Shirley and Jaird buy a ham-

burger stand.

to live in poverty.

tormented voice.

ton with him?"

"Mary Etta!"

at least set Tom free."

"And yourself?"

love me again."

o Covington?"

she insisted.

day."

Laura could not be certain.

yes. But his heart isn't."

"Because he didn't want me. Be-

cause he's sick of the sight of me.

He'll marry someone like you of

course when I divorce him. My law-

yer mailed Tom a notice yester-

The girl's haggard face twitched.

'There's no use living on chained

to the corpse of a dead love. I can

Mary Etta shivered. "I swore no

one should ever matter enough to

upset my life. I vowed I'd not be

submerged as my mother was. But

if it's any satisfaction to you, I didn't

pull it off. You see," her voice sank, she looked away, "Tom does

him! Missing him! Longing to go

Laura glanced at her wrist watch.

Laura nodded. "If your lawyer

mailed Tom those divorce papers

yesterday, he got them this morn-

ing. And he's been in hell ever

him that. But I can't. Only you

can change Tom's hell to heaven."

Mary Etta's hands clenched.

"Tom loves you, Mary Etta. But

he believes you're disgusted because

nightmare, but it's over."

the table tremblingly.

the girl's quivering shoulder.

ago he passed from my keeping into

yours. I don't hate you, Mary Etta.

But I am afraid of you. Because

Great tears stood in Mary Etta's

Mary Etta had never called Laura

mother before. Laura stooped and

kissed her while their tears mingled.

with Laura. She was afraid of a

public rebuff at Tom's hands. She

asked Laura to tell Tom she was

"Come." His voice sounded thin

and stretched, and when Laura

opened the door he was sitting at

the reading table staring straight

before him, and the face he turned

to her was ghastly. And then she

"But where's Alec?" she asked.

"Your father said Alec came in al-

Tom said nothing only his eyes

were very sorry for her. And sud-

denly Laura knew. Maybe she had

"He's only been pretending to

Tom nodded and Laura staggered

"I'm so terribly sorry," said Tom,

laying his hand on her arm. "You

She came back from a long dis-

don't deserve such trouble as this."

tance to stare at him blankly and

then to remember that after all Tom

was also flesh of her flesh and he

at least could be snatched from the

"Mary Etta is outside in her car.

"You must be mad. She filed suit

"I know. But she doesn't want a

divorce, Tom. She wants to be tak-

en into your arms and told you love

her. Better than life. Better a

thousand times than you have ever

loved me or Shirley or any other

Tom simply. "I always have."

his to have and to hold.

"But I do love her like that," said

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

(TO BE CONTINUED)

She thinks you hate her and she's

breaking her heart for you."

for divorce yesterday."

sleep at home?" she whispered.

"But Mike didn't see him."

waiting outside in the car.

realized that he was alone.

"He went out again."

most an hour ago."

suspected all along.

a little.

burning.

woman.'

She would not come into the house

haggard eyes. "If I could be sure

you can make or break my son."

thought you hated me."

Tom wanted me-"

"I am sure."

"Oh, Mother!"

"Tom will be glad to be rid of me,"

go home with me by six?"

Mary Etta started violently.

starve.



INSTALLMENT SIXTEEN-The Story So Far

Laura Maguire is wife of happy-golucky Mike, editor and mayor of Covington, whom banker Mays is trying to ruin for criticising his banking metheds. 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 daresay she felt as uncomfortable as a weed at an orchid show."

His younger son glared at him. "Listen," he cried flercely, "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

#### 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 rescu-

ing a crippled boy in a fire. Shirley, at last married to Jaird Newsum though Ma Newsum wanted him to marry Connie Mays, the banker's daugh-

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 Jaird 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 planta-

By then it was almost two and she was hot, tried, 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 ppaused beside her.

"How are you, Mary Etta?" she asked gently. "I'm splendid of course," the girl

said, as if daring Laura to think

"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 winks you're perfect."

A SELECTED STORY BY A GIFTED **AUTHOR** 

# 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 fore-

matter. More than anything on sight of the Pilgrims who had the You don't know what it's courage to start carving out this been like this past month. Wanting land of ours!

Yes, this holiday is ours, so let down on my knees and beg him to it be filled with the spirit of the day and wholehearted thanks.

