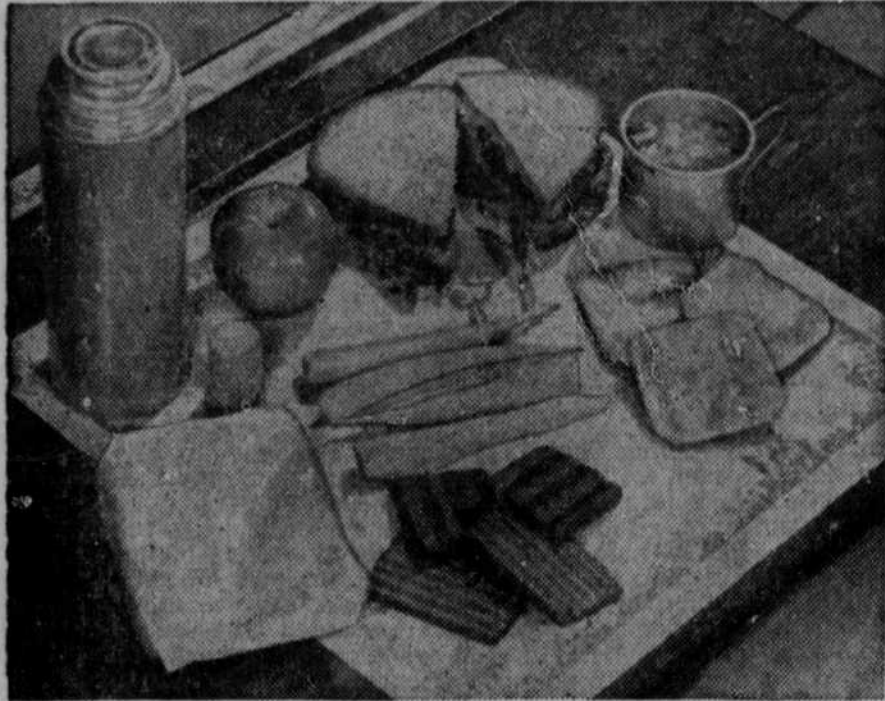


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Put Nutrition in That Lunch Box (See Recipes Below)

Let's Pack a Lunch

Do you realize as your children once again begin the trek back to school with their lunch boxes that those mid-day meals should carry a third of the day's calories in them? Lunches that are a bite-and-run excuse for a meal will not give children or workers nourishment from which they are to draw the pep and energy, vim and vigor they need to do their best day's work. Their loads are heavier to carry these days than ever before, and it behooves every homemaker to be on her toes to put in the box the very best lunch she can pack.



Packing the lunch need not take undue time or effort. Assemble the equipment needed for packing a lunch at one convenient spot, and then you can get right to work with it as soon as you've put breakfast on the table. Keep staples on hand to simplify the lunch-making problem. This should include such things as crackers and cookies, cheese, milk, eggs, peanut butter, beans, salmon, sardines, dried fruits, nuts, jelly, marmalade, pickles and olives.

Whenever possible prepare a dish for the family that can be utilized in the lunch in some way. If you make a meat or fish loaf, this can be used as a sandwich filling.

Sandwiches are the mainstay of the lunch box. However, as they are used so often, vary the bread and fillings as much as possible to avoid that mealtime monotony. Cut them in sections—they're more attractive and easier to eat that way. Wrap in waxed paper to keep from drying out. Have the fillings moist to keep them from being unappetizing and spread the bread with butter, margarine or mayonnaise to keep it moist, fresh and tasty.

Sandwich Fillings.
Chopped hard-cooked egg, pickle or celery, mayonnaise on oatmeal bread.
Cream cheese, chopped olives on white or whole wheat bread.
Cream cheese or cottage cheese with jelly and marmalade with Boston Brown Bread.
Peanut butter or ground peanuts with chopped figs, dates or prunes, mayonnaise or cream to moisten on white bread.
Ground dried beef with pickle and mayonnaise to moisten on rye bread.
Meat or sardines in thick white sauce on white bread or bun.

Lynn Says:
Going Places? Lunches that go places to school, to the defense plant or office should be just as attractive as you can make 'em. A box is better than a bag, as it will hold the food without having it get mussed.
Keep lunch boxes clean and air out. If the box has an enamel finish it can be washed out with soap and water. Any box can be aired out between lunches, kept free from crumbs.
Use waxed paper to keep sandwiches fresh and moist, vegetables crisp and fresh. A vacuum bottle will keep beverages hot or cold, soups steaming hot. Easy-to-pack crackers with soup furnish energy—give a real honey touch to the lunch.
Try surprises often in the lunch box just for morale's sake. A piece of favorite gum, candy or a few nuts, an orange, sectioned and peeled and peeling fitted over orange to give the appearance of being peeled but to keep it fresh and moist do loads to give the school child or worker a lift.

