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

"SALADA" TEA

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

DEAR ANNE HIRST: Perhaps my problem is an old one, but it is heartrendingly tragic just the same. My husband drinks, and when he does he is brutal to me, even striking me before the children and using unprintable language.

"I have tried to be patient, hoping he would some day realize how this is affecting the girls. When he comes home drunk, the oldest one cries, and begs me to leave him . . . I have petted him, and humored him—when I felt like having him jailed. (He scoffs at Alcoholics Anonymous).

"He has never taken the children anywhere, even to school functions . . . I have tried to bring them up properly, but how can I, when he goes on like this? We've been married 14 years, and I love him dearly, and want us to stay together, especially because of our family. When he is sober, he says he loves me too.

GO HOME?

"I would be welcome back home with the children to live with my parents, but I'm not sure enough. He doesn't think I ever would leave him.

"I don't feel I can overlook all this any longer. I'm at the end of my patience. Help me!

"DESPERATE."

* No matter how you love your husband, how loath you are to leave him, the welfare of the children should be your first consideration. Living day after day in anxiety and fear, these girls are under a nervous strain which must inevitably affect their healthy development, as it must also give them a distorted picture of marriage. As their mother—really their only responsible parent—you cannot allow them to continue to witness the recurring brutal scenes which their father causes.

* Tell your husband that the next time he comes home intoxicated, you intend to take the children and go home to your parents. It is your last warning.

He will not believe you, I expect, and you may have to leave, physically, before he realizes that he has driven you all away. (Prepare your parents for your coming.) Not all your pleas and arguments have fazed him. He must it seems, be met with the fact that he is alone.

He will undoubtedly try to persuade you to return, making all kinds of promises. Be firm, and convince him that he must prove, and for a reasonable length of time, that he has stopped drinking at all, before you will consider consider coming home again.

This really may make him forswear alcohol entirely. So before you start divorce proceedings, give him this last chance.

When divorce must be considered, it is the children's welfare that should come first. If you are threatened with this decision, let Anne Hirst's wisdom help you make it. Address her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ontario.

Modern Etiquette
By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it now considered proper for one to light one's own cigarette before that of a companion, so as to avoid the taste of sulphur in that person's cigarette?

A. No; this taste is in evidence only during the first flaring of the match. Light your match, and if you wish, wait just a second before applying it to your friend's cigarette—then light your own. . . .

Q. If a woman is wearing a corsage pinned on her coat when entering a restaurant, what does she do with it?

A. She takes it off and pins it on her dress where it will show off to much better advantage.

Q. Is it proper to have ushers, when having no bridesmaids, at a church wedding where about 100 guests are expected?

A. This is not only proper, but necessary.

Q. How does a young married woman introduce her mother to another person?

A. She must be sure to give her mother's name, saying, "This is my mother, Mrs. Jones," so that the other person will know what to call her in speaking to her.

Q. What refreshments should be served at a reception that follows the christening of a child?

A. The menu is the usual one for an afternoon informal tea, with refreshments served in buffet style.

Q. Is a girl ever privileged to announce her own engagement?

A. Only to her family and close friends. Public announcement is made by her parents or closest relatives.

Q. Should a birthday greeting card received from a friend who lives at a distance be acknowledged in any way?

A. Most certainly. Thank the friend for remembering your birthday in a note, written promptly.

Q. Is it considered improper for a bridegroom to see his bride on the wedding day before the ceremony?

A. There is nothing improper about it. There is merely an old superstition that this is bad luck.

Q. When giving a formal dinner, should the carving be done at the table?

A. No; it should be done in the kitchen. At an informal dinner, the carving may be done at the table.

Q. May a young man invite a young girl to a week-end party in his home?

A. The invitation to a young girl who is a friend of the son of the family must always come from the mother, or from his sister.

Squelch

We all know the man who is too, too resolutely the life and soul of the party. One such was showing off so much no one else had a chance. At last he announced: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I'll be glad to imitate any bird you can name."

"How about a homing pigeon?" said the host.

The SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON
By The Rev. R. Barclay Warren

THE FIGHT FOR CHRISTIAN FREEDOM

Acts 15: 1-6, 22-29; Gal. 2: 16

Golden Text: Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage—Gal. 5:1.

