

"SALADA" TEA BAGS

So handy



Synopsis
CHAPTER XXXVI: Weber acts mysteriously and Ellen becomes suspicious. She goes to the barn and frees Juanita.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Ellen watched the slim figure fade into the night. She slowly twisted an engagement ring from her finger. "We're through, Clark," she whispered.

Slipping back into the house, she found her brother anxiously pacing the floor, worried over her long absence. But when she had told him the reason for it, he was so enraged that Ellen had trouble keeping him from stalking downstairs and having a showdown with Clark Weber then and there.

"But in the morning we'll have it out," he promised lightly, when she finally gave in. "Either he leaves this place, right away, or we do!"

Downstairs the hinges of a door creaked. Ellen ran to the window, her hand clutching her throat.

"Clark's going to the barn," she cried in alarm.

"Go get in bed!" Maxon ordered faintly. "And don't answer if he calls you."

He went to his own room. Ellen was secretly beneath her blankets when the downstairs door was banged, to the accompaniment of fuming oaths, and Clark Weber came pounding up the stairs. His very steps indicated that he was like an enraged beast. Ellen waited with baited breath.

Fear-stricken Miss Bartle had made an agreement, on the spur of the moment, which he now regretted. He paced his office floor, cursing himself for promising to wipe out the Weber-Maxon mortgage if Clark Weber captured El Caballero Rojo.

"The fool might be just lucky enough to deliver the goods," he muttered, "and then I'd be out four thousand dollars! I've got to hedge out of that promise somehow."

But how to hedge without putting the first blench on his reputation

for being body and soul for the farmers he had imported? Bartle paced and planned until he was leg-weary and brain-fogged, and then at last a scheme formed in his brain. The only way—the perfect way.

He hurried to his desk, sat down and snatched up a pencil.

He worked another few minutes at the desk, then scurried about the large room collecting an assortment of things which he piled on a chair beside the door. When he went out, he carried a large tallow candle, a can of oil and an empty bean tin with the bottom punched full of holes.

Half an hour's ride brought him to the edge of the valley and from above he looked down on the buildings of Chris Pringle's farm.

Nothing stirred below him as Bartle watched. After a while he rode down into the valley, as close to the Pringle place as he dared, dismounted and stealthily advanced with candle, can and oil. Like a shadow he made for the long shed.

But double, Bartle wormed his way to the centre of the shed. He knelt, reached above him and dragged down a dry stalk. Crumpling the leaves, he made a little nest, soaked it with oil and placed the candle in the centre.

A match spluttered in his cupped hands. The candle wick smoldered a moment; then, as tallow melted, a spearhead of yellow light was born. To shield such a danger signal from any curious eyes, he carefully set the perforated tin over the candle.

He got up quickly, sprayed the oil about and dragged down more tobacco stalks. He left the building cautiously, then dashed to his horse, flung himself into the saddle and tore off toward Gold Creek. At the pace he held, he figured, he should be back in his office in about thirty-five minutes—just the length of time it would take the candle to burn down.

So the flame would touch the rim of the oil-soaked nest about its base.

Abruptly a chill shook Bartle, as unconsciously he pulled up his horse with a jerk. For from somewhere near had come the sudden weird cry of a mountain lion. It turned his blood cold.

Bartle snatched his quiet and flayed his horse without mercy. Snorting in pain and anger, the animal carried him on at breakneck speed.

At this galloping speed Russ Bartle returned to town. Storming into the jail he found Sheriff Lande, fully clothed, snoring on the bed.

"And what did you accomplish with all that rattling?" Bartle demanded, waking him.

"Nothing much. This fellow Weber that I had locked up swears he saw El Caballero Rojo in the valley. Pete Haskell swears the same c thaw popped into a cattlemen's meeting, and got away with a bullet wound."

"And while you're wasting time on the hunt, this outlaw pins this to my door with a dagger!"

Sheriff Lande snatched a scrap of paper from the banker's hand. He read crudely printed words:

"Well?" Bartle demanded. "What you going to do about it?"

"I don't believe El Caballero Rojo wrote it," said the sheriff flatly.

"I was on the landing at the head of the stairs above the bank when the door below rattled," Bartle snapped. "That was the dagger being driven in. And I got downstairs in time to fling open the door and see who had done it myself! It was your El Caballero Rojo—silver doodads, tooled gauntlets, scarlet neckerchief and all."

"But still not him," the sheriff said positively. "No man can make me believe that he's suddenly gone loco enough to gallivant around posting notices of what he intends to do."

