

HOUSEHOLD MEMOS

by Lynn Chambers



Duck Is a Good Tonic for Fall Dinners

(See Recipes Below)

Ways With Fish, Fowl

Most of us know just how to prepare meat to delicious perfection, but we know very little about seasoning and cooking fish and fowl to make them delicious.

Perhaps this is because we had, until a few years ago, ample quantities of meat coming our way. Now, we are finding that these meat substitutes can be truly appetizing in their own right.

The purpose of this information is to give you some very special ways to tuck away in your mind (or recipe book, if you prefer not to trust to memory) for preparing these other good protein foods.

Native spices are used in preparing this duck dinner which I am sure you will find perfectly delicious:

Duck Cooked the French Way.

- 1 duck
- Salt and pepper
- Sprig of thyme
- Spring of marjoram
- Spring of winter savory
- Spring of rosemary
- 1 blade of mace
- Few peppercorns
- ¼ cup water
- 2 tablespoons butter
- Yolks of 5 eggs
- 1 onion

Clean and wash duck. Rub over with salt and pepper and place in hot oven. Roast until a delicate brown. Remove duck from oven and cut it in pieces. Place in a stew pan water, spices and onion cut in half. Stew gently until meat is tender. Add the butter to the gravy and pour in well-beaten egg yolks. Pour over the duck and serve.

Boiled Striped Bass.

- 2 to 3 pound striped bass
- 1 carrot, thinly sliced
- 1 onion, thinly sliced
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 teaspoon freshly ground peppercorns
- 3 or 4 celery leaves, minced
- 1 teaspoon minced parsley
- ¼ cup white vinegar
- 1 to 2 quarts boiling water

Clean and prepare fish. Into a shallow roasting pan, place carrot, onion, seasoning, vinegar and boiling water. Bring to a boil. Place fish in water. Simmer gently 15 minutes, then remove from over heat and allow fish to poach an additional 10 minutes. Remove fish from liquid. Drain. Arrange on heated platter with a garnish of lemon and watercress. Serve with:

Lynn Chambers' Point-Saving Menus

- Roast Duck
- Browned Potatoes
- Silvered Carrots and Green Beans
- Green Salad with Blue Cheese Dressing
- Cherry Tarts
- Beverage

- #### Mustard Mayonnaise.
- 1 egg yolk
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - 1 teaspoon dry mustard
 - ¼ teaspoon sugar
 - ¼ teaspoon paprika
 - Pinch of cayenne
 - 2 tablespoons lemon juice
 - 1 cup salad oil (about)
 - ½ cup finely chopped chives

Beat egg yolk with rotary beater until it is thick and lemon colored. Mix the seasonings and add to the egg yolk, beating well. Add 1 tablespoon of the lemon juice and continue to beat well. Begin to add the oil, about a half a teaspoon at a time, beating steadily as you add. As mixture thickens, the remaining lemon juice may be added. Add oil sufficient to make a rich, thick dressing. Add chopped chives. Store in cool (not freezing) temperature.

Redsnapper is a tasty fish which you will like prepared this way:

- #### Redsnapper With Tomato Sauce. (Serves 6 to 8)
- 3 pounds redsnapper
 - Salt and pepper to taste
 - 2 tablespoons butter or substitute
 - 1 cup strained tomato
 - 2 onions, sliced
 - 1 carrot, diced
 - Celery and parsley root, diced
 - 1 cup sweet cream
 - 1 tablespoon flour

Clean and bone fish. Add salt and pepper and let stand for several hours. Place onions, carrot, celery and parsley in kettle with 1 quart cold water. Let boil, then add fish, whole or in slices, and the butter and tomatoes. Let cook slowly until fish is firm or separates easily from the bone. Lay carefully on a platter. Strain liquid, let heat, add flour dissolved in the cream and let cook until smooth.

The cream may be omitted and the sauce thickened by adding liquid gradually to the yolks of two eggs, well beaten. Pour over fish and serve hot, garnished with parsley.

