Valley OF REVENGE

BY JACKSON COLE

Synopsis

CHAPTER XXXII: Valdez, dressed in his red clothes, calls on Straw Aldman and tells him that he will not be allowed to wear his red trappings and Mex outfit again.

CHAPTER XXXIII

"One thing at a time," said Valdez. "Where are the clothes you wore?"

A feeble hand pointed toward the cold fireplace. Valdez soon held the cheap fiesta garments, and the sash and neckerchief which had been crudely fashioned from a turkey-red calico curtain. He dropped the things on the ashes and touched a match to them.

"Bought 'em from a Mex vaquero I know," mumbled the boy on the bed. "But I can see now they were not much like yours."

"What made you try such a fool move, amigo?" Valdez asked.

"I—er—well, Russ Bartle was saying you might be hired out to beefmen," Straw Aldman said hesitantly. "So I went there to their meeting knowing they would welcome you—me—if that was right."

* * *

Valdez' laugh was short and icy. "I see. But don't you see there must be a reason for that man Bartle to lie like that?"

"You mean he lied on purpose?" Young Aldman frowned. "Not Mr. Bartle. You're wrong there. He's a fine man. "He—"

"He'll have a chance to prove that—pronto."

The old man stepped forward. "I'm Dan't Nelson, a friend of the Aldmans—a tobacco farmer myself," he said. "You've got no reason to quarrel with Bartle, unless you are in cahoots with beefmen. Bartle's all the boy claims he is, and more. He brought us here to this valley, gave up plenty of credit for tools and things to build with."

* * *

"Have it your way, Mr. Nelson," Valdez shrugged. "But if this man Bartle should by any chance be responsible for what I saw on Don Attero's Cross, and for what happened on this farm last night, then it's certain that some other Good Samaritan will have to stake you folks to things—somebody who will not want to be repaid with blood."

He sank upon the bed and brushed the sandy hair back from Straw Aldman's eyes.

"Now," he said, "tell me what you know, son. Everything—from the day you first knew you were going to settle here in Deep Water Valley until the minute you saw me come in that door."

Young Aldman's face changed as if life and confidence had flowed back into him. He even smiled a little, hopefully. Hope that was justified, as far as the red-headed avenger was concerned—but not even he, any more than the other three in the sickroom, could suspect that even now death lurked outside.

El Caballero Rojo was confident of the safety of all of them, because he knew that since dusk Juanita should have been on hand outside as he had told her to be. And if danger should threaten, the call of a mountain cat would float on the night air.

Sheriff Bill Lande ended a long vigil, spar a wad of tobacco into the cold stove and banged down the lid.

"No fool like an old fool," he said aloud. "What in thunderation ever made me think that Pete Harkell or Tim Callan would try and kill Russ Bartle? Should have known that plenty of smoke means danged little fire."

Was that a rider pulling up outside At this hour? Lande snorted and went toward the door.

* * *

The stranger at the door was a man in store clothes. Though unknown to Sheriff Lande, he was Clarke Weber, newly arrived settler in Deep Water Valley.

The sheriff opened the door for his visitor to enter and lit the oil lamp.

"Well, sir?" he snapped.

"I thought maybe you'd give me a little official information."

"About what," the sheriff asked. "Rewards." Weber's grin was wise and boastful. "I want to know where I stand if I deliver to you a man worth money in several states—say five thousand here, and ten thousand over in New Mex, and fifteen thousand down Texas way. Exactly what would I get?"

Lande's temper was testy. "What in tarnation you want to know that for? Or maybe you're figuring to try to deliver this gent where he's worth most—unless everybody pays for the one delivery?"

"Yes. I think it's good business to—"

"So do I—to get your man first. Who is he?"

"I'd rather not say right now."

* * *

Suddenly Lande, with a growl deep in his throat, darted behind Weber. He pushed the man away from the outer door and twisted the key in the lock.

Lande clutched the man by the scruff of the neck and the seat of the pants. He half pushed and half kicked the stunned Weber across the floor, shoved him into the cage and banged and locked the door.

"Reckon you better change your mind," Lande snapped. "Till you do, you're under arrest. Maybe you didn't figure that concealing the whereabouts of any wanted man is as good as working in cahoots with him."

Until Lande had blown out the light and returned to bed, Weber was undecided what to do. He could see gold dollars sliding through his greedy fingers, and the thought pained him.

"Sheriff!" he finally called in the chilly darkness.

