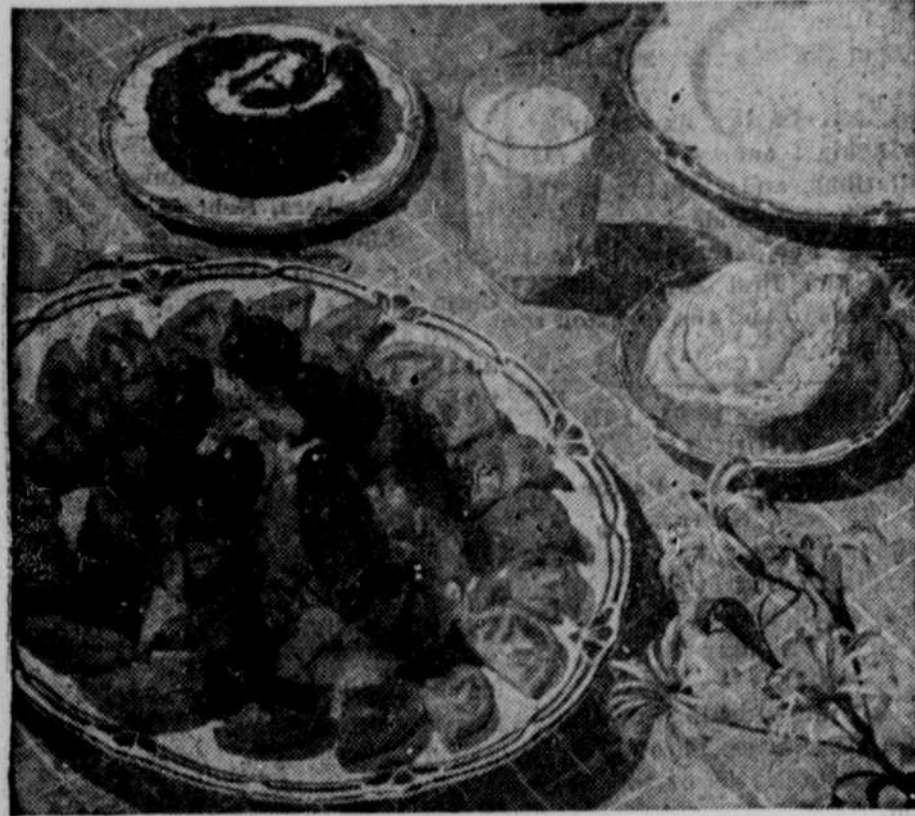


# HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Simplicity Is the Keynote for Entertaining (See Recipes Below)

### Tricks for the Hostess

No smart woman need be in a dilemma when it's time for her to entertain. It takes more than rationing and food shortages to do that. Indeed, if you don't breathe a word about how difficult it was to get it together, your friends will think you are giving them a glimpse of prewar entertaining.

You can stretch the precious meat with a supporting cast of vegetables. If you're serving nonrationed eggs, gild them with a bit of cheese and no one will dream that you had to do some fancy extending.

What about sugar? Well, there are syrups, point-free prepared puddings and molasses. No, there need be no difficulties; dress up your dishes and carry on.

Entertaining is fun, but that means fun not only for the guests but for the hostess. It's all up to you whether the party's going to be pleasant for you or not. Gather your point-free recipes, plan accordingly and I'm sure it will all come out all right.

Let's pretend your guests are coming in for an evening of conversation and a bit of food later on. You'll want a good beverage or cool drink and with that an unusual cake. Here is one made to order for the occasion:

**\*Prune Cake.**  
 2 cups sifted cake flour  
 1 cup sugar  
 1 teaspoon baking powder  
 1/2 teaspoon soda  
 1/2 teaspoon salt  
 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon  
 1/2 teaspoon each, ground cloves, nutmeg, allspice  
 1/2 cup lard  
 2 eggs  
 1 cup prunes, cooked without sugar.  
 1/2 cup milk

Sift together all dry ingredients. Blend about 1/2 of the mixture with the lard until soft and fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs and beat light. Cut prunes into small pieces and sprinkle with 2 tablespoons of the dry mixture. Add remaining dry ingredients to creamed mixture together with 1/2 cup of the milk. Stir smooth. Add remaining milk and prune mixture and then pour into greased layer pans. Bake in a moderate (350-degree) oven until done, 25 to 30 minutes. This cake is good with a mocha or lemon icing.

