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WEST OF THE SUN

A Serial Story
by
JOSEPH LEWIS CHADWICK

SYNOPSIS

The story this far: Virginia Ames is aboard the Lanassa stage crossing the dusty plains of Arizona in the summer of 1878, bound for Santa Bonita where she will meet her fiance, Phil Lawrence. Phil has written her, pleading frantically that she come to him. A few miles out of Lanassa the stage is held up by masked bandits and a money box addressed to a man named Barron at Santa Bonita, is seized. One of the bandits snatches a cameo pin from Virginia's dress, causing the letter concealed inside to fall to the ground. The bandit leader returns it to her. At Lanassa she sees Lt. Jim Randall whom she had known and had been in love with back home in Washington. He is coldly formal and over her protests insists that he and his company will escort her through the 70 miles of Apache country to Santa Bonita.

CHAPTER II

(Continued From Last Week)

"We won't go into that, Barron. I haven't the time." The lieutenant turned to Virginia and took her arm. He helped her almost roughly into the carriage. When she was seated under its top, he said, "I've held up the march for an hour."

Virginia said demurely, "I'm very sorry, lieutenant."

He turned to O'Grady, who climbed into the driver's seat "Follow me close, driver, I won't be delayed longer"

He walked to his horse and put his foot into the stirrup. Stephen Barron stepped down from the hotel steps.

"Randall, one minute."

Jim Randall faced him impatiently. "Well?"

"I'd like to know if you've gotten a line on those bandits who robbed the stage last night."

"I've investigated and obtained a description of two of them," the army officer said. "I had time for no further investigation. The holdup shall be reported to Maj. Benson at Fort Winfield."

* * *

"Well—thanks," Barron said.

"Don't thank me, Barron," Jim Randall said. "I'd like to arrest those bandits, but not merely to accommodate you. You understand that, I guess."

"I understand that," Stephen Barron smiled lazily as his fingers rolled a cigarette. There was the threat of sharp steel behind his smile; he looked suddenly hard and dangerous without changing at all. "However, I suffered the only loss. Two thousand dollars of mine was in the box those bandits took. I can't afford losses like that."

Virginia watched the two men; they seemed like duelists. Their eyes measured each other. She could sense their wills clash.

Jim Randall said. "It's not your first loss in a stage holdup, Barron. Nor likely to be your last. There's something mighty queer that those bandits prey only on you."

Stephen Barron lighted his cigarette. He said evenly, "Yes—mighty queer."

"And I have a hunch you know what's back of these robberies."

"If I knew," Barron said evenly, "I'd do something about them."

He turned, swept off his hat to Virginia, and said, "Adios, Miss Ames."

She smiled back, aware of Jim Randall's annoyed frown.

South out of Lannasa, the cavalcade traversed a trail so level and straight it seemed to reach into the pale blue of space. Three army freight wagons, big lumbering vehicles, trailed behind Virginia's two-horse carriage. Twenty troopers formed the escort, marching behind the wagons in double file. A sergeant and a bugler rode ahead of Virginia's carriage, and at the head of the column Jim Randall rode with the scout, a leathery-faced man wearing battered sombrero, a baggy vest over faded gray shirt, denim Levies tucked into worn cowboy boots.

* * *

Hoofs made a clop-clopping sound. Sabers clattered in scabbards. Saddles creaked. The wagons gave out complaining noises. Airzona sun blazed in a brass sky. The miles stretched long and tortuous.

Virginia challenged this new country with eager eyes. It was the country Phil Lawrence had adopted nearly two years before, a land from which he meant to wrest his fortune. It was a wild, lonely country.

Late in the afternoon, Jim Randall rode back to Virginia's carriage. His horse was lathered and dust-begrimed, but he showed no signs of trail-wear. He pointed into the vast distance ahead.

"Beyond those granite hills showing through the heat haze," he said, lies better country. We'll camp there for the night."

* *

The granite hills lay behind them at dusk. Camp was made by a stream bordered by cottonwood trees. It was bivouac for the soldiers, but Jim Randall had a tent erected for Virginia. They ate army food in the glow of the campfires, and the night swiftly closed down. Stars began to sparkle against the blue-black of the sky, and the moon rose over faraway hills, a great orange-tinted ball.

Virginia walked along the stream's edge, her thoughts uneasy and dwelling on Phil Lawrence. She stopped and leaned back against the slanting trunk of a tree, and there Jim Randall found her.

"Don't wander too far," he said.

