There is a flavour here which entirely satisfies
"SALADA"
JAPAN TEA
'Fresh from the gardens'

BEGIN HERE TODAY

We've been up beyond the peak for almost three weeks. We haven't seen a Double A man since we left."

"What you been doin' in the Buttes?" Bodine growled.

"You ought to know!" Melody snapped back, too late for Blaze to check him.

Side by side the two parties moved, slowly at first; but as they found nothing to reward them, their pace quickened until it became a mad scramble, as if each was trying to be the first to find the answer to the mystery.

And then, as they rounded the bend where the canon narrowed as it came dashing out of Martin Canon, the truth struck them as though they were but one man. High across the chasm before them looked the mighty dam, the top of the solid mass of masonry ...

Bewildered, Bodine rolled his head from side to side.

"Acklin," he muttered slowly; "he's fooled us all."

"Acklin?"

A rumbling murmur passed through the crowd as ... Esteban's question.

The key turned on Blaze.

"Is that right, Kildare?"

The crowd shifted its attention to the Double A man. Blaze met their stare calmly.

God, Acklin and his dam were not understandable to their primitive minds.

Some of them got to their knees and prayed; others raised their hands to heaven and moaned or blasphemed. But above all sound arose the croaking voice of old Ortega as he repeated his croaking "It's a visitation of God upon us for our sins!"

The astonishment of the Double A men was equal to that of the Basques. To Melody, the dam was only another evidence of Acklin's ability to get what he went after.

In Kildare it awakened strange emotions. For one thing, it revealed the Big Boss as he had seen him; hard, uncompromising, ruthless. But a sense of loss, a feeling of sadness, that came outweighed any consideration ...

He would have killed Acklin on sight in his present mood. Whenever he recalled that he, the blundering, stupid idiot, had pulled this coal out of the fire for the Double A, he raved like a madman.

Esteban spurred up to the big fellow, the manner in which Bodine had given way filling him with disgust.

"Dry up that noise," he called out. "That kind of talk won't get you anything."

Blaze felt a silent admiration for the young fellow's grit. Bodine also caught the tone of authority in his voice.

"Well, what are we goin' to do?" he demanded.

"You forget who we are, Bodine," Esteban said hotly. "What my people do, they'll do without any help from you. We're not forgetting, you double-crossing stool-pigeon! Acklin has played you for a fool, but you'd have driven us out if you could."

A guttural chorus approved his words.

"Have it your own way," the big fellow roared. "I'd 'a' lined up with you; we'd 'a' give Acklin a taste of his own medicine. He couldn't lick us all. You go ahead, and see where you get off. You got two of his pets right here. What you goin' to do with them?"

Bodine was playing to the crowd now. There was a quick movement toward the Double A men. Blaze and Melody backed up against the stone wall. Esteban got in front of them. He faced his own people with his gun raised.

"Firme amigos!" he cried to them in their own tongue. "This man let me get away the night I first came around the wire. I had a bullet through this shoulder; there was no reason this side of hell why he should have let me go, but he did. It is not our way to forget. He and his friend go free."

Melody followed Blaze as the Basques opened up to let them through. The poet had begun to understand many things that had been a closed book to him up to now. His fondness for the man grew. He marveled at the unconcern with which his friend led the way down the little avenue of hostile guns that could have blown them to pieces with a touch of the finger.

Stern-mouthed, clear, Kildare won the respect of all of them. Bodine smiled contemptuously. Esteban surprised the expression in his eyes.

(To be continued.)

Tables Turned on Card-Sharpers

Three men arrived recently at Eastbourne, between Brighton and Hastings, England, and put up at a fashionable hotel, saying that they had just missed their steamer at Southampton, although it later developed that they had not been allowed to go on board, having been recognized as card-sharpers of international repute.

At the same hotel there was staying an elderly, kindly faced man who appeared to be a wealthy London merchant or possibly a banker, enjoying his Christmas holiday. As is usual when the quarry is sighted, two of the trio broke from the third, appeared to have no acquaintance with him, until he had made the acquaintance of the elderly man. Then the latter was asked to make a fourth in a friendly game of cards. He consented.

