More flavour? That's because it's better tea

"SALADA" TEA

Riders for the Hoot-Owl Pool

by G. H. SHARP

CHAPTER I

(Continued From Last Week)

The grizzled old sheriff buckled on his gunbelt and kissed his worried-looking wife.

"I'll be back tomorrow, Ma. How about a good mulligan with dumplin's and a big apple pie? Don't fret, now."

She made him put on a heavy shirt and his chaps. He had a long ride to made and it was drizzling rain outside. Hank Roberts was no longer young. Damp weather stove him up. He gulped another cup of hot, black coffee and was gone, heading his big, grain-fed horse for a range where trouble rode in the night.

* * *

A dozen men sat in the lamplight at Webb Winters' ranch house. The room was laden with tobacco smoke. Bronzed, stern-faced, these men made up the Scissor-Bill Pool. Most of them had families. Each of them owned a small herd of cattle and a few acres of land. Nearly all of them had been cowboys.

Webb Winters was the last man to get there. He had been delayed in town until after dark. Mae had taken Bob's death hard. She had broken down and cried a lot and Webb had done what he could to comfort her. That had taken time. Then he'd gone to the undertaker's and picked out a coffin, which had to be loaded on a wagon and started for Bob Anderson's ranch. He and Mae had hunted up a preacher. So it was almost midnight when Webb joined the others.

Joe Blake looked hard at him. "We'd about decided you wasn't comin'. Some of the boys was in favor of settin' out to find you."

"Got delayed in town."

"If I was you," spoke one of the crowd, "I wouldn't do much night ridin' alone."

"I'll chance it." Webb moved toward the stove. Somebody had made coffee. He filled a tin cup and faced them. Joe Blake and another man had the only two chairs in the cabin. The others sat around on the floor.

"You men know what happened," Webb told them. "Bob got killed. There was more than one of 'em. He was outnumered, but he put up a scrap. There was blood near the door and there was blood outside. He fought 'em 'til they downed him. Are you goin' to help me hunt down the snakes that murdered Bob Anderson, or do I tackle the job alone?"

"You can count on me," said Joe Blake.

"We're all with you, I reckon," spoke another man.

"If it's war that Ab Abbott is lookin' for," said a lean-faced man with a scar across his jaw, "he kin find it. Bob Anderson was a white man any way you took him."

Others voiced their opinion. The probem was how they would go about this range war.

One man was in favor of running off all the Triangle stock they could round up. Another suggested burning off the Triangle range. The lean-faced man with the knife-scarred jaw opined that the only way to wipe out a snake den is to thumb a gun hammer. The older men, those who had wives and families, kept silent for the most part.

Every man there knew the strength of the Triangle outfit. They would be bucking a million-dollar spread, and Ab Abbott's cowboys were all tough hands. Ab Abbott had threatened that he would break up the Scissor-Bill Pool and run every man of them out of the country. This was not the first meeting of the Pool ranchers. They had met at Joe Blake's place the last time. Joe Blake had been elected boss of the Pool. The others now waited for that tight-lipped Oklahoman to speak.

"What's your idea, Joe?" asked Webb.

"Don't know as I have one, Webb, uniess it would be to force Ab Abbott into buyin' us out. I got the old woman and kids to think about. I—"

"Ab Abbott," Webb cut in, his voice harsh, "hasn't enough money to buy me out. Bob Anderson and me was sort of partners. Bob got murdered. If you feel like sellin', go ahead."

"You mean you're declarin' war on the Triangle?" asked Joe Blake.

"Just that. Even if I have to make a lone fight of it."

"I'll hang and rattle with you," said the knife-scarred cowboy who spoke with the soft drawl of a Texan. "Me and Ed. Young come up to Montana from down yonder. We was raised together from kids. They bushwhacked Ed. I'll string my bets along with yourn, Webb. I don't blame Joe Blake for not wantin' to mess into a fight. Like he says, he's got a wife and kids. So has some of you other gents. You kin sell out or you kin set back and do nothin', and no hard feelin's. I kin git in touch with some boys that will be willin' to do a little fightin'. Tex Jones ain't lackin' for friends."

"We won't have to carry it that far, Tex," said Webb Winters. "We don't want to hire any killers. My idea is this. We'll play our cards close to our bellies. Somebody in that outfit is goin' to get drunk some day in town and talk. Then we'll grab him and get the names of the men who killed Ed Young and Bob Anderson. And there at Bob's place is a big old cottonwood with a low limb that will take care of 'em. Men, no matter how you feel about this business, about your wives and families, you had better either sell out or be ready to fight. What's been said tonight or on other nights is just among us. Any man that tells a Triangle man what we talk about is lower down than a snake."

