Help The Red Cross
"SALADA" TEA

Murder in Plain Sight

by GERALD BROWN
W.N.U. FEATURES

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER VII: At the night club McCale, and Ann are much impressed by the featured singer, Shari Lynn. They are surprised to note that she has a companion at table. The Print Club members, Mrs. Kane, Bigelow enters the club, and, very emphatically to the table where Vallaincourt and Shari Lynn are in earnest conversation. Karen takes something from her handbag and hands it to Vallaincourt, then turns and goes. McCale and Ann notice Stephen Bigelow at another table. He seems to be trying to drown his sorrows.

CHAPTER VIII

"I can't let you go in. Besides, he's not there, Sybil. He really isn't there."

"How do you know?"

"I looked."

"You came here to see him?"

"Yes, you — but he isn't here. Come home with me, Sybil."

The grotesque Sybil hesitated a moment, her bright feverish eyes searching Karen's face. Then she pushed her forcefully aside with crushing arrogance.

"Let me by," she said, her voice rising hysterically.

There was a limousine at the curb. Karen walked to it, moving like a sleepwalker. She got into it without a backward glance. It rolled away into the dark.

"Well, well," McCale spoke as they settled back into their taxi. "I am more than ever convinced that there is a nigger in the Bigelow woodpile."

"I should say so." Ann smiled wearily. "As our good pal, Rocky, would say — everyone seems one leap ahead of it.

"In the meantime, you'd better get down to the Bigelow house early tomorrow and look for something."

"My good woman, what am I to look for?"

"If I were you, I'd look for a time bomb."

* * *

Looking back on it later, what happened was very much like a time bomb — something explosive and hidden, but ticking away, set to go off at a given moment . . .

It was still quite early. Another night, they might have gone on to one or another of the nightclubs, but McCale was in no mood for it. He knew Ann's evening was probably spoiled, though she said nothing. He reached for her hand, expecting more of her incurable flippancy, but she, too, seemed sunk in a thoughtful depression. When they drew up before the apartment house where she lived, she kissed him lightly before they got out, made no remark when he told the driver to wait. As he fitted her key into the outside door, she spoke.

"Drink?"

"No."

"What are you up to? Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the Print Club to see Jerry Tate."

"Oh, all right. Go ahead. I know what you're like when you smell blood, you hound." She searched his face quickly. "Does it look that hot, Duke? I seem to have been feeling it myself all evening, though I've tried to tell myself it was my proximity to you and one of your fabulous bunches."

* * *

He nodded slowly. "Yeah. Something tells me there is something very dirty afoot. It's only breaking out in little places here and there, but there's bound to be an explosion of some kind in the offing. I'm short on information, baby, and a little late on the scene. What I do, I've got to do quickly."

"Well go ahead."

She laughed, dismissing him with a return to her old facetiousness.

He chuckled to himself as he got back into the cab, giving the address of the Print Club.

He fit a cigarette and sat with his feet up on one of the adjustable seats of the taxi as it bumped along Cambridge street. He thought he had done rather well in the time he had spent in Boston, in spite of obstacles such as his decision not to take divorce cases, not to hold out on the police, not to get in the way of rival agencies. He had managed to keep his head above water and had acquired a reputation of honesty and discretion besides.

The cab drew up with a screech of brakes before a tall, gray office building. Between this and another older structure was a narrow alley, at the back of which could be seen a faintly lighted doorway. McCale made for this. From behind the stark walls on each side of him, he could hear the rumble and roar of machinery, for the presses of the biggest newspaper in town had their home there.

* * *

The Print Club was on the third floor of the narrow edifice at the end of the alley. Duke opened the door and went up the winding iron stairs to the bare, undecorated rooms which were furnished with square wooden tables, and chairs of the kitchen variety.

McCale went over to the bar and asked for Jerry Tate. The barman nodded in the direction of the third room, raising a quizzical eye at McCale's formal attire. McCale threw him a hard, deliberate scowl, and made for the door. Just inside it, a young, irascible, nervous-looking man sat alone at a table, playing solitaire. He did not look up as McCale sat down facing him.

"Hello, Jerry," said McCale.

