Salada Tea Bags are handy for afternoon tea

"SALADA"

TEA BAGS

Riders for the Hoot-Owl Pool

by G. H. SHARP

CHAPTER TWO

Marked for Murder

There was a tense, uneasy silence in the ranch house. Men looked at one another askance. More than one pair of eyes was watching Webb Winters.

"You and Bob rode home together, Webb," said Joe Blake, "as far as the forks of the trail. You was the last man to see Bob Anderson alive. If I was you, I'd keep that information away from the sheriff. It might sound different to the law than it does to us that knows you and Bob was good friends. A jury, now, might think somethin' different. If I was you, I'd forget I rode along that trail with a man who was found murdered."

Webb's jaw muscles tightened. His lips were tight, white. His narrowed eyes looked at Joe Blake, at Tex, at the others. He saw suspicion written on the faces of more than one of these men. Three thousand dollars was a lot of money to them. Those papers, delivered to Ab Abbott, would bring a good price. And Webb Winters had been the man who had ridden a lonely trail with Bob Anderson.

"If any man here thinks I killed Bob Anderson," said Webb Winters, "let him come out and say so."

None of them had seen the door open. None of them, in that tense moment, noticed the man standing in the doorway. All of them stared guiltily as Sheriff Hank Roberts spoke:

"Didn't know you had company, Webb."

Webb's tongue wet his dry lips. He forced a lame sort of grin.

"Howdy, Hank. Joe and Tex and some of the boys dropped around to see about gettin' Bob a proper plantin'. Glad you come over. Put up your horse."

"I will, Webb, much obliged. It got kinda gloomy over at Bob's. Two of Blake's cowboys is over there settin' up with the corpse. There was a few things I wanted to ask you about, so I rode over."

Sheriff Hank Roberts left the cabin as quietly as he had come. The members of the Scisser-Bill Pool looked uneasily at one another. Then Joe Blake spoke:

"We better be driftin' along. So long, Webb. And hell, nobody here is accusin' you of anything. See you at the funeral tomorrow."

They left Webb there in his cabin. None of them had any desire to stay and talk to the keen-eyed old sheriff from Rimrock who had walked in on them so quietly.

Webb Winters knew that old Hank Roberts had heard him when he had hurled his challenge at the others. He poured himself a cup of coffee and stood there in the lighted doorway as the others rode away into the night. The sky was filled with broken clouds through which a pale moon rode.

Then Sheriff Hank Roberts came back from the barn. Webb put more wood in the stove. The old peace officer sat down in the chair that Joe Blake had been using. Webb handed him a cup of coffee and put tobacco within the sheriff's reach.

"I reckon," said Webb abruptly, "that you heard what I was tellin' 'em, Sheriff."

"Set down, son. Take the weight off your feet. Me and you are goin' to have a pow-wow. A little medicine talk. Light your tobacco."

Webb took the other chair and rolled a cigarette. The sheriff sipped his black coffee. They smoked a while without saying a word. Webb was still white but inside because of the veiled accusation of Joe Blake and the others.

"Who organized the Scissor-Bill Pool, Webb?" the sheriff asked abruptly.

"I reckon you can lay it onto me and Bob. We had to gather our cattle in the fall and brand our calves in the spring. None of us had many cattle and the only way to work the range was to make up a pool round-up, which we did."

"Likewise, it protected you against the Triangle outfit."

"That's right."

"And the Scissor-Bill Pool aims to start a war on account of Bob Anderson's murder?"

"Not knowin', I couldn't say, Sheriff."

"You'd better get this straight, son. There's goin' to be no range war if I kin help it. Even if I have to put the men of the Pool and every Triangle man under a peace bond. You fellers seem to forget that there's a law in this country."

"Then why didn't that law ketch the man that shot Ed Young in the back a few months ago? Why don't your law lay a hand on the men that murdered Bob Anderson?" Webb's tone was bitter.

