"SALADA" TEA

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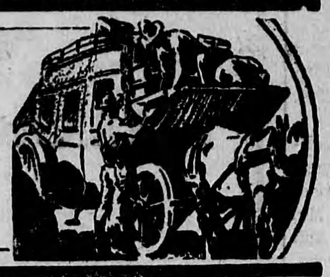
WEST OF THE SUN

A Serial Story
by
JOSEPH LEWIS CHADWICK



SYNOPSIS

The story thus far: Virginia Ames crosses the wild frontier country by rail aand stage to reach Santa Bonita, Ariz., where she expects to meet her fiance Phil Lawrence in response to his urgent letter. When the Lannasa stage is held up by a masked band and robbed of a money box addressed to Steve Barron, gambling czar of Santa Bonita, and a cameo pin of Virginia's, Lt. Jim Randall takes up the investigation. Virginia hates Jim because of a meeting they once had in Washington but he finds himself falling in love with her. Phil is gone from his ranch when Virginia arrives, so Jim takes her to see Steve Barron with whom Phil has had serious trouble. Barron agrees to locate Phil and to do him no harm while Virginia is in the territory.

CHAPTER VII.

When Jim saw that his prisoner had sobered, he called a halt and they swung from the wagon road into the shade of a clump of cottonwoods. He eyes Pete Saba grimly.

"All right, Saba—talk."

"I got nothing to say, soldier."

"You're going to prison for a long time, Saba. You'll get off light if you talk. We know you didn't plan the holdup—or the ones before it——"

"There weren't any before it," Saba broke in. "This was the first."

"For you maybe. But not for the masked man who led you. Who is he, Saba?"

The outlaw didn't answer. So Jim said, "You better save yourself a couple of years. It'll be long enough."

Saba's mouth worked. His eyes were scared. He said finally, his voice thick, "The other hombre is named Hank Muldane. The masked man is named Phil Lawrence."

Jim gave a start. "Are you sure?"

Saba nodded. "I rode up to Lawrence's cattle spread some weeks back and asked for a job punching cows. But he cut me in on this holdup. He made it plain that he was out to get money from Steve Barron, the gambler over at Santa Bonita, and nobody else. That's the way we worked it."

* * *

"How much did you get out of the holdup?"

"Five hundred dollars. Hank got the same. Lawrence got the other thousand. After we split, they ordered me to ride out of the country. I sort of got bogged down in Lannasa."

Jim's face had settled into grim lines. He said, "Give me what money you've got left."

Saba handed over a leather pouch. Jim opened it and took out six $10 gold pieces. He eyed the bandit suspiciously.

"Where'd you cache the rest?"

"That's all I got left, soldier. So help me. I was drinking heavy, and a couple of hobres rolled me night before last."

Jim glanced at Mel Scarlett, and the old man nodded. They rode on again, along the dusty wagon trail that led toward the post.

An hour later, Jim reined in where the road branched off and headed south. He regarded Pete Saba thoughtfully.

"You know where this road leads, Saba?"

"To Mexico."

"Ever been there?"

"A couple of times. There's a senorita in San Carabio. I'm sort of fond of her."

"Like to see her again?"

The bandit's eyes glittered. He didn't speak. Jim took the money pouch from his pocket and handed it to Saba.

"Steve Barron wouldn't stoop to pick up such money," he said.

He took the captured revolver from his belt, broke it and kicked the loads from the cylinder. He handed it to Saba.

"There's one thing more before you go," he said. "Give me the cameo pin you took off the woman passenger."

"I haven't got it now, soldier," Saba said. He looked uneasy. "Lawrence didn't know I had it until he caught me looking at it back in the Sarracca brakes when we made the split. He was plenty sore when he saw it, and he made me hand it over."

"That's the truth?"

"I swear it, soldier. I wouldn't lie to you about that."

Jim nodded. He raised his m and pointed along the south trail. "See that bayonet cactus? When you reach that I'm going to start shooting. You're an escaped prisoner, see?"

Saba swalloyed and nodded.

* * *

"You've got a fast horse," Jim told him. "Head for Mexico, and don't ever let me catch you in the Territory."

