

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



A fragrant pot of coffee and a few tasty cookies can do the job of entertaining that a dinner once did if there's a spirit of friendliness and plenty of good conversation.

Keep Up Morale, Entertain Simply Even in Wartime

Even if all foods were rationed I'd still say, don't ration hospitality for we need friendly get-togethers, the refreshment and relaxation that being with one's friends gives.

Dinners or entertainments with stupendous foods are out of style at least for the present, but that doesn't mean you can't invite people over for a steaming cup of hot coffee and a few simple but tasty cookies. And, if you want to do things more elaborately, why, it's quite the thing to ask Mrs. Jones to bring over an extra supply of sugar or butter or canned goods if she has them—and is willing to share.

Some time ago progressive diners were quite the fashion. Now again they can become fun. The plan is to serve, let's say three courses, and have each course at a separate home. It's a good idea to have the homes within short walking distance of each other. Serve soup or fruit cocktail at first home, the main course at the next home, and then have dessert and entertainment at the third home. Or, after dessert, the group can plan to go to a movie or concert or to attend some sport in season.

And now for the business of food—with a few points or none at all. Here are cake and cookie recipes which are the cream of the current crop:

- Applesauce Cake.** (No Icing Needed!)
 1 cup sugar
 1/2 cup shortening
 1 cup applesauce
 1 egg
 1 teaspoon soda
 2 tablespoons water
 1 teaspoon cinnamon
 1/2 teaspoon cloves
 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1 cup raisins
 1 1/2 cups cake flour
- Cream shortening and sugar. Add applesauce and well-beaten egg. Add soda dissolved in water. Sift dry ingredients and add to mixture. Fold in raisins and bake in a greased square pan in a moderate (350-degree) oven 1 hour.
- Honey Oatmeal Wafers.** (Makes 16 wafers)
 1 egg
 1/2 cup honey
 1 cup oatmeal
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 2 teaspoons melted butter or margarine
 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- Beat egg until light. Add honey, continuing to beat. Then fold in remaining ingredients. Drop by spoonfuls, about 2 inches apart on a greased baking sheet. Flatten slightly with a knife dipped in cold water. Bake in a moderate (350-

Lynn Says:
Hospitality Unrationed: Even if you're doing your entertaining in the kitchen you can do it up right! Use a gay checkered cloth as the background for your table, and a wooden chopping bowl as the centerpiece for fall flowers or highly polished fruits. Set candles in small squashes.

Have everyone help with the dishes after supper and then play old-fashioned games such as slogan contests, food favorites of famous people, food favorites of the family, scramble names of kitchen utensils and have guests unscramble them.

For children's parties, have Mother Goose theme. Children can come dressed as a Mother Goose character and for entertainment have the child read the rhyme he represents.

- Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu**
- Tomato Bouillon
 - *Thrifty Souffles
 - Green Beans Parsleyed Potatoes
 - Hot Biscuits
 - Lettuce With French Dressing
 - Orange Sherbet
 - *Chocolate Pinwheels
- *Recipes Given

degree) oven about 10 minutes or until a delicate brown.

A nice type of cookie to have on hand during these times is this one for old-fashioned gingersnaps. The recipe makes 10 to 12 dozen "snaps" and the dough keeps indefinitely in the refrigerator so that it can be used and made up into cookies as needed:

- Gingersnaps.** (Makes 10 to 12 dozen)
 1 cup molasses
 1/2 cup shortening
 3/4 cups sifted flour
 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
 1/2 teaspoon soda
 1 tablespoon ginger

Heat the molasses over low heat to the boiling point. Put the shortening in a large mixing bowl, pour the hot molasses over the shortening. Stir until shortening is melted. Sift the flour, ginger, soda and salt together and add to molasses mixture. Mix thoroughly. Form into rolls on slightly floured waxed paper and chill in refrigerator. Slice very thin and bake on a greased cookie sheet in a hot (425-degree) oven 8 to 10 minutes.



Having friends over for dinner? They'll enjoy this light soufflé put together quickly and easily with mushroom soup and chicken.