"I'm doin' the best I know how, son. Takes time. Accusin' a man of murder is an almighty serious charge. Got to go careful. Webb, which trail did you use comin' home?"

"You mean when I come tonight?"

"Yes."

"I cut across the lower end of Bob's horse pasture, takin' a short-cut Bob and I used a lot. It cuts off about three miles."

"Mind lettin' me have a look at your gun?"

There was a puzzled expression in the cowboy's eyes as he took his six-shooter from the waistband of his overalls and handed it, butt foremost, to the law officer.

The sheriff examined it carefully, then looked at Webb.

"This gun has been fired lately."

"This afternoon. I emptied it at a coyote. If you're hintin' that I killed Bob Anderson . . ."

"Keep your shirt on, son. I ain't accusin' you of anything. But I took that same short-cut, comin' here tonight. There's a dead man alongside the trail. A Triangle cowboy. The same cowboy you had a fight with in town about two weeks ago. I recognized him, right off. I remember the fight you'd had with him because he was usin' tough language in Mae's restaurant. You ran him out of town and told him he'd git worse than just a beatin' up if he ever showed up again in the restaurant."

"Well, what about it?"

"So far as the sign shows, Webb, you're the only man that took the short-cut tonight. Your gun barrel is powder-marked."

"Therefore, I killed the gent?"

"No jury would convict a man on such slim evidence." He handed Webb back the gun and picked up his coffee cup.

"That man was killed by Bob Anderson, Webb. Keep your gun."

They were burying Bob Anderson at the little Rimrock graveyard. All the members of the Scisser-Bill Pool were there. Webb was there with Mae. It was drizzling rain and everybody had on slickers. A dismal, dreary day. Saddled horses stood, bridle reins dropped. Buggy teams were tied to the fence. Nearly all the women stayed in their buggies.

(Continued Next Week)

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Anne Adams

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No Trouble At All—Mrs. Joyce Chapman, 18, of Oroville, smiles at her infant son which she bore while listening to her radio at home. She said that after the birth, which was completely painless, she wrapped the infant in a mackinaw and walked a mile to the mine where her husband works. He took the mother and child to the hospital, where both are doing fine.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

There were no Easter bunnies around here last week but there were lenty of calves. The first one, a heifer, arrived uneventfully during the middle of the night but the mother was one of these unnatural females who refuses to recognize her off-spring. In cow language that means the mother would not lick her calf after it was born—a usual procedure—and unless you are used to cattle you have no idea what a difference that makes to the appearance of a calf. The caressing touch of the mother's tongue is as beneficial to the calf as beauty parlour treatment to a glamorous blonde.

Two days later while milking was in progress Partner looked at Sporty and figured "her time had come"—or at least it was not far distant. So Sporty was put into a stall by herself and left alone. Later that night Bob went down to the barn and when he came back Partner inquired—"Is the cow all right?"

"Yes," answered Bob, "Sporty's all right, except that she has twin calves!"

And was Sporty ever proud of her babies! Nothing wrong with the mother-instinct there. Sporty's only trouble was how to divide her attention between the two calves—that is, if she could tell one from another. They are almost identical—and both as spotted as a leopard—being of the Ayrshire variety.

Now of course the arrival of twin calves is nothing very wonderful—triplets are a bit more unusual, but we'll settle for twins around here. What made this occasion particularly interesting lay in the fact that the mother of our new calves was herself a twin; and the grandmother had twins twice. Moreover, in each case the twins were heifers—and thereby hangs a tale. It is the tale—or family history—that makes my story. The first time calves arrived at Ginger Farm an old-timer advised Partner to veal them. "Don't ever keep twin heifer calves," he said, "you'll never get any calves from them, no matter how long you keep them. It just won't happen, that's all."

Well, on that first occasion Mr. Old-Timer was right, because one calf was undersized and not worth keeping; the other was extra big and although we kept her until she was over three years old she never did have a calf. So eventually she went to the stockyards and I haven't a doubt in the world she made excellent beef.

