Serial Story

A Page of Interest to Women

Fashions — Recipes

"The Leashed Guns of Circle L"

by Perry Westbrook

SYNOPSIS—Slim Loyale is paroled from prison after serving 18 months for a crime he did not commit. He returns to his Circle L ranch to find his father dead and sinister forces at work, trying to make him violate his parole so that he can again be railroaded to prison.

CHAPTER IV

"Slim!" he cried out delightedly. "Slim Loyale, yuh danged young whelp, how are yuh, boy? Put her there! Gosh, I'm glad to see yuh."

Slim knew Spud Dillon well, and he knew that Spud meant every word of his greeting. So he wrung Dillon's hard heartily and smiled. "An' I'm shore glad to see yuh, Spud, yuh fat ole duffer. I do believe yuh've been losin' weight."

Spud guffawed. "Oh, sure I am. I've only taken on twenty more pounds since I saw yuh last, Slim. Have a drink. I'm buyin'."

"Remember Your Parole"

As Dillon turned for bottle and glasses, a silver dollar was rung on the bar. Then a cold, sneering voice sounded. "When yuh get through makin' over yore jailbird friend, Dillon, we'd like some service."

Slim caught his breath in a little hiss and whirled. His face was white, and his lips a tight, straight line. He made a queer rasping sound in his throat and he stepped away from the bar, crouching.

"Brockwell," he grated thickly, "yuh—"

"Shut up, Slim!" It was Dakota Blue who spoke. His hand locked on Slim's shoulder and he pulled the young fellow back, stepping between him and the Brockwells. "Remember yore parole, kid," he muttered. "I'll handle this."

Dakota walked toward the Brockwells. Sarg Brockwell was a big man, dark of hair and swarthy of skin. His face was broad with high cheek bones and little, glinting eyes. His lips were thick, and in repose wore a continual, confident grin, disclosing two rows of teeth, startling in their size and whiteness. As Spud Dillon had said one time "I never look at them teeth of Sarg Brockwell's but what I think of a graveyard."

High Words

Leo Brockwell was smaller than his father, with the same swarthy coloring and black eyes. But Leo's mouth was thin, sarcastic and sneering, twisting up at one corner. He was built on the lithe, feline lines of a panther, and he moved with the same slinking walk.

His hands on his hips, Dakota Blue stopped a yard from the Brockwells. "Which one of yuh made that crack?" he demanded coldly.

"Yes, by jiminy," yelped Spud Dillon, his round face scarlet with anger, "lemme tell yuh somethin', Sarg Brockwell! I don't like yuh or yore no-good son or nothin' about yuh, savvy? I choose my own friends an' to hell with yuh! Yuh've had yore last drink over this bar. Yore money ain't worth a hoot here, from now on. Chaw on that!"

Neither of the Brockwells paid any attention to Dillon. They were watching Dakota Blue. "Well, I'm waitin'," drawled Dakota. "Which one of yuh made that crack?"

Leo's lips twisted. "I did," he snarled. "What's it to yuh?"

"This!"

Dakota's fist moved with startling speed. It landed with a spat on young Brockwell's mouth and he went over backward, clawing at his gun. At Dakota's movement, Sarg Brockwell had jumped back, his right hand flashing to his hip. Thrown a little o balance by his blow, Dakota lagged on his draw, and it looked as if Sarg Brockwell had him dead to rights.

Here Jeo Rooney stepped into the game. At the first hint of hostilities, Joe had slipped away from the pool table, a cue gripped in his hands, his faded old eyes glinting purposefully. And now, as Sarg Brockwell threw down on Dakota, Joe jammed the cue between Sarg Brackwell's ankles and gave it a violent twist.

Brockwell, his feet cut from under him, cursed raucously as he fell forward, and his gun rammed flame and smoke into the floor. Dakota's return shot, loosed as Brockwell was falling, cut through the shoulder of Brockwell's shirt, just nicking the heavy muscles.

The Best Of It

Before Brockwell could straighten himself, Dakota stepped forward and kicked the gun from his hand.

Leo Brockwell, dazed and bleeding, was mumbling curses and fumbling at his gun. As he raised it, Joe Rooney slammed him across the wrist with his cue. The gun thumped to the floor, where Dakota Blue snapped it up.

Dakota stepped back. "A'right, Joe," he drawled. "Let 'em up. I got their stingers. An' much obliged, Joe. That was quick, heady work."

Sarg Brockwell lurched to his feet and dragged Leo up beside him. A little smear of blood showed on Sarg's shoulder. And before anyone could speak further, Jigger Starbuck came lunging through the swinging doors, a drawn gun in his hand.

"What's goin' on in here?" he snapped. "Loyale, are yuh in trouble already?"

"Hardly," answered Dakota, smiling thinly. "Not quite so fast, Starbuck. Damned if yuh don't act like yo're just waitin' a chance to try an' hang somethin' on Slim."

For just a moment a wary film seemed to shadow Starbuck's eyes. Then he gripped himself. "Well, what's wrong then?" he demanded. "Who did that shootin'?"

"I did—part of it," answered Dakota. "I just nicked Sarg, darn the luck. He blew a hole in Spud's floor."