Halibut and Shrimp a la Newburg. (Serves 6 to 8)

- #### Part I.
- 1½ pounds halibut
 - 2 slices onion
 - 3 eggs, separated
 - ½ teaspoon paprika
- #### Part II.
- 1½ pounds boiled shrimp
 - 2 cups white sauce

Cook fish in boiling salted water with onion until tender (use 1 teaspoon salt to 1 quart boiling water). Drain and shred. To one cup of the hot white sauce, add stiffly beaten whites and the shredded fish. Place in center of a hot platter and set in oven with oven door open. Break shrimp into small pieces. Add to remaining white sauce and gradually add to beaten egg yolks mixed with a little cold water. Add the paprika, heat well, place in a border around halibut and serve at once.

If friend husband brings home duck, then you will want to prepare it thus:

Sportsman's Duck.

Just before using, cut off wings, head and feet. Remove feathers dry. Singe with flame. Draw, wash well and dry thoroughly. Season. Roast in a very hot (500-degree) oven for 18 to 20 minutes. The meat should be bright, cherry red. Serve with currant jelly and wild rice.

Lynn Says

Kitchen Time Savers: When preparing meals, do as many things in advance as possible, using those extra moments profitably.

Dry ingredients for breads and muffins or biscuits can be mixed ahead of time.

Puddings, custards, gelatin desserts and cookies can also be made a few days in advance.

Vegetables may be cleaned, but they should not be pared, sliced or cut until ready to cook or serve as they may lose vitamins.

Salad dressings and sandwich fillings can be tossed together ahead of time to speed up meal preparation.

All partially prepared foods should be placed in the refrigerator for safe keeping.

Tomorrow is Forever

BY GWEN BRISTOW

THE STORY THUS FAR: Spratt Herlong, motion picture producer, met and married Elizabeth, whose first husband, Arthur Kittredge, was reported killed in World War I. Arthur had not been killed, but taken to a German hospital, badly disfigured and not wanting to live. He finally reached an agreement with Dr. Jacoby that if the doctor would see he was reported dead, he would permit Dr. Jacoby to try to make him sound in body. Dr. Jacoby talked Arthur into a study of the German language. He was determined that his patient should find some interest in life. Arthur not only had lost interest in living but believed that living in his useless wrecked body would be impossible.

CHAPTER XIII

He was not yet able to push his thoughts forward into what he might be going to do with the future Jacoby was forcing upon him. This occupation was enough for the present. He filled up his mind with German words to keep it from being filled up with thoughts of Elizabeth. When Jacoby came to see him he talked in simple sentences, proudly, and felt a childish delight when Jacoby and the nurses began to understand him.

Long afterwards, when they were looking back on those days, Jacoby said to him, "You did not know how you were encouraging me then." Arthur answered, "Maybe you never knew how often I nearly gave up." "Yes I did know," said Jacoby, "but you did not give up. That is what I mean, Kitt."

To the very end, Jacoby sometimes called him Kitt. If anyone asked why, he said, "Oh no, Herr Kessler's first name is Erich. Calling him Kitt is an old habit of mine, from years back."

They were both so used to it they generally forgot it was an abbreviation of his old name. The new name was provided by Jacoby after Arthur had been moved to the hospital in Berlin, while he was convalescing from another of the surgical operations Jacoby inflicted upon him. He had been very ill and Jacoby had given him a blood transfusion. When he was better and tried to express his thanks Jacoby retorted, "My blood isn't good enough for gratitude, Kitt—made of nothing but turnips and a carrot or two. But I have something else for you, more important." He produced a document, offering it with an air of triumph. "Here is your birth certificate."

"Listen care, ally, Kitt. From now on your name is Erich Kessler. I have lost sleep over wondering how you could identify yourself, until one morning about three o'clock I found the solution. When I was a child, my parents knew a couple named Kessler. They had a son named Erich. While the boy was still a baby, the Kesslers went to the United States. They lived in a town called—" he consulted his notes, and pronounced incorrectly—"Milwaukee. You have heard of it?"

Arthur nodded. "Yes. I grew up in a town called Chicago. They are very near each other."

"You have been to Milwaukee?"

"Frequently."

"That is good. While he was still a small child, Erich Kessler died. I know that, because his mother and mine used to correspond. But there is no official record of that in this country, because the Kesslers stayed in the United States and were naturalized. For all I know they may be there to this day."

"Making beer, perhaps?"

"Why? Do you know them?"

