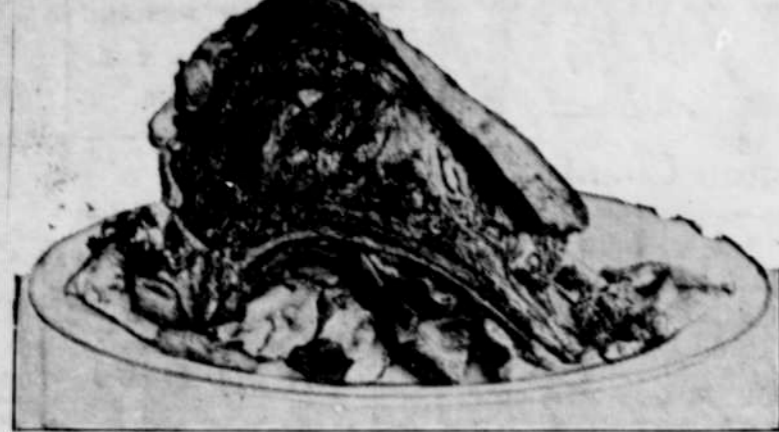


YORKSHIRE PUDDING WITH ROAST BEEF



Roast Beef With Yorkshire Pudding.

(Prepared by the Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture.)

The guesswork connected with cooking a rib roast of beef to the desired degree of "doneness" can be eliminated, according to the bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture. A meat thermometer, thrust into the thickest part of the roast, so that temperature of the meat at the center can be read, is an exact guide in cooking. Every time you cook a rib roast you can get the same results if you cook to the same temperature—140 degrees Fahrenheit for a rare roast, 100 degrees Fahrenheit for a medium roast, or 180 degrees Fahrenheit for a well-done roast. A three-rib roast will probably require 15 minutes to the pound to be rare, 18 minutes to the pound to be medium, and 20 to 22 minutes to the pound to be well done.

Here are the complete directions for cooking a rib roast of beef: Select a two or three-rib standing roast. Wipe it off with a damp cloth, sprinkle with salt, and then lightly with flour. Place the roast in an open pan without water and with the fat side of the roast up. As the fat melts and cooks out it will baste the meat. Through the fat covering insert a meat thermometer so that the bulb reaches the center of the roast. Sear the meat for 20 to 30 minutes in a hot oven (500 to 525 degrees F.), until lightly

browned, then reduce the temperature to about 350 degrees Fahrenheit and continue the cooking until the thermometer in the meat reads the temperature that corresponds to rare, medium, or well-done, whichever you prefer.

Serve the meat on a hot platter, surrounded by brown potatoes or by squares of Yorkshire pudding. Yorkshire pudding is the traditional accompaniment to roast beef. It owes its popularity partly to the fact that it is flavored with the drippings from the meat. It used to be customary to cook the Yorkshire pudding under the rack on which the meat was roasting, so that the juices of the roast would drip on it, but a more easily managed method is to put it in a pan by itself, and baste it occasionally with drippings. Yorkshire pudding is made of the following ingredients:

- 1 cupful milk, 2 eggs, 1/2 cupful flour, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 1/2 teaspoonful beef drippings

Sift flour and salt, add the milk and beat until smooth, add the eggs, and beat with Dover egg beater for five minutes. Put the beef drippings into pans with high sides and when hot pour in the batter about one-half inch thick. Bake in hot oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Cut in squares and serve at once with the roast.

APRICOT WHIP HELPS OUT IN SPRING MENU

Fruit Has Good Flavor and Is Used in Many Ways.

(Prepared by the Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture.) Dried fruits help out the spring menu. Dried apricots have an especially good flavor and may be used in numerous ways, after they have been soaked overnight and cooked until soft. For instance, an apricot short-cake is easily made from the cooked pulp, sponge cake r biscuit, and some whipped cream. The recipe here given for apricot whip will be popular with the family. It originated in the bureau of home economics.

