First-crop Japan teas are admittedly the finest that come out of the land of blossoms. "SALADA" Japan green tea is comprised only of first-crop leaves.

"SALADA"

JAPAN TEA

Fresh from the Gardens.

WHISPERING SAGE

BY HARRY SINCLAIR DRAGO AND JOSEPH NOEL

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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Dick Acklin, big boss of the Double A ranch, calls on Jose Arascadut, most powerful of the Basque gente in Paradise Valley. Jose is owner of the Rancho Buena Vista and is father of Mercedes, Esteban and little blind Basilio. Buck Bodine, new owner of the old Webster place, is visiting Esteban. He meets Acklin and later they plan to rob the Basques of their water supply. Acklin rides to Bodine's ranch for instructions.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Kildare's horse had not moved from the spot where Blaze had dropped the rein. He held his head erect, ears expectant.

Blaze whistled so low that Mercedes barely heard it. Instantly the horse came to him and allowed the girl to stroke his head. Blaze lifted Basilio into the empty saddle.

"He's safe up there," he assured her. "My Man likes children."

The beat of a horse being driven at furious speed interrupted them. Mercedes got to her feet and took Basilio out of the saddle.

"This will be my brother Esteban."

The excited horse splashed through the water, covering them with a mist of fine spray. On its back sat Esteban, a thin, wiry narrow-hipped youth. He leaped to the ground and, tossing impishly at Blaze, launched into a tirade of excited Spanish. The girl sat and her eyes opened and cried to restrain him.

"Esteban!" she cried. "Hush! Have you no manners?"

Blaze had a fair smattering of the Spanish and the university understood Mexican idioms which the Basque had acquired, but began a caution to follow the rapid words of Esteban, continued to hower upon his sister. He told of the generalcy (again dwarf), and vequia madre (mother-dirt). If Blaze and his friends The Pajones did insect their dances.

When her brother had finished, Mercedes tried to tell him that Blaze was a stranger and to explain how he had helped Basilio and her. Esteban replied curtly with some show of gratitude. Then swung into his saddle and caused the child to be given him. Mercedes got on Captain's back. With Esteban leading the riders they started off.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NEW HAND.

Stretched out around the camp fire in the willows, heads pillowed on their saddles, the four men waited. The long twilight was over.

Skip yawned and got to his feet.

"Late enough," he sighed. "The moon's up. Let's go!"

In Indian file they left the shelter of the trees. Half an hour later they forded the Little Washoe and held north for the dry wash of the Webster.

Skip held up his hand.

"That fringe of dead willows marks the wash, Kildare. Melody, you side him east aways. Better let him stick around Rebel Creek. It's the least likely place for any one to come through. Chet will trail me. I'll hang out around the Winnemucca road. If we have any trouble, it'll be there—fighter or somethin'. I'll drop Chet about half-way over."

He turned to Chet.

"You and Melody keep in touch with each other. You can see a long ways in this light. Come on."

He wheeled his horse and loped off after the receding Chet. Blaze and Melody jogged on.

They rode into a little arroyo. Blaze snapped a match with his thumb.

"Take a squint at this picture, Melody. Is that Bodine?"

Melody shook his head. He took the photograph in his own hands.

"Nope," he repeated. "Nature didn't spare him any either, did she?" he chuckled. "No. This fellow Bodine is tall and wiry. About the size of the Big Boss."

Ten minutes later they came to Rebel Creek. Melody lay down to drink his fill for the night.

Blaze got out of his saddle. A rock for a back-rest, he sat in the shelter of the willows and smoked.

Time after time he met Melody in the arroyo. Nothing happened to break the monotony of their vigil. The moon rode high. Blaze knew it was nearing midnight. Innumerable cigarets had parched his throat. When he reached the creek again he got down to drink, but the water, which had been so clear and cold, was muddy to taste. He struck a match. He could see that his tongue had not deceived him. Some one had crossed the stream above him. Ten seconds later man and horse picked their way upstream.

