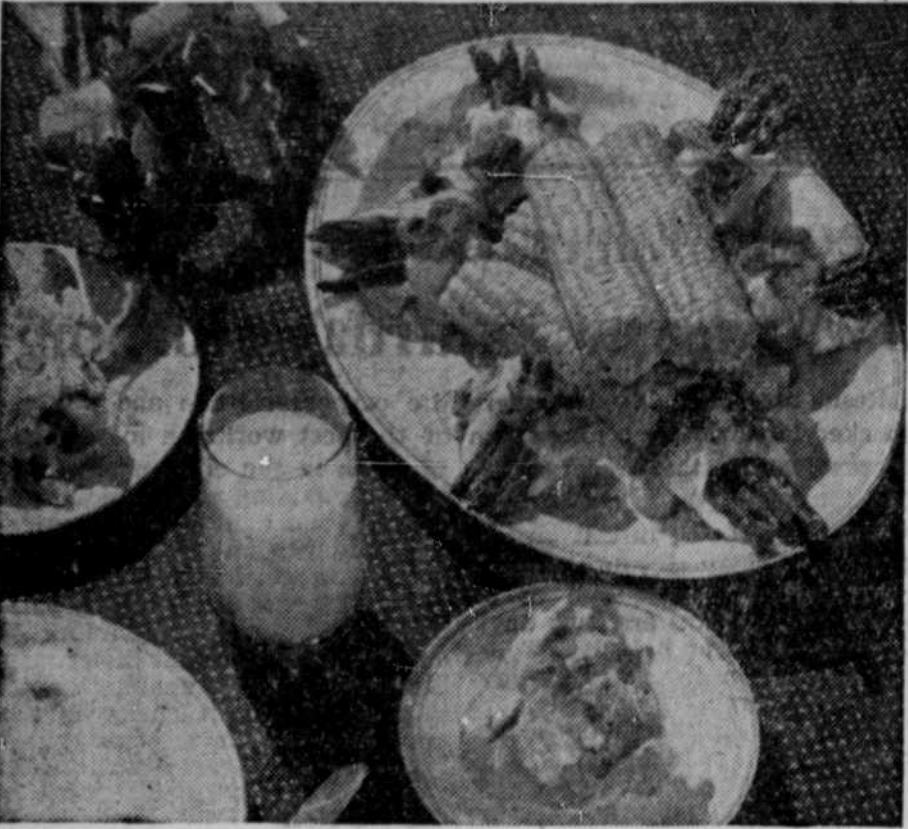


HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



Light Supper Is Cooling on a Hot Night
(See Recipes Below)

Keep Kitchens Cool

Nothing makes the family's appetite wane quite so quickly as a meal that makes the house uncomfortably warm during hot weather. A cool and comfortable room, set with a table that suggests coolness, will be much more comfortable all the way around.

Mother would do best to plan a meal that is nourishing but not too hearty. The main dish and vegetables may be warm, but dessert and salad should be icy cold to suggest that summer was kept in mind during the planning of the menu.

If the bulk of the actual cooking is done during the cool mornings, then the kitchen can retain some semblance of coolness during the evening hours. Such things as cooking filling for pies, making cookies or cake or cooking vegetables for a salad can be prepared before the sun rises high in the sky and sends the temperature to the highest rungs of the thermometer.

Main entrees, if broiled, will also help during hot weather. They take only a few minutes to cook, like this low-point grill:

Hamburger Grill.

- (Serves 6)
- 1 pound hamburger
- 1 onion, grated, if desired
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 4 slices bacon
- 2 large bananas
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Combine meat, onion, salt and pepper. Mix well. Form into 4 cakes about 1/2 inch thick. Arrange strips of bacon on broiling rack. Broil slowly until brown, turning when necessary. Drain on unglazed paper while other food broils. Arrange meat cakes on rack. Brush bananas with lemon juice and place alongside meat. Broil until meat is browned. To serve, arrange hamburgers on individual serving plates. Top each with a strip of bacon and place broiled banana slice at each side. Potato chips and tomato cucumber salad may be served with the grill.

Chicken is delectable when cooked a la king, but it's invitingly cool when served molded. Then it can be sliced and served garnished with quartered hard-boiled eggs and tomato wedges:

- Molded Chicken a la King.
- (Serves 8)
- 4 tablespoons butter or substitute
- 1/2 cup chopped green pepper
- 1/2 cup sliced mushrooms
- 1 cup milk, scalded
- 1/2 cup hot chicken stock
- 1/2 cup chopped pimiento
- 1 cup diced cooked chicken
- 4 egg yolks
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon gelatin
- 2 tablespoons cold water

Melt butter or substitute. Then add green pepper and mushrooms.