- 1 lb. dried apricots, 1/2 tsp salt, 1 cup water, 1/2 cup whites, 1/2 cup sugar

Wash the apricots through several waters until thoroughly clean. Place in a bowl with the water to soak overnight. In the morning cook the apricots in the water in which they soaked for about 15 minutes or until soft. Press the cooked apricots through a colander, and measure the pulp. There should be a cupful or a little over. Heat the pulp with the sugar until the sugar is dissolved, stirring all the time to prevent scorching. Whip the whites of the eggs until very light. Add the salt and the hot apricot pulp in small amounts until all is mixed with the whites of the eggs, whipping always in the same way. Place the mixture in a greased baking dish in a pan surrounded by water. Bake at a very low temperature (from 250 degrees to 275 degrees Fahrenheit) for 50 to 60 minutes. When baked at this low temperature for this length of time the pudding should not fall after cooling or when served. Serve with a custard sauce made from the yolks of the eggs or with plain or whipped cream. Or if preferred serve the apricot whip uncooked. If adding the hot apricot pulp to the egg whites the raw egg flavor is removed, and the whip may be served at once.

Delectable Prunes Will Be Found Very Popular

It seems almost impossible to think of a new way in which prunes may be served, but the bureau of home economics describes a dessert made with them by stiffening the prune pulp with gelatin. When served with whipped cream this delectable dish will be found very popular with the family.

- 1/2 lb. prunes, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups boiling water, 1/2 tsp salt, 1/2 cup lemon juice, 1/2 cup gelatin, 1/2 cup cold water

Select plump prunes. Wash well and soak overnight in water to cover. Simmer until tender in the same water. Remove the stones and chop or cut the fruit very fine. Soak the gelatin in the cold water. Add the boiling water and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Add the sugar, lemon juice, salt, and prunes. Stir until well blended. Chill, stirring occasionally until the fruit is well mixed. When set serve with whipped cream. The pulp of one orange may be added if desired.

AROUND THE HOUSE

One way of making blue eyes look bluer is to wear a costume of soft gray blue.

When stains are to be removed from table linen, stretch the fabric over an embroidery frame and fasten it tightly. If the frame is placed over a bowl, boiling water may be poured through the material with no danger of scalded fingers. The hoops also prevent wetting much of the cloth.

PRACTICAL ROMPERS FOR A YOUNG CHILD

Should Be Aid and Not Hindrance to Self-Dressing.

(Prepared by the Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture.) The prime requisite of practical rompers for a child of three or over is that they should be an aid and not a hindrance to self-dressing. They should also, of course, be practical from the standpoint of material, ease of laundering, cut and fit, and they should be attractive, so that the child will enjoy possessing and wearing them.

A front-opening romper with a few fastenings as possible is desirable for either girl or boy. A drop seat is necessary on all rompers after a baby has been trained in toilet habits. On the romper illustrated, which is a good type for a little girl, three large flat buttons are used. These are easy to find and handle, as they are buttoned in the middle of the bound scallops that define the front opening and add a decorative touch. They should be securely stayed where they are sewed on, and the buttonholes should



A Good Type of Girl's Romper to Aid in Dressing Herself.

be strongly made and no longer than necessary to receive the buttons.

The bureau of home economics of the United States Department of Agriculture has been designing a number of kinds of children's rompers, suited to different ages. This romper has one of the features that is being especially recommended—four buttons, instead of three, on the belt of the drop seat. These are placed two at each side toward the underarms, where the child herself can reach them, instead of having to struggle to reach a button in the middle of her back.

Other good points about this romper are the croch, shaped to make it fit neatly, and the leg finish, without either cloth or elastic bands. The fullness in the legs is slightly gathered at the sides into a binding to give a bloused effect and better fit.

The wise mother trains her child to consider candy only as a dessert.

When there is no one to help you turn up evenly the hem of a new dress, put on the dress, adjust it properly at the waist and then stand beside a low table. Turn around, marking the line of the table top around the skirt with pins or chalk. With that line marked carefully, it is easy to measure from the line to the bottom of the dress the desired length and to turn up a straight hem.