Delicately spiced cookies are good to have in the cookie box because they're easy to fall back on when the crowd comes in for refreshments:

**Maple Nut Balls.**  
 1/2 cup lard  
 1/2 cup brown sugar  
 1/2 teaspoon salt

### Lynn Says:

**Quick Tips:** To make a novel dinner or luncheon dish, broil slices of bologna from which casings have been removed. Then fill the cups with creamed potatoes and onions or any other creamed vegetable.

When making hamburgers for a crowd, wrap each individually in waxed paper. The rounds may be cut with a cookie cutter to make them an even size.

When making scalloped potatoes, prepare a complete main dish by placing slices of dried beef in between the sliced potatoes.

Combine mashed sweet potatoes and cooked, crumbled pork sausage meat in a casserole. A topping of freshly sliced pears or apples sprinkled with brown sugar makes this a big favorite. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

Liver is delicious when marinated (soaked) in French dressing before broiling or frying.

### Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menus

Creamed Deviled Eggs over Crisp Noodles  
 Buttered Peas and Celery  
 Apricot Cottage Cheese Salad  
 Whole Wheat Bread Spread  
 \*Prune Cake Beverage

\*Recipe given.  
 1/2 cup sour milk or buttermilk  
 1 teaspoon soda  
 1 teaspoon ginger  
 1 cup molasses  
 2 1/2 cups flour (about)

Cream lard, sugar and salt together. Add sour milk in which soda has been dissolved. Add ginger and molasses and enough flour to make dough that is not sticky. Shape into small balls and bake on oiled pans at 375 degrees. While still hot, press the flat sides together and roll in maple-flavored icing, made with confectioners' sugar. Roll in finely chopped nuts. It takes 10 to 12 minutes to bake cookie balls.

**Oatmeal-Mincemeat Cookies.** (Makes 2 1/2 dozen cookies)  
 1 1/2 cups sifted flour  
 1/2 teaspoon baking soda  
 1/2 teaspoon salt  
 1/2 cup shortening  
 1/2 cup light brown sugar, firmly packed  
 1 egg  
 1 cup oatmeal, uncooked  
 1/2 cup chopped nuts  
 1 cup mincemeat

Sift together flour, baking soda and salt. Cream the shortening, add the brown sugar, then egg and beat until light and fluffy. Last fold in oatmeal, nuts and mincemeat, blending well. Add flour mixture and stir until all flour disappears. Drop by spoonfuls onto greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderately hot (375-degree) oven for 12 to 15 minutes.

As main dishes for luncheons or suppers, I'm suggesting two fish dishes which will be substantial enough even if there are hearty appetites present. They can both be as pretty as a picture to please the ladies:

**Shrimp Curry in Rice Ring.** (Serves 6)  
 3 tablespoons butter or fat  
 4 tablespoons flour  
 2 cups shrimp, fresh, cooked, cleaned  
 Milk  
 2 teaspoons curry powder  
 4 cups cooked rice  
 1/2 cup dark corn syrup

Melt butter or fat; blend in flour. Gradually add milk to flour mixture, enough to make about 2 cups sauce. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Place over hot water, add shrimp. Add curry which has been mixed with a little water. Combine rice with dark corn syrup and pack firmly in a quart mold. Set in a pan of water and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes. To serve, unmold rice ring and fill center with shrimp mixture.

**Salmon Loaf.** (Serves 4 to 6)  
 2 cups steamed salmon, flaked  
 1/2 cup bread crumbs  
 1/2 cup milk  
 1 egg  
 1 tablespoon salt  
 1 tablespoon butter, melted

To flaked salmon, add other ingredients in order given. Grease loaf pan and line with cut sweet pickle slices. Pack salmon mixture into this. Set in a shallow pan containing water. Bake in a moderate oven (375 degrees) about 1 hour or until loaf is firm. Unmold onto hot platter and garnish with parsley and stuffed olives or pickle fans.

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# Red Raskall

By CLARK M'CEEKIN

W.N.U. SERVICE



THE STORY THUS FAR: While voyaging from England to America Lark Shannon's ship goes down. She is cast upon an island, and Galt Withe, a bound servant, rescues her. Lark is made prisoner at the inn by Cony and Mag, who are holding her for ransom. Lark tries to run away, but Cony catches her and she is locked in an attic. She escapes again and is found by David North, her lover, disguised as a gypsy. Galt arrives on the scene and agrees to get Lark to Norfolk, but when they enter the boat they find Cony concealed in it. The two men fight, while the boat drifts back to the inn. Lark pleads with Dr. Matson to spare Galt's life. Matson, Galt and Lark make a trip to Ghost Island.

