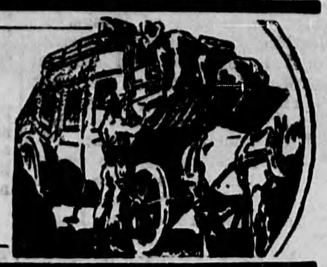
Easy to Use

"SALADA"

TEA BAGS

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)

He seemed to want to talk. "We saw signs of Apaches on the way north."

"How interesting." Her voice was studiously bored.

He gave her an intent look, then turned away. He halted when she said, softly, "Jim . . ."

"Yes?"

"Nothing . . . I'm sorry."

But it was enough to hold him. He brought out a pipe and filled and lighted it. He smoked in silence and seemed to listen to the night's quiet. Virginia felt the nearness of him and the distance of him, too. She watched him through half-closed eyes, dreamily, wondering about him and his life.

His voice shattered her thoughts, "Is your fiance to meet you at Fort Winfield?"

"No . . . I—I mean to surprise him."

He was suddenly at her side. "He's rather a lucky fellow. You have grown into a lovely woman, Virginia."

Her eyes flashed him scorn. She drew away. "I think we're wandering too far," she said. "I think I shall return to camp."

He shrugged, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and offered her his arm. She ignored the offer and walked on ahead of him.

The next day a broken axle on one of the wagons delayed the march for several hours. While the damage was being repaired Stephen Barron and two other riders overtook the column, joining it when it moved on again. Steve Barron rode beside Virginia and talked at times. Each occasion Jim Randall looked back frowning in disapproval. His frowns prompted Virginia to talk more spiritedly, laugh more gaily.

At dusk, Mel Scarlett, the scout, appeared suddenly on the trail ahead. He had been scouting all day, seeming to travel 10 miles to the column's one. He made a sign to Jim Randall, and the officer's order halted the march. The troopers rode forward to flank the wagons.

They had halted in a wooded, rocky country. Beyond where Mel Scarlett sat on his horse was a wide, shallow stream. On the far side stood a mounted figure, motionless as stone. An Apache. Naked except for head-band, breech-clout, moccasins and bandolier of cartridges, his body shone coppery in the half-light. He carried rifle and lance.

Scarlett rode to Jim Randall. "Wants a pow-wow, sir. Don't like it none. Good spot for an ambush."

Jim Randall nodded. He talked to Sgt. O'Hara. He sent a trooper forward on foot to a fallen tree lying some 30 yards ahead Then, with Mel Scarlett, he rode to the stream and entered to its middle. The water swirled about his horse's legs. The Apache rode to the water's edge, signaled with his lance. A second Indian appeared from the trees and joined the first. They entered the water.

The talk began. Shortly a third warrior appeared and joined the first two. A minute later a fourth followed. The fifth, emerging from behind a giant boulder, appeared and rode to the group.

Virginia stepped from the carriage. She heard the soldiers voicing anxious thoughts. O'Grady, her driver, growled annoyance.

"Is Randall a fool? He's walked into a trap!"

Steve Barron rode close. "Don't worry," he said easily. "Randall will handle the situation."

Virginia looked at him surprised. He grinned at her.

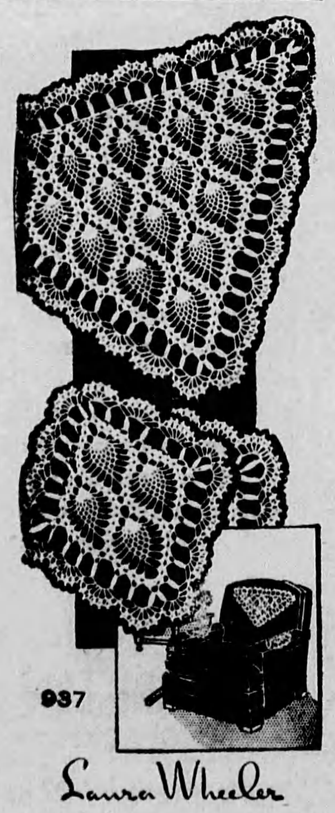
"Oh, Jim Randall and I respect one another—" he began but broke off as Sgt. O'Hara, a grizzled old campaigner, spoke quiet orders.

The troopers dismounted with their rifles. They took up positions for a skirmish. Steve Barron dismounted. He wore two ivory-butted guns in holsters at his thighs. His face was suddenly grave.

"Looks like trouble," he said "The sergeant is worried because Randall is outnumbered. If there's an attack, it will be because the Apaches are much stronger in number than the soldiers." He looked closely at Virginia. "Frightened?"

She shook her head. "No . . ." But her lips were cold and dry.

(Continued Next Week)



937

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Boy May Sleep Through All His Life—Unconscious now for more than a year, 5-year-old Larry Dean Wilson may live on and never awaken, physicians say. His plight results from a brain injury received in an automobile accident on April 27, 1948. He's pictured in hospital, watched over by his mother, Mrs. Donald Wilson, left, and Nurse Virginia Hursey.

