

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers

Fresh Fruits, Berries, Sugar—Easy Pies Satisfy Appetites



Easy Dessert: You need go no further than a bowlful of luscious, rosy-pink strawberries, plain or sugared with cream for a perfect summery dessert.

Desserts are nutritious but they are served mainly for morale. Fruits, sparkling with their glorious colors, give a fitting close to a heavy meal. On the other hand, heavier desserts give a rich flavor to an otherwise simple meal.

Desserts take care of the sweet tooth, that craving for something utterly delicious. No longer do they require only sugar. Substitutes have been developed that give pies, cakes and puddings all the goodness of former times but do not dip into the sugar canister with a big scoop.

Desserts can give you part of the important protein requirement for the day if they're made with cereals. Add fruits to cereal and you have a nourishing as well as appetite-appealing dish.

Apricot Torte.

- 1/2 cup melted shortening
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 cups quick-cooking oats

Sift flour, measure then sift again with soda and salt. Add sugar and oats. Mix in melted shortening and blend well. Press half of the mixture into a shallow pan. Make a filling by mixing 2 1/2 cups of cooked, slightly sweetened apricots with 1/4 cup of the fruit juice and flavoring with 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Pour this mixture over the oatmeal mixture and top with remaining oatmeal mix. Bake for 35 minutes in a moderate (350-degree) oven. Cool and cut into squares and serve with cream or lemon sauce.

*Frozen Strawberry Omelet. (Serves 6)

- 1 pint strawberries, hulled and washed
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 3 eggs separated
- 6 tablespoons powdered sugar

Mash strawberries and granulated sugar. Let stand to draw off juice. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored, and egg whites until stiff. Drain juice from berries and add berries to egg yolks. Fold powdered sugar into egg whites and combine the 2 mixtures. Add about 4 tablespoons of the berry juice. Pile lightly in the tray and freeze.

Date-Nut Pudding. (Serves 6 to 8)

- 2 eggs
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup dates, chopped
- 1 cup nuts, hopped
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Beat eggs until very light. Combine flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add to beaten eggs, dates, nuts and vanilla. Stir until well blended. Spread evenly on a well-greased paperlined pan (square).

Lynn Says:

Thrifty Tricks: Cream leftover vegetables and serve them piping hot over split, buttered biscuits. Stretch out the strawberries by adding a bit of rhubarb when you make them into a sauce. The color will be rosy-red, the flavor delicious served over cottage pudding, plain cake or dumplings.

If you are low on fruits for coffee cake fillings, use last winter's jams, jellies or marmalades. For a quick coffee cake batter, butter the pan, line with orange marmalade and pour batter over it.

Cook potatoes with their skins on whenever possible to save valuable iron. Experiments show that potatoes lose about 10 percent of their iron in the cooking water.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menus

- Fried Sausage Cakes with Corn Jellied Cabbage Slaw
- Biscuits with Honey or Jam
- *Strawberry Omelet Beverage
- *Recipe Given

Bake in a slow (325-degree) oven 40 to 50 minutes until well browned. Serve warm with top milk or whipped cream.

Two favorite, novel pies come in for their share of honors as desserts. Notice the use of just the single crust to save fats:

Chocolate Chip Pie. (Makes 1 9-inch pie)

- 1 baked pie shell
- 1 tablespoon unflavored gelatine
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 3 egg yolks
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 3 egg whites
- 3 tablespoons sugar

Soak gelatin in cold water. Scald milk. Add slowly to beaten egg yolks. Add the 1/2 cup sugar, salt and nutmeg. Cook in a double boiler over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture coats a spoon. Add soaked gelatin and vanilla. Chill until slightly thickened. Beat egg whites until stiff, then add 3 remaining tablespoons of sugar. Fold into gelatin mixture. Pour into baked pie shell. The top may be piled high with whipped cream and sprinkled with semi-sweet chocolate, grated, or just topped with the chocolate.

Note: 1/2 cup of strong coffee may be substituted for 1/2 cup milk, if so desired.



Moderately Easy Dessert: Top simple cupcakes with fruit or berries and serve with plain cream or whipped as a finishing touch to a light meal.

Pecan Pie. (Makes 1 8-inch pie)

- 1/2 cup butter or substitute
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup light corn syrup
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup shelled pecans
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream the butter, add the sugar, syrup and beaten eggs. Mix well and add pecans, vanilla. Pour into an unbaked pie shell and bake for 45 minutes in a moderate oven.

