

Handmade Rainbows

By Mrs. HARRY PUGH SMITH
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INSTALLMENT SIXTEEN—The Story So Far

Laura Maguire is wife of happy-go-lucky Mike, editor and mayor of Covington, whom banker Mays is trying to ruin for criticizing his banking methods. She is the mother of four children: Tom, whose real estate job peters out in a bigger city but whose wife, Mary Etta, refuses to give up her secretary job to follow him to the smaller town. Divorce is impending.

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued
"But she can't have gone. I tell you, she has nowhere to go," said Alec, his face very white.

Kathleen shrugged her shoulders. She was the last down to breakfast. She flourished a small folded piece of paper. Alec reached out his hand but Kathleen shook her head. "It's addressed to Laura."

Alec's black eyes watched feverishly while his mother read the lines which Lou had written in a small, cramped, painstaking hand.

"Well?" he demanded sharply. "She says that she thanks us for all our kindness but she can't impose on us any longer."

Mike swore under his breath. "Poor little devil," he said. "I dare say she felt as uncomfortable as a weed at an orchid show."

His younger son glared at him. "Listen," he cried fiercely, "maybe she never went to finishing school, probably she doesn't always know which fork to use, but she's instinctively a lady, that kid. I've met a raft of girls I'd die before I'd bring home to Mother. But—" his voice broke—"Lou wasn't one of them."

"Alec—" began Laura imploringly. But Alec had slammed the door behind him.

"Zowie!" cried Kathleen. "Is our little brother sore, or is he?" "I must find that child if any of us are to live with Alec," Laura said.

CHAPTER XXIV

The telephone rang eight times before Laura finished the dishes. It was mostly friends and acquaintances calling to tut-tut about Shirley.

About nine Mike rang up. He had learned that a brief memorial service was to be held for Pete Knight at nine-thirty in the old mission church near the railroad shops. Mike himself was in conference and could not attend. But he thought Laura might like to. She did. Lou was certain to be there, no matter where she had taken refuge.

To save time Laura got out the family sedan. But two blocks from the house the old motor wheezed, choked and died. The gas feed was stopped up. Laura wasted precious minutes because sometimes you could unscrew the bottom of the vacuum tank and blow through it and all was well. But not this morning. By the time she gave up the struggle and called a taxi it was a quarter to ten. She had hopes, however, of arriving before the church was quite emptied, and did. But there had been only a handful present and these scattered quickly. Although Laura waited outside she saw nothing of Lou.

Alec did not appear. When Laura called the grocery store she discovered that her son had not shown up for work that day. So much for Alec's glowing promises of the night before. Laura could have wept. "I must find Lou," Laura told herself.

But she didn't find her, or any trace of her, and Alec did not come home to dinner or telephone.

It grew steadily later, and no Alec. He had never stayed out all night before. But day had broken and a mocking bird was singing outside Laura's window before she heard Alec's step coming on tiptoe up the stairs. Laura got softly out of bed, and met him outside his door.

"Alec, darling, I've been so worried." There were tears in her voice. "Sorry," he said stiffly.

"I tried to find Lou for you." He shrugged his shoulders.

"Forget it. She couldn't be happy here. I realize that now."

He turned away and Laura went slowly back down the hall.

On the last Saturday in June Laura Maguire decided to run up to the city for various and sundry reasons, none of them pleasant. It had been a month since Shirley's marriage, the squalliest month Laura had ever experienced. Nothing went right with depressing monotony.

In the first place Mike continued his tirades against Banker Mays and the latter retaliated with telling force. Every time the Clarion published a thrust at the financier both circulation and advertising accounts felt the shock.

Then there was Kathleen. Going everywhere with young Gene Mays and apparently delighted with his pursuit.

About Alec she had even less reason to feel happy. Alec had developed into a deep dark secret and Laura was afraid to probe into the complexities of his behavior. He resolutely kept his own counsel. And for ways that were weird he had developed a maddening propensity. He had not stayed out all night again. In fact, he was usually home by nine although he never lingered downstairs to visit with the others, but went straight to his room. He was gone every morning when Laura rose. Without breakfast. He said vaguely that he was dieting to preserve his girlish figure. He also

Alec, at last with a job as a grocery clerk after a long siege of unemployment and running around with a flashy divorcee. He had brought Lou Knight, the town drunk's daughter, to his mother's home when her father died rescuing a crippled boy in a fire.

Shirley, at last married to Jaidr Newsum though Ma Newsum wanted him to marry Connie Mays, the banker's daughter.

He said to expect him at table when they saw him. And that was seldom enough to worry Laura to the point of tears.

But on this sultry June morning it was about Tom Laura's concern was chiefly exercised. Tom had been home a month, doggedly working away in Colonel Shoup's office, making progress slowly but steadily and looking more drawn and haggard every day.

