my poor aunt and the desire to see if the money was still in my room. Victor had had plenty of time to get into the storeroom, so I didn't feel afraid. Besides, the wind had blown my hair till it was a sight. I needed a couple of minutes before a mirror. Not mine. I'd only scout a moment and then go into Auntie's room.

Hugh stopped me in the hall. "Wait a minute, Judy. I was just going back to the church for you. Do you think it's safe for you to hang around that Quade fellow alone?" He tried to hold me by putting his hand over mine on the newel post.

I yanked away. I was so mad I forgot he was a guest. "Suppose you attend to your own affairs. And your sister's."

The thrust shot home. He stepped back. "I was only considering your safety, Judy. You—you know I—Bessie and I, like you."

"Well, thanks, Hugh. Don't mind me. Here, give your sister her key. Where is she? I'll do it myself."

"She's powdering her nose. Then we're going down to the bridge with the gang. Will you come, too?"

He was being decent after I'd been pretty rude.

"You bet I'm coming. Wait for me, too."

"Well, don't be long. Some of 'em have already started. Poor Mr. Quincy is wheeling himself."

"Go help him then. Bessie can come with me." I tore up to my room, and after a trembling moment went boldly in. The money was still there.

"Ssssh, beat it," came from a crack in the storeroom door. "How can I ever trap anybody with you?"

I ran out and closed my door again.

"You won't. They're all going to the bridge. I—I only wanted to powder my nose." I opened my bag and took out the powder pouch, pressing the lid. Then I nearly catapulted down the stairs.

Roddy Lane's square-cut diamond gleamed pinkly through the powder.

"Oh! oh! oh! oh!" I slumped weakly down on the top step, groaning aloud. Victor came out of his hiding place and told me to shush. I handed him the pouch, just as Bessie Norcross peeked around the banisters.

"What's the matter Judy? You sick?"

"She's a little faint, and no wonder," Victor answered for me. I never saw anybody recover himself so quickly as Victor Quade. "Don't try to show me the plan of the house till you feel better, Miss Jason," he said, solicitously, knowing full well Bessie had caught him up there. "Shall I call your aunt?"

I had presence of mind enough to press my hand against my side.

"It's nothing. Just a stitch in my side. Getting old," I tried to laugh. I saw Victor putting my pouch in his pocket. Would he think I'd stolen the ring from that awful hand?"

"Your key. Here it is, Miss Norcross." I tossed it to her as she came part way upstairs. "Hugh is waiting for you. You two go along. You, too, Mr. Quade. I'll be all right now. The pain's gone."

Let her think what she wanted to; it couldn't be helped. By the time we reached the piazza our guests were ambling toward the bridge. Uncle Wylie had already gone down, my aunt said, scolding because I put off setting the luncheon dishes out. He'd beaten the whole of us, taking the minister's car, as he explained later, when he'd seen a truck skimming along the Neck.

Hugh Norcross was helping Mr. Quincy into another car, Potter's presumably, over near the garage. De Witt already had a front seat.

"Wait for us," Victor called, but they didn't. Perhaps they didn't hear him. Anyway, they were started before we were down the walk.

"Why don't you go back, Judy?"

"No, no. You don't think—I've got to know. You couldn't believe I'd touch—"

"Of course not, my dear girl. Some friend has not only made a



"Nobody's been down there evidently."

tool of you, but now is trying to implicate you further. That's the same ring?"

"Looks like it. Not sure of course."

Victor's stride increased. "Good grief! Look—that first car is coming back again!"

The car with my uncle in it! And the truck was rapidly disappearing down the long curving Neck.

"Won't be long now. Keep mum about the ring, Judy."

We hurried along to meet the two cars, which were now stopping midway and holding a powwow.

"Everything jake?" Victor shouted as we came up.

They didn't answer, but kept talking among themselves in a puzzled manner.

"Everything O. K.?" Victor repeated.

"Dunno." Uncle Wylie, who was leaning against the steering wheel of the minister's car, opened the door for us to get in.

"He isn't sure the feller heard him," Hugh said.

"Milkman, wasn't it?"

"Uh-huh. Him, all right," Uncle Wylie said. "Nearly ran the truck over into the gap. I shouted to get the police. 'Been a murder!' I yelled. 'We want the police!' But he answered sort of queer."

"What did he say?"

"'Can't hear you! Wind's agin me too strong! Joke's on you!'"

Uncle Wylie scratched his scraggy head, windblown every which way. "Ain't sartin he understood. I yelled 'Murder!' again. 'Order!' he yells back, plain as day, 'count of the land breeze. 'Here 'tis. How'll I git it over?'"

"And you told him to get the police?"

"Sartin. 'Git the police!' I nearly split my throat. Cupped my hands and hollered." My uncle's eyes twinkled. He didn't often get the center of attention.

"Do hurry up, Uncle Wylie. What did he say?" I implored.