Then the same cow had twins again—a nice, average-size pair of heifer calves—and we kept them. Mr. Old-Timer shook his head again—"You'll rue the day" he mourned. But one of those twins is the mother of our newest arrivals, so you see our twin calves are proof positive of the falsity of that old-fashioned superstition—that a heifer that is born a twin will never produce a calf.

Well, the weather is still front page news. Frost, cold winds, snow in many places . . . and Easter! We had everything but the snow. Daughter was home for the long week-end, and as she left Toronto while it was still quite mild she brought only a light weight top coat with her. I wonder how many other week-enders were caught the same way. Now we are back to normal again—no more homecomers in the house, so there is no temptation to sit up talking to the small hours; and no more hockey broadcasts to keep one keyed up to fever pitch. Now the Maple Leafs are out of the running we can retire to our beds at a respectable hour and build up a little reserve energy against the spring rush . . . if that time ever comes! But, oh dear! soon there will be daylight saving time to contend with—and that will upset our schedule again. However, with no hydro shortage to worry about, DST shouldn't be quite such a farce as it was last year. That was a time to remember. As if we could forget ! !

Spring is also the time for new styles in toggery—and how I wish some one would get the idea that COLOURED shirts are the only smart thing for men to wear. White shirts . . . how I hate them! Not the look of them, of course, just the washing and ironing. Wash them by themselves; hang them by themselves; iron them so carefully—and yet every time I find a smudge somewhere; or a scorch mark, or a wrinkle in the collar. Men's white shirts are enough to blight a woman's life . . . there should be a law against them.

Well, that's all for this time, friends. I must go now and iron a shirt . . . a white shirt . . . and for the second time!

HOW CAN I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I test the purity of butter?

A. Place a small amount of butter in a teaspoon and hold it over a flame If butter is pure, it will foam quietly and boil. If impure, it will crackle and sputter as it becomes heated.

Q. How can I stop a small leak in a pan, bucket or tub?

A. Turn the receptacle upside down, cover the leak with a little powdered sulphur, heat an old knife blade until it is very hot, and spread the sulphur around the leak.

Q. How can I help sick gold fish?

A. If the gold fish are ill, the chances are that they are overfed, or their bowl has not been kept clean. Overfeeding or lack of fresh water will soon kill them.

Q. How can I overcome the unpleasantness of taking medicine?

A. When medicine is unpleasant to take, try placing a bit of alum in the mouth for a moment before taking the medicine. It will usually overcome any unpleasantness.

ANNE HIRST

Your Family Counselor

"I've been married 11 years to a man I used to love. But lately he is so hard to get along with that I'm about ready to pack up and go.

"Nothing I do is ever quite right. He complains about my housekeeping, though I'm much better than I used to be—and instead of helping, he keeps me picking up after him all the time.

"He criticizes the way I talk, and look, and act. Yet if I get a new dress, he just grumbles and asks what it cost. My education is better than his, and I'm just as pleasant as he will let me be. I have loads of friends, though he has few.

"He won't go to church with me. He never takes me out unless I nag him—and when we do go, he is such a show-off that he embarrasses me.

"He pays the bills, and is generous. He doesn't drink or gamble.

"If I had only a little appreciation, I'd be so happy! (Sometimes I think he'd be better off with just a housekeeper) . . . I don't want to leave, but how can I make our marriage like it used to be

"ON THE VERGE."

RENEW YOUR CHARMS

When you married your husband, you say, he was devoted and appreciative, flattering and helpful. (I wish I could print all your letter). You were good companions, had fun together.

What has happened?

A man who develops the annoying habit of criticizing everything his wife does, often feels at fault himself. So he protects that feeling by trying to be superior. This accounts for your husband "picking on" you.

When he shows off before other people, it is because he craves flattery and doesn't get it at home.

Your husband would enjoy taking you out if he felt at home with you, confident that you are proud of him, as he used to be proud of you.

I think you are expecting too much of him. He has his points, you know. He is honest and good. He has no vices. He is a helpful citizen in the community. He provides well for you.

