How to Make

ICED TEA

Make tea double strength and while still hot pour into glasses filled with cracked ice . . . Add sugar and lemon to taste.

"SALADA"

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 and stage to reach Santa Bonita where, in response to a strangely urgent message she expects to meet her fiance Phil Lawrence. When the Lannasa stage is robbed of a money box being delivered to Steve Barron, Santa Bonita gambling czar, and a cameo pin of Virginia's, Lt Jim Randall takes up the investigation. Hating Jim because of a previous meeting but feeling a strang attraction toward him. Virginia consents to his escorting her to Phil's ranch. They find the place deserted but, returning to Santa Bonita, Jim persuades Barron, with whom Phil has had trouble, to locate the boy. While awaiting word of Phil, Jim learns that he was leader of the stage bandits Barron takes Virginia to meet Phil

CHAPTER VIII.

"It haunts me," he told her. "Especially at night—out there."

Hs gesture took in the desert and the mountain beyond. He was smiling thinly.

"Is that why you have so many meaningless affairs?" Virginia asked.

"So many——?" then he laughed. "You're thinking about that week three years ago," he said.

"I was in love with you then," she said heavily.

"And you hate me now," he reminded her.

"No . . . not any more."

He flung away his cigarette and turned quickly to her. The pressure of his arms about her was rough but gentle. "Virginia——"

She placed her hands against his chest. "Don't kiss me, Jim. There's something about you that frightens me—and attracts me. But I could never love you again."

He still held her close. She was afraid he would kiss her, afraid though she wanted him to—wanted him to despite her love for Phil.

Then her eyes saw a movement beyond him. He saw her startled look, and he turned. Then he darted away from her, drove forward on his long legs, and laid rough hands on the half-naked Indian who had been watching them. He drove the Apache down to his knees with a blow of his fist, then talked to him in the Apache tongue. Virginia went and stood at Jim's side. Then, at a sign from Jim, he rose and darted away.

"It's all right," Jim said. "He was unarmed."

"He was squatting down—watching us," Virginia said, "He gave me a start." Then: "I saw him before. I remember the scar on his face. Steve Barron talked to him the day we went to meet Phil."

Jim looked at her frowningly. "Barron, eh?" he said. Then: "We better return to town."

Long after, Virginia sat in her darkened room looking down upon Santa Bonita's solitary street. She had undressed for bed but there was no capacity for sleep in her. Her thoughts were confused and racing wild. She had permitted Jim to disturb her tonight and she hated her weakness.

Then she saw him below her in the street. There was no mistaking him. He was more than a man in uniform; the way he carried himself marked him. She saw him hesitate. Her heart pounded. If he were coming to her.

But she saw she was wrong. His hesitation ended. She saw him turn and walk to the house across the street. Lanya Correy's house. He knocked. The girl opened the door and he stepped inside. The door closed.

Virginia turned from the window, bitterness in her. Two hours ago he held her in his arms. Now he turned to a dance hall girl.

CHAPTER IX.

When Lanya Correy opened her door a sudden consternation transformed her placid expression. The appearance of an army officer there startled her. Her first impulse was to close the door against him.

But Jim Randall had the flat of his hand against the panel. He not only kept her from closing him out, deliberately pushed it wide.

"I want to talk, Lanya," he said He stepped inside and closed the door behind him.

He watched the girl move away from him. She went to the opposite side of the table which stood in the center of the floor. Her face showed pale and frightened in the glow from the table's oil lamp. But hers was a pretty face, her skin fine and her lips full red. Her dark eyes had vast depths that doubtless had haunted many men. She stood waiting, nervously gripping her hands.

Jim said finally, "Lanya, where did you get that cameo pin you are wearing?"

The girl's hand darted to the pin at the neckline of her dress, covering it. "I—someone gave it to me," she stammered.

"Phil Lawrence?"

She did not answer.

"Do you know where he got it?" Jim asked.

"I won't tell you anything!" Lanya cried. "I don't have to!"

* * *

"No, you don't have to," Jim admitted. "But you're frightened, and that answers me. You do know about Phil Lawrence."

He watched her wilt under his words. Then: "Did he tell you he got that pin in a stage hold-up? Did he, Lanya?"

Thinly, "No. . . ."

"And that it belonged to Virginia Ames?"

Her eyes quickly flashed with anger. "That isn't true! It never belonged to her!"

Jim's voice ran on relentlessly. "He stole it from the girl who loves him, who promised to marry him. And he gave it to you for—"

"No," chokingly. "No . . . He didn't give it to me. I'll tell you the truth. He came to see me while Steve Barron was away from Santa Bonita. He put his coat over a chair. When he was gone, I found the pin on the floor. I—I thought he brought it for me, but had forgotten to give it to me."

Jim went around the table and faced her. "That's what I wanted to hear. Phil Lawrence and you are—friendly. I heard rumors of it. It was over you that Lawrence and Steve Barron quarreled."

