Tea for every Taste

"SALADA" TEA

503

Synopsis of Preceding Instalments

When the United League season opens the gamblers are offering 200 to 1 that Pop Clark's New York Blue will not win the pennant. Terry Burke is the only sports writer to give them a chance. He bets $10 at Tony Murallo's retsaurant in the Broadway district. In the Blues' first game Whitper, the Philadelphia pitcher, is killed with a bullet through the heart after smashing out a home run. Both Burke and Larry Doyle, the Blues' rookie shortstop, for whom Clark's pretty daughter Frances had shown her preference over Whitper, are suspected at first by Detective Kelly. It is Burke who discovers it was Sid Stream, notorious gunman, who wrecked a taxi with a bullet through a tire and injured four Boston players as the Blues are to open a series. Then Dirkin, Chicago star, drops dead on the diamond from poison on a phonograph needle fixed in the handle of his bat. Pietro, Chicago's bat boy, disappears. Clark sends Doyle to Newark but he is soon sold to Boston. When the Blues go to St. Louis, Scotter, the Rubes' star pitcher, is found dead from a gas given off by a mysterious powder in the box with a jigsaw puzzle sent to him anonymously. Each time Burke has a beat on these sensational happenings and masked gunmen truss him up, question him and warn him he knows too much. Rawlins, the Chicago manager, ill when the Blue arrive for a series, is hanged in a hotel room adjoining his, after a maid is gagged and bound, and her pass-key taken. Again there is no clue to the murderer.

Kelly was to keep Terry covered at all times. Terry was not to go to any unusual places without first informing Kelly, or if he was in another city he was to get in touch with the chief of police there.

Their plans were not iron-clad and they all centered on Terry's ability to bring the gang out into the open. If Terry succeeded or if through him the gang were caught, then Terry was to receive twenty-five thousand dollars. If Terry was killed or disappeared, the same amount was to be paid to Alice.

When Terry left the meeting, he went directly to Alice, who was waiting for him.

"What happened?" she asked. "I was worried about you. You were such a long time."

"Nothing happened. They just talked and talked. I was only in on the end of it, but had to promise not to say anything. There will be a statement for the papers to-morrow. I was arranging for some life insurance. I made you the beneficiary in case anything should happen to me."

"Don't talk like that, Terry. It makes me nervous."

"Nothing is going to happen to me. I thought I'd do it now while I had the chance. I'd do it anyway as soon as we are married, so I thought I might as well get the job done."

"When do you go away again?"

"They will resume their schedules Monday, so I'll have to leave here Sunday night. How about dinner and a show? We've only got tonight and to-morrow, but I'll be back for the end of the week. We are finishing our western swing this week."

They had a grand time that evening. Terry looked about him often, trying to spot the men who were covering him, but he could not be sure. In the restaurant there was a man sitting two tables away who looked like a plainclothes man. At the theatre the same man stood at the rear of the orchestra and Terry felt easier in his mind.

Terry had a short talk with Larry the next morning.

"The whole thing looks bad, doesn't it?" Larry asked. "Are they going to do anything?"

"Slated For a Swop"

"They decided to go on playing ball and to ask for help from the police in each city. There really isn't anything they can do. What they need is some luck. How are things going with you?"

"Fine. I don't believe I'll be with Boston much longer. I have a feeling in my bones that I'm slated for a swop. Renz has nearly recovered and will be playing full time next week. There isn't much of a place for me. I've heard rumors; there is supposed to be a deal on with Washington and I'm to be sold at a fairly good price."

"You'll go big down there," Terry prophesied. "I've got to make good and convince my family and Pop Clark that I am a worthy young man, so to speak."

"What do you think of the pigeons down there at the Feds' park?"

"They bothered the life out of me the first time they began flying around. That one pigeon, though, is a wonder. The Feds certainly are superstitious about that bird."

When Terry checked in at the hotel in Cleveland next morning, all the reporters closed in on him with eager questions about the meeting.