Lynn Says

Perfect Salads: You'll like oranges sliced or sectioned and rolled in shredded coconut on lettuce cups.

Peach or apricot halves placed on top of shredded cabbage which is rich in vitamin C is a delightful salad for hot weather eating. Blend mayonnaise with peach juice or sour cream for a really smooth dressing.

Odd bits of meat go well riding the tops of vegetable salads. Shred or cube them and extend with bits of cheese, if necessary. Thousand Island dressing which is so excellent on quarters of chilled lettuce is even better if it has a few wedges of meaty ripe olives in it.

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menus

- *Hamburger Grill with Bananas and Bacon
- Jellied Vegetable Aspic
- Green Beans
- Cream-Cheese-Whole-Wheat-Bread Sandwiches
- Beverage Lemon Chiffon Pie
- *Recipe given.

and cook slowly until tender but not browned. Blend in milk, stock, pimiento and chicken. Beat egg yolks, add lemon juice and pour a little of the liquid over the chicken mixture, stirring constantly. Stir egg yolks into the rest of the chicken mixture and cook over boiling water for 5 minutes, still stirring constantly. Remove from heat and add gelatin which has been soaked in cold water for 5 minutes. Turn into a mold and chill until set. Unmold and garnish with hard-cooked eggs quartered, tomato wedges and parsley.

One of the important points in cooking fish is to avoid overcooking. Here is a dish that can be turned out in less than half an hour:

Mackerel With Bacon and Onions.

- (Serves 4)
- 1/2 pound cleaned filets of mackerel
- Salt and pepper
- 1 cup sliced onions
- 4 tablespoons butter or drippings
- 1/2 cup soft bread crumbs
- 2 slices crisp bacon, broiled

Separate filets and arrange in greased, shallow baking dish. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Saute onions gently in butter until tender but not browned. Turn out on fish, sprinkle with crumbs and top with oven. Bake in a hot (400-degree) oven until fish is done and crumbs are browned, about 15 minutes.

Hot evenings sometimes call for hearty main dish salads. Use a good protein food as a base so that it will be nourishing enough even for so big appetites. Here are two good suggestions:

Baked Bean and Egg Salad.

- (Serves 6)
- 1 medium sized can of baked beans
- 4 sweet pickles, chopped
- 3 hard-cooked eggs, sliced (reserve 6 slices for garnishing)
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 3 to 4 tablespoons mayonnaise

Chill beans until cold. Add the remaining ingredients in order given, mixing carefully. Arrange on nests of lettuce and garnish with sliced, hard-cooked egg and parsley.

Salmon Salad.

- (Serves 6 to 8)
- 6 hard-cooked eggs
- 1 pound salmon, cooked or canned, shredded
- 1 medium green pepper, chopped
- 1/2 cup shredded cabbage
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 2 tablespoons grated onion
- 12 slices chopped sweet pickle
- 3 tablespoons prepared yellow mustard
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper

After salmon is shredded mix with chopped egg whites, green pepper, cabbage and celery, grated onion and pickles. Mash the egg yolks and blend well with mustard, vinegar, sugar, salt and pepper. Combine the two mixtures, blending thoroughly. Serve in cups of lettuce, garnished with radishes and whole slices of pickle.

French Fried Shrimp.

- (Serves 6)
- 2 cups corn flakes
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- 2 cups cooked jumbo shrimp
- Dip corn flakes into fine crumbs. Roll shrimp in egg and then in cornflake crumbs. Fry in deep fat until brown (365 degrees F.) Serve plain or with tartar sauce.

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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 gipsy to get a line on Dr. Matson, a slave pirate. Lark and Galt fall into the hands of Dr. Matson, but escape at night, and finally arrive in Norfolk where Lark expects to meet David. She meets him at a state fair, with Mara Hastings, to whom she understands he is engaged. At the fair Lark rides Red Raskall in a race—the horse she had managed to hobble after the shipwreck, and wins the race. Dr. Matson is at the fair, a prisoner.