"Yeah?" growled Lande.

"It—it was El Caballero Rojo I was talking about," Weber stammered reluctantly.

* * *

Silence. Then the sheriff's boisterous laughter shook the flimsy building. He slammed the wall beside his bunk with his meat-cleaver fist.

"El Caballero Rojo!" he roared. "And you worrying about how much you'd collect on his scalp! Why, you simple-brained squirt, if you lifted a finger against that red-headed hombre he'd eat you alive—suffless—before you could sneeze! You just better thank me for locking you up. I'm saving your life, you poor dumb weasel."

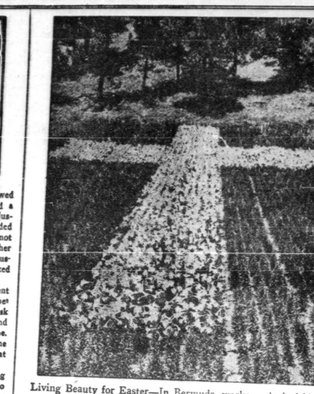
"But I did see him," Weber insisted. "I did have a gun on him, too. I'm a good shot, but—"

"I know. He's a better one." Lande swung his feet to the floor. "He shot your iron away, huh? That why your paw is bandaged?"

"Yeah," Weber admitted. "I came upon him just after he had finished firing a tobacco drying shed. And I also believe he hung a young fellow on Don Attero's Cross."

The sheriff sat reflectively on the edge of his bed, not answering. Then Weber could hear the stamping of feet getting into tight boots.

(To Be Continued)



Living Beauty for Easter—In Bermuda, workers plucked blossoms from a field of white lilies so as to leave this cross for the delight of visitors on Easter Sunday.

4890
SIZES
34—50

For gay breakfasts and that well-groomed look all day, Pattern 4890 is just what you've been searching for, lady! Ever-useful, ever-suitable, and ever-so slenderizing!

Pattern 4890 comes in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50. Size 36 takes 3¾ yards 35-inch fabric.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS (25c) in coins for this pattern to Room 21, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.

ISSUE 13 — 1948

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Unselfish Girl Wants to Marry

I find I am in love with a young man who, I'm sure, doesn't know I'm alive. I feel like a lovelorn idiot!

I'm 18 but I'm sure this isn't just a come-and-go affair for me. He is 20, owns his own business, and is prosperous and well-educated.

"I have a good position, and I support my folks. They are unable to work. Every time I think of this lad, I know I must get over it. I feel obligated to my parents. They have given me a happy home and a high school education, and I've taken care of them since I graduated nearly two years ago. I have two brothers and a sister. They all are married, but have never given a cent for our parents' support.

"I want this lad's friendship, and later his love, more than anything in the world. (He is handsome, too.) Shall I try to make him notice me? I don't wish to force myself, of course. Or shall I give up the whole idea because of my obligations at home?

C. B."

RIGHT TO LIFE

I don't agree that your obligations to your parents must deprive you of the right to love and live. I don't believe they intend that, either. The neglect of their other children must humiliate them, and cause them many hours of anxiety on your account, too.

So often in a family of several children, one shoulders the entire burden of the parents, while the others lightly go their selfish ways, leaving the devoted child to carry on alone. For you to feed that you must forego marriage, while your brothers and sister enjoy their own and go scot-free, is all wrong. You had better get them all together and have an understanding, before their disregard of their parents' situation becomes a permanent attitude.

* * *

TO "MRS. F. S.": I understand how anxious you are to adopt a child, and I'm in favor of it — later. After you have had your operation, you will know how much your health improves; and when you get a larger house you'll have the extra room which the agency demands for the baby. This delay will quell your family's present objections, too.

It is likely that when you do adopt a baby, your husband will take more interest in the house and also in helping to train the child. Remember, though, that supporting and educating a child costs more as it grows older; so he is wise to plan to increase his income where he can.

Meanwhile, take as active a part as you can in your church activities and community affairs. I know you do your part of the work on the farm, but outside interests will help balance that, and make life more pleasurable for you. Then you won't get so depressed.

A woman's health depends largely on how happy she is, how satisfied with the life she leads. It is my opinion that when you do adopt a baby you will find your strength adequate, and your spirits improved. So later on, when you come home from the hospital, you will find out whether the idea is as practicable then as you hope.

(Your address was not enclosed. If you'd like to send it to me, I will use it).

