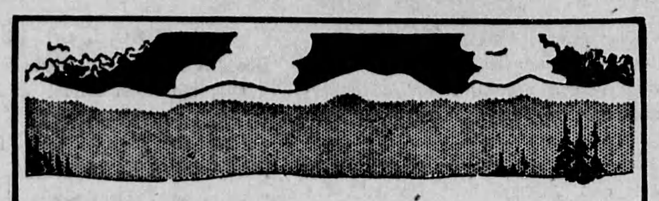
"SALADA" TEA

Just try it



Valley OF REVENGE

BY JACKSON·COLE

Synopsis

Chapter XIV: Michael Valdez sets out for Coronado to trace Flash Conroy, a notorious gambler. Valdez finds him at the poker table in his own saloon, "Flash" Conroy's Palace.

CHAPTER XV

As Michael Valdez moved slowly across the barroom floor now, the gambler turned to face him, and for a tense moment neither of them spoke. Then Conroy flashed his white teeth in what might or might not have been a friendly grin and said:

"How's tricks, cowboy? It's a treat to see you around here. Didn't know you often moved so far away from the border."

"Everything's fine," Valdez drawled and slightly moved his charro vest so that his well-filled money belt came into plain sight. "I've just come into a little *dinero*, and thought this was just as good a place as any for me to invest it so it would bring me in more."

"Invest it, eh? You'd like to run it up?" Conroy's full lips quirked and again his white teeth showed. "Certainly, certainly," he said affably. "Draw up a chair and have yourself a stack of chips. I figure we can give you a run for your money."

As Michael Valdez drew up a chair to the table and sat down he cast a swift, comprehensive, but apparently idle glance around the room. He wanted to single out Conroy's henchmen, and he did that with one sweep of his eyes. They were some of those half-breeds lounging at the bar, of course.

* * *

But he gave no single sign of interest as he sat down and carelessly dumped the contents of the money belt onto the table in front of him. Flash Conroy began methodically counting out red, white, and blue chips.

Valdez called for a new deck and began to re-shuffle the cards. Flash Conroy accepted his cards for the cut and deal as though this man who had just sat in at the game were no unusual visitor, instead of the spectacular one every man present knew him to be. The five other players in the game also accepted the bit of melodrama, but shortly realized that whatever was the reason for the unexpected entry of this man from the border country, they were going to have to play a heads-up game in order to stand even a fighting chance with him.

The game went on quietly, though, and men finally relaxed. The wins and losses see-sawed back and forth between the various players, while Michael Valdez studied them surreptitiously.

Before the game had been going on fifteen minutes Vadlez got a pretty definite idea of the six men facing him around the table. The two directly opposite were obviously well-to-do ranchers who would be able to stand any reasonable losses at the Palace gaming tables. A man sitting beside the ranchers looked like a drifter who appeared to have made a stake, either in a lucky mining prospect or in some other quick turn-over. He probably was ripe for Flash Conroy's plucking. And if later he should be found dead in some alley, with all his money missing, there would be no explanation of that forthcoming.

* * *

The other two men in the game besides Conroy himself and Michael Valdez were plainly Conroy decoys. That was definitely proved a few minutes after Valdez had pigeonholed them in his mind, when they and Conroy swung into action trying to whipsaw Valdez. But they did not succeed. He was ready for them, and after that play he went on methodically raking in his winnings and pushing away his losses with cool indifference.

His stake had been whittled in half when Valdez decided that the show-down he had come here to force tonight might as well come now as later. He had a good audience too, now, for the other games had been suspended and all of the former participants were gathered around the poker table where the owner of the Palace himself played. Better still, the drifter had reached his limit and had dropped out of the game.

Valdez knew positively the time had come when, on Conroy's deal, the gambler hastily shuffled and flipped out the cards without offering them for a cut. Picking up his cards, one at a time, Valdez saw that his first four cards were three kings and an ace. It did not surprise him, therefore, when he picked up his fifth card and saw that it was his fourth king.

Valdez never blinked as betting before the draw opened up, and the players warmed up as it went round and round the table. A sizable sum of money, when the chips had all been tossed in, clattered upon the table. Finally Valdez found himself running down to the last of the thirty-two-thousand-dollar fund he had brought with him for this express purpose.

Conroy, dealing, was seated to the right of Valdez. One of Conroy's players sat on the other side of the tall wanderer from the border country, and next to that man sat one of the ranchers. The other Conroy man was across the table from Michael Valdez.

Finally, as the betting became steeper and steeper, Flash Conroy dropped out. Valdez, who had opened the pot, checked the bet to the house player who sat at his left hand. The man bought more chips. A good portion of the new stack of chips went into the center of the table as the man opened the betting.

* * *

Again the bets went around, but the two ranchers had reached their limit, and with the high wagers being made they had also lost confidence in the cards they held. Apparently they would be no good, even bettered after the draw. Simultaneously they tossed their hands into the center of the table.

Conroy and his men had been waiting for that moment. Valdez was not surprised when neither of Flash's henchmen raised again. The gambler looked at Michael Valdez and lifted his eyebrows inquiringly.

