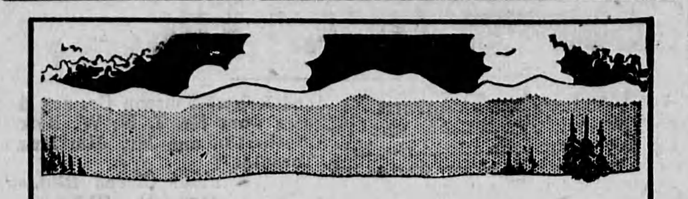
Delicious

"SALADA"

TEA BAGS

Convenient



Valley OF REVENGE

BY

JACKSON·COLE

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I. Michael Valdez, son of a Spanish nobleman and an Irish beauty, rides the outlaw trail in search of the men responsible for the murder of his mother and torture of his father five years ago. He finds an aged couple, the woman dead and the man dying.

Chapter II

Slowly the youth in tattered overalls and battered Mexican hat rode nearer Valdez. But though he had not as yet seen the pitiful bodies, there was terror in his handsome dark eyes.

He did not speak, though, and Valdez reassured:

"I'm a friend of your father, amigo. Don't be frightened."

The youth, still mounted on his crowbait horse, looked at him suspiciously, plainly not reassured.

"I do not think my father, or any peon in this valley has a friend," he said coldly. "Where is my father? My mother?"

* * *

He looked sadly at the smoking pile, and there was pain in his large dark eyes.

"Get down off your horse," Valdez said kindly but firmly. "I need your help. There has been much trouble here, and we must both face it."

The youngster slid easily from the saddle. His dark fearful eyes fastened on Valdez' stern-set face. The tall man with the Spanish cast of features took him by the arm.

"What's your name, son?" he asked.

The boy glanced at him sharply. "I thought you said you're a friend of my father. Then you should know . . ." In a moment he said, "My name is Juan. Juan de Cuevas Montez."

"Juan," Valdez said firmly, for this was not news that could be broken easily, "your home was not burned down accidentally. And the men, the human coyotes, who set fire to it were—were killers! Cold-blooded—"

* * *

Valdez felt the youth sag, heard his faint, choked cry. His hand tightened on the boy's arm. Juan drew a deep breath, closed his eyes for a long, agonizing moment as he swayed. Then with courageous self-control Juan de Cuevas asked in a husky voice:

"You mean, my padre—my madre—they—they're dead?"

"I'm afraid so, Juan," Valdez said in a low voice of deep sympathy. "I think maybe you'd better not see them, they're . . ."

But already Juan had violently pulled away from Valdez' restraining hand and was racing toward the smoldering ruins. Valdez watched, with pain in his eyes, as the boy dropped to his knees beside his dead mother, sobbing in anguished grief. With lips compressed and a leaden weight in his heart, Valdez turned away.

* * *

Michael Valdez found a rusty spade that had escaped the flames, back near the small patch that had been the woman's kitchen garden. He went to work. He kept at it steadily, and had just finished digging two graves beneath a willow tree when Juan approached him. There were dark rings under the boy's eyes, and in them was tragedy that would forever remain hidden in their depths, but the tears were gone. And now the face of Juan de Cuevas was impassive.

"I am ready now to help you, amigo," he said. "I am grateful to you, and will do what you say."

Together the tall rider in the charro vest and the boy in the tattered overalls wrapped the two bodies in Valdez' own blankets from his blanket roll, and tenderly placed them in the graves. Then Michael Valdez y O'Brien drew from the pocket of his tight-fitting trousers a Bible.

With one arm held comfortingly about the slight shoulders of the boy who stood straight and brave beside him, he opened its well-thumbed pages. Selecting the page in the book that he well knew, he read from it in a voice that was charged with emotion and reverence.

As the verse came to its end—"Dust thou art, and to dust returneth," Juan de Cuevas swayed a little again, and before Valdez could tighten his hold, the boy fell to the ground beside the graves with a single heart-rending moan, and lay still.

