

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers



Serve Garden Suppers, Picnics for Real Joy During Hot Weather



Jellied vegetable salad is garnished prettily with potato chips and cucumbers, topped with lemon and olives to make a tempting main dish for a summer supper.

Porch supper, box lunches, picnics and buffet parties are an inseparable part of summer. There can be plenty of fun in the shade of the old apple or elm tree, and the family will enjoy getting closer to the great outdoors.

Sandwiches or early morning preparation will greatly simplify the work of meal preparation. Let salads and fruits rest in the cool of the refrigerator so they will be ready when time comes to eat. When chilled, they will be doubly good.

Here's an excellent meat loaf which may be served "as is" with mayonnaise or cucumber sour cream sauce or sliced for sandwiches. Make it easy for yourself by letting the family serve themselves:

Refrigerator Meat Loaf. (Serves 6)
 2 1/2 cups cold pork or veal
 3/4 cup sweet mustard pickle
 3/4 teaspoon salt
 4 tablespoons butter or substitute
 Grind together meat and pickle. Add remaining ingredients, blending together carefully. Pack into a waxed paper lined pan and let stand overnight or several hours in refrigerator. Slice and garnish with greens, deviled eggs, sliced tomatoes, cheese and parsley.

Hot Potato Salad With Frankfurters. (Serves 6)
 6 to 8 medium-sized potatoes, unpeeled
 6 slices bacon
 1/2 cup onion, chopped
 5 to 6 frankfurters, thinly sliced
 1/2 cup vinegar
 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
 1 1/2 to 2 teaspoons salt

Boil potatoes until tender. Dice and fry bacon until crisp. Remove bacon from skillet, then fry in fat the onions and sliced frankfurters. Peel cooked potatoes and dice. Add to frankfurter mixture, mixing well, then blend in also the vinegar, eggs and salt. Stir gently over low heat until all ingredients are heated through. Serve with lettuce.

A tray for fillings for "make your own sandwiches" is bound to go over big for a porch supper. Here are suggestions which you will enjoy using:

Mock Chicken Filling. (Enough for 12 sandwiches)
 1 cup cooked veal or pork
 1/2 cup finely shredded cooked carrot
 3/4 cup finely chopped celery
 2 tablespoons pickle relish
 3 tablespoons mayonnaise
 Salt to taste

Combine and mix ingredients together thoroughly. Chill before serving.

Lynn Says:
 Supper Thoughts. When you are having cold cuts and a substantial salad as main interest for supper, have something hot in the way of a quick bread just out of the oven. Good suggestions include these that bake quickly: corn bread, whole wheat biscuits, prune muffins and orange marmalade rolls.

A freezer of homemade ice cream is a welcome treat at outdoor suppers. Try some flavored with fresh berries or apricots, and be sure to have the cookie jar handy.

Doll up your garden party supper salads with plenty of relishes such as olives, pickles, radish roses and carrot sticks. They make for nice nibbling. Bring out the checked cloths and paper napkins, old-fashioned jugs for flowers, and picnic utensils for under-the-trees eating. They go with the atmosphere.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menus

*Refrigerator Meat Loaf
 Wheat, Rye, White Bread
 Vegetable Salad Bowl
 Lemonade Almond Jam Bars
 *Recipe Given

Nippy Filling. (Enough for 9 sandwiches)
 1 tablespoon horseradish
 1 tablespoon cold water
 2 cups finely ground wieners
 1 cup grated American cheese
 3 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper
 1 teaspoon salt
 Dash of pepper
 Mayonnaise to moisten

Mix horseradish and let stand 10 minutes. Add remaining ingredients, blending well. Spread between bread or rolls.

Tuna Snack. (Makes 8 to 12 sandwiches)
 7 ounce can of tuna fish, flaked
 1 hard-cooked egg, chopped
 1/2 cup sandwich spread
 Tomato slices
 Crisp, cooked bacon
 Flake fish and add sandwich spread and chopped egg. Serve spread on rolls with tomato and bacon slices.