Why don't you concentrate on his good qualities, and let him know how you appreciate them?

Flatter him a bit, tactfully. Make him feel he's really Somebody. Praise him for his virtues, and see how he expands. Your compliments will build up his prestige (which is what he needs) and will soften his attitude toward you, too. He will begin to see you as he did in the early years of your marriage, when you exercised all your charms to please him, and convinced him that he was the ONE MAN in the world for you.

Stop trying to make him over. Show him you like him as he is—and tell him why.

You two can recapture the companionship you used to have if you will take the trouble to do your part. Compare him with other husbands you know, or those unfortunate ones you read about in this column. I guarantee you will realize how lucky you are.

* * *

Concentrate on the good qualities your husband has, and ignore the others. You can't change him, you know—but you can change your opinion of him. Anne Hirst will help, if you write her at Box 1, 123, Eighteenth Street, New Toronto, Ontario.

SALLY'S SALLIES

"He must think this ceremony is being televised."

TIT FOR TAT

A woman who was living in a hotel at San Francisco employed a Chinese boy. She said, "What is your name?"

"Fu Yu Tsin Mei," he replied.

"Your name is too long; I call you John."

The Chinese boy looked surprised.

"What's your name?" he asked "Mrs. Elmer Edward Marble, sah."

"Your name is too long; I call you Charlie."

The boss suffers from inflation—an inflated sense of his own importance.

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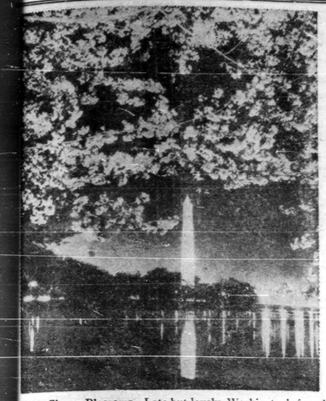

Cheery Cherry Blossoms—Late but lovely, Washington's famed cherry blossoms burst into bloom—and immediately the changeable spring weather subjects them to near-freezing temperatures

Could Happen Your Home

The following incident, based on actual happening, was reported recently by a well known safety specialist.

"What did you think of the discussion tonight, Mary?"

"Very good. I wish more people were concerned about accidents. Just so few people get to these meetings to discuss how to live safely."

"Maybe you missed one point," Larry chuckled. "Remember the speaker said everybody needs coaching to about safety."

"Oh, I suppose that's right. But we haven't had an accident for years. Except the time Mother fell on the stairs last fall, and she's getting old."

"Nellie, just for the fun of it let's looks at our stairs when we come home. We'll check 'em with, then check sheet we got tonight."

At home, Larry got out the check sheet. "Read off the items, Nellie," he said. "I'll check them."

"Isn't this rather silly, Larry? We know our stairs are safe. We walk on them every day, and mother is the only one who has fallen on them."

"Aw, come on anyway. Let's check them just for fun."

"Well, all right. First item is: 'Stairs well lighted so each stair easily seen.'"

Larry walked up the stairs, then looked part way up. "Okay."

"Then: Hand rail sturdy and well constructed; at least two spindles for each step from the hand rail; spindles well secured; landing at least three feet square.

"Larry, what does this one mean? 'The rise plus the run of each stair is 16 to 18 inches, with the run at least 8 inches'."

"The run is the step tread less the part that sticks out. The rise is the distance from the top of one step to the top of the next."

Larry started measuring. "These are 10-inch run and 7½-inch rise," he said. Then, at the first step above the landing, he asked, "where did you mother fall?"

"Just above the landing as she was coming down."

"Nellie, your mother wasn't just unlucky with age. This step has an 8-inch rise and the first step below the landing has a 6¾-inch rise. It's a wonder more of us haven't fallen here. Come to think of it, I've stumbled many times going up these stairs."

