

Handmade Rainbows

By Mrs. Harry Pugh Smith
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INSTALLMENT THIRTEEN—The Story So Far

This is the story of an American family in the depression years. Laura Maguire, wife of Mike, happy-go-lucky editor and mayor of Covington, is mother of four children:

Tom, whose real estate job in the big city nearby peters out and he returns to a smaller job in Covington after separating from Mary Etta, his wife, secretary to a big shot, who refuses to give

up her job.

Alec, who can't get a job and is running around with a flashy divorcee. On a bet, he dates Lou Knight, the town drunk's daughter.

Shirley, engaged to Jaidr Newsum, who is out of work since his father gave up his factory to stop losses. Ma Newsum wants him to marry Connie Mays, the banker's daughter.

Kathleen, society editor on her father's paper, who thinks her father and Ritchie Graham, his assistant, are foolish to invite Mays' threat to break the paper. At a swimming party she is saved by Ritchie, who tells her he loves her. She says she hates him. At a fire in the tenement district, Alec sees the town drunk die rescuing a crippled boy. He takes Lou to his mother's home.

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued
"Where do we go from here?" demanded Connie.

The fire was no longer theatrical and Connie was ready to move on to something else. But Shirley had only one desire. To get away. Away from the sight of Connie Mays' thin predatory hands which were always touching Jaidr caressingly.

"I'm hungry," announced Lance Ferguson suddenly.
Connie leaped at any excuse to prolong the evening. "So am I," she said. "I could eat a boiled cow."

Shirley sighed.
"There isn't a decent sandwich joint in town since Bill's place sold out," objected Jaidr.

"You're telling us," glibbed Connie. Shirley hesitated.
"You can all come home with me if you like," she said wearily. "I can always find something in the old ice box."

"Saved!" exclaimed Lance with enthusiasm. "Shirley's got the world beat at working up a snack."

"Sure she has," agreed Jaidr in a tired, cross voice. "And everybody's imposed on her that way for years. But I happen to know that Shirley has to wash up after the jamboree. And I don't suppose she enjoys having the dirty work pushed off on her any more than you would."

"Sorry I can't ask you to our house," Connie declared coolly, "but cook simply blows a fuse if anybody messes around in her kitchen. And that's one thing Mother will not stand for. We can turn the hose on the grand piano and build a fire under the family portraits, but God help anyone who offends our cook!"
"I guess it's up to you, Shirley," murmured Lance.

"It is not," said Jaidr sharply. "We'll try Joe's."

"That dump!" objected Connie. "It's no worse than the rest."
Only that wasn't saying much. Joe's Sandwich Shop was conveniently located on the main highway at the edge of town but it had little else to recommend it. Joe himself was a small wilted unhappy looking Italian who came hurriedly out of his living quarters at the rear where he had evidently been asleep. They sat down at stools before the long dingy counter because the tables in the front were discouragingly spotty.

"Did you ever try putting your cold drinks on ice, Joe?" complained Connie with irritation. "Wow! This tastes like dish water."
Joe again spread apathetic hands. "No make money. Glad sell out. Anybody wants buy nice sandwich joint reasonable?"

"God forbid!" cried Connie, and Lance sniggered.

"Money could be made in a place like this if it was run right," protested Jaidr.

"Man and wife make living here if both work," contributed Joe. "Me, I do verra well before Margarita die." His black eyes looked suddenly tragic. "Since she go I no got heart to keep things right. I want to get away. Make fresh start. Two hundred dollars and I walk out door. Leave everything. Stove, stools, tables, ice box and good bed and shower bath in back room."

"There's your chance, Jaidr," giggled Connie.

"Provided that I had two hundred dollars, which I haven't," he said. "No buy?" inquired Joe with disappointment.

Connie and Lance laughed. Only Shirley didn't laugh. All the way home Connie was witty at Jaidr's expense. She said if he bought Joe out he might some day become the Hamburger King of Covington.