The party played without stakes and the elderly gentleman won. Then one of the trio made ... "Perhaps his idea would be ... one if we played for small stakes." They played for ... the London man's ... Then the stakes were ... higher and he lost. He continued to lose until the tally which had been kept of the stakes were raised showed that he owed about £3,500.

The victim candidly admitted that he did not have that sum with him but that he would draw a draft on his London concern, which he hoped would be satisfactory. So he made out a paper addressed to Embankment, S.W.1, where he said his place of business was, and where a man named "Newhall" was asked "to hold the bearers." The elderly man signed the paper, folded it and handed it to one of the trio, saying:

"There, you present this at the address given and you will get what is coming to you."

They unfolded the paper and once objected to the message—there was no mention of the £700 due.

"Oh, that's quite all right," said the Londoner. "I'm good for any amount there. Of course, you will only ask for what I owe you and no more."

The three held a consultation and then decided to interrogate the clerk. They showed him the draft.

"Who is he?" they asked.

"I can't tell you who he is, but I can tell you what his concern is at Embankment, S.W.1. It's New Scotland Yard."

The Bank

When I walk down
Threadneedle Street
I hear the noise
the bankers make
of those who crawl
and plod and slave
for the love of a bit
of crumpled paper.
And some of them hold it,
while most of them lose it,
but all of them die before
learning to use it.
—Humbert Wolfe in the Spectator (London).

The millennium will be here when it takes the nations as long to declare war as it takes the United States Senate to declare peace.

Hope is the companion of power, and the mother of success, or whose hopes strongly has within him the gift of miracles.—Smiles.

Not all the bad bills are passed by counterfeiters. Let us not forget our legislatures.

The best thing to make time fly—The spur of the moment.

Growing Ferns

Special care must be taken with ferns says Ellen Saverly Peters in an article in the January "Your Home Magazine".

"All classes of ferns," she writes, "such as the ever-popular Boston fern, asparagus fern, maiden hair or lace fern, Roosevelt fern as well as the hardy or perennial ferns, are started in the same way. You must first have a large healthy, growing fern of the variety which you desire to have plants like. Examine it closely and then select a well-developed frond. This you will use to start your new plants, so be sure and select the best one possible. Next, pierce twelve or fifteen quarter-inch holes in the bottom of a large shallow granite, tin or aluminum pan. Then thoroughly mix equal parts of pulverized manure and rich garden soil. Fill the pan with this mixture, packing it down well, and sprinkle it with rain water until it is quite wet. Place the pan on a box or stool so the top of the pan and the top of the flower pot or jardiniere containing the large fern are the same height. Underneath the frond along the stem and under the leaves you will find tiny, dark green spots. These are called spores or fern seed and are very vital to the fern plant. Handle the frond as little as possible. Carefully lay it over the pan, being sure you do not bend it to break even the tiniest portion. Take a number of small wire staples and press them over the stem of the fern to hold it and the leaves securely against the soil. Do not molest it for at least a week, by which time the spores should have attached themselves securely to the soil and the tiny new ferns started to grow.

"When the young plants," continues this writer, "are about three inches high they should be separated. Flower pots made of pottery seem to be the ideal container for any kind of a fern.

"For these small ferns use small flower pots. Wash the flower pots both inside and out until they are perfectly clean. In the bottom of each place a layer of coarse gravel, then fill with pulverized manure and rich garden soil such as you used in the pan when starting the new plants. In the center of each potful of earth make a good sized hole and fill it with water. When this has drained away lift the plants with as much soil attached as possible and place them in the holes."

New Zealanders Study Economics of Dairy Farming

More Attention Paid of Late to Herd Testing and Improvement

Auckland, N.Z.—Much of the rural distress out of which New Zealand is gradually passing is due to failure to apply economic methods to farming propositions. This is especially true of dairy farming. During a long period prices of land rose steadily, and a man who bought a farm believed that he could pass it on at an enhanced figure, which caused him in many cases to accept high values without adequate examination. The post-war slump in land values has slowed down this process, and farmers have been compelled to study more closely the economics of their industry.

