



Give Us . . . Our Daily Bread
(See Recipes Below)

Good Breads

"I want to know how to make good bread," is a desire expressed often by readers who write in and tell me their problems. Some feel making bread is a matter of good luck, while others are certain that if they just had a good recipe, they could make good bread.

Bread, good bread, is one of the easiest of all baked goods to make. The yeast bread takes longer for the process to be completed, but there is nothing hard about any of the steps. Bear in mind these essentials when baking bread with yeast:

1. Liquids used may be water, milk, diluted evaporated milk, potato water or a mixture of any of these. When using milk, scald and cool to lukewarm.

2. Yeast may be compressed, granular or dry.

3. Sugar is used to help yeast make leavening gas. Salt controls fermentation, gives flavor.

4. Add all flour necessary at the time of mixing, to keep dough from sticking, and to avoid dark streaks in bread.

5. Dough is kneaded until smooth and satiny. Curve the fingers over dough and push into it with the palms of the hands. The first kneading is longest—8 to 10 minutes required, never less than 5. After the dough is punched down the second time, only 2 minutes' kneading is necessary.

6. After the dough is kneaded, it is placed in a greased bowl. Turn the dough over in bowl to grease it entirely and prevent a hard crust from forming. Cover dough with a cloth or waxed paper while rising. Temperature at which dough rises should be 82 degrees.

7. When punching dough down, punch hands into the center of the dough.

8. When dough has been punched down the second time and risen until double in bulk, and the dough retains dents when pressed lightly, it is ready for molding. Knead down and divide in portions for loaves.

Cover and let rest 10 to 15 minutes. To mold dough, flatten into a ball, fold lengthwise, and stretch three times the length of the pan. Overlap ends at center and fold lengthwise; flatten again, fold in thirds; seal edge; roll lightly and place in greased pan, fold down.

White Bread.
(Makes 4 1-pound loaves)

- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 4 teaspoons salt
- 4 cups liquid, scalded
- 1 cake yeast
- 1/2 cup lukewarm water
- 12 to 14 cups flour

Combine sugar, shortening, salt and liquid in a large mixing bowl.

Lynn Says:

Homemade Breads: Wash the bread box out thoroughly so the bread will stay fresh and moist longer. Every week, the box should have a soapy sudsing, and thorough drying out in the sunshine. Bread sometimes becomes stringy, if a certain germ is allowed to become imbedded in the box through lack of cleanliness. Have freshly baked rolls often, by making a batch of refrigerator dough to have on hand. Then make a variety of rolls from it to add interest to the menu—caramel rolls, cinnamon twists, poppyseed rolls, orange-filled rolls, etc.

If homemade bread tends to get that day-old flavor, freshen the loaves by sprinkling a little water in a brown bag, placing loaf of bread in it, and into the oven for several minutes.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menus

- Grapefruit Juice
- Veal Cutlets in Sour Cream
- Lima Beans Baked Potato
- Lettuce Salad
- *Refrigerator Rolls
- Grapes in Gelatin Beverage
- *Recipe Given

Cool to lukewarm, then add yeast, softened in lukewarm water. Add 4 cups of flour and beat thoroughly. Add remaining flour and mix gradually to a dough that won't stick to hands or bowl. Knead lightly on a floured board 8 to 10 minutes. Place in a greased bowl, cover closely, and let rise until double in bulk (2 to 2 1/2 hours). Punch down and knead 2 minutes. Let rise again until double in bulk. Knead down, brush top of loaves with fat or salad oil after removing from oven.

***Refrigerator Rolls.**
(Makes 3 dozen medium-sized rolls)

- 1 cup milk, scalded
- 1 cup hot mashed potato
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 cake yeast
- 1/2 cup lukewarm water
- 2 beaten eggs
- 5 to 6 cups flour

Combine milk, potato, shortening, sugar and salt in large mixing bowl. Add yeast softened in water and eggs. Add 1 1/2 cups flour and beat well. Cover and let stand in a warm place for 1 hour, or until full of bubbles. Stir in 3/4 to 4/5 cups of flour to make a fairly stiff dough. Knead until smooth on a lightly floured surface. Return to greased mixing bowl. Grease top of dough. Cover and chill in refrigerator. About 1 1/2 hours before serving time, shape desired number of rolls. Place in greased pans; let rise 1 hour. Bake in a hot oven (425 degrees) 15 to 20 minutes. Punch down unused dough and return to refrigerator.