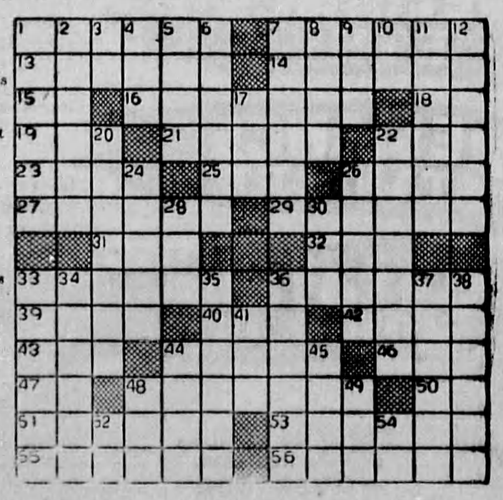
"I shan't" she assured him.

(Continued Next Week)

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Monastery
7. Weed
13. Girl
14. Surrounding area
15. Siberian river
16. Self-centered persons
18. Near
19. Japanese sash
21. Oriental nurses
22. Corroded
23. Take the chief meal
25. Compass point
26. Eve's second son
27. Tension
29. Revolving
31. City in Nebraska
32. Curve
33. Balance
36. Reviewer
39. Small bird
40. Hindu cymbals
42. Light
43. Good times
44. Dinner course
46. Above (poet.)
47. Sloth
48. Voracious appetite
50. Neon (symb.)
51. Venerate
53. Establish
55. Merchant
56. Lower

DOWN
1. Deluges
2. Rodent
3. Exists
4. Ibsen character
5. Latvian capital
6. Naval officers
7. Beater
8. Crafts
9. Matter (law)
10. Negative
11. Beetle
12. Recently
17. Man's name
20. Raids
22. Explosion (med.)
24. In good time
26. Reception halls
28. Fish
30. Paddle
33. English dynasty
34. Imitator
35. Less fresh
36. Din
37. Conciliatory
38. Ancient Greek city
41. Turkish name
44. Certain
45. Terrible
48. River bottom
49. Put with
52. Middle Atlantic State (ab.)
54. Gold (symb.)



Answer elsewhere in this issue

A Real "White Hope"—The hope of the nation lies in the health of its children. But a child's health lies only with its parents. It is up to parents to investigate the conditions under which their young children live and seek betterment of their homes. Proper sleep, a good diet and healthy thinking pave the way for the good citizens of tomorrow.

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews.

Of course "we are what we eat" is a very old and well-known adage. Yet far too few of us pay any real attention to it. Yet the food we eat—or don't eat—has so much to do with how we feel and the enjoyment we get out of life.

Some time ago a survey was made of some families down in Pennsylvania—average families, very much like yours, who THOUGHT that they were eating well. Yet a year of better meal planning and wiser selection of foods proved that a lot of so-called "minor" ailments could be almost done away with; ailments such as colds, fatigue "nerves" and so on. Eating the wrong foods over a period of years even showed up in poor bones and teeth.

So I thought today I'd give you, just a reminder, a little chart which shows, in handy form, the different food groups and the number of servings each person should get.

FOOD GROUPS	SERVINGS PER PERSON
Leafy, green, and yellow vegetables	10 to 12 a week
Citrus fruit, tomatoes	7 to 9 a week
Potatoes, sweet potatoes Other vegetables and fruit	7 to 9 a week 10 to 12 a week
Milk (may be as cheese, ice cream)	Children: 4 cups a day Adults: 3 cups a day
Meat, poultry, fish Eggs Dry beans, peas and nuts	7 to 8 a week 7 eggs a week 1 to 2 a week
Flour, cereals, baked goods (whole grain, enriched, restored)	Every meal
Fats, oils, sugar, syrup, preserves	As needed. Butter or margarine daily.

Ever get a notion that you'd like to get busy and whip up some kind of a dessert that was really new and different? Well, here's one that I'd be almost willing to bet you've never tried, and which I think you're going to really smack your lips over. It's

BAKED BANANAS WITH FOAMY ORANGE SAUCE

3 large, slightly green bananas
⅓ cup honey
3 cups corn flakes

METHOD: Peel bananas; split in halves lengthwise and crosswise. Warm honey. Dip bananas into honey then roll in corn flakes which have been crushed into fine crumbs.

Bake in moderate oven (375 degs). about 15 minutes or until soft. Serve with Foamy Orange Sauce.

Yield: 6 servings.

SAUCE

2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
¼ cup sugar
½ cup orange juice
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

METHOD: Combine egg yolks with sugar in top of double boiler; add orange juice, orange rind and lemon juice. Cook mixture over hot water until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; cool. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites.

Perhaps you think you've served rhubarb in every possible style or manner—and maybe you're right. But just on the off chance that this will be new to you, here's

RHUBARB CRUNCH

1 c. sifted flour
¾ c. oatmeal (uncooked)
1 c. brown sugar firmly packed
½c. melted butter
1 tsp. cinnamon
4 c. diced rhubarb
1 c. sugar
2 tblsp. corn starch
1 c. water
1 tsp. vanilla

METHOD: Mix together until crumbly the flour, oatmeal, brown sugar, melted butter and cinnamon. Then press half those crumbs into a greased 9-inch baking pan and cover with the diced rhubarb. Now combine the corn starch, sugar, water and vanilla and cook until thick and clear. Pour over the rhubarb and top with the remaining crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (350 degs. F) for one hour. Cut in squares and serve warm, either plain or with topping of whipped cream. Serves 8.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

A tired mother asks my opinion of her situation.