- *Chocolate Pinwheels.** (Makes 3 1/2 dozen)
 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
 1/2 teaspoon double-acting baking powder
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1/2 cup butter or margarine
 1/2 cup sugar
 1 egg yolk, unbeaten
 3 tablespoons milk
 1 square unsweetened chocolate, melted

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cream butter until light, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolk and beat well. Add flour alternately with milk, mixing well after each addition. Divide dough into two parts. To one part, add chocolate and blend. Chill dough until firm enough to roll. Roll each half into a rectangular sheet, 1/4 inch thick, and place chocolate sheet on top. Then roll as for jelly roll. Chill overnight or until firm enough to slice. Cut into eight-inch slices. Bake on an ungreased baking sheet in hot oven (400 degrees) 5 minutes or until done.

A delicious soufflé with a few piping hot biscuits and honey makes a lovely dinner for a chilly night. Simple though it is, it will satisfy your company well:

- *Thrifty Souffles.** (Serves 6)
 3 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1 can mushroom soup
 1 cup chopped chicken
 3 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored
 3 egg whites, beaten stiff

Combine tapioca, salt and mushroom soup, of consistency to serve. In top of double boiler. Place over rapidly boiling water and cook 8 to 10 minutes after water boils again, stirring frequently. Add chicken and stir until mixed. Cool slightly while beating eggs. Add egg yolks and mix well. Fold into egg whites. Turn into greased baking dish. Place in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate (250-degree) oven 50 minutes or until soufflé is formed.

What are your problems in rationing? Write to Lynn Chambers for expert answers, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope for your reply, at Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago, Illinois. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

BLACK SOMBRERO

by CLIFFORD KNIGHT

Elsa Chatfield, Hollywood artist, is cut off from the will of her Aunt Kitty, who died from an overdose of morphine. Barry, an amateur detective, and Hunt Rogers, a professional sleuth, go to Mazatlan, Mexico, on a cruise with Margaret and Dwight Nichols. Arriving there they find that Elsa and her party had preceded them by plane. They dine at the rancho of Elsa's father, Sam Chatfield, whom Rogers questions about his visit to his sister, Kitty, on the night she died. Later Elsa is seen by Barry and Rogers evidently dying for her life on horseback. Suddenly she dismounts and James Chesebro, a mine owner, reins up. Elsa strikes him across the face with her quirt, again and again.

CHAPTER VII

But Elsa was not through with him. A moment later when her horse dropped to all four feet, she came within striking distance, and again the quirt lashed out to cut Chesebro, across the shoulders this time. Chesebro was too dignified to run from her; an upraised arm to fend off the lightninglike quirt was his only defense.

"Elsa!" I shouted, starting from our place beside the oxcart. "Elsa!" But she didn't hear me. Chesebro was now rolling along the ground, alive to his danger but as yet unable to escape the lashing whip.

"Elsa! Stop it! Stop it!" I shouted, moving rapidly down upon her, Rogers at my heels.

The rigid arm relaxed, the quirt slowly fell from her nerveless fingers, the quirt which later was to play so vital a part in our tragic story.

The rage that had stirred Elsa to a frenzy melted quickly away. Rogers released her and went to help Chesebro to his feet. Suddenly Elsa turned into my arms, soft and yielding, trembling weakly.

"Oh, Barry!" she said. A sob shook her body convulsively. "Oh, Barry—I said that someday I'd pull off his legs. But that's not enough. I'm going to kill him instead!"

Chesebro was put gently to bed in an enormous room furnished in ancient black walnut; the high ceiling and the great length and breadth of the room gave me the feeling almost of being in a cathedral.

In an incredibly short time, considering that this was Mexico, the doctor arrived.

"It is the heart, yes," he said at last, speaking English with a strong rhythmic accent. "He's had an attack; it is light, but he shall remain in bed for several days. Why the face like this?" he inquired, indicating the bruised flesh. "He did not fall on the face, no?"

"There was an argument, Doctor Cruz," Rogers replied slowly, "in which he was severely beaten. With a whip."

"Ah!" responded Doctor Cruz and shrugged his shoulders discreetly.

