"SALADA" TEA

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WEST OF THE SUN

A Serial Story
by
JOSEPH LEWIS CHADWICK

CHAPTER I

(Continued From Last Week)

"May be so," replied McTavish. for towing us just a couple of miles. I think it's scandalous."

"But I'm making sure they earn every penny—I've put the brakes on."

In the seconds it took him to cross to her, her mind leapt back three years—to a dance at Alexandria. To the week that followed, when she had dined and ridden and sailed with this man; to a week that had been ecstasy; to a week when she had been 17 and hopelessly infatuated with a man to whom love was like soldiering — a series of campaigns.

A week only. At its end he had turned to his next campaign. And she had instantly hated him as deeply as she had loved him. The next time they had met, impetuous and bitter with her sense of injury, she had quarreled with him. He had laughed at her, and called her a child. She had sent him away, telling him never to speak to her again. He had obeyed. She had not seen him again—until now.

* * *

He was even more dashingly handsome. He was bronzed and lean and strong looking. But three years seemed to have aged him. His lips had turned firmer, his eyes grown strange with an old-young look, as if they had seen too much of life's hardness. He was smiling at her now, his smile still charming. He meant to talk, of course. And recall the past. But, no—

"Miss Virginia Ames?"

She drew a calmer breath. He wasn't going to recall the past.

"Yes," coldly, "I am Miss Ames."

"I am Lt. James Randall," he said crisply. "I am investigating last night's stage holdup. I understand you were a passenger."

"Yes, I was."

"Do you mind if I ask some questions? It will take but five minutes."

"Very well."

He stood before her, one hand holding his campaign hat, the other resting on his saber hilt. The cavalry's yellow stripes running his breeches from boot-top to belt made his legs appear very long. He looked so much at ease it annoyed her. Virginia's own tension was terrific and increasing.

"First, Miss Ames, did you have anything taken?"

"Only a cameo pin. It was not of great value."

"You were the only passenger robbed?"

"I think so—yes."

"The bandits were more concerned with a money box the stage carried?"

She said indifferently, "Yes."

He nodded. "Could you describe the bandits?"

* * *

She had difficulty keeping her voice steady; her hatred and contempt for him seemed to come up into her throat.

"Two of them, perhaps. The one —the leader—was masked." With few words she described the holdup men.

Jim Randall regarded her thoughtfully. "The other passengers told me there was a letter involved. You dropped it, and one of the bandits picked it up. The leader made him return it."

"There was a letter," Virginia said, breathless now. "It was — valueless except to myself."

"Oh, something personal . . ." His voice was infuriatingly matter of fact. He was carrying this stranger business too far, making a farce of it. Virginia's lips thinned in anger. She hated his smug conceit. She wondered suddenly how many girls he had—laughed at.

Then he was saying, "I understand you are traveling to Santa Bonita. Have you arranged transportation?"

She gave him a long cold look. "I have. I have hired a carriage and driver. I am starting today."

* * *

His eyes were a smoke blue; they were suddenly less mocking. He said, "Do you mind my asking if you have people there, Miss Ames?"

She gave him a bright smile. She relished this; he had lost his post-campaign skirmish. He had left his flank unguarded.

"I have my fiance there," she said deliberately.

"Oh, your fiance." He took it without a change of expression. He had no heart; he'd allow her no tiny victory. Then he was smiling. "Congratulations, Miss Ames. Perhaps I know the—fortunate man."

She held her head high. "His name is Philip Lawrence."

She caught a glimmer of expression in the smoke blue of his eyes.

"Philip Lawrence," he sampled the name. "No, I do not know him. His name is, however, familiar."

(Continued Next Week)

—(Photo by Baron)

Getting To Be A Big Boy Now—Prince Charles, almost five months old, sits with his mother, Princess Elizabeth, at Buckingham Palace in London for the first informal portrait of the pair.

How Can I?

by Anne Ashley

Q. How can I bleach sheets?

A. An excellent method of bleaching sheets is to hang them on the line, and as quickly as the sun dries them, turn the hose on them. Repeat this several times.

Q. How can I keep meringue from shrinking?

A. To help prevent meringue on pies from shrinking while cooking, be sure that it covers the entire top of the pie and touches the rim of the crust. Bake the meringue for about 15 minutes in a slow oven.' Too hot an oven will cause shrinkage.

Q. How can I clean plaster of Paris figures?

A.'By using mild soapsuds and a shaving brush. Rinse well. Dipping them into a strong solution of alum water will give them the appearance of alabaster.

Q. How can I prevent rusting of window screens?

A.'They will look like new and will not rust if given a coat of linseed oil.