Blaze figured he had come half a mile or more when My Man stumbled. Any but a Western horse would have been down. He slid to the ground, rifle in hand, and went on, knowing his horse would be waiting there if he returned. Another hundred yards and he stopped. Was it the fallacious breath of the night wind or his own ears that had deceived him into hearing the sound of shod steel grating on rock and gravel? Intently he listened . . . a pause . . . and then, clear and unmistakable, it came again.

Flat on all fours he crouched as he crawled to the mesa's rim. He was twenty feet above the water. Cautiously he peered over. His breath stopped. Right below him seven men toiled in the water. Rebel Creek was being dammed!

The vagrant night wind eddying on the canyon wall laid heavy hands on his sombrero and sent it sailing down upon the heads of the men below. The weight of the little gun inside the hat made it drop like a shot. A surprised voice retreated from its blow. Kildare knew he was discovered. Cries of rage and anger came up to him. His rifle crawled out beyond the crest, black and ominous to those below.

"Freeze where you are," he cried. With his left hand he drew his six-gun and fired three shots that would bring Melody and Chet rushing to his side.

In an incredibly short time Melody vaulted across the mesa. He saw Kildare with rifle to his shoulder.

"What is it?" he said huskily.

"Come here and see."

"That's pretty, ain't it?" Melody crawled. "Say, who in hell are you following?"

There was no mistaking the voice that called up in answer to the red-haired one's question. It was Mor-

row's. He was thoroughly angry. "Melody," he roared, "who's that fool up there with the gun?"

Blaze and Melody exchanged glances.

"It's me, Kildare," the former shot back. "I didn't know I was making you sit so nice and pretty."

The two men rode away together. Melody shook his head. "I had it sized up about right, I guess."

"Did you recognize the others?"

"Sure! Bodine's crowd. The big fellow was Bodine. The battalia grande is about to begin."

The weary-eyed Kildare waited out the hours. A drop of rain splashed against his face. Acklin, Bodine, and the solemn-eyed Cash laughed aloud. Every drop of rain was as manna from heaven. It was the last touch needed to make their work as flawless as the black art of the devil.

It was long after seven when Blaze saw Cash and Bodine ride into sight.

The boys rode up at that instant, closely followed by the heaving wagon. Cash jogged over to see it safely across the creek. Bodine offered Blaze a cigaret.

Cash joined them and he and Bodine went on. Blaze ambled over to where Widget was going through the motions that meant breakfast for him. The new hand was looked over by the boys, and, with the free-masonry of the cow-country, was given a nod and a greeting.

Having eaten his fill, Blaze crawled under the wagon to sleep.

The sun was out and riding high by the time the four men headed for home. Half a mile east of the creek they met the fencing gang. There was no lost motion here. Noontime brought Blaze to the Bull's Head.

Melody had been silent for an hour, but as they tramped up the stairs, the nearness of a comfortable bed awakened life within him. In a mournful voice he bawled one of his saddest numbers:

I lost my watch,
I lost my ring,
I lost my wife
And everything;
Oh, I got bad luck.
Oh, I

The agony of his song brought Acklin to the door. He saw his new man. "That you, Kildare?" he asked. "Step in here a minute." The cut of Kildare's fighting jaw, his poise, and his calm, unemotional eyes told Acklin plainer than words that here was a buzz-saw w... without excuses, h... hit best when unb...

"Kildare," he b... fancies you. I've him mistaken. W... to be in the v... want you to know ... ast no man to ... wouldn't do myse... which this ranch ... once said to me: ... the giving of t... they are necessa... who can't take t... why is no fit man ... found anything l... words."

"I guess I u... stand you, sir," Blaze stammered.

"I'm glad you ..." Acklin replied. "You're some ... p now. I'll call you about five. I ... ant you to go into Paradise tonight ... just to hear the news. You're a ... anger; you'll be safe. I want to ... ow what the talk is. I'll have a ... ssage for Bodine, too. No trouble ... ding the place."