I went into town with the doctor when he left that early afternoon. As I explained to Huntoon Rogers, it was best that someone of us sought out Reed Barton, to tell him of what had happened.

"You're coming out again, of course, for the evening?" Rogers inquired.

"Yes. I wouldn't miss a fiesta. I don't suppose Chesebro's condition will make any difference in their plans."

"I think not."

George Rumble, lingering in the shade of a clump of bananas, came to life.

"I believe I'll go along with you. All right is it, Doc?" he asked of Doctor Cruz.

"You bet," responded the Mexican physician. And so we rode into town together.

Doctor Cruz dropped me a few minutes later in a side street where over a doorway led into a glaring white wall was a sign bearing Chesebro's name. It was the siesta hour, but I entered its comfortable shady interior where the heat of the day apparently had not penetrated. A youthful Mexican sitting idly at a typewriter looked up, and got quickly out of his chair.

"A sus ordenes, señor," he said.

"Senior Barton; is he in?" I inquired in Spanish.

"Si, señor; por esta puerta," he said rapping gently, then opening the door into the inner office.

this odd reception of the news I had for him.

"It really doesn't matter, Barry," he amplified. "Chesebro and I are through. We're quits. He's kicked me out of his organization. I've been sitting here resting a bit after getting my stuff together, and thinking."

"You mean you're fired?"

"Yes."

"Why—what?"

"Elsa, of course. The man is mad, Barry. About her."

That evening at the rancho is one that none of us who was present will ever forget, an evening not of full fiesta, but of gay and typical dances, the zapateados, an evening that ended so tragically.

Chesebro was lying motionless in bed. Because of the painful injuries inflicted by the lash of Elsa's whip, he did not turn his head when we came into the room, merely inquired quietly who we were.

"I'm glad you came in," he said from his pillow. "Sit down, won't you?"

"We'll not stay," Rogers told him, going up to the bedside and looking down upon the bandaged occupant. "Can we get you anything? Do any service for you, Chesebro?"

"Thank you, no. I'm all right. I'll be up and about in a few days." He rested a moment before he continued. "They are very kind to me, both Sam and Senora Chatfield. I couldn't ask more devoted, thoughtful attention."

"Oh, I'm sure you're well cared for," I said. "It was a—" I started to say something of the beating Elsa had given him, but paused, afraid to irritate his sensibilities.

Chesebro waited a moment for me to go on, then said: "I don't



She had gone mad with hatred of him.

blame Elsa. I blame only myself for having underestimated Elsa's capabilities."

"Elsa is," began Rogers, a half-humorous note in his voice, "surprisingly full of capabilities."

"Yes," said Chesebro, matter-of-factly, "that's true. But she didn't know; she couldn't have known that I was experiencing a little trouble with my heart—and I shouldn't have done what I did. You find me very contrite, gentlemen. Elsa, I'm sure, will forgive me when she comes in to see me, as I've been promised later on she will do."

We said good night and withdrew from the huge, dimly lighted room where dark shadows in the far corners could have concealed a host of evil spirits.

There was an odd, constrained silence when we entered the living room, a slight hush of expectancy and a stiffening of the occupants in the chairs. Dwight and Margaret had arrived. Rumble was there, having come out with me from town. Sam and Berta were sitting with them. Elsa had not yet made her appearance, and Reed Barton came in a moment or two after we entered. He was dressed picturesquely as a charro, the Mexican cowboy, and evidently was determined to have a part in the evening's festivities. He wore a short leather jacket, a soft red tie, long leather pantaloons as tight as he could sit down in, bespangled with silver buttons and chains.

I detected a look of disappointment in his face as he glanced around the room and did not find Elsa. Berta, dressed in black velvet and heavily rouged, coquettishly made a place for him beside herself, and indicated her husband with her fan, as if he were only waiting for the attention of all before saying something.

"Well," he said with surprisingly little show of interest, "it doesn't mean anything to me, Barry, to know about it. Thank you, though, for your trouble."

"I don't understand—" I began at

low. It will come as a surprise, I know; it will seem out of place, perhaps, to some of you. But it is something that seems to be necessary."

