

# HOUSEHOLD MEMOS... by Lynn Chambers

Entertain Simply,  
But Do Entertain  
Even in Wartime

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menu  
For Luncheon  
\*Tomato Aspic Vegetable Salad  
Finger Sandwiches  
\*Coconut Candle Cakes  
Beverage  
\*Recipe Given



One small recipe can provide two dozen of these small, fluffy candle cakes which will be a delight at any get-together for your dessert luncheon or afternoon refreshment. They're particularly nice for a birthday.

Now that you've finished entertaining the family and relatives during the holidays, you can get back to your club work and social activity in earnest.

Most of us, from either the budget or ration point consideration, cannot afford to entertain for luncheon as we did formerly, but we can still afford the same gracious hospitality, even with less food for our guests. Should you wish to entertain at luncheon, do so with a simple salad, sandwiches or beverage. Or, it's very fashionable to entertain at a dessert and beverage luncheon.

A simple cake to go nicely with your dessert luncheon or afternoon refreshment is this one. The surprise item is coconut which now has found its way, even though in small quantity, to some markets:

**\*Coconut Candle Cakes.**  
(Makes 2 dozen small)  
1 1/4 cups sifted cake flour  
1 1/4 teaspoons double acting baking powder  
1/2 cup butter or substitute  
1/2 cup sugar  
2 eggs, unbeatens  
1/4 cup milk  
1 teaspoon lemon or vanilla extract  
1 cup moist sweetened coconut

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and sift together 3 times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add flavoring. Turn into lightly greased cupcake tins filling 3/4 full. Bake in a moderate (375-degree) oven 20 minutes or until done. Frost with snowy lemon frosting and sprinkle with moist, sweetened coconut. Arrange cakes on a platter and insert candle holder with candle on each cake.

**Snowy Lemon Frosting.**  
2 egg whites, unbeatens  
1 1/4 cups sugar  
3 tablespoons water  
2 tablespoons lemon juice  
1/4 teaspoon grated lemon rind  
Combine egg whites, sugar, water and lemon juice in top of double boiler, beating with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beating constantly with rotary egg beater and cook 7 minutes or until frosting stands up in peaks. Remove from boiling water, add lemon rind and beat until thick enough to spread. Makes enough frosting for 2 dozen cupcakes.

Well-seasoned finger sandwiches made from flaked fish will go well with an aspic salad for a very lovely luncheon.

### Lynn Says

**Bits of Wisdom:** Gentle treatment is the rule for eggs. They are liable to get tricky if you use anything else.

Pare, not peel potatoes. You'll be able to see the difference. When boiling potatoes, be sure to use boiling water, plenty of salt.

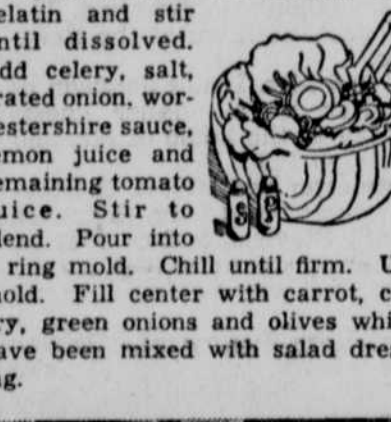
For mashed potatoes, use enthusiasm plus a wooden spoon and don't spare either.

Waffles should be crisp. Don't open the waffle baker while the iron is steaming. That means it's cooking.

Recipes are a chart and a guide. Good cooks as well as brides need them—then you can always get good results, avoid failure.

Save Used Fats!

**\*Tomato Aspic Vegetable Salad.**  
(Serves 8)  
1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin  
1/4 cup cold water  
2 cups tomato juice  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/4 teaspoon celery salt  
1 tablespoon grated onion  
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce  
1 tablespoon lemon juice  
1 1/2 cups grated raw carrot  
1/2 cup diced celery  
2 green onions, sliced  
1/4 cup sliced stuffed olives  
Mayonnaise or salad dressing  
Soak gelatin in cold water. Heat 1 cup tomato juice to boiling. Add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add celery, salt, grated onion, Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice and remaining tomato juice. Stir to blend. Pour into a ring mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Fill center with carrot, celery, green onions and olives which have been mixed with salad dressing.



This satisfying main course is prepared by melting 1/4 pound of process cheese with 1/4 cup evaporated milk, seasoning with Worcestershire sauce and 1/4 teaspoon prepared mustard, then serving on toast with poached egg. It's delicious.