### CHAPTER XIII

In this case, that was a mere theatrical gesture, for every eye was already following the slightest movement of his cat-like body, every breath was clamped by the vise of fear and unknown ascending horror.

With delicate quick precision he drew his rapier from its slim Castilian sheath and stood on tiptoe, reaching up to the swinging figure.

Lark couldn't have moved the tiniest muscle of her little finger if her very life had depended on it.

The tip of the rapier caught the freight and gleamed like a silver bead flung against the sun. It reached up through the dark, reached high till it found the hollow beneath the chin of that plumed, swaying figure, and then slashed downward with the quick and delicate exactness of a tiger's claw.

The jacket fell back in a wider V. Lark still did not understand. She could not grasp what the point was in this particular savagery and desecration. And then the body swung a little into profile, and she saw the swell of a woman's breast, its rounded, defenseless curve. Her eyes studied the face once more, the high cheek bones, the rounded chin.

Wildly she looked at Matson; took hold of his arm and shook it, without knowing what she was doing.

"Why," Lark cried out, "it's Dosta. Dosta!"

"Do you wonder that I laughed at you, you little fool? It is amusing, is it not?"

When Lark didn't answer Matson continued unabashed. "That thief was David North, the man I loved!"

He mimicked her words in a high falsetto voice. "That is a joke!" He turned to the gypsies. "Laugh, you dogs, laugh!"

Matson raised a slim white hand and hushed it with a sharp gesture of command.

One woman could not stop. She swayed back and forth in a very ecstasy of abandon, beyond all human control or dignity. Her white locks streamed to her shoulders and her head rolled from side to side in a spasmodic frenzy. "Dosta," she moaned, "Dosta, my dearie own." A man beside her slapped her open mouth hard with his big square hand, and she stopped suddenly in the midst of laughter, high and shrill as the neighing of the little wild island ponies.

The silence was thick as fog, pervasive as the stench near the mountainous heaps of oyster shells which dotted the lower beaches.

Matson let the silence lie there like a heavy blanket, smothering them for a long moment; then he spoke aside to Lark, but loud enough for the others to hear.

"Little liar," he said, sitting down on the ground beside her. "Pretty little liar, I have one further test for you. You failed me signally at first. Let us see what you will do now."

He motioned to a gray-beard, "Horne," he said, "come here!" and when the man bent down servilely, whispered a word in his ear.

The gypsy nodded sulkily and, with obvious reluctance, went back to his group and began to weed the younger men out from the older ones, lining them up in a row. Perhaps half a hundred stood there, some cringing, some defiant.

Matson turned to Lark and smiled in as friendly a fashion as if this were a parlor game that was to be played for her entertainment. "Give me your hand, my dear," he said, and, when she didn't comply, reached over and took it, placing it in his lap, letting his slim finger-tips rest delicately on the pulse in her wrist.

"Now," he continued in the casual, jocular tone of a master of ceremonies, "all of our possible Davids will pass slowly in front of us. You will say, as each goes by, 'That is not David North,' and I will know by the throbbing of your pulse the one particular time you are lying to me."

The first man in line paused in front of them. It was Ginko, the fiddler. He showed his white teeth in a flashing smile. His eyes narrowed intimately, and there was a provocative swagger to the swing of his red cape, as he bowed low to Lark.

"Fool," Matson said harshly, "preserve your play-acting for a filly of your own breed, this one is a thoroughbred. . . . Say the words, Lark. 'That is not David,' I demand the password for this man, as for each of the others that go by."

"That is not David," Lark said in a low voice, her eyes straining into the darkness so that she might see the next in line and attempt to discipline her quickening pulse.

The next man, she saw with relief, as he came forward into the lighted circle, was scarcely more

than a lad, a lad obviously of the English race, with skin as blond as Galt's.

Matson smiled and his fingers on her pulse grew lighter. "I know that one," he said. "He was stolen by an old gypsy beldame when he was a child on Exmoor heath. He's had chances enough to return to his own people, but this is the only life he knows or cares about. The password quickly, Lark, and we will allow him to move on."