CHAP... VII.

TUSCARORA ... OPHESIES.

Blaze reined up ... front of Chase's store. The pos... fice was located there. ... was down the Benavide's pla... A small crowd street several do... alf an hour ago stood before it. ... ible like all these Basques, ... had been noisy Southern races, ... glum now and enough. They ... they had talked silent only becau... themselves out.

The loss of the ... ter had been dis... covered before no... Several of them, Esteban included, ... ad ridden up the creek to find the c... se. They had not gone far before ... ey ran into the D'ouble A wire. ... other Jones had been waiting on ... other side of it. He was hardly he... ...sable.

(To be ...tinued.)

Islam's Masses Oppose Afghan King as Caliph

Reports of C...oups Backing Amanullah ...ersist Despite Sile... on His P...

ACTION ...FEARED

Jerusalem — ... masses view with ... King Amanullah's caliphate.

Reports, comin... Kabul, the Afgha... ious Moslem grou... the candidacy of K... mors that he had ... highest office, beg... pean tour and he ... spite of the fact t... formal announcem...

The problem, bo... and personal view... and precipitate a ... Islam more than o... the former caliph ... Immediately after ... Medjid, Moslem at... vestigating whether ... sential.

Abdul Medjid ha... claim to the caliph... through some edi... true believers, he r... existence. He woul... ally deposed before ... be chosen. This ... done on the groun... requires a caliph t... independent Moslem ...

Remaining Mosl... two who cannot be ... nection with the o... Shah of Persia who ... as the caliph must ... Ibn Saud, who is ... Wahabi religion, wh... nize the caliphate.

This leaves only ... of Egypt, King Am... Yehia, King of Y... has already declin... Imam Yehia has ... tion that he would ...

Unselfish women ... wives and the wors...

Mrs. Nexdore ... called at our house ... daughter, played the ... He just raved over ... Nayber: How rude ... he conceal his feel... of us do?

Austria Seeks Exhumation of Crown Prince

Clew in Death of Rudolf, Son of Emperor Josef, Hints at Assassination — Tragedy of 1889 Linked to Johann's Loss of Titles

Death Laid to Archduke

Vienna.—The bones of the Austrian Crown Prince Rudolf, eldest son of the late Emperor Francis Josef, who died in 1889 in the Mayerling hunting lodge under mysterious circumstances, may be exhumed and examined owing to a suspicion, now become strong, that he was assassinated.

The official version circulated after his death was that he and Baroness Marie Vetsera ended their lives by a double suicide.

Although many doubted the truth of this story, no definite proofs against it could be raised, all persons initiated into the secret having pledged on oath to preserve the strictest silence. But recently the former Court Chamberlain, Count Arthur Polzer-Hoditz, published new evidence, which is now supplemented by the story of another court official, Josef Maly, who told the editor of the "Neues Wefner Journal" that after thirty-nine years' silence he wished to reveal the truth before he died.

ARCHDUKE ACCUSED

According to Maly's depoition, his brother met Court Chaplain Mayer on the morning after the Mayerling tragedy, and the chaplain informed him with consternation that Archduke Johann had slain the Crown Prince after a quarrel. Johann had called at Mayerling, making impassionate reproaches to Rudolf over the latter's liaison with Baroness Vetsera. The Archduke is said to have seized a bottle and smashed the Crown Prince's skull.

Five days afterwards the newspapers published a short official communique announcing that the Emperor had divested Archduke Johann of all his offices and titles; the Archduke then assumed the name of Johann Orth, while the public all the time received the impression that his renunciation of his prerogatives was voluntary. Years afterward the world heard that Johann Orth had been drowned on the ship Santa Margherita, which sank en route to South America.

Lately rumors have been circulated that the reports of Orth's death were false, and that he was still alive, a farmer under an assumed name in a South American republic.