(To Be Continued)

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott
Your Handwriting Versus The Forger

There is no accurate record of the number of forgeries committed in Ontario, but according to known facts, the forger does a lively business and never lacks new victims. The business man and the public, generally seem ever ready to take a trimming and realize only too late that they have been the victims of a systematic fleeing routine.

The forger always has two things in mind: getting his "take" and escaping justice. One, he is familiar with human nature and is trusting that his victims have poor memories. Two, he is betting a hundred to one that the average person could not positively identify his or her own handwriting. In these two assumptions, the forger makes an easy living at your expense. He relies mainly on your inability to recall definitely whether you made a business transaction or not, and hopes that you did not make a record of it, poor memories and slipshod accounting on your part assist him in his trade.

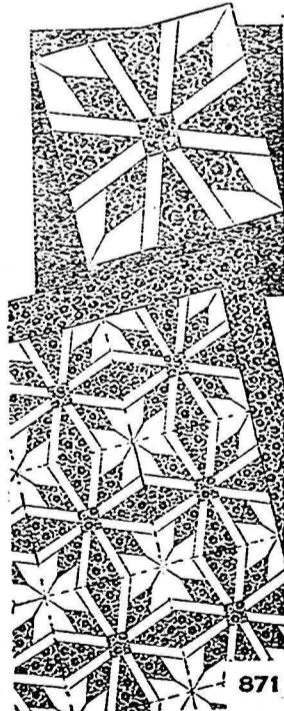
Any good artist could copy the signature of another person after painstaking practice. But the forger does not fool the handwriting analyst who takes a scientific approach, and does not rely on memory or chance for signature identification. The analyst knows, through the use of instruments, if the signature is genuine or not.

One clue in identification, are the smooth even lines made in free flowing handwriting script as compared with the rough or corrugated edges of lines made by the attempt to forge the same writing. This is one of the positive differences between a genuine signature and a forged one.

As I have related in previous articles, you write according to the way you think and all your writing takes the form of mental activity. As we think, so do we write. The forger then has a decided handicap, since he cannot think exactly as you would, and must resort to artificial inclinations to complete his work in forging your signature. But his artistry is not good enough to follow the trend of thought which produces the pattern you make with your handwriting, and that is where we have him.

When we compare your writing with the forged script, the forged shows irregularities which are absent in the genuine script.

Anyone wishing a more complete analysis please send self-addressed stamped envelope to Box B, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. There is no charge for this service.



Laura Wheeler

Have you got that quilting bee in your bonnet? Here's the very design! The Poinsettia—just print it in red and white, solid or print.

Here's a happy task for your quilting hobby! Pattern 871 has pattern pieces; complete directions.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to the Needlecraft Dept., Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

Russian oil interests in northern Persia cover an estimated 40,000 square miles of the Azerbaijan Province.



Police Check Peasants in Trieste—Long-time trouble spot in Europe, Trieste is once more the centre of international wrangling. Police at a road block between Trieste and Capodistria check the bundles of peasant women before allowing them to cross the frontier.

ANNE HIRST Your Family Counselor

Good Recipe for Happy Marriage

Today I quote from a wise wife's letter because it is sound and helpful. It is her advice to husbands, particularly. She writes:

"In reading your excellent column, I began to realize how little most married people really try to get along—and how little it takes in order to."

"I have a recipe which, if followed, I think would keep things running smoothly in every home, especially if used by husbands toward their wives:

"Appreciation in large doses; "Consideration in medium doses; "Recreation in small doses. "Being appreciated means so much to a wife. A little consideration goes a long way. Too much recreation sometimes spoils things, though it is needed to keep disposition from getting sour."

"If husbands would use this recipe, wives in general would respond."

HOW RIGHT!
"I surely agree with this recipe, and I am glad the writer aimed it at husbands. Too many husbands leave the initiative in marriage to their wives. They stick in the same old rut they've been living in, never realizing that setting the pattern for the marriage is as much their responsibility. They do not treat their wives as partners. They withhold their business confidences, they dole out money as though their wives were incompetents, and they are no companions in any real sense of the word. They practically live the life of bachelors, shutting out their wives from everything that makes for true partnership."

"Wasn't it Emerson who said, 'The greatest human need is to be appreciated.' This wife who writes is wise to list that first in her recipe. If a woman knows that her husband appreciates what she is, and what she does, she is secure in his devotion—and she will never cease her own appreciation of it."

If married couples appreciate each other, trouble doesn't come around. Anne Hirst can help you appreciate your wife's good qualities, and vice versa. Write her at Box A, Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

His Choice
Visitor: "You don't mean to tell me that you have lived in this out-of-the-way place for over 30 years?"
Inhabitant: "I have."
Visitor: "But, really, I cannot see what you find to keep you busy."
Inhabitant: "Neither can I—that's why I like it!"