"Yeah, I can see that," sneered Starbuck testily. "But how'd the trouble start? Who's responsible for this?"

"He is," bawled Spud Dillon, still bubbling with wrath and pointing at Leo. "He made a dirty crack at Slim. He did it just on purpose I'm bettin', to try to get Slim to make a gun-play, knowin' that if the kid did, his parole would be busted sky-high. But Dakota stepped in an' walloped him one.

"Listen good," growled Starbuck, stepping over to Slim, "Lemme see yore guns, Loyale."

"Let him have 'em, Slim," cautioned Dakota. "Shore, I'm beginnin' to see through lots of things."

"Meanin' just what, Blue?" Starbuck whirled and faced Dakota, his head thrust forward.

"What's it mean to yuh?" retorted Dakota easily. "Don't get too touchy, Starbuck, or folks will begin thinkin' things."

Starbuck licked his lips, then turned to Slim. One after the other he twitched out Slim's guns, punched out the shells and squinted through the barrels. As he returned them, he frowned at Sarg Brockwell. "Go easy on startin' things, Brockwell," he ordered. "An' tell that cub of yores to button his lip. I won't stand for trouble around here—none whatever."

Dakota, watching Sarg and Starbuck carefully, thought he caught just a glint of understanding pass in the quick glance they exchanged. Brockwell nodded. "Call it our fault this time," he growled. "But we ain't forgettin' at no time. An' that goes for yuh an' yuh," he finished, indicating both Spud Dillon and Joe Rooney.

"See if we care!" yelped Spud. "I got somethin' off my chest what's been gaggin' me for some time, Brockwell. I shore read yore walkin' papers. As for Joe, well, I allus knew he was a good man. He shore demonstrated it today."

(To Be Continued)

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By ANNE ADAMS

Here's the latest recruit in the ranks of chic smocks! A smock with style appeal—that's news and it's what Pattern 4822 possesses. Like Autumn's frocks, it goes in for rounded yokes with gathered fulness just beneath. The way sparkling buttons adorn it, and the demure look of the collar and pockets, is enough to make your fingers itch for a needle. Even if you've never made a smock, you'll find it a quick, simple job with the Sewing Instructor to aid you. It's a style every woman will appreciate—the commercial artist, the home-maker, the mother-to-be, the business girl who'll use it with pyjamas for lounge wear.

Pattern 4822 is available in misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 3 3-4 yards 36-inch fabric.

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.

LETTING DINNER GET ITSELF

Have you ever played truant from your home for an afternoon and had a grand time only to have it all spoiled by realizing along about five o'clock that you haven't anything ready for dinner? Then you dash into a store on the way home and buy canned goods and chops or steak, knowing that this is the most extravagant way to pay for your little holiday. All because you didn't plan ahead.

There is a way to have your cake and eat it too. Here is a menu which can be prepared before you go out and be on the table a few minutes after you get back home. The main dish is Casserole of Lamb. While this is baking for the first time, you can make Cardinal Salad, then the Orange Dessert Cake, then straighten up the kitchen and you're finished. When you finally arrive home after an afternoon free from care, all you have to do is turn on the oven to heat the casserole, toast some rolls, slice the cake, unmold the salad and dinner is ready.

LAMB EN CASSEROLE

1 pound breast of lamb, cut in small pieces
½ cup onions, sliced
1 tablespoon butter
1 cup boiling water
1 cup carrots, diced
1 cup potatoes, diced
2 cups canned tomatoes
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca

Brown lamb and onion in butter; add water. Bake, covered, in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) about 1 hour. Add other ingredients; bake ½ hour; stir often. Serves 6. This re-heats without any loss of flavour or body.

CARDINAL SALAD

1 package lemon jelly powder
1 cup warm water
¾ cup beet juice
3 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons scraped onion
1 tablespoon prepared horse-radish
¾ cup celery, diced
1 cup cooked beets, diced

Dissolve jelly powder in warm water. Add beet juice, vinegar, salt, onion, and horse-radish. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in celery and beets. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise. Serves 8.

ORANGE CAKE

2½ cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
Grated rind of 1 lemon
Grated rind of 1 orange
2/3 cup butter or other shortening
1½ cups sugar
3 eggs, unbeaten
2 tablespoons lemon juice
5 tablespoons orange juice
2 tablespoons water

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Add lemon and orange rind to butter, and cream thoroughly; add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Add flour, alternately with combined fruit juice and water, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) 20 minutes. Spread Orange Butter Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

ORANGE BUTTER FROSTING

Grated rind of 1 orange
Grated rind of ½ lemon
¼ cup orange juice
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 egg yolk
¼ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons butter
3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar

Add orange and lemon rind to orange juice and allow to stand 10 minutes. strain. Combine lemon juice, egg yolk, salt, butter, and confectioners' sugar. Add orange juice until of right consistency to spread. Beat until smooth and spread on cake. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers.

