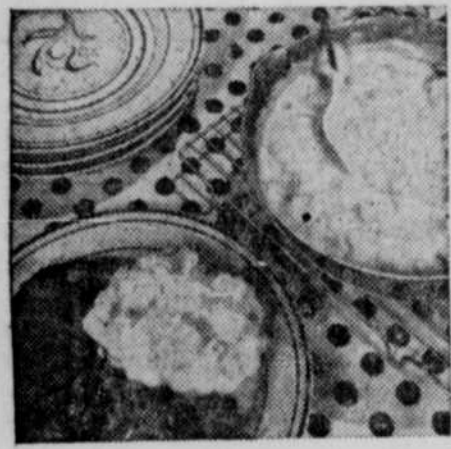


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers

Thrifty Lunches Use Vegetables, Noodles, Macaroni



Potatoes are easily creamed if they are cooked first, seasoned with onion and then blended together with smooth, tasty sour cream.

When points are low and luncheon presents itself, most of us are in a quandary. Are there foods to serve that are point-free and appetizing? Yes, there are, and I'm giving you several suggestions today which will make luncheons an easy matter to prepare.

I'd suggest that you make use of as many soups as possible for this mid-day meal. Use canned or dehydrated soups, if you're rushed for time. If you have bits of leftover vegetables, puree or dice them fine and add to a thin white sauce.

Hearty sandwiches go well with soups. You'll like cottage cheese, liver sausage, eggs and peanut butter combinations. A bit of crunchy celery will provide vitamins and minerals or crispy salads will add texture contrast to the bowl of soup and sandwich luncheon.

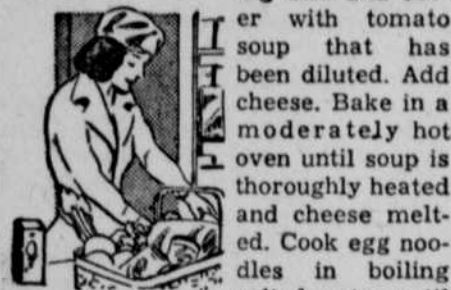
If the men folk come home for lunch and expect heartier fare, there is the macaroni family which you can put to good use. Use fresh or home-canned vegetables for flavor and color contrast with spaghetti, noodles and macaroni, add a well-seasoned sauce, and luncheon is all ready to be served.

This noodle platter with vegetables sells itself as soon as it arrives at the table:

Egg Noodles With Baked Onions and Lima Beans. (Serves 6)

- 1 8-ounce package of egg noodles
- 6 to 10 small onions
- 1 can condensed tomato soup
- 2 cups lima beans, fresh cooked or canned
- 1/2 cup diced or grated American cheese
- 3 tablespoons drippings
- Salt and pepper to taste

Parboil onions until tender, about 20 minutes. Arrange in shallow baking dish and cover with tomato soup that has been diluted. Add cheese. Bake in a moderately hot oven until soup is thoroughly heated and cheese melted. Cook egg noodles in boiling salted water until tender. Drain; add drippings and arrange on serving platter. Place baked onions around the mound of noodles and serve with tomato-cheese sauce. Buttered lima beans are a colorful, tasty addition.



Macaroni and mushrooms are the basis for this flavorful dish:

Macaroni and Mushrooms. (Serves 6)

- 1/2 pound boiled macaroni
- 1 tablespoon butter or substitute
- 1 small onion, cut fine
- 1 teaspoon flour
- 1 cup beef or chicken soup
- 1 pint stewed tomatoes
- 1 tablespoon dried mushrooms, soaked and heated
- Salt and cayenne pepper
- 1 teaspoon parsley, chopped
- 3 tablespoons grated American or Parmesan cheese

After macaroni has boiled in salted water, place in colander and let

Lynn Says:

Clothes Tips: To make clothes easy to iron, make sure the board is well padded with cloth and have the cover stretched tightly over it.

To keep clothes from freezing to the line, dip a cloth in a strong solution of salt and water and wipe line with it. Also, add a little salt to the last rinsing water for clothes.

To remove chewing gum from clothes, place the garments in the refrigerator and chill thoroughly. Then it scrapes off easily with a knife.

To remove grass stains from clothing, sponge with ammonia and water before washing.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu

- *Baked Potato Stuffed with Shrimp
- Stewed Tomatoes
- Grapefruit Salad
- Hot Biscuits
- Orange Chiffon Pie
- Beverage

*Recipe given.

cold water run over it. In the meantime, heat the butter and brown the onion. Blend in flour and soup stock, stirring until smooth and cook until thickened. Add tomatoes, strained, and let simmer 20 minutes. Add mushrooms, season with salt and cayenne pepper. Heat through, add parsley, place on platter and sprinkle cheese over top.