Valdez lifted the inert form and carried it toward the stream. He started as he looked down at the unconscious face, for the first time getting a close-up view of it. That face was not handsome—it was beautiful!

* * *

And from beneath the tattered, jammed-down hat, long hair that glinted blue-black in the afternoon sun had become loosened, and fell in a cascade across Michael Valdez' arm. The features were as delicate as fine porcelain, those of a girl—a beautiful Spanish girl!

He laid the slight girl down beside the clear stream and revived her with cold water. She opened her eyes and lay still, saying no word, exhausted by what she had gone through.

He spoke to her softly, but abruptly.

"Is your name not Juan, perhaps—but Juanita?"

There was an instantaneous flash of fear in the depth of her dark eyes then, but she answered simply:

"Yes."

She began to get swiftly to her feet, but not yet had her strength returned, and Valdez gave her a helping hand. When she had steadied herself he turned and started in the direction of his horse. Without question the girl walked along beside him. They had almost reached El Cielo and the girl's crowbait, which stood with hanging head nearby, when the tall rider said suddenly:

"Your father mentioned one name to me before he—he went. He spoke the name 'Garvin.' Did this Garvin know that you were a girl?"

Juanita de Cuevas flushed, bit her full red lip and shook her head.

* * *

"My padre," she said in a low tone of confession, "did not want this Senor Garvin and the evil men who follow him to know." Her small head, with the ripples of blue-black hair falling over her shoulders, lifted proudly. "My padre was not a peon—he was Don Pedro de Cuevas Romerez. Once our family owned all this valley—until this evil Senor Garvin came to it one day, and little by little, with burnings and stealings, and other terrible acts, drove them all out and took the land from them by force. My padre had to go also, but he never meant to give up what was his own so easily. So finally he came back—no more than a year ago, senor—to prove this Garvin is a thief and a killer.

She broke off, choking, then threw back her head defiantly and managed to go on hastily.

"If my padre had not become a victim of this so terrible hombre he would have proved all he knew about Senor Garvin!" she flung out.

* * *

"He knew how that senor steals the land from all the poor Mexicans who have been persuaded to come and settle here by that bad senor himself, on his promises of a new life for them, a new chance to live in other than the poverty they have so long known on other ranges nearer the border. But the Mexicans lose their lives when they can no longer pay his exorbitant interest—and then he gets the land back! To offer it to some other peon foolish enough to believe his promises.

"But what can they do? Senor Garvin owns the courts he owns what law there is in this out-of-the-way place. He is the law, because he has made himself that in the five years since he came here to take away all that belonged to us."

(To Be Continued)

Marilyn Solves Heat Problem—The heat of a big city is something out of this world. So two-year-old Marilyn O'Connell did something about it. She took off her clothes and here we see a policeman taking her home. The big man and the little girl strolled along hand in hand to end the week's heat story.

ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counselor

Stand by Husband Against the Family

* Many a girl starts her marriage * under a cloud because she marries * against her family's wishes. Once * married, however, she should stand * by her husband in the face of all * criticism. When she can take this * position loyally, convinced of his * goodness, her lot is easier to bear.

A wife of 18 months asks me whether she is right to stick by her husband. Her mother formed her opinion of him before she ever met him, and based it on gossip which proved to be untrue. Now she has prejudiced her children against him, makes public charges which seem ridiculous—yet she resents the fact that her daughter doesn't bring her husband to see them! And adds to that the comment that her daughter should be on her side instead of her husband's.

"WONDERFUL HUSBAND!"

The girl tells me her husband is one of the best. He has provided her with a beautiful home, won't let her do any heavy work, is kind and devoted. "All his friends think he is wonderful."

This girl would behave like a daughter if her mother behaved like a mother. If that mother were interested only in her daughter's happiness, she would have the grace to admit she was mistaken, apologize for her slurs, and see that her son-in-law is received in her home like a son and a brother.

Until she does, it seems to me the girl is right to keep them apart. Why should she "start more trouble," as she puts it?