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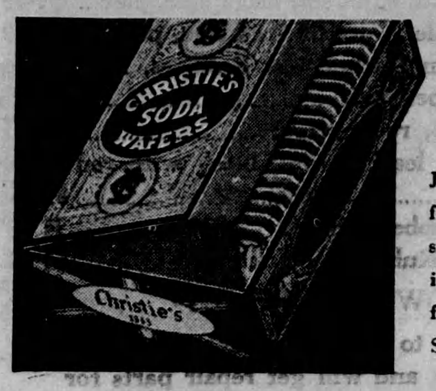

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Duchess Heads World's List Of Best Dressers

Dressmakers Pick 10 for 1938 Including Indian Princess and Famous Golfer's Wife

PARIS—The Duchess of Windsor tops the list of the ten best-dressed women of 1938 selected by dressmakers here.

Four continents, seven countries, are covered in this poll of elegance. Contrasts are striking. There is Princess Karam of Kapurthala, the wife of the son of one of the rich potentates of India. There is Mademoiselle Eve Curie, daughter of the woman who struggled through poverty to the goal of one of the world's greatest discoveries—radium. The notion that youth and clothes sophistication are things apart is rudely shattered in this poll, too.

The Ten Leaders

Here are the selections of the Paris experts: The Duchess of Windsor, American-born; The Duchess of Leeds, Serbian wife of British Peer; Mme. Antenor Patino, Spanish wife of Bolivian Minister to London; Princess Karam of Kapurthala, wife of an Indian noble; Mme. Pedro Eyzaguire, French wife of a member of the Chilean legation to Paris; Mme. Lopez-Wellshaw, Chilian, living in Paris; Mrs. Charles Sweeney, wife of the English golfer; Mrs. Armstrong Taylor, American, the former Audrey (Chico) Kilvert; Mlle. Eve Curie, daughter of the discoverers of radium; Lady Daphne Straight, daughter of Earl and Countess of Winchelsea.

Variety of Tastes

The Duchess of Windsor wears suave dark clothes and a variety of jewels of unusual design. Recently she has been wearing two very large, jewelled arabesque clips which virtually cover the lapels of her coat or jacket.

Fashion Flashes

"Everything's cloth in evening wraps" in Paris say designers. Nubby Tweeds in brilliant monotones and even plaids are being seen.

Apricot, cyclamen and mauve are typical of the dramatic shades being used for cloth evening coats. The silhouette is long and fitted.

Paris blouses highlight black Racine laces and nets both in Tuckin and Tunic styles.

Slim tartan skirts with brief fitted jackets in brilliant, solid colors are featured for country wear in England.

Bright woollens are used for slim dresses and long-fitted jackets, collared with black furs. Three-row colored choker pearls worn with the most formal day clothes.

A heavy coating velvet for town clothes, either in full skirted street frocks or in full skirts allied with sheer, tucked silk blouses with lamb boleros and muffs is being shown.

Evening gowns are divided between slim, long-sleeved dinner gowns which appear as background for ornamental crystal necklaces and bracelets and 15-gore slipper satin crinolines.

Some smart shops in New York are featuring a one-color costume—frock, hat, shoes and gloves all match.

A batch of letters written by Charles Dickens to his friend Thomas Beard was sold in London recently for $4,000.

Providing An Adequate Diet

Family Should Get Necessary Vitamins Each and Every Day

An adequate, nourishing, and daily diet for family needs should include these items:

1 pint of milk (a child needs 1½ pints.)
6 full slices of bread.
1 egg.
1 potato.
2 tablespoons of an unrefined cereal.
4 tablespoons butter.
1 tablespoonful brown sugar.

These essentials give you calcium, phosphorus and iron with vitamins A, B, D and G.

In addition you need, unless on special diet, three ounces of meat or fish to provide protein and Vitamin E, four ounces of green vegetables, for mineral salts and bulk, and three ounces of fresh fruit to give you Vitamin C.

If your medical man has prescribed more of any one of these vitamins or mineral salts, increase the quantity of that food or beverage and cut down on bulk.

For additional iron, especially in anaemia, increase the daily quantities of liver, kidney, oysters and dried peas, spinach, prunes and dried apricots.

A sluggish action of the thyroid gland is due often to lack of iodine in the system. Fish and shellfish are excellent sources of iodine.

Water is, of course, one of those regulation items essential to proper digestion and body temperature. The more bodily energy used up, the more sugar, starches and fats are necessary.

Help improve your personality with Wrigley's Gum. Keep your teeth white, breath sweet, by using healthful Wrigley's Gum daily—*as millions do*. The children also love the delicious refreshing flavor of Wrigley's Double Mint. Take some home today. CS-38

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For the best

Christmas or New Year's Dinner Menu

CONTEST RULES:

1. One entry to a household.
2. Write plan of menu. It is not necessary to give recipes for each individual dish. Recipes will be accepted for not more than three items on the menu.
3. Print your own name and address plainly.
4. Write on one side of paper only.
5. Contest closes Saturday, November 26.
6. Address your entry to Contest Editor, Room 421, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

A Prominent Dietitian Will Act as Contest Judge

Prizes: First, $5; Second, $3; Third, $2.

A SPECIAL PRIZE will be given for the best recipe for an individual dish.

Mail Your Entry Early