Sam Chatfield was now well launched upon his little speech; there was earnestness upon his face, in his manner. "You all know, of course, of the death of my sister, Katherine, in California, now more than a year ago. At odd times since that occurrence there have been intimations that the authorities are not satisfied with the official findings. I discover that among you there are two who are actively prosecuting an inquiry into the circumstances surrounding Katherine's death.

"Since all of us here"—he looked around the room—"Elsa will be here shortly—knew her or had some dealings, or association of some sort, with her, I shall ask Mr. Rogers to conduct an examination. I want him, and through him the authorities in California, to be satisfied. Neither Berta nor I have been available for questioning hitherto, and I hope Mr. Rogers will not feel constrained, because we are his hosts, in questioning us. Of course, Mr. Chesebro cannot be with us, and is at present in no condition to undergo questioning, but that, perhaps, can be done later, if it has not already been done." He looked inquiringly at Huntoon Rogers.

"Thank you, Mr. Chatfield. It is indeed a surprise. I had been hoping soon to suggest that something like this be arranged. I'm sure that Mr. Madison will be grateful for this opportunity, now that the matter is, so to speak, out in the open. Of course," he hesitated, looking intently at Sam Chatfield, "there is in the death of your sister—or, for that matter, in the death of anyone else—a set of facts. We are uncertain just what those facts are. The district attorney's office doubts the validity of what purports to be facts in the Katherine Chatfield case.

There was a stir in the doorway and Elsa entered the room, pausing on the threshold to survey us as we sat listening, solemn-faced and stiffly, as if to a schoolmaster, while Rogers talked. She was always lovely; her hair of an almost golden sheen, the level gray eyes, the firm, erect carriage which was emphasized tonight by the costume she wore. She was dressed as a China Poblana.

"Am I interrupting?" she asked from the threshold.

"No, dear; come in," said her father. "We were expecting you to join us." He made a place for her at his side.

A faint smile flitted across her face at the sight of Reed Barton, and she nodded to him, slightly aloof now, this person, who so ardently had hoped that Reed would come like a caballero and sing love songs to her on the deck of the Orizaba.

"I presume there is little need to do so, but perhaps it is best to remind you all that Katherine Chatfield died of an overdose of morphine."

At Rogers' words Elsa, who had just sat down, lifted her head high, her nostrils opening wider as if she sniffed danger.

"The overdose probably was much in excess," continued Rogers easily, "of what she was accustomed to take. In the circumstances only two conclusions are possible. Either she administered the overdose herself, in which case it was suicide. Or, it was given to her by someone desiring her death, either forcibly, or by the aid of some preliminary anesthetic administered quickly before she was aware of her danger—such as chloroform. In which latter case, of course, it is murder."

"Mr. Chatfield quite recently told Barry Madison and me that both he and Mrs. Chatfield were spending the night at the house the night his sister died. Elsa, of course, was there. Some time ago Reed Barton informed me that, in the nature of his work for Mr. Chesebro, he ran many personal errands for him, and that on this particular evening he had been instructed to deliver a book to her.

"And I have just discovered in talking with George Rumble that he had been engaged to do some publicity work for Miss Chatfield, and that on the evening of her death he was present in the house for a short time, that the two argued, and that he left threatening to sue her for his money."

"Dwight," Rogers said, with a smile, "so far as I know, you and Margaret are the only ones here, excepting Barry Madison and myself, who have not been shown to have been present that night. How about it? Are you keeping something to yourself?"

Dwight Nichols shifted his crossed legs and tapped the ash from the tip of his cigarette.

"I believe I told you a long time ago, Hunt, that I might be accused of having a motive in Kitty Chatfield's slaying—if that's what it was. I profited to the extent of a couple of hundred thousand dollars at her death, because of some property owned in joint tenancy. But there it ends. I didn't happen to be at the house at any time that evening she died."

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The Questions

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2. What is a quern?
3. What are the national colors of Mexico?
4. In diplomatic service which is the highest rank, ambassador, minister or consul?
5. Which two countries of South America do not touch Brazil?

The Answers

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2. A small hand mill for grinding spices.
3. Green, white and red.
4. Ambassador.
5. Ecuador and Chile.



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