Salads carry out the prettiness of a porch or garden supper. Make a molded one in the morning and if you have fruits, chill them well before tossing them together the last minute:

Molded Cottage Cheese Salad. (Serves 6)
 1 package lime-flavored gelatin
 1 cup hot water
 1 cup water or fruit juice
 1/2 cup chopped celery
 1/2 cup chopped, unpeeled apple
 1 cup cottage cheese
 Thinned mayonnaise
 Salt and pepper

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add cold water or fruit juice. Chill until firm. Combine celery, apple and cottage cheese with mayonnaise and season. Serve on top of gelatin in lettuce cups.



Porch or garden supper calls for a hearty casserole of rice and sausages with fresh salads and fruity desserts to make the meal complete and balanced.

Fruit Salad Platter. (Serves 10 to 12)
 2 to 3 large bananas, cut lengthwise
 1 red apple, cut in thin wedges
 1 cup large, dark sweet cherries, seeded
 1/2 pint fresh berries
 4 to 6 slices fresh or canned pineapple
 1 large orange, sliced
 1 grapefruit, sectioned

Sprinkle bananas and apple with lemon or pineapple juice to prevent turning dark. Line platter or salad bowl with salad greens. Arrange each of the fruits in separate groups, making a pleasing balance of color and shapes. Apple wedges, for example, may be used to separate grapefruit segments. Use honey french or plain french dressing.

Vegetable Salad Bowl.
 Any or all of these various vegetables may be combined in a tossed salad or platter: tomato wedges, cucumber slices, green pepper rings, cauliflower flowerets, onion rings or scallions, green beans or peas cooked, grated raw carrots or cooked, sliced carrots and cooked shredded beets. French dressing served plain or blended with crumbled blue cheese is an excellent accompaniment. Garnish simply with parsley and ripe olives.

Cole Slaw With Cottage Cream Dressing (Serves 6)
 1 teaspoon salt
 1 1/2 tablespoons vinegar
 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
 1/2 cup milk
 1/2 to 1 cup cottage cheese
 3 cups shredded cabbage

Mix salt, vinegar and mustard. Stir slowly into milk. Add cottage cheese and pour over cabbage. Toss before serving.

Grated raw carrot, chopped green pepper or finely diced raw apple combine well with shredded cabbage to make other decorative and taste-pleasing salads. Cottage cream dressing goes well with these combinations and a variety of other fruit and vegetable salads.

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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 David fall into the hands of Dr. Matson, but escape at night, and finally arrive in Norfolk where she expects to meet David. At the state fair Lark rides Red Raskall—the horse she had managed to hobble after the shipwreck, and wins the race. With the money she buys Galt's freedom. However, there is a dispute in court over the ownership of the horse.

CHAPTER XXI

Lark snatched up a tray filled with butter-molds and carried it to the spring-house. When she came back Cupie said, "Ye look real worn-down, honey. Ah wants ye ter look pert. Lemme stop now an' cook ye up a bite. After dat I'll press yer blue bomberzine, Miss Lark, whilst ye crimp yo' hair."

"Im not going to crimp it," Lark said exasperatedly. "You go get Mr. Galt's dinner. I'll finish this."
 "Yas'm. . . . Don't churn so hahd, Miss Lark, you suah Lawd sloppin' half de cream away." Chuckling, Cupie went to the kitchen. Lark worked until she was finished but completely fagged out. The flies, thick as berries on a fruit drying tray, clung heavily to the cheesecloth. Lark shook it and sent them into a disturbed buzzing protest. She molded the last of the butter and set it in the spring-house and went into the house, just as Galt came home from the fields.

"Why, Lark!" Galt followed her from the warm pleasant kitchen into the stuffy chill of the parlor. He leaned down to touch a sulphur spunk to the frilled paper fan under the logs. Then he straightened up and glanced around with a vaguely puzzled air. "Something's funny," he said, "something looks different, lonesome, somehow. Where are Minnie's worst mottoes?"

Lark looked guilty. "I took them down," she said primly, "those and the crayon portraits, Dan and the others. . . . Oh, Galt, they're so common, so outrageously vulgar."
 Galt said, "Lark, this is Minnie's house, not yours or mine. Minnie has her pride. Why, Lark, she took us in. . . . She won the Raskall for us. . . . Lark, honey, it wasn't Madame Farrington or Mara Hastings or any of their breed. . . ."

