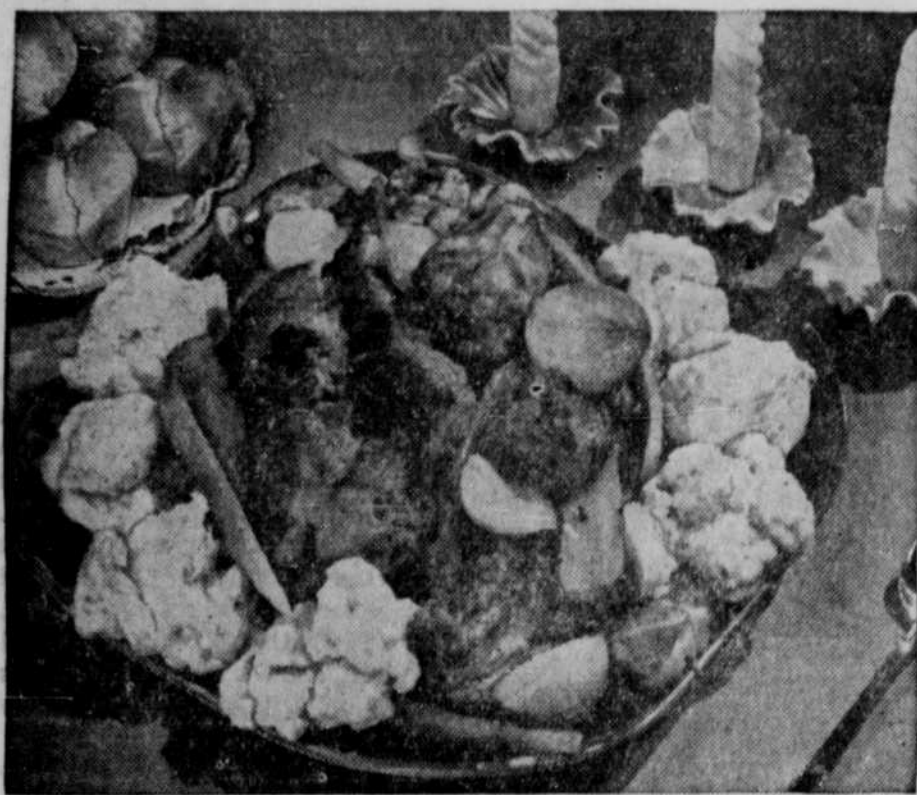


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Stew and Dumplings Are a Point-Saver
(See Recipes Below)

Meat Magic

In 1944 the average civilian ate 143 pounds of meat. This year the outlook per civilian is estimated at about 134 pounds per person.

It doesn't take much mental arithmetic to make us see that we'll be doing with less meat this year than before—but then, you've probably already noticed that trend at your butcher's.

As a nation we're greater pork eaters than beef eaters, says a recent survey made by the government, but that will have to change at least for this year. Pork loins, hams, shoulders, spare ribs and bacon will continue to be scarce. The higher grades of beef are going to the armed forces, while lower grades of beef, though not abundant, will be more abundant. Veal supplies are quite scarce as are the top grades of lamb.

All of this means one thing for Mrs. America. She will get less meat, and if she wants to get meaty flavor it will have to be stretched. If she doesn't do that, she will have a few meals with meat and others without.

There are good ways to stretch meat—old-fashioned ways like dumplings, bread dressings and stuffings, rice, macaroni, noodles and spaghetti. For those of you who choose having meat "as is" in your menus, there are delightful fish dishes to fill in the days when meat is unobtainable.

When you want those precious red points to do the most work for you, buy the low-point cuts and dress them up with herbs, flavorful gravies and colorful vegetables. Here's a lineup of recipes you'll well appreciate these days:

Lamb Stew With Dumplings.

- (Serves 6)
2 pounds lamb
2 tablespoons flour
Salt and pepper
2 tablespoons lard
6 small potatoes
6 carrots
6 small onions
1 cup water

Cut lamb breast, flank or neck meat into 1 1/2 inch cubes. Dredge in flour, then brown well on all sides in hot lard. Season, add water and simmer 1 1/2 hours. Add vegetables. Cover and continue cooking until vegetables are tender. Drop dumplings on top of meat and vegetables. Cover and cook without removing lid for 15 minutes.