"Hi, sleuth," he said in a rasping voice. "Where have you been—all dressed up?"

"Out to dinner."

"Well, well. Times have changed."

"Isn't it the truth! But you see, I haven't forgotten the old days. I come straight from the lap of luxury to visit my old pals."

* * *

"I'm all agog. No kidding, Duke I'm glad to see you. However, you've probably got an axe to grind."

"As usual I'm after information."

"So—"

"About a great big, husky, handsome young man named Vallaincourt?"

Jerry Tate gave a low whistle and fixed McCale with a baleful glance.

"So they've called in the Ogpu?"

"Who?"

"The Bigelows. Who else? How much you seeking them?"

"Now, see here, Jerry. I haven't said—"

"You don't have to. I don't have to be a detective—not even a lousy reporter—to put two and two together. What I can't get over is why they've let it slide along to this late day. You're a bit on the tardy side, aren't you?"

"I'll say. The wedding is next week, so I'm running around in circles—but fast. What can you tell me about him?"

"Very little, I'm afraid. He hits the high spots, does a lot of gambling, plays around fast and loose. Spends lots of dough."

"Where does he get it?"

"Search me."

"Oh, come now."

* * *

"Well, rumor has it that it comes from the Bigelows mostly."

"I doubt that."

Tate shrugged. "Some other old gal, then."

"What about his antecedents?"

"Don't know. Springs from Chicago, I'm told."

"How did he get aboard the Mayflower—that is, how did he burrow his way into the bosom of the Bigelow family?"

"Well, now, let's see. First time I remember him around the Gay White Way, he had Victoria Bigelow in tow. Vicky seemed to have the upper hand there.for a while. Then there were whispers—very soft—but whispers, my friend, that Mrs. Stephen Bigelow was interested—in a purely platonic way, we hope."

"The beauteous Karen."

"If you like that type—pardon me."

(To Be Continued)

Protect Face To Keep Hands And Feet Warm

With a story the other day about both Canadian and American military interest in the Arctic, there appeared a picture of a weird man-from-Mars sort of cold weather mask for the face, says the Sault Daily Star. It started a discussion which produced some interesting observations.

Masks of this nature, it developed, are intended to protect not so much the face as the rest of the body from cold. If that sounds cock-eyed, here is a logical explanation by Paul A. Siple, writing in Holiday Magazine on the art of keeping warm outdoors in cold weather: "Protect your face. It may never feel cold, but unless it is partly covered it may lose so much heat that you'll get cold hands and feet."

"Don't try to heat your little house with the windows wide open," is the advice along the same general line offered by this expert on the basis of his own Antarctic experiences. "Check your clothing at the closures to make sure you aren't losing heat at neck and waist, wrists and ankles."

And in the "little house" provided by winter clothing, with the body itself as the heating plant, most of the rules with regard to insulation and so on apply as they do to buildings. For instance: "Don't fit layers of clothing too tightly together. Leave room for insulating air."

Many a serviceman learned that lesson the hard way by discovering that sleeping with his greatcoat on, he nearly froze to death, while with the same greatcoat simply spread over him and the rest of his clothing loosened, he was comparatively comfortable.

Another interesting piece of advice offered by the Antarctic expert to the uninitiated about to embark on outdoor sports or activities is to "get acclimatized." If you have been a hothouse flower before going out for winter sports, you may need 25 to 50 per cent more clothing than your hardier companions. To hasten acclimatization, keep yourself cool, almost to the point of shivering, for about two weeks, and avoid activities that may make you perspire.

"Don't allow your clothing to get damp, through perspiration or otherwise."

And finally: "Eat the right kind of food and plenty of it. You will need more of those heat-producing fats and carbohydrates."

Any Brown Bats in Your Cellar?

This is the time of year when mammal experts at the Royal Ontario Museum expect to hear outcries from citizens of the Province that they have encountered bats in their attics or cellars. The species they find on capture is the Big Brown bat, which used to hibernate in caves, but in our cities may pick on almost any dark and sheltered spot. Then the proverbial January thaw may warm him up a bit, and stir him into activity. Most other species of Canadian bats move to warmer climates in the U.S.A. during winter.

