"SALADA" TEA
Delicious Flavour

Valley OF REVENGE

BY JACKSON · COLE

CHAPTER I

At first glance, had there been anyone close enough to study him, the rider looked like a Mexican, a wandering vaquero, remarkable chiefly for his horse, a magnificent blue roan. Michael Valdez y O'Brien wore leather chaps to protect his legs from thorny brush, and a silver-brocaded charro vest and concha decorated sombrero.

He pushed the roan through a clump of juniper to emerge on an outcropping of rock that overlooked a wide, lush valley. The sun dripped gold on the brilliant green of the knee-deep grassland below him. Michael Valdez y O'Brien sat on the blue roan, named El Cielo, for his resemblance to the sky of the sun-drenched Southwest, and gazed down upon that scene of peace.

He felt El Cielo go restless beneath him as the fine beast scented the lush pastures at the foot of the rock shelf, spoke a chiding word to the roan for disturbing his peaceful mood—and then stiffened in the saddle.

A puff of smoke, far away in the valley, revealed peril in Paradise. It was the hot, ugly gray and yellow smoke caused by the burning of human habitation, smoke which Michael Valdez y O'Brien had come to know all too well in his years of wandering through the Southwest.

Even as he touched Mexican silver spurs lightly to the horse's flanks, he caught a glimpse of red tongues of fire. Gauging the distance he had to cover, he knew that he would be too late.

* * *

Long before he reached the site of the fire the flames had died to a faint curl of smoke which, floating skyward beyond the trees, was all that was left to point the way. He put El Cielo to a gallop in an effort to get there before even this last beacon faded out.

Rounding a small clump of trees, he finally saw the scene of destruction before him. The thin pillar of smoke wound upward from the charred remains of a log cabin that had sprawled under two tall cottonwood trees beside a brook. Smaller smoke columns rose from what must have been, until recently, a barn.

He flung himself from the saddle under the cottonwood trees, while dust flew from the hoofs of the roan as it skidded to a stop. His eyes were hot and his mouth was thin as he surveyed the glowing embers. His sombrero, blown from his head by the speed of his ride, hung by a string around his neck, revealing hair that shone blue-black in the sunlight as he ran forward. Had he met the perpetrators of the outrage he saw before him just then, they would have received short shrift. Few men had faced the heat that now shone in his eyes and lived to tell of it, since he had taken the vengeance trail.

* * *

A dead woman was sprawled on the ground, so close to the burning embers of the log cabin that the hair had been scorched off her head. The charge of buckshot that had killed her had made her whole body a sickening horror. But she had been brave to the end—she had fought a good but futile fight. For an old musket, covered with rust, was still clutched in her toil-worn hands.

Valdez' eyes, searching swiftly around, found the other victim. He was a white-haired old Mexican, who lay near the well, with its charred planking. And even as Valdez looked, he saw one of the old man's arms move feebly. Michael Valdez rushed to him. Kneeling, he lifted the old man's head, cradling it in his arms.

"Amigo," he said gently, "can you hear me? Hold tight, old-timer—we'll get you fixed up right away."

A dull groan was the only answer. The old Mexican's eyelids fluttered slightly, but the eyes did not open.

Quickly, but with the utmost tenderness, Valdez laid the man flat on the burned grass and swiftly pulled a bucket of cold water out of the small-bore well. He bathed the white-haired Mexican's face, and forced some of the water between the drawn-back lips.

"Amigo," Valdez said, still gently, but urgently, "speak to me, if you can! Tell me what devil did this savage massacre here?"

* * *

Pain spread over the patrician features of the dying man.

Painfully the old man forced his eyes open, to look through their glazing at the man who ministered to him. And with lips contorted to force himself to speak, he managed to croak a name:

"Raymond—Garvin—"

Michael Valdez y O'Brien stiffened, and a strange glitter came into his own dark eyes. His own lips formed the name:

"Garvin! Raymond Garvin!"

How long he had sought that man and his evil companions! The man who now, after the five years when he had perpetrated just such another outrage far away, must think himself safe! He could know nothing of Michael Valdez' having been on the vengeance trail, searching, searching, through all the broad land for all that time. And always without success — until now. Now here, in this hidden valley, he had come upon damning evidence that Raymond Garvin still lived and was carrying on his nefarious business!

"Go on—please, amigo," Valdez said softly, with no sign of the urgency that was in his own heart. "This man Garvin of whom you speak—this devil in human form who has done this terrible thing to you and yours—where can I find him?"

