Finest Quality Tea

"SALADA"
ORANGE PEKOE

WEST OF THE SUN

A Serial Story
by
JOSEPH LEWIS CHADWICK

SYNOPSIS

The story thus far: Virginia Ames crosses the wild, frontier West by rail and stage in response to the plea of her fiane, Phil Lawrnce, that she come to him at once at Santa Bonita. Following the hold-up of the stage east of Launasa, in which a cameo pin of hers and a money box for Steve Barron, gambling czar of Santa Bonita, are seized, she is escorted by Lt. Jim Randall whom she once knew in Washington and who is now with the territorial army. Phil, she learns, has had serious trouble with Barron over a gambling debt. She meets him finally and finds him much changed. He has lost everything, is extremely bitter and advises her to return home. Jim Randall, meanwhile learns that Phil robbed the stage in revenge against Barron. He goes to see Lanya Correy, whom Virginia has seen wearing the stolen cameo pin.

CHAPTER IX

When she faced the girl inside her tiny living room, Virginia saw that she was distressed. Her lips quivered and she moved nervously across the room to the window, stood looking out a moment, then turned as if with a supreme effort.

"Miss Ames, you're not going to like what I'm going to say," she said in a flat voice. "You won't even like the way I'll say it. I—I am no lady. I know no fine words——"

Virginia smiled. She was puzzled, but despite herself she liked Lanya Correy. She recalled Mrs. Warden's words, that Lanya was not a bad girl but merely unfortunate.

"Fine words are often dishonest words, Lanya," she said gently.

"I'm going to be—honest," came the heavy reply.

"What is it, Lanya?"

Lanya said, "It's about Phil Lawrence."

"Phil—" Virginia's voice broke on the name.

"Yes," Lanya whispered. "You see, I love him."

"You—love him!" Her thoughts were thrown into sudden confusion. Steve Barron. Jim Randall. And now—Phil!

"I'm not going to give him up," the dark girl said. "Not for you. I love him—and he loves me!"

"So that is what holds him here," Virginia said chokingly. "And he is afraid to tell me. I should have known!"

Lanya said simply. "He feels bound by a promise—to marry you."

Virginia stood up. She felt no anger, but only a furious desire to fight for her own. "And if I hold him to his promise?" she demanded.

"You don't believe me, do you?" Lanya said. She picked up something from the table and held it out to Virginia. It was the cameo pin. "You recognize this? Of course you do! Do you want to know how it came into my possession?"

"I recognize it," Virginia said. "It was mine. It was taken from me during the stage holdup. I—I don't care how you came by it!"

The partly open door creaked noisily on its hinges as it swung wide. Virginia turned and saw Steve Barron standing in the doorway.

He always seemed a threat to Virginia, and now with his grim face and glittering eyes he was more than a threat. He was danger itself.

His voice came low but sharp, "Miss Ames may not care, Lanya—but I do. How did you come by that cameo pin?"

The girl shrank from him as he came into the room, her eyes wide and full of terror. She cried in her throat, "You—heard!"

Steve Barron was before her. He reached out and seized her left wrist. "I know," he snapped. "You got that pin from Phil Lawrence—so it's he who has been stealing my money off the stages!"

"No, no!" cried Lanya.

"Don't lie to me!" Barron said in cold rage. "You ungrateful little——" He broke off and suddenly struck her across the mouth with the flat of his hand.

The blow flung Lanya against the wall, then she sank down in a sobbing heap. Steve Barron swung about and strode to the door.

Lanya rose to her knees. "Steve! Where are you going?"

He halted in the doorway, slowly turned, his face black and his eyes stormy. "To see Lawrence," he said savagely.

"No!" Lanya got to her feet. Her face was gray to the lips. "Steve don't! I'll do anything—anything in the world. I'll marry you, Steve—"

"You're generous too late, Lanya," he told her.

The girl drew a sharp breath. "Steve, if you do what's in your mind, I—I shall tell Jim Randall what I know about you!"

Virginia watched Steve Barron's face with alarmed eyes. Fear played briefly across it, then was replaced by something that was cruel and deadly.

"No," he said. "No, you won't."

He walked from the house then and Virginia, going to the door, saw him striding toward the big, false-fronted building of his gambling place. Lanya Correy came and stood trembling at her side.

"He'll do it!" the dance hall girl cried hysterically. "He'll kill Phil!"

Virginia turned quickly, fighting down fear. "Lanya, hurry to the stable and have my horse saddled. I need only five minutes to change to riding clothes!"

"Where are you going?"