WANT TO LOOK LIKE A PRINCESS?

If you fancy looking like a princess, here are two frocks made especially for the South African tour of England's Elizabeth. At left is a day dress of turquoise rayon crepe by Molyneux. Collar and cuff edgings are knitted threads of the material. At right is a dance dress by Hartnell, a lime green taffeta with low decollete and low-set bouffant sleeves. It is embroidered with antique gold motifs.

Sunday School Lesson

Intimate Fellowship with Christ

John 16: 1-6, 12-18; 15: 1-6.

Golden Text.—Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.—John 15: 14.

The True Vine

The source of fellowship with Jesus is pictured in the vine. Jesus is the perfect vine; not merely the vine stock, but the stock with its branches. The Father is not only the vine-dresser but the owner of the vineyard. He plants, protects and prunes the vine in its branches, plucking in due season the fruitage.

The connection of the branches with the true vine is vital. Therefore we draw the nourishment necessary to the larger and higher life, and it is through the branches that the vine bears fruit on earth. For this purpose the vine was planted and cultivated; and for this purpose the branches are filled with living sap and crowned with foliage. And yet pruning is necessary in order that the vine through its branches may bear more and richer fruit.

Pruning of The Vine

True to the picture there must be the cutting off of certain branches, not so much because they are lifeless but because they are fruitless. With the useless limbs removed there follows the cleansing and stimulation of fruitful branches. The hand of the husbandman may at times be painful but it is always helpful.

After the pruning process has taken place, the Saviour could say to His disciples that they were clean through the Word which He had spoken unto them. But in order to maintain the life thus begun, it was necessary for him to abide in Him and for Him to abide in them.

"If there is no union with the vine, there can be no fruit for the husbandman. But if the union with Christ is intimate and sincere, the result will be satisfactory.

The Life of Love

Life with Christ is the life of love. There is the commandment of love. It summarizes our duty: "That ye love one another." He laid down His life for us that we might have life eternally. Love is the obedience of love, for our hearts tell us we ought to do the things which He commands us to do. There is the friendship of love since we have in Christ the "friend that sticketh closer than a brother." There is the knowledge of love since He has made known to us all that He heard from the Father. There is the faithfulness of love, for our Best Friend has chosen and appointed us to bear the good fruit that will abide. Finally, there is the reward of love; for as we fulfil our compact of friendship with Christ, we are assured of the blessings we ask of the Father in His name.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I keep the water from running through the flower pots too fast?

A. Place a layer of small stones in the bottom of the flower pots, or the flower box.

Q. How can I remove automobile grease stains from a garment?

A. Rub lard on the spots, then wash in cold water, followed by a washing in warm water. This will remove all stain.

Q. How can I make parsley chip finer?

A. When chipping parsley, add a little salt to it. It will chip much finer and the salt also freshens it.

Q. How can I brighten the nickel trimmings of the gas range?

A. Wash with warm water in which two tablespoons of kerosene have been stirred.

Q. How can I remove kerosene spots from cloth?

A. If kerosene oil has been spilled on cloth, scour the spot with turpentine, then wash soap and warm water.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. What kind of place-cards should be used at the bridal table to indicate where the guests are to sit?

2. When a man who is wearing gloves meets a girl who offers him a gloveless hand, what should he do?

3. If the hostess is unmarried, or a widow, who should act as host?

4. What is one of the most common acts of ill-breeding while attending the theater?

5. How long should the hostess wait if any of the guests are late for dinner?

6. Should wedding invitations be sent to the bridesmaids and ushers?

ANSWERS

1. Plain white cards, embossed with the bride's initials.

2. Remove his glove as quickly as possible.

3 The hostess asks a relative, if there is one present, or the man she knows best, to act as host.

4. That of repeating a joke or remark heard on the screen or stage. This disturbs others who have heard just as well as you.

5. Twenty minutes.

6. Yes, it is the courteous thing to do.

There's a Method

Ephraim's front gate had always been rather difficult to open. His neighbors accepted the inconvenience and attributed it to Ephraim's shiftlessness. A brash young newcomer to the village frankly asked why it wasn't repaired.