What we learn in childhood, sticks. The customs of childhood tend to gather a halo about them, which in later life we come to revere. So, with many of the Jews who became Christians, it was difficult to turn aside from the ceremonial laws of Moses. Paul was a notable exception. He saw with perfect clearness the relation of the law to the gospel of Christ. To the Galatians who were beginning to trust in their works to save them, he wrote, "Before faith came, we were kept under the law, shut up unto the faith which should afterwards be revealed. Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith. But after that faith is come, we are no longer under the schoolmaster," Gal. 3: 23-25.

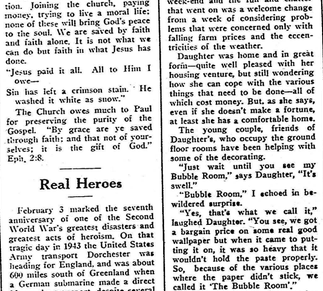
Once Sadhu Sundar Singh entered into conversation with a Hindu "holy man" lying on a bed of spikes. For eighteen months the Hindu had been torturing his body that he might crush the desires of self. He admitted, "I have not yet gained my object, nor is it possible to do so in so short a time. Many years, and indeed many births, will be necessary to accomplish it." Sundar Singh reasoned with him and testified as to how he had found deliverance and peace in an instant, but the other man replied, "I can never admit that salvation can be obtained as a gift, and in one short life."

We can do nothing to merit salvation. Joining the church, paying money, trying to live a moral life: none of these will bring God's peace to the soul. We are saved by faith and faith alone. It is not what we can do but faith in what Jesus has done.

"Jesus paid it all. All to Him I owe—
Sin has left a crimson stain. He washed it white as snow."

The Church owes much to Paul for preserving the purity of the Gospel. "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." Eph. 2:8.

Berlin Brightens Up A Bit—The Berlin man-in-the-street, long accustomed to Russians and rations, got an unexpected treat when a fashion store in the British sector hired live models to advertise its new stock of nylon hosiery.



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Double or single strand string for this jiffy-crocheted scarf or mat. Pattern 816: directions.

Laura Wheeler's improved pattern makes needlework so simple with its charts, photos and concise directions.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Box 1, 123 Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ont.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM
By Gwendoline P. Clarke

We had a houseful again this week-end and the fun and chatter that went on was a welcome change from a week of considering problems that were concerned only with falling farm prices and the eccentricities of the weather.

Daughter was home and in great form—quite well pleased with her housing venture, but still wondering how she can cope with the various things that need to be done—all of which cost money. But, as she says, even if she doesn't make a fortune, at least she has a comfortable home.

The young couple, friends of Daughter's, who occupy the ground floor rooms have been helping with some of the decorating.

"Just wait until you see my Bubble Room," says Daughter, "It's swell."

"Bubble Room," I echoed in bewildered surprise.

"Yes, that's what we call it," laughed Daughter. "You see, we got a bargain price on some real good wallpaper but when it came to putting it on, it was so heavy that it wouldn't hold the paste properly. So, because of the various places where the paper didn't stick, we called it 'The Bubble Room'."

Electric wiring has been another of her worries. The house, being old, has insufficient circuits. "So," said Daughter, "until I discovered the trouble, we spent most of our time blowing fuses." Partner has already nicknamed her "the Landlady" and before starting back on her trip to Toronto yesterday, Daughter proved the title was well deserved. It so happened the wind had got up, and it was also getting quite a bit colder. "Oh, the dickens!" says Daughter, as an extra heavy gust hit our house. "I hope that wind dies down—it's going to be hard on my oil furnace!" What a lot more interest a person takes in the most ordinary everyday affairs of life, if he, or she, has to foot the bill!

Joy was also here and her big worry was making out an annual report to the Board regarding her nursing activities—and anyone who has dealt with annual reports knows what a headache they can be.

Then Johnny came in for Sunday dinner and his big problem was whether or not to head for the West again in time for spring seeding.

Partner and I have our problems too—major and minor. The trouble is one cannot always be sure which are major and which are minor. Minor problems very easily become major, whereas it is possible that major problems have become major only because we are all at little to cliled to make mountains out of molehills. Now if the typesetter gets all that straight, I hope you can figure out what I mean.

I imagine quite a lot of mountains and molehills will be given an airing at the annual meeting of the Federation of Agriculture being held in Niagara Falls this week. Apropos of that gathering, I like the headline to Lotta Dempsey's column today—"You can't tell an editor from a farmer at the Falls."