Dumplings.

- 2 cups sifted flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons lard
1 egg
About 3/4 cup milk

Lynn Says:

Meat Needs Stretching: Bread and cracker crumbs are natural for extending ground meats like lamb, beef, pork or veal. Use for meat loaves and patties.

Vegetables should start coming into their own for stretching stews, short ribs, roasts, etc. Carrots, onions, potatoes, green beans, tomatoes and cabbage are all mighty fine.

Don't neglect such dishes as meat pies with biscuit or mashed potato crusts. The meat mixture may be extended with gravy and vegetables.

Make surprise meat balls with rice tucked inside. Or, stretch the roast or braised meat with noodles and rich gravy.

Spaghetti and macaroni make a meal complete even if only a little meat is used. Use cream sauces with diced egg, seasoned tomato sauce or tasty gravy.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menus.

- *Lamb Stew with Dumplings
- Fresh Pears-Lime Gelatin Salad
- Bran-Raisin Muffins
- Orange Marmalade
- *Chiffon Pie Beverage
- *Recipe given.

Sift together dry ingredients. Cut in lard. Break egg into a one-cup measuring cup. Beat slightly with fork and add enough milk to make 1 cup liquid. Add liquid to dry ingredients. Stir lightly. Drop by spoonfuls into boiling broth or stew. Cover tightly and cook for 15 minutes without peeking. Do not remove cover. Serve at once. This recipe makes six large dumplings.

Liver is known as a variety meat because it has variety of texture and flavor. Here is a grand way to fix it:

Liver Supreme.

- (Serves 6)
1 1/2 pounds liver, sliced
1/4 cup french dressing
6 carrots, sliced
6 onions
1 green pepper, sliced
1/2 cup water

Marinate (soak) liver in french dressing for 30 minutes in refrigerator. Brown liver in hot drippings. Top with vegetables and add the water. Cover tightly and cook slowly until both liver and vegetables are tender. Beef and pork liver require 45 minutes cooking time while lamb and veal liver need 30 minutes.

Whenever it's possible, use a combination of veal, pork and beef in your meat loaves. In the following recipe, the tastiness is increased by using sour cream, prepared mustard, paprika and Worcestershire sauce. Lemon juice adds piquancy to the meat when used, while brown sugar gives a bit of sweetening that you will enjoy. Use a large sized loaf pan for baking or shape into loaf when baking in a utility pan.

Spicy Meat Loaf.

- (Serves 6 to 8)
1 pound ground beef
1 pound ground pork or veal
1 1/2 cups bread crumbs
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 cup milk
Salt and pepper
1/2 cup sour cream
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
1 teaspoon paprika
1/2 cup lemon juice or tomato catsup
2 teaspoons brown sugar
Dash of Worcestershire sauce
1/2 cup hot water

Combine ground meat or have it ground together. Mix next four ingredients into meat mixture. Pack into a loaf pan. Mix remaining ingredients in order given and pour over loaf. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for 1 1/2 hours.

You'll like trout whether you're a fish lover or not. Enhance its subtle taste with these seasonings:

Baked Trout With Tomato Sauce.

- (Serves 6)
2 pounds trout
2 cups tomatoes
1 cup water
1 slice onion
3 cloves
1/2 teaspoon sugar
3 tablespoons bacon drippings
3 tablespoons flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper

Cook tomatoes, water, onion, cloves and sugar 20 minutes. Melt drippings, add flour and stir into hot mixture. Add salt and pepper. Cook 10 minutes and strain. Clean fish and place in baking dish. Pour half the sauce over it and bake 35 minutes in a moderate oven, basting occasionally. Remove to hot platter and pour remaining sauce (hot) over fish. Garnish with parsley.

Released by Western Newspaper Union.



Red Raskall

By CLARK M'CEEKIN

W.N.U. SERVICE



THE STORY THUS FAR: Lark Shannon, whose horse, Madoc, was sold to clear a debt when her father died, sails from England for America. David North, whom she loves, was to make the trip with her but disappoints her by sailing the night before. Lark's ship goes down but she reaches land, and Galt Withe, a bound servant to innkeeper Cony, finds her on an island and brings her food. The two manage to get a halter on Lark's horse, who had escaped from the sinking ship. Galt leaves for the mainland in his boat, but refuses to take Lark along, which causes her much wonder and concern. In the evening he returns with Cony, who questions Lark closely about everything.

