Supreme in Quality

"SALADA" TEA

● SERIAL STORY

DANGER ROMANCE AHEAD

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MONNIE MILES—her mania for fast driving almost wrecked her romance.

LARRY COLLINS — newspaper reporter, hunting the murderers of his brother.

MIKE BENTLEY — wealthy rancher, knew too much about auto accidents.

* * *

Last Week: Barnes clashes with Bentley over the gate, but agrees to put it in when Monnie insists. Bentley makes disparaging remarks about Larry, But Collins takes it rather than make a scene. The next day he goes to town, stops at the newspaper office.

CHAPTER VI

The weeks hurried by. Larry swung into the work on the ranch, nursed his aches in silence, and was rewarded by Barnes' approval and increasing friendship.

Monnie and the Colonel were more friendly toward him, too. Both of them rode with the men during spring roundup and branding and Larry was surprised at the way the girl worked. She rode as well as any man, could cut a calf from a herd as skilfully as Barnes.

During branding, she cooked for the crew, then joined Larry in holding the herd while the others roped and dragged bawling calves up to the fires. It was hot, tiring work and Larry was glad when the last calf had a hayhook branded on its hip and the cattle were headed out to summer pasturage.

He found Monnie riding beside him. All of the old animosity had disappeared.

"Dad likes the way you handle cows and horses, tooo," she said. And before he could say anything. "He won't keep a hand who rides a horse too hard, or gets his cows excited. Says a fool cowboy can run more dollars off a cow than all the grass in the Panhandle can put on it. I had you picked as a tenderfoot when you came here. Gues I was wrong." She laughed at the memory.

No Ordinary Cowpoke

Larry liked to hear her laugh like that. "You were half right, Miss Monnie. I grew up on a horse, but I've been away from Texas for a while."

"What brought you back?"

"Sand in my boots, I guess. Can't be happy any place else. I quit my job and came home. I was lucky when you almost ran into me—"

"When you crashed a stop sign—"

"My fault, I know. I asked about you, decided I'd hit your Dad for a job."

"But you're no ordinary cowpoke, Larry." Her glance swept over him from heel to hat, approvingly. "You're different. You're educated—"

"Half the cowmen in the county have college degrees," he countered.

"But they're sons of ranchers, not $30 per hands. You—You—Oh, there's Mike!" She swung her hat at a horseman riding toward the herd. "So long, Larry, see you later."

She wheeled her horse, skirted the herd at a run. Larry watched her go, hating Bentley. The wind whipped her black hair from under her sombrero, flattened her shirt against her slim figure. She sat a saddle as if she were part of the horse.

Bentley—he would have to come down here." He turned to pick up a straggler. "Get along, you—"

Tomboy, to Beauty

Larry felt like a new man after he had washed off the trail dust, changed clothes. He waited until twilight, then walked to the ranchhouse. Monnie was alone on the porch, crisp and summery in white. She looked as if she were dressed for a party. Larry stopped at the railing.

"There's a dance in town tonight, some radio band. Would you like to go?"

"I'm sorry you didn't ask me sooner, Larry," she answered smiling. "That's why Mike rode over to meet us today. He asked me to go with him."

"Okay, thanks. Maybe some other time." Larry started to leave but she stopped him.

"Come up and talk until Mike comes, won't you? Dad's working on the books. I want to know more about your secret past." She moved over on the swing, making room for him beside her. Larry couldn't refuse.

He smoked silently, apparently staring out into the increasing darkness, actually marvelling at the transformation Monnie had undergone. Today she was a tomboy, riding, working beside him. Tonight she was an almost fragile beauty, a lovely picture from the age of dons and senoritas.

"Now, let's hear more about the man who quit his job to be a cowboy," she commanded.

Larry shook his head. "You heard all that this afternoon. We'll talk about you."

"That won't take much time. Daughter of the toughest and best rancher in these parts. Drive a car too fast. Don't know much book-larnin' but I make tolerable biscuits. Free, suntanned and 21."