"Hold your horses, Judy. Let's get this straight," he said, and my uncle began to chuckle. "What makes you so consarned polite all of a sudden, Wylie? I'll leave the order right here and you can git it in a boat. That'll learn you not to burst any more bridges on to the Fourth.' Then he went off laughing."

"But surely he'll tell everyone he meets about the bridge," Victor said. "Even if he believes it's a prank."

"Will if he thinks of it," my uncle said, lighting his old cornob pipe. "Hop in, you folks. Nothin' to do

here. I got some clams to shuck." We got in. "If you'd only waited for Mr. De Witt," I said, "he could have made them hear way down to Rockville."

"Didn't you tell him we didn't have a boat?" Hugh and Mr. Quincy asked the same question that was in my mind.

"Don't know's I did. Why should I?" Uncle could be so exasperating sometimes. "Got a boat, ain't we, up in the loft of the garage?"

"Well, for the love of Christmas!—why didn't you say so? Drive on!" screamed the minister.

"Didn't say so because she—she leaks!"

Their car made the difficult about face on the narrow road, and I held my breath while Uncle Wylie followed suit. I didn't want to plunge into those swirling waters, dangerous at any time, despite the peaceful-looking marshland beyond.

I was wondering why my uncle hadn't spoken about his boat before. He could repair any leak that ever sprang. I was also beginning to wonder if he'd told the truth about the milkman. Nobody else was present. It was quite possible Aunt Nella had sicked him on to being Horatio at the Bridge just to keep the police away a little longer, in the hopes that some of the mystery would solve itself. I said as much to Victor.

"He, yes, and his wife, too, can't wish to keep quiet about what's under the tarpaulin."

Aunt Nella was standing in the doorway waiting for the milk for her chowder. Did she think they could throw it across?

"You might have rigged up a breeches buoy!" she accused.

There! She'd struck it. If nobody came to the bridge, if the boat couldn't be made seaworthy right away, couldn't we rig a breeches buoy of some sort? But Victor didn't listen to me. He and the men went across to the old barn where the boat was stored in the loft.

"I loathe steamed clams," Bessie Norcross grumbled, when she heard my aunt's luncheon alternative. Bessie had been cleaning the spot on her coat with some smelly fluid. Now she draped it over the hammock to dry. Personally I thought she'd made it much worse, with the encircling yellowish gray rings.

I stooped to pick up a couple of Lily Kendall's crystal beads. Lovely beads, they were; expensive. I hoped she'd saved enough to have them restrung. It was then I realized she hadn't been with us on the Neck. I ran up and knocked on her door, but, receiving no answer, hurried down again.

"Where's Miss Kendall?"

Bessie shrugged. "Haven't seen her. Been locked in my room. Hughie called to me not to bother about the old bridge, so I've been right here. He thought I'd been overdoing. Look, they're coming back from the garage."

"How's the boat? Any good?"

They all answered together. I gathered it was unseaworthy.

"Hole in her big as a bucket," Mr. Q. shrilled gleefully.

"Somebody chopped it on purpose," Potter added.

"If I find out who in tunket dared to do such a thing—" Poor Uncle Wylie. He looked like a little mad bantam rooster.

Hugh went up and sat beside his sister. "Glad we came by train, Sis. Our car wasn't in that barn. Neither of us had occasion to enter it."

I saw the clergyman turn so purple I thought he'd have an apoplectic stroke, when the artist's jaw dropped ludicrously.

"Open all the time, isn't it?" Victor saved the day.

"Sartin. 'Cept when I lock up at night. Keep my own old Fordie in there when she ain't in the back yard. You can see her now, with a busted axle, et cetera."

"Anybody seen Miss Kendall?" I cut in. "She's not with us and she's not in her room."

That was odd in itself. Lily Kendall never missed anything. She was, as Thaddeus Quincy had put it—ubiquitous. Well, she wasn't ubiquitous now. She wasn't in sight.

"Make sure, Judy," Victor said. "Look all around, will you?" His face was clouded with anxiety. He started down the path as if he were quite sure I wouldn't find Lily in the house.

"Will you wait?"

He nodded. "I'll walk slowly. You call 'yes' or 'no' from the door. I'm going to look at the—the ruins of the fire."

Aunt Nella called me to come and help her. Was Miss Kendall with her? I asked. No, nor in the parlor. Nor her room. Nor the bathroom. Nor the lavatories. I tore out to tell Victor.

"Oh, Mr. Quade—that cry! You said it was a gull."

"Nonsense. It was a gull." But his eyes belied his words. "Norcross! Potter! De Witt! You, too, Wylie! Please make it snappy." Victor was positively running now, with me at his heels and the rest after us.

As I hurried along I was conscious that the tide must have turned, and with it the wind, for a refreshing salt breeze changed the air into one of New England's perfect summer days. It wasn't sultry any more; I didn't feel so tired despite all the racing around I'd done that terrible morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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