After all, what does an editor, or a farmer, look like? I am not going to stick my neck out by giving you my idea of a typical editor, but I do know that some folks' idea of a typical farmer is a man in overalls, pant legs rolled over rubber boots; wearing a smock or windbreaker; cap pulled down over his ears and a beard admittedly a little on the long side. Yes, and you can find this type in any small town in an agricultural area, because naturally, such a man must dress according to his trade or profession. If the farmer has had to shave and change his clothes before going to town — and then change back again before starting his chores or going out to the field, then he would sure lose a lot of time.

But when the farmer is through with his work for the day, he often tends going out on a social call or pleasure takes him to town. And then, as Lotta Dempsey says, you can't tell an editor from a farmer—the editor also having slipped on a workday clothes, and given his ink-stained fingers a bit of extra scrubbing.

We need to be careful in our use of the word "typical." I remember getting into trouble once by saying that an unknown visitor had the appearance of a "typical insurance agent!"

Many women are subject to weak, aching back. Often the kidneys are to blame, for your kidneys alone filter the urine, must filter out impurities from the bloodstream.

So if you feel tired, worn-out, headachy—with the nagging pain of an aching back—look to feel your kidneys and liver. That's why Canada's largest selling pill is on Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for over half a century.

Give your system a chance to work properly. Use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills today. The name "Dr. Chase" is your assurance.

Dr. Chase's KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

Baking's Easier, Speedier with Wonderful New Fast Rising Dry Yeast!

CINNAMON BUNS

Measure into large bowl, 1 c. lukewarm water, 2 tsps. granulated sugar; stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with 2 envelopes Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 min., THEN stir well. Scald 1 c. milk and stir in ½ c. granulated sugar, 1½ tsps. salt, 6 tbs. shortening; cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast mixture and stir in 2 well-beaten eggs. Stir in 3 c. once-sifted bread flour; beat until smooth. Work in 3 c. once-sifted bread flour. Knead until smooth and elastic; place in greased bowl; brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, combine 1½ c. brown sugar (lightly pressed down), 3 tsps. ground cinnamon, 1 c. washed and dried seedless raisins. Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into an oblong ¼" thick and 16" long; loosen dough. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle with raisin mixture. Beginning at a long edge, roll up each piece loosely, like a jelly roll. Cut into 1" slices. Place just touching each other, a cut-side up, in greased 7"-round layer-cake pans (or other shallow pans). Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 20-25 minutes. Serve hot, or reheated.

● No more taking chances with perishable yeast cakes that have lost their leavening power! New Fleischmann's Fast DRY Yeast keeps full strength and active right till the moment you use it. Needs NO refrigeration — keeps safely in your cupboard. Try its marvellous results in your next baking.

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Anne Adams

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Pattern 4945 comes in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yards 54-inch fabric.

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DOLCIN TABLETS

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Sweeping Up 39,000 Mines

Mine laying in coastal waters is an essential part of naval defence warfare and in the last war, mines were laid in vast quantities. Ever since VE-Day, British naval experts have been playing a large part in the International Mine Clearance Board, whose task it is to sweep the seas clear of stray mines. This has entailed the greatest mine sweeping operation in history, according to Lt. Cmdr. P. G. Shaw of the Royal Navy, one of the technical advisers to the board. Of the 600,000 mines laid during the war, many have "died," due to a deterioration in the material from which they were made. Others have broken from their moorings and drifted with the tides or current, but fortunately, they are fitted with a device to make them safe when they break away. The remainder, some scheduled as dangerous until 1957, have had to be swept, by an operation controlled from London by Great Britain, the United States, France and Russia. At the peak of this operation, 1,900 mine sweepers from 15 countries were taking part, not only Allied ships, but those from Germany, Italy, neutral Sweden, Turkey, too. Thirty-nine thousand mines have been swept since the war and they have been able to come up again to shipping areas which have been closed, in some cases, for 10 years. Britain's coasts are now clear except for one small field off Northern Ireland which has been swept, but cannot be checked to make sure its sweep wires break on the rocky sea bed. Norway's coasts are free, too, and the Italians and Greeks expect to have cleared all mines in their waters by the end of next summer. On the Belgian, Dutch and German coasts, where mines were thickly laid and where sweeping is hampered by sandbanks and islands, work has been largely confined to sweeping wide, safe channels marked by buoys and these channels are being constantly checked and improved. The same rules apply to Denmark and the Kattegat, where hundreds of miles of fairway channels are being straightened and made safe for shipping. In the Baltic and Black Seas and off the North Cape the Russian sweepers have done their full share and have cleared many mine fields.