BLACK SOMBRERO

by CLIFFORD KNIGHT

CHAPTER I

We were agreed, that warm October evening as we sat gazing down from the hills upon the twinkling lights of Los Angeles, that the story of Elsa Chatfield should be written. Elsa, we thought, typified something eternal in the spirit of American youth—something so fascinating to us older individuals that it should be set down as a part of the permanent record of the American scene.

There was a difference of opinion, however, as to where the story should begin. Dwight Nichols was for omitting all mention of Aunt Kitty and starting in boldly with the baby.

"Babies are always good to open with. New life, you know. Everything before them. The world and the devil. Of course, I'm not a writer, Barry, as you are; I'm only a sportsman."

Huntoon Rogers has since denied that he foresaw even the smallest part of the story which began that night in the hills overlooking the vast metropolitan area of Los Angeles and had its end far down the West Coast of Mexico. And, of course, Dwight Nichols and I were merely talking in the air when we agreed that the story of Elsa Chatfield should be written, for the story then was only about to begin.

"You know, Barry," Dwight said, looking off over the vast meadow of twinkling lights below us, "I thought once that I understood women. But that was when I was younger. I could have done justice to Elsa then."

Margaret Nichols at this moment came out and joined us, sitting on the top step with her cigarette which she smoked lazily. It was one of those rare nights in California when one could sit out of doors comfortably, and her bare arms and throat seemed to smolder whitely in the half light which shone from the living room windows. There was a quality of exquisiteness about Margaret that explained Dwight; he had a passion for the exquisite, and Margaret loved him devotedly. Margaret now desired our company.

"I don't like the piano and the singing. Not now, anyhow," she said. "Nobody can sing these horrible modern songs, if they really can be called songs. Did I interrupt you, darlings? Forgive me and go right on talking."

"We were just talking, dear. Speculating about woman," said Dwight, lighting a fresh cigarette. "We mentioned Elsa Chatfield and then came to rest upon Aunt Kitty."

"Lovely old cat," said Margaret. "Did you know her, Hunt?"

"No, Margaret," replied Rogers. "A plump, sleek tabby who sat a lifetime on silk cushions over in Pasadena, then at the end sank her claws in Elsa and died. She ought to have had a love affair—and a baby!"

Dwight blew a cloud of ghostly smoke into the shadows and said that Elsa's aunt had been in love once. Margaret was incredulous.

"You didn't know Sam Chatfield—Elsa's father—did you, Hunt?" asked Margaret, turning to Rogers. Huntoon Rogers said that he had not. "I was right in thinking that you came into our circle after Sam fled. He was a small, round, red-dish man who quite remarkably had no egotism. Dwight, I think, is a little taller than Sam. Anyway, he bounced like a rubber ball when he walked, and he was something in a bank in Pasadena."

"Sam Chatfield sat behind a huge mahogany desk all day and said no. That's an awfully hard sort of job, don't you think?" she said seriously. "For just imagine men coming with ambition and hopes, or in desperate straits about their finances and needing money, and having to say no to them. Any decent person would feel it dreadfully. And, of course, Sam did, because he was a decent sort, you know. He simply clutched decency to himself with all the passion of a fierce new love. Of course, to make up for it, Sam had to say yes when he was away from the bank, and so he never said no to anything that concerned Elsa or himself. Aunt Kitty was beyond his yes and no, because she was wealthy."

"Then one day he fled, and they discovered that he'd said yes and not no to himself too often. Aunt Kitty quieted the loss at the bank with her own money, because there was family pride, you know. But you can imagine what that meant to Elsa. Her mother was dead. Either Elsa didn't like Mexico, or Sam thought it best for her to be up here—she did visit him, though, occasionally. Anyway, Elsa had to move in with Aunt Kitty and go on listening to Aunt Kitty talking, talking, talking. Poor Elsa! She was twelve then, and managed in a year or two to escape to school in the East. And after that—well, there was the baby. She was seventeen by that time."

"But who is there who could possibly want to make away with Aunt Kitty—if that is what really happened?" I asked, moved somewhat by what Huntoon Rogers had said before Margaret came out.

Nobody could think of a reply at once, then Dwight's chair stirred and he cleared his throat reluctantly.

