



Puddings and Spice And All Things Nice Make Xmas Merry



Traditional holiday cookies and puddings can still appear in this year's celebrations. Make them simpler by using recipes in today's column.

Eyes bright and shining, hearts full of the Christmas spirit and wondrous expectation—you're not going to disappoint these even this holiday season!

There are many foods to please during holiday time and in former years our only worry was to have the time to make the puddings and cakes we wanted. Now, we have not only the time element to consider, but also the problem of rationed goods, prices, and time, too. For these reasons, today's recipes have been designed to fit all these requirements. Look them over, homemakers, and you'll find they quite fill the bill:

Christmas Pudding. (Serves 12)
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 1 egg
 1 cup molasses
 1 cup sour milk
 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in sour milk
 3 cups flour
 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
 1/2 teaspoon cloves
 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
 1 cup chopped raisins
 1/2 cup currants or seedless raisins
 1/2 cup candied citron
 1/2 cup gaudied cherries
 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream sugar and butter or margarine. Add egg, slightly beaten. Add spices to flour. Add molasses, milk and flour alternately, a little at a time, blending well. Add fruit and vanilla. Pour into two greased 1-quart pudding molds. Cover and steam for 3 hours. Serve with hard or foamy sauce.

If you want to splurge a bit and can afford it, here is an old-fashioned, real English plum pudding:

English Plum Pudding. (Serves 12)
 1/2 cup sifted cake flour
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1/2 teaspoon baking soda
 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
 1/2 teaspoon mace
 1/2 pound raisins, chopped
 1/2 pound dried currants, chopped
 1/2 pound citron, chopped
 1/2 pound lemon peel, chopped
 1/2 pound orange peel, chopped
 1/2 pound blanched almonds, chopped
 1/2 cup fine bread crumbs
 1/2 cup hot milk
 1/2 pound brown sugar
 5 eggs, separated
 1/2 pound suet, chopped
 1/2 cup fruit juice (any kind)
 1/2 glass currant jelly

Christmas Butter Fudge. (Makes 1 1/2 pounds)
 2 cups sugar
 1 cup milk
 1/2 cup butter
 1/4 teaspoon salt
 1/2 cup candied cherries, cut small
 1/2 cup blanched pistachios

Put milk, butter and salt into a large saucepan and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly until sugar is dissolved. Cook at moderate rate (236 to 237 degrees F.), stirring only occasionally, until candy will form a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Remove from heat immediately and set pan in cold water; do not stir or beat until cooled to lukewarm. Add vanilla and beat until candy becomes thick and creamy and loses its shine. When on point of "setting" add cherries and nuts and fold in quickly. Pour candy in buttered square pan and let stand at room temperature until firm. Cut in squares.

Baked Orange Garnish.
 8 oranges or tangerines
 1 cup fruit juice

Cut peeling of fruit into 8 sections, cutting down about 1 1/2 inches. Turn petal-like sections of peeling under, removing part of white membrane. Place on a baking dish. Pour juice over fruit and bake in a hot (400-degree) oven for about 10 minutes. Use with watercress or parsley as a garnish for ham or turkey.

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

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu
 Creamed Chicken in Mashed Potato Nests
 Parsleyed Carrots
 Crusty Rolls Lettuce Salad
 Cranberry Pudding

Sift flour, salt, soda and spices together; stir in fruit and almonds. Soften crumbs in milk 10 minutes. Beat sugar into beaten egg yolks; add the suet and crumbs; stir into fruit-flour mixture. Add fruit juice and jelly and mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into greased mold; cover tightly and steam for 3 1/2 hours.

Steamed Cranberry Pudding. (Serves 6)
 1 cup sifted flour
 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1/2 cup brown sugar
 1/2 cup bread crumbs
 1/2 cup finely chopped suet
 1 cup chopped cranberries
 1 egg
 1/2 cup milk or water

Mix ingredients in order given. Turn into a greased mold, cover with waxed paper and steam for 2 hours.

Foamy Cranberry Sauce. (Makes 1 1/2 cups)
 4 tablespoons butter
 1 cup confectioners' sugar
 1 egg, separated
 1/2 cup sweetened cranberry juice
 Creamed rind of 1 orange

Cream butter and sugar together. Add beaten egg yolk, cranberry juice and orange rind. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white just before serving.