* * *

Don't submit to injustice—if you can do something about it. No one will respect you if you don't respect yourself. Perhaps Anne Hirst can show you how. Write to her at Box A, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Your Handwriting and You
By Alex S Arnott

Script Reveals True Character

Does that boy you love so much write a script like the writer of this week's illustration? There are so many variations of character indicated in this script that his behaviour will probably bewilder you at times and cause you to wonder whether he is as sincere as he professes to be. He probably does not understand himself as he should and if his actions are mysterious and unsettled, there is a reason for it.

* * *

Just look at the writing below. See how spacious the script is and how far flung the letters and words are. There is nothing cramped about his writing. How could anyone expect this fellow to narrow his thoughts and actions down to a common cause, to follow a single line of thought, to concentrate on one thing for a long period of time. What he desires most is plenty of room to think, to broaden his knowledge, to cover a lot of ground just as he has so clearly indicated by the spaciousness of his writing. Now we have the answer to his unsettled nature. He hasn't the personality to stay put; he is the outdoor, adventurous type and must be on the move if he is to be happy.

Notice how broad and round the letter "y" looks. Here is a personality that is adaptable and congenial, that likes change and variety. The things for which he may show preference today will not necessarily retain this same preference tomorrow. You can only expect him to be adaptable and congenial when there is plenty of scope for his ever changing thoughts and actions.

* * *

Deep emotion and sentimental feeling, evident in this script, indicate a nature that is easily moved by sympathy for others, and long-lasting impressions for sentimental things. Do not be surprised if he takes exception to challenges of his personal honor for he is an idealist and rates behavior above all other traits of character. This makes him sensitive to injustices, and will cause him to make his stand against these even if it entails personal sacrifice. To sum up this trait of character, the writer will always have a soft spot in his heart for the underdog and will not stand idly by while injustices are being imposed upon a fellow man without raising a protest.

Do you like your writing?

Our readers may receive an interesting and instructive personal analysis of their handwriting by sending an example of writing with 25 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Box B, room 421, 73 Adelaide St West, Toronto.

Sunday School Lesson
By Rev R Barclay Warren

Eternal Life
Colossians 3:1-4, 12-17; 1 John 5: 11-12.

Golden Text — And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. — John 17:3.

The resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead is the most astounding miracle. That He, whose side was pierced, rose from the grave after three days, nevermore to die, sealed the fact of His divinity. No wonder the chief priests and elders bribed the soldiers to tell that the body was stolen away while they slept. His resurrection is set forth in the Scripture as a prophecy that we too, shall rise from the dead at His appearing in glory. It is also a type and a symbol of the Christian life even now. It is this last sense that is emphasized in this lesson, "If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above — set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." We must have clothes, houses, cars, etc., but we need not set our hearts upon them. If we are possessors of eternal life, our aspirations are higher.

* * *

Paul exhorts those who are risen with Christ in this newness of life. We must be merciful, kind, humble, meek, long-suffering and forgiving. Holding all these graces is divine love, which is the bond of perfectness. God's peace is to be the umpire in our hearts. We are to be thankful.

In such hearts there is music. Psalms, hymns and spiritual song are the vehicles of expression for the music within. Some are poor singers and yet have the singing heart.

* * *

"He lives, He lives, Christ Jesus lives to-day!
He walks with me and talks with me
Along life's narrow way.
He lives, He lives, salvation to impart!
You ask me how I know He lives?
He lives within my heart."

Skirts Shorter Four Years Hence

Women's skirts will be up above their knees again by 1952, according to a costume expert.

The "new look" had only four years to run.

"By that time, everybody will be wearing long skirts," she said. "Then the fashionable thing will be to wear them short."

She thinks a lot of males, will hope for long skirts again when they find out how many girls have knobby knees.

Knowledge of how to preserve meat with spices and the use of sugar was learned from the Moslems by the Crusaders.

YOU CAN'T KID ME, MOM...

Sure, Crown Brand Corn Syrup is good for me. Sure, the doctor recommends Crown Brand Corn Syrup as part of my diet.

BUT—why tie it down to me?

How about the way you use Crown Brand for wonderful baking? For a sweetener? And why not mention how delicious it is with pancakes, cereals and hot waffles?

You can't kid me, mom. Crown Brand Corn Syrup is good for all of us!

For years doctors have recommended the use of Crown Brand Corn Syrup as a satisfactory carbohydrate acting as a milk modifier for bottle-fed infants.

