TURNING POINT

By Mary Imlay Taylor

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I: Jim Keller and his sister, Jane, with old MacDowell, the foreman, operate El Rancho de Las Palomas. They are on the lookout for a former employee, Jordan a drunkard and dope-runner. Once they had Jordan in their grasp, but he escaped and threatened to get revenge. MacDowell picks up a strange young man in his car. The stranger wants work and Jim needs ranch hands, so Mac takes the new man to the ranch.

CHAPTER II

Mac heard a smothered exclamation at his side and sensed the sudden swerving of the big car.

"Strike a stone? Here, shut her off, there's one of th' men—Sandy!" MacDowell roared as the car stopped, "you come an' take th' mail in—where's Pete Rooney? He can run this car to th' garage. Here, you," he put his hand on his new driver's shoulder, "you go right up to th' house, front door there, an' see what Jane says about your stayin'—then you come to th' quarters for eats, see?"

The young man nodded, helping the old foreman to climb down; then he heard MacDowell telling them about Jordan's escape.

"Get your guns handy, boys," he sang out. "You know that snake; he'll be after the yearlings again—he may get here any time!"

* * *

The newcomer did not listen to the rest of it; he turned away into the darkness and made a feint of going directly to the house. Half way he stood still; the lights from the windows flooded across the short turf in long pools of radiance, reaching nearly to his feet. He caught the sound of dishes in the kitchen, and an open door gave him a glimpse of the Chinese cook busy at his task. In the distance somewhere a man was singing lustily in Spanish; far off he heard the scarcely distinguishable sounds of cattle in the corrals. He moved swiftly under the lighted windows, trying to count them, then, suddenly, he heard Stenhart's voice! After all these years he knew it instantly, and his hands clenched at his sides until the nails bit deep into the flesh. Something tightened in his throat, he could scarcely breathe. Then came a feeling of savage triumph; he had won out, he was here and Stenhart was here!

Slowly and cautiously, he took a step nearer; he was in the deep shadow of the house and the window ledge was on a level with his eyes. There was no curtain, and he had a clear view of the low-ceiled room. A trained nurse stood at a table beside the bed, dropping some medicine slowly into a glass, and the lamplight was focused on her white uniform; but beyond her, in the shadowed four-poster, lay the invalid. He had raised himself on his elbow and was talking to

Stenhart heard it. He sprang up in bed with a cry, his hands shaking at his throat, his eyes staring at the darkness of the window.

her, a slight flush deepening the color of his handsome face. The man at the window caught the sharp clean outline of his profile, the fevered brilliance of his dark eyes, the hollows in his cheeks. There was a look of mental conflict, of unrest.

"It's bitten in," the outsider thought, with a kind of bitter satisfaction; "after all, it's bitten in!"

Then something, the daredevil in him, made him lean forward and speak slowly, distinctly, loudly, one word:

"Sherwin!"

Stenhart heard it, he sprang up in bed with a cry, his hands shaking at his throat, his eyes staring at the darkness of the window. His tormentor, seeing it, laughed grimly, but he saw the nurse turn and come toward him. She must not find him there! Softly, swiftly, he dropped back into the night and made his way to the front door.

"MacDowell has just 'phoned from the garage how kind you were when he sprained his arm, and I want to thank you. We, my brother and I, both think a lot of old Mac!"

The girl had risen from her seat at Jim's old desk as she spoke, and she faced him. He saw the fine curve of her chin and throat, and the black-lashed blue eyes. She was an upstanding girl; she could run the ranch alone in Jim's absence. The men all looked up to her, held her in high esteem.

The newcomer did not speak and she went on quickly: "Mac says you'd like something to do about the ranch and we need men, anyway. "What—" she smiled frankly—"please tell me what you can do best?"

The man reddened. Of course he had to expect something like this, but he was not one to whom falsehood came easily, and to lie to a fine, frank girl like this! But, after all, it wasn't altogether a lie!

* * *

"My last job was bookkeeping," he said, and then, as he saw the swift change in her expression, he added: "Not just the thing for a ranch, I'm afraid, but if I can turn my hand to something out-of-doors, I'd like it."

"You're from the East?" her blue eyes considered him gravely, impersonally, and then she smiled. "I'm not sure but that you're a godsend! I've been trying to straighten up Jim's accounts and it's perfectly hopeless, he's so splashy with ink and so bad at figures! I'd be glad if you'd try

He came nearer and began to turn them over, snatching at this strange opportunity to get into the house, the house where Stenhart was! He ran his index finger along under the name—written in Jim Keller's big sprawling handwriting.

"'El Rancho de las Palomas'—you cling to the Spanish down here, eh?"

* * *

She laughed. "'Las Palomas' sounds so much better than just plain English. Besides, there used to be many doves here—there are still. Can you untangle those figues, do you think?"