"I don't reckon," said Joe Blake, "that any man among us would go to Ab Abbott with any news."

"I ain't so sure about that," said Webb.

"Meanin' just what?" asked the lean-faced Tex.

"Meanin'," said Webb, "that there's some man connected with the Scissor-Bill Pool that don't keep his mouth shut. Ed Young got bushwhacked because somebody let it out that Ed was goin' to be ridin' along a certain trail just about a certain hour at night."

Webb Winters looked at the others through narrowed, hard eyes. He broke the silence that followed his last words.

"Only you men here knew that Bob Anderson was goin' to be home last night. Bob was supposed to be stayin' at Joe Blake's. Every man here knows that Bob had three thousand dollars in cash and some legal papers on him. The cash belonged to the Pool. The papers he had were depositions provin' his right to a piece of land. I was to meet Bob about noon and we were to take that money to the bank and file the papers Bob had.

"When the meetin' at Joe's broke up, Bob decided to go on home instead of stayin' at Joe's. I rode with Bob to where the trails forked. I went home. Bob went home with that money and them papers on him. Bob was wearin' all his clothes when he got killed. His hat was there on the floor alongside him. He hadn't took off his chaps. I went through his pockets. The money and papers was gone. Some man in the Scissor-Bill Pool is either too careless with his talk, or else he's sold out to Ab Abbot. That man is hearin' me now. Whoever he is, he's listenin'."

(Continued Next Week)

4855 SIZES 12–20 30–42

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Show Me The Way To Go Home—A bewildered beagle was Tippy, who got stranded on a plank when the Genesee River overflowed its banks and flooded the valley region.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I've been married for seven years—and now I think I'm in love with another man! We both have children. He wants me to go away with him.

"I don't know whether I ever really loved my husband. My parents were always telling me nobody would ever marry me, because I didn't take anyone seriously. They predicted I'd be an old maid. I guess that's the real reason I got married.

"This man is a good friend of my husband's, and has been very kind to him. My husband has asked me if I am in love, and I've never said so . . . I hate to leave him in a way, because he does all he can to please me. And I would want to take my children, whom he loves so much.

"Do you think I'm in love What shall I do?

* * * L.B.J."

Shocking Temptation

Temptations come to us all. Some are trivial, some vital. The wise course is to see them all for what they are, and weigh all the consequences of yielding.

You contemplate leaving a good husband, and taking his children with you—to run off with a man who already has a wife! That is shocking, even to me He could not marry you until you both are divorced. Divorces take time and money.

Meanwhile, what would you be? Married to one man, living illegally with another—and exposing your little children to all the scandal that would follow.

To think that you could be happy with him is folly. You would never forgive yourself for deserting your husband, and separating him from his children. And I predict that the passion that tempts you now would vanish so soon that you would think it had never been.

I expect you are bored with the routine of marriage, with child-bearing and raising. In such a mood, you are a natural target for any new sensation, and can readily call it love. Yet what sort of man is this, who would snatch you away from your home and husband, and drag you through a revolting experience? Surely he has no integrity, no real concern for your future peace of mind.

Resist, with everything in you. Remind him that no fleeting pleasure is worth the betrayal of your vows nor the sacrifice of your integrity and his.

Then never be alone with him again.

Plunge all your energies into making your husband content. Calm his suspicions of your disloyalty, and prove by your never-ending attentions how much you appreciate his goodness and affection.

This is the only road to peace. Once you see your critical situation as it would appear to others, you will realize is.

* * *

When temptation comes, see yourself as others would see you if you yielded to it. One's own pride can often keep her on the right course. Anne Hirst will help you, if you tell her about it. Address her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ont.

A SHIPMENT of earthworms bred in British Columbia is helping to remove the sea salt from Dutch fields and restore their former fertility. The worms replace the millions of worms destroyed by war bombing and the breaching of the dikes.