These two have been married long enough to convince any normal parent that their marriage is good and fine. If her mother will practice a little humility, she will prove her right to be a mother and add a great deal to the happiness of the whole family.

TO "D. W. S.": Yes, I think you * are doing the right thing. Your * husband has been pretty fine—he * even hid the fact that your mother * had written him unpleasant letters. * Stick by him, and without bitter- * ness if you can. Your mother and * your family will learn, finally, how * wrong they have been.

* * *

* To "LOVESICK B.J.D.": If * this gossip has no foundation in * fact, your boy friend should write * your mother and ask for the * chance to prove he is innocent. * You are headstrong, and all * wrong, to see him while she ob- * jects. How can she trust you?

* To "ANGRY," "MARCIA," * "BIG GIRL NOW," ETC.: I im- * plore you to use more common * sense. Why should your parents * object to boys unless they had * good reason? When you are mo- * thers, you will understand. Obey * your parents now. You can't lose * by it.

* * *

* To "SPEARMINT": Don't you * know that the best way to attract * such a popular lad is to be hard * to get? He's being pursued enough * now by girls who are obvious. Be * different. Let him alone, and per- * haps later on he will begin won- * dering why you do. That may be * the beginning of a fine friendship.

* In his position at school he has * to respect scholarship and good * conduct. You can show him what * you are by excelling in your stu- * dies, and cultivating a modest de- * meanor. I think that is the only * way you will attract him.

* Boys are natural pursuers, and * they resent any girl who usurps * that right.

* * *

"—And cling to each other as long as you both shall live." It is hard, sometimes, to stay loyal, but Anne Hirst can help you to. Address her at ox A, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Very Strange

The minister was asking one of his flockwhy he had not acttnded church lately.

"Well, you see, sir," said the man, "I'm troubled with a bunion on my foot."

"Strange," said the parson, "that a bunion should impede the pilgrim's progress."

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

In a previous article, we learned to recognize the meaning of small, medium and large capital letters — low capitals indicated humble pride; medium size capitals, modest pride; and high capitals, a sign of over-confidence.

If you look for the letter "M," you will learn much about the writer for this capital is used more frequently than the others and the letter formation, with its straight and curved lines, expresses the writer's character as a combination of traits.

The first example of a capital "M" illustrates a shy and self-conscious nature, timid and unassuming. This is shown by the first stroke of the "M" being lower than the last two strokes. When the tops of the letter "M" are of even height, the nature is inclined to show good taste and refinement and not in any way over-expressive in action or thought. Such "M's" indicate trustworthiness, simplicity in taste, and are generally a good indication of a nature that has a gentle pride.

LOWER *Mary* EVEN HEIGHT *May*

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.

Do you suffer **MONTHLY FEMALE PAIN?**

This fine medicine is *very effective* to relieve pain, nervous distress and weak, cranky, "dragged out" feelings, of such days—when due to female functional monthly disturbances. *Worth trying!*

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Sunday School Lesson

Wise Words Concerning Honesty

Proverbs 3:3-4; 11:1; 12:17-22; 14:5; 23:10-11; Matthew 5:37.

GOLDEN TEXT — Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil. —Thessalonians 5:21-22.

There are certain things, according to the Book of Proverbs, that are "abomination to the Lord." Among these are "a false balance (11:1), and "lying lips' (12:22).

Whatever the Lord abominates is bad for man. The dishonest or lying person sins against his fellow man as well as against his Maker

The fact that so many people are honest enables society to go on, but it is because so may people are dishonest that we have so many menacing problems and so little world security.

* * *

Honesty begins with the individual in more ways than one. It has its rise and beginning in honesty with one's self.

Many people are not honest with themselves. They live in a world of illusion, or of self-delusion The dishonest man would despise himself if he faced up honestly to what he actually is. He avoids that by the excuse "other people do it." "you can't do business and be honest," and similar by-words of the weak.

A man has to settle with his own mind and will what sort of man he is going to be—a man of integrity, or a cheater and grafter.