Lark gave it and glanced swiftly at the figure next in line. It was a man much like David's build, who wore the red raskall pulled down low over his head, as if to shield the lighted side of his face. Her heart missed a beat and she felt the skip in her pulse. The Spanish Cat's fingers tightened on her helpless wrist.

The man's rolling walk was like David's, too. Lark's breath shortened in her chest. She had not the strength of faith to pray. She began to count to herself, her lips forming the syllables slowly and uncertainly. One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . seven. By the seventh count she knew it was not David. Her throbbing eyes had tricked her into magnifying the resemblance. She released her tortured breath in a little choking gasp.

Matson's tautened figure relaxed. "That gave you a turn, didn't it?" he asked pleasantly. "Now, at least, I have in mind the general outline of the traitor; broad-shouldered, well-



"The little fool walked right into the trap."

built, in the first strength of his manhood. . . . I'll let you rest for a moment, my dear, while I have a word with Ginko. Don't think you can escape. I have but to give the order. . . ."

The next man was Chial. His face was a mask of sullen and vindictive anger. Lark was sobbing now, her tears wetting her cheeks and falling unheeded in her lap. Matson laughed softly. "The likeness is remarkable, isn't it? Dosta pleased me for a time on the Runny, but then she got to be a nuisance, an inquisitive little pickpocket, rifling my portfolios and stealing the very jewels out of my ears as I slept." His free hand sought the lobe of his ear and fingered the golden loop which dangled from it.

"Naturally," he continued, "when I found the lock on my brass-bound box had been tampered with, I set a watch, and the little fool walked right into the trap. It was an easy thing to have her dressed in her brother's clothes and string her up to give me a little sport with you."

When Lark made no answer, he motioned for the line to proceed. The next eight or nine passed swiftly with no comment from either of the watchers. Lark repeated the words, "That is not David" each time, and Matson's finger on her pulse was light, but steady.

At last there was only one more man standing back there in the semi-darkness. That would be David; was bound to be him.

The man drew nearer. It was not David. The bulk of this man's outline loomed huge and rotund against the golden background of the firelight.

The Spanish Cat drew nearer to Lark. She wrapped her cape tight about her arms and breast and drew back, standing a little distance from him under the drooping branches of the great oak tree.

Lark felt the world falling away from her. A blessed blackness rose to meet her mind and engulfed her. Matson's voice was the last thing she heard, Matson's silky voice, saying pleasantly, "Ginko, the pretty little bird has fainted. Take care of her."

When Lark opened her eyes she was in a tent and the white-haired gypsy woman was bending over her. The hanging light was dim and cast grotesque shadows on the crimson walls. The woman's face was re-

mote and passive, and yet there was in it such suffering as Lark had never seen.

Behind her stood Ginko and a tall slim figure, red trousered and blue jacketed. Galt! Why it was Galt. Truly it was!

"I was dreadfully frightened about you, Galt. What happened?" Lark's voice was a whisper.

"Those two slaves grabbed me on the path and gagged me so I couldn't call out. They dragged me off to the dungeon but I managed my way out, Lark. The lock was old and rusty and the guard didn't cause me much trouble." He spoke with the pride of his new manhood. "I found Ginko, and he brought me here to you, in Mother Egypt's tent."

"But what happened?" Lark asked. "Where is Matson? Did he find David? . . . Why, you are the man who betrayed him, Ginko!" She said with horror, drawing back from him as the full realization of her last memory came back to her.

The fiddler laughed softly. "Little foolish one, that was a clever trick on my part. I am so wise a man that I desired for the Spanish Cat to be distracted that I might be able to get you away from him and plan for your escape. Your David has no more snake on his heel than I have."

"David has not been found?" Lark repeated her question anxiously, her eyes going from Ginko's face to Galt's. She was still not altogether certain of Ginko, but knew that Galt's word could be trusted implicitly.

"No," Galt said briefly. "They've been beating the bushes for the last half hour, but have come on no sign of him. The shout would have gone up, had they done so."

"My daughter was a princess," the woman who watched her said in a proud and sorrowful tone. "Dosta is dead and God, Himself, can not bring her back to me. In her name I have befriended you. The horse is waiting. You must make haste."

"The horse? Red Raskall?" Lark glanced at Galt.

"It is arranged," Galt said. "I am to ride him. I know where he is stalled. There is only one guard on duty. The little black mare, Dosta's namesake, is to be yours, Lark."

"Wait," the woman whispered, raising a detaining hand. "Here are Dosta's clothes. Let this girl put them on. If she is seen then, she will pass in the darkness for one of our band."