CHAPTER XIX

It was like Connie to maneuver so as to drop Shirley before she did the others. Her lovely face was white when she walked into the living room. Laura was waiting up for Mike. She explained almost curtly about Lou. Shirley stared at her.

"Alec's been running around with her. Oh, Mother."

Laura's eyebrows puckered. "I hope by morning I can think it's funny," she said, grimly.

Shirley sighed. "You must get terribly tired of us sometimes, always stirring up a fresh batch of trouble for you to worry over."

Laura glanced at her curiously. "It's better to live with difficulty than stagnate."

"Yes, oh, yes!" cried the girl in a stifled voice.
She turned away, but not before Laura had seen her eyes.

"You do remind me of Great-grandmother Ashe," said Laura suddenly.

She walked over to the old-fashioned desk in one corner and, opening a drawer, took out a small faded miniature. It had originally been worn on a gold chain. But the frail links had long since been broken and lost. The painting was blurred

with age, yet Shirley might have sat for the lovely sensitive girl who looked back at her from the narrow flagstone frame.

"She was rather remarkable, wasn't she, Mother?"

Laura carefully did not look at her daughter.

"She was a great belle back in Virginia. But she fell in love with Great-grandfather Ashe who had nothing except youth and a fiery heart to recommend him. Her parents promised to disinherit her if she married him. But she did. They had two saddle horses and a bag of cheap trinkets between them when they eloped to the West. He started a small trading post. She lived in the rear and clerked in the store. She bore him five children and her family never spoke to her again although Great-grandfather built up one of the largest mercantile businesses in the Southwest and died a comparatively rich man. She spent her later years in a mansion. She always looked fragile and useless. But to the last she said she was happiest when she cooked and scrubbed for her man and sold flour and sugar and coffee between times over a counter."

Shirley looked fixedly at her mother. "Would you have let anything keep you from marrying Mike?"

"Nothing short of sudden death," said Laura.
Shirley turned away but she took the miniature with her. She fell asleep with it against her cheek.

Alec Maguire was down to breakfast with the rest the following morning. Laura found him at the table when she and Shirley brought in the toast. Tom and Mike were eagerly discussing the small model homes Tom hoped to build and sell in Covington. Apparently Alec was absorbed in their conversation. Actually he was listening painfully for a step on the stairs. Laura saw him go quite white when he heard Lou's voice.

They all did their best to put Lou at her ease. But she answered only in monosyllables and rarely raised her eyes from her plate. Even Mike could not charm a smile to her small wan face. She never looked at Alec and he was unusually silent. But Laura felt him watching them all fiercely as if he was afraid someone would laugh. Laura's heart ached. The girl was anything but laughable.

Kathleen and Tom and Mike went off to work together. Laura thought Tom looked ghastly, as if he hadn't slept. Lou timidly offered to help clear the table. It was Laura's instinct to refuse. Everything in her resented the girl. But Alec's eyes glared at her with feverish pleading, and so Laura swallowed hard and said of course Lou could assist with the dishes. Alec snatched up his hat and announced he had to see a man about a dog. He vanished toward town. Lou's eyes followed him out of sight as if she longed to run after him and beg him not to desert her.

Laura sighed. It was impossible not to feel sorry for the poor child. She was so painfully shy, so fearful of arousing displeasure. Every time Laura spoke, Lou started. Once she dropped a cheap teacup and broke it. Her distress was embarrassing. Laura was not used to being treated like an ogre. But it was plain that Lou was terrified of her. She wanted to help with the housework, but she was too nervous to be anything but awkward. Laura began to feel a little distracted.

"I'm going to town, Mother," said Shirley when they had finished with the kitchen.

Laura nodded absently. She was wondering what on earth was the

fair thing to do with a homeless waif which one's son had dragged up on one's doorstep. Shirley gave her mother a strangely wistful look, but for once Laura was too preoccupied to notice.

"Can't I make the beds upstairs, Mrs. Maguire?" inquired Lou timidly.