The rewarding aspect of this work is the lessening toll that mines take of shipping. Two hundred and fifty ships have been sunk by mines since the end of the war, but only seven of these were lost in the last six months and as the work goes on, it is safe to look forward to a time when the mine danger to shipping is no more

SPORTS ABC
By A. SPORTCASTER

This item has nothing to do with sport, but we think it is worth noting in print, for all that. For on a Sunday evening a week or so ago we chanced to hear what struck us as one of the finest pieces of unconscious humor we have run across in some time.

* * *

It was one of these big network orchestra programs and the leader, in a solemn voice, was introducing a number. We didn't happen to take his remarks down in shorthand, possibly for the reason that we cannot write shorthand, but they went something like this: "Tomorrow marks the 40th anniversary of the founding of the Boy Scout Movement in America. I personally used to be a Boy Scout, and I have three sons who are going to be Scouts when they get big enough. So now I would like to dedicate our next number to that great and worthy organization."

Came a brief pause, during which we wondered just what fine, stirring outdoor or patriotic piece we were about to hear. Then the orchestra blasted into—of all things—"The Lullaby of Broadway."

* * *

That leader—we didn't happen to catch his name—certainly knows how to pick the appropriate tune. If he had to play a piece in honor of Joe Stalin's birthday, chances are he'd select "Peace, Perfect Peace" or some such.

To the surprise of almost nobody, the sports writers and sportscasters have acclaimed John Harrison "Jack" Dempsey and George Herman "Babe" Ruth as, respectively, the greatest fighter and the greatest ballplayer to appear, up to now, in the Twentieth Century.

* * *

Just a column or two ago we took a shallow dive into this "greatest fighter" business, coming up with the strictly personal opinion that Mr. Dempsey ranked no better than third behind Jack Johnson and Joe Louis. However, as the Romans used to say, "de gustibus non est disputandum" which can be roughly translated as "when arguing over box-fighters it's every man for themself."

* * *

The Manassa Mauler had more color—not the skin pigmentation kind—than the other two put together; and it's box-office color which makes the turnstiles get red hot beneath. Even at his worst Jack Dempsey was a more memorable figure than either Johnson or Louis at their best, which probably had more than a little to do with how the voting went.

* * *

The baseball balloting turned out to be strictly a two-horse race—and not much more of a race than the one when Man O'War ran away and hid on a Sir Barton; and the fact that Sir Barton was in such shape that he should never have been allowed to go to the post, that long-ago day at Kenilworth, has nothing to do with the case.

* * *

It was bound to be either Babe Ruth or Ty Cobb, and when the returns were all in and counted, it was discovered that these two had drawn all but 24 of the 293 votes cast. Final results showed the Bambino with 253 votes—more than double the number marked for the Georgia Peach, who had a total of 116.

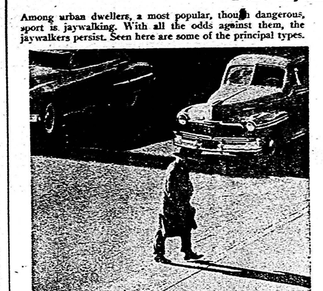
* * *

Lou Gehrig finished third, attracting a grand total of eight votes. Walter Johnson, "The Big Train"—and the only major league pitcher except Cy Young ever to hurl over 400 victories—finished in the fifth slot with seven votes. Five experts voted for Joe DiMaggio; two for Hans Wagner; and two for Christy "Big Six" Mathewson. No other player got even a call.

Among urban dwellers, a most popular, though dangerous, sport is jaywalking. With all the odds against them, the jaywalkers persist. Seen here are some of the principal types.

Don't Jaywalk Yourself to Death—

You will find them on almost any street. Frequently you will find them run down by their major opponent, the motorist.



Open Field Runner—is the true elite of the jaywalking clan. He's at his best when the going is toughest—in the middle of the street with automobiles whizzing by on all sides.

* Note his complete indifference.

Short Cutters—usually travel in bunches. These girls have spotted a market stand across the street where potatoes are a nickel cheaper, and they're making for the bargains on the shortest possible line.

Fender Bumper—is a most familiar type. Here is the guy who makes it to the middle of the street, then edges out into oncoming traffic. He's close enough now to thump the passing fender with his knee.