"To warn Phil!" Virginia flung back over her shoulder. She was already hurrying across the dusty, sun-blasted street toward Sarah Warden's house.

(Continued Next Week)

Pickle Picker — It comes as no surprise that mechanical ingenuity has finally invaded the pickle fields. Beverly Arnold, 14, rides an outrigger extending from a machine which carries workers between rows without need for bending or stooping. Two others pickers ride with Beverly on the machine which is driverless.

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews

What would you say was the most popular pickle of all? A New York expert claims that cauliflower is the prime favorite and says that if you doubt this, just lay out a plate of mixed pickles and see if the cauliflower doesn't disappear first.

But before giving you the recipe, here are a few general hints on pickling. Even if you've seen them here before, they're well worth repeating, just as a reminder.

First, use the best vinegar you can procure; and unless it's the cider variety, don't forget that the vinegars made today are about twice as high in acetic acid as those of 20 or 30 years ago. That's why, if you use some of mother's or grandmother's recipes, you may find your pickles a bit tart.

Second, use pure salt, not the table variety, as the latter sometimes contains carbonates or bicarbonates to prevent lumpiness, and isn't as good for pickles as the other.

Utensils made of enamelware, aluminum or stainless steel are OK for pickles. Those of copper or galvanized zinc aren't, as there may be harmful reactions between the metal and the acid or salt. And to really sterilize your jars and lids, scrub them in hot, sudsy water and, just before packing with the hot pickles, boil for 15 to 20 minutes.

Now, after that lengthy preamble, we come to

PICKLED CAULIFLOWER

3 medium - size heads cauliflower
1 quart small white onions
1 cup salt
1 tablespoon mustard seed
1 tablespoon celery seed
1 teaspoon whole cloves
2 sticks cinnamon, broken
2 quarts white vinegar
2½ cups sugar

Method: Separate cauliflower into flowerets. Peel onions. Place in large bowl or crock and cover with water in which salt has been dissolved. Let stand overnight. Next, drain vegetables, rinse in cold water and drain again. Tie spices in square of cheesecloth and boil with vinegar and sugar for five minutes. Add vegetables and boil three minutes. Remove spice bag. Pack vegetables in hot sterile jars. Cover with boiling syrup. Seal tightly. Yield, about eight pints.

* * *

Lots of folks I know think that their crab apple trees are only good for ornament, or to furnish ammunition for the youngsters in their "wars". I believe they'll have a different idea if they try this recipe, which can be used just as well for small, hard pears.

PICKLED CRABAPPLES OR SECKEL PEARS

7 pounds crabapples or seckel pears
1 quart white vinegar
8 cups sugar
¼ cup whole cloves
1 stick cinnamon
1½ teaspoons whole ginger

Method: Wash and remove blossom ends from fruit. Prick each piece several times. Heat vinegar and sugar to boiling. Add spices tied loosely in a cheesecloth bag. Add fruit and boil gently until tender but not broken. Remove spice bag. Quickly pack one hot sterilized jar at a time. Fill to one-eighth inch from the top. Be sure your vinegar solution completely covers the fruit. Seal each jar at once. Yield, about six pints.

* * *

There are ever so many who find it good for the health to eat bran regularly in some form or other. But this doesn't need to be anything like a "chore" if you do so in some such form as these really delicious

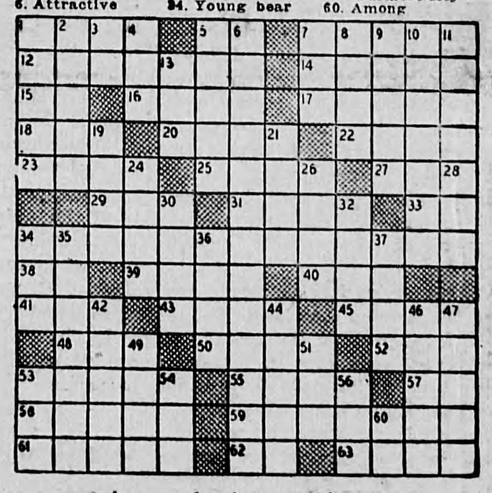
---

If you tell a girl, "Your face would stop a clock," that stupidity. But if you tell her, "When I look into your face, time stands still," that's diplomacy.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Animal's feet
6. Spring month (ab.)
7. English county
12. Cooking vessel
14. Helped
15. Man's nickname
16. Learned
17. Test
18. Constellation
20. Speech organs
22. Biblical priest
23. Army meal
25. Spoils
27. Compass point
29. Roman bronze
31. Discerns
33. 100 square meters
34. Cautiously
38. Chaldean city
39. Loyal
40. Equality
41. Wager
42. Other
45. Cape
48. Nothing
50. Ancient slave
52. Finial
53. Ventilated
55. Notion
57. Printer's measure
58. Landscape
59. Giving strength to
62. Football
61. Test ore position (ab.)
63. Poker term

DOWN
1. Sacred poem
2. Tamarisk salt tree
3. Pronoun
4. Proverb
5. Norse gods
6. Attractive
7. Undermine
8. Engage
9. Heathen gods
10. Change
11. Dutch commune
13. Wire measure
19. Glacial ridges
21. Stair
24. Party
26. Percolate
28. Twisted
30. Certain
32. Read metrically
34. Young bear
35. Principles of Christian unity
36. Slipper
37. Family record
42. Parts of wheels
44. Concluded
46. Paid out
47. Burn slightly
49. Siberian river
51. Ever (contr.)
53. Biblical king
54. Scotch dairymaid
56. Ruined Burmese city
60. Among



Answer elsewhere on this page.

732
Laura Wheeler

Here's real fun for a little one! Dolly's just as tall as your two-year old, and wears her cast-off clothes. Easy to sew!

A real friend for any child—this big-as-life doll! Pattern 732; transfer of 32-inch doll only.

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ISSUE 38 — 1949

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: We are 12 children, most of us married and with youngsters of our own. We are all very much concerned about our father's conduct.

"Two years ago, he started being unfaithful to Mother. We told her, but Daddy talked her out of it and she believed him. Ever since, he has had one affair after another. He seems to feel no shame that we know it. We have agreed among us not to tell Mother.

"Is it usual to expect men in their 50's to trifle?

"As a mother, ours can't be beat. She has had more than her share of work and trouble. She's never had any of the nice things other mothers get, except what we give her. Will you give us some idea what to do?

R. J."

* The kindest thing you can do for your mother now is to shield her from the knowledge of your father's unfaithfulness, and fill her daily life with the comforts and pleasures she deserves.

Don't let a day pass without a telephone call from some of you. Take her for unexpected outings with your children, for frequent drives, and to movies and concerts this fall. When something special comes to town, buy tickets for her and one or two of her choice friends, and ask her to take them to dinner at your expense. Send her off for short visits to out-of-town friends or her family. And do get together and buy her new fall clothes, and a permanent, and see that she has some spending money of her own. Encourage her to be active in her church, and other groups, so she will enlarge her acquaintance.

She will almost renew her youth in the knowledge that her children and grandchildren still need her, that she is important to them as an individual. Your love and your thought for her will go a long way toward dimming the memories of her earlier difficult days.

In these arrangements, include your father often enough to calm any suspicions she may have about him.

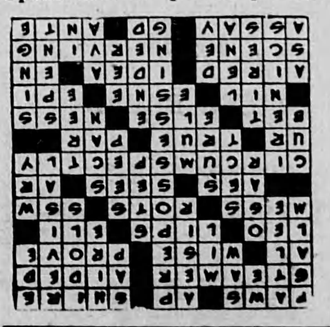
Often a married man in his 50's or 60's grows bored with his lot, is tempted to risk a last fling before old age settles upon him, and brings shame and sorrow to those who love him most. Many a wife feels the same urge, too, but she is more apt to think first of her responsibilities.

I salute you all in your anxiety to brighten your mother's life. I hope she lives long, and more happily than ever.

* * *

Thoughtful children can do much to cheer an aging mother. Cherish yours while you have her, and know the satisfaction it will bring you. Anne Hirst can help—write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Upside down to prevent peeking.



WANTED

Old gold, jewellery, sterling silver, dental gold, antique jewellery, pearl sunbursts and watch cases.
Gather together your forgotten articles and turn them into dollars at The Gold Shoppe (Crawfords), 139 Yonge Street, Toronto. Prompt valuation on mailed parcels

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Economical 48-Tablet Bottle 69¢

PARKER HOUSE Rolls

Better Bake Plenty
Measure into large bowl, ½ cup 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 1 c. milk and stir in 5 tbs. granulated sugar, 2½ tsps. salt; cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast mixture and stir in ½ c. lukewarm water. Beat in 3 c. once-sifted bread flour; beat well. Beat in 4 tbs. melted shortening. 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 in bowl, grease top and let rise again until nearly doubled. Punch down dough and roll out to ½" thickness. Cut into rounds with 3" cutter; brush with melted butter or shortening. Crease rounds deeply with dull side of knife, a little to one side of centre; fold larger half over smaller half and press along the fold. Place, touching each other, on greased pans. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in hot oven, 400°, about 15 min.

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