"There's nothing the matter with it," blandly replied Ephraim.

"Of course there is. Why I can hardly get it open," sputtered the brash one.

"Naturally, young feller," came the answer, "that's because everyone who comes through that gate pumps a gallon of water into the tank on the roof."

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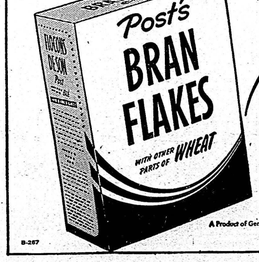

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CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

"Who Has Seen the Wind?" That is the title of a new book. I haven't read it but the title intrigues me. Of course none of us has seen the wind but we often think we do. We say—"Look at that bother or "See it blow!" Naturally what we see is only the result of the wind. And that is plenty! Last night when we went to bed everything was quiet—there wasn't so much as a breeze; it wasn't too cold and it had stopped snowing. But during the night there was a change. That wind, which wouldn't be seen, could certainly be heard. It howled round the corners of the house; it rattled the shutters and it made branches of close-pip shrubs beat a tat-too on the window panes. And I dreaded to think what it might be doing to the snow that fell yesterday. I longed for the night to be over but when the day came it meant only that we could see as well as hear. We could watch the untrodden snow being whipped into swirling clouds by the unseen wind; we could see the snow rapidly covering last night's tracks; we could see it pulling in the fence corners and around the stock trough—which means it will have to be shovelled away before the cattle can get a drink.

* * *

And as I write there is Bob, dragging cans of milk down the the road on a toboggan. That toboggan, by the way, is invaluable. Not only for carrying cans of eggs are also transported in that way to the road; groceries, bread, empty cans and other parcels are brought home the same way. In fact, I am wondering, if I have to go to town whether I could go down to the road in like manner.

But I am not worrying very much about a trip to town. I am just a fair-weather traveller. When road and weather conditions are good I go to town. When they are adverse I shop by mail-order. Sometimes the things get paid for and sometimes they don't. In that way we appear to be spending less money. But alas, a day of reckoning always comes.

* * *

Partner also stays very much "to home" in winter weather. I think he gets all the fresh air he requires on his trips back and forth to the barn and working in and around the stables. But that doesn't get him any nearer to a barber shop. We may have recourse to a pudding bowl if rough weather continues much longer.

There is a new calf at the barn which I haven't seen yet. I must see what Partner thinks of the idea of raising it for veal to help fill our larder. Considering beef has taken another jump it might be a good move.

* * *

Oh dear, this rising cost of living bothers me at times, not exactly for personal reasons but rather for the sake of those who have small. fixed incomes. You just can't stretch a fixed income. When commodity prices rise above the level of a person's fixed income then there is only one alternative—and that is to go without the little extras that make life worth living for the older folk. In fact, in some cases it creates a very real hardship. It seems too bad for aging couples who have retired on a modest income, which they expected, by means of frugal living, to be sufficient for their needs, to find that even with the greatest economy that is now impossible.

And what are they to draw on their capital for emergencies, as sometimes happens, then their feeling of security is forever lost and worry becomes a constant companion in their declining years.

* * *

The accent these days is on youth—everything possible is done so that youth may progress along desirable lines. That of course is as it should be, within reason. Youth should be given opportunities to work and to advance but not to take without working, to accept without giving. Could it be that youth is getting too much attention and not enough being given to those whose years are a thing of the past but who, by their past work, and in their tax payments have, and still do, contribute towards the opportunities now made available for the young folk of today.

* * *

There is very little assistance for people in the small fixed income bracket from government sources so it would appear to be more of a personal problem. There may be ways in which we who live on farms can help. If we have such friends it is worth considering, don't you think? A few eggs from time to time, a chicken occasionally, later on garden produce—surely it could all be given without offence to anyone. How about it folks?

The Golden Eagle Shouldn't Be Shot

On display at the Current River school was a nine pound golden eagle with a wing spread of 6 1-2 feet, taken to the school by a pupil whose father had shot it some 25 miles north of Port Arthur.