Dieting friends will welcome this combination custard and cake dessert because it doesn't contain as many calories as rich desserts. It's delicate and ideal when served with tea for afternoon refreshment.

### Lemon Cups.

(Serves 6)  
1 cup sugar  
2 tablespoons butter or substitute  
3 egg yolks, beaten  
1/4 cup flour  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1 1/4 cups milk, scalded  
5 tablespoons lemon juice  
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind  
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten  
Cream together sugar and butter. Add egg yolks. Beat in flour and salt. Add milk. Stir in lemon juice and rind. Fold in egg whites. Pour into custard cups. Bake at 375 degrees for 10 minutes, then reduce heat to 350 degrees. Bake for 35 minutes longer or until a toothpick thrust into the center comes out dry. Chill. Serve directly from custard cups.

Your guests, young or old, will like these attractive corsages. They're very much edible and good, too!

### Popcorn Corsages.

(Makes 16)  
1 cup sugar  
3/4 cup water  
1 teaspoon vinegar  
2 tablespoons light corn syrup  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 tablespoon butter  
1 teaspoon red food coloring  
6 cups popped corn  
Combine sugar, water, vinegar, corn syrup and salt; stir until sugar dissolves. Cook to hard ball stage (265 degrees F.). Remove from heat; add butter and coloring. Reserve small amount of syrup for fastening wooden skewers. Pour over popped corn, stirring constantly. Form into two-inch balls. Dip skewers into syrup; push into balls. Back with lace-paper doilies and cellophane circles. Tie on bows of ribbon or cellophane.

If you want sugar-saving suggestions, write to Lynn Chambers, Western Newspaper Union, 210 South Des Plaines Street, Chicago 6, Illinois. Don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

# BLACK SOMBRERO by CLIFFORD KNIGHT

Elsa Chatfield is disinherited by her Aunt Kitty, who died of an overdose of morphine. Hunt Rogers and Barry Madison go to Mazatlan, Mexico, to solve what they believe to be Aunt Kitty's murder. On arriving, they find Elsa's party has preceded them by plane. While in Mazatlan James Chesebro is murdered, and while out fishing Elsa's father, Sam, meets death from the sword of a marlin when his chair breaks and he topples into the sea. In re-enacting the scene of the Chesebro murder one Pedro identifies Dwight Nichols as "the man," but Dwight is not held. They return to the launch and strike something ominous alongside the wharf and decide to investigate.

### CHAPTER XVI

"Easy! Steady! Steady!" Rogers was leaning far out over the side, peering at the water. "Hold it!" The engine stopped and we floated quietly. Rogers continued to peer into the murky water. Something was there. My throat was dry; I felt an uncomfortable sensation at the pit of my stomach. Nevertheless I managed to say, matter-of-factly, I thought, "What is it, Hunt—a log?"

"No," he said. It seemed hours before he spoke again and then he said what I was expecting, yet dreaded to hear him say. "It's Rumble."

I wakened with a start the next morning to find that Rogers was gone. Dawn was breaking over the mountains. I dressed and went out on deck to discover that Rogers had gone ashore.

Rogers was on the wharf when I was landed there. He appeared fresh and vigorous as if he had had a long, unbroken night's sleep. To my inquiry he remarked, "There were several things I thought of, Barry, and it was best to get an early start."

Down below us in the water, a dark head burst upward to the surface and brown arms thrashed about. Rogers, leaning over the wharf's edge, shouted in Spanish, "Anything?"

"No, sir. I dive in a moment."

A few seconds later the head disappeared, a pair of feet kicked vigorously and the surface smoothed out.

"What's it all about?" I demanded. "What's he diving for?"

"I've hired him to do the job, Barry. Rumble, I imagine, either fell or was thrown off the wharf. He had checked out of the hotel. Where is his luggage? Why wasn't his bag found on the wharf? And what does it mean if we should find it in the water?"

"Senor Rumble," he said, "probably did not drown, as was suggested."

"No? What then?"

"There is a stab wound, gentlemen, under the left shoulder blade, sufficient in my opinion, to have caused death."

Rogers drew from his pocket the dark, stained knife which the diver had tossed upon the wharf. It was dry by now, and it lay sinister and evil-looking on the desk where Rogers placed it.

"Such a knife as this, Doctor?" he asked.

Lombardo and Cruz stared at it for some moments, then Cruz said, "Yes, such a knife as that made the wound."