"Surely I can—they're quite simple.

"Simple? I was all snarled up!" she laughed softly again. "Then you'll do this until Jim comes? I—" she hesitated, blushing unaccountably; "I can't make any terms—of course you understand that? My brother's the boss, but if you can wait—"

"Oh, that's all right, you'll be feeding and lodging me, you see!" For the first time, he laughed and his fact lighted up. "Money isn't the only thing I came West for!"

The girl gave him a quick, questioning glance, but his face was in the shadow and she made nothing of it.

"Oh, I know—adventure!" she said, watching him.

He nodded grimly. "The great adventure!" he said, in an odd tone.

(To Be Continued)

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I wash delicate laces?

A. This can be done effectively by wrapping them around a milk bottle, fastening the ends and dipping the bottle up and down in soapy water until the lace is clean. Rinse the same way, using clear water. Long pieces of lace are best washed in this manner.

Q. How can I make a good stuffing for pillows?

A. Old silk garments, cut into very fine pieces, make an excellent stuffing for pillows They are soft and cool and as easily shaken out as feathers.

Q. How can I keep plants moist?

A. Water-soaked newspapers twisted around the roots of the plants, against the dirt, will keep the plants moist.

Q. How can I remove sun tan?

A. Buttermilk applications will usually prove effective. Or, mix ½-ounce of glycerine, 1 ounce of rosewater, the juice of one small lemon, and apply.

Q How can I remedy disfiguring scratches on wall paper?

A. Moisten a scrap of the paper which has been saved and then carefully scrape off the coloring with a short knife. Apply this coloring to the scratch and when dry it will scarcely be noticeable.

PICTURE HAS A LOT OF SOCK FOR DOG FANCIERS

To keep the floor of his shop from being all "littered" up by his 11 new pups, Paul Bongiovanni, Newark, N. J., florist, simply slipped each pup into a sock and hung them all out on a line,as pictured above. He acted from experience. This is the second litter of 11 that their mother, an English springer spaniel, has produced in about a year. P. S.—Third from left is camera-shy.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P Clarke . . . . .

An epidemic seems to have struck this district. No, it isn't measles or 'flu, or anything like that — and although it must be terribly upsetting I don't think it often proves fatal. The name of this disturbance is "selitis". Never heard of it? Well, maybe you haven't, but if you lived in this district and heard of farm after farm that had been sold or is up for sale you would know what I mean. Farmers from the back concessions clear through to the highways are selling out — and if that isn't "selitis" I don't know what is.

* * *

Why are they selling? Well, of course, that is their business, but if one may hazard a guess I would say some of them are quitting on account of ill-health, others because they are tired of fighting against odds all the time — lack of help, shortage of feed, paying through the nose for everything they must buy — yes, buying all the time at ceiling prices and selling much of their own goods at less than the cost of production. And now that there are plenty of would-be buyers falling over themselves to get a good place to live —and what probably they think is an easy living — tired farmers see a good chance to get out from under — and they are taking it.

* * *

But if they are returned men taking up land under the Veteran's Land Act, they will have a fight on their hands — and we certainly hope it will be a fight that will end in victory for them. And as to that, a lot will depend on the wives of these men, whether veteran's or otherwise.

Pretty soon all our surviving War Veterans will be home, some with a wife and small family, others planning to get married and settle down, while still others remain in the unattached bracket. No matter in what category they fall there are anxious days ahead. Reconversion applies not only to machines, but to men and women too. Partner and I went through it all after the last war and we know. Unfortunately one's knowledge isn't much help to this new generation. Each must make his own way — learn by his own mistakes.

* * *

Already stories are coming to light of the difficulties some of these returned men are up against —particularly the married ones . . . of young wives who find things far short of their expectations with subsequent heartaches and misunderstandings — to which the housing shortage contributes in no small measure. Read the "want" advertisements in the newspapers —of young couples almost begging for one or two rooms in which to live. Can you think of anything more discouraging than this everlasting search for a place in which to make a home?

* * *

Most of the boys who have come back were so glad to be home again, that, for a while, they were right on top of the world. Then they came up against disillusionment, disappointment, and unforeseen rehabilitation problems. It seemed no matter what plans they made for the future they were confronted with obstacles. Some young fellows wishing to enter university found certain classes in which they were interested already overcrowded. Others having their eye on some particular farm find bidders so numerous they have absolutely no time to think it over. It is just a case of take it or leave it. Even as I write a newscast is stating that some business and industrial firms are failing to live up to their promises of re-establishment for returned men.

Is it any wonder our boys are restless, especially when, while we are presumably at peace, war clouds still hang ominously over the horizon.

Are we going to let our boys down? They fought for us, now it is our turn to fight for them — to see that they get a square deal.

TABLE TALKS . . . . . Pancakes

To achieve perfect pancakes, here are a few "do's" to follow, and "don'ts" to by-pass as recommended by the home economists of the Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture.