Idle Island

By ETHEL HUESTON

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

—18—

"Now, I won't bite you," he said, "don't be afraid of me. Just be a good girl and do as I tell you, and—sweet papa!" He laughed lightly at his own humor, then he added briskly, "See here, Ron. You'll have to be married at once. If anybody should come on board to look us over, you smuggled the girl aboard without my knowledge or consent. She is your sweetheart, see? And you did it. So they'll have nothing on the ship. Now if you get married at once it will clear me of any suspicion of complicity."

"Yes, sir," stammered Ronald faintly, his eyes pleading with Gay. "No, no," she gasped. "Yes, you came for that, did you not?" There was severity beneath the captain's amorous pleading tone. "You came for it—now you get it. Not all women are so lucky. We'll have Bates and Hodge come up to witness it. Only takes a minute, nothing to it, really. Otherwise, Gay," he explained kindly, "it is an irregularity and we have many reasons for not wishing to subject ourselves to an investigation. You, who know everything, know that."

Ronald's eyes begged her for assent, for acquiescence, promised protection. But Gay did not look at him. "Captain," she pleaded desperately, "I—I did think so. I—I did want to. But now—suddenly—I am frightened, I am not sure. He seems different to me. My—my heart fails me."

"Ah!" The brown eyes were narrow black slits. The voice sank to a purr. "You know—what you know. Much. One shrinks from a lawfully wedded husband who happens to be—at odds with the law?"

"Oh, no, it is not that." She flashed a sudden warm look full upon him. "Not that. What is the law to a woman who—really loves? But do I? Or was I only thinking for a time, stirred by mystery? Really, I do not feel the same to Ronald. I thought him so rugged, so big, so virile. Now—beside you he seems—young—inefficient. Can he hold my love?"

The captain's head went back in a great soft laugh. His eyes upon Ronald Ingram were straight and unflinching. "Oh, that is fair, is it not, Ron? She must be sure of herself. But you cannot stay here while you decide. Not the thing, you know. Come with me. The captain is the official guardian of his guests. I will take care of you—you are sure?"

Ronald Ingram flung himself against the door. "No," he shouted. And then more faintly, "Never."

The captain's pleased eyes did not wander from Gay's vivid face, where fear and daring struggled for control. He did not so much as vouchsafe a glance to the officer who defied him. But the silken voice purred. "Oh, yes, Ronald. Oh, yes. Come Gay."

Ronald Ingram slid slowly away from the door, his eyes upon his boots, and with Gay's eyes upon the captain, and with Gay's hand in his, led her back to the room from which he had brought her.

"You're not only a very pretty girl, you're a very wise one," the captain said, as he helped her, solicitously attentive, from the big slicker, and put her coat, gloves and leather hat upon a hook on the wall, beside his own coat. "I like that," he smiled, giving it a little pat. "Looks nice and domestic. Sit here."

He put Gay into a big chair, and glanced appraisingly the length of the slim young figure, in its kickers and boots and flannel shirt. Gay self-consciously straightened her tie and smoothed her sleek dark hair. Now that the protection of the high collar and the low-set cap was gone, weariness, exhaustion, showed in her face, and her eyes were fringed with black.

He touched the bell, and stood in the door to answer it. "Some port," he said, "two glasses. You are tired," he said to Gay. "Are you hungry?"

"No. But I feel—very tired."

The boy passed in the tray at the door, and the captain quickly filled a small glass for her. "Take this. And then you shall rest. But first, let me tell you this. No, drink it. It will quiet your nerves. It has been a shocking night." His kindness was disarming. Gay drank it slowly, felt the grateful warmth in her throat, at her heart. She smiled at him.

"Now you are going to sleep, but these things you must bear in your mind. You can see that you are tied to the boat as long as you live, can't you? Now, is there any reason why you should flit yourself by marrying a young subordinate? People are only married for the eyes of the world. Well, the eyes of the world aren't going to see much of you. We'll go through a sort of form—to get the papers right—and I'll sign you on. But you would be very foolish to tie yourself to an underling—unless you are very sure you are very much in love, would you not?"