At present it seems possible that the Public Prosecutor will take up the case. However, difficult problems have to be solved first, since there are doubts whether the authorities have the right to demand the exhumation of Crown Prince Rudolf's body, which is now kept with those of the other deceased Hapsburgs for centuries back in the famous traditional vault in the Capucin Church in Vienna.

CLAIMS NEVER PROVED

The death of Crown Prince Rudolf and Baroness Vetsera is one of the traditional mysteries of the European royal houses, and dozens of solutions of it have been attempted. Most of the figures in the case have died. Since the departure of "Johann Orth," the former Archduke Johann and second cousin of the late Emperor Francis Josef, from Austria, more than 100 men in different parts of the world have claimed to be him, but no claim has ever been proved.

Diner (to conductor of orchestra)—"Do you ever play anything by request?" Conductor—"With pleasure, sir." Diner—"Would you mind playing dominoes whilst I have my dinner?"

A noted writer says that theatres would be better without music between acts. We know of some that would have done better between the intervals!

Wife—"Did you find out there was anything wrong with it when you had it to pieces?" Husband—"Yes! And now I'm trying to find out if there's anything right with it since I've put it together again!"

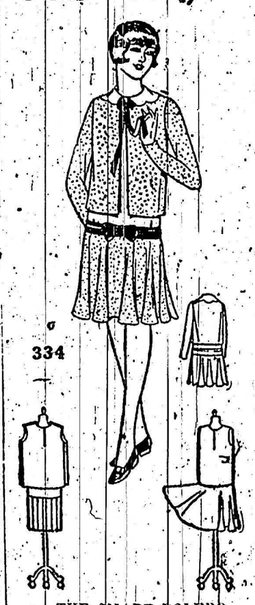
The hand that rocks the cradle fools the world.

Turkish Woman Artist

A FAIR CRY FROM HAREM AND VEIL

Mme. Mihri Hanoum, a Turkish champion of woman's rights takes a prominent place in the women artists of the world. She runs an art school in Constantinople and is seen exhibiting one of her pictures in New York.

Styles by ANGELIC Paris — New York



334

THE SMART BOLERO

A becoming new fashion for the little miss of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years, is the new bolero costume with circular skirt. It is simple enough for classroom, yet dressy for more formal wear. Style No. 334 copies the grown-up mode, both in cut and fabric. It chooses sheer tweed in beige and brown with sheer beige woolen bodice and collar. Brown velveteen is used for girdle to pipe edges of bolero and for pert tie. Navy blue velveteen with white silk crepe bodice is fetching and can be made at a saving well worth while. Bottle green homespun, plaid woolen in red tones, navy blue wool repps, and patterned wool jersey in combination with plain jersey are lovely ideas for [illegible] two-piece circular [illegible] bodice; the [illegible] neck and [illegible] piping. The [illegible] bolero and [illegible] grey. [illegible] Pattern price 20c in [illegible] (coin is preferred).

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Cicero's Secretary Is Called Father of Stenographic Art

Former Slave Preserved Senate Orations by System of Notes, Says Tampa Girl

Tampa, Fla.—Miss Bertha Zinn, a stenographer of Tampa, is not versed in the arts of her trade, but in its history as well.

Shorthand, Miss Zinn says, had its origin in Greece, whence it came to Rome. Xenophon is said to have taken down the lectures of Socrates in a crude system of shorthand.

The learned Slave, Marcus Tullius Tiro, freed by Cicero, and later employed as his secretary, might be called the father of stenography, Miss Zinn says. "Cicero's orations were preserved for all times by means of the Notae Tironianae, or Tironian notes, taken down in the Roman Senate by the former slave.

"Tiro's system, like the Greek alphabet, was ideographic and was made up of some 5,000 characters, representing a word. A prodigious memory as well as infinite patience must have been necessary to master such an intricate system.