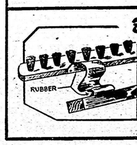
Thoughtless Thinker—here was marketing, then remembered he forgot something across the street. Now he crosses in mid-block, darting out from between two parked cars, ready to be picked offby a third.

HOW-TO-FIX-IT
— By Harold Arnett

Handy Dispenser

HERE'S A WAY TO DISPENSE POWDERED AND GRANULAR SUBSTANCES IN YOUR PANTRY. MOUNT SEVERAL EMPTY FRUIT JARS UPSIDE DOWN ON A RACK. A HOLE IN THE CENTER OF EACH JAR LID IS PROVIDED WITH A PIVOTED TIN COVER, CUT AS ILLUSTRATED, FOR MEASURING OUT THE CONTENTS OF EACH JAR.

Brushes Repaired



IF THE BRUSHES OF YOUR VACUUM CLEANER HAVE WORN SO THEY DO NOT TOUCH THE CARPET, AND THERE IS NO ADJUSTMENT FOR LOWERING THE BRUSH, IT CAN BE MADE TO WORK BY LOWERING IT WITH PIECES OF RUBBER THAT ARE CEMENTED TO THE CLAMP.

TABLE TALKS
by Jane Andrews

Possibly the funniest thing about the whole business is the Hans Wagner vote. We've been hearing all arguments among old-time baseball men who saw the immortal Dutchman at his best, and the general consensus always seemed to be that if Ty Cobb wasn't the greatest of all time, the bow-legged Pittsburg shortstop undoubtedly was. Yet Wagner draws the imposing total of two whole votes. "Out of sight out of mind" might be the solution; for it couldn't be that sports experts, just like ordinary mortals, are pretty much like a flock of sheep in their reactions.

* * *

However, nobody's going to put up much of a squawk over the vote for Ruth. Like Dempsey, the Babe had scads of color. His personal popularity had a lot to do with saving the game when it was in a very bad way following the Black Sox scandal. He was one of the two or three best left-handers that ever toed the rubber—how good he might have been if he'd stuck to pitching nobody will ever know. He took a cut at the horsehide that was positively thrilling even when he struck out. And—best of all from the standpoint of some—he never was the sort pointed out as an example of what pure living and strictly moral conduct could accomplish.

* * *

Whether or not we personally agree with the ranking that put Ruth first and Ty Cobb second is a matter of little or no importance. However, since nobody asked us, we'll tell you. Let's put it this way. Should we be offered the pick of the bin, and were a clubowner chiefly interested in big gates and bigger profits, we'd choose Babe Ruth without the slightest hesitation.

* * *

But if we were a club manager, whose salary, job and future prospects depended on winning a pennant, we'd grab Ty Cobb first, Hans Wagner second,—and after we had them safely roped and tied, then maybe we'd start considering a gent called Ruth.

Maybe the groundhog saw his shadow, and maybe not. In our part of the Province the sky was overcast most of the day, and if the little weather prophet ventured out of his hole, he wouldn't be scared back again for the proverbial forty days, or whatever it's supposed to be.

Still, judging of the future by the past, chances are we'll have quite a few chilly days and nights before Spring is actually here; and some of the recipes I have for you today are especially good in cold weather. For example, this one for making:

CORNBREAD

½ cup flour
1 cup yellow cornmeal
¾ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
1 tablespoon sugar
¾ cup sour milk
1 egg
2 tablespoons bacon fat

Method—Melt the fat in a bake pan. Sift the dry ingredients. Add the beaten egg and fat to the milk. Combine the two mixtures. Bake in a 400-degree oven for 25 minutes.

Instead of sour milk, sweet milk with a teaspoon of vinegar added may be used.

* * *

Careful attention to your seasonings makes all the difference in creating a meat pie that's just so-so—and one that brings loud cries for an encore. The following recipe is one that has been tried with many successful variations—for example, mushrooms may be added, when available. Make it in a large-size flat glass baking dish. Serves four.

MEAT VEGETABLE PIE

2 cups diced (not chopped), leftover roast beef, lamb, pork or chicken
1 cup leftover gravy, thinned with 1 cup water or
1 cup canned consommé diluted with 1 cup water and thickened or
2 cups stock thickened to make gravy
Salt and Pepper
1 cup cooked, leftover vegetables or
1 cup celery, carrots and onions, diced and parboiled
1 cup diced, boiled potatoes (optional)

BISCUIT TOPPING

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons shortening
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Method—Butter baking dish, and arrange meat and vegetables in it. Cover with gravy. Top with dropped (not rolled) baking powder biscuits made as follows: mix shortening lightly with salted flour, add liquid slowly, stirring to make soft dough. Drop biscuits on top of meat and vegetables. Bake 30 minutes at 375 degrees F., longer at slightly higher heat if a very brown dish is desired.