CHAPTER VIII

If Cony should beat him . . . If she had only listened to Galt, had trusted him, when he tried to tell her in his inarticulate way that she mustn't come alone to the inn. . . She thought of Red Raskall out on the island, alone, hobbled. . . He could get food and water, of course. But suppose the ponies came back and he tried to follow them into the ocean and was drowned. . .

Galt tied up the yawl and Cony scrambled out, picking up a conch shell and blowing a long fluttering wailing note. The figure of a woman appeared in the inn doorway, and Cony called:

"Un, Mag! Bide an' see Galt's fish! Galt he hooked up a weinch for un!" He reached for Lark's hand, pulling her to the flat.

Mag said nothing, made no greeting, but simply stared at Lark while Cony told his story. They were walking up the beach now, past great mountains of oyster shells, gleaming in the last of the saffron sunlight. When Cony mentioned Lark's threat to appeal to David North, Mag grunted.

Mag ladled out a bowl of chowder for Lark and gestured her to a shuck-bottomed chair. As she sipped a little of the hot, strong soup, Lark heard a scuffling whining sound in the back of the cooking quarters. Cony stepped to a slatted door, near the chimney, opened it, and let two gaunt black and brown hounds in. They came at once to Lark, noses twitching, great jaws slack, panting in the warmth. Like Mag, they stared at Lark, stared solemnly and with a foolish sullen wonder, and then one hound dropped his big bulging head to his paws and began a long, remote thread of sound, a heaving, sighing, wavering moan that rose, trembled, broke, rose again, getting stronger, rolling in from all the walls of the room like the purring of a wildcat, a throttling, hurting, miserable howl.

Lark dropped her wooden spoon and clapped her hands over her ears until the sound shivered and died at last. "Did Old Dog scare un, sweet?" Cony broke off, glancing uneasily at Mag. "Old Dog don't like un's smell, Lark." Mag's eyes were fixed on Lark with clear hostility. "She be ill luck. Let her get on to Norfolk, I say. Put her out."

Cony snapped his fingers and the two hounds huddled back in the corners of the hearth. "Us keep 'em chained at times," Cony said, "an, lets 'em free at others. . . Old Dog he got whiff o' Galt about Lark, Mag. Old Dog never cared for Galt. She ben't bad luck, Mag. The Cargoe Riske'll pay dear for her."

Mag came to Lark and fingered the staff of her dress. "It's none so fine," she said briefly. "An' suppose us gits the Cargoe Riske on our necks, an' no money for the wench?"

"Matson, then," Cony whined. "Matson'd pay nice for a Cargoe Riske man's woman. Be un North's woman, Lark?" Mag and Cony talked quite as freely as if Lark had been deaf. Matson was clearly a man they obeyed and feared. Lark gathered that he had a rendezvous here, that he was due in from a sea trip at any time, that neither Mag nor Cony knew David North except by name and his connection with the Cargoe Riske Company. Mag, superstitious and plainly jealous of Cony, was in favor of starting Lark for Hornstown, and not holding her for ransom. Old Dog was a sure-footed sign-giver, Mag held. But in the end, Cony over-rode her. Cony's argument and her own un concealed greed.

The next few days were filled with the very feel and pull of active, anxious waiting. Lark, doing the rough duties Mag and Cony gave her, had no idea what they expected to do with her. Both of them were busy, preoccupied, watching the sky-line from time to time, smelling the wind, when it rose, like animals.

"Smellin' for the Runnymede," Cony explained to Lark, one clear morning, licking his finger, holding it up, sniffing it, then. "She's got a stink like a dead whale, sweetmeat." Never, in these six days, had Lark had a chance to talk to Galt, alone. She was half wild with anxiety for him, for Red Raskall out on the island, for herself. She wasn't sure Galt had been beaten that first night, but there was no hint about this surly, hangdog creature, of the quick, brave young man who had emerged for a little time, from the Guinea-shell of Galt, that short time she had spent with him on the island.

Lark couldn't run away. She was

too carefully watched. And always there were the two great hounds, chained when Mag and Cony were at leisure, freed when they were busy with their chores.