"Actions a Roman philosopher called forced slaves in the art and by apportioning five manuscript writers to each group of 100 stenographers published a great many books. His pay of the slave was a pound of grain and a skin of wine daily.

"The sermons of some of the early church leaders—Origen, Chrysostom, St. Augustine and Savonarola—were preserved in shorthand. Samuel Pepys mastered the art and wrote his diary in that manner. Charles Dickens used the Taerny system in early days, when he recorded the proceedings of the British House of Commons.

"Stenography died out during the 'dark ages' from the sixth to the seventeenth century, Miss Zinn says, when it was again revived.

"John Willis devised the first modern method of shorthand in the seventeenth century. Thomas Shelton and many others followed, the most famous of whom, perhaps, was Isaac Pitman, that author who declared that within thirty years before the invention of the typewriter [illegible] system of shorthand [illegible] which was first [illegible] system."

Lady Asquith tells the following story of her old friend, the late J. K. Stevens, the famous writer of parodies. One afternoon he was invited to discuss the future life with an assembly of curates. After listening for some time to a lot of foolish vaporings, he said: "Gentlemen, it is true what Wordsworth says: 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy,' but is that a reason why we should lie about Heaven in our middle age?"

"Does she sing with much expression?" "Terribly, I had to look the other way."

No cigar is too bad to meet its match at last.

Bank of Montreal Annual Meeting

General Manager's Address.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, general manager of Bank of Montreal, reviewing the business of the Bank, said in part:—

"Canada as a whole has enjoyed more prosperity than ever before. At the commencement of 1928 a succession of fine harvests had already placed the country on a prosperous footing, and the position has been further improved [illegible] by good average yields of the crops in all the older provinces, while the Prairie Provinces have far exceeded their previous records. In general activity an extraordinary expansion has shown itself in every direction, many being of a most impressive character. These include the further exploitation of those great natural assets, water powers, and mineral deposits. Also, we have seen a great increase in revenue from many sources, now yielding handsome business returns.

"[illegible] factors have [illegible] into general circulation, increased the demands upon [illegible] industries, and have caused the [illegible] scale of employment to be greatly [illegible] particularly in the Western provinces. Quebec, too, has shown [illegible] turing [illegible] on a large scale, despite [illegible] owing to outside [illegible]

Tourist Trade of High Importance.

"Tourist trade [illegible] steadily [illegible] been so fast to [illegible] importance as [illegible] according to [illegible] from abroad, [illegible] in Canada [illegible] reports are [illegible] in this year the [illegible] are more than double [illegible] of 1923.

"Compare this source [illegible] with some other [illegible] revenue. [illegible] wheat exports [illegible] with [illegible] of our mineral [illegible] of the output of [illegible] per cent., [illegible] trade has become a [illegible] interest of [illegible]

Call Money Market.

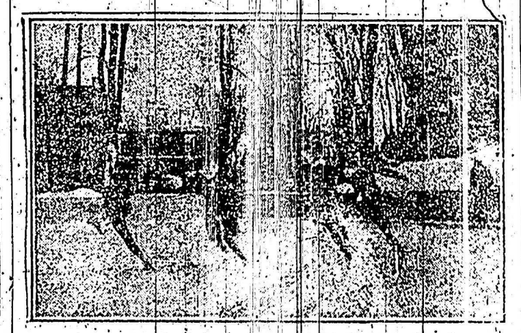
"There seems to be a somewhat widespread idea that Canadian banks have transferred large amounts of money to New York for employment in call loans. That notion is wholly erroneous. The policy of the Bank of Montreal, and I may say I believe it applies to all Canadian banks, has long been to carry in New York a substantial proportion of ready reserves in quick assets. No funds, however, have ever been transferred to New York or London to be loaned on call until every legitimate need of our own country has been carefully examined and, if at all possible, complied with. Our loans there have been less than they were a year ago."