Contemplating some comment on the shooting of such a bird, this newspaper (the Port Arthur News-Chronicle) made some further inquiry and was glad to learn that it was not a case of wanton shooting, as might have been at first supposed. The bird had been caught in a steel trap on a trap line in the woods. Under the circumstances there was no alternative for the trapper.

* * *

The opportunity still remains to point out that the golden eagle is a bird that should not be shot. The species is rare, so rare that this specimen is being sent by Principal Garton to the Ontario Museum for preservation. Neither does it do any damage to mankind or to the things that man values. It is a beautiful bird and nature lovers will sit for hours watching one or a pair or more in their normal flight. They are one of the real attractions of the woods.

* * *

Too many men and boys seem to think that anything they see in the woods is fair game for their guns. It is in many instances much better that they be left to live so that people can see and admire them. There are several varieties of hawks that should not be shot. The few that are objectionable include the Gyrfalcon, the Cooper's and the Sharpshin, and they are not numerous. The others devour mice and other rodents and should be permitted to live.

* * *

On the whole bird life should be left unmolested. Some most desirable species have vanished, due to man and his love of killing. Recently, however, the trend is the other way. People are more inclined to let the birds and animals live. Nature will pretty well look after itself.

Speed

Radio-controlled Meteor V fighters capable of speeds of 600 miles an hour are to be developed by the Royal Air Force as possible future pilotless target aircraft. They will be used for training the anti-aircraft gunners of the future.

U. S. Army Leader

HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured U.S. Army leader, Lt.-Gen. Courtney H.
7 He heads the U. S. First Army in — and Belgium
13 Wandering
14 Perfections
15 Bustle
16 Devils
19 Make an edging
20 Ceylonese policeman
22 Be dull and spiritless
23 Acid fruit
24 Dish of green vegetables
26 Act of kindness
27 Musical instrument
28 Heavy blow
29 Sun god
30 Royal Guard (sh.)
31 Mast
33 Tuns
36 Cudgels
37 Covers with soot
39 Land measure
40 Droop
42 Sea-colored
45 Regret
46 Antenna
48 Malayan tin coin
49 Man's name
51 Gloss
53 Loathe
54 Reluctant

VERTICAL
1 Piles
2 Severe trial
3 Drively
4 Georgia (ab.)
5 Conclusion
6 Plant part
7 Elegant
8 Roads (ab.)
9 One (Scot.)
10 Inhabitant
11 Uproar
12 Compound ether
17 Month (ab.)
18 Opera (ab.)
21 Tell
22 Lassitude
25 Darlings
26 Fortified places
31 Obtain
32 Mother or father
34 One who boots
35 Gazes fixedly
36 Uncovered
38 Trap
40 Native of Latvia
41 Either
42 Decigram
43 Molten rock
46 Onager
47 Bulgarian coin
50 Early English (ab.)
52 Compass point

TEEN-TOWN TOPICS

By BARRY MURKAR

A week from today spring comes in officially. I guess we might as well block the hickories, oil the skates and pack them away for another winter. It's been a grand old season for outdoor sports, and baseball, tennis and all those other things we do in the summer are not too far away. I hope that some of you guys, and maybe the girls, made a birdhouse or two in your winter evenings that will be ready for the southland singers when they hit these parts.

Summer styles will soon be out and, from what we can see, the prices of sport shirts, jackets and slacks will mean that many of us will be making last year's do another season. Brother, will I be glad when we get back to normal! Bright colors for boys and girls will be prominent this year, according to the latest reports, so dig out the reds and yellows, put them on display and you'll be right in there.

* * *

Spring dances are the order of the day and we note that many of the Highs are bringing in city bands to toot the flutes. This is really going some, from the days way back about five years ago, when a school thought it was doing something to have a few of the latest records for dancing. Oh, well, we young ones are really climbing. From what we can see, jiving and jitter-bugging seem to be going out. The more "settled down" style of dancing seems to be current at most places, or maybe we don't just get around to the right places.

