

Handmade Rainbows

By Mrs. HARRY PUGH SMITH
© Mc CLURE W.N.U. Service

INSTALLMENT EIGHTEEN—The Story So Far

Laura Maguire is wife of happy-go-lucky Mike, editor and mayor of Covington, whom banker Mays threatens to ruin for criticizing his banking methods. She is mother of four children, hard pressed by the depression: Tom, who had separated from his wife when he decided to move from a

bigger city and she wouldn't give up her job as secretary. Laura patched that up, however, and divorce action halted. Alec, who fell in love with Lou Knight, the town drunk's daughter, and secretly married her. Shirley, engaged to Jaidr Newsum, also out of a job, who pawns her ring

to help him buy a hamburger stand. Their marriage follows. Kathleen, who despite herself becomes interested in Ritchie Graham, also a newspaperman. She thinks her father and he carry the fight to Mays foolishly. She spurns his love. Mays offers Mike a \$10,000 bribe.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Mr. Eugene Mays, his pompous face apoplectic with rage, stumbled through the outer office and slammed the door behind him. Mike stood in the doorway, grinning. "The old so-and-so," he cried blithely. "Have I got him worried or have I got him worried?"

"If you ask me," laughed Ritchie, "he's on the ropes." "Though he may drag me down with him," admitted Mike ruefully. He and Ritchie strolled arm in arm into the inner office. Two of a kind, Kathleen thought. Impractical idealists with a gay, almost flip-pant disregard for consequences, and thoroughly charming with it all. "You think it's heroic to fling Mr. Mays' money back into his face," she told Mike in a thick jerky voice. "You think it's noble to bankrupt yourself in favor of a town full of people who show their gratitude by refusing to buy your paper or advertise in it. You are all puffed up because you can't be bribed or scared off. But has it ever occurred to you who really foots the bill while you do your Don Quixote stuff?"

Mike went quite white. But Kathleen could not stop. "It's mother who bears the brunt, who has borne it for years," she said furiously. "It doesn't bother you if we haven't any money or a decent house to live in or if the car's falling to pieces under us and there aren't glasses enough to go around. You'd just as soon be penniless as not. You'd probably get a kick out of begging on the street corner with a tin cup. But Mother—" Kathleen's voice broke. "Do you realize she's putting up 60 jars of watermelon preserves today in this heat to get money toward the taxes? And she hasn't had a new dress in two years. She grew up with the best people in this town but she can't run around with them any more because she can't afford to. And it isn't fair. It isn't fair!"

Mike did not speak. But suddenly he looked almost old and his blue eyes stared at her with something stricken back of them. Kathleen realized abruptly that it was her father to whom she had been speaking. And her heart almost broke at the look in his face. But the bitterness had been accumulating inside her for months. She could not bite back the words, although they were such dreadful wounding things, the angry words she spat at Mike. "I thought you were swell," she ended with a sob. "And I guess you are, but it's at her expense. I used to take it for granted she was happy. But she isn't. She's been short-changed. By life and love or the brain storm that passes for love. And it makes me sick. Thank God, I'll never make the same mistake!"

She whirled on her heel and walked out of the room. At her desk she dropped into her chair and stared blindly at her note pad. And she quivered with the agony of what she had done. Ritchie stood beside her. He was very white. "How could you?" he asked. She flung out her hands in a goaded gesture. "Do you think I liked telling him those things? My daddy!" She sobbed once and then her face hardened. "I don't care what you think. Despise me if you like. It doesn't matter."

His long, slender fingers gripped her shoulders till she flinched at his fierceness. "We do matter to each other, Kathleen. Whether we want it that way or not. We can't escape it. I love you. And you love me." "If you still think I'm in love with you—" she cried in a choked voice and picked up her telephone. She was several minutes securing her connection. "Gene, this is Kathleen," she cried into the receiver. "You know that little matter you've been trying to get me to consider? I've made up my mind at last. Surely you've won out. I'm telling you, I'll marry you. Whenever you say. Certainly I'll have lunch with you to celebrate. Until then, all of the best, dear heart."

Kathleen and Hot Shot Mays had been engaged for a week. And a lot of good it had done him, he reflected as he stared at her with morose eyes over tall frosted glasses of fruit punch in Henderson's drug store. Kathleen had promised to marry him. But she never had been more exasperating. She had refused to wear his diamond. Although he had selected a handsome two-carat stone impressively set in platinum. She said it would be time enough for that after their engagement had been formally announced. She insisted he could name the day and she would be there with the orange blossoms and a yard or two of bride's veil. But if he so much as laid a finger on her, she turned on him like a little jungle cat. "You don't own me yet," she always said.