Spaghetti. (Serves 6)

- 1/2 pound spaghetti
- 2 quarts boiling water
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 can tomato liquid
- 2 cloves garlic, cut fine
- 4 bay leaves
- 1/2 teaspoon peppercorns
- Salt to taste
- 1/2 cup oil
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Boil spaghetti in water to which salt has been added. Drain a can of tomatoes and place aside the liquid with garlic, bay leaves, peppercorns and oil.

Cook until well seasoned, then pour over cooked spaghetti which has been drained and warmed. Serve sprinkled with grated cheese.

An unusual but delicious combination is this one which uses baked potato with shrimps:

*Baked Potato Stuffed With Shrimp. (Serves 4)

- 1 cup cooked or canned shrimp, cleaned
- 3 large baked potatoes
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Dash of pepper
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon minced onion
- 1 teaspoon finely minced parsley

Clean shrimp. Cut hot baked potato in halves lengthwise; scoop out inside. Mash; add butter, salt, pepper and milk. Beat well. Add onion, parsley and shrimp. Refill shells; bake in a hot oven at 450 degrees 5 to 8 minutes until lightly browned.

When potatoes are creamed, they are extraordinarily nutritious. In this case, sour cream is used in place of white sauce, and it's a captivating combination:

Quick Creamed Potatoes. (Serves 6 to 8)

- 3 cups Idaho potatoes, diced
- 1 small onion, cut fine
- 3 or 4 tablespoons thick sour cream
- Salt and pepper to taste

Place diced potatoes and onion into a heavy skillet. Add enough water to cover the bottom of the pan, about 1/2 inch deep. Cover tightly and cook until potatoes are tender but not mushy. The water should be nearly all evaporated by this time. Add the sour cream and stir constantly until well blended. Season with salt and pepper and serve at once.



An easy-to-prepare meat dish with noodles uses as vegetables onions and lima beans. A tomato-cheese sauce adds nourishment and flavor.

Potatoes are again highlighted, this time with salmon in a casserole: Scalloped Salmon and Potatoes. (Serves 6)

- 1/2 pound salmon, steamed and flaked
- 3 medium-sized potatoes
- 1/2 teaspoon sliced onion
- 4 tablespoons flour
- Salt and pepper
- 2 cups milk

Arrange layer of potatoes in greased casserole. Add half the salmon, onion, flour, salt and pepper. Make another layer of potatoes; add remaining salmon, onion, flour, salt and pepper. Cover with remaining potatoes. Pour on milk, and bake in a moderate oven at 350 degrees for 1 1/2 hours.

Get your sugar-saving recipes from Miss Lynn Chambers by writing to her in care of Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Des Plaines Street, Chicago 6, Ill. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply. Released by Western Newspaper Union.



Red Raskall

By CLARK McMEEKIN

W.N.U. SERVICE



THE STORY THUS FAR: Lark Shannon, whose beloved horse, Madoc, was sold to clear a debt when her father, Recor Shannon, died, sails for America from England at the invitation of David North, her childhood sweetheart, who has just returned to England from America. David, however, disappoints Lark by sailing the night before, and she is forced to make the trip alone. When in sight of the Virginia coast the ship encounters a violent storm and it is necessary to cut the horses loose to give them their chance. Lark manages to get into a life-boat but it is swamped. She grabs a spar and when she awakes feels solid ground beneath her. She saves Lancer, a prize horse, from quicksand.

CHAPTER VI

But suddenly the ponies seemed to sense the alien human presence and shied back in fright, stamping their tiny hoofs in a very ecstasy of fear. On the instant they wheeled and galloped, with flying manes and high-tossed heads, across the narrow spit of land.

Red Raskall, who, a moment ago, had been apparently as bewildered as Lark, neighed and quivered now with equine understanding. He flung up his head and his clarion call challenged the mares. Racing ahead of them, he led them straight across the point of the narrow island and into the dashing surf. In a scrambling mass they were after him, rushing, pell-mell, whinnying once more with delirious delight.

She stood there at last, alone and forlorn. After a time she wandered aimlessly along the beach.

It was mid-afternoon now, and the shore would seem less lonely, less terrifying. Even the noise of the breakers, loud and rhythmic and compelling, would be better than their far-off booming here in the interior, where their faint thunder seemed but an accent to the silence.

The outcropping ridge of rock extended clear through the island and ended at last in a sort of shelving tableland of stone, perhaps some fifteen feet in circumference, just above the beach. From here she could see the water and be able to attempt to flag any passing ship or approaching fishing boat. She noted at once that to one side the rocks were piled up in a kind of pyramid. Carefully the stones had been placed to make a shelter.