"There's a bit more to it than that," Larry said. "First place, you're not quite 21—you won't be until August—August 26, I believe."

"How did you find that out?" Monnie demanded, lights dancing in her eyes and a smile dimpling her cheek.

Knows Her Record

"A top cowhand knows everything," Larry answered, in mock seriousness. "Let's see . . . Went to school in New Orleans until they kicked you out. Then tried some school in St. Louis. Then the university. You studied some there, made the dean's honor roll, once, elected beauty queen during your senior year—"

Monnie turned to him, frankly puzzled. "Pete's been talking—"

"You wrecked one car while at state," Larry went on. "One boy was hurt—got yourself engaged to an eastern fellow and a writeup in a gossip column. But you went to Dallas and forgot him. Been arrested for speeding some eight times—"

"Even Pete doesn't know that—"

"Don't interrupt—You roped in a rodeo, led two parades. You've had four automobile accidents and you testified at the coroner's inquest when this—this fellow was found dead in a burning car on the canyon road. . . ."

The Colonel's voice interrupted. "Monnie! Telephone, for you!"

* * *

She was gone only a minute or two. "It was Mike. He won't be here until later. Something happened to delay him—one of the men got hurt—" she explained, then dismissed Bentley from her mind.

'Larry Collins, where did you find out all that about me? Some of it was in the paper, but not in any you could have seen. How did you know "

"Power of the press." The words slipped out before Larry realized what he was saying.

"Then you're a newspaperman. What are you doing here, getting atmosphere for a story?" If Monnie was angry because he had learned so much about it, she did not show it. Rather, she seemed pleased.

"Something like that. But you'll have to keep my secret for a while. It wouldn't do for the Colonel, or Barnes—or—or Bentley to find out who I am just yet," Larry cautioned, then asked:

"Pete said something about you hitting a cow, getting hurt, Bentley saving your life. Power of the press didn't cover that. What did you do, hush that one up?"

"No, he was serious," Larry persisted. "Said Bentley rushed you to the hospital. That's when—Pete said—that's when Bentley fell in love with you."

"Pete's an old woman—talks too much. Besides, Mike—"

"It couldn't have been the time the car went off the road up the canyon, could it?" Monnie shook her head, looked away. She seemed unusually disturbed by his question.

"I don't know anything about any accident on the canyon road," she answered, almost coldly.

"But you do, Monnie, you do. You were there, you helped pull the dead man out of the burning car. You testified at the inquest. Bentley testified at the same time—"

Monnie jumped to her feet, faced Larry. Anger darkened her face. "I told everything I knew about that—I don't know what you're talking about. Why should I know anything about—What's it to you anyway? What are you doing here, spying on me?" She turned her back on him.

Larry was standing beside her. His fingers bit into her shoulders as he turned her around to face him. He waited a second, searching her eyes, then spoke slowly, deliberately:

"I hope I can trust you, Monnie. You have to tell me all about that accident. I have to know. I have a right to know."

"Why?"

"The man you helped pull from that burning car was my brother, Hugh Collins!"

(To Be Continued)

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Tot's Sailor Frock and Calot

By ANNE ADAMS

Sailor-dresses are a high-ranking favorite with kiddies, and Pattern 4530 is one of the season's most engaging versions of this mode. There are pleats to the fore and pleats to the aft, stitched to the waistline to give a trim bodice fitting and released below for generous skirt fullness. The sailor collar, which may match or cheerily contrast, is a true nautical touch; so are the optional braid trim and the tie. You may choose between short or long and full sleeves. The cute calot cap and bloomers or panties are included.

Pattern 4530 is cut in children's sizes, 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, long sleeve dress, takes 1¾ yards 54 inch fabric; short sleeves dress, 2⅜ yards 35 inch fabric.

Send Twenty Cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly Size, Name, Address and Style Number.

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

GIVE YOURSELF A MANICURE

Following the cleansing, nails are shaped with an emery board. This photo is posed by Virginia Grey, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player.

Fine Teacher Knows Child

In Relation to Family; Emotional Experiences and Sympathy

You and I know some teachers who know their children not merely by name and school. They know these children every one of them, in a far wider sense. They know them in relation to their parents, brothers and sisters and playmates. These teachers know much about the emotional experiences of these children, their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears. They know how these children are treated and understood at home. Great and wonderful are such teachers. Money can't reward them for what they do.

We wish more teachers were like them. See how much greater influence for good they would have on their children and how much happier these children would be and how much faster they would learn.

More than we realize, teachers can induce the child at school to want to help his parents at home and want to do some of the hard work there. More than they realize, they can motivate the child at home to be a good companion to his younger or older brother or sister, and a better playmate in the neighborhood. Some great teachers inspire their children to do right at home or anywhere else away from school.

Thorough Cooking Safeguards Pork

Hamilton Epidemic of Trichinosis Blamed on Pigs

Trichinosis, a disease contracted from eating pork improperly cooked, had caused considerable illness in Hamilton and as a result Government regulations governing the feeding of garbage to hogs would likely be introduced, Dr. J. Edgar Davey, Medical Officer of Health, informed the Hamilton Board of Health at the December meeting.

As the local epidemic was the first in Ontario, officials of the Government had given the matter considerable attention, he said. Efforts were made to trace the source of the disease and check was also made on the feeding of garbage to hogs. Cuttings from diseased pork, if thrown into kitchen garbage, then fed to pigs, would cause spread of the germ, the health officer advised.

Thorough cooking of all pork was the safeguard and if this were done the consumer would be protected, said Mr. Davey.

Full-Length Coat Seen For Spring

Cut and Seamed With Skill; Little Tailleur Is Suit Pet

Suits and ensembles presented at this time in New York salons are aimed at resort wear. Even so they predict spring trends. The full-length fitted coat, cut and seamed with skill, is slated to win. Every house included it and stressed it, save Hattie Carnegie, who showed a big group of topcoats made with square shoulders and straight backs — these were, however, definitely scheduled to travel south.

The little tailleur was the pet among suits. If one were to fix a type it would be to liken it to the old-time Chanel models. It was seen in plain and in combinations of plaid jacket and plain skirt.

The high spot in fabric news is silk shantung. If flaunts through the showings in spectator dresses and suits, and even makes a party bow in dinner ensembles.

Canadian Indian Handicrafts Up

Since War Closed Doors of Europe to Thousands of Tourists

Growing attention is being paid to Canadian Indian handicraft since war closed the doors of Europe to the thousands of American tourists in search of hand woven materials and the products of the artisan, it is learned from the Indian Affairs Branch of the Department of Mines and Resources.

Evidence of this interest was brought out at fall exhibitions where booths exhibiting and selling Indian work took in much American money.

"We have a powerful magnet for tourists if we develop the Indian work," said an official in the branch. "The demand is already greater than can be filled."

MASTER CRAFTSMEN

According to the records of the Handicraft Guild in Montreal, although the number of tourists decreased this year, those who came from United States spent larger sums on peasant and Indian work. They were the people who knew handicraft and can tell the best stuff instantly. They are the people who spent large sums in the Balkans, who bought the tyrolean jackets and the Hungarian and Czecho-Slovak embroideries, handmade blouses, scarves and costume jewelry.

NATIVE SCENES DEPICTED

On three reserves, St. Regis near Cornwall, at Caughnawaga and the Odenak reserve the Indian Affairs Branch has encouraged the Indians and in the past year over $30,000 worth of articles have been sold without counting individual sales.

Examples of work at the Indian Department reveal the Indians master craftsmen at depicting native scenes and such symbols as the "thunder bird." One such sells easily at $5 and the workmanship compares favorably with silver bracelets produced by the Smiths of Algeria and Morocco. In all lines the demand far exceeds supply, officials said.

How To Prevent Rough, Red Hands

The Tricks to Cure This Cold-weather Condition Are Simple

Cold winds come, frosts begin to nip—the first things to suffer are those busybody hands. Redness, rough spots—rip goes a stocking! That's the indication winter's really here.

The tricks to cure this condition are simple—a luscious rich hand cream, and a pair of cotton gloves, to keep the cream on you instead of on the sheets.

GIVE THEM SLUMBER TECHNIQUE

Of course you don't have to wear the gloves all night. Half an hour, while you're relaxing, planning menus, telephoning, makes an effective treatment too. The thing is to keep the cream at work for more than just a brief five minutes.

Or give your hands the slumber technique. It's very simple—on with the cream, over it with the gloves—and off to sleep. This should follow, for best results, a soap and water cleansing in good warm water. Don't forget to work a little extra cream in the pockets between the fingers, and over the wrists where lines are apt to form.

Stay Single For Glory, She Says

It takes an understanding husband to permit a woman to combine marriage and a career, in the opinion of educators who participated in Oberlin (Ohio) College's third biennial symposium on occupations for women.

"If a woman wants glory," she must remain single," observed Mrs. Katherine Greene, director of education at the Sherwood School, Bloomfield Hills, Mich. Marriage and children mean, she said, "a setback of ten years in professional careers. There is no problem about marriage and a job until a woman has children," she added.

Peculiar Poultice

In Harrisburg, Pa., a woman was found who for 30 years wore Christmas seals on her chest to prevent tuberculosis.

—Scholarship—

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TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Tomato Jelly Variations

Tomato jelly can change almost any menu or dish with one exception—its color, and if you wish to improve that color, use strawberry jelly powder. (If you have not tried this little trick you will be delighted with the results). Firstly, I am giving you a good jelly recipe, which can be used as a foundation and then some ways in which you can utilize it to effect.

TOMATO JELLY

1 package strawberry jelly powder
¼ cup cold water
2 cups canned tomatoes
½ bay leaf
½ teaspoon salt
1 stalk celery
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon scraped onion
Sugar to taste.

HOLIDAY SALAD

Chill tomato jelly mixture with occasional stirring until of the consistency of strained honey, then fold in ½ cup diced celery (extra) and ½ cup chopped almonds.

PERFECTION SALAD

Chill tomato jelly mixture with occasional stirring until of the consistency of strained honey, then fold in 1 cup shredded raw cabbage, ½ cup chopped celery, ½ cup green pepper finely chopped and 2 tablespoons chopped pimento.

TOMATO CHICKEN SALAD

Chill tomato jelly mixture with occasional stirring until of the consistency of strained honey, then fold in 1 cup finely chopped or diced chicken, ½ cup celery cut fine.

TOMATO JELLY LOAF

Divide tomato jelly mixture into three parts. Pour one part in loaf pan, that has been rinsed in cold water. Chill and when firm spread with ¾ cup chopped, cold cooked ham, which has been mixed with prepared mustard and enough salad dressing to moisten. Add second part of tomato jelly, which has been allowed to thicken slightly. When this is firm spread with a layer of cottage cheese well seasoned. Add the third layer of partially thickened jelly. Chill thoroughly.

TOMATO MOUSSE

2 cups canned tomatoes
4 egg yolks
2 tablespoons chopped onion
1 tablespoon jelly powder (gelatine)
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon catsup
¼ cup cold water
1 cup chopped celery
1 cup whipping cream

Soak gelatine in water. Cook tomatoes, celery, onion and seasonings 10 minutes. Rub through coarse sieve. Re-heat; pour slowly over well-beaten egg yolks. Cook in double boiler until mixture coats the spoon. Add gelatine, stirring until dissolved. Let stand until cool. Beat with dover beater until fluffy. Whip cream and fold into mixture. Pour into wet mould and chill. Unmould on lettuce and serve with salad dressing. Serves 8.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is even ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto." Send stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

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