Hard Sauce. (Makes 1/2 cup)
 1/2 cup butter
 1 cup confectioners' sugar
 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
 1 tablespoon cream

Cream butter, add sugar, gradually, beating until light and fluffy. When thoroughly combined, add flavoring and cream. Chill until cold but not hard. Coffee, ginger, nutmeg, fresh fruit or jam may be substituted for vanilla and cream.

To those of you to whom home-made candy is a real Xmas treat, you will find this recipe has the real holiday touch.

It will be a gay Christmas if you give out candies full of fruits and nuts. Home-wrapped packages bring cheery greetings to friends and neighbors.

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BLACK SOMBRERO
 by CLIFFORD KNIGHT

Elsa Chatfield, Hollywood artist, is disinherited by her Aunt Kitty, who died from an overdose of morphine. Hunt Rogers and Harry Madison go to Mazatlan, Mexico, to solve what they believe to be Kitty Chatfield's murder. On arrival they find that Elsa's party had preceded them by plane. During a festa at the ranch of Sam Chatfield (Elsa's father) James Chesebro is murdered. Lombardo, chief of Mexican police, arrests Reed Barton. Chatfield promises to use his influence to get Barton out. The party goes on a fishing trip for marlin, and on their return decide to visit Reed Barton. He has already been freed. They decide to go swordfishing next day in the Pacific rollers.

the other night, damn him, when he said it was Reed. I knew that he knew it was I, but I couldn't fathom why he lied about it. I thought, though, that it was for blackmail. Anyway, I gave him the hundred yesterday, and he asked, 'What's that for?' and I said, 'Think it over.' I thought everything was all right, and that he'd be quiet, or else raise the ante on me if he thought it was worth more than that."

"But blackmail—" began Rogers. "Yes, I know, Hunt. I'm the last person in the world to submit to that, but—you don't know Margaret. I'd rather cut my own throat than have her suspect me of any wrongdoing; I wouldn't deceive her for worlds. I never have. There was never anything between me and Kitty Chatfield, except a friendship. But I never could explain to Margaret why I was at Kitty's that evening. She thought I was at the Explorer's Club meeting. As a matter of fact I did go to the meeting. Kitty telephoned me there and asked me to come over at once; she said she needed my advice about something. It was urgent, but she wouldn't tell me what it was on the telephone. And I never did find out, because—she was dead when I got there. I'd entered without knocking, stumbled over the body on the floor. I heard some-

field eagerly, swinging about in his swivel chair. "About two hundred yards," Dwight estimated, motioning to the man at the wheel to change our course slightly to cross in front of our quarry.

Suddenly the three dorsal fins cutting the water near by disappeared. We crossed and re-crossed what we deemed to be the area where they might be found, but there was no sign. We stood in closer to the larger of the rocky islets. Something struck on Dwight's tackle, and was gone again. He reeled in and found part of his bait bitten off and he set to work to sew on another. Before he had finished Rogers called out as he had done in the bay at Mazatlan, "Thar she blows!"

A great silvery fish a quarter of a mile or so nearer the shore leaped clear of the water, seemed to walk on its tail and fell back with a splash visible from our small launch.

"They're here, gentlemen," declared Sam Chatfield with satisfaction. "It wouldn't be according to best tradition, however, to catch our fill the first half hour we're out. That isn't fishing. Although the last time I was here we took three in a short afternoon. That's—" He gripped his rod as his reel whined; something had struck hard. "That's it, Sam!" shouted Dwight. "That's a marlin."

"Yes, I think so, Dwight." He let the line run out, then his body suddenly stiffened. He checked his reel and pulled hard to sink his hook. A veritable submarine explosion followed at the end of his line, and away the line went for a long run, while Sam Chatfield settled down in his seat, the muscles about his mouth set hard, his eyes intent upon the area of blue water in which his marlin must be.

"Oh—oh, fellows," shouted Reed Barton. "I've got something. 'Tisn't a marlin, though."

"So have I," echoed Rogers.

They each had hooked a mackerel of five or six pounds, and were proceeding to reel them in when suddenly Sam Chatfield's marlin came to life. The swivel chair under him groaned and creaked as he braced himself to hold the giant fish in its desperate thrashings below the surface. Little by little he had reeled it in close, but it was not yet ready for the gaff. Suddenly the dorsal fin of a marlin appeared close by the launch, drawn, as we were soon to realize, by the rushes of the two mackerel.

"Look, fellows," Reed Barton shouted. "He's after my fish!"