"Where did you find it, senor?" Lombardo inquired, picking it up.

Rogers explained how it had come into his hands. An exchange of glances went around the circle.

"Do you know whose knife it is, senor?"

"No, sir."

Lombardo laid the knife aside when both Dwight and I likewise had disclaimed any knowledge of its ownership. He reached for the pack-

age Doctor Cruz had placed on the desk and with thick brown fingers snapped the cord.

"Those are articles removed from the pockets of the dead man's clothing," observed Doctor Cruz.

"The man was not robbed, do you think?"

"I believe not," Rogers answered. "The last time any of us saw him alive was at the hotel bar. He opened the billfold at that time, and, while I paid no particular attention, senor, I should judge that he had approximately the same amount of money in it as you found there just now."

"So we do not look for a thief as the murderer of Senor Rumble," Lombardo commented. He turned back to the little heap of Rumble's earthly possessions spread before him. There was a watch which had stopped at the hour 9:09.

Lombardo picked up the watch, noting the position of the hands.

"This, then, gentlemen," he remarked, "indicates the time Senor Rumble died. But not whether morning or evening. Your American watches—He shrugged his shoulders.

"It's impossible—the hour of nine, night before last," said Rogers quickly. "The time was close upon ten o'clock when we last saw him alive at the hotel. He checked out, I understand, half an hour or so later and disappeared."

"Ah, so?" said Lombardo, discarding the watch. "Where was he bound? He must have been going somewhere, because the diver finds the bag in the water under the wharf. I assume that first Senor Rumble is stabbed and thrown from the wharf, and next the murderer throws over the bag to make his disappearance complete."

"I believe you're correct, Senor Lombardo," said Rogers. "The only place he could have been going was to Senor Nichols' yacht. Senora Nichols had invited him to come aboard with his luggage night before last, to accompany the party on its fishing expedition."

"I understand, senor. And while waiting on the wharf to be conveyed to the yacht, he was set upon and killed."

"Exactly."

"Now, then," Lombardo continued, developing his questions logically. "You were all on shore that night, were you not?"

"With the exception," said Dwight, "of my wife and Senora Chatfield, who remained on board."

"Of course, senor. Now, how did you all go aboard—together?"

Rogers spoke up. "Not exactly. Barry Madison and I went down to



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Rogers spoke up. "Not exactly. Barry Madison and I went down to

the wharf about ten-thirty o'clock. The launch was waiting, and we went out to the Orizaba immediately."

"And the others?" Lombardo looked at Dwight.

"Sam Chatfield, his daughter Elsa, and I went down to the wharf together," Dwight replied.

"What was the time, senor?"

"We left the hotel at eleven-forty-five," Dwight answered, screwing up his eyes in an effort to recall the exact hour.

"Are these all who were going aboard? Was Senor Barton one of you?"

"Oh, yes—Reed Barton," Dwight said. "Reed was waiting with his bag on the wharf when we arrived."

"He went ahead of you, then?"

"Yes. He'd gone around to his hotel to get his things together for the fishing cruise, and it was arranged that he meet us at the wharf."

"Ah, so?" said Lombardo, his sensitive eyebrows lifting slightly. "Perhaps Senor Reed Barton should explain."

"I don't know what time it was," Reed Barton replied to Lombardo's question. He had come to headquarters in response to a telephoned request which found him at his hotel. "Miss Chatfield said that she was beginning to tire, and didn't I think I'd better go get my things and meet them down at the wharf. We were dancing, you know, at the Belmar. She would go down with her father, and it wasn't necessary for me to go back to the Belmar for her."

"What time do you think it was?" pressed Lombardo.

"What's the time, Senor Lombardo, when there are no appointments to keep?"

"Was there anyone else, senor, on the wharf when you were?" asked Lombardo.

"Not a soul, until the rest of the party came down."

"Was the launch waiting?"

"No, sir; it arrived from the yacht a few minutes before my friends reached the wharf."

Lombardo lifted his eyebrows, pursed his thick lips and seemed to stare beyond the walls of his office. Reed Barton's gaze, which had been fixed during the questioning upon the chief, dropped to the varied assortment of objects on the desk. I saw it come to rest upon the ugly weapon that presumably had slain Rumble.

"What are you doing with my fishing knife, senor?" he asked, leaning forward to pick it up.

"Ah, so? It is your knife?" asked Lombardo craftily.

