

Puddings and Spice And All Things Nice Make Xmas Merry



Traditional holiday cookies and puddings can still appear in this year's celebrations. Make them simpler by using recipes in today's colump.

Eyes bright and shining, hearts full of the Christmas spirit and won-



have the time to make all the puddings and cakes we wanted. Now, we have not only the time element to consider, but also the problem of rationed goods. prices, and time, too. For these reasons, today's recipes have been designed to fit all these requirements. Look them over, homemakers, and you'll find they quite fill the bill:

> Christmas Pudding. (Serves 12) 14 cup sugar cup butter or margarine

to be Kitty Chatfield's murder. On ar-Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving rival they find that Elsa's party had preceded them by plane. During a fiesta at Menu the ranch of Sam Chatfield (Elsa's father) James Chesebro is murdered. Lom-Creamed Chicken in Mashed bardo, chief of Mexican police, arrests Potato Nests Reed Barton. Chatfield promises to use **Parsleyed** Carrots his influence to get Barton out. The Lettuce Salad Crusty Rolls party goes on a fishing trip for marlin, Cranberry Pudding and on their return decide to visit Reed Barton. He has already been freed.

They decide to go swordfishing next day Sift flour, salt, soda and spices toin the Pacific rollers. ether; stir in fruit and almonds.

Soften crumbs in milk 10 minutes. Beat sugar into beaten egg yolks; add the suet and crumbs; stir into fruit-flour mixture. Add fruit juice and jelly and mix well. Fold in stiffly beaten

egg whites. Pour into greased mold; cover tightly and steam for 31/2 nours.

Steamed Cranberry Pudding. (Serves 6) 1 cup sifted flour 1½ teaspoons baking powder 1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 cup brown sugar 1/2 cup bread crumbs % cup finely chopped suct 1 cup chopped cranberries

1 egg 1/2 cup milk or water Mix ingredients in order given.

Turn into a greased mold, cover drous expectation with waxed paper and steam for 2 -you're not go- hours.

Foamy Cranberry Sauce. (Makes 11/2 cups) 4 tablespoons butter 1 cup confectioners' sugar 1 egg, separated 1/4 cup sweetened cranberry juice Grated rind of 1 orange Cream butter and sugar together. Add beaten egg yolk, cranberry

juice and orange rind. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white just before serv-

Hard Sauce. (Makes ¾ cup) 1/4 cup butter 1 cup confectioners' sugar ¾ teaspoon vanilla 1 tablespoon cream Cream butter, add sugar, gradu-

when you leave the good old U.S.A. ally, beating until light and fluffy. you can't expect the same service. When thoroughly We're tops in everything. But since combined, addfla- you ask me, there's only one thing voring and cream. that's keeping me. That's Elsa." Chill until cold "Elsa?" echoed Sam Chatfield. turning to Rumble questioningly. Coffee, ginger, "Yes. You know, Chatfield, if I nutmeg, fresh had a Chinaman's chance with her, fruit or jam may I'd soon be calling you Poppa." be substituted for An extraordinary expression flickvanilla and ered briefly in Sam Chatfield's round, tanned face. Dwight laughed.



over.' I thought everything was all

right, and that he'd be quiet, or

else raise the ante on me if he

thought it was worth more than

"But blackmail-" began Rogers.

"Yes, I know, Hunt. I'm the last

person in the world to submit to

that, but-you don't know Margaret.

I'd rather cut my own throat than

have her suspect me of any wrong-

doing; I wouldn't deceive her for

worlds. I never have. There was

never anything between me and Kit-

ty Chatfield, except a friendship.

But I never could explain to Mar-

garet why I was at Kitty's that eve-

ning. She thought I was at the Ex-

plorer's Club meeting. As a mat-

ter of fact I did go to the meeting.