"Well," he began, "that, of course, is why there are detectives—like Hunt Rogers—"

"Not detective, Dwight," Rogers interrupted quickly. "I'll admit that I've been drawn into more than my share of affairs of that kind. I prefer to be known, however, for what I am—namely, an humble professor of English literature."

"Sorry, Hunt. I didn't mean anything."

"No apologies, Dwight; it's not important. What were you going to say, though?"

Again I thought I detected a reluctance in Dwight Nichols' manner. "Oh—I've thought at times, since Kitty Chatfield's death, what embarrassment an unimaginative sleuth could cause me. You see, I have a motive—"

"A motive, darling?" Margaret's voice held a startled note.

"Yes. You see, that Cabazon property—Kitty Chatfield and I owned it in joint tenancy, with right of survivorship. It doesn't matter now how the arrangement came about. But, when Kitty Chatfield

died, it meant about two hundred thousand dollars to me. Isn't that a motive?"

"It's a reasonable one, to be sure," said Rogers.

"Oh, I had a motive then, too," exclaimed Margaret.

"Of course, dear," said Dwight. "What's mine is yours."

"That's not what I meant, darling."

"What's your motive, Margaret?" inquired Rogers.

"Jealousy!" echoed Dwight. "You don't mean—?"

"I mean just that," Margaret's voice was firm. "I was so jealous of Kitty Chatfield I could have killed her!"

a burst of laughter conceived in a sudden little ecstasy of humor. "Fancy! I never thought of calling him that before! And I've known him for years too. To Mr. James Chesebro, Dwight, trustee," she said pompously. Freeing her arms she drew in the air before her own beautiful figure a great stomach and strutted in the grass.

"He and I are through with each other now. We don't have to hate each other any longer. We're both glad, of course. Aunt Kitty cuts me loose today. I'm on my own." There was an exuberance, an elation in her voice. The fact was thrilling to her.

Dwight already had explained the arrangement. There had been no money she could count on from her father after he went to Mexico; Aunt Kitty had assumed her expenses. But at her death Elsa had been disinherited.

"She gave her the income from the estate for a year from the date of her death," Dwight had said, "knowing that Elsa ought to save something out of it, but darn well confident she wouldn't."

Sounds of laughter came from the house as we mounted the steps and burst in upon the others. I lost, of course, the soft touch of Elsa's hand upon my arm and the comfort of her nearness to me, for she flew to embrace one of the girls among the crowd of young people making merry in the living room. But not, however, before she had tossed to me over her shoulder the urgent command, "Barry, don't go away tonight without me."

I have no doubt that Jimmy the Cheese, as Elsa called him that night, was relieved that the departed Aunt Kitty finally had cut loose her niece. An old ladies' home, even though it were filled top and bottom with tea-and-toast old ladies, was a much easier task for a dignified administrator, almost middle aged, than just Elsa. She had sent him her expensive motor car that morning, and a letter explaining: "You're aware that Aunt Kitty didn't expect me to have a cent left today. So I'm not disappointing her. I can't think of keeping anything my dear aunt's money has paid for."

"And I haven't," said Elsa from her chair beside the piano, that evening she joined us at Dwight and Margaret's. "Not a penny—or anything her money has given me—"

She stopped in vague alarm. She had not spoken the truth. The process of her thought was visible in her face. "Except the clothes on my back." Dismay was in her eyes.

"And—" She stood up and tugged first at her cuffs, then at the shoulder of her dress. "I'll not keep these any longer."

"Do them all up in a nice package, Dwight, and send them tomorrow to Mr. Chesebro, with love from Elsa. Be sure to put in the love." She smiled down upon Dwight as he gathered the small bundle, one tawny, beautifully tanned arm pointing to where the ring had rolled.

"And, Margaret, dear, please get me one of your old suits for a working girl."

Margaret arrived instantly with a heavy apricot negligee and the working girl suit was searched out within the seclusion of Margaret's bedroom.

Huntoon Rogers is a large man, probably six feet tall and with a frame in proportion. He has mild blue eyes, such as I have never seen elsewhere; his ears are prominent, as is his nose, the latter not to his disadvantage. The blond hair is beginning to thin on top. He looked up at me after a few moments and spoke so quietly that nobody else in the room could hear him.

"She hated her Aunt Kitty, didn't she? Bitterly."

"There's no doubt of it." He went on playing. He displayed a remarkable skill. If I had not stood watching the dexterity of his left hand, I'd have thought he was playing a two-handed composition.