Saba swung his horse about, and galloped away. Dust swirled up behind him. He reached the distant stalk of Spanish bayonet then put his nimble-footed pony into a zigzag lope that bounded him off and on the trail dizzily. Jim drew his gun and opened fire. The blasts of his gun rolled away across the desert, but Pete Saba rode on. When Jim's gun was silent, Saba lifted his arm in farewell. Shortly, he was hidden behind a cloud of dust.

Jim's face was frowning as he thrust fresh loads into his gun. He sighed heavily. He felt Mel Scarlett's old eyes on him.

"Curious, Scarlett?"

"I didn't ask any questions, lieutenant."

They rode on for a full five miles. Jim reined in again, and faced the scout. "I'm not telling you not to talk, Mel."

"You don't need to, Jim," said the old man.

"I guess we understand one another," Jim said. He laughed bitterly. "A man sure makes a fool of himself over a woman."

Virginia had already spent four days in Santa Bonita. At first she had been eager but patient, expecting Phil Lawrence to appear at any time. But now, on the morning of the fifth day, she was gradually losing hope. It seemed that he wouldn't come at all.

(Continued Next Week)

They're Going . . . **Going. . .** **Gone . . .**

Three-year-old Byron Clarke looked like a little girl, left, until the day his mother suddenly realized that people actually thought he was a girl. She decided his 13-inch curls would go. It was a long sit in the barber chair, center, but after the clipping, Byron beamed his approval of the result, right. Mom Clarke just shook her head, saying, "It will take a little time to get used to it, I suppose."

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Where is the girl in her teens who hasn't worried her mother to distraction? Brought up in the knowledge of correct behavior and good taste, suddenly she departs from all her training, and for sometimes a year or more she seems a stranger to her family.

She is pert to her parents, even impudent. She "knows what she's doing, and can take care of herself." She dates new boy friends, and doesn't bring them home to meet her family. She stays out until midnight, doesn't think to telephone, and says her mother is "crazy" to worry.

Her new independence is reflected in many ways. She uses heavy makeup, and dark nail-polish. She overdresses for all ocassions. Her hairdo is extreme, and her hats (when she'll wear any) are almost grotesque.

She is making a spectacle of herself, and her parents are usually helpless to do anything about it.

Her mother and father discuss her endlessly. Fathers are apt to advise more discipline. Mothers are wiser; they fear that would drive her further from them. What these two suffer during this period, only other parents know.

Often this change is due to new and wrong associations. Feeling older than she is, the girl apes the dress and deportment of other students in her school who have not had the same careful home influences. She sees how popular they are (with the wrong kind of boys) and in her ignorance she hopes for the same desired result. For a while, she does attract these lesser lads, and this is when she presents such a problem.

Her parents can, sometimes, sway her from these associations by entertaining daughters and sons of their own friends—girls and boys she used to know, but now ignore. A year or so in the teen ages make a great difference in a girl's tastes, and meeting them again she can discover common interests which will atract her to them.

Parents also can make a point of inviting her new acquaintances to a party at home. The way they behave, against the background of her family, can make her see them as the undesirable people they are. I've known many a girl whose eyes opened so, and who thereafter avoided them of her own accord.

Families cannot get far with a girl of this age by any argument. If they provide other entertainment for her, she usually responds. It is not always easy to do, but many an imaginative parent has accomplished it.

* TO "A MOTHER": Your girl
* will outgrow these unfortunate
* traits. Blood will tell, you know.
* During this trying period, try
* to keep her close to you. Praise
* her when you can, let her know
* how much you love her. Make
* her feel important at home, and
* ask her opinion on all family
* matters.
* Take her to a good beauty sal-
* on.. There she will learn, through
* tactful operators, how to apply
* simple makeup and a new hairdo
* suitable to her age. She will ac-
* cept these opinions, where just
* now she scorns yours.
* Don't despair. Believe in her
* goodness, and let her know you
* do. That will help most of all.

It is useless to tell parents to stop worrying about their wayward children. It does ease the problem to tell some experienced person about it. Anne Hirst will help, if you write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St. New Toronto, Ont.

Novice (at bridge party): You're an expert at bridge, Mr. Jones. How would you have played that last hand of mine?