Indeed it was; the long sharp sword was pointed in the direction of Reed's fish, now fighting at the surface. With an incredible rush the marlin was upon it, striking it with his sword.

It was Rogers who first realized the danger we were in; he called a warning. "I don't like that thing too near, Dwight." He started vigorously to reel in his own catch. The next moment I saw two wicked little turquoise blue eyes rising through the water, gleaming like sparkling gems as they caught the rays of the sun. And then something happened.

We were a long time piecing together exactly what occurred in the next few seconds of time. We went over and over it to make sure that we were correct in the sequence of events, and to the best of our belief this is what occurred: Sam Chatfield's marlin put on the brakes only a few feet, perhaps, below the surface and not far from the launch. Sam, thereupon, sat back hard in his chair, and the swivel mechanism beneath him gave way and he fell suddenly to the deck. The marlin must then have executed a turn and headed back toward his enemy in the launch.

This accident at the height of the excitement which gripped us, with two marlin being played, and Rogers and Reed Barton both reeling in smaller catches, which of a sudden were being pursued by a hungry marlin, was bewildering. Sam Chatfield appeared to scramble to his feet; he had thought only for his fish. But the breaking chair underneath him and his abrupt fall dislodged the butt of his rod from its leather socket, which struck him a hard blow in the pit of the stomach, for he grunted sharply as if his breath had been knocked partly from him. He had sufficient strength to get to his feet and presence of mind to keep a firm grip on his rod with a single hand, but as he rose to his feet he was off balance. The launch was pitching in the small chop of the waves, and of a sudden, before we could lift a hand, he toppled over the stern into the water.

So startling was this, and so quickly did it happen, that no one even so much as cried out. At the same time Rogers had risen to his feet in a desperate effort to swing his small fish from the water out of the reach of the pursuing marlin. There was a final short rush of a huge torpedo-like body rising from below, a mighty splashing as Sam Chatfield came gasping to the surface of the water, and the huge marlin he had been playing was upon him. Before our horrified gaze the long rapier-like bony sword drove directly through Sam Chatfield's chest from front to back.

"Where?" demanded Sam Chat-



His fists were clenched and his lips set tight.

body moving around upstairs. Someone came in at the front door—Margaret has since said that it was she—and I did get panicky. I ran out. I didn't stop running until I was up the street a way. Perhaps I passed Rumble; he says I did. I don't know."

He ended his confession, plunged his hand into his pocket for his cigarettes, and lighted one before any of us could speak.

The rhythmical beat of the ship's engines filled my waking consciousness. For some minutes in the faint light of dawn I lay looking at the humped figure of Huntoon Rogers in the opposite bunk, not realizing what it was or why there was the sound of the engines. Finally I roused completely, got up and looked out of the porthole, and there before my eyes, fading in the morning mists, was the sleeping town of Mazatlan.

"Oh, yes," I muttered to myself, returning to my bunk, "we're going fishing."

And so we were. At last Dwight Nichols was to indulge in the sport that had brought him so far from home, and which had suffered interruption and delay by what had happened on shore at Mazatlan. Not until after breakfast, however, did Mazatlan and all it stood for fall away from me like a cloak dropped from the shoulders, and I became a part of the Orizaba and a member of a fishing party. Margaret looked up from her plate as breakfast drew to a close, and exclaimed, "Why, where's George Rumble?"

For a moment no one replied, and then Arturo, the flat-faced Filipino who served, spoke apologetically.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Nichols. The gentleman in question do not come aboard last night, as you say for him to do."

Sam Chatfield was talkative, more so than at any time yet in my brief acquaintance with him.

"You and Elsa are quite good friends, aren't you?" he observed sociably, as he watched Dwight paying out the teaser, a cunningly carved and pivoted piece of wood which began to leap and wriggle and twist like a crazy fish in the choppy water.

"Look to starboard, gentlemen," sang out Reed Barton, pointing in the direction. "A collection of fins, or I'm mistaken."

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Complaint of Socrates
Appears Quite Up-to-Date
 Here is a complaint about etiquette that should interest every parent:
 "The children now love luxury, they have bad manners, contempt for authority, they show disrespect for elders, and love chatter in place of exercise. Children are now tyrants, not the servants of their households. They no longer rise when elders enter the room. They contradict their parents, chatter before company, gobble up dainties at the table, cross their legs, and tyrannize over their teachers."

The Greek philosopher Socrates registered the complaint over 2,000 years ago. We parents might as well resign ourselves.

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