

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Crackers and Chowder Harmonize! (See Recipes Below)

Soup Satisfies!

There's not one dish in any cooking repertoire that can even come close to fill the place of soup. It can be the appetite-tickler to start the meal, or a light, inspired concoction to do for lunch, or a steaming hot, sturdy soup to be the meat, the vegetable and the main dish for a cool night's dinner while the wind blows hard outside.

If any crisis arises as far as your own point-ration allowance, then start exploring the fascinating possibilities of a few meaty bones, celery leaves, pungent onion, and a spray of parsley, chives, marjoram or chevril. Fat, cozy tureens of soup will ward off any hunger now as they have always done when food supplies are slender.

There's no doubt that the tureen will again become a part of your kitchen equipment—at least for the duration. You can make delicious soup out of almost anything—and soup can make the meal if you serve it with plenty of unrationed crackers. There are literally all kinds of these to go with any soup you care to name.

Here's a fish chowder that is rich, savory and thoroughly satisfying. Serve it with common or pilot crackers to make the meal. Or, if you prefer, oyster crackers, the round fasty type, saltines or plain soda crackers—any one will be a natural accompaniment:

*Fish Chowder. (Serves 8)

- 3 pounds haddock or cod
- 3 potatoes, sliced
- 3 medium-sized onions, chopped
- 3 slices salt pork, diced
- 3 crackers
- 1 quart milk
- 1 pint cream
- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine
- Salt and pepper

Cook fish in boiling water until done. Remove fish from water and cook potatoes and onions in fish water until soft. Fry salt pork until crisp. Skin and bone fish and add with pork scraps, to chowder. Soak split crackers in milk. Heat milk and cream with crackers, and add to chowder. Add butter or margarine, salt and pepper.

Here is another savory soup which will make a perfect main dish for the meal:

Lynn Says:

The Score Card: Now that butter has gone up in point value, you may have to learn to use other spreads such as margarine. Be sure to select a margarine that gives you a definite guarantee of the amount of vitamin with which it is enriched. To color the margarine, let it soften until smooth and creamy, add vegetable coloring and blend together. Let harden before using, if you want to cut it in squares.

Butter can also be stretched with a number of commercial or other stretchers. Select a stretcher that gives good consistency and does not change flavor.

If you're doing without a great deal of butter, here's how: Use margarine or shortenings for all cooking or baking. Save bacon and other drippings to use for frying. Occasionally, use jams, jelly and honey for spreads. Sandwiches can be spread with mayonnaise if the butter supply is low.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu

- *Fish Chowder With Crackers
- Tossed Green Salad
- Biscuits
- Jelly
- Beverage
- Lemon Pie
- *Recipe Given

Scotch Broth. (Serves 16)

- 2 1/2 cup dried barley
- 1/2 cup green split peas
- 3/4 pound lamb shank
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 3 quarts water
- 2 leeks or onions, chopped
- 2 carrots, diced small
- 1 turnip, diced small
- 1 pound cabbage, sliced
- 4 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
- 1 carrot, grated

Soak peas and barley overnight, in separate bowls. Place lamb flank in a large saucepan; add salt and cold water to cover. Bring to a boil and simmer 1 hour. Add leeks, carrots, turnip, cabbage, peas and barley. Simmer 1 hour. Add parsley and grated carrot. Stir well and serve.

Potatoes and onion are go-togethers in soup. Carry the harmony even further and serve with the soup, the round, toasty type of cracker:

Cream of Potato and Onion Soup. (Serves 6)

- 4 onions
- 4 medium-sized potatoes
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 3 cups scalded milk
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- Salt and pepper

Boil onions and potatoes together until tender. Drain, saving 1 cup of the water. Rub the vegetables through a coarse strainer. Melt the butter or margarine, add flour and blend until smooth. Add milk and potato-onion water, and combine with onion and potato pulp. Season with chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Beat with egg beater and serve at once.