"I suppose so."

"I'll say so. Of course, all this is only laying up trouble for myself. Ronald, who has been my friend, will be my enemy, but I can take care of Ronald. Our doctor is a rank idiot when there's a skirt about, and there'll be trouble with him, and trouble with the crew, and trouble at the ports. But then, I've had trouble before." He smiled at her. "You are a very pretty girl—and a very brave one. I think it's the nerve of you that really gets me. Worth a bit of trouble, I fancy."

went to the door. A seaman passed him a folded bit of paper on a tray. The captain read it, nodded his head reflectively, glanced back at Gay. "Send the chief engineer to me," he directed the man.

And then he came to Gay. The companionable frankness of his voice was gone, instead it dropped to its most silky fineness, a fineness she already learned meant danger.

"Now tell me, who knew that you came aboard this boat?" His eyes hypnotized her.

"Nobody," she said quickly. "I give you my word. Nobody knew it."

"Who would discover your absence, and search for you?"

"Nobody. I am an orphan, an artist. I live alone. The people on the island will think I have gone to New York for a visit. Nobody will seek me. I am a free soul. Ask Ronald Ingram. He knows."

The engineer touched the door, opened it and came in. He did not glance at Gay in the corner. The captain handed him the bit of paper.

"Shall we show them our heels?" The engineer considered. "How are the papers? Everything tight?"

"Tight as a drum. Except this woman—who smuggled herself aboard. But we can fix that up. The papers are perfect."

"Then I say we lay to, and give 'em the gab. What to run for? Then they know it's guilt. Face 'em, and flaunt it, I say."

The captain smiled at him, nodded assent. "You're right, or course. All right, then. I'll be right down."

The engineer went out. The captain came to Gay and took her hand. His voice was soft, his touch caressive.

"Now, Gay, this is your chance. A boat is drawing up to us to look over our papers. You can go back on it if you wish. Would you like to?"

Will hope throbbed in Gay's heart, beat such a tumult of glorious relief she felt he must have heard his music. But she remembered what Ronald Ingram had said, she was warned by the silken softness of the captain's voice. Still, as best she could she hoped that swelled in her heart at the thought of rescue she said faintly: "Oh, no. Not yet. Can't I wait till I am sure?"

"Are you sure you want to?" His voice was a velvet breath. "This may be your last chance to go back. Are you sure you wish to stay on?"

"Yes, please. I am not afraid now. You will take care of me. I took a chance and came. I'd rather take another chance and stay. If you'll let me."

"Good for you!" His voice was warm and hearty. "I see we're going to hit it off first rate. I'll fix it up with Ronald. Stick to the original story, Gay. You smuggled aboard—under my own bunk—I always tell the truth when convenient—and I didn't see you until I had finished my paper work ready to turn in. I was just going to marry you to Ronald when they signaled us to lay to. Now you've got balance, and you've got nerve. You'll get through it, right?"

Gay nodded briefly. "Stay right here. I won't have you up at all unless I have to." He pulled a book from the rack on the shelf and threw it on the table. "Marriage service," he said. "Just ready to read the lines over you. That'll clinch it. Don't be frightened, Gay. They may be only run runners. They're nothing on us. Just sit tight, and I'll kiss her hand—I like you. Poor Tony!"

Then he went out unheeded, smiling back at her.

Gay turned off the light in the room got her coat and hat, and crunched by the door which she held ajar, listening. When the moment came, she intended to run out boldly and demand a rescue.

The captain stopped to speak to Ronald, to explain Gay's new status, and the two men went down deck together. Already a small boat manned with twenty men had put out from the coast patrol and was drawing swiftly up to the Roger Williams.

"Don't look so good," said the captain slowly, scanning the horizon, for lying about them lay six boats of the little coast guard fleet, completely hemming them in. "It's something more than rum," he said. "I wish we could get rid of that d-d girl."

CHAPTER XIV

With the captain and his chief officer in the bow of the boat putting out for the Roger Williams, stood Randolph Wallace, and he was laughing.