* * *

When Zacchaeus, the Jewish tax-gatherer who climbed into a tree to see Jesus and climbed down to receive the Master as his self-invited guest, heard the Master's declaration, "This day is salvation come to this house," he stood and said, "If I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold." That was the portion that a convicted thief was by Jewish law under obligation to restore.

That plain sort of honesty with himself was the sure evidence of the realty of Zacchaeus' conversion. In a somewhat different way the Prodigal Son's salvation began when he "came to himself," and was honest with himself.

So, honesty, like charity, begins at home, and like charity it does not stay there. It reaches out into every sphere and relationship of life. And it is the only basis upon which life can be sound and wholesome, and even safe.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make moth paper?

A. Melt together 4 ounces of naphthalene and eight ounces of paraffin wax. Get some unsized paper and while the solution is still warm, paint the paper. Then pack paper away with the goods to be stored.

Q. How can I remove spots of machine grease from clothing?

A. Try using clear ammonia and soap.

Q. How can I make poppy seed stick to rolls?

A. Before sprinkling poppy seed on home-made rolls, spread a little unbeaten white of an egg on the tops. After baking, the seeds will adhere to the buns.

Q. How can I keep woolen blankets fluffy when laundering?

A. After washing and drying woolen blankets, whip them with a carpet beater. It will make the wool light and soft again.

Q. How can I make a starch paste

A. Take one-half cupful of lump starch and mix thoroughly into one quart of water; then boil slowly for a few minutes.

Home-Made Paste

Three parts baking soda and one part salt makes an excellent home-made tooth paste, say the experts. Shortage of tooth-paste, therefore, is no excuse for an unclean mouth.

While teeth should be cleaned after every meal, if possible, this health - ensuring practice should never be neglected before retiring at night. The ideal way is to do the teeth five times daily—early in the morning, after each meal, and before going to bed.

DIDIT

Sure Does Kill

MOSQUITOES

FLIES

MOTHS, etc.

YOUR GUARANTEE this seal on the label

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Be sure—Say DIDIT

DISTRIBUTORS—HAROLD F. RITCHIE, COMPANY LTD.

Sciatic Pains?

At one time, most people accepted sciatic pain as an unkind trick of fate and let it go at that. But modern men and women figure there is a cause somewhere in the body and seek to remove that cause. They find Kruschen a big help. Kruschen is a balanced saline treatment—gentle, thorough, effective—which aids the organs of elimination and also supplies minerals which may be deficient in the diet.

Start with Kruschen tomorrow, and see the results for yourself. Begin by taking a small dose of Kruschen every morning for the next few weeks. Kruschen is a trustworthy treatment so let it help you get relief from Sciatic pains, Rheumatic pains, Backache and Constipation. At all Druggists: 25c and 75c.

KRUSCHEN

It's the little morning dose that does it!

APPETIZING **APPLE CAKE**

RECIPE

Add 1 envelope Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast and 1 teaspoon sugar to ½ cup lukewarm water, and let stand 10 minutes. Then stir well. Scald ½ cup milk, add 3 tablespoons shortening, ¼ cup sugar and ½ teaspoon salt and cool to lukewarm. Add 1 cup sifted flour to make a batter. Add yeast mixture and 1 beaten egg. Beat well. Add 2½ cups sifted flour, or enough to make a soft dough. Knead lightly and place in greased bowl. Cover and set in warm place, free from draft. Let rise until doubled in bulk, about 2 hours. When light, punch dough down and divide into 2 equal portions. Roll dough ½ inch thick; place in 2 well-greased pans (8½ x 11½ x 2" deep). Brush tops with melted butter or shortening; sprinkle with ¼ cup granulated sugar. Peel and core 12 apples; cut into eighths; press into dough, sharp edges downward; close together. Mix 1½ teaspoons cinnamon with 1 cup granulated sugar; sprinkle over cakes. Cover and let rise in warm place until light, about ¾ hour. Bake in moderate oven at 400°F. about 35 minutes.