Why it was a house, a little playhouse, almost! Eagerly she bent to examine it. Branches of scrub pine had been crisscrossed to form a back wall, and the sand was banked protectively against it. The side walls were of rock, and the roof was a slate-like slab that only a strong man could have raised. It was scarcely waist high and, at first glance, more like an animal's lair than a human habitation.

Bending low and peering into the shadows at the back, Lark saw a pile of things, stores and treasures in a neat-stacked heap. A pony skin had been stretched as a cover but had slipped off. She crawled inside and gathered up the things, bringing them out with her.

She sat down then and spread them out in front of her. Here were a small curving knife, flint and tinder, and a wooden box of hard ship-biscuits. They were a little moldy and damp, but Lark ate them with ravenous delight. A while ago she had found some bitter berries, but these had not half satisfied her hunger. The box was full of biscuits. There would be enough to last her for several days, she thought. She held them in her hands, longing to eat them all now, but knowing how foolish that would be. With an effort of will power, she returned most of them to the box.

She found next a ship's spy-glass, a neat little folding contraption, which could be pulled out and focused. She went down to the edge of the water then and adjusted it carefully to her vision, hoping that, in the fading light of the late afternoon, she might be able to catch sight of a sail on the horizon.

Just beyond the incoming breakers, there floated a bale of hay, which seemed to be drifting steadily toward the shore. Lark watched it for a while and then turned away with a sigh. It was growing dark now, and she was beginning to be frightened by the loneliness and by her returning hunger.

At last she acknowledged defeat and utter discouragement and crept back to the little rock shelter where, after breaking one of the remaining biscuits in tiny pieces and eating it, bit by bit, she finally curled up to sleep. She tried to mound the sand over her body and still keep her face free. The fog had come in once more, and its clamminess was like the touch of a cold, dead hand, like the hand of the Moor.

Like an animal, Lark burrowed deep into the sand. Again and again she woke during the endless night, woke to ease her cramped body from the suffocating weight that overwhelmed her.

When she awakened she was steaming hot, and her arms and face were painfully sunburned.

crush the sweet green grass underfoot. Once she saw signs of the ponies with marks of their tiny hoofs, but no print big enough for Lancer was here. The tiny circles looked old and weathered, the edges were gray and powdery and the spoor was half-erased.

It was just before dawn the next morning that Lark awoke to hear the splash of oars and to discern the dim outline of an approaching dinghy.

After a time the awkward dinghy pulled up from the tide and was beached not far from her. A man, a boy, in rough dungarees and with unkempt hair streaming to his shoulders, was coming up the sand, coming straight toward her. She stirred and he stood for a second listening, hardly more of a human figure than the ponies had been. He was tall and gaunt, but there was a narrow straightness about him that spoke of youth and of unreach and unrealized male strength.

Lark's urgency roughened her voice and coarsened it. "Here," she cried out. "Here! I'm by the rock shelter!"

"I see you! You leave my things be!" The figure came running toward Lark, catching up a short,



"I was shipwrecked."

heavy oar from the beached dinghy, waving it threateningly, holding the flaring lantern forward in the other hand.

"I'm not hurting your things!" Lark screamed at him.

"You be a girl, ben't you? What you doin' here?" He was quite near her now, a tall, unkempt young man, staring at her with deep-set unwelcoming eyes.

"I was shipwrecked. I washed up here days ago. . . . I-I thought nobody would ever find me. I've been here—days and nights—such a long time." She tried to steady herself against the trembling, sick relief flooding through her at the blessed shock of another human presence.

"That Tempora ship, I reckon." His speech was strange to Lark. He had a curious way of making the words, half-formed flat words. His wild brown hair hung almost to his shoulders. He looked lean and strong and angry, standing there in his disreputable dungarees and short torn and tattered jacket.

"Yes," Lark said, "Yes, the Tempora." She knew she was going to cry, could feel the sob tearing itself out of her. She sat down, bleakly, in the sand and put her head in her arms, giving over to the thick, punishing sobs.

"I'm sorry you—had to get washed in here. Pity you couldn't have been in that life-boat that come in. . . . This is a mighty lonesome place for a lone girl by herself."

His voice was gentle now, kindly. His speech was easier, with less of the thick softness, the guttural pronouns.

Lark said again, childishly, "I didn't hurt your things. I did eat some of your biscuits. I suppose they were yours."

"Un was hungry." He sat down in the sand, opposite her, staring at her intently. "I'm glad you found 'em. . . . I never saw you, a while back, just somethin' movin', an' I was afraid Cony—" He broke off, then went on. "My few things ain't much. I take shame for yellin' at un, like I did."

"That's all right." Lark could control herself now, could try to smile at this tall, gentle young man with the tragic eyes and the half-gentle, half-almost savage way of speaking.

"I'm Galt Withe. I'm bound servant to Mag and Cony Vurney that runs the inn over to the Peninsula. He gestured off toward the cloudy west. "We tried to help that sinkin' ship. You could see the rocks plain. But it was a coast-wise hurricane. Couldn't no small boat make

out. 'Twas a great wonder anybody come out of it alive."

Lark thought of those life-boats, those little boats.

She said, "I was in a boat and it went down. It didn't even get a start. I guess all of the others in that boat drowned."

"Doubtless. . . . A girl, 'bout your age, was in the boat that got in safe. Her and her father, Squire Terraine. Complained they lost six fine horses. Half wild, those folks, postin' rewards for horses no doubt drowned, because one fellow's big gray horse swam all the way to shore, safe as a muskrat—horse owned by a squeaky-voiced man, name of Plascutt Dawes."

Lark shuddered, remembering those horses in the ship's hold.

"There was a powerful big woman, Minnie Buxtree," he said. "A couple of bound wenches. . . . a preaching man and a baby. . . . those Terraines and that Mr. Plascutt Dawes, I mentioned to you. . . . I disremember any Clelia. There was but a few."

Lark was crying quietly again, the weeping of release, of joy at the filling of her terrible need for human companionship. To know her loneliness was broken was unutterably gratifying.

He glanced at the sky, stood up, stretching his arms, a slim and beautifully muscular figure in the pale light. He blew out the horn lantern. He said, "Sun be up in a minute."

"Is this island far from the mainland?" Lark asked.

"You could see it if it wasn't for the September fog. It's ten miles, maybe, maybe a little better. . . . The Peninsula. Some call it Virginia, some Maryland. Lot o' islands hereabouts. See them, easy, on a clear day. This is Ghost Island, Landre's Hurricane Island, and Pony Island, and a lot of little nameless hitches of marsh grass and sand. Chincochee, off yonder, is big, with people on her. Asateague, too. Not many people come to this place. That's why I keep my things here, what things I got. Guineas on the shore hate and fear this island, proper."

"Guineas?"

"Oysterin' people, along the Peninsula. I ben't Guinea, but I reckon I look like one, all right. I-I live with 'em."

"I've never seen any."

"You'll see 'em. . . . Smell 'em before you see 'em. . . . Smells like the bottom of an old boat, does Guinea folk. I hate them, all the way through my body and soul. . . . I'm bound to Cony, four more years. Four more years. . . . My folks died off when I was twelve, and Sheriff bound me out. I've served pretty near six years. I've got four more. I'm nearly nineteen, and I've got four years—"

"You change from one minute to the next, Galt. At first I could hardly understand a word you said. But now you sound—"

"I reckon I picked up a lot of Guinea talk. My father'd break me of it if he was alive. He had a scorn for Guineas, though he doctored 'em when they had a need."

"Your father was a doctor?"

"Doctor and preacher and poll-ticker," Galt said with a clear note of pride. "He was ever a great one for books, too. I can read. Can you?" He colored up, watching her closely.

Lark said gravely that she could, and he said quickly, defensively, "I knowed un could. Likely un took me for a fool to ask un that. Why do un have to question me so close?" "I won't question you," Lark smiled at him. "And you don't have to talk Guinea to me. I understood you better a while ago."

He went to the dinghy and brought back a slab of bread and some strong cheese. "You must be hungry, lady. Have bread."

"My name's Lark," Lark accepted some bread and broke off a piece of cheese. "Thank you, Galt. I am hungry. If it hadn't been for your biscuits I don't know what I'd have done."

"I wish I'd guessed," he said simply, "that you were out here. I wish I had."

He was speaking with a slow prideful care, watching her, waiting for her every word. They lay in the sand in the shade of the fog bushes and the stone wall and scrub pine. A delightful sense of peace and rest stole over Lark. She closed her eyes. . . .

When she awoke, startled, feeling the catch of the loneliness again, calling out for him, Galt said gently, "I watched un asleep, there, and I couldn't think to waken un. Un looked so happy like, and—and so pretty, Lark. . . . But we'd better think what to do, where's the best place to make for."

"You'll take me to the inn," Lark said, astonished, "won't you? When you go. . . . Why, Galt—Galt—"

All her arguments, all her pleadings and reasonings were lost on him. He said, simply and stubbornly, "I don't aim to take you to the inn, Lark." He repeated it doggedly, maddeningly.

"I certainly don't aim to stay here!" She mocked him, furiously, in his own thick half-gentle, half-Guinean way.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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