Mr. Jones: Under an assumed name.

Customer: It's tough to pay 90 cents a pound for meat.

Butcher: It's tougher when you pay 35 cents.

"That's Too Much"

A Baby Austin driven ran out of gas on a country road. Along came a Cadillac. Its driver offered the stranger a tow to the nearest station. They were spinning along at 50 miles an hour when the Austinite spotted a cop behind them. He honked his horn in warning

The big-car driver sized up the situation, increased his speed to 80 to give the cop the slip . . . with the Austin man honking again, this time in terrified supplication to slow down. Finally the cop did give up, strode into the station, stripped off his badge and gun. "I'm through," he announced. "I've seen everything. I might expect to be outrun by a Cadillac, but when there's an Austin behind him giving him the horn, that's too much."

Beauty of Thrift

As soon
As a squirrel
Has gathered
Its bin full,
A hunter
Stands ready
To pepper
Its skin full.

FAN TANS *are festive!*

Recipe

Measure into large bowl, ¾ c. lukewarm water, 1 tsp. granulated sugar; stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle slowly with 1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 min., THEN stir well. Scald 1 c. milk and stir in 5 tbs. granulated sugar, 2 tsps. salt; cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast mixture and stir in ½ cup lukewarm water. Beat in 3 c. once-sifted bread flour; beat well. Beat in 4 tbs. melted shortening. Work in 3 c. more once-sifted bread flour. Knead until smooth and elastic; place in greased bowl and brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough in bowl, grease top and let rise again until nearly doubled. Punch down dough and roll out, half at a time, into a rectangle a scant ¼" thick; lift dough, cover with cloth and let rest 5 min. Brush with melted butter or shortening; cut into strips 1½" wide. Pile 7 strips together; cut into 1½" pieces. Place cut-side up in greased muffin pans; separate slices a little at the top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in hot oven, 400°, 15-20 min.

New Fast-Acting Dry Yeast Needs NO Refrigeration!

It's a fact! Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast keeps for weeks and weeks on the shelf. And it's full-strength and fast-acting whenever you're ready to bake! *If you bake at home*—use this modern form of yeast for finest results in your breads, rolls and buns. Get Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast at your grocer's to-day

Get a month's supply!