He hadn't even kissed her. And six weeks ago Hot Shot Mays would not have believed that possible. "Have you told your folks about us yet?" he now demanded with asperity. Kathleen winced and shook her head. "You act as if you were ashamed of me or something. Hell, you're doing grand to land me and you know it. How's that for my speaking to your father tonight?"

"All right," she said at last. "I'll tell Dad at dinner that you have something to say to him. But, odd as it seems, don't expect him to fall on your neck. He won't. Maybe everybody else in town will think I've pulled a fast one to grab you off. But Mike will hate the idea. He's funny that way."

"He's as funny as a hearse," said Hot Shot Mays sourly. "But he can't go on acting the fool forever. My old man says the Clarion won't last out the summer. You aren't kidding me. With the bread line staring him in the face your dad will have one sigh of relief when I'm his son-in-law."

"You are mistaken," Kathleen said icily. "My father will never lick your boots nor anyone else's. And it won't mean a thing to him that I'm marrying money." "But it does to his daughter?" sneered Gene Mays. "What do you think?" His hard blue eyes mocked her. "You'll find out some day," he said. Kathleen felt a rising tide of nausea. She had thought if she married Gene Mays she need never worry about the cost of anything. But it came to her with a thud that Mrs. Eugene Mays had paid a ghastly price for her limousine and her mansion and her trips abroad. She hadn't had to make over last year's

evening dresses nor had she been compelled to patch the living room curtains. But she had lived with tarnished standards and bedraggled illusions. Her children had grown up in an atmosphere that belittled integrity and made a mock of honor. No wonder her daughter had no shame. And her son's strongest attribute was cruelty. They had seen their mother humiliated from their cradles. They had lived intimately with luxury purchased by their mother's acquiescence in their father's degeneracy. At least Laura had never known that particular hell. She had drugged and economized and employed every ingenious artifice to manage on Mike's erratic earnings. But corruption had not brushed her or hers. Kathleen thought of her father. A quixotic egoist perhaps, but clean. As clean as a fierce wind from the poles. Mike had not swaddled his wife in sables. But neither had he taught her children to sneer at her.

"I've got to go back to the office," Kathleen rose abruptly. "You shouldn't have enticed me away in the middle of the morning. At least while I'm on the payroll I can make a pretense of earning the old salary check." "Six weeks from now," said Hot Shot Mays, "and the Clarion payroll will have gone up in smoke." Kathleen's slim hands locked. "And that will tickle you and your father to pieces." "We won't shed any tears," admitted Hot Shot Mays. Kathleen stared into his complacent eyes and her throat tightened under a revulsion of feeling that shook her from head to foot. Eugene Mays and his son did not deserve to triumph over Mike.

"Can you, shed tears, I mean?" she asked in a stifled voice. "If so, turn on the faucet. Because I think

to help him buy a hamburger stand. Their marriage follows. Kathleen, who despite herself becomes interested in Ritchie Graham, also a newspaperman. She thinks her father and he carry the fight to Mays foolishly. She spurns his love. Mays offers Mike a \$10,000 bribe. I've been a little goofy. But I've come to. And I'm not marrying you." Hot Shot Mays gasped as if the breath had been knocked out of him and his face mottled with a furious dark flush. "You can't do this to me," he cried. "Can't I?" Kathleen's lips curled. "But I have. I've been cuckold, I think. Unbalanced by growing pains or something. But I'm over it, thank God. And I'd rather die than marry you." She turned and walked into the rickety building which housed the Covington Clarion. Hot Shot Mays stood perfectly still where she had left him, his big hands clenching and unclenching helplessly. But Kathleen forgot him completely when she entered the newspaper office. Something was drastically wrong. She knew it by the gray of Roger Whyte's twitching face and the way Tommy South's mouth quivered when he looked at her and the beads of sweat on old Ducky Miller's upper lip. "What is it?" she asked, stopping quite still. "Do you know where your father is?" asked Roger Whyte at last in a thin quaver. Kathleen caught her breath. "Has something happened to my father?" Someone was opening the door. Kathleen whirled. It had to be Mike. She couldn't endure the knife that was jabbing at her heart. But it wasn't Mike. It was Ritchie, and he was very white. From a great distance she heard Tommy South's thin piping voice. "See, Mr. Graham, didn't you find him?" Ritchie shook his head. Roger Whyte suddenly dropped into his chair and covered his face with his hands. Old Ducky Miller carefully polished a piece of type while slow rusty tears ran down his withered cheeks. Kathleen put out her hands blindly. "Ritchie, no one will tell me what's the matter." "No one knows, Kathleen. We're only afraid."

Tommy South began to blubber. "I'd ought to have followed him after I seen him going over those insurance papers." Roger Whyte shivered. "The premium's due tomorrow and he hadn't the cash to pay it," he said. "He told me so yesterday." "He called up Lawyer Isgrigs this morning and asked about the insurance clause," said Old Ducky Miller wiping his eyes on his inky shirt sleeve. "That's when he told me he was worth more to his wife dead than alive." Kathleen clutched at a chair. "My father has fifteen thousand dollars' worth of insurance in favor of my mother," she said in a high colorless voice. "You think he's killed himself." She felt herself breaking up. Shattering into a million pieces. "Kathleen!" cried Ritchie and caught her beating hands. "I said everything cruel to him that I could think of," she whispered. "I said he'd taken his fun at Mother's expense. I said he'd cheated her. I said he and love had short-changed her between them. I was always his favorite. And now I've killed him." Laura stood in the center of her shabby living room and held onto her dusting rag until her fingers ached. Until for weeks afterward she had only to close her eyes to feel the gritty cloth clenched in her aching hands. "I'm afraid I don't understand," she said. "You'll have to tell me again."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Household News

by Lynn Chambers



Meet the Pot Roast—Juicy and Tender (See Recipes Below.)

Savory Meals

Pep up the personality of your meals by serving meats more often as the weather becomes frost-nipped and colder. Meats are synonymous with good, wholesome, hearty meals because they're satisfying and filling. Meat sets good tone to the meal and rounds it out to give you a sense of completeness when you've finished eating. Meat is honest and straightforward both in flavor and purpose. Its abundance of vitamins and minerals really come through and give you sustaining energy. All in all meat contains nine out of the thirteen food essentials of a normal diet:

First is protein and meat's proteins are complete. They help to build or repair body tissues which you wear down every day and keep you on good maintenance level. It has iron the oxygen carrier, copper, iron's partner and the builder of hemoglobin.

Meat has phosphorus that helps calcium in building good teeth and bones and helps give you energy. Meat has fat, too, producer of more energy and heat.

As for vitamins, meat is an important source of four: vitamin A, the resistance and growth vitamin; thiamin (vitamin B1) which helps the body translate sugars and starches into energy; riboflavin, of which meat is the top source, that helps prevent nervous disorders, and finally nicotinic acid, which prevents a nervous digestive disorder known as pellagra.

Fortunately for economy's sake, the lower-priced cuts of meat are just as good for these minerals and vitamins as the higher-priced ones. Today's column gives you tricks and tips on how you can use them for savory meals and have them juicy, tender, and full of flavor. First call is for pot roast which you can make just as desirable as the best steaks and chops:

***Pot Roast With Vegetables.** Wipe meat with a damp cloth. Brown in hot fat and add one or two small onions sliced to meat while it is browning. Season meat with salt and pepper. Combine 1/2 cup catsup with 1 cup hot water and add to meat. Place in a roaster or cast-iron skillet or pot, cover tightly, and allow to simmer gently 45 minutes to the pound. Add more water if necessary. Whole carrots and onions may be added to the meat and cooked with it the last 45 minutes of the cooking period.

LYNN SAYS:

You're going to sell nutrition to your family not just because of its virtues but by attractively garnished, well-cooked food. Here's how:

Whenever possible serve the vegetables with the meat, as browned potatoes, whole carrots, browned onions. These can be placed around the meat for effective coloring.

Radish roses with parsley brighten almost any kind of meat platter.

Spinach, chopped, seasoned and mixed with white sauce can be made into nests or mounds and served around meat.

Baby beets may be scooped and filled with green peas served around the meat or on a platter by themselves.

Ham can be scored in circles for a change by using a small cookie cutter and a maraschino cherry placed in each circle. Circles look best if they overlap.

Bananas or pineapple slices broiled make a tantalizing accompaniment to baked ham, roast beef or lamb chops.

Slices of orange topped with a smaller slice of jelly is excellent for meat platters.

THIS WEEK'S MENU

- *Pot Roast
- Carrots
- Browned Potatoes
- Apple, Celery, Raisin Salad
- Bread and Butter
- Beverage
- Baked Custard, Strawberry Jam
- Sugar Cookies
- *Recipe given

Veal is tender and delicate and deserves careful cooking.

Breaded Veal Cutlets.

- (Serves 6)
- 2 pounds veal steak, cut in 6 pieces
- 1 egg
- Cornflake crumbs
- 1 small onion, chopped
- Salt and pepper
- 4 tablespoons lard
- 1 No. 2 1/2 can of tomatoes

Dip pieces of meat into the egg and cornflake crumbs which have been seasoned with salt and pepper. Brown in hot lard on both sides, using a heavy frying pan or skillet. Add tomatoes and chopped onion, cover and cook slowly for 1 hour. Variation: Make as above omitting tomatoes and onion. Add 1 cup of sour cream after meat is browned and cook for 1 hour. Thicken the sour cream gravy with flour and water and serve.

A cut which you may not have used is lamb shanks, but I assure you they are simply delicious when braised. They'll be a good food dollar stretcher for you this season:

Braised Lamb Shanks.

- (Serves 6)
- 6 lamb shanks
- 2 tablespoons lard
- Salt and pepper
- 1 cup celery
- 1 cup carrots, cut fine, if desired
- 1 cup green beans, cut fine, if desired

Brown the lamb shanks in hot lard. Season with salt and pepper. If you're using vegetables, place them in the bottom of the casserole and add a small amount of water. Put in the lamb shanks. Cover and cook in a slow oven (300 degrees) 2 hours.

Kidneys are right up there among the top-notchers as a source for riboflavin, preventer of nervous digestive diseases. They're good broiled with bacon and good also in this delicious savory loaf:

Kidney Loaf.

- (Serves 6)
- 1 pound of beef kidney
- 1 cup milk
- 8 slices bread
- 3/4 cup bacon drippings
- 3 slices onion
- 1 small can pimentoes
- Salt and pepper
- 3 tablespoons grated onion
- 1/2 teaspoon powdered sage, if desired

Wash kidney in cold water. Drain well and grind, using internal fat. Pour milk over bread and soak. Combine all ingredients except bacon and mix thoroughly. Line bottom of pan with uncooked slices of bacon, add meat mixture and pack firmly. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for 1 1/2 to 2 hours.

What could be better than spareribs with barbecue sauce as a tasty meat dish on a cold night? Bake the spareribs brown and crispy and brush them with the sauce for a dish you'll long remember and enjoy looking at:

Barbecued Spareribs.

- (Serves 6)
- 5 pounds spareribs

Brown spareribs under broiler. Cover with the following sauce and bake about 2 hours in a covered pan in a slow (325 degrees) oven.

Barbecue Sauce.

- 1 small onion chopped
- 2 tablespoons lard
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 3/4 cup catsup
- 1/2 cup water
- Salt and pepper
- 1 teaspoon paprika
- Dash of ground cloves and cinnamon

Brown onion in lard and add remaining ingredients. Brush over spareribs.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Gay Slippers Have Style and Comfort



BE up-to-the-minute in gay slippers you've crocheted yourself! Both these smart styles are done in afghan yarn and have simple pattern stitches. They're good bazaar items, too.

Pattern 7114 contains instructions for making them in any size; illustrations of them and stitches; materials needed. Send your order to:

Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept.
117 Minna St. San Francisco, Calif.
Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No.
Name
Address

America's favorite cigarette gift package is now making its appearance in the windows and on the counters of local dealers. It is the famous carton of Camel Cigarettes, all dressed up in gay, colorful, Christmas wrapper—complete and ready to give even to the gift card printed on the wrapper. Camels also are featured in an attractive gift of four "flat fifties"—200 cigarettes—packaged in a snow-covered Christmas house. An ideal gift for all smokers—including the men in the service with whom Camels are the outstanding favorite.—Adv.

stimulate unpleasant stomach symptoms. May cause heartburn and general stomach discomfort. The Bismuth and Carbonates in ADLA Tablets relieve sour stomach, acid indigestion. Your druggist has ADLA Tablets.

FEAR ANGER OR WORRY

ADLA

Grumbling Business
Nothing is easier than fault-finding; no talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business.—Robert West.

relieve misery of

CHEST COLDS

WITH

MUSTEROLE

Ready for Good
Be always at leisure to do good; never make an excuse to decline the offices of humanity.—M. Aurelius.

Relieves distress from MONTHLY

FEMALE WEAKNESS

Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound Tablets (with added iron) not only help relieve cramps, headache, backache but also weak, cranky, nervous feelings—due to monthly functional disturbances. Taken regularly—Lydia Pinkham's Tablets help build up resistance against distress of "difficult days." They also help build up red blood. Follow label directions.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

WHEN you see the specials of our merchants announced in the columns of this paper you can depend on them. They mean bargains for you.

• They are offered by merchants who are not afraid to announce their prices or the quality of the merchandise they offer.