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews.

It's hard to understand why so many first class cooks—present company excepted, of course—will carefully follow recipes for almost everything they make, with one exception. That's jam. When it comes to jam making they're inclined to follow "rule of thumb" methods, often with results that aren't entirely satisfactory.

This is a great mistake when it's so easy to follow scientific instructions that lead straight to success. Here, for instance, is a grand way to make that almost universal favorite:

STRAWBERRY JAM

4 cups prepared fruit
7 cups sugar
½ bottle fruit pectin

Method. Crush thoroughly about 2 quarts fully ripe strawberries. Measure 4 cups into a large saucepan. Add sugar to fruit in saucepan and mix well. Place over high heat, bring to a full rolling boil, and boil hard one minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and stir in bottled fruit pectin. Then stir and skim by turns for five minutes to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once. Makes about 10 glasses six ounces each.

* * *

Instead of making all your strawberry jam "straight" why not try some that's "stretched out" with a bit of rhubarb. The flavor is grand; in fact there are lots of folks who prefer it to the other.

RHUBARB and STRAWBERRY JAM

3 cups prepared fruit.
4½ cups sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin

Method. Slice thin or chop (do not peel) about ½ pound rhubarb. Crush thoroughly about 1 quart fully ripe strawberries. Combine fruits and measure 3 cups into a large saucepan.

Measure sugar and set aside. Place saucepan holding fruit over high heat. Add powdered fruit pectin and stir until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once stir in sugar. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard one minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, skim, ladle quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once. Makes about 7 six-ounce glasses.

* * *

The strawberry-rhubarb combination is a grand one for other things beside jam. Deep dish pie, for example. While the berry season is "on" give the family—and yourself—a real treat with this:

STRAWBERRY AND RHUBARB DEEP DISH PIE

3 cups unpeeled, diced rhubarb
1½ cups strawberries, washed and hulled
1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
3 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
pastry

Method. Combine rhubarb and strawberries, and place in a deep baking dish. Mix sugar, salt, nutmeg and flour, and sprinkle over fruit. Sprinkle with lemon juice and dot with butter. Roll out pastry to fit dish and place over fruit. Fold edges under, and crimp. Make several gashes in top of crust and bake in a hot oven (425 degrees F.) 40 minutes. (If strawberries are very large, cut in halves. This recipe makes 6 servings.

And, to finish out on the same note I started out with, here's an easy to make sauce that adds the perfect touch to cornstarch pudding or any number of other dishes.

STRAWBERRY SAUCE

⅓ cup butter or margarine
1½ cups confectioner's sugar
Yolks of 4 eggs
2 cups crushed strawberries

Method. Cream butter and sugar. Add egg yolks, one at a time, beating after each addition. Add crushed berries, and beat again just before serving.

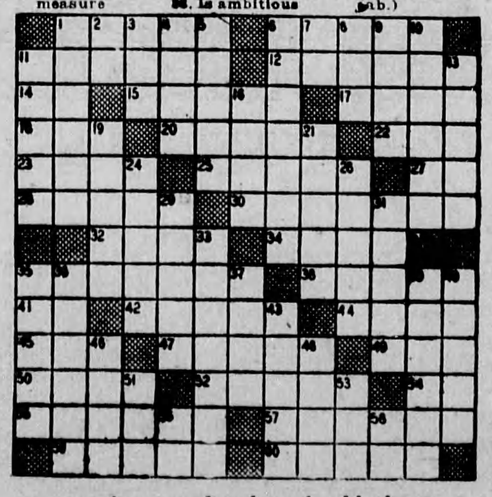
"Daddy, what is psychiatry?"

"Well, my boy, it seems to me it's ordinary advice dressed in a black coat and stripped trousers."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Flower
6. Paper measures
11. Present
12. Necessitate
14. Correlative of either
16. Lively (colloq.)
17. East Indian money
18. Pronoun
20. Ancient Troy
22. Incite
23. Part of the mouth
25. Fence crossing
27. French article
28. Knitting materials
30. Slim
32. Greek letter
34. Bristle
35. Absorb
38. Allure
41. Hawaiian lava
42. So. American animal
44. Breath rattle
45. Swallow
47. Weary
49. Color
50. Dash
52. Rockfishes
54. Public notice
56. Safe
57. Stylish
59. Palm fruits
60. Glide over ice

DOWN
1. Shakespeare character
2. Article
3. Pile
4. Proofreader's direction
5. Time units
6. Sells to the consumer
7. Printer's measure
8. Filipino
9. Neck hair
10. Unmarried
21. Table mat
23. Kind of beer
24. Decays
26. Twig
31. Mixed snow and rain
34. Nasal sound
36. Come in
37. Ermine
39. Kind of resin (var.)
40. Is ambitious
45. Allays
46. Fastened
47. Father
49. Gratify
50. Former President's nickname
53. Tears
55. Rodent
58. Swarthy
61. Hard-shelled fruit
62. Ocean
66. Concerning
68. Thoroughfare (abb.)