Blood was flecking the old man's lips now, bubbling up from the lungs that had been shattered with buckshot. His eyes were filming with the sign of death that was near. Once more he made a valiant effort to speak, but the effort was too much for his bullet-riddled body.

Even as Michael Valdez held him in his arms, a gentle shudder passed through the old Spaniard's body, and his head lolled sideward. Gently Valdez laid him down. He was dead.

Bitterness swept through Michael Valdez and shook every fiber of his being as he stared down at the dead man. And once more he muttered, almost in disbelief:

* * *

"Raymond Garvin! But this time he'll not get away. He'll pay!"

The memory of just such another scene was etched on his brain with acid, that scene he had come upon five years ago when he had been a happy-go-lucky youth and had found his own father and mother the victims. His beautiful mother, Molly O'Brien, with the hair of flame, the adored of his father and himself. A shudder shook his stalwart frame before he straightened and pulled himself together grimly.

One hand dropped toward a heavy gun in the elaborately studded leather holster at his lean, muscular waist.

A figure on horseback was galloping in frantic haste toward the now dying embers of the log cabin. But within a hundred yards of it, the rider jerked the horse up sharply at sight of the strange man standing beside the charred ruins.

The rider was young and small, Valdez saw, and had the complexion of a pure-bred Spaniard. Valdez' first swift glance at the youth noted the resemblance between him and the old man who lay dead by the well. Unmistakably this was the son of the massacred two beside the ruins.

"Come ahead, amigo," Valdez called. "I'm here to help you. There is

(To Be Continued)

Beauty and Talent—McMaster co-ed and Miss Central Ontario, Muriel Hunter, 20, is one of the entrants in "Miss Canada" beauty contest at Hamilton, Aug. 21-22.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

One Reason Why Girls Leave Home

* "I want my own place, Anne
* Hirst. And if I told my parents
* why, I'd break their hearts. They
* give me everything I want—except
* privacy. I am 17, and I'm old
* enough to be trusted."

This wail comes from a girl who is being smothered by kindness. Her letter is one of many similar ones that come through regularly. She gives the most important reasons for her dissatisfactions

Her mother and father urge her to entertain her friends, but they stick around till midnight "helping her" entertain them;

When a boy friend comes, they make conversation until half the time the youngsters miss the show they'd planned to see—and they're always waiting up when she gets home;

Her mother goes with her to buy her clothes, and embarrasses her by advising her before salespeople;

Her mother doesn't open her mail, but she wants to know every line in every letter.

Now the girl's at the point where she can't be hersef even when she's alone with her parents. She's too full of resentment; she won't say so, because "I wouldn't hurt them for the world."

TO PARENTS:

You who read this column know how I feel about parents supervising their daughters. But to supervise them too vigorously, too intimately, is as dangerous as letting them alone. To stand constant watch, to try to make yourself one of her group, makes her feel that she's still 10 years old. She resents it with every fiber; she regards it as an insult to her integrity. It shames her before her friends. It makes her self-conscious to the point where her natural development is being warped. With the best intentions in the world, you are driving her away from you.

When her friends come in, stay long enough to say hello. Then you two go to a show or visit friends, so the youngsters can have the house to themselves for the evening.

When she has a date, make the boy welcome, then make yourselves scarce And don't always wait up for her.

A girl of 17 is old enough to choose her own clothes, alone. Let her make her own mistakes; that's the only way she will learn.

And her mail is her own affair. Unless you have reason to suspect she's corresponding with the wrong boys, don't intrude.

Your home is her home, too. But she cannot feel at home in it unless she's allowed to be hostess to her own friends. And how else can she ever cultivate the social graces? You won't always be around, you know.

If you aren't careful to respect your girl's rights she will leave a note one day saying she won't be back. Or she'll run off with the first boy who asks her.

To "NOT AT HOME": I am addressing my opinion to your parents, since you say they read the column every day. Let's hope they will wake up, and learn to be more friends than parents.

BRIEF ANSWERS

TO "RUTH C.": Any boy who be-
* lieves gossip about a girl, and
* drops her for it, is not worth
* having as a friend. No matter
* what he says about you, don't be-
* lieve it. Second-hand tales are as
* foolish to listen to, as to repeat.

* * *

TO "ROSE": Being a pal to a nice
* boy is the surest way to keep him
* interested. It is what this boy ex-
* pects, and if you changed toward
* him you'd scare him off for
* good.

