Serial Story

A Page of Interest to Women

Fashions — Recipes

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Coffee
Nuts Raisins

THANKSGIVING DINNER

Some Recipes for Which to be Thankful

Besides being generally thankful at Thanksgiving time, it's a personal opportunity to be thankful for our blessings. Even cynics who think they have nothing for which to be thankful, can be glad that their lot is no worse and those whose lot is so bad that it couldn't be worse, can be thankful for that too. If those are not enough good reasons for thankfulness, we are giving you one by planning your menu for Thanksgiving dinner which will remove that problem from your mind.

COCONUT STUFFING

2 bouillon cubes (chicken flavor)
1 cup milk, scalded
1 cup soft bread crumbs
2 cups coconut, premium shred
4 tablespoons celery, finely cut (or ¼ teaspoon celery salt)
1½ tablespoons parsley, finely cut
¼ teaspoon sage
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon scraped onion
1 egg, slightly beaten
2 tablespoons melted butter

Dissolve bouillon cubes in hot milk. Combine with remaining ingredients, mixing lightly. Use for stuffing turkey, duck, goose, pork, veal or chicken.

DOWN-SOUTH BISCUITS

4 cups sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup lard
¾ cup buttermilk or sour milk.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Add milk gradually until soft dough is formed. Turn on floured board and knead lightly 2 minutes. Roll ¼ inch thick; cut with small floured cutter. Bake in shallow pan in hot oven (450 degrees F.) 12 minutes. Makes 2½ dozen biscuits.

CRANBERRY MOLD

1 pkg. lemon jelly powder
1½ cups warm water
½ cup celery, finely cut
½ cup canned crushed pineapple
1 cup thick cranberry sauce, sweetened.

Dissolve jelly powder in warm water. Chill. When slightly thickened, add celery, pineapple and cranberry sauce. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise. Or serve plain as relish. Serves 6.

PUMPKIN PIE

Pastry for 9-inch pie
1½ cups coconut, premium shred
2 cups cooked mashed pumpkin
1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon mace
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon allspice
3 tablespoons melted butter
3 eggs, slightly beaten
2 cups milk, scalded

Line a 9-inch pie plate with pastry, rolled to ⅛-inch thickness. Combine ingredients in order given and mix thoroughly. Pour into pie shell. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) 20 minutes, then decrease heat to moderate (350 degrees F.) and bake 30 minutes longer.

"The Leashed Guns of Circle L"

by Perry Westbrook

CHAPTER II

For a long minute neither of them spoke again. A strange mistiness dimmed Slim Loyale's eyes, and even Dakota Blue was winking fast. Slim cleared his throat. "Grub ready?" he asked gruffly. "I'm damn near starved. It—it's a long walk back from—hell."

Glad of the chance to hide his emotion, Dakota Blue turned to the fire and jabbed at the glowing coals with a stick. "Be ready in a jiffy, Slim. The coffee is about to turn over an' there's a panful of trout waitin' to go on."

Slim nodded and went over to the creek. Flat on its moist, sweet rim he lay, his face buried in the sparkling, chill depths. When he had drunk his fill he stripped off his shirt and had a good wash. Then he went back to the fire where a black frying-pan was sizzling, and Dakota was setting out tin plates and cups on a piece of tarpaulin.

"Got yore letter two weeks ago," said Dakota casually. "I rode in here to the basin yesterday mornin'. I'd have come down—there for yuh, only I knew yuh'd want to be alone for a few hours an' get the feel of the earth under yuh once more. Well, light in, Slim; there's plenty of it."

Not Much Change

They ate in silence. When the meal was over, Dakota tossed Slim a sack of tobacco and a block of papers. "Keep it," he said. "I brought plenty."

Slim rolled and lit his cigarette and leaned back against the heap of dunnage. "Now tell me," he commanded, "everythin'."

Dakota rolled a smoke himself before answering, and squatted on his heels before the fire. "Things ain't changed much," he drawled finally. "Sarg Brockwell is still Sarg Brockwell. Jigger Starbuck is stil sheriffin', an' Spud Dillon is still doin' business at the same ole stand."