She nodded. "Steve Barron wants me to marry him. He hates Phil because—because I love him." She lifted her hands in a pleading gesture. "Please don't arrest him. He's not robbed anyone but Steve Barron. And Steve Barron—"

(Continued Next Week)

PATTERN-4723 SIZES 34—50

Three main pattern parts! You'll make it in a jiffy, easily! New pockets fit cleverly into seams; long front panels to slim you. Perfect for house, marketing!

Pattern 4723 comes in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50. Size 36 takes 5 yards 35-inch.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

Send order to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Where The Tall Corn Grows—Carol Pohl, 17-year-old farm girl, stands on a ladder but still fails to reach the top of an 11-foot cornstalk. Carol was crowned queen of the Sweet Corn Festival.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst:

I've been married 10 years, have two children. For the past four years I've had to work to help out, and I am just about at the breaking point. (My sister is with the children during the day).

"If my husband would act like a husband and a real father, I wouldn't mind at all. But he takes me so for granted! It is months since we've been out together, and I need amusement more than I ever did. He shows no interest in the children, he only wants them out of the way when he is home. As for helping me, he never dries a dish nor helps with the housecleaning. He says that is woman's stuff.

"There must be more to marriage than I am getting! Can you help me find it?

Discouraged."

All Work, No Play

I think you should tell your husband that unless your life at home can be made easier, with occasional evenings out for fun, you will give up your position.

That will mean less money coming in, and sacrifices which your husband must share, too. He will not welcome the idea.

Yet something must be done. You are a young woman, in good health. But you will not continue to be, if you live like this with nothing better to look forward to. Your spirit will be crushed, your nerves give way—and then what will happen to your family?

Your husband is not intentionally unjust. He is a thoughtless man, and seems entirely self-centered. When a man's wife has to go out to work, it is his part to share the responsibilities of keeping up the home and training the children. He must see, too, that his wife gets the recreation she needs; she will be a better wife and mother for it.

Try once more to explain this to your husband. Arouse his interest and pride in the children; plan their future together. Arrange to spend part of the week-end as a family group—get to the park, go on a picnic, so that he gets to know his children as a father should. Hours like these will draw you all closer, and make for a warmer family life.

If you must give up your job, at least you will be with the children all day; and they will know their mother better than they can now. You can plan your routine so it will not be too exhausting, and you and they will have fun together. It is not right that they grow up without your companionship and guidance.

Think this through, before you talk with your husband. You two are not enjoying marriage as you should. If he will cooperate better, he will gain by it, too.

* * *

Sometimes a wife, driven to desperation, has to take a stand. If you are at that point, tell Anne Hirst about it and let her help you through. Write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont

HOW CAN I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I make an invisible cement suitable for mending glassware?

A. Melt a little isinglass in spirits of wine, enough to cover; add a very little water; warm gently over a moderate fire. When thoroughly melted and mixed, it will form a transparent glue which will re-unite broken glass so firmly and nicely that the jointing will be scarcely perceptible.

Q. How can I add a fragrant aroma to a room?

A. Fill a bowl or vase about half-full of warm water, add a few drops of violet water or violet perfume, and it will give a fragrant scent to the room.

Q. How can I make a poultice for burns?

A. It is claimed that scraped potatoes make a very cooling application for burns and scalds, changing the application frequently.

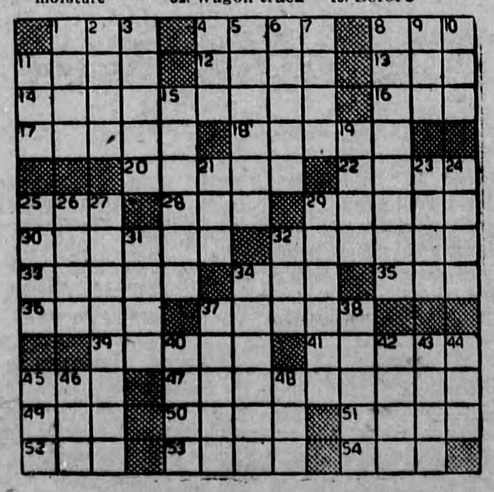
Q. How can I cover scratches on dark-colored furniture?

A. Apply tincture of iodine on a swab of cotton that is tightly fastened to a lead pencil. After the retouched area is dry, rub it over with furniture polish, and the scratches will hardly be apparent.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Angry
4. Small island
8. Concealed
11. Take out
12. Irish dramatist
13. Seaweed
14. Without life
16. Use needle and thread
17. Outbreak
18. Fragment
20. Planet
22. Commands
25. Dry
28. Pasture
29. Hardened clay
30. Wood sorrel
32. Revolve
33. Of the pine
34. Mire
35. Not professional
36. Chief actor
37. Short letters
39. Station
41. Lasso
45. Finial
47. Grail knight
49. Bleat
50. Employer
51. Intimation
52. Possess
53. Simple
54. Furtive

DOWN
1. Bill of fare
2. Winglike
3. Thick
4. Doctrine
5. Mountain in California
6. Door catch
7. Pitcher
8. Institution for the sick
9. Wrath
10. Atmospheric moisture
11. English jackstone
15. Sloping letter
19. Encourage
21. Matter (law)
23. Facts
24. Weaver's reed
25. Soaks
26. Way out
27. Of a No. American country
31. Italian coins
29. Style of type
32. Wagon track
34. Substance formed in vinegar
37. Slipknot
38. Laments
40. Fruit
42. Seed coating
43. Very small
44. Insect
45. Central American tree
46. Handle roughly
48. Before



Answer elsewhere in this issue

The Great Evangelist

Two hundred years ago one of the world's greatest evangelists was awakening all England to the need for moral and spiritual regeneration. John Wesley, founder of Methodism, was preaching in the open air, gathering converts into societies, and creating a band of lay preachers who, with himself and his brother Charles, endured intense persecution and privation.

