Delicious

"SALADA"

TEA BAGS

Convenient

Valley OF REVENGE

BY

JACKSON·COLE

Synopsis.

CHAPTER XXV: Pete Haskell, head of the cattlemen, holds a meeting for his men who are angry at Bartle's plan to fence in more land for tobacco farms. Haskell goes to Bartle with an offer to buy the property.

CHAPTER XXVI

"Why not?" he drawled. "But it'll cost you exact t ee hundred thousand dollars — cash."

Haskell waved his hands angrily. "Twenty times what its worth! You must think you've got the whip hand, uh?" He got up from his chair, bitter, belligerent. "All our ranches and stock put together won't fetch that."

"Why, I always thought you lords of all creation were worth millions," Bartle sneered.

Haskel' tried to keep his temper, but it was difficult. He felt the hot blood of resentment suffusing his face.

"Listen to me!" he made a final plea. "We ranchers can raise maybe seventy-five thousand cash between us. We'll buy—"

* * *

"Three hundred and fifty thousand — or nothing." Bartle's smile was infuriatingly triumphant.

Haskell could stand no more of the banker. He turned and trudged heavily to the door.

"I've had my say," he growled over his shoulder. "I'm telling you that no tob cco man sets himself up in the north end of Deep Water Valley — and that's flat. Now go on with your blasted plans!" He stormed downstairs and out, slamming the outer door after him until the glass in it rattled.

B rtle smiled. He knew the imminence of open warfare between cattlemen and tobacco farmers, but what matter? Let them fight! Nothing could fit into his own plans better. For under the smoke screen of battle there would be safety, profits for him!

As the cold gray of daybreak paled t' e eastern sky, sober-faced, solemn, bitterly silent riders converged on Pete Haskell's Half Circle H Ranch in the north end of Deep Water Valley.

Pete Haskell himself, with Tim Callan, who had ridden home with him from Gold Creek, solemnly greeted each new arrival who swung down from his horse and entered the ranchhouse. Twice Haskell surveyed the big room which, big as it was, soon became uncomfortably crowded with these men of the range who had ridden here at his behest and were waiting for him to tell them what he had in mind.

* * *

"I have been palavering with Russ Bartle," Haskell began seriously. "But I didn't get anywhere. He knows he's got the whip hand, and he aims to use the whip."

Luke Wallace edged closer to the table over which Haskell spoke.

"Did you offer to buy all the North end of the valley—as we suggested?" he asked.

"Yeah, I did." Haskell's lips tightened grimly. "But Russ has been bookkeeping so everlasting much that he hasn't got any respect for anything less than six figures crowding one behind the other. The price of the north end of the valley—he says—is three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Cash!"

"That's plain highway robbery!" cried Wallace.

"Did you tell him there wasn't that much money in this whole half of the country? inquired Callan.

"Of course I did," Haskell answered. "But I should have known enough not to. It didn't mean anything to him, and he cared less."

"Did you tell him we wouldn't let any tobacco farmers squat in the north end of the valley?" asked a whiskered oldster from the back of the room, his voice quivering with emotion.

"Yeah—I told him that."

* *

"And that if one fence went up to keep our cattle away from the water we've got a right to, that we'd take the law into our own hands?" urged Luke Wallace.

"No!" Haskell cut him off. "I've been hoping that some of you men have thought of something less mangy than riding roughshod over farmers that are only trying to make a living, after all."

He paused for suggestions, glancing from man to man of the grimfaced ranchers in front of him.

"We're going to do something!" Luke Wallace barked, "and I'm not a young man any more, and I've been here too long to be driven out of house and home by any barbed wire. And since there's no hope of help from the law, then we've just got to forget about the law and use—"

* * *

"Force?" asked Haskell. "Well," he temporized, "we can do one thing. As soon as a fence goes up around sweet water that we must have, that fas. we rip it down."

"And if that way won't work?" Wallace snorted.

"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it," Haskell said firmly.

He had just opened his mouth to say more when the front door burst open so unexpectedly that Haskell himself, as well as every men present, swung around as if yanked by wires. Eyes popped. Jaws dropped. Men were speechless with amazement.

For on the threshold stood a man in the garb of a Spanish don of long ago, a man with flaming red hair beneath a cone-shaped sombrero, and with a red kerchief drawn up over the lower part of his face!

(To be Continued)

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ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Girl In Love Fools Parents

* Month after month, year after year, I go along warning young girls how foolish they are to slip out and meet boys of whom their parents do not approve. Yet week after week, month after month, girls write me and tell me they are doing just that foolish thing, and ask me to please help them out.

Well, sometimes I forget that there's another generation I'm writing for, since I started this column 20 years ago. Maybe these girls read it for the first time, or perhaps I helped friends who suggested they tell Anne Hirst about it. "She'll fix it.'

At any rate, here goes for the umpteenth time in the past few months. If other readers are bored, I hope they'll remember that I'm advising this one girl who trusts me.

● **HURTS HER CAUSE**

This girl is 18. She's in love with a boy a year older. Her parents won't allow her to go with him "for no definite reason," so she sneaks away and meets him. She is falling more and more in love, and so, she adds, is he.