Formerly farmers often bought farms on a rough and ready method of calculation. During the last few years some work has been done on farm economics, and an attempt has been made to teach the farmer the necessity of working out the problem in all its bearings before he takes up a property. By this means it is hoped to avoid another period of inflation.

The economist of the Department of Agriculture, E. J. Fawcett, has presented the results of study of small dairy farms. He concludes that on the average £43 per acre can be paid for 50-acre farms producing 125 pounds of butter fat per acre.

Greater attention has been paid lately to herd testing and improvement. Pasture, management and food-preservation are the first considerations, and it is noticeable that on many farms to medium herd average the output per acre is higher than on farms with a very high herd average and a smaller number of cows per acre. It is mainly to dairying that New Zealand must look for any extensive increase in the output of primary produce in the next decade, says this investigator.

Music Lessons and Nervous Troubles

Dr. Richardson Points Out Ill Effects in Old System of Scale Practicing to Nervous Children

Music lessons consisting of the practicing of scales and exercises bring many nervous disorders in children, writes Dr. Frank H. Richardson, M.D., in the February issue of "The Forum".

"If your ears are assaulted by the notes of some infant demon picking his tortuous way through the maze of a scale in B flat," Dr. Richardson writes, "do not fancy that this tiny soul is being wafted to the heights of lyric tranquility on the wings of song. On the contrary, it is likely that he is going through torments far worse than your own, as a result of which he will probably be found in a doctor's office a few months hence, suffering from some mental or nervous trouble. It may be an annoying twitch or grimace, it may be a conduct disorder, or it may be something as serious as St. Vitus' Dance, from which it will take him months to recover—if he ever does recover completely.

"From this it may be seen why I, as a doctor, have presumed to intrude on the aesthetic preserves of the music lesson. Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast only when it is applied judiciously. If it is rammed down the young savage's throat, as it has been for years, the effect is anything but soothing. The popular hot-house method of forced musical development produces more nervous disorders than infant prodigies, and even where it has no unfortunate physical effect, it is at least likely to cause the victim to shy at a musical instrument forever after. Those who have come through the old one-two-three school of discipline and still retain a love of music may be said to have done so in spite of the lessons rather than because of them. From the point of view both of the doctor and the musician, then, there seems to be a step back somewhere in musical education."

... the pupil grew ... connected with ... looked forward to with ... anticipation ... A psychologist would say that he had been conditioned against music just as surely as if his parents and his teacher had conspired to make him loathe it, instead of honestly wanting him to love and appreciate it.

"The two instruments usually picked out ... are the piano and the violin ... says Dr. Richardson. "The piano is ... the most mechanical, the most complicated of our musical instruments; it interposes more machinery between the player and the music he produces than any other instrument. And the violin is conceded to be the most difficult, technically, and the one that ... the most possibilities for the ... of distinctly unmusical ... In choosing these ... we have been guilty of the pedagogic sin of jumping to the complex, ignoring the simple steps which should lead up to it. We have overlooked the host of simple instruments naturally adapted to the child and have prescribed something designed for adult hands and adult abilities.

"No one will deny that musical skill and appreciation develop as a growth, an unfolding, a building up from the simple into the complex. Before one can be expected to play by note, he ought at least to know what he will produce; in other words, he ought to be able to speak before he is asked to read. And surely he cannot be expected to speak through the medium of an instrument before he knows how to sing and is familiar at least with some simple melodies. He cannot sing without a sense of rhythm; and a sense of rhythm is expressed, and for that matter is best learned, by movements of the body such as dancing, or marching, or beating time. Not a hint of this simple, logical, self-evident progression is to be detected in the orthodox teaching of music.