It was on this seventh day, September twelfth, according to her reckoning, that a sail was sighted. Immediately a feel of hurry and excitement caught the place. Cony took a cart and drove to market for fresh meat. Mag changed the filthy brown calico for a pink one, set Lark and Galt to sanding the tables, swabbing benches, watering the dusty earthen floor.

It was then that Lark and Galt had a chance to talk, just a little—scant words when Mag left the room. It was the Runnymede, all right, Galt said, Matson and one of his filthy blackbirds. . . Maybe, just barely maybe, he and Lark might get away during the confusion of the landing. . . Red Raskall was safe. Galt had been to the island twice to see to him. . . If the yawl was left unchained he would contrive to let Lark know, and they could try again to get away, try to go for the horse, and sail on down the coast with him. . . Galt had been half-crazed with worry over Lark's safety. He refused to answer when she asked about the lashing, but he was frantic to get her away before Matson saw her, he said as much. The Runny would weigh anchor about dusk, he thought. That would be better than broad day. He watched the sky. . .

Cony had gone out to meet her in the yawl. Mag was at the river point,



Lark thanked him and put them on

watching, waiting for the excitement of the landing. It was then that Galt managed to get Lark unseen, into his shack.

"Bide un here," he was alert, eager, now. "I'll cargo in a load and pick un up from this window hole. Bide now, quiet!"

He gave her his little spy-glass, fetched lately from his treasure cache and hidden here. "I lend it to un," he said, and Lark smiled and said she would be careful.

Coloring, he reached into his pocket and brought out the string of blue beads. "This be yourn," he said hesitantly. "I give this to un—to you. I want you should have this, Lark."

Lark thanked him and put them on. He left the shack and soon the yawl slid out of her berth. The Runny was still, now. Lark could see the sailors hurrying about on her reddish aged decks, could see the anchors take water, hear the shouts and excitement of coming to land. In the dying light she could see the casks and baskets lowered into the waiting boats, into Cony's and Galt's, and onto a great awkward barge, poled by Negroes who had come down the hill path from the mysterious gray structure among the higher trees.

Wild Negro slaves. Lark could see them, chained, herded off the ship to the waiting small boats. . . Several boatloads of gypsies, chattering, arguing, gesticulating, swarmed over the ship's sides. The sailors, every color, every nationality, it seemed to Lark, looking through Galt's little glass now, were putting their sea-sacks over, hurrying the landing. It was a scene of color, of contrast, of quick living beauty, but with it was the stench of filth and misery, the moans of the manacled slaves.

Again and again the boats made the trip to shore and back. Each time, Galt eased the yawl a little nearer the river shack, and Lark felt, now, this time, he'll beckon me and we'll try to get away—it's nearly dark, nearly. . .

The huge barge, poled by the four Negroes, came past the shack where Lark waited. It was loaded with gipsy wagons and a number of their horses. It moved ponderously, precariously and uncannily

toward the shore.

The captain's boat, flag flying, was coming now. A slim and rather elegant-looking man in a black cape stood in the stern, and when the ship's officers in the small-boat addressed him obsequiously as "Dr. Matson, sir," Lark peered at him with interested curiosity and uneasiness.

A small-boat of gypsies, losing its course, careened across the path of the captain's boat and was heartily cursed. A gipsy man laughed impudently and bent his head over a fiddle, sending a scrap of melody across the water, tenuous, passionate. . .

And then Lark noticed the big gipsy with the oars, the black-haired gipsy behind the fiddler, the laughing gipsy with the Red Raskall handkerchief twisted about his throat, and she called once, "David!"

She rushed from the shack, then, following the course of the boat, but the big gipsy gave her no look of recognition, and Lark knew that she mustn't call again, prayed that nobody had heard her call his name, a moment ago. Because it was David, and he must have made the trip with the gypsies in an effort to get the proof that he needed, of Matson's chicanery.

"See anybody you knowed, un Lark?" Mag asked. "Did un call out, just now?"

"No," Lark said, conscious of Galt's reproachful back as he took the yawl back on its last lap. "I was just thinking how—beautiful they are, gypsies. That young girl and boy—there, with the old woman with the white hair. They are twins, aren't they?"