Did you know that a cheese type of cracker is best with the tomato soups? It brings out the flavor of the soup better than any other kind of accompaniment:

Tomato Bisque. (Serves 6)

- 4 cups milk
- 1/2 cup stale bread crumbs
- 2 1/2 cups canned tomatoes
- 1 small onion
- 6 cloves
- 1/2 teaspoon soda
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 4 tablespoons butter or margarine

Pour the scalded milk over the bread crumbs and rub through a sieve. Stew the tomatoes with the seasonings and strain. To the tomatoes, in which the soda has been dissolved, add the reheated milk mixture, and last the sugar and butter mixture. Serve at once.

A delicious bean soup has been many a cook's road to fame. It's not difficult at all if you make it this way:

Black Bean Soup. (Serves 12)

- 1 pound black beans
- 2 cloves
- 2 sprigs thyme or 1 bayleaf
- 3 quarts water
- 1 onion, chopped
- 1 ham bone or 1/2 pound salt pork or 4 tablespoons butter or margarine
- Dash of salt

Soak beans overnight in cold water. Rinse and drain beans well. Place in kettle with rest of ingredients. Bring to a boil and let simmer 4 hours. Add more water from time to time, if necessary. Put through sieve and serve with slice of lemon and sliced hard-cooked eggs.

What are your problems in rationing? Write to Lynn Chambers for expert answers, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope for your reply, at Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplines Street, Chicago, Illinois. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

BLACK SOMBRERO

by CLIFFORD KNIGHT W.N.U. SERVICE

Elsa Chatfield, Hollywood artist, is cut off from the will of her Aunt Kitty, who died from an overdose of morphine. Barry, an amateur detective, and Hunt Rogers, a professional sleuth, go to Mazatlan, Mexico, on a yacht cruise with Margaret and Dwight Nichols. Arriving at Mazatlan they find that Elsa and her party have preceded them by plane. They dine at the rancho of Elsa's father, Sam Chatfield, whom Rogers questions about his visit to his sister, Kitty, on the night she died. The next day Chatfield tosses a rotogravure section into the sea, but the pieces are picked up by Reed Barton, who gives them to Rogers. Chatfield is very indignant over the incident.

Elsa and the baby, when we're setting one day at the old gal's desk looking up some stuff she wants to give me. The next time I see it I pick it up in Elsa's apartment in Hollywood when I am planning my campaign for Elsa, the names are on the back: Elsa and Mary Frances.

CHAPTER VI

"Here it is," said Dwight, pointing. "Yes," said Rogers.

I leaned farther forward to see the picture. It was a reproduction of a photograph of Elsa; the lovable personality shone up from the damp surface. Unmistakably it was Elsa at her provocative, impish best. That, of course, was as it should be; but the staggering, incomprehensible part of it all was the child on her lap. A child apparently about a year old, seeming normally healthy and lovely, and, like all babies, a captivator of the heart. Underneath the picture were the lines: "Elsa Chatfield, whose caricatures have recently won wide acclaim, and her small daughter Mary Frances."

"Well—that's that, I guess." "Yes," said Rogers, picking up the torn sheet, and starting below to his stateroom.

"Barry—" he began. "I—I don't understand it."

"Neither do I, Reed." There were many things in that strange story not understood until the end. The cruise in the Orizaba planned for that day was abandoned; the yacht lay idly at her anchor. There was no fishing.

"What do you make of it, Dwight?" I inquired after lunch that day. Dwight Nichols shook his head.

"The whole thing is impossible. The child has been dead now several years—three or four."

"But how could such a mistake be made?" asked Margaret, her dark eyes very earnest. "Mistakes can usually be explained," Rogers reminded her. "I dare say George Rumble, to whom we must look for the answer, has a very natural explanation. That, of course, is aside from other aspects of the thing. Here's a family secret closely guarded for years, about which neither Elsa nor her father would talk, broadcast to the public—"

"Did Sam Chatfield see the picture?" Margaret interrupted. Rogers shook his head. "I have it in my stateroom. Exhibit A, so to speak, although there are literally thousands of them in existence elsewhere. In Southern California, however; not here in Mazatlan."