Kitty telephoned me there and

asked me to come over at once: she

said she needed my advice about

something. It was urgent, but she

wouldn't tell me what it was on

the telephone. And I never did

find out, because-she was dead

when I got there. I'd entered with-

out knocking, stumbled over the

body on the floor. I heard some-

that."

field eagerly, swinging about in his said it was Reed. I knew that he swivel chair.

knew it was I, but I couldn't fathom "About two hundred yards," why he lied about it. I thought, Dwight estimated, motioning to the though, that it was for blackmail. man at the wheel to change our Anyway, I gave him the hundred course slightly to cross in front of yesterday, and he asked, 'What's our quarry. that for?' and I said, "Think it

Suddenly the three dorsal fins cutting the water near by disappeared. We crossed and re-crossed what we deemed to be the area where they might be found, but there was no sign. We stood in closer to the larger of the rocky islets. Something struck on Dwight's tackle, and was gone again. He reeled in and found part of his bait bitten off and he set to work to sew on another. Before he had finished Rogers called out as he had done in the bay at Mazatlan, "Thar she blows!"

A great silvery fish a quarter of a mile or so nearer the shore line leaped clear of the water, seemed to walk on its tail and fell back with a splash visible from our small launch.

"They're here, gentlemen," declared Sam Chatfield with satisfaction. "It wouldn't be according to best tradition, however, to catch our fill the first half hour we're out. That isn't fishing. Although the last time I was here we took three in a short afternoon. That's-" He gripped his rod as his reel whined; something had struck hard.

"That's it, Sam!" shouted Dwight. That's a marlin."

"Yes, I think so, Dwight." He let the line run out, then his body suddenly stiffened. He checked his reel and pulled hard to sink his hook. A veritable submarine explosion followed at the end of his line, and away the line went for a long run. while Sam Chatfield settled down in his seat, the muscles about his mouth set hard, his eyes intent upon the area of blue water in which his marlin must be.

"Oh-oh, fellows," shouted Reed Barton. "I've got something. 'Tisn't marlin, though.

"So have I," echoed Rogers. They each had hooked a mackerel of five or six pounds, and were proceeding to reel them in when suddenly Sam Chatfield's marlin came to life. The swivel chair under him | and less wide, and pretty drapery groaned and creaked as he braced which narrows your waist. himself to hold the giant fish in its desperate threshings below the surface. Little by little he had reeled it in close, but it was not yet ready for the gaff. Suddenly the dorsal fin of a marlin appeared close by the launch, drawn, as we were soon Complaint of Socrates to realize, by the rushes of the two ackerel.

shouted. "He's after my fish!"

with his sword.

Indeed it was; the long sharp

sword was pointed in the direction

of Reed's fish, now fighting at the

excitement which gripped us, with

two marlin being played, and Rog-

ers and Reed Barton both reeling

small chop of the waves, and of a

sudden, before we could lift a hand,

So startling was this, and so quick-

our horrified gaze the long rapier-

(TO BE CONTINUED)

front to back.



Quickly Put On

850

2-10 yrs.

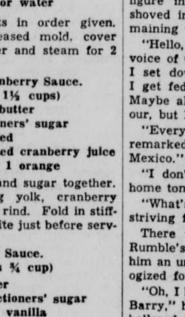
THIS dress is designed so it is easy for little girls to put it on -and button it in a jiffy! It is just like the smart new grown-up styles in its tailored simplicity. . . .

Pattern No. 8501 is designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 years. Size 4, short sleeves, requires 21/4 yards 35-inch material. Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers. Send your order to:

530 South Wells St.	Chicago
Enclose 20 cents in c pattern desired.	oins for each
Pattern No	
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White and Black Swans

All the native swans of Europe and North America have white feathers. The only swans with dark feathers are those which have



maining vacant seat. "Hello, fellows." rasped the husky voice of George Rumble. "Mind if I set down with you white guys? I get fed up with these Mexicans. Maybe all this around me is glamour, but I think it's the bunk."

"Every fellow to his own taste," remarked Sam Chatfield. "I love

"I don't. I wish I was heading home tomorrow."