* * *

A reader suggested we do a spotlight on Barbara Anne Scott, but after careful consideration, we think dear reader will agree that lovely Barbara Anne is getting so much publicity, and so many profiles in the mags that anything we could add wouldn't do her justice. We gladly admit that Barbara Anne Scott of Ottawa, recent winner of the World's Champion figure skater title, has made all Canada proud of her. The part that makes us like her all the more, was the fact that she turned down several movie contracts to retain her title. We don't think that was easy to do.

ON THE SCREEN—Here are some picture releases we think you will enjoy. Watch for them at your local theatre.

Best Years of Our Lives—Smart drama of war vets and their readjustment to civilian life. One of the best pics of the year. Superb cast with Frederick March, Myrna Loy, Dana Andrews, Teresa Wright, Virginia Mayo, Hoagy Carmichael and others.

Hunoresque—A romantic story of a struggling violin virtuoso and his climb to fame. Accent on long haired music, but not boring. Oscar Levant does a steal in this one, supported by John Garfield, J. Carrol Nash and Ruth Nelson.

Notorious Gentleman—Starring Rex Harrison, is a snappy little British number, blending comedy, tradgedy and gay romance.

Sister Kenny—This is the story of the Australian nurse who bucked medical science to prove her theory on polio. This is a fine picture and is a story ably treated. Starring Rosiland Russell, Canada's Alexander Knox and Dean Jagger.

* * *

Two Years Before the Mast—A rugged sea classic that may prove a little too salty for the gals, but nevertheless good. The stars should appeal to the ladies anyway. They are Alan Ladd, Brian Donlevy, William Bendix and Barry Fitzgerald.

In closing we would invite you to write and tell us what you think of this column. Is it what you want? If not, give us the shot and let's hear just what you would like in this space each week. Just drop a line to Teen Town Topics, Pickering, Ont. We'll appreciate your comments and try to answer your letters, if need be. Until next week, then, keep plugging for those exams and don't forget the little holds—above all, don't forget the boids.

CANADIAN STYLE

Gone is the sleepy Joe era for the younger set. Soft lines with young ideas are shown, and this junior coat by Samuel Mintz is no exception. It has an elbow length cape and a studded belt for teen age glamor.

Displaced Persons

The U. S. Army officially has assured 376,199 displaced persons in the American zone of Germany that they would not be put to work compulsorily.

The army said most displaced persons were willing to work, but it was difficult to find suitable employment for them. Fifty per cent of all employable D. P.'s, the Army said, already are working.

Demoblized

The general demobilization of the Autrallan defence forces began on October 1, 1945, has been completed; 551,428 members including 40,576 women have been demobilized.

... TABLE TALKS ...

Lenten Dishes

Every homemaker treasures her recipes for meatless dishes, which may be served in equal satisfaction either as the main course for dinner or as a luncheon or supper dish. These recipes are welcomed the year around, but particularly so during the Lenten season.

When cooked with imagination, such foods as milk, eggs, cheese, beans and lentils create tempting dishes, long on flavour, high in food value and thrifty in materials. They never need be dull and uninteresting. Milk, eggs and cheese are high-grade protein foods, which should be used generously in substantial soups, sauces, soufflés and casserole dishes. Combine these foods preferably with those of a starchy nature such as, bread, macaroni, noodles or potatoes. Beans also are hard to beat as a satisfying main dish.

Your best chili sauce, catsup, sweet chopped relishes or snappy mustard pickle will give that pick-me-up to rather bland dishes such as scrambled eggs and plain omelet.

Serve macaroni and cheese, soufflés, etc., with a crisp, tossed salad to give that needed contrast in texture.

The home economists, Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture offer these praiseworthy recipes, tried in Ottawa and packed with nourishment.

Egg Croquettes

3 tablespoons fat
½ cup minced onion
½ cup flour
1 cup milk
1 cup grated cheese
½ cup fine, dry bread crumbs
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon dry mustard
2 tablespoons horseradish
1 tablespoon chili sauce or catsup
¼ teaspoon powdered thyme
5 hard-cooked eggs, chopped

Melt fat, add onion and cook 5 minutes. Add flour and blend well. Add milk and cook, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Continue to cook 5 minutes. Add grated cheese, dry bread crumbs and seasonings. Stir until cheese is melted. Add chopped hard-cooked eggs and mix well. Chill thoroughly. Shape into patties or croquettes and roll in dry bread crumbs. Saute until brown on both sides. Serve with a Tomato Sauce. Six servings.