"I know that boat," the captain said, "she's been held up time and time again, but she always manages to get clear. She's as the dickens, that gang. Money back of them. That's how."

"She's a beauty," said Rand, admiring eyes on the Roger Williams.

The coldness of the morning air, the grayness of the pale dawning, the tang of salt on his lips and in his nostrils, exhilarated and thrilled him.

"What'll they do with her, I wonder—the boat? I know there's a big reward out for this gang, but I think I'd rather have the boat. Do you suppose they would give her to me, instead of the reward? I feel just like settling down to a profession this morning. The last of the Captains Wallace. I think I'll go to sea. Gosh, how Gay would laugh."

The captain laughed, too, companionably. "They'll put her up at auction," he said, "and if you really want her—and if your charges against the gang hold water—they'll fix it up so you can bid her in. They couldn't give her to you outright—at least, I don't think so—too much red tape. But they could let you in on the bidding, and see that you had the money."

Rand's eyes, already shining with pride of ownership, roamed the Roger Williams, showing strong and stanch in the gray light, conasting the waves.

"I wonder I never thought of it before," he mused thoughtfully. "Yes—Captain Wallace, last of the line

"pleased to meet you." He grinned joyously to himself, thinking of Gay. "Any red tape to keep me from going aboard first? I want to make sure of a good looking chap, with sad eyes like a cow."

The captain laughed and motioned him up, so that the first feet aboard the Roger Williams were not those of active United States service, but the idle wandering ones of Randolph Wallace. Naval officers, however, were close behind him, followed by twenty service men.

Captain Garman stepped up to them quietly, all at ease. "You say you're after an escaped convict, but you come well beeled for a single stow-away."

"You have found no stowaways aboard, then?" asked the officer courteously.

"Well, a sort of one. A woman—running after one of my officers. We discovered her under my own bunk. If you can imagine such gall. I was just going to marry them when we got your message. Only this woman."

"Will you bring your passengers up and let us look them over?"

"We are only a freighter, as you know. But we carry up to twenty passengers on the side. Sublimated stowage passengers they are, cheap. Their papers are all right. I went over them myself."

"We'll look them over, if you don't mind."

Captain Garman gave a quiet order in an unheeded voice, and a man detached himself from the group and ran down to put it into execution.

"We're taking you back with us, captain," the officer went on slowly. "We have the goods on you. If you want to go peacefully, all right. Or if you want a scrap, we have the guns on you."

"What charges, sir?"

"Oh, a nice variety. Running Chinese, for one thing. Getting crooks out of the country on our side, and bringing them in on the other. Little matter of murder, too, if I am not mistaken."

Captain Garman's eye turned slowly out to sea, swept the horizon. His men were willing to fight, and the ship was built for speed as well as for endurance. But what chance, with six of the steel gray service dogs lurking watchfully at bay, hemming them in. Rather match wits with the lawyers in the courts.

"You'll find everything O. K., I fancy," he said imperturbably. "but of course if you insist I will return with you."

The passengers were hurried up from below, bubbled back against the railing, and with them Gay, once more in her dark slicker and leather cap, who had slipped among them as they passed the captain's door. Gay's heart was glad in the knowledge that she was saved. But when, in the rear of that group on deck, she saw Rand, dejected, triumphant, smiling, her first feeling of heart-bursting joy that he was safe gave way to one of humiliation and shame. Rand came in triumph, with the United States navy at his back, to find her here, knickered and booted, like a thief among thieves, captured, disgraced and banded lightly from man to man.

"Go over the lot of them," came the crisp order. "Look for papers, especially, and weapons. Lieutenant, take the second detail, and search the ship."

Gay covered farther into the corner. Search her! She watched the approach of a brisk young officer with horrified staring eyes. She bit her lips until she tasted blood; she would not move, she would let him handle her, let him search. At the sudden slap of his hand upon her hip she shrank back silently. Feeling the bulk of the pistol in her pocket, he thrust his hand roughly inside her coat.

"Oh, no!" Her faint gasp was wretched, instinctive. But soft as it was, it carried across the deck.