"Never heard of them. But I know Milwaukee. Go on, Jacoby."

"I have obtained Erich Kessler's birth certificate. I have recorded that Erich—your—naturalized without his knowledge or consent when his parents were naturalized, was drafted into the American army. The rest follows. You have returned to the land of your birth, and can stay here now until you want to leave."

"I shall not want to leave, Jacoby."

"I hope not. But anyway, this makes you a German and at the same time takes care of your American accent. However, please listen to me and try to speak like me. Erich Kessler would have heard his parents speak German at home and would pronounce it better than you do."

"I'll do my best. Correct me whenever you please."

Almost automatically, Jacoby was massaging the muscles of his patient's right arm. "These are flabby," he observed. "While you are lying in bed, for a few minutes at a time, clench your fist slowly and relax it slowly. Slowly, remember? That won't tax your strength, and you must take care of this arm. You will need it."

Jacoby stood up. "Thank you, for not being angry with me."

"Oh, shut up, will you?" He felt like changing the subject. "By the way, Jacoby, this Erich Kessler—me—am I a Jew like you?"

"No, why? Were you a Jew at home?"

"No, that's why I asked. I thought if I was to be one here you'd better teach me something about the religious rituals. But if I'm not, then it's not important."

Startling to remember now that there had been a time when one could say "It's not important," so carelessly, and then forget about it. There was nobody then to tell him that Erich Kessler's not being a Jew was going to be so important later on that it would enable him to save Jacoby's child.

"Jacoby, I don't know a thing about medicine or surgery, but if there's one thing I do know it's chemistry. Do you think I could learn to do some of these routine analyses that take up so much of your time? Blood-counts, and things like that?"

Kessler felt a tingle of returning vigor. This would be much, but it would be something toward repay-



He hurried off and came back with an armful of books.

ing Jacoby. The prospect of making any kind of return was an immeasurable impetus.

He went to work. He worked as hard as Jacoby would let him. Within a couple of weeks he was surprised to find his study interesting for its own sake. "I always thought I was burning up with curiosity about the universe," he said to Jacoby, "but I'm ashamed to find how I neglected my own species. You're letting me do this."

Jacoby shrugged. "Where did you get the impression I was 'letting' you do it? I need you. One of these days, when the country is normal again, maybe I'll be able to get enough technicians. But now—"

Though at first Kessler undertook only the simplest routines in the laboratory, they absorbed all his energy. He was still far from strong. The work was new, his reports had to be made in a language he still found unwieldy, and learning to make one hand serve the purpose of two required a thousand adjustments. But it meant that he was back in the sphere of active men, doing something that needed to be done, and occupation relieved him of leisure for brooding.

"There's the car," said Elizabeth. "Remember, both of you, not to take any notice of his misfortunes."

Cherry laughed at her reproachfully. "Mother, we're not savages! We don't stare at cripples."

"I know, dear, but sometimes the best of us give a little start when we see persons very different from ourselves. We don't mean to."

Cherry and Dick promised to be models of good behavior. Elizabeth got up and went to the door opening from the living room into the entry. She hoped Mr. Kessler would have a comfortable evening. Entertaining Spratt's business associates was a duty they were all used to, and the older children adapted themselves to it well enough. Brian begged to be let off when there were strangers in to dine, so as usual he had his dinner early and was now upstairs in his room pottering over his natural history collections. Spratt opened the front door, saying,

Mr. Kessler's physical handicaps had threatened to make this occasion difficult, but Elizabeth's initial glance dispelled her apprehension. He was badly crippled, but he did not appear resentful; he faced the world before him with a grave acceptance, as though all the fault he had to find with destiny had been got over long ago. As their eyes met Elizabeth was struck with an impression that she had seen Mr. Kessler somewhere before.

It also seemed to her that Mr. Kessler was looking at her with an unusual interest. His eyes went over her swiftly and inclusively, taking in her hair, her face, her dress, every detail of her as though it were important that he should know all about her as soon as possible. It was the way a man might have looked at a famous personage he had long been eager to meet, or a woman so astoundingly beautiful that he wanted to impress her forever upon his memory. Elizabeth was not famous, and while she was not ugly she was no ravishing beauty either. She thought it might mean that they really had seen each other somewhere, and he like herself was trying to identify the recollection. If her own sense of familiarity persisted she could ask him about it later on.