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

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For FAST, SURE PROLONGED RELIEF
Instantine
12 TABLETS FOR 35¢

WHY ARE MANY WOMEN NERVOUS
... without reason

When women are disturbed by noises at night ... because society they prefer when talking to strangers... Every woman who symptoms often herald a when they need special help.

But actually there's little dread or fear! For plenty of fresh air, wholesome food and Chase's Nerve Food will help build up vitality and tone up system—so you can keep on through the most trying periods of life. Yes, Dr. Chase's Nerve has helped thousands of women face the future with confidence.

So if you're feeling nervous, jittery or run-down—if you don't rest well at night, and often moody or irritable—take Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for a while. Keep yourself in good condition try this time-proven tonic which has helped so many. The name "Dr. Chase" is your assurance.

TEEN-TOWN TOPICS
By BARRY MURKAR

...Chicago, Toronto welcomed the Red-haired eyed little skater, Barbara Ann Scott. Since then, she has gone west to continue her Canadian tour. Not only are the teen-agers of Canada proud of her, but the adults seem as justly proud. Barbara Ann looked every inch the Queen as she rode up Bay Street, to Toronto's City Hall. Nothing was left out of the show. They had Pipe Bands and Mounted Police, speeches, crowds and all the rest that goes with crowning home a Canadian girl who carried off the skating honours of the world. She could make movies in Hollywood and she could "settle down" and be happy as well, just like a woman.

A Little of This and That

To the lady who wrote in from Port Hope, Ontario asking where she could purchase a copy of "Jack Minard and the Birds", we are surprised to be available at the leading stores. The copy we have was photo-static by Manly Minor, back in 1939, remember. At the time, he said it would soon be off the press. We have the American edition, not here. We suggest you leave your order with your book store. You should have a copy

* * *

Bud brother waltzes in today with announcement that his band has secured the services of Bobby Family and company for their tour from. You all know who Family is. He's the guy who blows the trumpet each day on the Bobby Gang. He, charges several times to play for a night, too. Times have changed. When we at "High" we had a three-piece outfit, consisting of a two-bit fiddle player, a guy who pounded the piano with his feet (that was worth the price alone), and a girl who was a beatnik. They always started at the evening and ended it by saying that lovely old ballad, "Bury Me Out on the Prairie". The last I heard of them, they were being buried on the prairie. We got the whole outfit for five bucks a night, and thought we had something. Guess we did, too.

* * *

Many thanks to our old friend C. B. for the swell letter. It was intended for me, I know. Thanks a lot.

* * *

Some time ago, we suggested you and fellows out there put up a stick, to help the little warblers through the winter. Did you do it? No... well maybe next year then. Had real luck with my bird stick. Not, nothing would come near it, know what have we got? Mr. Mrs. Red Headed Woodpecker and Mr. and Mrs. Sammy Jay and their three little sprouts. There is fun to watch them from the kitchen. I know if you once put up a stick, you'll never take it down.

* * *

Take a look at the picture at the top of this column. Do I look like I'm of about 45? No cracks, please. Reader tells me to have another picture taken, that it makes me look like an old man. Well, I won't see 45 again, but brother I'm no 45, no matter how you look at it.

★

Or Down

Mrs. Hempeck: "Everything is going up."

Mr. Hempeck: "Oh I don't know. For instance, there's your opinion of me, my opinion of you, and the neighbours' opinion of us both."

★

The beloved cardigan suit from Everyman is a chalk stripe. Flaps on the pockets pad the figure, and the skirt is straight and slim.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARMS
By Gwendoline P Clarke

Have you ever taken a letter from your mail-box, looked it over and wondered what manner of news is under that sealed flap? One minute its contents are a mystery, the next, by breaking the seal, you find...what? Ah yes, so many things. Good news, bad news, or just ordinary family gossip. You know — so-and-so has had a baby ... Uncle Tom has sold his farm... Cousin Jean is getting married next month. Yes, that envelope can hide shocks, pleasant surprises or just plain family news. But when you get a letter that you know is important, don't you sometimes feel scared to open it? You are so hoping the news will be good, on the other hand you have reason to fear it may be bad.