Laura had decided to take the bus to the city. It was cheaper than the train and money was becoming distressingly scarce in her establishment, with Mike's business steadily submerging. That was partly Laura's errand in town. Sometimes in a pinch she took orders from a Woman's Exchange for home canned fruits and vegetables. It didn't pay a lot and was hot tedious work, but Laura had on other difficult occasions collected several odd dollars that helped to turn a hard corner.

On the way out of town the bus passed what had formerly been Joe's place, now christened "The Oak Tree." Laura grinned to herself. Shirley was the only comfortable spot on her mother's horizon. The town had nearly burst its side with derisive laughter when Shirley and Jaidr took on the hamburger stand. But people who dropped in at "The Oak Tree" to sneer, remained to envy. Curiosity may have accounted for the rush of business

the first week. But it was good food appetizingly served in attractive surroundings that swelled the cash register the second and third and fourth weeks. "The Oak Tree" had become quite the rage, as well as the rendezvous for the young elite.

Even Belle Newsum now pointed with pride to her son's achievement.

CHAPTER XXV

Laura's visit to the Woman's Exchange was not heartening. It appeared that everybody had had the same idea. The market was glutted with the products for which Laura had hoped to receive orders. But she did wangle a small commission. Fifty jars of watermelon preserves on the strength of one of old Aunt Julia's recipes which Laura had brought from her father's plantation.

By then it was almost two and she was hot, tired, diheveled and hungry. She went across the street to a large cafeteria which at that hour, fortunately, was not crowded, picked out the most economical dishes on the menu and, balancing her tray, made for a table in a secluded corner near a window—only to come face to face with Mary Etta.

Mary Etta had finished her lunch. Her black eyes looked startled when they recognized Laura who had instinctively paused beside her.

"How are you, Mary Etta?" she asked gently.

"I'm splendid of course," the girl said, as if daring Laura to think otherwise.

"Do you mind if I sit with you?" inquired Laura.

Mary Etta shrugged her sharp shoulders. Laura sat down.

"I'm grieved about you and Tom," said Laura at last.

Mary Etta's lip curled. "Why should you be?" she demanded. "You've got him back, haven't you? Mothers always take their sons away from their wives if they can. And you can. Because he thinks you're perfect."

"But I do love her like that," said Tom simply. "I always have."

He was gone. Taking the stairs two at a time. He had forgotten his mother and Alec. He had forgotten everything but the woman who was his to have and to hold.

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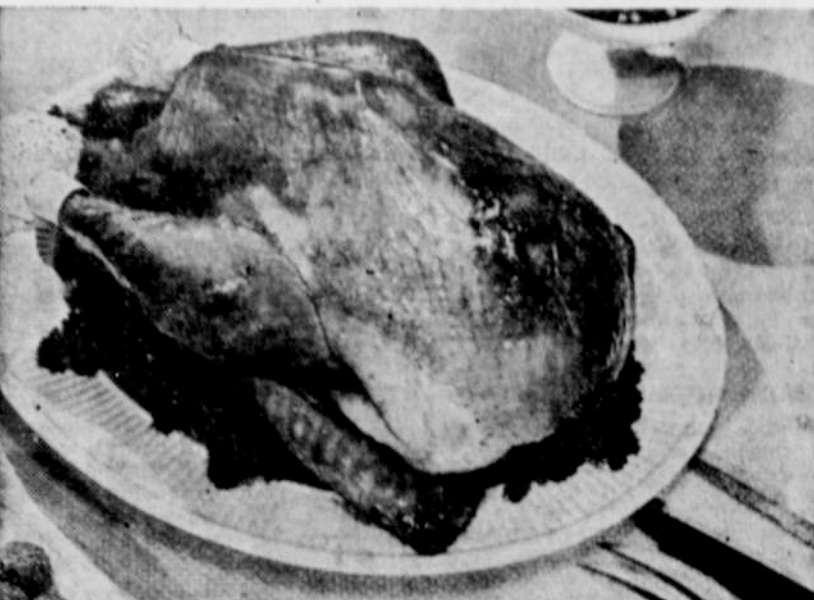
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Household News

by Lynn Chambers



LET THE GOBBLER STRUT ITS STUFF!
(See Recipes Below)

THANKSGIVING

This holiday is ours! As you bustle about and plan this year's Thanksgiving dinner, remember this is the day we give our thanks for the bounteous harvest of the year, for the peace and the prosperity, singularly ours. Remember, too, and cherish the foresight of the Pilgrims who had the courage to start carving out this land of ours!

Yes, this holiday is ours, so let it be filled with the spirit of the day and wholehearted thanks.

Some foods are synonymous with Thanksgiving without which the day wouldn't be complete, but don't get into a rut about having the same dinner every year, vary the trimmings a bit and fascinate the family.

Thin wisps of croutons will intrigue if you serve them in the oyster stew.

***Oyster Stew.** (Serves 6 to 8)
1 pint oysters
4 tablespoons butter
1 quart milk
Salt and pepper

Put cleaned oysters, oyster liquor strained, butter and seasonings in a saucepan and simmer gently until oysters curl at the edges. Heat the milk, add to the oysters and serve at once.