But the first guest to arrive was not the expected one. It was David North. He apologized that the press of business had kept him from calling sooner, but refused the tea that she offered. He had, he said, only a few minutes to stay.

"Oh, David," she said, "I was so happy that you, yourself, won."
 "I expected to win," he said, stiffly. "I was the right. That's what courts of law are for, Lark, to carry out justice."
 "Yes, of course," she said hastily. "I quite understand that. I just wanted to tell you how happy I was. I tried to find you to tell you so that day, but I couldn't catch you."

"Did you, Lark, did you really? I didn't know that." David crossed the room and sat down beside her on the little love seat. "I didn't know you cared. Mara said you ran away from me, that she wanted to make you comfortable and happy until I could come back from my business trip and we could all be together."
 "But, David, I didn't want to be 'together' when you belonged to her. I was terribly hurt that you hadn't told me you were promised to Mara. If I'd known that sooner. . . ."

"But I wasn't. I'm not promised to her. Lark, she didn't tell you that? She couldn't have!"
 "But, David, it doesn't matter now. I've got over caring, the way I did. So many things have happened. . . . Perhaps it was because you were the only man I'd ever known. You thought I was just a silly little girl. Well, I guess I was."
 "I want you to come back to Mara's, Lark. She, herself, suggested it. She pointed out that she might organize an equestrienne course for some of her young ladies. You would be equipped, she felt, to instruct in that. She heard that Madame Farrington had shown you special favor and thought perhaps you would be able to influence her to send some of her grandchildren to the school. She said the commissions would be yours. Then you wouldn't feel you were living on her charity."

Poor David, Lark thought, he doesn't see, not even the least little bit.

"I'm not going back to Mara," she said gently. "I'm happy here."
 "Leading a tenant's life, Lark? You don't realize that in Virginia society. . . ."

"David, I don't know anything about Virginia society. I've no place in it and I don't want to have any."
 "But Lark, isn't young Withe here, too? Mara pointed out to me how unsuitable it was for you to be staying here without a chaperone. I feel like I've failed you. I promised I'd look out for you and I haven't done it. I'm not promised to Mara. I admire and respect her greatly. But Lark, why, honey, I love you!"

"And I'm proud I've got a good deal to offer you. A thousand pounds from this Matson business, a share in the profits of the Company from



She was in his arms now.

ry, I didn't know you had another visitor."
 "I was just going." David picked up his beaver and bowed a stiff farewell to the two ladies.
 "Mr. North, wasn't it?" Madame Farrington asked with a twinkle in her eye.
 "I suppose he wanted you to come back and teach at that dreadfully genteel school that those obnoxious elegant Miss Hastings run," Madame Farrington said, curiously. "I hear that the most objectionable one of them (Mara, is that her name?) is planning to marry him."

Lark said, as she led Madame Farrington into the parlor, "Mr. North is a fine business man. . . ."

"Business man!" Madame Farrington dismissed the breed with a wave of her ringed hand. "This is farming country," she said, "all our men round here are farmers." She glanced out of the window to where Galt could be seen astride Red Raskall, busy with the direction of the hands.

Immediately she fell on the embroidered texts, gilded corn, and highly colored chromos with delighted appreciation. She laughed with Lark over them. And the ice was completely broken when Lark confessed her temporary desecration of hiding them. They were superb, she said, typical of Minnie, whose expert handling of the law case had established her as a neighborhood favorite. "Minnie's got a quick wit and an engaging personality," Madame Farrington said approvingly. "My granddaughter, Sherry, wants

to hire her to entertain the guests at our annual Christmas ball. You and Galt must come to that, my dear, you really must."

"We'd love to," Lark answered and added, "Minnie's a character, but I've found out she's a lot more than that. She's so good, so kind, so. . . ."

Madame Farrington patted her hand. "So fine, in spite of her eccentricities. I share your admiration for Minnie. We were all delighted when it was her quick thinking that saved the horse for you. If Plascutt had won his case he would have been ostracized, completely ostracized, by the entire county."