Other Papers Make Mistakes Too!

Fashion Plate?

"At an attractive party given by Miss Genevieve Koppen, bridge formed the amusement ,the prize being captured by Miss Nourse, a hand-painted plate."— Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Local Water Shortage

"The double rink ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Olen Arms on East Coffee Street."— Tullahoma (Tenn.) News.

Snappy Job

Mr. and Mrs. R—— left Wednesday for Rochester, Minn., where Mrs R—— expects to have a garter removed by the Mayo Brothers.— Fairmount (N.D.) Sentinel.

Philanderer

Dr. B—— returned from Baltimore yesterday and will take up his cuties at the hospital.—Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews.

A week or so ago I had some thing to say about veal being especially abundant around this time of year — and cheaper too than many other sorts of meat. Here's another way of serving veal which I think you will find completely to the family's liking. It's an

Oven Veal Stew

- 1 pound lean diced veal
- 2 slices salt pork, diced
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1½ cups water
- 2 cups condensed tomato or mushroom soup
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- 6 carrots
- 6 new potatoes

Method — Brown together pork and veal in a frying pan, then remove to baking dish. Brown onion lightly in fat. Blend in flour, add water, soup, salt, pepper and paprika. Cook three minutes, stirring constantly and pour over meat in the baking dish. Add whole carrots and potatoes. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (375 degress F.) for one and a half hours. Serves six.

* * *

It's fashionable nowadays to decry anything with a Russian label. But although most of us have no use for their political ideas it's no use denying that some good things have come out of the land that lies now behind the Iron Curtain. Tschaikovsky's music for one—and some of their cooking ideas for another. So you can pretend that this came from elsewhere—which, as a matter of fact it did, for there are one or two added improvements to the basically Russian

Baked Potatoes With Sour Cream

- ⅔ cup chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 4½ cups sliced, cooked potatoes
- ½ cup ready-to-eat bran
- 4 tablespoons (1 oz.) grated cheese
- 1 cup sour cream
- 2 eggs, beaten
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper

Method — Cook onion in butter until a golden color. Place half the potatoes in buttered casserole, sprinkle with part of the onion, bran crushed to fine crumbs and grated cheese. Pour over this, half the sour cream and beaten eggs mixed together. Repeat, using remaining ingredients, season with salt and pepper and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) for 30 minutes. Yield: 6 servings.

* * *

For once I seem to have things in proper order, with a dessert idea coming last, instead of up around the start, as is customary with me. This one is a favorite Springtime dessert with thousands of families —and if you haven't savored it before, I think you'll find it a real treat.

Lemon Cake-Top Pudding

- ¾ cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 3 eggs
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- 1 cup milk

Method — Cream together the sugar, butter and flour. Add 3 beaten egg yolks, the lemon juice and the milk. Then fold in the 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in an 8 inch ungreased casserole or individual custard cups, set in a pan of warm water. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375°F.) for approximately 35 minutes. A cake-like top will form, with a layer of creamy custard below. This recipe makes four servings—and you'll probably wonder why you didn't make double the amount.

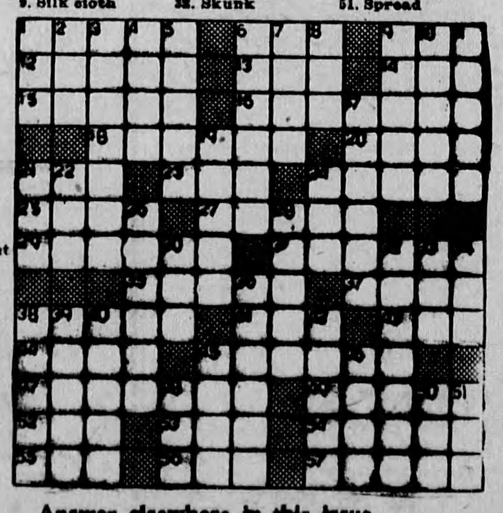
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Neck coverings
6. Tablet
9. Undermine
12. Over
13. Brazilian capital
14. Girl's name
15. Leveled
16. Eccentric
18. Relics
20. Climbing stem
21. A long way
23. Small rug
24. Diminished
26. Way out
27. Shackles
29. Flood
31. Experts
36. Exposed
37. Sensitive
38. Portion
41. Chop
43. Soap ingredient
44. Sound
45. Later setting
47. Fleeing
49. European coin
53. Primary color
55. Fabulous bird
54. Belated through the mother
55. Before
56. American writer
57. Glutted

DOWN

1. Spoil
2. Arabian garment
3. Breathing orifice
4. Always
5. Plant
6. Good-looking
7. Manners
8. June bug
9. Silk cloth
10. Birdlike
14. Measured by walking
17. Humbles
19. Wise men
24. Nourished
32. Chopping tool
34. Marry
36. Small tower
38. Ornamental vessels
39. Turn right
33. Skunk
33. Endeavor
34. Diocese
36. From these
36. Capacity measure
39. Circuit about
40. Positively
42. Walks in water
45. Cross
46. Moon goddess
48. Man's name
50. Devoured
51. Spread



Answer elsewhere in this issue

919

Laura Wheeler

This peaceful farm scene will please the whole family! Embroider it easily in single and outline stitch, frame or line it.