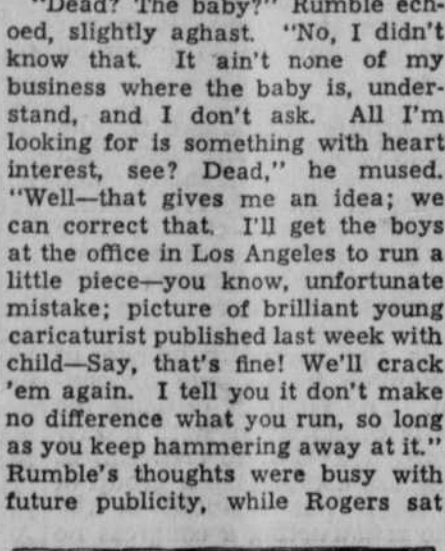
But it was not until the morning of the following day that we ran across George Rumble. We discovered him in the last place we expected to find him—at Sam Chatfield's rancho, sitting idly in the patio indifferent to the little green parakeets screaming in the gnarled old pepper tree overhead while he waited for Elsa. The shirt of pink and white checks was absent, but in its place was a companion of blue and white.

"Some of us have been wondering where you got that picture of Elsa and the baby," said Rogers. "I knew somebody would ask that. Well"—his dark little eyes watched the movements of a young Indian girl as she came out of a doorway, walked straight and slim through the patio and disappeared into the kitchen—"there's lots of ways to get a picture."

"Elsa didn't give it to you," "No." "You understand, Rumble," I began, "there's only one conclusion to be drawn, after seeing how Elsa reacted yesterday when she saw the picture in the paper."

"Well—draw it, Barry, if you want to. If I say anything to Elsa about what I'm going to do, she won't let me. She'll be going against her own best interests by telling me I can't do it. When you start with a press agent, you ought to leave it all in his hands. Elsa'd be just like her aunt—the one that died. She'd said to me: 'No, you can't do that. You can't do this. I know what I want in the paper.' So I says to her one day: 'Why'n heck did you hire me, if you're going to run it?' That made her mad, and she kicked me out of her house, and I never did get my money, either."

Neither Rogers nor I said anything for a moment as we reflected upon this revelation. "You knew Elsa's aunt—Katherine Chatfield?" "I'll say I knew her. She was a hell-cat and no mistake. She was the first job I had in California when I come out from New York. I heard they were putting on some sort of campaign in Pasadena; she is the chairman. I go to see her and she says okay, and we start to work. But we start fighting, too, right from the start. I don't get my money and I go to see her about it. I tell her I'm going to sue her and that night she dies. That's the first time I ever saw the picture of



Elsa seemed to be flying for her life.

with a curious look in his mild blue eyes regarding this strange member of that great and honored body of men who direct a nation's thought and whim.

"You say that Katherine Chatfield died that night after you threatened to sue her for your money?" asked Rogers.

"Yes. I don't call till after dinner, see? This guy—Elsa's poppa—and his Mexican wife arrived while I was still talking with the old gal in her study. They don't know me now, but I don't forget people. The Chatfield woman gets sore as heck when they come in, and jumps up and slams the door. I thought she was going to have a stroke. Maybe I'd have got my money out of her, if she hadn't been so mad when she sees them out in the hall."

"Do you know anything about the death of Miss Chatfield?" "What do you mean, Hunt?" "I mean do you know of what, or how she died?"

"I don't know anything, except what I read in the papers the next day. They said it was suicide. Why?" "Has it ever occurred to you that it might have been murder?" For a long moment George Rumble gazed at Rogers without speaking. Rogers added: "When did you leave the house that night?"

"About nine o'clock." "She was alive then?" "What are you getting at?" "The woman was murdered; can you tell us anything about it?"

"I didn't do it. I left her still alive. There wasn't any reason for me to kill her. She owed me money, and we had a row, and I threatened to sue, and she tried to kick me out, and I says: 'No you don't, old girl; there ain't no woman going to kick me out of my house. I'm a gentleman and I'll walk out like one.'"

We fell silent for a few minutes while overhead in the old pepper tree the little green parakeets scolded and shrilled. "I wish you could help us out about that night, George," observed Rogers casually.

"I wish I could too, Hunt." "Did anything arouse your suspicions while you were there; anything that would lead you to believe that Miss Chatfield was about to be murdered?"