This mother has been married 28 years. She had only two children, and she lost the son during this last war. She has not got over it. She has always been nervous and in poor health, and a few operations did not tend to calm her nerves.

Now she feels that her daughter, who is a mother too, is demanding of her more than she can hope to perform.

The daughter is married, has two youngsters. She also has a part-time job. She leaves her four-year-old in a day nursery, and her mother cares for the baby. The two children are with their grandmother every evening, while their mother and father go out

"I don't mind keeping the children one or two nights a week," she writes, "while my daughter and her husband go to a party or the theater. But I think when they just go to friends' homes, they should be able to take the children along.

"It is quite a job to keep babies all the time, after your own are grown and you're out of practice. Every night after my daughter takes her children home, I am a nervous wreck. I love the children dearly, and hate myself for quarreling with my daughter. But she never does anything for me. She never makes a bed after the children's naps, or does their dishes, or picks up after them.

"My husband and my relatives, and sometimes her own husband feel that I am being imposed upon. Their home is not far off, but she and her babies practically live at my house. I do love the girl very much, and I wish we could get along better together."

* A grown daughter who has babies of her own should assume her proper responsibilities. To park them with her mother, and expect her to look after them every night while she and her husband enjoy themselves, is manifestly unfair. Not only is she robbing herself of the companionship of her children, but she is taking advantage of her mother's kindness. And showing, in this case, precious little appreciation of all the service her mother is giving.

This is the time for that mother to take her stand. She must be relieved of some of these responsibilities which drain her strength. For her daughter's sake, too, the girl must be made to behave like a mother should, and not burden her mother with the duties which naturally are her own.

It is all very well for a grandmother to be an occasional baby-sitter. But to assume the entire care of even one child every day is unjust. It deprives her and her husband of any social life of their own (which this woman surely needs) and it imposes responsibilities upon her which, at her age, are outrageous.

The one way that this girl will come to respect her mother (and so get along with her more pleasantly) is for that mother to take a firm stand, and refuse any longer to be imposed upon.

* * *

A mother can do too much for her children. When they come to take her for granted, trouble starts. Anne Hirst's long obsedvation of family troubles is at your service. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ontario

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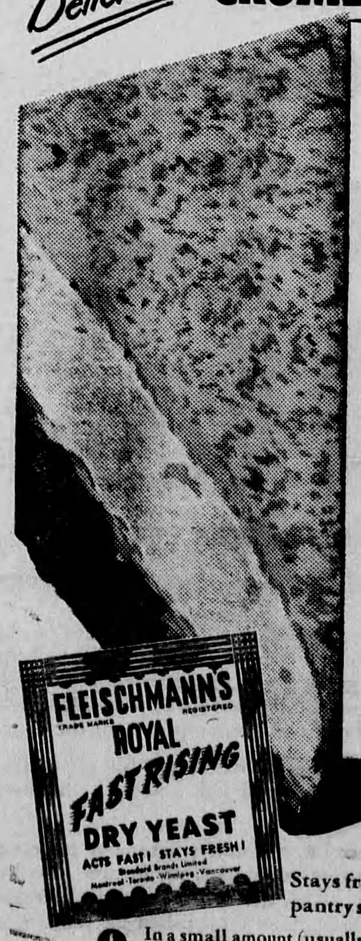

Recipe

Measure into bowl, ½ cup lukewarm water, 1 teaspoon granulated sugar; stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with 1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well. Scald ½ cup milk and stir in ½ cup granulated sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons shortening; cool to lukewarm. Beat in 1 cup once-sifted bread flour. Add yeast mixture and 1 beaten egg; beat well. Work in 2½ cups once-sifted bread flour. Knead lightly; 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 divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into an oblong and fit into greased pans about 7" x 11". Grease tops, cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Pierce tops with fork and brush with 2 tablespoons melted butter or shortening. Combine ¾ cup brown sugar (lightly pressed down), ¼ cup flour, ½ cup fine dry cake or bread crumbs and 1 teaspoon cinnamon; rub in 4 tablespoons butter or shortening. Sprinkle crumble on top of cakes. Let rise about ½ hour. Bake in hot oven, 400°, about 20 minutes. Serve hot, with butter.

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1. In a small amount (usually specified) of lukewarm water, dissolve thoroughly 1 teaspoon sugar for each envelope of yeast.
2. Sprinkle with dry yeast. Let stand 10 minutes.
3. THEN stir well. (The water used with the yeast counts as part of the total liquid called for in your recipe.)

Order a month's supply!