At that time large tracts of the countryside as we know it to-day were wastes, forests, fens, and swamps. Cultivation and roads, as we think of them, barely existed.

Most towns and cities were dark pits of pagan iniquity. Every sixth house in London was a grog-shop. Swinging signboards promised to make one "drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence, with clean straw for nothing."

It was in such a world that Wesley received the message "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God." He began to preach in the open air because nearly every pulpit in the church he so loved was closed to him.

For over thirty years he travelled on horseback all over England, giving the rein to his steed and doing his reading and studying in the saddle to save time.

Ignored Threats

He rose at four in the morning and, through snow and storm, winter or summer, on days wet or dry, cold or hot, by bad roads, good roads, or no roads at all, he cantered onwards, preaching three or four times a day and travelling between fifty and eighty miles in twenty-four hours.

Stoning and threats to burn down the houses where he stayed were common. On one occasion he said, "If the house is to be burned, let us use it while it stands."

He would walk into the midst of threatening crowds and say, "Here I am. Which of you has anything to say to me—you, or you, or you? To which have I done any wrong?"

It was said of Wesley that he had muscles of whipcord, bones of steel and lungs of leather. In truth he suffered from many bodily ailments and once nearly died of consumption. At 74, while suffering from ague and fever, he rode sixty-three miles in a day and preached.

Gave Wealth Away

He ate sparingly, drank water, and lived on $150 a year, although he sometimes made $2,000 a year from his books. The surplus he gave away. He founded schools and dispensaries, distributed medicines, and found work for the poor.

At Wesley's death there were in Great Britain over a hundred Methodist societies with some seventy - two thousand members. About the same number of societies existed in America. To-day the whole Methodist family throughout the world is estimated at well over nineteen million.

It is significant that John Wesley's constant prayer was, "Lord, let me not live to be useless."

Two women were preparing to board the air liner. One of them turned to the pilot and said, "Now, please don't travel faster than sound. We want to talk."

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. What is the proper way to introduce a married woman to an unmarried one?

A. The unmarried woman is always presented to the married woman, as, "Mrs. Jones, may I present Miss Smith?"

Q. If a bride-to-be is in a position to give verbal thanks for a wedding present, is a written note unnecessary?

A. Never; the "thank you" note must be written, and as soon as possible.

Q. Is it correct to use a fork to place jelly on bread?

A. No, the knife should be used for this purpose.

Q. Should one correct a friend who constantly makes glaring grammatical errors?

A. Never, the mistakes should be ignored, unless the friend, being aware of his deficiency, requests you to correct him.

Q. Is it correct to write a note wishing a girl happiness after receiving an announcment of her engagement?

A. Yes; the note may be brief, but should be gracious and sincere.

See all THE C.N.E. THIS YEAR

FOREIGN EXHIBITS

SPORTS

OLSEN & JOHNSON

PAGEANTRY

There'll be water sports, air-shows, contests and displays, brilliantly staged and presented. There'll be exhibits by the hundred thousand, music, dancing, a mile-long Midway . . . gala and carnival. Don't miss a thing at this year's C.N.E. Come often.

*Col. K. R. Marshall, President
Elwood A. Hughes, General Manager

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CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION
Toronto

● *THEY'RE CHEER WINNERS*

JELLY BUNS

Measure into small bowl, 1 c. lukewarm water, 2 tsps. granulated sugar; stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with 2 envelopes Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 min., THEN stir well. Cream ¾ c. shortening; gradually blend in 1 c. granulated sugar, 2 tsps. salt, 1 tsp. grated nutmeg. Gradually beat in 2 well-beaten eggs. Stir in ½ tsp. lemon extract, ½ c. milk which has been scalded and cooled to lukewarm, and yeast mixture. Stir in 3 c. once-sifted bread flour; beat until smooth. 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 and cut into 36 equal portions; knead into smooth balls. Brush with melted butter or margarine, roll in fine granulated sugar and arrange ½" apart on greased baking pans. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Twist the handle of a knife in the top of each roll to form an indentation; fill with jelly. Cover and let rise 15 minutes longer. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 18 minutes.

New Fast-Acting Dry Yeast Needs NO Refrigeration!

Thousands of women every week are switching to the new Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. It's fast — it's *active* — keeps for weeks in the cupboard. Perfect results in rolls, buns, breads!

Get a month's supply!