These cookies are dark, spicy and sweet. The combination of sugar and molasses will help save the sugar stamp:

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1/2 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon allspice
- 1/2 teaspoon cloves
- 1/2 teaspoon mace
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon ginger
- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour

Cream shortening and sugar, then beat in egg. Mix soda with molasses until the latter foams and add. Sift salt, spices and 2 1/2 cups flour together and add to first mixture. Force through cookie press or drop by spoonfuls on greased cookie sheet. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in a hot (275 to 400-degree) oven.

"Brown and Whites" are the answer for a sugar-easy confection. These are attractive and better-than-good tasting sweets and yet they don't use a speck of your limited sugar supply. Older people are extraordinarily fond of this confection because it isn't too sweet.

Brown and Whites.

- 24 cooked prunes
 - 6 marshmallows
 - 2 (1-ounce) squares dipping chocolate
- Pit prunes, lay open and place on waxed paper. Cut marshmallows into strips, about four to each. Melt chocolate; dip strips of marshmallow, one at a time, into chocolate to half cover, then place in center of prune.

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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 saved by Galt Withe, a bound servant, but made prisoner at the inn to which he takes her. She escapes and is found by her sweetheart, David North, who is disguised as a gypsy to get a line on Dr. Matson, a slave pirate. Lark and Galt fall into the hands of Dr. Matson, but escape at night, and after weeks of hardship arrive in Norfolk, where Lark expects to meet David. They stop at Mara Hastings' home and Lark is shocked to learn that Mara expects to marry David. They soon leave Mara's home and head their horses for Greatways, where they run across Minnie, a circus woman.

CHAPTER XVIII

"But I thought you—" she paused. Again that feel of desperate pushing desire, that pre-race excitement she had known years ago, a lifetime ago. . . . "All right . . . I will, Galt. Thanks."

"Good purse to the winner!" The bookie yelled. "Money, money, money. . . . Here's a beastie'll pay you well. Big race o' the day, an' make bets now. Money, money, money."

He was off through the gathering crowd, taking bets, touting the new entry, shrilling, begging, fawning. . . .

Lark stood there, cold and eager. They were bringing the other entries. A black gelding, sturdy and with a vicious eye. A sorrel, two bays, and then a gray horse, a long gray stallion with big sharp-pointed ears. The young man riding him looked so much like Plascutt Dawes that Lark wasn't surprised to hear the bookies call him, "Master Plascutt."

A rustle swept the stands and the gathering crowds. Thunder Boy, the shark horse, the horse that won a plantation and a fortune for his owner. Thunder Boy. The bets all turned to him. The bookies were crowded now, money was pushed at them. "Five on Thunder Boy" . . . "Ten on Thunder Boy" . . . "My buck-board an' mule yonder, on Thunder Boy" . . .

The drums were beating, "Bring up your horses." The wire was pulled, the crowd was waiting. Lark drew the out position for Red Raskall. Her father had said it was a good position for a powerful horse, provided he didn't get cut off and pocketed in the ruck. She felt curiously calm and ready, violently alive and alert. She saw the handkerchief high in the air, saw it fall, heard the shot, and then she was leaning on the Raskall's neck, cutting for the angle, pushing him beyond the field in a leap and a bid for the inside as he took the turn.

The crowd sighed, shouted as he made it, a clean diagonal ahead of the field, a perfect taking of the inside, a dangerous and thrilling piece of riding skill and powerful horse-flesh. Lark knew this, felt the approbation of the crowd, set herself to gage the pace of the field that had caught them now, listening to the hoofs, feeling Red Raskall settle to an even stride, easing her weight to a balance that met his stride.

By the time the third mile was begun it was clear to the riders and the stands that the race was between Thunder Boy and Red Raskall. The field dropped behind them at the half turn, and then Thunder Boy began a drive to win. Lark realized that young Plascutt Dawes was a fine rider, light and knowing, canny and experienced. He pushed the big gray into the turn at break-neck pace, and Lark followed, clinging, gripping with her knees, easing forward, moving with her horse, urging him, touching him sharply with the switch she had cut from the bush at the starting wire. He sprang forward mightily, gathered his legs for another jump, laying himself low then, pushing the track behind him, straining to overtake the gray, straining and slowly gaining and passing the Dawes horse a few yards before the finish, winning in a matter of split seconds, bringing the shout of the crowd out in crushing force, in wild and delirious delight, in surprise and triumph and love of a sure and spirited winner.