You don't have time to make yeast rolls or bread? Then you will enjoy a lovely quick bread with a cherry-bran combination that is tops:

All-Bran Cherry Bread.

- (Makes 1 loaf)
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1/4 cup light brown sugar
- 1/4 cup chopped maraschino cherries
- 1/4 cup chopped nuts

2 1/2 cups flour
4 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 1/4 cups milk
2 tablespoons melted shortening
1 cup all-bran
1/4 cup chopped maraschino cherries
1/4 cup chopped nuts

Melt butter in loaf pan and sprinkle sugar, cherries and nuts evenly over bottom of pan. Sift flour with baking powder, sugar and salt. Beat egg, add milk and shortening and stir into flour mixture. Add bran, cherries and nuts. Pour over cherry mixture and bake in a moderate oven. Loaf may be baked omitting cherry-nut mixture on bottom of pan.

Are you having a time stretching meats? Write to Miss Lynn Chambers for practical help, at Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago, Ill. Don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply.

BLACK SOMBRERO

by CLIFFORD KNIGHT

Margaret Nichols owned some property in joint tenancy with Kitty Chatfield. When Kitty died it meant \$200,000 to her. She explains the situation to her friend, Barry. While they are talking, Elsa Chatfield, a niece of Aunt Kitty, drives up. Elsa had been disinherited at Aunt Kitty's death. Huntoon Rogers, a detective, asks what Aunt Kitty died of. He is told an overdose of morphine, but that the district attorney's office had their doubts as to whether the morphine was self-administered. Elsa, who admitted that she hated her Aunt Kitty, was "glad to be free of her and the centuries of no and cannot." Reed Barton, one of the last to see Aunt Kitty alive, was said to have had a motive.

CHAPTER II

The tires rippled on the pavement as we dropped down off the hills behind Hollywood and came presently to Laurel Canyon. Other cars flashed past. Laughter, song, earnest voices in wisps and snatches fell upon our ears and were swept away, but in none was there the note of deadly earnestness that vibrated in Elsa's voice.

We had started off from Dwight's amid laughter, Elsa in her working girl suit, which proved to be one of Margaret's street dresses. She carried an overnight bag the lightness of which she explained by saying: "Just pajamas, Barry. I have to have something." We had moved off down the curving driveway and entered the road which descended Hollywood's backdrop of hills.

She was very sure, this young woman with the almost golden hair, and eyes I believed to be gray, and which Dwight called blue.

"Put me down anywhere on Hollywood Boulevard," said Elsa. We had emerged from the winding canyon road and were speeding into Hollywood. "I start from there."

"It's eleven o'clock," I reminded her.

"It doesn't matter. Time never meant anything to me." And so I dropped her on the boulevard. She flashed me a smile, patted my cheek with a soft, caressing hand, and skipped out to the sidewalk in that working girl suit and carrying the overnight bag with just pajamas, because she had to have something. The crowded sidewalks swallowed her up. I got into a traffic snarl. After a while it was broken up and I moved on.

Near Vine Street the crowd opened for a brief moment on the sidewalk, and there went Elsa, the working girl suit and the overnight bag. Then crowd, night, and the moving traffic contrived to shut her wholly from sight, and I drove onward reflecting upon things like bravery and courage and marveling at what we call youth. Wondering, too, about Aunt Kitty's overdose of morphine. For the district attorney, who was an old friend of mine, had asked me if I wanted to try my hand at the problem.

One usually dashes into a railway terminal. In the taxicab as one approaches, the demoralizing discovery is made that it lacks but three minutes until the 4:36 is due to leave, or the train for the White Mountains, or Seattle, or wherever it is you are going. By not waiting for your change, commandeering a red cap and prodding him along, you gain the gate just in time to be numbered among the passengers. It is all right, of course, if you have the sporting instinct. Only fixed ideas occupy the mental processes once you enter the terminal. You grasp thoughts like luggage, tickets, gate, kiss somebody good-bye; and your legs do the rest.

I had just seen my sister and her two boys off for New York. I had driven them down in my own car, so there had been four minutes instead of three, and the boys had entered into the spirit of the thing. Therefore, we made the gate with a full minute to spare, which accounts for the word Anne was able to put in about Reed Barton.

"Where?" I asked, turning to stare back through the crowd which had closed in behind us.

"Over by the information booth. Here, kiss me good-bye, quick! Don't forget to write." The gate slammed and they all went running down the platform, boys, Anne, red caps, boiling and bobbing in a last melee.