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WALNUT BUTTERMILK LOAF

Mix and sift twice, then sift into a bowl, 2½ c. once-sifted pastry flour (or 2¼ c. once-sifted hard-wheat flour), 2 tsps. Magic Baking Powder, ½ tsp. baking soda, 1½ tsps. salt, ⅛ tsp. ground mace. Mix in ⅜ c. lightly-packed brown sugar, ½ c. rolled oats and 1 c. broken walnuts. Combine 1 well-beaten egg, 1 c. buttermilk, 2 tsps. grated orange rind, 1 tsp. vanilla and 5 tbs. shortening, melted. Make a well in dry ingredients and add liquids; mix lightly. Turn into a loaf pan (4½" x 8½") which has been greased and lined with greased paper. Bake in a rather slow oven, 325°, about 1 hour. Serve cold, thinly sliced and lightly buttered.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

It takes a long time but finally the consumer public gets around to complaining about the things it doesn't like. Years ago the trouble was eggs. "There was a muttering that grew to a grumbling; and a grumbling that grew to a mighty rumbling" and out of the rumbling came the system of having eggs graded and candled according to size and freshness. Milk was another product that was given extra attention. Now milk is given the greatest possible care—properly chilled and inspected every so often for bacteria count and sedimentation—too much of either and the milk is condemned. With all this care at the source, if eggs now lose their freshness and milk becomes stale and contaminated, the fault lies with the attention—or lack of it—which these products receive after being purchased.

Now the spotlight is on potatoes. Housewives complain that potatoes haven't the flavour they used to have; they have lost their old-time mealiness; no longer will they fluff up when shaken after being cooked. Worst of all, old potatoes often turn black when cooked, and even new potatoes have lost that certain flavour we liked so much in days of yore. So at last Mrs. John Public has got around to asking—"What's wrong with our Ontario potatoes?"

Now that IS a question because you see grading of potatoes has long since been compulsory. Graded as to size and quality, that is. Just let a few little potatoes slip in with the big fellows and the producers have to answer for it. And of course scabby potatoes are never offered for sale at all. So the consumers go to the store and when they buy potatoes by the basket or bag they can be quite sure they will be reasonably uniform in size and also firm and sound. Actually, to all appearances, there shouldn't be a kick in the world about these nice looking potatoes. But the proof of the spud is in the cooking. You boil them, drain them, and mash them—and, according to the temperament of the potatoes, they may be either watery, or waxey, turn black or look and taste fairly edible. So you try other ways of cooking—steam them; start them with cold water, hot water, add salt first, last, or just as they come to the boil. But it makes very little difference—those fluffy, mealy potatoes seem to be gone for good.

Experts have come forward with various explanations—it's the soil, or the season, or the type of potato, or the way they are cooked. Well, maybe they are right — we don't grow potatoes for commercial use ourselves, so we don't pretend to know. But in our small way we have made certain observations and have come to the conclusion that it is the use of chemical fertilizers and constant spraying that has ruined the flavor of our Ontario potatoes. How else can we account for the following differences in the potatoes we have grown and those we have bought.

Every spring, as seed potatoes, we use the small potatoes left over from those we bought for eating the year before. We plant them in the ordinary way; we cultivate them, bank them up, and dust them if bugs become troublesome—but we DON'T use commercial fertilizer. We generally have a fair yield from the number we put in but nothing wonderful. Not a great number to a hill and nothing extraordinary as to size. But they do have a good flavor. As new potatoes, we eat and enjoy them. As they mature, and even before the skins are "set" the potatoes become mealy, and fluff up when mashed. For winter use we buy potatoes from a commercial grower — from the same grower that our left-over seed came from. His potatoes look bigger and better than our own. They would pass inspection 100 per cent. But when we cook them—how different the flavour! Actually, it doesn't pay us to grow potatoes for our own use—it is cheaper to buy them—we grow them only because they are so much nicer.

Naturally the potatoes we buy have had commercial fertilizer to help them along. A man who grows potatoes to sell needs big potatoes and plenty of them and for that purpose chemical fertilizer brings good results. Perhaps you may say—"Oh, it's probably a difference in the soil in which they are grown." Maybe—but our soil is clay-loam and the potatoes we buy are grown on sandy-loam, which, I believe, is generally considered to be the best soil for potato growers.

What is the solution for improving the eating quality of Ontario potatoes? Well, that is one for the experts to figure out. I am just offering our little bit of experience for what it is worth—and that may be nothing at all. Maybe we had better consult the Irish.

THE ONLY WAY

Much against his will, the young suitor had been persuaded to go through the formality of stating his intentions to his prospective father-in-law.

"So you want to become my son-in-law, do you?" the old man remarked grumpily.

"Frankly, no," returned the suitor, "but I see no way out of it if I want to marry your daughter."

Some men are fired with enthusiasm; others get their checks quietly.

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