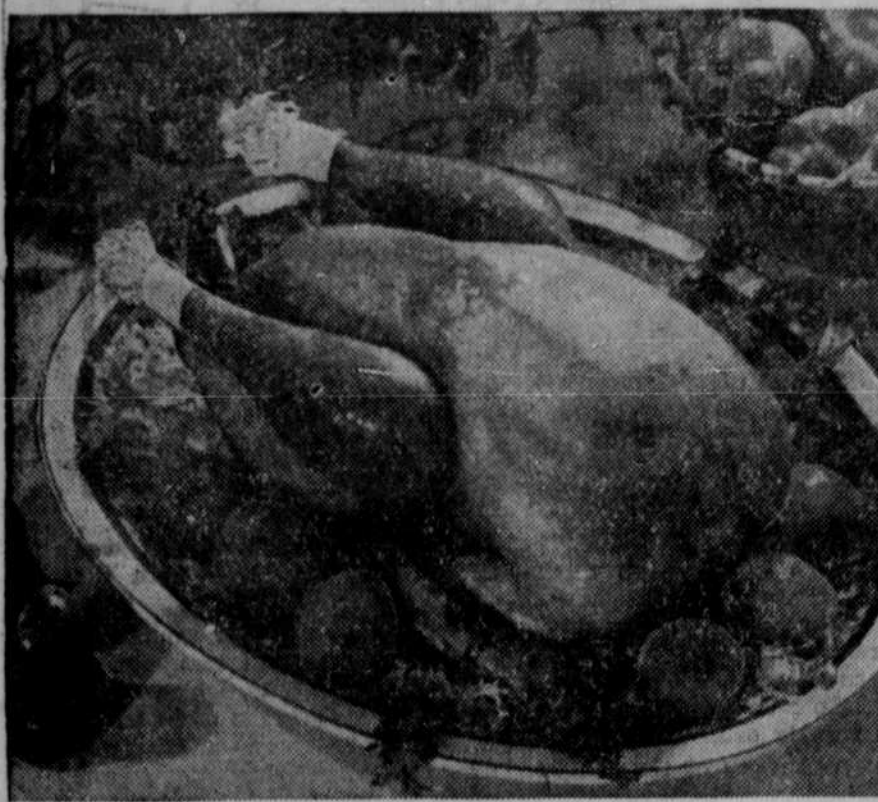


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



... Come Ye Thankful People, Come
(See Recipes Below)

Thanksgiving!

Traditional Thanksgiving turkey may this year give way to roast chicken, but the feast can have all the spirit of those you have had in former years. Though your meal may be less elaborate, every food can be done to a turn, the frills may be just as interesting, and your thanks can rise to a new height.

Let the charm of your dinner lie in its simplicity. Get the most out of your food and prepare it to deliciousness. The same vegetables that you had with turkey can go with chicken—if turnip puffs or corn pudding or squash or sweet potato and apples are a tradition in your family.

Prepare your chicken with the same care you would give turkey and it will look as nice and taste just wonderful. It's easy enough to truss chicken properly so that it will look nice. Here's one way of doing it:

Trussing Chicken.

Insert trussing needle through body of chicken below knee joint and pull cord through; continue cord through wings. Tie tightly to hold wings close to body. Stuff neck opening of chicken with stuffing and tuck neck skin under cord. Use another piece of cord, and insert needle through legs' rear joint. Stuff body cavity and truss opening with truss pins or cord. Draw cord from legs around tail piece and tie the legs down close to body.

The stuffing is just as important as the chicken itself. Have it not too soggy, not too dry, and well seasoned:

*Celery Stuffing.

1 cup finely chopped celery
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 tablespoon butter or fat
½ teaspoon marjoram
½ teaspoon celery seed
Salt and pepper
Water or stock
2½ cups bread crumbs

Cook celery onion and parsley in fat for a few minutes. Add other ingredients with enough liquid to hold together and make dressing slightly moist.

*Roast Chicken.

4 to 5 pound roasting chicken
Salt (½ to ¾ teaspoon per pound)
Stuffing
Melted fat

Singe chicken, clean, wash and dry. Rub inside with salt. Stuff lightly with celery stuffing and truss. Rub surface with unsalted fat. Place on rack in an uncovered roaster, breast up. Cover with layer of fat from body of chicken, then with a clean cloth dipped into melted, unsalted fat. Roast, uncovered, in a slow oven (300 degrees) until tender, basting occasionally with drippings. Season with additional salt when half done.

Remove cloth near end of roasting period and allow to brown. A chicken weighing 4 to 5 pounds requires 30 to 35 minutes per pound to roast. A smaller chicken 40 to 45 minutes per pound.