Cheese Dumplings in Tomato Sauce

2 cups all-purpose flour or 2½ cups pastry flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon dry mustard
2 tablespoons shortening
1 cup grated cheese
1 tablespoon grated onion
1 cup milk
1 can condensed tomato soup
1 cup water

Sift together the dry ingredients. Cut in fat with pastry blender, until mixture is like fine crumbs. Add grated cheese, onion and milk. Blend with dry ingredients. Dilute tomato soup with water and bring to the boiling point. Drop dumplings into hot soup, cover closely and cook 15 minutes. Do not remove cover during cooking period. Six servings.

Golden Beans

2 cups dried beans, lima or navy
4 cups water
3 tablespoons fat
½ cup chopped onion
2 cups chopped apple
¼ teaspoon tumeric
½ teaspoon allspice
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon salt

Soak beans in water overnight. Cook in fresh, unsalted water to tender, until tender. Drain, saving liquid. Melt fat, add onion and brown. Add apple and seasonings and cook covered for 5 minutes, without stirring. Add beans and ½ cup liquid saved from beans. Simmer 10 minutes. Mix dry and a little more water. Six servings.

Price of Admission

Stuttgart, Germany, movie theaters have increased the cost of tickets of admission—two piece of firewood in addition to the regular cash price.

Threatened with closure because of the coal shortage, theater managers instituted the new "sur-tax."

When Your Child has a Cold, Sore Throat, etc.
TAKEN WITH BREAD
"MATHIEU'S" SYRUP
Relieves Quickly
Take a good bite of bread soaked in a tablespoonful of Mathieu's Cough Syrup. Before swallowing keep it in your mouth two full minutes, without chewing. This allows the volatile ingredients to permeate the nose and bronchial tubes.
Grown up people may take Mathieu's Cough Syrup pure but should keep it in their mouth 10 full minutes before swallowing it.
Take 3 or 4 times a day, and at night on retiring.

APPETIZING APPLE CAKE
RECIPE
Add 1 envelope Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast and 1 teaspoon sugar to ½ cup lukewarm water, and let stand 10 minutes. Then stir well. Scald ½ cup milk, add 3 tablespoons shortening, ¼ cup sugar and ½ teaspoon salt and cool to lukewarm. Add 1 cup sifted flour to make a batter. Add yeast mixture and 1 beaten egg. Beat well. Add 2½ cups sifted flour, or enough to make a soft dough. Knead lightly and place in greased bowl. Cover and set in warm place, free from draft. Let rise until doubled in bulk, about 2 hours. When light, punch dough down and divide into 2 equal portions. Roll dough ½ inch thick; place in 2 well-greased pans (8½ x 11½ x 2" deep). Brush tops with melted butter or shortening; sprinkle with ½ cup granulated sugar. Peel and core 12 apples; cut into eighths; press into dough, sharp edges downward; close together. Mix 1½ teaspoons cinnamon with 1 cup granulated sugar; sprinkle over cakes. Cover and let rise in warm place until light, about ½ hour. Bake in moderate oven at 400°F. about 35 minutes.
ROYAL FAST RISING DRY YEAST

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THE BOOKSHELF

Who Has Seen the Wind

by W. O. Mitchell

This is a story of a boy and the wind—of Brian Sean MacMurray O'Connal and the Canadian prairie town in which he lives. It is a true picture of a child's world: Brian and his grandmother, Brian's first contact with God, his awareness of the prairie with Saint Sammy quoting the Bible to the oncoming storm. All are moments that any reader can match from his own childhood.

"Who Has Seen the Wind" is a book that will stay with you because it is pulsing with that part of life which none of us forgets—the struggle of a boy (or a girl) to understand the meaning of life as he sees it through the clear, unclouded eyes of a child, young in experience but wise in innocence.

"Who Has Seen the Wind . . . by W. O. Mitchell . . . The Macmillan Company of Canada . . . Price $2.75.

REGLAR FELLERS—Ripe for a Roundup

By GENE BYRNES