Ginko said, "I will make sure there is no one about," and with quiet care slit the back of the tent. He and Galt slipped through the opening.

Outside Galt was waiting with Ginko, who flashed his shaded lantern for a moment on her figure and nodded as if satisfied when he saw that Dosta's clothes fitted her well enough, and that she had twisted a red raskall completely over her golden curls. In the moonlight her white skin and blue eyes were scarcely noticeable. She might have passed, at a casual glance, for any of the gipsy girls.

Galt smiled at Lark admiringly and whispered, "It will be safer if we separate. I'll go to the stables and get Red Raskall, while you and Ginko get the mare. I'll meet you beyond the corral."

Ginko nodded and hurried Lark around the corner of the castle. No one was in sight now, though off to the left they could hear the men pursuing the search, calling back and forth to one another, as they came on broken branches or footprints in the undergrowth.

After another careful hundred yards or so, they reached the corral where the gypsies' horses could be seen in the moonlight. Mostly they were sorry enough looking beasts, with hanging heads and uncurried manes but, even in the moonlight, the beauty of the one little black mare could be seen. She was lying asleep by herself in a far corner of the paddock and they unlatched the gate and went softly to her. Instantly, at their approach, she was on her feet, with quivering nostrils and rolled-back, startled eyes.

Ginko gentled her with a soothing hand and a soft-spoken word, as she tossed her head and fung back her mane. She was small-boned and daintily made. Her coat had the fineness of shining satin. Lark's hand stroked the arching neck. She whispered, "Dosta," in the pricked ear as the lovely creature, feeling a strange hand on her, shied and danced.

Her bridle and fine embroidered blanket and saddle hung near her on the limb of a tree. Ginko reached for them and, with tender, caressing words, had her ready in a moment, cupping Lark's foot in his hand as she mounted. He slapped the mare softly on the flank as he led her through the gate toward Galt, who was waiting there on Red Raskall.

Galt was smiling. "Good news for you, Lark," he said gently. "I found an empty stall and the groom lying there unconscious. David's got away."

"Oh, Galt, are you sure?" "Nobody else would have taken a horse tonight. He's had the start of an hour on us, perhaps."

"Can we catch up with him? Oh, Galt, do you think we could? I feel so much better to know for sure."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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**Household Hints**  
 Turn the mattress every week, first from end to end, next from side to side to get maximum wear and comfort from it.

Dental floss is fine for mending elastic, because it wears so long. Take care in mending that tiny rubber threads are not damaged. Sew between them.

To remove rust from nickel, grease well with any kind of lubricant, let stand for a few minutes, then rub with cloth soaked in ammonia. Rinse with water and polish.

Daddy's worn-out shirts can be made over into cunning blouses, dresses or suits for the one-year-old, provided a little trimming and imagination are used.

After oiling the sewing machine, stitch through a blotter several times. This takes up all surplus oil on the machine, and keeps from getting it on the material.

An easy way to give ferns their weekly watering is to place them in the bathtub, draw shower curtain and turn on the shower, adjusting spray until it is about room temperature.

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### HINTS FOR HOME BAKERS

## How Men Love These Raised Doughnuts!

Make them with Fleischmann's yellow label Yeast—the only fresh yeast with more EXTRA Vitamins.

**DOUGHNUTS**

1 cake Fleischmann's Yeast	3 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 tablespoon sugar	1/2 cup sugar
1 1/4 cups milk, scalded and cooled	1/4 teaspoon salt
4 1/2 cups sifted flour	1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 egg, well beaten	

Dissolve Fleischmann's Yeast and 1 tablespoon sugar in lukewarm milk. Add 1 1/4 cups flour and beat well. Cover and let rise in warm place, free from draft, about 1 hour, until bubbles burst on top. Cream butter or margarine and sugar. Add salt, egg and nutmeg. Add yeast mixture. Add remaining flour to make moderately soft dough. Knead lightly, then place in well-greased bowl. Cover and let rise 1 1/2 hours. When light, turn out on floured board and roll 1/4 inch thick. Cut with doughnut cutter (3-inch). Place on deep fat, hot enough to brown cloth and let rise about 1 hour. Fry in deep fat, hot enough to brown 1-inch cube of bread in 60 seconds, or 375° F. Fry on both sides, turning only once. Drain, cool and roll in powdered sugar. Makes 3 dozen.

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