"What's keeping you?" I asked, striving for a humorous jibe. There was a hurt expression in

Rumble's eyes as if I had struck: him an unexpected blow, and I apologized for the remark. "Oh, I know you mean it all right, Barry," he replied. "Maybe I have hollered too much about this town. I guess it's true what they say;

Chatfield was with him. "Still sleuthing, you two?" Dwight asked, and when Rogers repeated the observation he had just made to me, Dwight laughed. "Why not have a table? The night's young, and the beer's good." So we moved to a table and ordered a round of beer. As the mozo set the order on the table, a stocky figure in a huge black sombrero shoved in and sat down in the re-

inherited by her Aunt Kitty, who died

from an overdose of morphine. Hunt

Rogers and Barry Madison go to Mazat-

lan, Mexico, to solve what they believe

CHAPTER XIII

has been released?" he asked.

at the hotel here."

he said.

"Did you hear that Reed Barton

"Yes. He's now dancing with Elsa

"It was too early to arrest him-

A friendly hand struck me lightly

on the shoulder and I turned about

to discover Dwight Nichols. Sam

or anybody else, for that matter,"

legg 1 cup molasses 1 cup sour milk 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in sour milk 3 cups flour 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon 1/4 teaspoon cloves 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg 1 cup chopped raisins 1/2 cup currants or seedless raisins

1/2 cup ground citron 14 cup candied cherries 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream sugar and butter or margarine. Add egg, slightly beaten. Add spices to flour. Add molasses. milk and flour alternately, a little at a time, blending well. Add fruit and vanilla. Pour into two greased 1-quart pudding molds. Cover and steam for 3 hours. Serve with hard or foamy sauce.

If you want to splurge a bit and can afford it, here is an old-fashioned, real English plum pudding:

English Plum Pudding. (Serves 12)

% cup sifted cake flour teaspoon salt % teaspoon baking soda teaspoon cinnamon % teaspoon nutmeg & teaspoon mace % pound raisins, chopped 16 pound dried currants, chopped % pound citron, chopped % pound lemon peel, chopped % pound orange peel, chopped % pound blanched almonds, chopped % cup fine bread crumbs % cup het milk % pound brown sugar

5 eggs, separated 1/2 pound suct, chopped t cup fruit julce (any kind)

% glass currant jelly

Lynn Says

The Score Card: Crop estimates jumped on white potatoes making more available for civilian use. You are urged to buy them by bushel instead of by the pound.

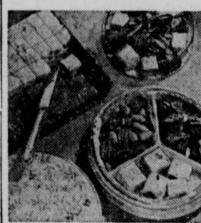
Watch for changes in point and price values. They are an indication of how you can guide your food budget. Figs have gone up in price, grapes down. Prunes and raisins are back on the ration list because there are no longer large stocks of these available. Crabmeat is up in price as are some of the cheeses.

Guide your use of milk carefully as your dealer is now rationed. This is being tried because it would be difficult to ration milk to the consumer by points.

Save every bit of fat that you can and turn it in to your butcher. A tablespoon a day will help to bring your boy back sooner.

but not hard.

to whom home-made candy is a real Xmas treat, you will find this recipe has the real holiday touch.

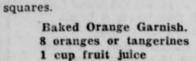


It will be a gay Christmas if you give out candies full of fruits and nuts. Home-wrapped packages bring cheery greetings to friends and neighbors.