The fact that Reed Barton was standing still had caught Anne's attention. He would be doing just that in the station when others were rushing about like ants in a disturbed anthill.

"I try to live with the fundamentals," he had said one night at Dwight's. "Simple things are more satisfactory. The world is befuddled with needless things, with complexities. They are so many that there is no longer room in life to live. I must have time for the contemplation of beauty."

"Finding beauty?" I asked, slapping him on the shoulder. He turned his gaze upon me, reaching slowly for my hand and said: "I've just seen one of our slaves off for Mazatlan—Chesebro's slave. A mining engineer."

Somehow his words brought back that dreamy, sun-baked town far down the western coast of Mexico, and a vague wind of prescience stirred uneasily within me as at the prospect of some horrible thing. It was one of those strange, unaccount-

able experiences; it caused an inward shudder which Reed Barton detected, for he looked at me inquiringly. But, instead, he asked, "Can you give me a lift out to Hollywood?"

"Yes, glad to have your company." We walked out to the car and climbed in. "Living in Hollywood now, Reed?" I asked as we rolled on out Sunset Boulevard.

"Yes, since father—died, in Pasadena." I didn't say anything more just then, remembering the shock of his father's suicide. Beaten and penniless after a lifetime of comfort, the soft-spoken, courteous old gentleman had leaped into the Arroyo Seco from the Colorado Street bridge.

"Oh," he said after a moment, "you asked me at the station if I were finding beauty. I've found her." He motioned with his fingers as if he would wipe out the miles of pavement, the street lights, the December night itself, and bade me contemplate an address in Hollywood. "It's only a step or two off the boulevard. The place smells a little. They all do, with the cabbage



"Put me down anywhere on Hollywood Boulevard."

of yesteryear. And of course there's chintz."

"There, too, is the haunt of beauty?"

"Chesebro sent me with some papers for her to sign. Had to do with her aunt's estate. But it was difficult to track her. She'd dropped out of sight, and I'd been hunting her for several weeks." I made mental note of the address as Reed Barton went on talking. "Ink on her fingers. Some on her nose too. Hair—you know how it would be—I mean, beauty won't yield even to disorder. That's Nature's way. But the color—I'm still trying to decide what it is. Drawing like mad. There were sketches all over the place. Clever things commercially. They'll get by easily. Probably make her a living. She signed up the things I brought without looking at them. 'Get out!' she said. 'Tell Jimmy the Cheese (meaning my boss), to let me alone.'"

I pulled into a parking lot at a restaurant on Vine Street. I was hungry. The excitement of getting a woman off on a long journey is fatiguing. Reed Barton said he wasn't really hungry, but he went in with me.

"Hello," called a voice from a booth. Huntoon Rogers was sitting alone over the dessert of a late dinner.

"Not 'rooding, are you, Hunt?" I inquired lightly, for there was a glumness about him. I introduced Reed Barton.

"No-o," he said hesitantly. "Sit down and let me enjoy your company."

"What's the trouble?"

"Theme papers," he said with a wry smile. "They get me down sometimes and I'm driven to extremes. Therefore, I spent the afternoon looking over the files in the Katherine Chatfield case."

Reed Barton shot a quick glance at Rogers but said nothing.

"Find anything to interest you?"

"Yes. And no. It's one of those cases you keep coming back to, wondering what the answer is."

Reed Barton ate mechanically, like a man in a mild trance.

"Reed was telling me about Elsa Chatfield as we drove out from town," I said to Rogers.

"You know her, Professor Rogers?" Reed inquired quickly.

"I've met her."

"Interesting, isn't she?" He sketched briefly what he had told me on the way out. "You know," he concluded, "even when they clutch economic independence to their blessed little bosoms they haven't got all there is in life. Not even half. They've only got the beginning."

At the time it didn't occur to me that Reed Barton had never heard of the baby. I supposed, of course, he had, for he knew Elsa's friends. But it was revealed subsequently that, during the height of the gossip, he was in Mexico.

The conversation came back to Aunt Kitty Chatfield. Rogers asked if there had been any physical resemblance between Elsa and her aunt.

"None whatever," answered Reed Barton. "That is, as I remember Katherine Chatfield. I never saw the two side by side, however. As a matter of fact, I had never met Elsa until today. She must have been at home that night her aunt died, for I remember that the maid asked me which Miss Chatfield I wished to see."