* * *

TO "TOOTS": This young man is
* bored with you. It is too bad you
* didn't see it earlier. His sugges-
* tion now is wise and kind (if you
* knew it), and you can do nothing
* but accept it.

* * *

Don't bind your children to you by the silver cord. It doesn't work, Anne Hirst can suggest better ways. Address her at Box A, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

The materialistic nature is revealed in handwriting by small letters and a long downward stroke on the stem of letters "f," "g," "y" and "p." When these letters look as though the stems are "digging down in the earth" or far below the writing line, it is a good sign the nature of the writer is the same—down to earth with both feet on the ground—strictly materialistic. His whole life is centered around the search for and the desire to possess the material things of life.

How determined the nature is to be materialistic is indicated by the thickness of the stems. The thicker or wider the stroke, the more determined the physical nature, the length of the stroke indicating how lasting or powerful is the characteristic.

The spiritual nature is the opposite and is indicated in the high reaching looped letters as in "h," "k," and "l". These stems appear to be reaching heavenward while the body of the letter remains on the ground or near the writing line, indicating a tendency to idealism and reverence. The qualities of these traits are shown by the slope and pressure of the writing.

HIGH LOOPS
please analyse
LONG STEMS

Anyone wishing a more complete analysis please send self-addressed stamped envelope to Box B, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. There is no charge for this service.

HUSBANDS WHO ADORE coffee deserve Maxwell House. It's so utterly delicious that it's bought and enjoyed by more people than any other brand of coffee in the world.

ISSUE 33—1947

Sunday School Lesson

Advice Against Strong Drink.
Proverbs 20:1; 23:19-21, 29-35; Ecclesiastes 10:17

Golden Text.—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Proverbs 20:1.

Alcohol is delusive. (1) Wine makes a man a scorner. It makes him scoff at holy things. It deafens him to warning and reproof. (2) Waywardness is the inevitable effect of strong drink. It causes his victim to stumble. It sends him to prison. He loses his liberty, and often his life. (3) Wisdom calls for total abstinence.

Intemperance is graphically pictured in the woes of wine. In six burning questions the terrible portrait is drawn "Who hath woe"—with its sum total of earthly wretchedness; "sorrow"—with anquish of body and remorse of conscience; "contentions" in meddlesome quarrels and brawls; "complaining"—in foolish babble and cynical comment; "wounds without cause" — whether by accident or on imaginary provocation; and "redness of eyes"—causing impairment of vision and of judgment.

The answer completes the picture: abstinence is the path to personal and public welfare. Look not upon the wine whetting and arousing thirst, delighting the eyes, gratifying the appetite.

* * *

Happy is the land whose rulers are nobly born with good background, unfettered faculties, educational opportunities, religious privileges, and training for maximum service. Their habits are wholesome even to their food and feasts, for they eat for strength and not for drunkenness. They take their duties seriously and perform them faithfully. They are strong and sober.

School of Experience

The Shool of Experience is on a seven-day week, year-round basis, with no vacations or holidays, says the Daily Commercial News. And you don't get a boost in pay and other concessions for making mistakes in the School of Experience; you pay for your mistakes out of your own pocket.

No Premium

It has been announced that weather bureau experts in a certain locality will no longer be paid a wage premium for working nights. And there is a certain rough justice in that.

The locality in question is the Arctic, where the nights are six months long.

Experimental balloons with recording instruments have reached altitudes of more than 22 miles.

"NUGGET" GIVES A BRIGHT, LASTING SHINE—THAT REALLY WATERPROOFS YOUR SHOES.

NUGGET SHOE POLISH

FAN TANS are festive!

RECIPE

Add 1 envelope Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast and 1 tsp. sugar to 1 c. lukewarm water. Stir and let stand 10 minutes. Scald 1 c. milk, add 5 tbs. sugar; add 2 tsp. salt and cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast mixture. Add 3 c. sifted flour and beat until perfectly smooth. Add 4 tbs. melted shortening and 3 c. more sifted flour, or enough to make easily handled dough. Knead well. Place in greased bowl. Cover and let rise in warm place until doubled in bulk, about 1½ hours. Punch dough down in bowl and let rise again in warm place until nearly doubled in bulk, about 40 min. When light, roll out into rectangular sheet ⅛" thick. Brush with melted butter or shortening; cut into strips 1½" wide. Pile 7 strips together; cut into piece 1" wide. Place inch-side up in greased muffin pans. Cover; let rise in warm place, free from draft, until light, about 1 hour. Bake in 400°F. oven for 20 minutes.