"I suppose crime disappeared about the same time I did?" murmured Slim, his low voice bitter.

"No," said Dakota softly. "It ain't disappeared, Slim. In the past months the Vasco stage has been held up twice, an' the Dot H Dot has lost about a hundred haid more cattle. Some folks in Pinnacle have been wonderin' a heap if they didn't make a bad mistake, when they sent yuh up."

Slim Loyale laughed curtly. "They shoulda done their wonderin' a year an' a half ago. How's things at the ole Circle L, Dakota?"

"'Bout as usual. Since yore daddy died, the spread is kinda empty-like. But yore cows—they're yores now, yuh know—well, they keep right on havin' calves. Yo're pretty well fixed with this world's goods, Slim."

"Yeah, but a pauper with reputation. Did—did Dad figger that I was guilty, Dakota?"

Dakota Blue snorted, "Hell, no! Why, not a week before he died that sanctimonius law-shark, Jim Arthur, came to see him an' made some crack about it bein' too bad that yuh shoulda fell foul of the law.

"Man! I thought ole Bart Loyale was gonna crawl right outa bed, sick as he was, an' scalp that lawyer right there. 'Damn yore law!' yelled Bart. 'That boy is innocent an' yuh know it, Arthur, yuh crooked, lyin' polecat! Get outa here, 'fore yo're packed out on a board.' Don't worry, Slim; yore daddy stood behind yuh to his last breath."

A long silence fell. Slim's chin was on his chest. Presently he stirred. "Yuh seen Mona Hall lately?"

"She Asked About You"

Dakota nodded. "Saw her day before yesterday. She asked about yuh, Slim. I told her yuh were gettin' out today."

"What—what did she say?"

"Nothin'—with her lips. But she kinda twisted them slim, little brown hands of her an' looked away out past me—like she was lookin' at a sunrise an' findin' it good."

Silence again fell, unbroken except for the steady munching of the horses. A sap pocket in a piece of glowing wood snapped sharply, scattering a little cloud of ashes from the fire. A hoot owl boomed hollowly from a neighbouring sycamore. Thin and far away a coyote yammered at the first stars.

Slim Loyale got to his feet and dragged a blanket roll from the dunnage heap. He set about spreading them in the very centre of the little meadow.

"It'll be a heavy dew tonight, Slim," counseled Dakota Blue. "Yuh better spread 'em back under the willows where mine are."

Slim laughed softly. "I wanta taste that dew once more, Dakota. I wanta feel it on my face, an' I wanta look at the stars a heap. I ain't seen much of 'em for—for a long time."

Shortly before midday, Slim Loyale and Dakota Blue rode into the cow town of Pinnacle. The single street was dusty and wide, and flanked with warped, splintery board sidewalks. The buildings were nearly all of frame construction, their high false fronts throwing blocks of shadow.

The street ran north and south, and at the north end stood a livery stable and corral with a watering trough in front. Across from the livery stable was Sheriff Jigger Starbuck's office and behind the office stood the jail. The latter was a small, square chubby, which differed in construction from the majority of the buildings inasmuch as it was made of stout fir logs, brought down from the slopes of the jagged Mineral Mountains to the north.

At the hitching-rail before the sheriff's office, Slim and Dakota dismounted. "Yuh go ahead with yore business, Slim," said Dakota. "When yo're done, come on over to Spud Dillon's place. I'll be waitin' for yuh there."

Slim nodded, twisted the reins of his mount around the rail, then walked up to the door of the office and knocked. He entered at the summons of a deep, resonant voice.

Sheriff Starbuck sat behind a battered, paper-littered desk. He was a tall man of middle age, thin and leathery-brown. His clean-shaven face was hard from the habitual grim set of his jutting jaw. His eyes were a light blue, cold and searching. He showed no evidence of surprise at sight of Slim. Instead, he rose to his feet and thrust forth his hand.

"Hello, Slim," he said. "Glad to see yuh back."

Slim shook hands. "Glad to be back, Jigger. Yuh knew I was comin'?"