"Well, I must be going now, but I've enjoyed my visit immensely. You must come to see me soon. Lark," Madame Farrington rose and gathered up her reticule and furred mantle, moving toward the door. "And, when you come, bring that good-looking young beau of yours with you. Tell him if he's going to get ahead as a farmer he'll need advice about his winter wheat and about the Raskall's training. I've been in the game a long time and I know a thing or two, in spite of my own grandchildren's opinion to the contrary. You two young people will pull well in harness together."

With a twinkle of laughter in her eye, she leaned over and kissed Lark quickly as she started calling her coachman to leave that pretty little yellow wench and help her into her carriage, threatening him with a whipping if he didn't come this instant; and then, when she saw him already outside, giving him the sugar cake she had filched from tea for his latest picnicking. Her black eyes smiled merrily at Lark. "Don't forget to ask Minnie about the Christmas party," she said. "But I'll be seeing you and Galt before then, many times!"

As Lark went back in the house, she heard Galt's voice calling her from the stable, asking if she didn't want to come help him pitch down hay for the horses' supper, as she usually did.

She ran to him. He looked up, surprised to see her in her good blue dress. "Oh, I remember now," he said, "I'd clean forgot. Did the old lady come? Was she hi-faluting? I meant to come help you out, Lark, honest I did, honey!"

Lark said, "She came, Galt, and she was fine. But before then I had another visitor. . . . David. Galt—he—he—"

"He wanted you to marry him? Lark, you look so funny." He looked at her queerly and said slowly, "That's what you've been wanting always, isn't it?"
 She nodded.

"Why, Lark, darling, you're crying!" He put his arms around her. Red Raskall whinnied softly. Lark said, "I'm crying because I was so foolish, so blind. First I wanted David more than I could bear, almost. Then I didn't want him. Then I wasn't sure. Did you ever know such a silly girl, Galt, ever in all your born days?"

"I never knew so sweet a girl, Lark, so dear a one!"
 Then, suddenly, she was laughing. "Even Cupie had more sense than I had. She knew all along. She tried to tell me. . . . Galt, you don't like girls who crimp their hair do you? You wouldn't want your wife to crimp?"

He studied for a minute. "I like your hair, Lark. I like everything about you, just like it is. I wouldn't want a change."

She was in his arms now. It was comfortable there. Her heart was at home. Red Raskall whinnied softly again, and Lark's hand stroked the silky sheen of his neck. The horse turned and nuzzled her shoulder.

"His colt and Dosta's, we'll name it Madoc, won't we, Galt?"
 "Lark," Galt held her close to him. "Lark, I never hope to see a woman. . . . as dear. . . . as sweet. Oh, Lark, honey, un be so beautiful! Un prides my heart!"
 [THE END]

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ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. Can you complete the line: "Be good, sweet maid"?
2. Do trade winds always blow in the same direction?
3. What woman of Greek mythology had bronze claws and hair composed of serpents?
4. Haile Selassie claims descent from what biblical characters?
5. What is the singular form of the word apices?
6. For what is London's Fleet street famous?

The Answers

1. "And let who will be clever."
2. Yes, always from an easterly direction toward the equator.
3. Medusa.
4. Solomon and Queen of Sheba.
5. Apex.
6. Newspapers.

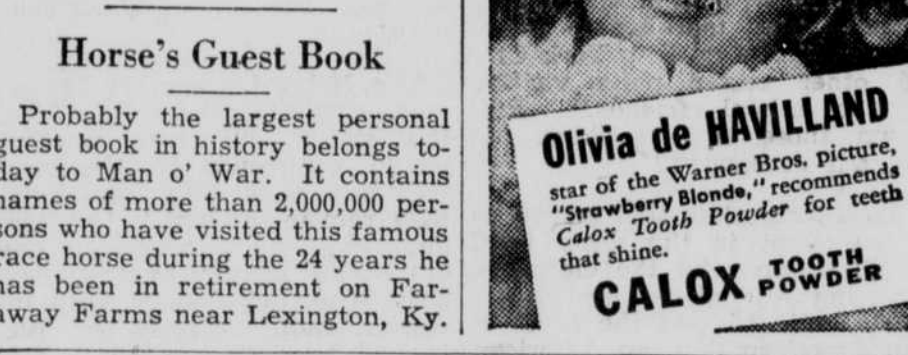
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