People rushed at Lark, lightly lifted her down, shook her hand, admired the Raskall. The bookie pushed money into her hands. Galt came to her, his eyes shining, his face wet with perspiration, his hands a little unsteady as he took hers. "Lark, you are wonderful. Lark—Oh, Lark, honey. . . ."

Young Plascutt Dawes stiffly congratulated her, and then David walked toward her, stern, rebuking. "Lark, how could you make a spectacle of yourself? Lark, come here!" Behind David, Lark saw Matson standing close beside a town proctor, probably manacled to him. Lark stepped to Matson and counted out forty pounds of her winning money. "This is for Galt," she said. "The money Galt owes you, Dr. Matson."

He accepted it, bowed gravely. He said, "You ride well."

The elder Plascutt Dawes came toward the group. He bowed to Lark, said, "I thought I recognized you. Where did you get this horse?" Lark told him. An interested group pushed nearer to hear.

"Then I must attach him," Mr. Dawes said stiffly. "He is a Terraine horse. I hold a lien to Terraine's

property. Is that clear?" Mara had drawn David away. Matson was being led off by a deputy. The rest of the crowd looked on interestedly. Galt came to Lark's side. He said, "But the horse doesn't belong to Squire Terraine, Mr. Dawes. You see he's our horse. We're going to keep him."

"I shall take the matter to court." Mr. Dawes' face was very red.

"Very well," Lark put her arm through Galt's. "But we're going to fight for him, Mr. Dawes. We're going to fight for our horse!"

Lark, sitting there in the upper room of the courthouse, was very conscious of the eyes that stared at her with such frank and open curiosity. Evidently the gossip about the ownership of the horse had spread well over the country-side, for every one, from the great plantation owners to the Norfolk wharf-rats, seemed to be present.

The buzz of whispered comment and neighborly gossip was not hushed till, after a half hour's wait, Judge Tavner, pompous and dignified in his black gown and powdered wig, took his seat on the raised dais beneath a large oil painting depicting the heroic Chesapeake being fired upon by the British frigate, Leopard, in the year 1807.

In the fenced-off enclosure to the left of where Lark was sitting beside Galt, Matson's graceful, relaxed figure was a cyrenousure of many eyes. It had not been previously stated that his trial was to take place to-



"We're going to keep him."

day since, until the last minute, there was some question as to whether or not all the witnesses could be summoned at this time.

The crowd was, therefore, in a holiday mood, feeling that they were getting the free show of a double attraction.

Lark's attention fastened itself on David, who stood, sturdy and unruffled, in the witness box. There was an air of righteousness about him which was almost smug. Studying him, Lark thought, why, that man is a stranger to me! He isn't the David I have dreamed about and loved since I was a little girl. This is a man to whom nothing matters except getting ahead in the world and having his own way. The values which he holds dear are worthless to me. He is more like Bethel than he is like Jaggers.

David had an answer, and an adequate one, to every question that Matson's lawyer put to him. He was calm and cool and impersonal.

The lawyer was a clever fellow and asked why, if the Cargoe Riske Company had suspected Matson for several years, they had continued to do business with him? He intimated that perhaps David, himself, had been corrupt enough to make a private penny by playing the two sides one against the other.

Even then, David refused to allow his rancor to rise. He explained patiently that he had been working on the case for many months, that he had followed Matson to England, and that when he was unable to get the proof he desired there, he had disguised himself as a gypsy and taken passage on the Runnymede.

Galt leaned over to whisper to Lark, "David's doing fine." He said, "See that man yonder?" He nodded in the direction of a black-browed individual whose bulging front was spanned by a heavy gold watch chain. "He's the president of the Cargoe Riske Company, I hear. See how pleased he looks that David's making such a good case for them. It'll be decided in their favor without a doubt."

that matters to him. It's funny how long it has taken me to realize that. It explains why Mara is more important to him than I am. He belongs to her and not to me. Perhaps it's because he hasn't any need of me. There isn't anything I could do to help him. I haven't anything to give him and he hasn't anything to give me, and without any giving and taking there can't be any love.

David made a complacent little bow and took his seat amid a hum of approval. The president of his company leaned over and patted him on the back with a muttered word of approbation.

Mara's eyes never left the judge's stern face as he recapitulated the argument and gave the jury their instructions.