(To be Continued)

Smart and Slimming In Cotton

PATTERN 4846

By ANNE ADAMS

When you pay morning calls on the neighbors, or whisk around the corner to shop, be certain that you're as slender and pretty as this at-home frock can make you! You'll feel smart, and look it, too, in this new braid-and-button-trimmed design by Anne Adams. Such lovely "thinning" lines in Pattern 4846—a panelled skirt sleek over the hips and a comfortable width at the hem—a bodice with carefully planned darts and gathers releasing fullness! To cut down on your sewing time, the bodice yoke is cut to lap over from back to front, so that there are no shoulder seams to stitch. Another feature—the sleeves may be banded in, or flared and open!

Pattern 4846 is available in women's sizes, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 takes 4¼ yards 36 inch fabric and 2⅛ yds. ric-rac.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

Send your order to Anne Adams, Room 425, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Match Wardrobe To Handwriting

Graphologist Tells What Type Of Clothes You Should Wear By Looking At The Slant Of Your Writing

If your handwriting slants forward preceptibly, beware of hurried shopping tours. Don't buy a dress until you have looked at several and tried the favourite on a second time. Because the forward slant denotes, among other things, impulsiveness.

According to Dorothy Sara, dark-haired, attractive graphologist, who can tell by looking at your handwriting the kind of person you are and the type of clothes you should wear to bring out the best points of your personality, the extreme backhand angle shows restraint and repression.

So the woman who writes a definite backhand probably is the one who needs a red hat to lift her out of the depressions from which she is likely to suffer. Rather unrestrained, dashing splashes of color here and there often are better for her than conservative, strictly tailored, quiet suits and dresses.

One whose handwriting indicates a great sense of values, a nice balance between mind and emotion ought to lean toward tailored clothes, says Miss Sara. "Such costumes will serve to emphasize the strongest point of her personality which is balance.

"But if her handwriting shows a strong dramatic sense and a lively imagination, she needs clothes that provide a vivid background, with nothing drab about them. She shouldn't follow the fashion trends blindly. Rather, she should bring out her individuality by wearing things in tune with the mode, of course, but which suit her own personality."

Get Married and Buy Their Masks

LONDON, Eng.—Registry offices were deluged last week with a rush of couples getting married "before war breaks out".

At the Caxton Hall office there were two long lines—one to the marriage license window, the other to the gas mask fitting depot.

Fall Footwear

Almost All Colors Are Smart This Season

Suede, kid and calf oxfords are cut higher for fall. Some are perforated and underlaid with patent.

There are combines of suede and plaid woollen. There are high-cut suede pumps trimmed with silk braid. Grained leather, calf-skin, pigskin, crocodile, lizard are used for day wear.

Colors are tan, brown, ox-blood, wine, black, of course, grey and green for sports.

For evening you are offered silver and gold mesh high-heeled sandals almost always open-toed, and platform sandals in oriental brocades, embroidered satins, jewelled jerseys and velvets.

Tips On Carving A Roast Turkey

Now you needn't feel awkward in carving the Thanksgiving turkey. Here are the four most important steps in this precarious undertaking:

1.—Always turn the fowl on its side before carving.

2.—Begin by cutting into the drum of the leg with a few clean strokes of the knife and then pull it back from the body.

3.—In slicing the meat from the leg, carve toward the body of the bird.

4.—In carving the breast, cut toward the plate with clean, slow strokes of the knife.

Seeing By 'Phone

A New York scientist has just invented a television telephone. At present—and until more research is possible—the phone will be merely an inter-office one, but the experts say that the invention will ultimately be used for the trans-Atlantic phone system. At last we'll be able to see the girl who's sorry we've been troubled!

France is becoming enthusiastic over professional ice hockey.

Calling All DICK TRACY FANS!

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Quaker Corn Flakes

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NERVOUS?

Do you feel so nervous you want to scream? Are you cross and irritable? Do you scold those dearest to you?

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$10 In Prizes

will be given for the best

Christmas or New Year's Dinner Menu

A sample Thanksgiving Dinner Menu appears on this page.
Can you improve on it for Christmas or New Year's?

Every Woman in the Community Is Eligible to Compete
Details of Contest will be Announced Next Week in this paper