"Yes of course, if you like," said Laura.

Shirley turned away. She took the short cut across the vacant lot. It was a warm May morning but Shirley's hands felt cold. The diamond on her ring finger flashed in the sun. Shirley regarded it somberly. The jeweler in the shop down town looked unhappy.

"I'm sorry, but diamonds are very cheap right now. A drug on the market. I can't offer you a fourth of what the stone cost a few years back," he said.

"How much?" asked Shirley.
Her lips felt dry and stiff. She was taking a lot of things for granted. It was possible she was making a hideous blunder.

"Diamonds will come back as strong as ever some day. Are you sure you want to sell?"

"How much?"
"A hundred and a quarter."

Shirley stared at him dully. It was not enough. She bit back a sob. What a fool she had been to think this might be the way out. She must have been mad last night. Then suddenly she thought of a girl in a miniature, a proud, lovely fastidious girl who had let nothing balk her of her birthright.

"All right," said Shirley sharply, and tucked the crisp new bills into her hand-bag.

Joe, the small mournful-eyed Italian, glanced up quickly from the counter which he was listlessly wiping with a grimy cloth.

"You think maybe you buy me out?" he cried eagerly. "Gee, that swell! Man in here early this morning see about same thing. But he no got money enough."

Shirley's lips tightened. She didn't explain that she hadn't enough money either. Joe was undoubtedly eager to unload and people in a pinch have been known to take less. She let him show her around. But she did not pay a lot of attention to Joe's sales argument. She used her own eyes. The location was good. The small frame building stood just outside the town on the busiest highway and there was ample parking space. A big water oak made a graceful sunshade. A small spring, discouraged by rubbish, bubbled at the side.

She had to admit that the interior of the place was depressing. Dingy, dirty and unattractive. But she had a stubborn conviction that a good scouring and a few buckets of paint would work miracles. The range was in good shape, only it too needed a thorough cleaning. The cooking utensils were burned black, the china chipped and ugly, the glasses heavy and dull. Lank dispirited curtains flapped dejectedly at fly-specked windows.

The back room had evidently degenerated into a catchall for junk during Joe's sketchy term of house-keeping. But among the litter and dirt and confusion Shirley unearthed a good iron bed, a cheap pine dresser, a couple of sturdy chairs and an unpainted kitchen table, to say nothing of a convenient clothes closet now stuffed with old bottles and rags.

Shirley stood for a long time on the rear step.

Was she insane? She didn't know. But she had an idea everyone would think so. Joe insisted that if a man and his wife both worked, they could make a living in the place. Shirley thought of her Great-grandmother Ashe who had clerked in a store and made a home behind it. Somehow Shirley felt that she too could pioneer if only Jaidr agreed. But would he? Her throat ached. Had he rather go on as they were going? Tortured, miserable, frustrated! Burning up their love with futility. She did not know. He might sneer at this solution to their problem. He might prefer to be a parasite on his father the rest of his life.