"You were there that night?" inquired Rogers, his mild blue eyes coming to rest upon Reed Barton's face.

"Yes. You see, I'm one of Chesebro's slaves. At times only his errand boy, although I'm supposed to be something of a mining engineer. But I am required to run a great many personal errands for Chesebro. I think I took Miss Chatfield a book—something that had interested Chesebro, and which he wanted her to read too."

"I see," said Rogers. "And she died that night?"

"Yes. She killed herself some time that night."

Rogers was silent for a moment, then he looked at me. "There's one chap from the police department in Pasadena whose report interested me, Madison. He says that he smelled chloroform faintly when he went into the room to investigate. That was several hours afterward. No one else smelled it, however. It might have been an overactive odor of it noted in the autopsy report. But chloroform is peculiar in that respect; the odor is not necessarily present even at autopsy in a death from chloroform."

"Yes, of course," I said.

"You're not by any chance thinking that Katherine Chatfield was murdered, Professor Rogers?" inquired Reed Barton.

Rogers smiled faintly. "I have no opinion, Mr. Barton. The case has been closed for over a year now. Who am I to stir it up at this time? The police were satisfied that it was suicide; there were no fingerprints, except her own, on the hypodermic syringe she used, or on the bottle in which she kept her supply."

"I guess I was one of the last to see her alive," said Reed Barton after a short silence, looking beyond Rogers to a group making merry in an opposite booth. "I've since been glad it wasn't murder. The police might have made it uncomfortable for me; they could have saddled a motive on me that I couldn't have denied. Because Katherine Chatfield killed my father just as much as if she had pulled a trigger. Things were looking up, you know. Father had struggled all through the worst of the depression to keep things together; he'd managed somehow to make the interest payments to her. She held a mortgage, you know, on all he had. Even as little as a two months' extension would have seen him out of the woods. But—you know, there's no Shylock like a woman Shylock—her pound of flesh must come from the heart. And—so," he shrugged his shoulders, "father jumped." He went on after a moment: "The police could have said I hated her. But I don't think I did."

Dwight Nichols tapped the ash from his cigarette and looked away through the gathering dusk across the vast Pacific into which the sun's dark red ball had sunk. The air was humid; small waves lapped wetly on the damp sand. Indeed so all-pervading was the feeling of wetness that I fancied I could push off from the veranda rail of the beach club, where Dwight, Huntoon Rogers and I sat, and swim out across the lawn. Two screaming children had been engaged in a feud on the beach and the mother with difficulty was now bringing them toward the club house. Dwight seemed more interested in them at the moment than in my remark about Kitty Chatfield, for he drew twice on his cigarette before he replied:

"Oh, I should say that Katherine Chatfield might have been forty-one or two when she died. She was not old."

"According to the files," Huntoon Rogers said, coming to life after long contemplation of the sea, "she was forty years and ten months old."

"But Elsa—" I began.

"I am coming to her. We are always getting back to Elsa. There was new blood with Elsa's mother. It was an alien strain to the Chatfields—new and fresh and vigorous, like a clear mountain stream flowing into a sluggish river. Sam Chatfield married his stenographer. That sort of thing is heroic. It does violence to family traditions; it puts a terrific strain on family pride, but biologically it is a good thing, provided it doesn't become a habit. Sam didn't reason things out quite like that. He loved the girl, which is much simpler, and so he married her. He was young.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Star Dust

STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO
By VIRGINIA VALE
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

INGRID BERGMAN'S superb performance in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is one of those things that people remember for years. It's the more notable because in that opus she was up against really tough competition. Katina Paxinou, the talented Greek actress who plays "Pilar," can dominate any scene without half trying, and the list of male actors reads like an all-star cast. Incidentally, after 100 performances the picture was still selling out at all performances in



INGRID BERGMAN

New York; that meant that for eight solid weeks the public had been trooping to the theater to see just that picture—no news reel, no comedy, no other attraction.

Mentioning Ingrid Bergman reminds me that in "Gaslight," which she is making with Charles Boyer—who plays a most villainous villain—you'll see Tarquin Olivier, son of Laurence Olivier and Jill Esmond, the clever and attractive actress who was his wife before he married Vivian Leigh. Young Tarquin is only five, so he's starting his career fairly early.

It's a nice break that Gail Russell, new in films, gets. She's making "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," playing one of the principal roles, and Paramount has given her a new term contract and the starring part in "Her Heart in Her Throat," scheduled first for Loretta Young. Looks as if Loretta liked her role in "And Now Tomorrow" better. "Her Heart in Her Throat" is a mystery.