Do not over beat griddle cake batter — it makes them tough. In fact we don't beat, but rather stir, only until liquid and dry ingredients are blended and smooth. Heat griddle slowly and as evenly as possible. A heavy skillet may be used instead of a griddle but the rim makes it more difficult to turn the cakes. To test temperature of griddle, drop a little water onto it from tip of spoon. If the water forms bubbles which "dance" and roll around, but do not sputter and evaporate immediately, the griddle is at the right heat. Some special griddles do not require greasing, but usually it is necessary to grease them by brushing quickly with a thin film of fat. Use a very large spoon or pitcher to pour batcakes touching each other. When ter onto griddle. Do not have pan- each cake becomes puffed and covered with bubbles, but still moist, turn quickly. Turn only once. When brown on bottom, serve immediately on warmed plates, lastly and by no means of least importance . . . make plenty.

Oatmeal Griddle Cakes

½ cup all-purpose flour OR
½ cup plus 1 tablespoon pastry flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1½ cups quick cooking rolled oats
1 egg, well beaten
1 tablespoon melted shortening
1 teaspoon molasses
¾ cup water
¾ cup milk

Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Combine with the rolled oats. Blend together the egg, shortening, molasses, water and milk Add to dry ingredients and stir only until smooth. Cook on slightly greased griddle until golden brown on both sides. Makes 18 4-inch cakes.

Chocolate Pancakes

2 eggs
2 cups milk
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour OR
2¼ cups sifted pastry flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons sugar
¼ cup mild-flavoured fat, melted
3 tablespoons cocoa

Combine the well-beaten eggs with the milk. Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add milk and egg mixture. Add melted shortening and mix well. Cook on slightly greased griddle until brown. Serve hot with liquid honey or a fruit sauce for dessert. Makes 18 3-inch pancakes.

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ISSUE 13—1946

Fiery, Itching Skin Gets Quick Relief

Here is a clean stainless penetrating antiseptic oil that will bring you speedy relief from the itching and distress of Eczema, Itching Toes and Feet, Rashes and skin troubles.

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Sunday School Lesson

A People's Responsibilty for Its Government

1 Samuel 8:10—22

Golden Text — Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord. — Psalm 33:12.

Israel Desires a King

The people were eager for a King. They made the bad government of the sons of Samuel an excuse for the change but Israel believed if they had a king they would become a great nation.

They looked only at the bright side but Samuel sets before them the exactions they would have to endure at the hands of their King.

Not only would the king demand their sons and daughters, he would lay his hand upon their possessions. He would rob them of the fields, the vines and olive trees upon which their living depended. He would be content with nothing less than their best and, more than this, they would see him hand their possessions to his servants. All this trouble was to come upon them because they were not content to live under the rule of God.

Man's Crowning Sin

This sums up briefly what their position will be when the kingdom is established and the king reigns in the power and grandeur which they had envied in other kings. They will literally become his slaves.

They were determined to have their way; they were deaf to all warnings. Here we have the crowning sin of man which is that of self-will. Self-will spells disaster slavery and misery and we cannot know peace and liberty until we say "Not my will, but Thine be done."

Israel's False Step

The Israelites were immoveable, so God consents to give them a king, but in displeasure. Very often a father let his son have his own way but solemnly warns him of the consequences. Israel little realized what a false step it was taking. The elders lived to see their request did not bring them the glory they expected.

God knows what is best for us so let us trust Him and submit to His will.

Garden Notes

By GORDON L. SMITH

Informality is Pecommended

Usually an informal layout of flower gardens, lawn and shrubbery about the home gives the best results. The formal garden where there are straight rows, straight paths, and everything is just so is a matter for professionals and large estates. With the average lot in town or country there are too many straight lines in any case, like driveways, foundation walls and fences. The main idea in gardening is to break these and soften them. To do this shrubbery is planted in irregular clumps around, but not too close to, the house, with biggest groupings at the corners and around the front porch. Variety may be added by the odd climbing vine.

Unless the lawn is generous in size, experts advise leaving the centre fairly open, with flower beds and shrubs around the edges and in front of the fences and driveways. Generally the bigger and taller flowers are planted at the back, but for the sake of variety a few of these should be brought forward. Instead of single plantings groups of individual varieties are advocated. For continuous bloom, consult a good Canadian seed catalogue where such details as season of blooming, color, height, hardiness and other essential facts will be listed.

Sow Grass Early

Grass makes its best growth in the cool, moist weather of spring and fall, hence garden experts advise doing lawn work just as soon as possible. This means as soon as one can walk on the lawn without getting the shoes muddy. This advice applies both in starting new lawns and repairing old ones.

Seldom is it advisable to sow a straight variety of lawn seed, and never in the case of the general family type of lawn.

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