* * *

That is how I felt twice last week. You remember I had news that a friend of ours in England was to visit us this summer. Well, a few days later came another letter, from the same friend. That was the one that scared me. Partner said — "Another letter from Cicely — I suppose she isn't coming." Fearfully I slit the seal just a little bit — I couldn't bear the thought of bad news at one full blast. Peeking, I read the first line — "prepare for a shock I..." "Oh dear, she isn't coming." I almost wailed. "Well, open it up — let's find out what it's all about," urged Partner. So I opened it — and it wasn't as bad as I feared. Cicely is still coming but not to stay a year as was her original intention. The reason — and I quote from the letter — "England is so desperately short of experienced teachers that if I retire this year I feel I should be running away from work that needs to be done...so I have decided to visit Canada just for the summer holidays and back to my job in September."

Then there was a letter from my brother. Generally his wife does the writing so when I saw brother Eddie's writing I wondered if anything was wrong. You will understand why when I tell you that as far as I knew his young son was still in Jerusalem. But I needn't have worried — my nephew is out of the army and everything was fine, except my brother said — "If you don't want to read some very bad language don't ask me what I think of the Labour government!"

* * *

Well, that is as far as I got last Friday. Then I had a call to go to Toronto. I had a busy time. Shopping Friday afternoon, a meeting that night — the real purpose of my trip — more shopping next morning and a trip downtown to see Barbara Ann. And I really saw her — and she is just as sweet and charming as the best of her press photographs make her appear. Not only that, I saw her crazy little hat! The crowd was terrific. At first I was right on the outside and couldn't see a thing. Then as others came behind me I was pushed along until I was right in front of the City Hall steps with Barbara Ann directly in my line of vision. It was hard to realize that such a dainty little lady had had the skill and perseverance to bring so much honour to her country.

After the ceremony the crowd pushed me along down to one of the department stores — honestly, I didn't take one step of my own volition. I had lunch on the seventh floor of the store. When I came out only two elevators were working and they couldn't begin to accomodate the crowd so I got my after-dinner exercise by walking down seven flights of stairs. Then Following an afternoon with Daughter I took the train for home — and the passengers didn't have to pile out and push the train — you may remember my last trip on the bus.

Pupils of blue eyes contract more in bright light than pupils of brown eyes.

HOT FLASHES?

Are you going thru the functional 'middle-age' period peculiar to women (38-52 yrs.)? Does this make you suffer from hot flashes, feel so nervous, high-strung, tired? Then try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms! Pinkham's Compound also has what Doctors call a stomachic tonic effect!

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Does Typing Hinder Your Career Future?

Fred Johnson was an up-and-coming youngster, working as a file clerk in a big company where he hoped to get ahead.

One fine day the chance came—a junior executive opening with responsibility and a pay raise!

But Fred Johnson was stymied. His typing was poor and slow and the job called for weekly reports to the main office.

So — another opportunity knocked in the waste-basket because of poor training for the business world in the first place.

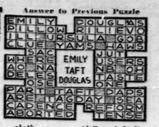
And Fred Johnson is no isolated case. It could easily happen to you in your job — a chance to move up the ladder shot to pieces because you can't type.

Learning touch-typing at home is easy enough if you put your mind to it. All keyboards are the same so if you learn on one at home, you will be prepared to type on any machine in every office.

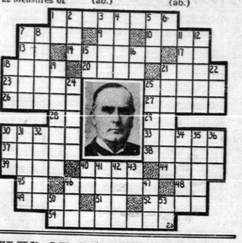
Teach yourself touch-typing at home with our Reader Service booklet No. 13. Exercises, charts, lessons in business grammar and form. How to type statistical reports and artistic displays.

Send THIRTY CENTS (30c) in coins for "Touch Typewriting Self-Taught" to Reader Service, Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print NAME, ADDRESS, BOOK TITLE and NO. 13

Answer to Previous Puzzle



Former President



HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured former U. S. president, William ——
7 Canoe
9 Myself
10 Bird's home
13 Army order (ab.)
14 Rely
17 Channel Islands (ab.)
18 British account money (pl.)
20 Conceal
21 Satiate
23 Abdicate
25 On a well
26 Onagers
27 Uncloses
28 Georgia (ab.)
29 Either
30 Western cattle
33 Form of riddle
34 Gives ear to
38 Small fish
39 Consumes food
40 Forest creature
44 Grafted (her.)
45 Symbol for selenium
46 Reply
48 Doctor (ab.)
49 Ireland
51 Symbol for tellurium
52 Handle
54 Guiding cloth
24 Czars
25 Natives of Morocco
30 Her
31 Irritate
32 Diner
34 Distorts
35 Extreme
36 Sainte (ab.)
40 Debit note (ab.)
41 Royal Italian family name
42 Pitcher
43 Music note
46 Emmet
47 Sped
50 He —— one of the assassinated U. S. presidents
53 Norwegian (ab.)