"See here!"

With a bound, Rand leaped from his posture of careless grace against the rail, and buried the astonished group from side to side before him.

He caught Gay's arm, and drew her about, amazed, incredulous.

"That's the stowaway," the captain explained silkily. "Found her under my own bunk. I was just going to marry her to my second officer."

"Gay," stammered Rand, "Gay, is it you? But it can't be you! But it is you!"

Gay covered before him. "Oh, Rand," she sobbed, "I thought they had captured you and I came to be with you, and they hadn't, and you weren't, and—"

"Rand," she pleaded tearfully. "Please! He can marry us, the captain, he can marry anybody. Rand—just to please me."

"Gay, do you mean—"

"Oh, Rand!"

"Well, there's no reason why he can't, is there?" Rand demanded quickly of the officer who commanded the capture.

"Not if you make it snappy," said the officer, laughing in huge enjoyment of this unexpected turn. "Before I take over the boat."

"Oh, we'll be snappy, that's the thing we do best. Gay, think a minute! Pull yourself together. Are you—sure?"

"Oh, Rand!"

"Well, how about it, captain? You've no objections, have you?" "Marry her! Marry you!" ejaculated the captain, dazed with the suddenness of this surprising new demand. "You! Good lord! Another one! Come on board after Ingram, switched over to me, and now got the hooks in you. All right, all right. I'll marry anybody. She's the smoothest worker I ever saw. Jim, bring up the book from my desk, it's open to the page. We'll have Tony for one of the witnesses. Good lord—another one—and been aboard less than two hours."



WILLIE HOPPE Champion Billiard Player writes:

"The slightest cough or throat irritation might be fatal during a close match. On this account I prefer Luckies as a steady diet. They have never irritated my throat or caused the slightest cough. I am going to stick with Luckies."

"It's toasted" No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

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Parasol Sails Experiments have been made aboard with a new kind of sail for boats. The sail when spread resembles a large umbrella. The mast, occupying a position similar to that of the stick in an umbrella, turns on a pivot at the bottom. It is usually inclined about 45 degrees to the horizon, but the inclination can be adjusted to suit the force of the wind. The inventors claim that with this sail, "heeling" of the boat can be avoided, while at the same time the sail tends to lift the boat and thus enables it more easily to mount the waves.

Profusion of Rare Coins Collections of ancient coins in Soviet museums will be augmented by rare specimens to be handed over by the State Bank of Moscow. Among them are 54 Macedonian coins with images of Alexander the Great and King Philip, 16 Roman coins, two of Carthage, double gold coins bearing images of Carina Sophia, Car Ivan and Peter the Great, coins of the Scythian ruler Hosroy, and Armenian coins of King Tigran's times.

Palestine To go to Palestine is a great stimulation to one's faith and belief in the great things which the little land gave to the rest of the world after having rejected them for itself.—American Magazine.

W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES for Men, Women & Boys SHOES FOR EASTER. Easter Calls to Everyone... beckoning with flowers, sunlight and the mood of Spring. And style answers the call with a newer enthusiasm, and crisp beauty...

Appreciative Quail A covey of timorous quail leave their native haunts and fly to the center of Washington, Pa., to feed at the home of Mrs. C. E. McClure, who puts out feed regularly for birds. It was only one quail that first appeared. It flew away and returned with nine friends and relatives.

Annoyingly Silent Elmer—Do you talk in your sleep? Roy—No; my wife says I'm perfectly exasperating—only smile!—Ex-change.

Don't Talk About Your Kidneys—ACT! Why keep on being "sick"? Why drag along in misery when relief is yours for the asking? Take the world-famous... GOLD MEDAL... HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES... of Holland... than 200 years—all druggists in 3 sizes. Look for the name on every box and accept no substitute. In sealed boxes.

Cuticura Talcum Is An Ideal Toilet Powder It is pure, smooth and fragrant and contains antiseptic properties which help to allay excessive perspiration. It imparts a pleasing fragrance and leaves the skin refreshed and cool.