* * *

Although this recipe comes originally from the deep South, it's a favorite supper dish with lots of Northerners too. It's for:

CREOLE RICE CAKES

4 slices bacon, chopped
3 tablespoons chopped onion
2 tablespoons green pepper, chopped
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
3 cups rice, cooked
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 can tomato pulp

Method—Fry bacon crisp, leaving fat in frying pan. Combine bacon with onion, green pepper, and rest of ingredients. Mix thoroughly. Shape into cakes and fry these in bacon fat.

When I ask my folks what sort of a cake they'd like me to make, the youngest kid's invariably reply is, "Any old kind—so long as it's chocolate. There are plenty of others whose tastes run along the same lines, and I think they'll enjoy just as much as he does—which is a whole lot—this fine

SOUR CREAM CHOCOLATE CAKE

¾ cup cocoa
¾ cup boiling water
1 teaspoon soda
2 eggs
1½ cups sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1½ cups thick, sour cream
2 teaspoons vanilla
2 cups sifted cake flour

Method—Mix the cocoa with water. Cool and add the soda. In a mixing bowl beat two eggs until they are fluffy. Add the sugar and salt and beat with a rotary beater. Add the cocoa mixture and the vanilla, and blend. Add the sour cream alternately with sifted flour.

Bake in two wax-paper-lined nine-inch cake pans, in a 350-degree oven, for about 30 minutes.

Save Your Life!

Here's another incident that actually happened to a member of a farm family. A State College safety specialist, tells the story.

"Jack, Jack! Throw it! I'm wide open." Tom yelled excitedly as he ran toward the basket, But Jack was closely guarded, and the other team got the ball. Both teams raced back toward the other end of the court.

You probably couldn't call them "teams." There were only six boys altogether.

Tom had been on an errand for his mother, had heard noise in the community gym as he passed it. Figured he'd just peek in to see what was going on.

"Hi, Tom," Jack had called. "Come on—just enough for a little game."

"Haven't time to play," answered Tom. "Have to go to the store. But I'll shoot a couple."

It didn't take much coaxing, tho, when Pete said: "Hank, Red and I will stand you three. We'll beat your pants off." That did it, Tom was ready to play.

Tom's team did all right for a while. Tom and Jack were fast; Elmer was slow, but he had long arms. Their luck climbed as they raced up and down the floor.

Tom could feel he was getting too hot, knew he shouldn't play in his street clothes. Especially in leather shoes. The high school coach had told them that often. But, he thought, a little practice won't hurt.

Pete dribbled down the floor as Tom raced after him. Tom was out of breath, wished Pete would slow down. But Pete went in fast, passed to Hank for the shot. Both teams were under the basket for the rebound.

Tom started to jump, then lost his balance as a leather shoe slipped on the floor. He fell against another player, then dropped to the floor with his right hand beneath him.

Back at the other end with the ball, Jack found nobody to pass to. Then he noticed Tom.

"Hey, guys, what's wrong?"

They took Tom home. When the doctor arrived, he announced that Tom's badly swollen wrist was broken. He wouldn't play basketball again for a long time.

"How did it happen, boys?" asked Doctor Harmon when he returned to the front room where the others were waiting.

"Just an accident, Doc. We were playing basketball at town hall."

After getting the whole story, the doctor told the boys a few things they won't forget:

"Accidents don't just happen. They are caused.

"Accidents occur because we don't do things correctly.

"You don't use basketball shoes just because the coach says so, or to protect the floor. You use 'em because regular shoes aren't safe,

It's so different today

"CHILDREN should be seen but not heard" was a popular saying in grandfather's time. But today the youngsters hail with noisy delight that scrumptious, TWO-GRAIN cereal, POST'S GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES. They love its crisp, sweet-as-a-nut flavor . . . its tasty goodness of sun-ripened wheat and malted barley.

Easy to get—easy to serve—easy to digest—POST'S GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES are wholesome and good for all the family. They supply nourishment both young and old need daily . . . useful quantities of carbohydrates, protein, minerals and other food essentials. Ask your grocer for POST'S GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES today.

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