All this was only a quick flutter in her mind, pushed aside in an instant while her attention turned itself to its immediate concerns. She took in his appearance quickly: a big man of more powerful build than she had expected, bent over a heavy cane with a dependence that told her instantly that she should not expect him to shake hands; iron-gray hair receding at the temples, a thick beard, a scar that rippled up his right cheek, dark eyes with a line of concentration between the eyebrows and crinkles of kindness at the outer corners, and a pleasant smile—that she could see of it between the whiskers—a very pleasant smile indeed. If he had any idea that this was not their first meeting he gave no evidence of it, for all he said to her was, "How do you do, Mrs. Herlong," with the stateliness she had learned to expect from Europeans. Elizabeth indicated the room beyond.

"Come in by the fire, Mr. Kessler. These are my children."

Dick was standing, with that mixture of assurance and awkwardness that made her find boys in their teens so eminently kissable just when they most resisted being kissed by their mothers. Cherry, with fewer years but more social graces than Dick would acquire for another decade, sat smiling a welcome to the newcomer. Elizabeth introduced them, and again it seemed to her that Kessler was regarding them with an attention extraordinary in a man who could hardly be supposed to have any interest in them. There was an alertness in the way he spoke to Dick and Cherry, as though he had decided in advance that he was going to be fond of them and hoped they would respond. He said, "Your father has told me a great deal about you, and has shown me your pictures. I am glad to see you."

Dick, who had already said "How do you do," tried to look pleasant without knowing what else to say, while Cherry, a shade too adept at social fibs, answered, "He has told us lots about you too, Mr. Kessler," with such a bright smile that Elizabeth privately reminded herself, "I've got to warn Cherry about that sort of thing, if she isn't careful she's going to be an intolerable gusher before she's twenty." Kessler appeared to be finding them the most attractive youngsters on earth. While she was offering him the chair she had intended for him, arranged with a little table at its side so he could set down his glass when the hors d'oeuvres appeared, she added to herself, "Spratt must have led him to expect a most remarkable pair of children, he really shouldn't—or is Mr. Kessler?" Spratt, evidently pleased at the good impression his offspring were making, crossed the room to the door leading upstairs, explaining that Kessler had had time to wash up in his bungalow before leaving the lot, but he himself had not, and if they'd forgive him he'd go up and make himself presentable. "I'll leave you with the family, Kessler," he concluded.

Kessler gave him a smile and a slight formal bow. Elizabeth returned to the fire. "Now we'll have a cocktail. Dick, will you bartend?"

Dick would; he was always glad of this to occupy him during his first minutes of encounter with a stranger. Everything became quite as usual. Dick mixed the Martinis, and as the war had reduced the number of their servants Cherry brought in the hors d'oeuvres. "These are liver-paste, Mr. Kessler, and these thimble-bobs on toothpicks—I don't know what they are, something she made out of an old lampshade." But as Elizabeth and Kessler picked up their glasses and their eyes met across them, she felt another twinge of familiarity. "I have met this man before, I know I have, and he knows it too. Or doesn't he? If he doesn't, why is he looking at me like that? Maybe it's just because I keep looking at him—for pity's sake, I do believe I'm staring. Behave yourself, Elizabeth." She was relieved to hear Cherry say,

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Household Hints

Baste a line down center front of the dress you are making and another down center back. Use these lines as guides in fitting.

When clothing is spotted with rain, place a clean, damp cloth on the material and press it with a moderately warm iron.

Custards mixed in a wide-mouthed pitcher can easily be poured into custard cups without spilling.

To make dainty sandwiches, use bread that is at least 24 hours old and slice thin with a sharp knife.

Cool jars of hot canned fruits out of a draft to prevent their cracking.

When grease or milk is spilled on a hot stove, sprinkle with salt to remove the unpleasant odor.

The egg slicer is good for much besides slicing eggs. Thin, even slices of cooked potatoes or beets may be made with it, and some fruits slice nicely that way.

Keep a clothes hanger right in the sewing room when making a new dress. Then the half-finished dress may be placed on it when not working on it. There is no sense in bundling it up in a knol to cause wrinkles when this small step will prevent them.

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