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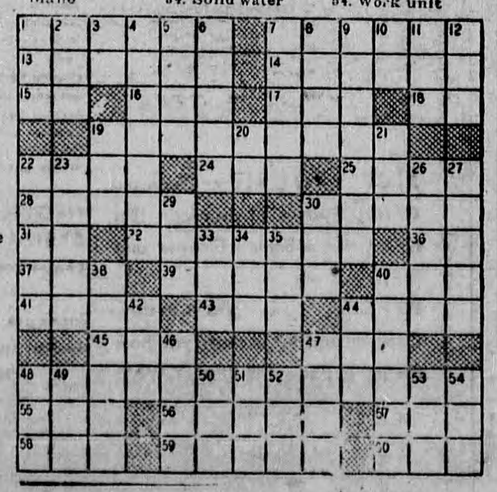
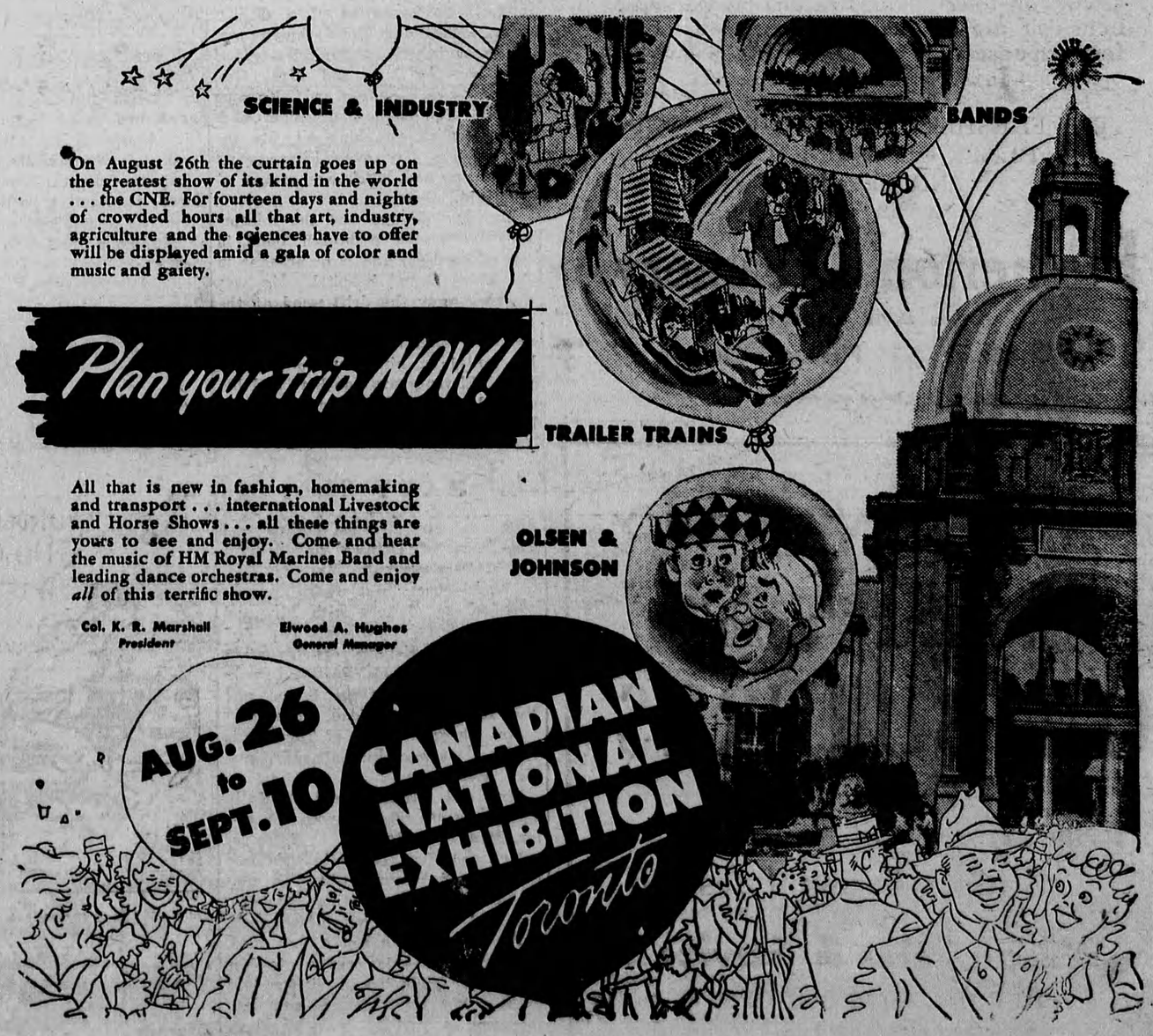
CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Beetle
7. Helix
13. Distant
14. Hair ointment
15. Time unit (ab.)
16. Steal
17. Mountain
18. By
19. Stingy
22. Film of liquid
24. Cask
25. Throw lightly
28. Indian pole
30. Intricate
31. Land measure
32. Signs
36. Exclamation
37. Play
39. Architect of the Lincoln Memorial
40. Mournful
41. Conspiracy
43. Light moisture
44. Commanded
45. Seal
47. Crony
48. Impartial
55. Lyric
56. Long
57. Combining form for air
58. Negative
59. Satiated
60. Chatterbox

DOWN
1. Sneer
2. Possessive pronoun
3. Exist
4. Horses
5. Jacket
6. Disprove
7. European country
8. Horseback game
9. Ascribes
10. Sun god
11. County in Idaho
12. Permit
19. Place
20. Ruthenium (symb.)
21. Rooted grass
22. Print
23. Jewelry material
26. Dinner course
27. Sole of a plow
29. Crowd
30. Lair
33. Urchin
34. Solid water
35. Dairy animal
38. Milk drink
40. Obeisance
42. Summit
44. Forbid
46. Is profitable
47. Body of water
48. Put on
49. Artificial language
50. Ocean
51. Perched
52. Dander
53. Beverage
54. Work unit



Answer elsewhere in this issue