VERTICAL
1 Month (ab.)
2 Vulgar fellow
3 Kaffir warriors
4 Require
5 Conclusion
6 Thee
7 Peels
8 Wanders
11 Frighten
12 Giant
15 Exclamation
16 Compass point
18 Harem room
19 Besiegers
21 Peerless
22 Measures of

★

No Danger

The head of the house was reading a newspaper article very carefully. When he had come to the end he remarked to his wife: "Do you know, dear, I think that the cleverness of the father often proves a stumbling-block to the son."

His wife heaved a sigh of relief

"Well thank goodness," she said, "our Bobby won't have anything to fall over!"

★

Easter Feasting

Here are "specials" for your Easter menu. When you make apple sauce cookies, you might use tinted frosting and Easter rabbit decorations. Serve the tea biscuits with Easter salads—delicious.

Roast Ham with Spice Glaze

1 10-lb. sugar-cured ham
1 cup of juice from spiced peaches
1 cup brown sugar
½ doz. sliced spiced peaches
1 cup of ginger ale

Place ham fat side up on rack in open roasting pan. Score for glazing. Do not add water, and do not cover. Roast in slow oven, (330deg. F.). About an hour before ham is done, spread the peach glaze evenly on surface and return to oven, until ham is cooked. Allow about 20 minutes per pound for cooking ham. Baste ham with ginger ale as required.

Use one cup peach juice and one cup of brown sugar, combine and cook slowly for 15 minutes or until mixture thickens. Garnish platter with whole spiced peaches. Decorate with marshmallow cream lily.

Apple Sauce Cookies

1⅝ cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon double-acting baking powder
1 teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon nutmeg
¾ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg, unbeaten
1 cup thick sweetened apple sauce
½ cup raisins
1 cup 40% bran flakes

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, salt, and spices, and sift again. Cream shortening, add sugar, and cream well. Add egg and beat well. Add flour, alternately with apple sauce, mixing thoroughly. Add raisins and cereal and blend. Drop from teaspoon on greased baking sheet 2 inches apart. Bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) 15 minutes, or until done. Makes about 3½ dozen cookies.

Raisin Bran Tea Biscuits

1⅞ cups sifted flour
2½ teaspoons double-acting baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
⅓ cup shortening
1 cup raisin bran
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ cup milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar and sift again. Cut in shortening; add bran and mix well. Combine egg and milk; add to flour mixture, stirring until soft dough is formed. Turn out on lightly floured board and knead 30 seconds, or enough to shape. Roll ½ inch thick and cut with floured 2-inch biscuit cutter. Brush tops with milk. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in hot oven (450 deg. F.) 12 minutes, or until done. Makes 15 small biscuites.

Note: To prepare biscuits at night to bake the next morning, combine flour mixture, shortening, and bran as directed above. Place in glass jar or crockery bowl and cover lightly with cloth or plate to allow circulation of air. Store overnight in refrigerator or other very cool, dry place.

To make biscuits, combine egg and milk and add to dry ingredients. Proceed as directed above.

The Bookshelf . .

Sew It Yourself
By Madelyn Grigsby

The purpose of this book is to make it possible for all women to have smarter and more expensive clothes at a considerable saving.

In "Sew It Yourself", Madelyn Grigsby gives clear and definite directions for taking a dress out of the home-made class and putting it into that of the couturiere.

The one question in the non-professional sewer's mind is "Will it look home-made?" for that has been a stigma on home sewing.

Here, explained in simple and direct language, are all of the necessary steps from understanding directions on the pattern, to achieving particular quality that lends professional distinction.

Numerous drawings and graphic charts give greater clarity to the text, lending a stimulus to the reader's natural artistic and creative ability.

"Sew It Yourself" . . . By Madelyn Grigsby . . . The Ryerson Press . . . Price $1.75.

SLOAN'S HEAT brings swift RELIEF from muscular aches and pains

Sloan's Liniment is a reliable first aid remedy for *all* muscular pain. For the penetrating heat of Sloan's summons healing blood to pain spots . . . resulting in quick relief and comfort.

STILL 35¢
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LITTLE REGGIE By Margarita