Answer elsewhere in this issue

So often when a husband falls in love with somebody else, or for any other reason wants his freedom, his wife cries, "How can he do this to me? I've given him the best years of my life!"

Sometimes one wonders, HAS SHE?

One frantic wife whose husband wants a divorce, is stunned by the request. She cannot imagine why he is dissatisfied. Well, perhaps my readers ,can when they read these excerpts from her letter:

"I've made a place for him in the social life here which he would never have found alone. I belong to four organizations, and work hard in them. I make him go to their banquets and other affairs. He doesn't enjoy them, but I know they're good for him.

"We belong to the Friday Night Dance Club. He'd rather bowl, or stay home, but we meet the right people there.

"Our Literary Society gets important authors to lecture, and we discuss the latest books at our meetings. I insist he go along, so he can improve his mind.

"On Saturday afternoons we attends concerts, also one evening during the week. Sunday nights there is always a buffet supper at somebody's house (often our own) and though he is not a good conversationalist, these contacts have helped him in his business.

"We have two girls and one son. Two are in private schools, one in college. They have their own cars, and usually spend weekends with their friends; they plan their own vacations. I never understood them very well, so when they were small I had governesses to manage them.

"Where have I failed, Anne Hirst? Always I've done what I thought was best for his advancement. And now, out of a clear sky, he wants to leave me!"

—Broken-Hearted.

* This may appear to be an exaggerated case of a selfish woman going her own way, while an amiable husband foots the bills. Yet it does exist. And, to a different degree, many other wives offend in the same way.

They have never taken the trouble to understand their husbands, or consult them as to how they'd prefer to spend what little leisure they have. It is all planned for them by' 'perfect wives" who, if the truth were known, are only doing what their own social ambitions demand and dragging unwilling husbands along, husbands who'd rather spend an evening before their own fireside, or a Saturday afternoon at a ball game.

It is no wonder that, after 20 years of such a program, the man finally rebels. And another woman is not necessarily concerned. The man wants to relax in his own way. But at home, that is forbidden.

At this late day, is ther anything such a wife can do to keep her husband with her?

To "Broken-Hearted". Read this piece again, and see how you have failed, both as wife and mother. Your children have been driven away from their home and parents by your neglect; you couldn't understand them. "Why should they want to spend holidays with you when they cannot feel at home in their own house?

You have forced your husband to live YOUR life, not the life he hoped for when he married you. You have led him by the nose where YOU thought he should go, robbed him for years of every precious hour of his leisure. Try to see yourself objectively.

If you can do that, then confess to your husband how remorseful you are that you have driven him away from you. Ask him for another chance, and promise from now on you will live the life HE enjoys, and make his home a place where HE can relax. Also, that you will share his interest in sports and other fields, and live the life HE chooses.

This is your one chance to hold him. Can you make these promises, and MEAN them?

* * *

Is your husband happy with you? Before it is too late, ask yourself this question, and answer it honestly. If you are worried by what you must confess, write to Anne Hirst, at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

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Take one Carter's Little Liver Pill before and one after meals. Take them according to directions. They help wake up a larger flow of the 3 main digestive juices in your stomach AND bowels—help you digest what you have eaten in Nature's own way.

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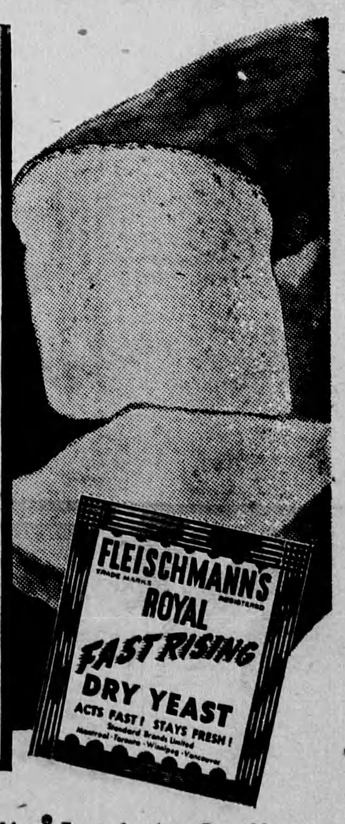
SWEETER TASTIER White Bread

Recipe

Measure into large bowl, ½ c. lukewarm water, 1 tsp. granulated sugar; stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with 1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 min., THEN stir well. Scald 2 c. milk and stir in 5 tbs. granulated sugar, 5 tsp. salt; cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast mixture and stir in 1½ c. lukewarm water. Beat in 6 c. once-sifted bread flour; beat well. Beat in 5 tbs. melted shortening. Work in 6 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 in bowl; grease top, cover and let rise again until about ¾ as high as first rise. Punch down dough and divide into 4 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Grease tops, cover with cloth; let rest 10-15 min. Shape into loaves; place in greased bread pans. Grease tops, cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in hot oven, 425°, 15 min., then reduce heat to moderately hot, 375°, and bake 30-35 minutes longer.



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