Wide Appeal of Winter Sports

Recreation in the Open in Canada at This Season is Healthful and Enjoyable

Winter is pre-eminently the season for sports time in Canada. At this season of the year the appeal of the outdoors is especially persistent and the sports over-[illegible] many and varied forms of amusement are [illegible] Skating, skiing, hockey, [illegible] ing, tobogganing, and curling [illegible] their thousands of devotees [illegible] the refreshing and [illegible] body in these [illegible] vigorating air. [illegible] the gospel of recreation in the open spaces is spreading to [illegible] winters and each year sees [illegible] numbers coming to Canada for [illegible] of winter pastimes.

Health and fun are the [illegible] magnets of the winter playtime. [illegible] ficient conditions, and [illegible] servo



Wide Appeal of Winter Sports.—A curves on an open-air rink. centres of population in Canada some of the most graceful skaters fancy skaters enjoying themskating clubs in all the larger them there are developed the world.

[illegible] and tobogganing can be [illegible] means or as leisurely as the [illegible] pant degree. Ice [illegible] is a popular diversion in parts of [illegible] where the peculiar conditions [illegible] prevail. Ice [illegible] an attractive feature of many [illegible] program.

A gratifying characteristic of winter sports in Canada is that they all [illegible] to develop players rather than [illegible] spectators. With the exception of [illegible] only a short apprenticeship [illegible] be served before the participant [illegible] into the full enjoyment of the [illegible]

The fact to be [illegible] while the [illegible] is becoming [illegible] with the [illegible] one of the chief factors in the [illegible] rise to popularity of this sport [illegible] year to year, the call of Canadian winter season is becoming [illegible] and not only in the Dominion [illegible] broad growing numbers are [illegible] the varied appeals of our [illegible] and pastimes. Health and [illegible] ment in fascinating [illegible] and [illegible] of great people, beauty, in the [illegible] by which growing throngs are [illegible] drawn to our [illegible] and hills.

How to Make Salads

Directions for the making of attractive and tasty salads are given as follows:

Pineapple, cream cheese and mint salad: Make by mixing cream cheese with [illegible] pineapple, [illegible] of lemon juice and [illegible] of cayenne, to which whipped cream may be added. Shape [illegible] form in a silver platter [illegible] with the dressing. Garnish with [illegible] and watercress.

Another [illegible] salad is made by [illegible] Put into individual [illegible] a few strawberries cashed or fresh, some grated canned pineapple, [illegible] spoonful of orange pulp and the [illegible] of grapefruit. Add a very little syrup made from preserved ginger, 1 teaspoonful of lemon juice, and a few drops of maraschino cherry juice. Fill with 1 tablespoonful of creamy mayonnaise and a maraschino cherry. Have thoroughly chilled before serving.

A thing of beauty in the salad line is the following salad: Serve on a large silver platter arrange quantity of crisp white lettuce. In the center form a mound of cottage cheese, seasoned well with salt and pepper. Then surround it with the drained halves of canned peaches, cubes of canned pineapple and pitted Royal Anne cherries which have been stuffed with some of the cottage cheese. Pour over all a French dressing made with fruit juices (pineapple, lemon and peach) with olive oil and a little [illegible] of mustard as well as salt and pepper. Shake well. Serve with the following hot cheese sandwiches: Spread thin rounds of bread with piping hot Welsh rabbit cheese. Put two rounds together like a sandwich. Heat [illegible] on both sides.

Teacher: "The sentence 'My father has no money,' is in the past tense. Now, Mary, what tense would you be speaking if you said: 'My father has no money?'" Mary: "Pretty nice."

Hands should share the home with their wives, says a writer in a paper. We despise those selfish husbands who want to do it all themselves.

If we deduct 600 years from the common calculation of our early history, the ascension of our first pioneer, Jimmy Sonno was in about B.C.—approximately the time when Julius Caesar held sway in Rome.—K. K. Kawakami.

In Finland they call bootlegged Jonson kyynoleita even before they drink it.