Christmas Butter Fudge. (Makes 1½ pounds) 2 cups sugar 1 cup milk ¼ cup butter 1/4 teaspoon salt 1/4 cup candied cherries, cut small % cup blanched pistachios

Put milk, butter and salt into a large saucepan and bring to boiling point, stirring constantly until sugar is dissolved. Cook at moderate rate (236 to 237 degrees F.), stirring only occasionally, until candy will form a soft ball when dropped in cold wa-

ter, Remove from heat immediately and set pan in cold water; do not stir or beat until cooled to lukewarm. Add vanilla and beat until candy becomes thick and creamy hear what I can tell you." and loses its shine. When on point of "setting" add cherries and nuts and fold in quickly. Pour candy in buttered square pan and let stand at room temperature until firm. Cut in



Cut peeling of fruit into 6 sections, cutting down about 11/2 inches. Turn over fruit and bake in a hot (400-

Use with watercress or parsley as a garnish for ham or turkey. If you want sugar-saving suggestions.

write to Lynn Chambers, Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Desplaines Street, Chicago, Illinois. Don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

cream. To those of you "I mean it." insisted Rumble.

"Elsa is the swellest little person I've ever met, and I've been around quite a bit." He turned abruptly and glared at Dwight. "What are you laughing at?" he demanded. "I think and feel. If I love Elsa I'm going to say so. But I know I

my wife, though, I wouldn't be a cheater, like some fellows." He plunged a hand into the pocket of his brown slacks and drew forth a billfold, opened it, took out a hundred dollar bank note and dropped it in front of Dwight. "I don't want

it," he said. Dwight Nichols half rose in his chair; his face had drained of its color underneath his tan. His fists

were clenched and his lips set tight. An angry light was in his eyes and the next moment he would have launched himself upon Rumble, who continued to sit, a scornful look on his face, glaring at Dwight.

"Gentlemen!" warned Sam Chatfield sharply. "Don't forget yourselves." "I haven't," Rumble reminded

him. Dwight sank down into his seat; his hands dropped trembling upon the table. "And I suppose,' Rumble continued, preparing to leave, "that you'd rather I got out." He glared about the table as if we

all were his enemies. "Well, I'll go." He stood up. His eyes caught the gaze of Rogers. "Hunt," he said, "I ain't got anything against you. I'm wise to some things you'd like to know. You want to know who killed the Chatfield woman, and who killed Chesebro. I'll see you later; it'll interest you to

Rumble pushed away from our table, pulled his enormous black sombrero down upon his forehead, and walked through the crowded tar and out into the night. No one spoke until the door had closed be-

hind him. Then Sam Chatfield said, "Extraordinary person." "Yes, isn't he?" Dwight agreed

nervously. He picked up the bank note, folded it precisely and slipped petal-like sections of peeling under, it into his pocket. His gaze swept removing part of white membrane. about to include all of us. He bit Place on a baking dish. Pour juice his lips slightly, then said, "Well, Rumble has made it necessary for degree) oven for about 10 minutes. me to explain something."

"Not if you don't feel like doing it, Dwight." I counseled. He brushed my remark aside with an impatient gesture

"I'll be brief His voice was crisp. "I was the man who ran from Kitty Chatfield's house the evening she died-the panicky man-

and not Reed Barton. Rumble lied

His fists were clenched and his lips set tight.

body moving around upstairs. Someorously to reel in his own catch. one came in at the front door-The next moment I saw two wicked never was a guy to hide what I Margaret has since said that it was little turquoise blue eyes rising through the water, gleaming like she-and I did get panicky. I ran out. I didn't stop running until I sparkling gems as they caught the haven't got a chance. If Elsa was was up the street a way. Perhaps rays of the sun. And then some-I passed Rumble; he says I did. thing happened. I don't know."

> He ended his confession, plunged gether exactly what occurred in the his hand into his pocket for his next few seconds of time. We went cigarettes, and lighted one before over and over it to make sure that we were correct in the sequence of any of us could speak. events, and to the best of our belief

> this is what occurred: Sam Chat-The rhythmical beat of the ship's engines filled my waking consciousfield's marlin put on the brakes only a few feet, perhaps, below the surness. For some minutes in the faint light of dawn I lay looking at the face and not far from the launch. Sam, thereupon, sat back hard in humped figure of Huntoon Rogers in his chair, and the swivel mechathe opposite bunk, not realizing what nism beneath him gave way and he it was or why there was the sound of the engines. Finally I roused fell suddenly to the deck. The marlin must then have executed a turn completely, got up and looked out of and headed back toward his enemy the porthole, and there before my in the launch. eyes, fading in the morning mists, This accident at the height of the