Cranberry Sauce has a place with all fowl, and especially in the

Lynn Says:

Conserving Fuel:

You'll not only be saving on your own fuel bills but also co-operating with government requests if you save on cooking heat. Here's how:

When using oven, plan to cook several items in it at once. Meat and vegetables, and even hot bread and dessert can all be cooked in oven. It's poor economy to use both oven and surface heat to get a dinner together.

Food should be ready for oven at the same time oven is correct temperature. Do not keep opening oven door to see "how things are coming along."

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu

Thanksgiving Dinner

Chilled Cranberry and Orange Juice
Wafers
*Roast Chicken
*Celery Stuffing Gravy
*Baked Sweet Potatoes and Apples
Squash Puff Broccoli
*Hot Rolls
Pumpkin Pie
Relishes: *Cranberry Sauce, Olives, Celery
*Recipes Given.

Thanksgiving dinner:

*Cranberry Sauce.
3 cups cranberries
1½ cups sugar
1 cup hot water

Put berries, sugar and water into a saucepan and let stand for 5 minutes. Then cook 5 minutes. Remove from range and let stand 5 minutes, then cook for another 5 minutes. Cool and serve with roast fowl.

Now, for the vegetables. You will probably have several kinds in mind such as:

*Baked Sweet Potatoes and Apples.

(Serves 4)

2 large tart apples
2 large cold cooked sweet potatoes
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons margarine
½ cup corn or maple syrup

Core, pare and cut apples in slices. Saute each slice in margarine until nearly soft, browning the pieces thoroughly. Cut potatoes into rather thick slices, sprinkle with salt and place a slice of fried apple on the side of each potato. Arrange in a shallow baking dish, pour syrup over all, dot with butter. Bake ½ hour in a moderate oven until potato absorbs syrup.

*Two-Hour Rolls.

(Makes 12 to 16 rolls)

1 yeast cake
½ cup lukewarm water
3 cups all-purpose flour, sifted
1 level tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon salt
2 heaping tablespoons lard
½ cup milk

Dissolve yeast cake in lukewarm water. Mix dry ingredients, working in lard as for pie crust. Add milk and yeast mixture to make dough. Turn onto a floured board and knead well. Roll and cut into any shape. Let rise 2 hours. Bake 20 minutes in a hot oven (425 degrees).

Your choice for dessert may be a pumpkin pie, or perhaps an old-fashioned steamed pudding with lemon sauce:

Steamed Pudding.

(Serves 6)

1 cup bread crumbs
½ cup sour milk
½ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
1 egg
½ cup sifted flour
½ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup raisins
½ cup chopped nuts

Soften bread crumbs in sour milk. Cream shortening and sugar until fluffy. Add vanilla and blend. Beat egg and combine with milk and crumbs, then add to first mixture. Sift dry ingredients and spices, add raisins and nuts and combine with first mixture. Steam for 1 hour in a greased mold.

If you want sugar-saving suggestions, write to Lynn Chambers, Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplains Street, Chicago, Illinois. Don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

BLACK SOMBRERO

by CLIFFORD KNIGHT

Elsa Chatfield, Hollywood artist, is cut off from the will of her Aunt Kitty, who died from an overdose of morphine. Barry Madison, an amateur detective, and Hunt Rogers, professional sleuth, go to Mazatlan, Mexico, on a cruise with Margaret and Dwight Nichols. On arriving they find that Elsa and her party have preceded them by plane. Sam Chatfield, Elsa's father, who is a rancher, puts on a big fiesta for the ranch workers. While the fiesta is in progress he asks Rogers to conduct an investigation among his guests concerning the death of his sister. Everyone present seems to have a motive. After the cross questioning the guests repair to the courtyard to watch the dancing.

CHAPTER IX

Elsa suddenly was vibrant with excitement. She directed my attention to the platform. "Look, Barry; listen!" she exclaimed.

Two youthful figures were mounting the stage, followed by a third, a larger more mature figure. The first two were our pair of wandering musicians, Pancho and Felipe, with battered guitar and ukelele. The third man carried a small harp-like instrument.

They began to play before they had turned to face the audience; and Felipe, the older, lifted his soft tenor voice in the Spanish words of a song: "Let us unite our hearts, Charro and China dancing!"

There was a China Poblana lurking in the shadows ready to step onto the platform; a short nervous Charro stood behind her. Of a sudden Elsa left me. At the edge of the crowd I saw Reed Barton move swiftly toward the platform, and before I realized what was happening, the two were standing before us under the bright light, and the musicians were backing off to the side still playing, enticingly, seductively. I'm sure it was one of those spontaneous, impulsive acts to which Elsa was so prone. I was reminded of that February evening now weeks in the past and far away in California at the beach club, when Reed Barton had appeared and claimed Elsa for their first dance together. And now they stood before us—Elsa in the costume said to have been named for a Chinese woman who brought it to the town of Puebla many years ago, and which is to be seen on festive occasions throughout Mexico; Reed Barton in the costume of the cowboy.