Now, as Matson rose to defend himself, he side-stepped very neatly the questions which David's lawyer propounded to him. His mind was as quick and clever as his rapier. So persuasive he was, and so logical in his defense, that for a while the crowd was with him.

The facts and figures which David had quoted with such clarity were juggled and distorted so rapidly that if Lark had not known the man to be a liar and a criminal she would almost have believed him innocent.

Lark saw, when she glanced back, that Mara was frowning and biting her lips nervously. The judge's face was inscrutable. The jurors, country men, most of them, looked bewildered.

For a moment Lark considered the possibility of David's losing this case. It was unthinkable. Why, it would mean a whole year's work gone for nothing. The blow to his pride would be irreparable.

But it couldn't happen. David was the sort of man who had success written all over him. Lark could see that he was confident and assured even now, as he followed Matson's flangling with close attention, watching its effect on the jurors.

When Matson made some particularly outrageous statement, David rose to his feet and refuted it with a list of facts and figures on this latest slave-trading expedition which he had copied from the log.

Minnie, who was beyond Galt, leaned over to Lark and said loudly enough for all the people around them to hear, "David North do make a good showing. He knows his onions an' peels 'em without a tear in his eye. The pirate's guilty as hell and the jury's going to find him so. David's a fine, sound man. 'Minds me of a black bull I once had. . . ."

At this moment Judge Tavner rapped sharply for silence, and the sergeant-at-arms touched Minnie reprovingly on the shoulder with his mace.

The verdict was only a matter of a few moments' time. "Guilty as charged." The foreman of the jury read from the folded slip of paper. The punishment was fixed as one year in jail and damages of ten thousand pounds, payable to the Cargoe Riske Company.

Dr. Matson's eyelids never flickered. His lips curled disdainfully as he gravely inclined his head.

Lark saw the triumph on Mara's face and on David's. As the crowd rose from its seats to adjourn to the yard for the hour's luncheon recess which Judge Tavner had appointed, she made a move to get to David to congratulate him, but he did not glance in her direction as he led Mara from the court room and down the steps. Out of the near-by window, Lark could see him unhitching his buggy from the fence rail and helping Mara into it.

Galt said, "Shall we go outside for some lunch, Lark? It's stuffy in here."

Galt led Lark toward the door. Behind them they could hear Minnie's loud voice asking the farmer's advice about putting the Raskall at stud. She didn't think five guineas would be too high a fee to ask, she said. The farmer gave considered advice as Plascutt, who was pushing toward the door, overheard the question and purpled with rage. He turned back to say truculently, "You're wasting your breath, discussing the breeding of my horse, Lancer. By evening he'll be stabled at Dawes Ferry. When the proper time comes I, myself, will attend to his breeding."

Angrily, Plascutt pushed past them and bowed obsequiously to Madame Farrington who cold-shouldered him and stared haughtily through her lorgnettes at a spot several inches above his head.

Lark and Galt exchanged amused glances. "Minnie was talking to me yesterday about the old lady," Lark told Galt. "She always stops to chat at the toll-gate as she goes by and knows more about horses than most of the men in the country-side. She was a famous rider when she was young, Minnie says, and still has a fine stable of racers."

"Look at her now," Galt said, "she's got one of the farm babies in her arms and is evidently giving the mother plenty of advice on its rearing."

Lark watched the friendly old lady with interest and nodded and smiled in response to her greeting. "Matson's watching you," Galt whispered. "He's coming over to speak to us."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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When food has been oversalted, the pot may be covered with a damp cloth and the food steamed for a few minutes.

When preparing any tart fruit like cranberries or gooseberries, use a little salt, and it is surprising how little sugar will sweeten the berries. The salt also brings out the flavor.

Ground raw potato can be added to meat balls and hamburgers to make a little meat go a long way.

For cleaning blackened kettles, dampen newspaper in kerosene and rub over sides and bottom of kettles, then rub well with a dry piece of paper. If this does not remove all black, rub soap over it, and a sprinkle of scouring powder and rub with scouring ball or cloth.

After using a scrubbing brush, rinse it in cold water and then turn the bristles downward. The water will run out and the brush will dry quickly. If allowed to dry on its back the water will soak into the wood and thus loosen the bristles.

If adhesive or gummed tape becomes too stiff to use, soften it with two tablespoons of warm water and half a teaspoon of glycerin.

If electrical appliance cords have switches on them, all connections and disconnections should be made with the switch turned off. This saves the metal prongs and outlets from "sparking," which eventually wears away the metal.

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