"The next step though it may coincide with the study of rhythm—is the teaching of simple melodies. Folk songs are especially suitable for this—our negro melodies, the Stephen Foster tunes which are so popular, old German, English, and French songs of the soil. In singing and dancing these the child finds real enjoyment while, in accordance with a sound pedagogic principle, he is learning through the channels of hearing and feeling, or, to be more exact, through his muscle sense. The result is a double appeal, as compared with the usual method of learning through only one of the senses.

"When the child has developed a sense of rythm and melody, he is then ready to take up an instrument—but only the very simplest. Suitable for a child at this stage are the primitive rattle and drum of the savage, the triangle, the cymbal, and the humble 'bones' of the minstrel. These are not to be sneered at, for the expression of rythm by means of an instrument, however lowly, is a distinct advance over the rhythmic dance; it is the first bit of real instrumental music that our future performer is ready for.

"It is not too soon to call the child's attention to the differences in tone produced by some simple instrument. This may be illustrated by means of a two or three-toned set of 'musical glasses', which are easily made by filling tumblers with the proper amounts of water to produce such a succession of notes. Let no one laugh at what such an instrument can produce: 'Three Blind Mice' rendered on home made glasses may be sweeter than a sonata of Beethoven's extracted from the radio! If a more elaborate instrument is desired the xylophone or orchestra bells may take the place of glasses.

"Neither a school nor a professional teacher are necessary with this method," continues "The Forum" article. "It can be carried out successfully by any parent, and with far less effort and greater hope of success than under any of the more orthodox, but less logical systems of teaching."

Dogs Can Show Deep Affection

A CEMETERY FOR DOGS IN A SUBURB OF BERLIN

A big Alsatian is seen here mourning at the grave of a departed playmate. The dog could not be persuaded to leave the mound below which lay his friend.

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TASTY SAUCES AND DRESSINGS

Tomato Sauce

One half of a small onion; 1 clove of garlic, 1 small stalk of celery, 2 bay leaves, 1 sprig of parsley, 3 tablespoonfuls of olive oil; ½ teaspoonful of salt; ¼ teaspoonful of pepper, ... medium-sized tomatoes or one No. 2 can of tomatoes. Chop the onion, garlic, celery and parsley and break up the bay leaves; add the oil, salt and pepper; cut up the tomatoes and put all of the ingredients into a kettle with a heavy bottom, or protect a thin bottom by placing it on the stove over an asbestos mat. Stir frequently, but keep covered while cooking. When the juice is the consistency of thin custard, strain it through a fine strainer and it is ready for use. This sauce may be used for meats, fish, macaroni or cheese dishes. Dried mushrooms soaked in warm water may be added to the sauce and cooked in it until they are tender.

Piquant Sauce for Beefsteak

Two tablespoonfuls of good melted butter; 2 tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup; 1 teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce; 1 teaspoonful of mixed mustard; ½ teaspoonful of salt; a dash of paprika and a dash of white or black pepper; 1 tablespoonful of beef stock or water; 1 teaspoonful of granulated sugar; ½ teaspoonful of English mustard; ½ teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar. Mix all together and heat very hot. Slice the steak and leave it in shape on the platter, then pour the sauce while hot over and around the steak. This will serve 4 or 5 persons, and is most delicious.

Mayonnaise Dressing

Four egg-yolks; 4 saltspoonfuls of English mustard; 2 saltspoonfuls of cayenne pepper; 4 tablespoonfuls of cider vinegar; 8 saltspoonfuls of salt; 1 teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar. Mix all together for two minutes, then add 1½ pints of good olive oil, a little at a time, then the juice of a lemon. It is most necessary that the mixing bowl and all ingredients be thoroughly cold to insure success with this dressing.

Mock Hollandaise Sauce

Two tablespoonfuls of butter; 2 tablespoonfuls of flour; ¾ cupful of milk; ½ teaspoonful of salt; 1/8 teaspoonful of white pepper; a few grains ...

Bread-Crumb Sauce

Snappy-Cheese Dressing

Caper Sauce

Etchings on Snow