"How many cards, Valdez?" he asked.

Michael Valdez thumb fanned his five cards as he appeared to study them a moment more. He whipped out two cards then and tossed them into the discard in the center of the table.

"Give me a pair to fill this house," he drawled.

(To be Continued)

Double Crochet Hair Band

Materials: Pearl Cotton, Size 5, 1 ball each of Red, Green and Yellow . . . Steel Crochet Hook No. 7.

With Red, ch 14. 1st row: Double crochet (dc) in 4th ch from hook and in each ch across (12 dc on row, counting turning chain as 1 dc). Ch 3, turn. 2nd row: Skip 1st dc (last dc on previous row), dc in each dc across, dc in top of turning chain. Ch 3, turn. Repeat 2nd row until piece measures 15 inches. Break off.

Make a Green and a Yellow piece exactly like the Red piece.

Finishing: Place the short ends of each piece over each other and sew them neatly together. Sew a piece of ribbon to both ends for ties.

The above is one of the many attractive patterns shown in the new "Complete Book of Crochet." Full information is to be found elsewhere on this page.

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

The Way Of Love

1 John 2:7-11, 15-17; 3:13-18.

GOLDEN TEXT — Follow after charity.—1 Corinthians 14:1.

John, the apostle, has been termed the apostle of love. He was an affectionate man. It was he who lay close to the breast of Jesus at the last supper. It was he who left on record the best known verse in the Bible, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The words translated love or charity occur in his writings 120 times.

* * *

The lesson teaches us, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." We must use the things of the world but we must not set our affection upon these things which are doomed to perish. Money is necessary but the love of it is "the root of all evils." She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

On the other hand, 'to love one's brother' is a basic requirement of a Christian. It is true that some profess to be Christians and yet are not on speaking terms with each other. We wonder how will such ever get along in heaven. But let us not puzzle over the answer for John says, "Whoso hateth his brother is a murderer: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." The one who doesn't love his brother will not enter heaven.

The love which John considers of such primary importance does not exhaust itself in emotion. It is practical. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." He pertinently asks, "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him"

* * *

Such love is needed in the world today. Like the man on the Jericho road, the world has had a bad beating and has been robbed. We nations who profess to be Christians must play out part in binding up his wounds and helping to pay for his keep till he is better. It is true that sometimes those whom we have helped become our enemies. But that does not alter our obligation to fulfil the law of love. "Let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth." Let us follow after love.

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

What Shall I Write About?

Many of my readers express regret in not knowing what to write about when requesting an analysis of their handwriting. Other readers write, "I do not know whether or not you will be able to read my handwriting for there are times when I cannot read it myself."

What you write about in your letter has little consequence in making an analysis of your writing. The important thing in analyzing script for character analysis is the strokes you use in making the script. It makes no difference whether you write with a steel pen or a fountain pen or even a goose quill. It is the formation of the strokes and the contour of the letters and numbers that reveal one's characteristics, personal tendencies and habits. The implements or tools of writing do not enter into the analysis for the script may even be written by a person with artificial hands; in extraordinary cases, by a boy or a girl born without hands having learned to write by holding a pen between the teeth or between the toes. Whatever the method is, the analysis is made from the formation of the strokes and not from the method used to make the strokes.

If your handwriting is not what you would like it to be, there should be no reason for regret. Your writing is one way of expressing thought, and what you think, you will write.

It is not what you write, it is how you write that counts.

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.

Bad Advice

Convict — Be careful of these advertising slogans. I took the advice of one of them and got five years for doing so.

Friend—Which one was that?

Convict—Make money at home.

WHY BE ENVIOUS of other peoples' coffee when you can serve Maxwell House? It's the world's leading brand and it contains choice Latin-American coffees for *extra* flavor.

"So Tender, So Delicious-- That's Calumet's Double Action"

TENDER cakes, little cakes and cookies . . . light, even-textured muffins and batter puddings – that's the story when you use Calumet Baking Powder! And *consistently* fine results with Calumet will make you join the thousands of Canadian women who, once trying Calumet, will use no other baking powder.

Calumet protects baking from start to finish. In the mixing bowl, myriads of little bubbles form when liquid is added. In the oven, thousands more tiny, even-sized bubbles are released to continue raising the mixture, holding it high, light and even. Follow directions on the tin for any recipe.

TWICE YOUR MONEY BACK

If you are not satisfied that Calumet is the finest baking powder you ever used, send tin containing unused portion, along with your name and address and a note of the price you paid — to General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario. You will receive back *twice* what you paid for Calumet.

SO FRUITY, SO DELICIOUS—

DATE BARS

- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon Calumet Baking Powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- 1 tablespoon melted butter
- 2 cups finely cut dates
- ½ cup broken nutmeats
- 1 tablespoon hot water

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt; sift again. Add sugar gradually to eggs, beating well. Add butter; then dates and nuts. Mix thoroughly. Add flour, alternately with water, mixing well. Bake in two greased pans, 8 x 8 x 2 inches, in slow oven (325°F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Cool. Cut in bars. Makes 48.

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