"No-o. I guess not. You see it's a year and a half, almost, since that happened; and the thing I re-

member, of course, is the row I had with her."

Conversation lagged; we had exhausted all that was obvious in the affair.

"Do you know where Elsa is?" Rogers inquired of a sudden.

"All I know is that some guy—a Mex, who speaks English—said when I first came out that she had gone out horseback riding."

"Alone?" "I didn't ask."

We had had our talk with George Rumble; the explanation of the picture in the rotogravure section had been made, and I was ready to return to town. But Rogers was inclined to linger, although we had discovered that neither Sam Chatfield nor Berta was at home and there seemed no object in remaining.

"You don't know, of course, when Elsa is expected back?" inquired Rogers of Rumble.

"No, I don't, Hunt." Rogers got up from the patio bench and began a leisurely examination of the flowers and the riot of tropical shrubbery. Finally he pushed open an old grilled gate which led to a graveled courtyard, or bare plaza. The huge house formed one side of the open square. A long low line of adobe buildings with barred windows housed the office of the rancho and the storehouses, a third side was the living quarters of the ranch workers, the fourth that of the stables.

I followed Rogers, leaving Rumble sitting alone, smoking a brown paper cigarette in solitude. As we sauntered toward the stables, the actions of a man in the courtyard, near a gate which opened upon the fields of the rancho, drew our attention. He was stooping above the form of a brown dog lying on the ground. As we drew near he emptied the contents of a bottle upon a dirty rag and held it to the dog's nose, and the dog quivered slightly as if from a chill.

"The dog is old," said Rogers in Spanish.

"Very old, sir," the man replied, looking up sadly. "It is best that he should die now, sir." He caught a whiff of something and turned his head away.

"Chloroform," I said to Rogers. "Yes," he answered, and stooped to pick up the empty bottle the man had discarded. "He'll die quickly," he said to the executioner.

"Yes, sir. Senora Chatfield would not have him shot. She said this was merciful."

"The senora gave you the drug?" "Yes, sir. Do you think the dog is dead, sir?" "Not yet, but soon."

While I was standing there, gazing at this odd scene, my ears picked up the sound of hoof beats. For a moment or two their source was not apparent. I walked through the gate and out into the open away from the stables. Rogers followed me. Across the wide fields along an unpaved ranch roadway leading to the house, came pounding a horse and rider as if in a tremendous hurry to arrive. A hundred yards or so behind was a second horseman following in the wake of the other.

As they came nearer in their mad race, I made out the figure of Elsa astride the leading horse. Elsa seemed to be flying for her life; she was leaning far over the neck of her mount and applying a short quirt in vicious mechanical strokes, her arm rising and falling as if geared to the flying hoofs of her horse.

They drew rapidly toward us. Elsa, looking back over her shoulder, of a sudden sat erect and reined in her horse. There was something very intent about her every action. She had not discovered us, standing as we were beside the huge wheel of an old oxcart. She was intent upon Chesebro now reining up at her side. She sat quietly astride her horse which, with heaving flanks, was uneasy and nervous after the run.

Rogers granted half in astonishment at something, half in warning to me; he seemed to sense what was about to happen. For there was something deadly in Elsa's firmly seated figure, in the way she held herself in readiness. Chesebro's restless horse sidled close to Elsa's. Chesebro's hand was extended as if in expostulation, in protest, in appeal to an iron something in Elsa.

It was all too apparent now that Elsa had not so much been flying for her life as running away from a situation that had angered her, and had now thought better of it and was decided upon action. That action was so swift, so startling and so cruel that I gasped, scarcely able as I was to follow the figure that stiffened in the stirrups, the arm that rose and fell like lightning.

The lash of the short quirt which Elsa only a few moments before had used upon her horse struck Chesebro across the face. I still can remember the sound of it, can see the white line it left along his fat cheek. Elsa's horse reared. She clung to the saddle without touching the pommel, so intent was she upon the object of her wrath. Chesebro's horse whirled about, but didn't bolt; the man was dazed, bewildered by the blow.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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