A curious soft slapping sound heard occasionally during rehearsals of Morton Downey's afternoon radio program, usually just after he had finished a song, has finally been eliminated. Radio engineers, checking on the origin of the sound, discovered that it was caused by Downey's thumbing his bright red suspenders. He began doing it after he was warned not to jingle coins while he was singing. Now he wears a belt in the studio, and empties his pockets before he steps up to a microphone.

It's no wonder that producers get jittery. Michael O'Shea was riding a motor scooter, crashed into a stage wall—and landed in a hospital, with severe bruises, to put it mildly. That held up shooting on United Artists' "Jack London," as he was to appear in every remaining scene.

Joseph Cotten, narrator and acting star of "America—Ceiling Unlimited," is billed in demand in Hollywood, is billed as the Great Joseph, "The Wizard of the South," in Orson Welles' Mercury Wonder show; it's done nightly under canvas, in Hollywood, for the edification of service men; they're entertained—and highly—by feats of magic, and all for nothing!

It was a thrill for Dinah Shore recently when her new picture, "Thank Your Lucky Stars," was sneak-premiered at WSM's Air Castle studio in Nashville, Tenn., where Dinah started her singing career. All her old friends came. Her new commercial starring series starts on CBS September 30, and will be heard Thursday evenings at 9:30, Eastern War Time.

Back in the 1920s Gertrude Lawrence made a guest appearance on a radio variety show for which the sponsors paid her 20 pounds a minute—about \$100 American money. It established a financial record. When she returns to the air with her new show, September 30, on the Blue Network, she'll get so much more that—though the figure's still a secret—it will establish another record.

ODDS AND ENDS—When Don Ameche, host of the "What's New?" show heard Saturdays over the Blue network, calls his wife "Honey" it's not only a term of endearment, but an abbreviation of her name, Honore . . . After all that talk about retiring, Fred Allen returns to the air next month, but this year the show will emanate from Hollywood and he'll take a flyer in pictures . . . Trudy Erwin had some earrings made from two antique gold thimbles, wore 'em to rehearsal of the Bing Crosby show, and lost one—and found Crosby wearing it . . . War or no war, Ted Husing will be announcing football games over CBS this fall.

Uncle Phil Says:

IT IS WELL to have had a great deal of experience, yet it seems to do something to your youthful enthusiasm.

Idle gossip is never idle for long.

Some people are so fond of trouble that they enjoy most eating the things that disagree with them.

The worst mistake that you can make is the one from which you learn nothing.

Unbending oaks do not, like mushrooms, spring up over night, but grow through the years.

It is wisdom to always remember that you're really a bit of a fool.

In the Navy a floor is a "deck," doors are "bulkheads," downstairs is "below," and a cigarette is a "Camel." At least, Camel is the favorite cigarette among Navy men, as it is among men in the Army, Marines, and Coast Guard. (Based on actual sales records from service men's stores.) And a carton of Camels is a favorite gift. Though there are now Post Office restrictions on packages to overseas Army men, you can still send Camels to soldiers in the U. S., and to men in the Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard whenever they are.—Adv.

"NO MORE 'DOSING' FOR ME!"

Says happy ALL-BRAN eater!

If you've been "dosing" without getting the lasting relief you wanted, this letter may offer you real encouragement:

"Permit me to compliment you on your wonderful product, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN! It certainly lived up to its promises, with me! I'd been taking manufactured laxatives for a long time! But, no more dosing for me, thanks to KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN! I've adopted it as my standby!" Mr. Alexander Kleis, 630 West 170th Street, N. Y. C.

Yes, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN really "gets at" one big cause of constipation—lack of sufficient "cellulose" elements in the diet—because ALL-BRAN is one of Nature's most effective sources of these elements! They work by helping the friendly colonic flora fluff up and lighten the colonic wastes for easy elimination. Not a harsh purgative! Doesn't "sweep you out!" ALL-BRAN is simply a gentle-acting, "regulating" food! If this is your trouble eat KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN regularly. Drink plenty of water. See if you don't find you can give up "dosing" for good! Insist on genuine ALL-BRAN, made only by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Flowers in Alaska
In Alaska the flowers are nearly all yellow or white. Blue and pink blossoms are exceptions there.



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New cream positively stops underarm perspiration odor

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