"Senor! Valgame Dios! Senor!" "Aqui, Maria," commanded Sam Chatfield from his place a few seats beyond us. "Que desas tu?" "Oh, senor!" cried the woman breathlessly, her words smothered somewhat by the applause. "Valgame Dios! El caballero esta muerto!"

Rogers' strong hand fell upon my leg and his fingers gripped it powerfully. "Did you hear what she said?" he asked, getting to his feet. "Yes, I heard, Chesebro's dead."

A little group of frightened women servants was outside the entrance to Chesebro's room. Sam Chatfield drove them away, admonishing them to go back to the kitchen, then threw open the door, and stood back for Rogers and me to enter.

James Chesebro lay as if a great and welcome peace had descended upon him. His fat body made a huge mound under the light covering.

"The heart failed to rally, I suppose. The attack must have been more severe than Doctor Cruz thought."

"Do you think so, Mr. Madison?" "I don't know, of course, Mr. Chatfield, but—"

I was halted in mid-sentence by Rogers' action. He stooped, grasped the edge of the bed covers and stripped them back.

"His heart failed for quite a different reason, Barry," he said grimly, pointing to a widening stain of blood over the front of the pajamas. There was a small hole through the cloth over the heart, and when the cloth itself was pulled aside there was disclosed a small hole in the skin which still oozed blood.

"With your permission, Mr. Chatfield," Hunt said slowly, "I should like to have Dwight and Margaret stay, and George Rumble, and Reed Barton too. The police, of course," he looked closely at Sam Chatfield, "will investigate."

"I am required to send for the juez local and the medico legista." There was a suggestion of stiffness in his words, as if Rogers had anticipated his next move and he resented it. "The body must not be touched until one or both of them have examined it. Doctor Cruz happens to be the medico legista at Mazatlan. The police, of course, will come."

The door closed behind Chatfield's short figure, and instantly Rogers became active. He glanced at his watch. It was nine-thirty. "I want your help, Barry," he said. "The capacity of the Mexican police is an unknown quantity to me. It may be excellent, I've had no experience with it. We should have half an hour before they arrive. If we're to solve the murder of Kitty Chatfield, it may be necessary to know just what's happened here in Mazatlan."

thin blade of some sort stopped our friend's weakened heart." He looked at the little tile table beside the bed, where Chesebro's watch lay and a glass of water stood. He walked over to a huge clothespress that reached toward the shadowy ceiling. "Would you mind holding the candle for me, Barry?" he requested.

I took it and he opened the door to the clothespress. "I am looking for Chesebro's clothing. Here it is." He brought out the suit of clothes Chesebro had worn that morning, and ran his hand swiftly into the various pockets. "There's hardly a chance that it's robbery," he remarked. "Gold pencil," he enumerated the various objects as he came across them. "Loose change in the trousers pocket. A billfold, obviously containing money. Letters and papers. That's all." He put the suit back into the clothespress again and shut the door. "Robbery is not the motive," he said.

"Not robbery," said Rogers as we finished our round, "and entrance could have been had only by



"Maybe the murderer is hiding there."

means of the door." He stood a moment uncertainly. "A dozen murderers could be lurking in the shadows of this enormous room. Let's make sure they are not doing so now."

Rogers led the way to the farther end of the room. Massive furniture, dark with age, of a period reminiscent of Maximilian, blocked our pathway.

"There's nothing back this way," said Rogers, holding high the candle and throwing its feeble beams about the end of the room. "Let's go back to the other end. Maybe the murderer is hiding there." He led the way, holding the candle high above the level of his eyes. His foot kicked something as we walked, and it shot like a dark and ominous shadow before us and fell to the floor.

"What is it?" I asked, feeling that my voice shook slightly. "Something soft, and light," he said, advancing again. A few steps farther on he halted, stooped and picked up the object. "A sombrero," he said.

Rogers held the large sombrero in his hand as if to examine it in the light of the candle.

I took it from his hands and walked over to the light near the bed. It was a black felt sombrero, comparatively new, for it showed almost no signs of wear; across the front of the crown was an ornamental pattern in hand-wrought silver.

"George Rumble's sombrero, isn't it?" asked Rogers over my shoulder.

"He has one like this," I replied. "It was on the rack near the front door earlier this evening. How would it get in here, though?"