"Nothing happened," Terry said. "Just the usual bunk. Trying to nail me to the cross as usual. They'll do anything to solve this business. Some day they will believe me."

"Are they excited about it out here?" Terry asked.

"Excited!" Hover exploded. "There is a special detail of cops watching the Reds, and Planer has a bodyguard all his own. The boys seem to be in pretty good shape, but their women-folk are a bit hysterical. There are a lot of boys who have been asked not to play to-day."

"I think it's all a publicity stunt," Reynolds cut in.

"Yeah?" Craven snapped. "Wonder what Whitper, Dirkin, Scotter and Rawlins think of the publicity, if they can think?"

One of the greatest crowds in the annals of Cleveland baseball was out at the park that afternoon. There were plenty of police and they were needed more to keep the crowds in order than for anything else. The publicity in the papers and the talk about Planer had done more for the gate receipts than anything in baseball history.

"Look at 'em, the ghouls!" Craven said as he looked out over the stands and bleachers.

Just behind the pres box a man was sitting. He looked familiar and Terry paused and looked at him a second time. That was the man who had the room next to him at the hotel. Terry had seen him going up in the elevator in the morning as he was checking in. He remembered the clerk had said, "Yes, Mr. Burke, I've been holding a room for you." Terry hadn't thought of it at the time, but had supposed that Craven had reserved a room for him. That was not the case, however. It was his unknown body-guard.

"The crowd is going to be awful disappointed if we don't have a murder to-day," Biers said.

"I'll bet Big Boy Planer has the jitters right now," Mullins changed the subject.

"There he is coming out," Doc Biers pointed just as a cheer rang through the stands.

A Stellar Player

With the exception of the famous "Babe," there has never been a figure as popular as Planer in all the history of baseball. He could hit and field and never made a wrong move on the diamond. His baseball sense was intuitive.

Big Boy Planer had always been a romantic figure. He ran away from home when he was ten and traveled round the country for a year or so with one of the smaller circuses. He was in the South and discovered a baseball training camp. He became a hanger-on with the Orioles. He was bat boy and general utility man. He ate, drank and slept baseball. He was a prime favorite with all the men, and old Keenan taught him all he knew about hitting.

When Planer was eighteen he went out in the sticks playing sandlot baseball. Then he went into the minors and after a couple of years he went back to the Baltimore team. The kids had always been crazy about him. He was full of the tricks that endear a man to the hearts of children. For one thing, he never grew up himself. He was still a big boy, always had been and always would be. He spent thousands of dollars every year doing things for boys in orphanages. He probably autographed more baseballs in a few years than any player living or dead. He was known and loved from coast to coast and from north to south.

Planer was full of pep today. There was no trace of nervousness as he began to warm up for the game. The eyes of the entire sports world were on him, but those people there in the stands were wondering what might happen to him during the course of the game.

(To be Continued.)

MAKE THIS MODEL AT HOME

IT'S SMART BECAUSE IT'S SIMPLE

By ANNE ADAMS

"The simpler the style—the smarter the frock," is a good rule for the Junior girl to follow in choosing her wardrobe. And sprightly Pattern 4466 is just the frock for late Summer and early Fall days. Just the frock, too, for the one who sews at home, for it's easy to run up. Full-cut yoke panels, flattering Eton collar with matching cuffs, and a snug-fitting tie-sash are details to melt the heart of every "Eight-to-Sixteener." Choose any of the gay new wash cottons for now; then try a version in a cotton tweed or wool plaid for colder days, and perchance, one of taffeta for parties.

Pattern 4466 is available in girls' and junior sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards 36 inch fabric and ⅜ yard contrasting. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Send Twenty Cents (20c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly Size, Name, Address and style number.

Send your order to Anne Adams, Room 425, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Women's Dress Tell Their Nature

Screen Dress Designer Advises Mere Man to Study Feminine Raiment

HOLLYWOOD. — Judge a woman, not by the company she keeps, but by the clothes she wears, Milo Anderson, screen dress designer, counseled this week.

"If you want to know what kind of wife your girl will be, look over her clothes," Anderson advised.

Woman's actions and speech are a poor basis for an estimate of her worth, Anderson said, explaining:

"Remember, she's trying to impress you and is on her guard, but what she wears is a dead give-away of her character and habits and is an accurate forecast of what your life will be with her after the honeymoon is over."

Here are some of Anderson's observations:

Women who are addicted to long, dangling ear rings talk a great deal.

Girls who always wear high heels are inclined to be coquettes.

Girls who like to wear big picture hats are always seeking a background for their beauty—they want you to be part of that background.

Women who choose "dizzy" hats lack discretion and are easily deluded.

And so on. What to do?

"The best wife timber," Anderson said, "is the young lady who makes her own clothes, yet looks as if she'd emerged from a swanky shop."

Grasshoppers Threaten Weed and Thistle Crop

REGINA—Southern Saskatchewan farmers turned to the weeds and Russian thistles that began growing in the drought area after recent rains for feed for live stock, but find that grasshoppers and other insects are beating them, reports said. "In addition, grasshoppers are riddling clothing articles whenever hung outside to dry during washday.

"You can't teach acting."
—Ethel Barrymore.

Glamorous Girl Has Trained Mind

Real Beauty Goes Below Surface Charm; Conservation Important

True glamor—the enviable variety which lasts through the years, like real beauty, goes deeper than a surface of expertly applied cosmetics, lovely hair, even good posture. Much more important than exquisitely simple, flattering clothes, correct makeup and a chic coiffure are a personality, great tolerance and the ability to be interested as well as interesting.

One who has decided to be a glamor girl, ought to give attempts to improve herself (her inner self) place number one—right out in front ahead of everything else. To be a thoroughly charming person, as well as a neat, well groomed, physically attractive one is an admirable aim and sure to pay huge dividends.

Do Without the "I"

Try eliminating the personal pronoun from your conversation as much as possible. Get into the habit of listening (really listening) while others speak. And don't argue for hours or be too dogmatic in your opinions. You don't have to be a namby-pamby yes-woman — but neither should you be just plain prejudiced or stubborn.

You read the daily newspapers, don't you? And current magazines as well as historical novels, biographies and other good books which make you think and enrich your store of knowledge. Little use in looking glamorous if your mind is stagnant and you have nothing interesting to talk about.

If you want men to like you (and what girl does not?), better give up malicious gossiping, being catty about other women and discussing diets and clothes for hours on end. Say what you will, men like a little sweetness in a woman. And no matter how glamorously lovely you look, they will be disappointed if and when they discover that you are totally lacking in warmth and friendliness.

Want To Be First Woman River Pilot

Gabrielle Lemay and Laura Archer Both Want to be Canada's Leading Female Navigator

QUEBEC.—Two girls with but a single thought are Gabrielle Lemay, 20, of the tiny south shore village of St. Jean Deschaillons, and Laura Archer, 19, of Bracebridge, Ont.—they both want to be Canada's first woman river pilot.

Miss Lemay first mate on her father's oil-carrying, motor-driven vessel Adelphie, will attend a marine school at the close of navigation next fall, preparatory to applying for a master's certificate.

Veteran river men down this way say she has shown rare navigating ability at the wheel of the Adelphie on its journeys between Quebec and Montreal. Capt. Alphonse Halle, director of the marine school here, expressed the opinion she will complete her course and be in position for a master's papers before next Christmas.

Rival for the honors, Miss Archer, played a heroine's role last Sunday when she safely beached her father's vessel, The Mildred, after it struck a rock in Lake Muskoka.

The vessel sprung a bad leak and while her father, Capt. C. W. Archer, and members of the crew worked to block the hole in the hull, Miss Archer steered the craft ashore, beaching it without further damage. No crew member or any of the 21 passengers aboard were injured in the beaching.

Indians May Sell South Dakota Hills

RAPID CITY, S.D. — Four age-wrinkled Indian Chiefs, all of whom saw the "Custer massacre" of 1876 complained last week of ill-treatment at the hands of the United States government and talked of offering South Dakota's scenic Black Hills to Canada.

The four, meeting to plan a tribal council at the Standing Rock reservation, Ft. Yates, N.D., late this month, where it was proposed formal presentation of grievances be put before federal officials, included two nephews of Sitting Bull, whose Sioux and Cheyenne bands wiped out General Custer and his troops in the battle at Little Big Horn.

Oscarione Bull, one of the Indian's nephews, voiced the complaint of the quartet:

"The white man," he said, "has never carried out his treaties with us. Many old Indians starved to death last winter for lack of rations. If the President doesn't do something for us, we are going to Canada to talk to them."

Issue No. 35—'37

Parliament Has Quota Lunatics and Donkeys

OXFORD — If Parliament were fully representative of the community, it would have as members one or two criminals, a few lunatics, some hefty children and in true democracy, an elderly donkey, said Miss Margery Fry, speaking at the summer school of the Howard League for Penal Reform. The next speaker, George Benson, Labor member of Parliament for Chesterfield, retorted: "I can assure Miss Fry that Parliament is fully representative, and our democratic system is far more perfect than she seems to realize.

Variety is the Spice of Tapioca Desserts

How often, as meal times draw near, do you wonder rather desperately what you are going to serve for dessert Here are a few tricks to the dessert trade which will save you a lot of worry and work when that problem comes up again and the results will delight your family.

Quick-cooking Tapioca Cream is the basis of seven different and tasty desserts, all of them practical, delicious and very economical too. This cream requires only five minutes to cook after the liquid scalds which is a definite improvement on the old kind of tapioca which took at least fifteen minutes to cook. It saves time and saves dishes and gives you a tapioca pudding with a new delicacy of texture.

Quick-cooking tapioca cream contains so many food essentials that it suggests planning the meal backwards—merely supplementing the dessert with a few simple dishes and a beverage. It contains eggs and milk, fresh fruit and energy-giving tapioca, all of which go a long way towards meeting the family's daily food needs. Then all these good things are offered in a fluffy, creamy dessert, they banish all thought of duty and are eagerly eaten up.

Here is the recipe for the Tapioca Cream.

Quick Cooking Tapioca Cream

One third cup quick-cooking tapioca
Half cup sugar
Quarter teaspoon salt
1 or 2 egg yolks
4 cups milk
1 or 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 teaspoon flavouring

Combine quick-cooking tapioca, sugar, salt, egg yolk, and milk in top of double boiler and stir enough to break egg yolk. Place over rapidly boiling water, bring to scalding point (allow 5 to 7 minutes), and cook 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from boiling water. Fold a small amount into egg white; add to remaining tapioca mixture and blend. Cool, mixture thickens as it cools. When slightly cool, add flavouring; chill. Serve in sherbet glasses.

Illustrated here are four desserts that can be made and even more variations can be turned out by the imaginative housewife. Once you have the basis, there are all kinds of fruits and sauces which can be added to the cream or poured over to make a novel dessert.

Upper left shows a plain tapioca cream dessert with a maraschino cherry to add a bright bit of colour. Lower left shows what can be done by the addition of fresh fruit. Add crushed berries to the cream and leave a few whole ones with which to garnish the top. In the upper right corner is a dessert which will appeal particularly to the juvenile members of the family. It is Tapioca Cream with chocolate sauce poured over and garnished with fluffs of whipped cream. In the lower right is Tapioca Cream garnished with fresh or canned peach halves and topped with whipped cream.

This is an all year round dessert because you can use either canned or fresh fruits and vary the garnish according to the season.