Such deceit, apart for its being wrong, can wreck the cause she pleads. Her parents are bound to find out—and then what will they think of the lad? They will censure him roundly (as they should) and remind her that this is "just what we expected of him." They will blame her, of course, for being weak; they will be shocked by her dishonesty. But they will still say, "We told you so. Any boy who lets you meet him against our wishes doesn't care enough for you to protect you from gossip. He is no good." And that, I'm afraid, will be that.

Parents have good reasons, usually, for objecting to a certain boy their daughter likes. If they don't tell her the reasons, it is because they know she isn't mature enough to realize how important they are. They only hope she will accept their judgment, and behave like the lady they've brought her up to be.

"This boy has a good job and makes good money!" cries the girl. And thinks that's all that matters! Her parents know more about him than she believes. They are not forbidding her to date him for the fun of it, nor just to show their authority. They want her to have good times—but with boys they can approve of. It would be far easier for them to say, "Go ahead. You're old enough to know your way around," and let her alone. But responsible parents realize that her whole future may depend upon the sort of boys she dates now, and she is too precious for them to risk a mistake.

I hope these parents will tell their daughter just why this boy is not acceptable, and remind her that they put her on her honor from now on.

* To "TROUBLED SUE": Tell your parents immediately that you've been deceiving them, but you are through with that now—and ask them to be frank with you. Otherwise, you are headed for more trouble than you can know. And through you, this boy will suffer, too.

If you persist in dating a boy your parents have forbidden you to see, you are only creating trouble for that boy — and yourself too. Anne Hirst will show you the right way out. Address her at Box A, Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

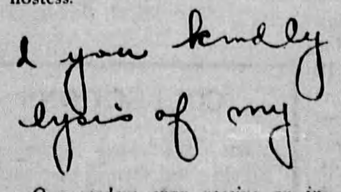
Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S Arnott

Lower Loop Letters

How does your handwriting compare with this week's illustration shown below? Does it have some of the features indicated in this script? If your writing is similar to this there are some interesting features about your personality and handwriting that you might like to know. Compare your lower looped letters of "f", "g", "p" and "y", with these; are they wide and spacious or do they have a long slender appearance about them? This variation denotes a difference in the writer's personality for one is indicative of an adaptable, friendly, congenial nature, an excellent social mixer, while the other shows the writer to be more conventional, exclusive and a careful chooser of friends and associates. The writer of this style of script does not mingle freely with others but is content to have a small circle of companions.

Another interesting consideration is that these lower looped letters also reveal to what extent you enjoy companionship and sociability. The writer of this week's script would be a "natural" at any social event for there is a wealth of adaptability and friendliness written in every lower looped letter in the writing. An active imagination is evident in this script, indicative of a nature that can meet and cope with new and varied situations. Good judgment, generosity and adaptability make this writer a good companion and an excellent host or hostess.



Our readers may receive an interesting and instructive personal analysis of their handwriting by sending an example of writing with **25** *cents and a stamped self-addressed envelope to Box B, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.*

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev R. Barclay Warren

What We Know About Jesus: His Nature

John 6:35-40; Colossians 1:9-20.

GoldenText—Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.—Matthew 16:16.

Last Sunday the humanity of Jesus was noted in the reference made to his birth. To-day we face the fact of the deity of Jesus Christ. This doctrine is the cornerstone of Christianity.

* * *

What mere man dare make such statements as, "I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst"; "I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me"; 'This is the will of Him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day". These words are credible only on the lips of Christ, the Son of the living God.

The Saviour gave many gracious invitations but perhaps none has given comfort to more despairing hearts than the one, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out". Men and women, their minds distraught, their bodies broken by sin, literally outcasts of society, have seen a light in the window here. With dauntless faith and courage they have gone out to bless the world which had come to despise them. Thank God for that wonderful promise.

* * *

Saul was a fierce persecutor of the disciples of Jesus. But after his conversion on the Damascus road, he became the church's most ardent missionary. He boldly affirmed the deity of Jesus Christ who appeared to him. "We have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins"; he is "the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature"; "All things were created by him and for him: and he is before all things, and by him all things consist"; "That he in all things might have the pre-eminence. For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell". No wonder Paul was thrilled with the Gospel. Because of its power he is justified in challenging the church unto a "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work."

* * *

After the first world war a group of men told Gypsy Smith that the world was so changed that the program of the New Testament must be shoved into the museum. Another gospel must be written. "Who will write it?" exclaimed the Gipsy. "The one who writes the program must be willing to die for it, and have the power to rise again from the dead". The Gospel is still up-to-date because it is the Good News of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Who are the first to leave the church when the wedding ceremony is over and the bridal party has departed up the aisle?

A. The ushers escort to the door all the women who are in the first pews, the bride's mother, the bridegroom's. mother,. then. the other women in the first pew on either side of the aisle.

Q. When a man is accompanying a woman on the street, should he take her arm when crossing the street?

A. Yes.

Q. Isn't it poor manners for one to sip coffee or tea while food is in the mouth?

A. Yes; it is much better to wait until the mouth is clear of food.

Q. Is it all right to use "Respectfully" or "Respectfully yours" as a close to a social letter written to a person of social position?

A. No. This closing is usually reserved for a business letter.

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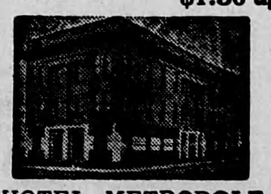

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