"Oh, yes," I muttered to myself, returning to my bunk, "we're going fishing."

in smaller catches, which of a sud-And so we were. At last Dwight den were being pursued by a hungry marlin, was bewildering. Sam Chatfield appeared to scramble to his feet; he had thought only for his fish. But the breaking chair underneath him and his abrupt fall dislodged the butt of his rod from its leather socket, which struck him a hard blow in the pit of the stomach, for he grunted sharply as if his breath had been knocked partly from him. He had sufficient strength to get to his feet and presence of mind to keep a firm grip on his rod with a single hand, but as he

For a moment no one replied, rose to his feet he was off balance. The launch was pitching in the and then Arturo, the flat-faced Filipino who served, spoke apologetical-

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Nichols. The he toppled over the stern into the gentleman in question do not come water. aboard las' night, as you say for him to do."

ly did it happen, that no one even so Sam Chatfield was talkative, more much as cried out. At the same so than at any time yet in my brie? time Rogers had risen to his feet in acquaintance with him. a desperate effort to swing his small

"You and Elsa are quite good fish from the water out of the reach friends, aren't you?" he observed of the pursuing marlin. There was sociably, as he watched Dwight paya final short rush of a huge torpedoing out the teaser, a cunningly like body rising from below, a carved and pivoted piece of wood mighty splashing as Sam Chatfield which began to leap and wriggle came gasping to the surface of the and twist like a crazy fish in the water, and the huge marlin he had choppy water. been playing was upon him. Before

"Look to starboard, gentlemen," sang out Reed Barton, pointing in like bony sword drove directly through Sam Chatfield's chest from the direction. "A collection of fins. or I'm mistaken."

"Where?" demanded Sam Chat-

Appears Quite Up-to-Date dark leatners are those which have their native homes south of the "Look, fellows," Reed Barton

8514

36-52

Here is a complaint about etiquette that should interest every parent:

Soft Drapery

VOU'LL never know how much

proved until you try a dress like

this one. It has long, slenderizing

panels which make you look taller

. . .

Pattern No. 8514 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 38,

short sleeves, requires 41/4 yards 39-inch material, 3/6 yard contrast for trimming.

your appearance may be im-

"The children now love luxury, surface. With an incredible rush they have bad manners, contempt the marlin was upon it, striking it for authority, they show disrespect for elders, and love chatter in It was Rogers who first realized place of exercise. Children are the danger we were in; he called a now tyrants, not the servants of warning. "I don't like that thing their households. They no longer too near, Dwight." He started vigrise when elders enter the room. They contradict their parents, chatter before company, gobble up dainties at the table, cross their legs, and tyrannize over their teachers."

The Greek philosopher Socrates registered the complaint over We were a long time piecing to-2,000 years ago. We parents might are bread, potatoes, seasonable as well resign ourselves.

equator. Australia has black swans and the southern end of South America has black-necked swans in great numbers.



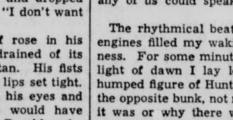
British Food Rationing Food rationing in Britain has been in force since January, 1940. Now the only unrestricted foods vegetables and fruits.





All druggists-304. Money back if not delighted





was the sleeping town of Mazatlan.

Nichols was to indulge in the sport that had brought him so far from home, and which had suffered interruption and delay by what had happened on shore at Mazatlan. Not until after breakfast, however, did Mazatlan and all it stood for fall away from me like a cloak dropped from the shoulders, and I became a part of the Orizaba and a member of a fishing party. Margaret looked up from her plate as breakfast drew to a close, and exclaimed, "Why, where's George Rumble?"