CHAPTER XX

Minnie said, "Damn your mean little stinking soul, Plascutt Dawes," and then, with great composure and good nature, paid out the fine which the judge imposed for contempt of court. "It was worth it," she said loudly, "cheap at double the price!" She winked at Lark and squeezed back into her arm chair. For a moment there was general laughter, and the judge had to rap again for attention.

"I'm not done with you yet, Miss Buxtree," Plascutt Dawes said severely, and Minnie, with a gusty sigh heaved herself again to her feet. She was enjoying herself thoroughly and had engaged the sympathy of the court room. That was very plain.

The lawyer consulted his client for a moment and then said, "Miss Shannon did want to collect the reward money, didn't she? She was eager and greedy for that, I have been told."

"Greedy for that!" Minnie mimicked his tone to perfection. "And who, on God's green earth, if they'd lost every stick and stich of their possessions in a shipwreck, wouldn't be glad enough to collect a just debt due them? I wish you, yourself, had been through that God-awful storm and that wreck, Mister, I do wish it now!"

Minnie played her trump card now. "How many Greatways slaves you got now, Mr. Dawes? How many horses? Maybe it's slipped your mind that that detail was very clearly stated by Mr. Terraine. He said, 'so help me, I'll bet all my possessions, saving my daughter, on this race between Lancer and Thunder Boy.' Lancer and Thunder Boy, mind you. Them two horses was the imported racers in the original bet. Later, when Mr. Terraine an' all the rest of us thought that Lancer had gone down aboard the Tempora, Mr. Terraine picked up a fur-rin horse named Black Jig, an' Mr. Dawes put the screws on Mr. Terraine and forced him to follow this same bet through, against his own better judgment and that of the country-side, since 'twas a well-known fact that Black Jig was an unsound beast!"

"We remember the race," Judge Tavner said. "Most of us here today witnessed it."

"You know the beast broke down in the stretch," Minnie continued, "but Squire Terraine, being a sporting gent of the first water, paid the price. And that price didn't include horse-flesh. What I want to know, and this court wants to know, is how many horses of Squire Terraine's you got in your stables this minute, Mr. Dawes?" Minnie fired the question point-blank at Plascutt.

Plascutt said hastily, "Judge Tavner, this woman has nothing in writing to bear out her statement. The wager was a personal agreement between me and Jarrod Terraine. I see no reason to re-open the points covered in the bet. That it was made and carried out in good faith, I think has been proven by past events. Because I did not wish to press my advantage as winner, I allowed Jarrod Terraine to make what disposition he chose of his slaves and his horses."

Minnie said, "That man's twistin' the truth, Ben Tavner, honest to God, he is. Jarrod Terraine's downright claim was that Lancer (Red Raskall, we call him) could beat Thunder Boy. And that's what happened, ain't it? Looks to me like Squire Terraine could claim all his lands back if there's any sense in lawin'. S'pose I just write him now, out there in Kaintuck and tell him how matters stand; that Lancer did beat Thunder Boy, fair an' square on the county circuit track. I could take my pen in hand mighty easy . . ." She glanced slyly at Plascutt.

Mr. Dawes said quickly, "I have decided, Judge Tavner, to withdraw my claim to the horse and to cease litigation against Miss Shannon and Mr. Withe."

"Just a moment, Mr. Dawes," the judge said. "It is my considered opinion that, in the ends of justice, the case must be continued. In regard to this horse—"

"I don't give a damn about the horse," Plascutt cut in irritably. "If I had him I'd put him behind a plow! But if you think you're going to open up a bet that's been settled and done—"

"This court has no jurisdiction over any wagering, Mr. Dawes. That, as you say, is past and done with. But I resent your tone, sir, and fine you five pounds for contempt. Now will you be seated?" Plascutt sat down.

"Well," Minnie said proudly, "I

did set a match to a bonfire, didn't I? What happens next, Ben Tavner?"

The judge frowned. "This court accepts the responsibility of disposing of a valuable piece of horse-flesh."

Lark was on her feet instantly. "Judge Tavner," she said, "Galt Withe and I had every firm intention of returning the horse to Squire Jarrod Terraine. We love Red Raskall dearly and can not accept Mr. Dawes' claim. All of you heard him, just now, threaten to put him behind a plow! Why Red Raskall's a thoroughbred! If you could get in touch with Mr. Terraine in Kentucky—"

Judge Tavner said formally, "Miss Shannon, it has been clearly shown by Mr. Dawes that Squire Terraine, by a very reckless written agreement, has forfeited all his possessions. Whatever may have been his spoken intentions as to his slaves and horses, this agreement, held by Mr. Dawes does give him claim to the horse you found, and the court must recognize it as such."