Mag looked at Lark quietly for a long moment. Then she said, "I don't know. I don't care, and neither does un, sweetmeat!"

It was early the next morning before Lark got the chance for a word with Galt. The courtyard was deserted, and he crossed cautiously from his hut to talk with her.

His eyes were reproachful, she thought. "I'm sorry, Galt," she looked up at him. "I just couldn't keep from calling out when I saw David."

"Be you sure it was North, dressed in them gipsy rags?"

She nodded. "I couldn't be mistaken. It was David, right enough."

"Did he see you? Did he give heed to your call?"

"No," Lark admitted with reluctance. "He didn't speak, but he had good reason not to. I know that. I should have waited for a sign from him before I called."

"I would have spoke, Lark," Galt said with quiet assurance. "I would have spoke you sure, had I been David North."

Lark said, "You don't understand, Galt. David knows what's best."

Mag came bustling into the courtyard then and said, "Galt, I told un take the pony-beast and tumble-cart and go haul the morning's catch of rock-fish up from the cove."

Cony had been watching them. He was squatting at the far side of the courtyard opening the morning's haul of oysters with his little cobby-knife, dumping the plump bodies into a dirty bucket and tossing the empty shells onto the huge mound which extended across the back of the court, walling it in, almost.

The remainder of the morning was spent in a bustle and confusion of preparation for the night's feast. The only interruption was when the gipsy fiddler and the white-haired gipsy with her twin boy and girl whom Lark had noted last night came down from the camp on the hill to ask if they could buy a supply of fish for the noon-pot.

Lark loved to question them about David but got no chance to do so. As Mag took a small silver coin from the woman, bit it, and dropped it into the leather pouch that hung at her side, bidding them fill their kettle from the load of rock-fish Galt had brought in, Lark studied the group.

As they scooped the shining fish into their copper kettle, the fiddler leaned lazily against the wall of the inn. In a moment his languishing eyes fastened on Lark and he began to sing:

"Agur, Bettiri,
Ongi ethorri,
Bizi ziradeya oraino?
Bai, Bizi naiz eta bizi gogo
Hartzekoak bil arteraino."

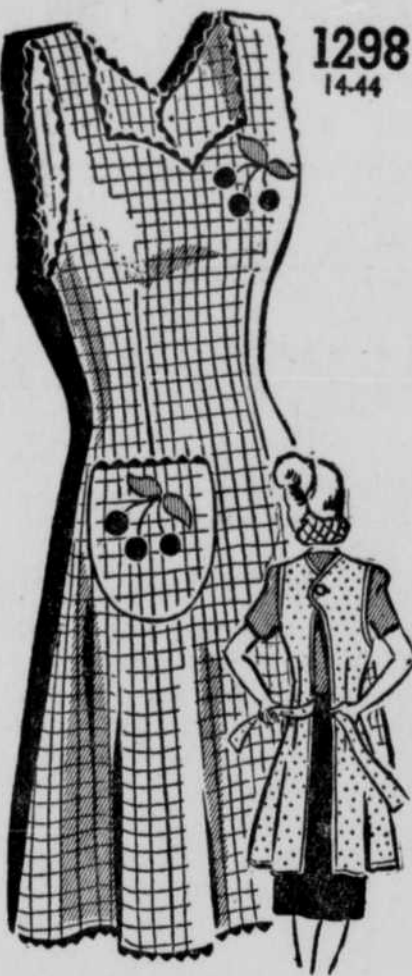
"I speak every language," the man boasted to Lark. "I am Ginko, a great musician and singer. I know the love songs of every nation and of every tribe. In what speech would you have me sing for you, my little dove?"

The gipsy woman spoke to her children with great dignity: "Chal, Dosta, it is enough. We will have fish a-plenty for the pirria." She nodded like an empress to the innkeeper and his wife. The boy and girl smiled with shy friendliness at Lark and slung the filled kettle between them on a stout stave. Ginko, with an exaggeratedly low bow, blew a kiss in Lark's direction and fell in line behind them, fiddling as he went.

Lark felt that if only she could follow them for a little way along the wooded path she might be able to lead them into talk and perhaps have some word of David. Why, perhaps it had been for this very reason they had come to the inn. The sudden thought came to her now as they were leaving.

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