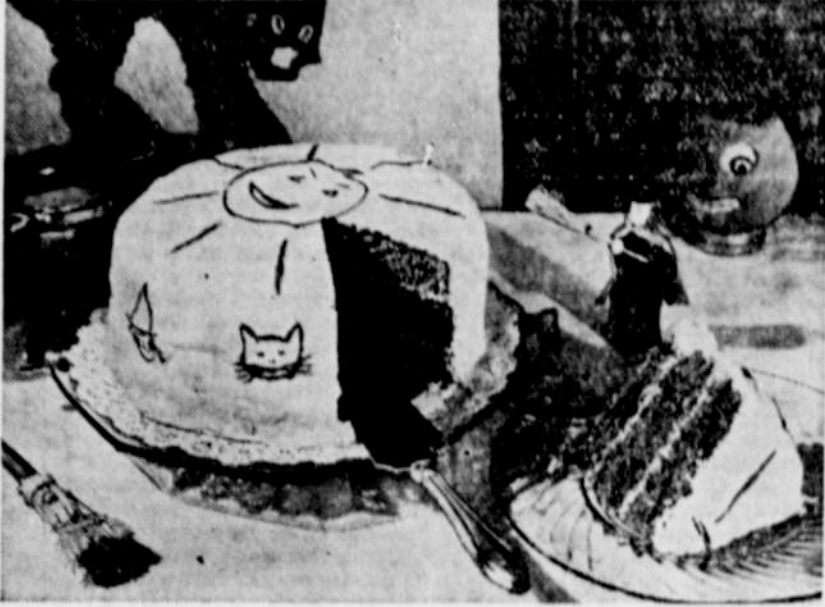
Jaidr was not lazy. But he was proud and sensitive. And peddling hamburgers with his wife's assistance was a far cry from the role he had meant to play in life. Then there was Connie Mays who asked nothing but a chance to marry Jaidr and convulse him with luxury. Connie's husband would automatically become vice president of her father's bank or something equally scintillating. Shirley's slim throat locked. Was she a fool to think Jaidr might prefer her to all that?

In the front room she heard Joe exclaiming excitedly, "Back again? Maybe you raise the money."
"I couldn't!"
Shirley could not see the speaker, but she recognized the voice and her heart backed up. It was Jaidr.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Household News

by Lynn Chambers



HALLOWEEN TRICKS FOR OCTOBER'S FAVORITE PARTY

(See Recipes Below.)

WITCHES' NIGHT OUT

Spooks and fun while the goblins, black cats and ghosts make merry—isn't that an inspiration to have one grand, merry party before the winter sets in? Come, let's plan, stew and brew and set the witches' cauldron boiling and bubbling!

You'll need hearty sandwiches, plentiful and hot since the weather's slightly nipped with frost. Of course you'll have cider and doughnuts because they're wedded together and traditional. To top it off, have a witches' cake, a chocolaty, honest-to-goodness devil's food, moist and crumbly, and perhaps one of those pumpkin shaped molds of ice cream, or at least orange ice, to carry out October's orange and black color scheme.

The party starts as soon as the invitations are sent out. These can be pumpkin, black cat or cauldron shaped, made double with the invitation written on the inside. Send them early so your guests won't make other plans. The more, the merrier.

Twirl some streamers of orange and black crepe paper around the room, bring out the frayed straw hats, checked shirts, and grandmother's costumes from that trunk in the attic. All set? Here we go:

Sandwiches.

These can be made on the buffet or at the table if you have a sandwich toaster. If made in the kitchen use the broiler. Have assorted bread, butter, place cheese on first layer, then another slice of buttered bread, then a slice of ham, and top with a slice of bread. Toast, cut in three, and fasten with toothpicks.

To bewitch your family and guests completely serve them a cake with that agreeable melt-in-your-mouth quality. Measure the ingredients carefully so you'll attain that feathery lightness so essential to a good cake. After the icing is spread on the cake, make decorations with melted chocolate.

Witches' Cake.

(Devil's Food)
2 cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons double acting baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or shortening
1 cup sugar
2 egg yolks, well beaten
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
1½ cups milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and soda. Sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar, and cream

LYNN SAYS:

A Halloween party can be a success without the least fuss. First of all, decorations and table settings don't have to be letter perfect, for you can have the most fun in the midst of the basement or barn decorated with sheaves of cornstalk, pumpkin faces, rakes, hoes and goblins made of sheets.

For your table use a large piece of burlap or cotton sacks sewed together and dyed scarlet or gold. A centerpiece of pumpkin with candles inside the hollow or fruit and burnished autumn leaves will bring cheers.

Write fortunes and place them in apples or nuts. Play pin the tail on the cat. Bob for apples. Have target practice with bean shooters. Dance the Virginia Reel and other square dances if your floor can stand it—all amid plenty of black and orange crepe paper. Halloween's the time for all this noisy fun.