"Yes," he turned it about in his fingers, searching for marks of identification. "Yes, it's mine. How do you happen to have it?" He looked at Lombardo, and, before the latter had time to answer, the realization broke over him. "Oh, I see! So that's it! My knife killed Rumble!"

"Yes, senor," said Lombardo grimly. "You admit it's yours. It seems the only thing I can do now, senor, is to lock you up again."

"But I didn't kill him," protested Reed Barton, the color going from his face. "I swear I didn't. I don't understand about the knife, though, even if it is mine."

Rogers suddenly got to his feet, dominating the rest of us who still sat about the desk.

"Senor Lombardo," he said sharply, "if I give you my word that Reed Barton will submit to arrest at any time you desire within the next day or two, will you let him go free now?"

"It is an unusual request, senor—" began Lombardo.

"There are several things that yet need investigation. I promise you the name of the murderer—or the person of Reed Barton."

Lombardo shrugged his shoulders. He glanced at Doctor Cruz. There was the merest flicker in the hard eyes of the medico legista behind the screen of cigarette smoke. Lombardo stood up.

"Okay," he said.

It was a long day crowded with activity. The sequence of tragic events over the past few days served to drive us for mutual comfort into a compact group. First Chesebro, then Sam Chatfield, and now George Rumble. The mere fact that Rumble, the sartorial as well as social misfit among us, had been one of our sequence of tragedy, lifted him with all his faults to a permanent place in our hearts. He had become one of the tragic elect.

"But do you make anything of it all, Hunt?" I asked that evening after dinner at the rancho. "It's so mixed up; there are so many points that conflict." We sat once more within the walls of the fragrant patio, where overhead the huge leaves of the bananas rustled in the stirrings of the night air.

"There is much to be made of it and again very little," he answered. "The thing is still screwy. Nothing dovetails with anything else. Those among our close circle die and the guilty one goes unpunished, or, rather, unidentified—"

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# PATTERNS SEWING CIRCLE



**The Right Jumper.**  
If YOU'VE been waiting for the right jumper costume for larger women to come along—you need wait no longer. It is here—in this button front style, with the waist defining set-in belt and the classic blouse.

Pattern No. 8552 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 jumper takes 3 1/4 yards 39-inch material. Long sleeve blouse, 2 1/4 yards.

**Suit Pick-Up.**  
GIVE a bright new feeling to your suit by adding a splash of color in the shape of a neatly fitted weskit! Complete the rejuvenating treatment with a soft, whipping sized handbag to match!

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1917 is designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40 and 42. Corresponding bust measurements 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 14 (32) weskit requires 1 1/2 yards 39-inch material; handbag 3/4 yard.

**1917 12-42**

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:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT.  
539 South Wells St. Chicago  
Enclose 20 cents in coins for each pattern desired.  
Pattern No. .... Size .....  
Name .....  
Address .....

## AROUND THE HOUSE

A small section of rubber hose slipped over the end of a faucet will help to prevent chipping and breaking of glassware.

When sewing, a medicine dropper filled with water and run along a seam which is to be pressed, is the simplest method of dampening the material.

If your laundry stove smokes when first lighted, open the lower door of the chimney, place a roll of newspaper inside and ignite it. The heat will drive the heavy, damp air out and restore the natural draft.

Sometimes a hole is burned or worn in an otherwise good white tablecloth. The damage can be repaired most effectively by stitching a crocheted motif of fine thread over the hole and cutting away the worn or damaged fabric underneath. Add one or more additional motifs so the crocheted work looks intentional.

Insulating board, cut to proper shape and size, makes a neat and serviceable table pad. For larger tables, it can be made in sections.

### SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

Low costs prevailing, post-war world consumption of natural and synthetic rubber may total 2,000,000 tons a year, is the prediction made recently by John L. Collyer, president of the B. F. Goodrich Co. This would be nearly twice as much as ever consumed in a record year to date.

Some 32 million pounds of rubber will be needed by the Army Signal Corps this year for insulating W-10-B wire used in maintaining direct communications. An additional 4 million pounds will be required for friction and splicing tape. Just two of the many rubber-using items of this Army branch.

*John L. Collyer*

*In war or peace*

**B.F. Goodrich**

**FIRST IN RUBBER**

BAKE for Health  
BAKE for Nutrition  
BAKE for Economy

CLABBER GIRL goes with the BEST OF EVERYTHING for BAKING

**CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder**

HULMAN AND COMPANY, TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA