

Handmade Rainbows

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

Laura Maguire is wife of Mike, happy-go-lucky editor and mayor of Covington, whom banker Mays tries to ruin and offers a \$10,000 bribe to stop exposure of a bad banking deal. She is mother to four children, ill treated by the depression:

Kathleen, society editor for her father, who criticizes his quixotic slapping of Mays at the expense of the family purse. She is in love with Ritchie

the goat and stick to Mays to the bitter end. Or did he? He's never liked me a lot. Says I go off half-cocked as often as not."

Tom grinned. "The Colonel may be stubborn but he's not a donkey. He fumed around a lot when you began to spout about the bank. And he cut out advertising with you. For spite or something. But when you opened up on the Donahue deal, the Colonel weakened. And he kept on weakening until last week he transferred all the money he had in the world to a safety deposit vault. And it's there still. Thanks to you. Incidentally I've orders to resume our old business relations with the Clarion. We'll want our regular daily ads with the full Sunday spreads."

Mike sniggered.

"S funny how the folks have suddenly decided practically in one afternoon that they can't do without me or the Clarion. They've been shooting advertising contracts and renewals at us so fast and furiously since noon darned if the staff isn't about to have the jitters."

Kathleen drew a long breath. "I guess after all," she said in an uneven voice, "a reputation for unimpeachable integrity is more precious than dividends. Banks may break and investment brokers go floopy, but a good name goes on and on."

Mike's boyish face looked suddenly very gay and young. "Does that mean you've got over your peeve at your blundering old Daddy, Kitten?" he asked.

He laughed, but his eyes were not laughing. Kathleen leaned over until her shoulder brushed his.

"I always adored you," she whispered. "Only I—lost my way—I'm back on the tracks for good this time. And I—I love you."

Mike squeezed her hand.

Kathleen with a shiver glanced down the table at her mother. Laura was wearing the ecru organdy. Her face was a little thinner. It had been a trying summer. But her clear brown eyes were strangely beautiful. Serene, unclouded, lighted by a deep and abiding happiness. She and Mike had built their house on the eternal verities. And although the tempest had whistled above them, the house had stood.

"Great Scott, in all the shooting I forgot about Ritchie!" exclaimed Mike. "He's taken an awful jolt. By Jove, I don't know how he's ever going to hold up his head again."

"What's happened to Ritchie?" demanded Kathleen in a fierce little voice. She glared at her father, "And I don't think it's funny of you to laugh if it's as bad as you say."

"Help! Help!" Mike flung up his hands and gave Ritchie a mock pleading glance. "Call off the kiten before she claws me to pieces over a younger handsomer man."

Kathleen blushed furiously and Ritchie laughed. He fussed at his necktie.

"It isn't really bad," he said, but he looked as if he wished he could crawl into a hole. "It's about those articles I sent the agent in New York. He—er—I guess maybe the big publishers aren't as yellow as I thought. Anyway he's sold the whole series," he concluded miserably.

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CHAPTER XXX

Laura smiled at her husband. "Why don't you break down and confess that Covington has one peach of a Lord Mayor, and knows it?"

Kathleen saw the look that passed between them. And her eyes misted with tears. How could she have been so blind to the beautiful thing that existed between her father and her mother? Love so perfect it needed no words or gestures. Understanding so deep it was as natural as the air they breathed.

"Thank goodness," said Alec fervently. "Mr. Swearington took your articles to heart, Dad. Or rather Lou did," he found her small hand and pressed it. "She never gave either of us a minute's peace till he got our little wad out of Mays' bank."

Mike smiled at his newest daughter-in-law and Lou smiled back at him, a shy nervous little smile, but very sweet.

Laura, looking down the long crowded table at Lou's small blissful face, thought that God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. Such a fragile little anchor! Yet she held Alec as nothing else could. Because she believed in him and needed him.

Mike regarded his older son somewhat anxiously.

"I hope Colonel Shoup didn't act

Graham, newspaper aid of her father, but won't admit it. Instead she engaged herself to Mays' son, but breaks the engagement in a few days.

Tom, who had separated from his wife when he had to move from the bigger city to get a job. Mary Etta held on to her secretary job and started to divorce. But Laura brought the two together.

Alec, who secretly married the town

drunk's daughter, Lou Knight, after he had taken her to his mother's house when her father died rescuing a crippled boy in a fire.

Shirley, married at last to Jaidr Newsum, who also was out of work, but the couple pawn their things, buy a hamburger stand.

Mays kills himself and the bank closes when his crookedness comes to light.

Laura and Kathleen discuss love.

"For more money than I expected to see in five years."

"That's just it," cried Mike, laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks. "Ritchie was all set to starve in an attic for truth's sweet sake. And now darned if he isn't on his way to becoming a bloated plutocrat."

Ritchie's mouth twisted. "Fate's like that," he said. "It overwhelms you with the success you don't want and slaps you down when it comes to the things you do."

Ritchie's glance met Kathleen's. Her gray eyes were hard and inscrutable. She looked away with a sharp ache stabbing at her heart.

"Maybe Ritchie has got over wanting me," she thought, her eyes stinging.

"I want to talk to you, Kathleen," said Ritchie after dinner in a harsh peremptory voice.

"Yes, Ritchie."

Meekly Kathleen followed him down the path which led around the house to the grape arbor at the back. The July night was breathlessly still. So still Kathleen thought Ritchie must hear the painful throb of her pulses.

"I broke my engagement to Gene Mays this morning," she said at last in a small tremulous voice.

"I know," drawled Ritchie without looking at her. "When I got back to the office, he'd been calling for you every five minutes. He seemed to think he could force you to marry him or the like of that. But I disabused him of the idea."

His underjaw made a hard line. "He won't bother you again."

"It was never really an engagement," she whispered. "He didn't even kiss me. Not once. I couldn't let him."

She heard Ritchie catch his breath sharply but he said nothing.

"I never grew up until today," she told him, her voice breaking on a sob. "Not until I realized what I might have done to Mike. I've been so blind, Ritchie. All confused and mixed up. I don't deserve that you should bother with me. Ever. But I—I—"

He turned swiftly. His arms caught her up. Crushed her to him. He had always been her private lightning. He always would be. His kisses taught her passion and ecstasy. An almost intolerable ecstasy. Cheat her? Love! Kathleen knew if she lived forever she could not be grateful enough for the aching rapture of Ritchie's arms, his kisses. This moment was worth anything it cost. Ever.

"Sweetheart!" whispered Ritchie. "I love you!" cried Kathleen.

On the veranda Laura leaned back against Mike's arm. She was thinking, as mothers do, of her brood. They had been menaced. Each of them, even her mate. But they were safe this night, her children and her lover. They had come out on the other side of the storm clouds. There were rainbows in the skies.

"Life is pretty grand after all," said Laura out of her deep content. Michael Maguire chuckled at his arm tightened about her.

"It is," he said, "because you've always played it that way."

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DEEP WATER ISLAND

By Alan LeMay

The struggle to wrest the fertile little isle from Richard Wayne and his half brothers makes interesting reading, especially so after Wayne falls in love with the young lady. If you like mystery with your romance this is the story for you.

IN THIS NEWSPAPER

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK!

Household News

by Lynn Chambers



Christmas Baking Begins With Luscious Fruit Cake!

(See Recipes Below.)

Holiday Fare

Christmas is something pretty special, I'm sure you'll agree, and as such deserves something pretty special in the way of food. To my notion the fruit cakes and plum puddin's are that special something with their handsome brown, fruity richness and delectable flavors.

The charm of both these kinds of delicacies lies in their ripened, mellowed flavors which come only with proper aging when the spices, fruits, nuts and butter blend themselves into mysterious goodness. So bake the fruit cakes and puddings in advance and give them a chance to acquire their best in flavor.

While you're about the big business of making a fruit cake, bake several small cakes in small glass or pottery dishes to give as gifts. Gaily decorated with sprigs of holly and mistletoe and holiday ribbons they make a perfect gift.

Dark Fruit Cake.

(Yields 10 to 12 pounds)

- 12 eggs
- 4 cups sifted flour
- 2 cups butter
- 1 pound brown sugar
- 2 pounds raisins
- 2 pounds currants
- 1 pound pecans
- 1 pound citron
- 1 pound almonds
- 1 teaspoon each, nutmeg, cinnamon, mace
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 1/4 cup canned peach juice
- 6-ounce glass jelly (blackberry, currant or grape)
- 1/2 cup cream

Wash and dry raisins and currants. Blanch almonds, drain and cut with pecans into quarters. Cut citron into thin slices. Place fruit in large mixing bowl. Sift flour, measure and sift with spices and mix with fruits until well-coated. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs and jelly. Stir in flour and fruit alternately with fruit juice first, then cream.

Line pans with heavy waxed paper and butter slightly. Fill pans almost to the top. Bake small loaf cakes 3 to 3 1/2 hours at 275 degrees. Bake large loaf cakes 4 to 4 1/2 hours at 250 degrees. Cool.

Cool cakes on a rack. When cool, wrap in heavy waxed paper and store tightly.

If you prefer the lighter fruit cakes, why not try this less rich but just as elegant cousin of the Dark Fruit Cake:

Light Fruit Cake.