"Just a minute, please, Judge," Minnie was on her feet again. "What about them 'finders-keepers' laws? Why wouldn't they come into this case?"

"I assume you mean the Maritime Salvage Laws, Minnie. This court does have Admiralty Rights which I think are clearly applicable here. When we have finished hearing both sides of the case I have



She lit a fire of pine chips.

every intention of bringing them up and explaining them to the jury. Mr. Dawes, it is now in order for your lawyer to plead. . . ."

Mr. Dawes' lawyer spoke with great conviction but apparently made little impression on the jury who had already been prejudiced against his client.

After he had finished, the judge sent the sergeant for a certain volume and studied it for some moments.

Minnie said, "Read it aloud, Ben. We'd all like mighty much to hear just what it says."

The judge cleared his throat and began: "1. The salvage services must have been rendered within the jurisdiction of this Admiralty. . . ."

Minnie nodded vigorously and smiled encouragingly at Lark.

"2. There must be no legal duty on the party of the salvor to render assistance. . . ."

"All right, Ben, go ahead!" Minnie's excitement had spread to the jury, who were listening attentively.

"3. The property must have been in peril when rescued by the salvor. . . ."

"It was, Ben, that poor horse was a-sinking fast in the quicksand and would have been a goner if Lark hadn't histed him with a spar."

The judge looked over his spectacles at Lark. "That's perfectly true, sir," he said.

"And lastly, the fourth point: 'The services must have been successful. . . .'"

"Just take a look out the window, Ben, and you'll see the horse hale an' hearty as the day he was weaned," Minnie beamed.

"If these conditions be satisfied," the judge continued to quote, "salvage claims take priority of all others against the property saved, and give the salvor a maritime lien upon such property, enforceable by action in rem. . . ."

"What's a lien?" Minnie wanted to know. "Say it in plain English, Judge."

"That's what it do mean, don't it?"

"Under the somewhat peculiar circumstances, and in view of the fact that Jarrod Terraine is certainly not able to reimburse her for the horse, I should opine, and do hereby decree, that since the horse was clearly his at the time of the wreck which preceded the race, it now belongs to Lark Shannon, to have and to hold, as her true and indisputable possession, in the sight of all men."

The court room rang with applause as Lark rose to her feet and bowed. Sherry Farrington smiled across at her and her grandmother sent a message that a week from today she would come calling.

When the crowd had melted away after many congratulations Lark said, "Oh, Galt, he's ours. Really ours, now!"

The scarlet leaves danced and whirled on the floor of the turn pike. Lark had closed the shutters of the toll-gate house and locked them tight against the prying wind.

She had lit a fire of pine chips and filled the blue stoneware bowls with bittersweet and Michaelmas daisies. The simple furniture was scrubbed and oiled, the pewter shined and the cups and napkins were laid out. . . . And it was only nine o'clock in the morning. Seven hours before Madame Farrington could possibly come to call!

Cupsie was churning in the dairy shed. She called, "Buttah done come, Miss Lark, you tote me say so when buttah comes!"

Lark laid aside the bowl of frost-sweetened fox grapes she was picking over, and went through the dog-trot from the kitchen to the shed. The boards here were white from scrubbing, clean-smelling and pungent with the faint fragrant sourness of butter-cream.

"See, honey? Cupsie pulled up the long wooden dasher, with its blue-white patterns lacing its smooth brown length. Clusters of butter flakes clung to the plunger in granules and rosettes.

"Don't churn so fast, Cupsie, you're slopping the cream out!"

"Yas'm," Cupsie looked out of the big square window to the ten-acre lot where her newest swain was turning over the lumps of rich brown Virginia loam. The plaint of a melancholy song came to them. . . .

"Lawd Jesus, lissen to de lam's a-cryin'," the sharp hi-yi of the other field hands when an unwary rabbit darted from its haven in the surrounding scrub, was caught, whirled around the Negro's head, and slung into a pile, dead, ready for the frypan, come suppertime.

"Dem niggas shore has a 'miracion for Marse Galt," Cupsie said tentatively.

"You're slopping that good cream," Lark said briefly.

"You're sorter edgy, ain't ye?" Cupsie asked companionably. "Ain't no need to be scart of Ma'am Farrington. I'se bin up to de quarters ob Sheridan an' kin tell ye all about her. Ole Ma'am Farrington, dey say she an' 'bout de out-footnest lady 'round here."