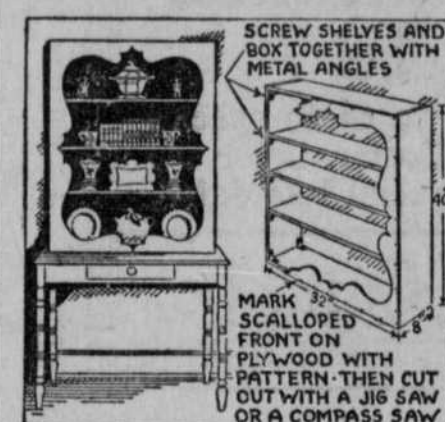
"What did Aunt Kitty die of?" he asked, glancing up again.

ON THE HOME FRONT

with RUTH WYETH SPEARS

NO MATTER if you move from hither to yon or change from a spacious house to a single room there are certain treasures that will mean home to you. A few books, a piece of china and some perfectly useless but cheering bits

cut at the lumber yard where you buy them. All you will have to do is screw them together; tack on the front frame and paint or stain to suit your room color scheme.



NOTE—A pattern for tracing the scallop design for this graceful shadow box frame; complete list of all materials needed and illustrated directions for making and finishing will be sent for 15 cents. Send your order to:

MRS. RUTH WYETH SPEARS
Bedford Hills New York
Drawer 10
Enclose 15 cents for Scallop Pattern for Shadow Box Frame.
Name
Address

Population of India Has Increased by 50,000,000

The population of India, according to census figures just issued, is 388,997,955, an increase of 50,878,801 over the 1931 figure. The increase is greater both in numbers and percentage than in any decade during the previous 50 years.

Hindus are in the majority with 254,930,506. Moslems number 92,058,096, and Christians 6,316,549. Literacy shows a striking increase, 12.2 per cent being literate, compared with 6.9 per cent in 1931.

If you were to say the first bugle call of the day in the Army is "Reveille"—you'd be wrong. It's "First Call." But you probably know what cigarette gets first call with Army men—it's Camel. And Camel is the favorite with men in all branches of the service—Navy, Marines, Coast Guard, too. (Based on actual sales records from service men's stores.) And though there are Post Office restrictions on packages to overseas Army men, you can still send Camels to soldiers in the U. S., and to men in the Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard wherever they are. —Adv.

of bric-a-brac—by all means take them with you and make a dramatic setting for them.

A shadow box cupboard will do the trick. The one shown here is light and substantial; will lend glamour even to dime store odds and ends, and may be placed on top of a table, a chest of drawers or a desk. No special skill and almost no tools are needed to make it.

If you do not have a saw to cut the scalloped frame, mark it on plywood and take it to the nearest woodworking shop to have it cut. You may have the straight boards

JUST

Not This Fellow
Mother (anxiously)—What made you stay so late? Have a flat tire?
Daughter (dreamily)—No, mother, I'd hardly call him that.

"I'm going to change my tailor. He reads too much," complained Pete. "Every time he writes me he begins—'On going through my books—'"

The Craze
Soldier (finding wasp in soup)—What's this?
Cook—Vitamin bee.

That Settles That
Son—What's an infant prodigy?
Pop—It's a boy of about your age, who doesn't need to ask questions.

On the Chart
Eye Doctor—Can you read the fourth line on the chart?
Patient—Sure. Why that's where my father was born.

SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

There are about 400 kinds of trees and vines in the world that contain rubber latex, but Hevea brasiliensis, native of Brazil, is recognized as the best for commercial purposes.

Don't keep your car idle too long with the tires carrying the load. Drive it a short distance periodically. This flexes the tires and will prevent deterioration.

The Army is conserving rubber. It is estimated that by 1944 crude rubber requirements per vehicle will be cut 63 per cent as compared to the amount of rubber needed by the vehicle at the outbreak of the war.

Jerry Shaw
In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

I'M IN THE ARMY
of MILK SAVERS
who use SECURITY SLOP FEED
and I'm gaining weight every day!
THIS DRY FOOD PLAN PAYS A BONUS TOO
SECURITY FOOD CO.
Minneapolis, Minn.

War Upset
...YOUR BREAKFAST HABITS?
Keep Kellogg's Corn Flakes handy! They're super good, nutritious and easy to serve!
SAVE TIME—WORK—FUEL—OTHER FOODS!
The "SELF-STARTER" Breakfast
Kellogg's CORN FLAKES
The Original
MADE BY KELLOGG CEREAL CO., BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN