A Superb Green Tea

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

DANGER

● SERIAL STORY

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: Larry refuses to let himself fall in love with Monnie until he has learned more about Hugh's death. Riding out to the scene of the accident, he studies the curve. On his way back, he sees a plane land at Bentley's field. He believes he has seen a delivery of narcotics. On the way home, a car passes him. It's Monnie's.

CHAPTER IX

Monnie's car was safely parked in the garage by the time Larry reached the corrals. He unsaddled the black, turned him loose, then hurried to the back of the garage. He had hoped to find boot tracks but there were too many footprints in the dust to tell him anything, and he wasn't enough of a tracker to pick out the most recent set.

He crept around to the open doors, slid in beside the car, silently lifted the hood. The motor was still warm. He glanced up at the house. A soft light came from the window of Monnie's room.

So she had been to Bentley's. Perhaps he was wrong in believing the plane had delivered narcotics, Larry argued. Monnie could have driven to Bentley's, then taken Mike out to the field to meet some friend, flying through. But if that had been the case, why were the lights switched off as soon as the plane came to a stop, and why had Monnie returned home by the rough canyon road rather than by the highway? He wished he might have had a better look at the driver of the car as it passed him.

He was debating the problem as he rolled into his bunk. He'd ask Monnie in the morning. He wasn't even certain that Monnie's car had been at the landing field. He had no proof that Bentley was there either. Perhaps the bank bandit—that Bill fellow—was using Bentley's field without the owner's knowledge. Bill knew someone with a plane, had used it in his getaway after taking Larry's car.

Before he could make any report to Harris, before he could be sure he was on the right track, Lary knew he must have proof—evidence that would stand up in court. Getting it wouldn't be easy. Nor particularly healthy, if the gang got wise to him. There were ways of getting rid of an overly inquisitive cowhand. Accidents could happen.

Hugh had taken that chance—and lost. Larry would have to take his own risks.

"Forget It Happened"

Barnes let him sleep late the next morning. It was Sunday, and there was no work to be done. Shortly before noon Larry saw Monnie come from the house, go to her car. He hailed her.

"Sorry I rushed away last night," he began, awkwardly. "I guess I acted pretty much like a fool—"

Monnie laughed lightly. "I was the fool, Larry. Forget it. Be seeing you—" She started away. He caught her arm, fell into stride beside her.

"I'm not sorry it happened, though," Larry went on. "And when—"

She stopped, faced him. He noticed there were circles under her eyes. She had been awake half the night.

"Listen, Larry. You almost kissed me. So what? I'm glad you didn't. So are you. Now forget it ever happened. I have. . . . Now I'm in a hurry. Mike just called."

"You didn't see him last night?" Larry fired the question at her.

"Of course not! But if I did, what business is it of yours?" she answered, temper flaring.

"I just wondered," he explained lamely, watching her go on to her car. Then he ran after her, leaned on the door as she started the motor.

"But your light was on—the light in your room, until after 3. I saw it."

"Mi-ster Collins" — her voice snapped — "I fell asleep reading. The light was on until this morning. It isn't the first time it has happened, nor the last. Now if you've completed your cross-questioning, I'd like to go on. I am in a hurry."

The Waiting Man

Larry spent the remainder of the day apparently walking aimlessly around, actually searching for what he knew he must find. About a mile from the house, in the shelter of a little draw, he made his discovery.

A man had waited here—waited several hours. Numerous matches and half-smoked cigarets told Larry that. There had been two horses, too . . . He found marks where two saddles had been dumped on the ground, or at least he thought he did.

That would explain the theft of Monnie's car. Two horsemen had come from Bentley's. While one had crept up to the garage, taken the car without disturbing anyone, the other had remained hidden. If the theft had been discovered, the watcher would have warned his pal. Monnie's car would have been found miles away.

When the car was returned, the man with the horses had covered the other's escape. And everyone at the Hayhook had slept peacefully through the whole night.

It suddenly occurred to Larry that he might have been seen coming from the canyon gate. In that case, he would be wise to be more careful in the future.

And Monnie would have to keep her car locked. If she refused he could take the keys, return them each morning. He'd tell Barnes that he had seen some tough-looking hombres on the place, suggest that everything at the ranch be locked at night.

He mentioned it to Barnes that night. "Found some truck tracks along the railroad fence today, Pete. That bunch of calves would make nice pickings for a bunch of truck-rustlers."

"They sure would," Barnes agreed. "Have trouble with them every year. Lost 20 calves one spring."

"Don't Tell The Colonel"

"Perhaps I'd better keep a look-see around each night," Larry suggested. "And it wouldn't hurt to keep the cars locked and put a padlock on the saddle house."

"Not a bad idea." Barnes fell in with the idea immediately. "But don't tell the Colonel anything about it. He still likes to believe that everything is safe just because it's got a Hayhook brand on it. In the old days it was. You could leave your saddle on a fence, go away for a week and it was there when you came back. Now, with all these folks driving through the place, we're lucky if we can keep our beds.

"You ride night herd on those calves. I'll see that you get some sleep. But don't mention it to the Colonel or he'll start another cattle war."

Up The Hill Behind Him

The night trick gave Larry plenty of time to watch for the return of the mysterious plane. He sent to town for a pair of field glasses, borrowed a carbine from Barnes and spent every night from midnight until dawn perched on a hill overlooking the canyon road.

If the plane came in, a few minutes hard riding up the canyon landing field, and he counted on Bentley's carelessness and self-confidence to keep him from being discovered. He wasn't worried about rustlers stealing the calves. He had lied to Barnes about seeing the truck tracks. But he kept an eye on the herd.

Monnie had apparently forgotten their quarrel. Barnes gave him an easy job, wrangling horses, kept him close to the ranchhouse during the day, and Larry found opportunity to spend most of the afternoons with her.

Bentley's visits became less frequent and Larry wondered if Monnie's interest in the rancher had lessened. Bentley wouldn't be dismissed easily, however, so Larry decided that probably Bentley was on one of his frequent hunting trips.

He thought it all out as he sat on the hilltop one dark night. He was in love with Monnie—hopelessly and completely. He had a constant battle with himself to keep from telling her.

There'd be time for that after he had settled this narcotics smuggling, discovered how Hugh was killed. Then, and only then, he told himself, would he let Monnie know.

His horse, tethered at the end of a lariat, raised his head, whinnied. Someone was coming up the hill behind him. Larry moved quickly to his saddle, pulled the carbine from its scabbard, pumped a shell into the magazine and waited.

* * *

(To Be Continued)

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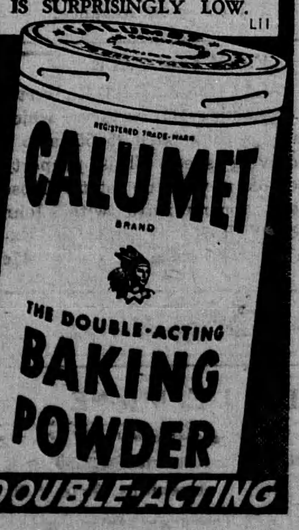

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Spring Style Advice Given

10 Ways For Women to Look Up-to-date and Interesting

Here are 10 ways for women to look up-to-date this spring, summarized for the two-day $1,000,000 show in New York, "Fashion Futures":

1. Choose a hat that is reasonably sane (not too grimly reasonable), and above all, becoming; and wear it straight—not cocked over one eye.

2. Brighten your navy blue outfit, if you choose one, with "pursuit red" accessories, white touches, or a pink petticoat that occasionally shows when a spring breeze lifts your hemline. Or—

3. Choose a cape outfit—solid color full-length wool cape silk dress, hip-length wool cape over wool dress, maybe in two tones of a color; floor-length flowing jersey cape over evening gown. Or—

4. Buy a bright, slim reefer coat—spring green, parma velvet, or Chinatown red. Or—

5. Wear a slim little two-piece suit, with either a plain or peplum jacket. And—

6. Consider green as the leading new spring color, with all the beiges, off-whites and light browns in a prominent place; navy still good; combinations of black and white popular.

7. Be sure your new outfit doesn't have a "football shoulder," but a softer, feminine shoulder, sloping, dropping, but not drooping.

8. Choose either a clinging silhouette or a billowy skirted gown for evening; maybe a pale chiffon or marganza with long, full sleeves, or a picture dress harking back to the 1850's.

9. Have a South American, Greek, British, Chinese or Turkish note in your costume. Or maybe a maharanee turban.

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TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

A Soup Discussion

This week I have had two requests for my method of making tomato soup. Maybe I have neglected this topic for we all do use a certain amount of canned soup. However, always remember that whenever possible, soup should be made up specially, if we are watching closely the budget line.

Cream of Tomato Soup

Strain canned tomatoes; place on heat and bring to boil. Season with pepper and salt and a little sugar. (I am not giving the amounts for all tastes for seasoning are different). Melt butter (in measurements it should be 1 level tablespoon to each cup of tomatoes). To the melted butter add a tablespoon of flour (and 1 tablespoon butter). Blend carefully and add to the tomatoes, as it reaches the boiling point, the butter and flour mixture. Stir constantly until it thickens, then allow to cook on slow heat until no taste of starch remains. Now add a pinch of soda. Stir until effervescing lessens, then add the milk, which has been heated but not boiled. Stir well and serve when real hot but try to avoid boiling.

Cream of Corn Soup

1 medium sized onion
1 can corn
3 cups water
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 cups milk
Finely chopped parsley
Paprika

Combine the chopped onion, corn and water. Cover and cook gently for 30 minutes. Press through a coarse sieve. Melt butter and blend in the flour, salt and pepper. Stir and cook until thick. Add the corn mixture and reheat well. Sprinkle each serving with chopped parsley and paprika. Six servings.

Cream of Carrot and Pea Soup

1 cup sliced carrots
1 cup canned peas
1 thick sliced onion
2 cups boiling water
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
3 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Combine the carrots and onion with the boiling water and cook for ten minutes covered. Add the peas and cook for five minutes. Press all through a sieve. Melt the butter and beat in flour. Add milk and carrot mixture. Cook stirring constantly until thick. Season to taste. Reserve a few slices of carrots and peas for garnish.

Always remember that the water in which you have cooked your vegetables should never be thrown away — it is a splendid foundation for creamed soups. Then with milk soups the homemaker has a splendid opportunity to vary the milk budget. Remember each adult should have one pint of milk a day and each child one quart.

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.

Fashion Flashes

In the varied big collection of hats, the double effect of a turban is noteworthy. It has a white felt stove-pipe crown that fits the back of the head, and, rising higher in front than the round top of the crown is a triangular "coronet" of bright green and white printed silk.

* * *

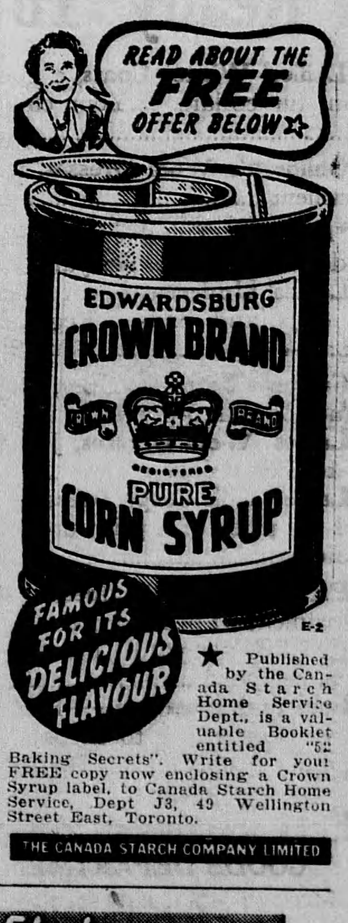
The popularity of the pastel pink or blue formal hat to match a crepe dress, an ensemble fashion established last fall continues, with pink outnumbering blue. These pastel dress-and-hat ensembles have greatest representation with silver fox or brown fur jackets and mink coats.

* * *

An evening dress that may be worn two ways is built up from a gray crepe slip, wearable with a slim-line, black net-and-lace tunic with long seeves, or with a floor-length overdress chartreuse tulle in full shirred panels from the waist.

Sandwich Tip

If sandwiches must be made several hours before serving, arrange on plate and cover with a cloth wrung out in cold water. Place in refrigerator until time to serve.



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