Has the family become a trifle weary of your old stuffing? Then try this savory new one with yummy sausage flavoring which is right at home with either turkey, goose, duck or chicken. The sausage stuffing will do a proud job with stuffed veal, pork or shoulder of lamb:

***Sausage Stuffing.** (Makes 6 cups)
4 cups soft bread crumbs
½ cup butter
3 tablespoons chopped onion
½ teaspoon salt
Pepper
½ teaspoon sage or thyme
½ cup chopped celery
2 cups sausage in the bulk

Melt butter, add onion and cook until it becomes yellow. Add bread crumbs mixed with seasonings. Mix in chopped celery and sausage. Cook 2 minutes, stirring constantly.

***Turkey.** Small birds are allowed 25 to 30 minutes per pound for baking, large birds, 22 to 25 minutes per pound. Your oven should be set at 325 to 350 degrees.

***Sweet Potato Puff.** (Serves 10 to 12)
4 cups mashed sweet potato
2 tablespoons fat
1 egg

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THIS WEEK'S MENU

- *Oyster Stew
- Croutons
- *Roast Turkey
- *Sausage Stuffing
- *Cranberry Orange Relish
- *Sweet Potato Puff
- *Brussels Sprouts
- *Hot Rolls
- Celery Curis
- Pickled Beets
- *Pumpkin or Mincemeat Tarts
- Hot Coffee
- *Recipe Given

Salt and pepper
½ cup milk or ¼ cup evaporated milk and ¼ cup water

Add the melted fat, seasonings and milk to the potatoes. Beat the egg separately, add yolk first and fold in white to the potato. Place in a buttered casserole dish, set in a pan containing hot water and bake 15 to 20 minutes at 375 degrees until light and puffy. Marshmallows may be placed on top of casserole during last 7 minutes of baking time.

With all the soft food of the meal, you'll want something crispy and tart as a relish.

***Cranberry-Orange Relish.** (Serves 12)
2 cups cranberries, cleaned, washed
2 oranges, whole
1 cup sugar

Grind all the fruit together by putting through a coarse food grinder. Mix the ground fruit with sugar and let stand about an hour before serving.

***Brussels Sprouts.** Brussels sprouts lend a bright touch of green when served plain with butter or crumbled, cooked chestnuts. Pick the dead leaves off the sprouts, then soak them in cold salted water for ½ hour. Wash and put in boiling water and let cook until just tender about 15 to 17 minutes. Drain, reheat, and serve after seasoning.

***Magic Yeast Rolls.**
3 cups bread flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup butter
3 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup sugar (rolled in later)
1 tablespoon sugar
1 cup chopped nuts
½ cup milk
¼ cup hot water
2 packages granular yeast

Sift flour. Add to 1½ cups of flour the salt and shortening. Combine as for pie crust. Combine milk and hot water. When luke-warm, add yeast and 1 tablespoon sugar. Combine with first mixture; beat until smooth. Cover and let stand 20 minutes. Add eggs, vanilla and the rest of the flour. Stir until it becomes a smooth, sticky dough, but stiff. Tie dough into a clean cloth (wring out in cold water first). Drop in a pail of cool water. In an hour the dough will rise to the top. Remove and turn on a platter and cut into pieces the size of an egg. Roll in sugar and nut mixture. Twist into figure eights. Shape and turn onto a greased pan. Let stand 5 minutes and bake 10 minutes at 425 degrees F.

Remember how mother used to make her pumpkin pie and tarts the day before and how good they always tasted after they stood in the cool pantry overnight? Why not try it this time? It'll save you a great deal of fuss on the big day itself besides giving the tarts a chance to mellow and ripen for extra good flavor.

***Pumpkin Filling.** (Makes 1 large pie or 10 to 12 tarts)
1½ cups prepared pumpkin
½ cup brown sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1½ cups milk

For fresh pumpkin, steam or bake until soft and put through a sieve. Add remaining ingredients in order given. Turn into crust lined pie tin or tart pans and bake first in a very hot (450 degrees) oven, then reduce temperature to 325 degrees and bake 25 minutes.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Little Girl Will Love A Lovely Bride Doll



Pattern 2945.

MY, OH MY, won't she love this! A real bride—veil and all—to be her very own doll! You can make the dress in a sheer or heavier material and, of course, make it white.

Pattern 2945 contains a pattern and directions for making the doll and clothes; materials required. Send your order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
117 Minna St. San Francisco, Calif.
Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No.
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IN 3 STRENGTHS: Children's Mild Muserole, Also Regular and Extra Strength for grown-ups who prefer a stronger product. All drugstores.



Experience and Thought
Experience is the child of Thought, and Thought is the child of Action. We can not learn men from books.—Disraeli.

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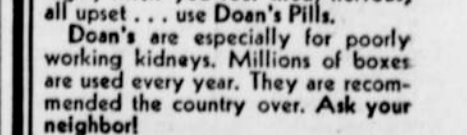
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Needed Habit
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(TO BE CONTINUED)