(Makes 3 1/2 to 4 pounds)

- 1 1/2 pounds mixed crystallized fruits (cherries, pineapple, etc.)
- 1/4 pound mixed lemon, orange, citron peels
- 1/4 pound blanched, chopped almonds
- 18 maraschino cherries
- 1/2 cup diced preserved ginger
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder

LYNN SAYS:

Christmas wouldn't be Christmas if you didn't have good things like fruit cake and plum puddin' on hand. But since these take lots of time to make, plan to be in the process of making them for several days so one day won't tire you out.

Fruits and nuts can be cut and chopped several days in advance since they usually involve considerable time.

When putting the batter in the pans be sure that the corners are well filled with batter so you'll get a nice looking cake or pudding.

Store the cake or pudding in a cool dry place. Have it tightly covered preferably in a tin container. Sound apples may be kept in the container itself to keep cake or pudding moist, but must be replaced if they become decayed or shriveled.

THIS WEEK'S MENU

- Clear Vegetable Broth
- Lamb Shanks
- Lima Beans
- Mashed Potatoes
- Grated Carrot-Pineapple Salad
- Muffins
- Beverage
- Queen's Bread Pudding

- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 8 egg whites
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Cut fruits and peels in thin slices. Mix cherries and ginger with 1 cup flour and toss lightly. Cream margarine with 1/2 cup sugar. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt and beat into batter. Add floured fruits and nuts and mix thoroughly. Add lemon juice to egg whites and beat until stiff. Add remaining sugar and beat until smooth. Fold into batter. Turn into greased tube pans lined with waxed paper and bake in a slow (325 degree) oven for 3 hours.

To my mind there's nothing quite so festive as the plum pudding brought flaming to the table, and served with a rich sauce.

Plum Pudding.

(Makes 3 1/2 pounds)

- 1 cup suet
- 1 cup molasses
- 2 cups bread crumbs
- 3 eggs, unbeaten
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 cup currants
- 1 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon each, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves
- 1 tablespoon flavoring
- 1 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon soda

Mix well the suet and molasses. Add bread crumbs and mix in eggs one at a time. Add raisins and currants mixed with the flour and spices, then flavoring. Mix in milk and soda dissolved in 1 cup boiling water. Grease mold, put in pudding 3/4 full and seal tight. Place in kettle of boiling water on a trivet or a rack and have the water come half way around the mold. Steam for three hours. Serve hot.

An excellent dessert for Christmas time or winter time is this old-fashioned suet pudding much akin to the plum pudding:

Suet Pudding.

(Serves 10)

- 1 cup suet, chopped fine
- 1 cup molasses
- 1 cup bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup evaporated milk, mixed with
- 1/4 cup water
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup raisins or currants or preserved fruit

Mix all dry ingredients together, add fruit, then suet and milk. Turn into greased pudding mold, cups or cans, cover tightly with greased paper or fitted covers. Place on a rack in a kettle of boiling water which comes half way up to the molds. Cover kettle and steam 3 hours if in a mold, or 1 hour if in cups. Serve with hard sauce or Plum Pudding Sauce.

Sauce is to pudding as stuffing is to the turkey so make it good. For steamed puddings a hard sauce flavored with whatever you desire is excellent. If you'd like a hot, golden-hued sauce meltingly delicious here's one that's tops:

Plum Pudding Sauce.

- 1/4 cup butter
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 2 tablespoons cider or
- 1 tablespoon other flavoring
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup rich milk

Cream butter and powdered sugar. Add cider or flavoring, then well-beaten egg yolks. When well mixed, stir in milk. Cook in double boiler until thick as custard, then gradually pour in beaten egg whites, beating constantly.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

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That Nagging Backache

May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action

Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.

You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

Try Doan's Pills. Doan's help the kidneys to pass off harmful excess body waste. They have had more than half a century of public approval. Are recommended by grateful users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

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WNU-13 49-41

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Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough, or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

Early Eyeglasses

A portrait of Cardinal Ugone, which was painted in 1360 and hangs today in the Church of San Nicola in Treviso, Italy, is the first known painting of a person wearing eyeglasses.

DON'T LET CONSTIPATION SLOW YOU UP

When bowels are sluggish and you feel irritable, headache 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 without being disturbed—next morning gentle, thorough relief, helping you feel swell again, full of your normal pep. Try FEEN-A-MINT. Tastes good, is handy and economical. A generous family supply costs only

FEEN-A-MINT 10¢

Happiness at Home

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in stranger's gardens.—Douglas Jerrold.

FOR WOMEN ONLY!

If you suffer from monthly cramps, headache, backache, nervousness and distress of "irregularities"—caused by functional monthly disturbances—try Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—famous for relieving pain and nervous feelings of women's "difficult days."

Taken regularly—Lydia Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms. Follow label directions. WORTH TRYING!

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