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ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

It is difficult enough to train a child who has been spoiled. "How, Anne Hirst," cries a reader, "do you handle a spoiled wife and mother? She is middle-aged, yet acts worse than her young grandchildren!

"She has no consideration for others. She goes her way without telling anyone of her plans. This is especially bad, since she lives several miles from town and has to depend on her husband or son to take her back and forth. Many a time they've waited for hours on end for her return.

"And it's never her fault! She throws tantrums, and twists facts around to make the other fellow the offender. She never apologizes for losing her temper, and she makes an exhibition of herself in her children's homes in front of their youngsters. Even those youngsters are disgust d with her.

"Her husband is on a diet. She fixes big, tempting dinners for everybody else which he can't eat, then flounces off and takes half an hour to fix his food. In all their 30-odd years of marriage he has never complained.

"She rules the roost. If anyone crosses her, she is very hurt and 'picked on'.

"Her husband should be retired. He is old enough for a pension. But she keeps him in debt, so he works on. Ill and uncomplaining, periodically he has to go to the hospital for a month or two to recuperate.

"This particular situation is getting so bad that something has to be done. None of us can take much more. Especially her husband."

"Undoubtedly she is only one of many middle-aged women who act this way. If you print this, she may read it and take stock of herself.

"I can easily see why the Indians pushed their old women off a cliff. Too bad there isn't some sort of shocking machine today to wake up these foolish females." — FED UP.

* Whatever is done to better such a situation must seem drastic.

* This husband should act, if he can be persuaded to. He should assert his rights to retirement and a peaceful life, and demand that his wife radically change her attitude. He can use the general confusion she causes among all the family as his prime reason, but he should not hesitate to remind her that his health must be considered, and at once.

* As for the family, if they will find the courage to ignore her as much as they can ,see her as seldom as possible, and convey the idea that it is because they choose this course, she may really open her eyes to the wrong she is doing them all.

* * *

When family troubles come, it helps to view them objectively. Let Anne Hurst help you do just that. Address her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St. New Toronto, Ont.

Mother Love

Several years ago, during a prolonged drought in Australia, the wild creatures of the bush became so thirsty that they braved even the dangerous dooryards of settlers for a drink of water. So the settlers, whose cattle and sheep died like flies for lack of water, were constantly on the lookout lest these wild creatures drink what little water was left. Each man hung a loaded gun near the doorway to be used at a moment's notice.

Such a call came one hot summer's day. Instantly the settler seized his gun and stood ready. Out of the bush a mother kangaroo, with a young one in her pouch, came loping across the brown, powdery open space surrounding the house. Nearer and nearer she came, her beautiful brown eyes fixed beseechingly on the settler. She made her way straight to the tub of water placed there for the use of the few domestic animals that had survived. Still the settler did not shoot.

The water reached, she waited, her soft gaze still fixed on the man, while the young kangaroo in her pouch drank its fill. Then she turned, without taking a drop for herself, and loped back across the parched open space and on into the tangled depths of the bush. The settler watched her until she disappeared. Then he hung up his gun and, with a choking in his throat, went back to work.

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JELLY BUNS

Measure into small bowl, 1 c. lukewarm water, 2 tsps. granulated sugar; stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with 2 envelopes Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 min., THEN stir well. Cream ¾ c. shortening; gradually blend in 1 c. granulated sugar, 2 tsps. salt, 1 tsp. grated nutmeg. Gradually beat in 2 well-beaten eggs. Stir in ½ tsp. lemon extract, ½ c. milk which has been scalded and cooled to lukewarm, and yeast mixture. Stir in 3 c. once-sifted bread flour; beat until smooth. Work in 3 c. more once-sifted bread flour. Knead until smooth and elastic; place in greased bowl and brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough and cut into 36 equal portions; knead into smooth balls. Brush with melted butter or margarine, roll in fine granulated sugar and arrange ½" apart on greased baking pans. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Twist the handle of a knife in the top of each roll to form an indentation; fill with jelly. Cover and let rise 15 minutes longer. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 18 minutes.

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