THIS WEEK'S MENU

Halloween Refreshments
*Hot Cheese and Ham Sandwiches, Club Style
Cider Doughnuts Coffee
Apples Nuts Grapes
*Witches' Cake
Orange Ice Cream
*Recipe Given

Put egg whites, water, sugar, in top of double boiler and set over boiling water. Beat constantly for seven minutes with rotary beater then remove from fire. Add vanilla and cream of tartar and beat until of consistency to spread. Marshmallows (about 12 to 15) cut in pieces may be added.

Speaking of luscious cakes, there's another type of cake which will be just as much of a success either at your Halloween party or cake sale. As different from a chocolate cake as night from day, is this light, tender Silver Moon cake. Its velvety texture is no trick if you use a good shortening and cream it well:

Silver Moon Cake.
½ cup shortening
1¼ cups granulated sugar
2 cups sifted cake flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon almond extract
½ cup milk
5 egg whites
Cream shortening and sugar until light, then add milk and sifted dry ingredients alternately, beating after each addition until smooth. Fold in stiffly beaten whites and flavoring last. Bake in three layers in a moderate (375 degrees) oven, 25 minutes. Frost with a butter frosting:

Uncooked Butter Icing.
¼ cup butter
2 cups powdered sugar
3 tablespoons hot milk
1 teaspoon lemon or almond flavoring
Cream butter and shortening, add milk and blend until smooth. Add flavoring. For variation, add 2½ squares semi-sweet chocolate melted before blending in milk. Flavor chocolate icing with vanilla.

A cake that wins a place in the Hall of Fame is this spice cake without which no cake sale is complete. But it isn't just an ordinary spice cake for it has the subtle flavor of bananas combined with the spices:

Spice Cake.
(Makes three 9-inch layers)
½ cup butter
2 cups brown sugar
4 eggs
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon each, cinnamon, nutmeg
½ teaspoon each, allspice, cloves
2½ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 bananas, mashed fine
Cream together the butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg yolks and bananas and blend well. Sift together the dry ingredients twice. Add them alternately with the milk, beating smooth after each addition. Last, fold in egg whites. Bake in three layer pans, in a moderate (350 degrees) oven, for 35 to 40 minutes. Ice between layers with a double recipe of the Seven minute icing or Chocolate flavored uncooked icing. For a fruity spice cake, ½ cup raisins and ½ cup nuts may be added with the flour.

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This Far-Seeing Father Was Taking No Chances

As Smith and Jones were waiting at the bus stop, a passer-by stopped and asked Jones the time. Jones did not reply.

After the stranger had passed on, Smith asked:
"Why didn't you answer him?"

"Well, it's this way," Jones replied. "If I'd told him the time, he might have got chatting, and in the end I might have asked him home to supper."

"There he might have met my daughter and they might have fallen in love. Finally they might have got married."

"And let me tell you, I don't want a fellow for my son-in-law who can't afford to buy a watch."

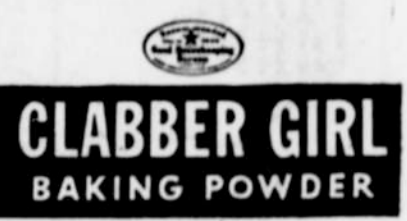
• So good
• So reasonable



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Saying Nothing
In general those who nothing have to say contrive to spend the longest time in doing it.—Lowell.

DON'T LET CONSTIPATION SLOW YOU UP

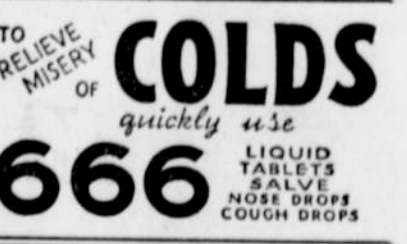
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Best Chance
There is in the worst of fortune the best of chances for a happy change.—Euripides.



Sharp Wits Cut
Sharp wits, like sharp knives, do often cut their owners' fingers.—Arrowsmith.



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