How Can I?
by A. S. Arbley

Q. How can I retain the flavor of spices?
A. Always keep spices in tightly-closed cans or boxes, as they will quickly lose their flavors if left in open receptacles.

Q. How can I measure molasses and keep it from sticking to the measuring cup?
A. Grease the cup lightly before measuring molasses, or dip it full of flour and then empty it. Either method will enable every drop of molasses to come out of the cup without sticking.

Q. How can I clean gold and silver articles?
A. By dipping a wet cloth into cigar ashes and then scouring.

Q. How can I make use of lemon rinds?
A. Don't throw them away. Place them in the dish water when washing greasy dishes and they will remove any fish and onion odors. They will also remove any marks from the dishes.

Q. How can I clean a vinegar bottle?
A. By putting a teaspoonful of lye into it, filling with water, allowing it to stand for a few days, then washing and rinsing very thoroughly.

Q. How can I remove a disagreeable odor from the kitchen?
A. By sprinkling ground cinnamon on top of the stove.

Broad Hint

The invitation to the anniversary party read, "And don't try to knock on the door when you arrive, just nudge it loudly with your shoe."

One of the recipients called up the sender and asked for an explanation of these curious instructions.

Came the answer: "We're presuming of course that your arms will be loaded with presents."

Sunday School Lesson

Zechariah Pleads for Righteousness.
Zechariah 1:1-4; 7:8-14; 8:15-17

Golden Text: Execute true judgment, and show mercy and compassion every man to his brother—Zechariah, 7:9.

Zechariah urged the people to continue with the building of the temple of Jerusalem, lest they displease God as their fathers had done. As God had exited their fathers from the land when they turned away from Him, they, too, would be punished unless they were converted and followed God's way.

As leaders and people refused to hear the Prophet when he delivered God's warning and instruction, so God would not hear. He would not alter His decision that they be delivered into captivity. He would not prevent the destruction of Jerusalem.

The Chaldeans came against Judah like a whirlwind. Their victories were swift and the Jews were scattered as strangers in

strange lands. While they were gone their land was left desolate for the seventy years of their captivity. God reserved it for their return which He had promised through the prophets.

In His purpose to do good to Jerusalem and to the house of Judah, the Lord through Zechariah commanded: "These are the things that you must do." First—"Let every man tell the truth, in dealing with his neighbor." Second—"Let your decisions in courts be true and for the common good." Third—"Plot no evil in your hearts against another." Fourth—"Never give yourselves to any perjury." And why? "For all these are the things that I hate!"

If people were to follow Zechariah's message from God, the foundation for malicious gossip would be destroyed. Since God hates evil imaginations, false oaths, injustice, and lies, those who profess to love and serve Him must surely hate them also.

Chinese is spoken by some 400,000,000 people if all the various dialects are included.



"THAT'S A VERY SENSIBLE PURCHASE I'VE MADE—WHY DIDN'T YOU BUY A COUPLE?"

"Huh? What'd you say? Oh—you mean those mucky-rich, honey-tolden Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes?"

"They're some dish!"

"They're so cleverly made—of two grains, you know—really divine Canadian wheat and malted barley!"

They sure taste out of this world, darling—but you're forgetting that other reason why I go for Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes."

"Energy, you mean? The carbohydrates that load you up with energy so they call you the human dynamo?"

"Right! And what are those things that help build up the old muscle?"

"Proteins, Hercules. And Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes sure have got 'em!"

"And phosphorus—what's that for?"

"That's for sturdy bones and sound teeth."

"Eating Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes every day—no wonder I'm such a husky guy!"

"And Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes give you iron for the blood—and other food essentials."

"Say—Post's Grape-Nuts Flakes are ready to eat right from the package, so let's have some, quick."



IT'S NEW!



It keeps in the cupboard—it's quick-acting—it's always there when you want it! Now, with the New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast, you can bake more delicious breads and rolls in extra-fast time. No dashing to the store at the last minute—you can keep a month's supply standing by, use it as you need it. It will be as potent the day you use it as the day you bought it. IF YOU BAKE AT HOME—get Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast today. At your grocer's.



New ensemble—it's going places! Easy slenderizing dress with flattering jabot, slim boxy-cut jacket—Pattern 4658 is an outfit to take beautiful care of your social life! Pattern 4658 sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50. Size 36 dress, 3 1/2 yds. 39-in.; jacket, 2 yds. contrast. Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (25c) in coins for this pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.