"I'm not interested," Lark said. "Cupsie, mind your churning. Don't let me have to speak to you again!"

"No, ma'am," Cupsie was completely unperturbed. "Ye bettah let me fix you up a bit o' lunch, Miss Lark, an' take time fur a lay-down to settle yoah tempah. Ye gonna crimp yo' hair, ain't ye? Ma'am Farrington's got sharp eyes. Ain't no lady 'roun' here don't foller de style. . . . Miss Pretty-Anne Taylor has a two-piece corset an' strings herself up to de bed—pos."

"My hair looks funny crimped."

"I ain't a-sayin' ye ain't got purty hair an' dat it don't look good plain, but Mistess Mara puts hers up on lil' rags ebery night ob de worl'. Marse David he laks crimp hair an' mos' folks do. Ole Ma'am Farrington laugh herself into a fit, goin' home from drinkin' a dish ob tea wid a gal wid straight hair."

"I can't help it if she does, and what's more, Cupsie, I don't believe she does. She told me Mistess Dawes had caught her in the barn, dosing the horses. She's not a fancied old lady at all."

"Sometimes she is, an' sometimes she ain't," Cupsie said judiciously. "She kin be plain as Satan's old heel when she wants to, but when dey have a ball up at Sheridan she decks herself up in lace spickirts an' emeral's an' di'mon's an' all. Dat's what I hear tell. She got a' eye for a han'som gent too, spite o' being one foot in de grave. I heerd she tote some one Marse Galt wuz de bes' lookin' young mister-somebody she's seen for a coon's age."

When Lark didn't give Cupsie an answer the little darkey wasn't discouraged but went on. "She right too, jes' look out de winder at Marse Galt a-stridin' dat Raskall out dar. Dey der pretties' pair ob critters I ever did see. Look lak a' up-an'-comin' man lak him wouldn't be so hin'most 'bout findin' hisself a wife. Mebbe he shy, Miss Lark an' need a lil' hint. What you tink, honey?"

"Cupsie, I can't think when you talk so much!" Lark laughed.

"No'm. But when I laks a pusion, I jes' plain-out can't help sayin' so. I never did coddle to Mistah David Nawth, though I spec he am rich, rich as this here buttah cream. Him an' Miss Mara's a good mate, lifen ye ax me."

"So Lark gets to keep this horse, Judge?" Minnie asked in great excitement. "That's what it do mean, don't it?"

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Household Hints

Don't be annoyed by a food chopper that won't stay firmly anchored to the table. Put a piece of sandpaper, gritty side up, on the table before screwing the chopper in place above it.

Two spools nailed to the wall about two inches apart makes a good place to hang the broom (upside down).

When boiling potatoes for mashing, cut them as for french fries. Much time and fuel will be saved.

An old turkish towel is good for removing dust from upholstered furniture. Wet the towel, wring it dry, and spread over piece to be cleaned. Beat with a broomstick. Escaping dust clings to the towel.

If brown sugar becomes lumpy, place a damp cloth in the jar with the sugar and cover it tightly.

To keep slip-covers new looking, iron them on the wrong side.

Boil a cracked dish for about three-quarters of an hour in enough sweet milk to cover it. The crack in the dish will become almost invisible.

Cut blotting paper to fit the bottom of the large salt shaker. This will take up the dampness, leaving the salt dry and free running.

Bill Was Just Survivin' And Doing Good Job of It

The offhand quality of the Negro serviceman's courage is neatly summed up in an incident reported by a fellow who participated in the second battle of the Philippines, last fall. His ship, the Lexington, picked up some of the crew of the Princeton after she went down, among them a Negro mess attendant.

The rescued man was sitting in the wardroom pantry, dripping and drinking coffee, when an old friend of his happened by.

"Why, it's Bill!" the friend exclaimed. "What you doing here?" Bill's answer was precise and modest. "Ah's survivin'," he said.

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Rubber contracts and ripples into an unstretched state in much the same way as an earthworm moves across the surface of the ground.

From April 1, 1942, to August 31, 1944, the total amount of natural rubber imported into the United States was 214,148 long tons. India and Africa supplied 35.3%; 31.9% came from Latin America, and 15.3% from Liberia. The remaining 17.5% came from shipments in transit when sources were lost to Japan.

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Diana Manning

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