"Perhaps George can tell us." He took the sombrero from me and dropped it on the foot of the bed, where it remained a dark and sinister shadow, and turned to the bedside as if to check again some point about the murder victim which had occurred to him. A light tap came at the door, and Rogers halted abruptly.

"Come," he called. The door was pushed resolutely open.

Vague figures in the dim light crowded the doorway. Sam Chatfield entered, followed by Doctor Cruz, and behind him two men in uniform. They advanced into the room and the door closed behind them.

Doctor Cruz nodded to us, and went at once to the figure on the bed. Sam Chatfield presented the other two men. "Senor Otilio Lombardo, jefe del policia," he said, "and Senor Alvarez of the policia; Senor Madison and Senor Rogers."

They bowed to us, but their interest was centered on the bed

where Doctor Cruz already was examining the dead man. They pushed on to join him and stood respectfully back until at last the doctor looked up and gave in Spanish his opinion that James Chesebro had died of a knife thrust not so long a time before.

Lombardo and his satellite looked intently for some moments at the wound, then turned away without a word and sat down.

"I am very sorry, Senor Chatfield," Lombardo said, looking up at our host and speaking in Spanish, "that this has happened in your house. I know that your hospitality is above reproach. You cannot help this sad thing, of course; it is very sad. Who is the gentleman?"

"Senor James Chesebro." Lombardo's eyebrows shot upward. "He of the mine back in the mountains?" he inquired.

"Yes." "That is bad. Can you tell me who killed him?"

"I cannot, Senor Lombardo." "Senor Rogers here," said Sam Chatfield, laying his hand upon Rogers' arm, "is quite famous for solving the mystery of murder north of the border."

"Ah, so!" exclaimed Lombardo. "Welcome, my friend. Perhaps we have a mystery here. If so I shall lean upon you. But, I think it is easily explained, no?"

"I hope so, Senor Lombardo," Rogers replied in Spanish. "So far Senor Madison and I have found nothing of importance. It was not suicide, because there is no weapon. It was not murder for the purpose of robbery."

"And the weapon, Senor Rogers; you say you have not found it?" "I've been unable to discover it anywhere in the room; it is, of course, a knife of some sort."

"Yes. Thank you, senor, you have saved me much work."

"Did the gentleman have any enemies, Senor Rogers, either here in Mazatlan or at home?" inquired Alvarez, the gendarme. The man had not spoken until now.

Rogers shook his head. "I know of none, senor."

"I think," Lombardo said, stirring to his feet, "it is time we talk with someone about this crime. Who made the discovery, Senor Chatfield?"

Sam Chatfield got to his feet, taking a step toward the door, as if to lead the way. "I think it was Maria. It was she who came to tell me of it."

"We shall talk to Maria, then," said Lombardo.

The kitchen was large; gloomy shadows filled all the vast region above two unfrosted electric light bulbs which hung down from the high rafters on long cords.

"Stop!" shouted Lombardo. "Do not run away, anyone."

Two or three dimly flying figures made good their escape, while some four or five less fortunate obeyed the command and remained behind, standing with fidgeting hands and shuffling feet in the presence of the law.

"Maria," called Lombardo, sitting down in a small chair whose creaking, polished seat long years before had been cut from the hide of a cow.

"Yes, sir," the woman who had brought word of Chesebro's death, as we sat looking on at the dances in the courtyard, came to a fluttering attention near the middle oven.

"Come here, senorita," directed the chief. Alvarez drew up a chair before us for the woman, who sat down timidly, her dark eyes fastened apprehensively upon her questioner.

"You made the discovery of the dead man, did you not, Maria?" inquired Lombardo.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me about it."

"I," she began timidly, "I go to the gentleman's room to inquire, Senor Jefe del Policia, if he desires food. I push open the door gently and speak to him. He does not answer. I open the door and go in, and still he does not reply to my question. I go all the way to the bed, and—senor—God help me!—he is dead."

"Did you see the man who killed him, Maria?" inquired Lombardo.

"Oh, no, sir; I do not. I do not know who killed him. I swear, senor, I do not know. Outside is the fiesta. I cannot hear. I cannot see. So I do not know."

"Come here, you," commanded Lombardo. A man, dressed in white cotton trousers, a ragged shirt and carrying in his hand a battered straw sombrero, shuffled forward on gu-raches which were little more than leather soles for his bare feet.

"Who are you?" demanded Lombardo.

"I am Pedro, sir," the man replied nervously.

"Who are you? What do you do?"

"I am Pedro, the pulque man, sir."

"Pulque man," grunted Lombardo. "Why are you here?"

"I bring the pulque for the fiesta, sir."

"Yes, of course. But what do you know about the death of the gentleman in the big room?"

"Nothing, sir. I do not know there is a gentleman murdered."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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