Some foods are synonymous with "Can you be packed and ready to 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 oysince. I'd cut my arm off to spare ster stew.

\*Oyster Stew. (Serves 6 to 8)

1 pint oysters 4 tablespoons butter 1 quart milk Salt and pepper

Put cleaned oysters, oyster liquor he hasn't been a violent financial strained, butter and seasonings in a success like Harvey Leigh. Tom saucepan and simmer gently until thinks you want a divorce to marry oysters curl at the edges. Heat the Leigh. And Tom will give you a milk, add to the oysters and serve divorce if you ask for it. But you at once.

mustn't. Shirley and I may be his Has the family become a trifle ideal. But you are the woman he weary of your old stuffing? Then loves. You've got to go home with try this savory me tonight and tell Tom it's been a new one with yummy sausage Mary Etta's thin hands gripped flavoring which "And I is right at home with either tur-Laura laid her hand gently on key, goose, duck "It or chicken. The

doesn't matter about me. I bore sausage stuffing will do a proud job Tom. I reared him. I've done ev- with stuffed veal, pork or shoulder erything I could for him. But long of lamb:

\*Sausage Stuffing. (Makes 6 cups) 4 cups soft bread crumbs

1/2 cup butter 3 tablespoons chopped onion 1/2 teaspoon salt Pepper

1/2 teaspoon sage or thyme 1/2 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

## LYNN SAYS:

To clean the turkey, singe it first, then remove the pin feathers with tweezers. Scrub the outside with water. The inside should be wiped with a damp cloth. If there is any foreign odor, a half teaspoon of baking soda may be added to the water with which the turkey scrubbed.

Allow 1 pound of turkey to each person. Allow 1 cup of stuffing to each pound of turkey. When stuffing, be sure to put some in the neck for this will give the bird a good full shape. Fasten the skin from the neck to the back. Stuff the cavity but do not pack since dressing swells.

For good roasting and easier carving truss the bird, by inserting a long needle through breast, through rib at the base of the thigh. Draw the cord through and bring the string across by pulling the cord through the openings formed by folding the wings triangularly onto the back. Tie

the cords. Insert the needle through the drumstick joints, bring the cord around the tail, through the backbone, and tie securely. Remove cord before serving.

#### THIS WEEK'S MENU

\*Oyster Stew Croutons \*Roast Turkey ·Sausage Stuffing \*Cranberry Orange Relish \*Sweet Potato Puff \*Brussels Sprouts ·Hot Rolls Pickled Beets Celery Curls \*Pumpkin or Mincemeat Tarts

Salt and pepper 1/2 cup milk or 1/4 cup evaporated

milk and 1/4 cup water

Hot Coffee

\*Recipe Given

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 50 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 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 1/2 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 1/2 cup butter 3 eggs 1 teaspoon vanilla

1/2 cup sugar (rolled in later) 1 tablespoon sugar 1 cup chopped nuts 1/2 cup milk

1/4 cup hot water 2 packages granular yeast

Sift flour. Add to 11/2 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 it-

self 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)

11/2 cups prepared pumpkin 3/2 cup brown sugar

1 teaspoon cinnamon 1/2 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..... Name .....

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At the first sign of a chest cold the Quintuplets' throats and chests are rubbed with Children's Mild Musterole—a product made to promptly relieve the distress of children's colds and re-Musterole gives such wonderful re-sulting bronchial and croupy coughs.

Musterole gives such wonderful re-sults because it's MORE than an ordi-nary "salve." It helps break up local congestion. Since Musterole is used on the Quints you may be sure you're us-ing just about the BEST product made! 3 STRENGTHS: Children's Musterole. 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.

## DON'T LET CONSTIPATION SLOW YOU UP

· When bowels are sluggish and you feel irritable, headachy and everything you do is an effort, do as millions do - chew FEEN-A-MINT, the modern chewing gum laxative. Simply chew FEEN-A-MINT before you go to bed—sleep with-out being disturbed—next morning gentle. thorough relief, helping you feel swell egain, full of your normal pep. Try FEEN-A-MINT. Tastes good, is handy and economical. A generous family supply

Needed Habit

The victory of success is half won when one gains the habit of work.-Sarah A. Bolton.

# Miserable with backache?

WHEN kidneys function badly and you suffer a nagging backache, with dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination and getting up at night; when you feel tired, nervous, all upset . . . use Doan's Pills.

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