Sure, it's important to clear stairs of trash, mops, brooms, etc. But it's just as important to make sure they're constructed safely and correctly. Larry and Nellie removed the hazard they found by raising the landing three-fourths of an inch.

Well-Dressed Man Pretty Corny

If Frank L. Teuton is followed by a pack of pecking pullets wherever he goes, he won't be surprised. He'll just chalk it up to his suit.

Because Teuton is sporting a neat suit made of corn. It looks like an ordinary tan gabardine, but it is 100 per-cent corn fiber fabric. And his light grey hat is corny, too.

Teuton and his suit were the hit of the 38th annual Farm and Home Week program. The fiber from which the garment was made was developed by the Bureau of Agriculture and Industrial Chemistry.

"The new 100 per cent corn fiber fabric is moth-proof and mildew-proof," Teuton, who is head of the bureau's information division, explained.

The corn fiber is made from a protein called zein, which is actually a waste product of corn starch.

Many wives envy their husbands for being so happily married.

HOW-TO FIX-IT

— By Harold Arnett

SIGN TRICK

HOOKS MADE OF BENT NAILS DRIVEN INTO REVERSE SIDE OF SIGN MAKE PRODUCE SIGNS TO BE HOOKED ON FENCE EASILY CHANGEABLE.

CAN REFILLER

SMALL CONTAINERS WITH SPOUTS CAN BE REFILLED FROM BOTTLES BY USING CORK BORED FOR SPOUT. PRESS SPOUT TIGHTLY INTO CORK, AND INVERT BOTTLE AND CONTAINER. PRESS SIDES OF CONTAINER TO FORCE AIR OUT AND DRAW FLUID IN.

TABLE TALKS

by Jane Andrews

A highly popular United States magazine, in its latest issue, has a feature article regarding "The Most Talked About Woman in Canada."

This turns out to be—to no one's surprise—none other than Kate Aitken, whose multiplicity of interests, diversity of occupations and, most especially, apparently boundless store of energy, never fail to amaze all who ever come in contact with her.

With so much interest being shown in Mrs. Aitken, both here and throughout the world, I thought that this week I might pass on to you a few of her recipes. These were created earlier in her amazing career, when she was just beginning to make a name for herself as a food specialist, but I can assure you that they are none the worse for the passage of the years.

* * *

Crown Roast of Spare Ribs

Temperature: 450° F. for 15 minutes; 350° for 1¼ hours

2 strips pork spare ribs, 4½" to 5" high (approx. 2 lbs.)
2 cups salt bread crumbs
1½ lbs. round steak, ground
½ lb. lean pork, ground
½ cup chopped celery
2 medium-sized onions, chopped (approx. ½ cup)
½ cup chopped raw cabbage
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon poultry spice
2 tablespoons Mazola.

Method: Sew together small end of one strip of spare ribs to large end of other strip, overlapping slightly and having curved surface out. Complete circle by sewing other end similarly. Place circle in Dutch oven or small, round roasting pan. Mix together remaining ingredients; press firmly into spare rib ring. Sear in hot oven (450° F.) for 15 minutes; reduce heat to 350° F. and continue baking 'til meat is well browned. Before sending to the table, impale on the spare ribs, small pan-browned potatoes. Serves 8.

* * *

French-Canadian Braised Beef

2 lbs. stewing beef
¾ cup Benson's or Canada Corn Starch
2 teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 medium-sized onions, chopped (approx. ½ cup)
½ cup Mazola
1½ cups hot water
½ cup green peas, canned or fresh
1 cup thick, sour cream.

Method: Cut meat in individual serving pieces. With edge of saucer, pound Benson's or Canada Corn Starch into both sides of meat, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Heat Mazola in Dutch oven or saucepan; cook onion 'til golden brown. Add meat and sear well on both sides. Add water; cover tightly and simmer gently until very tender (about 1½ to 2 hours). Twenty minutes before serving, add green peas. Just before serving, add sour cream and blend well. Serves 6.

* * *

Boston Cream Pie

Temperature 350° F. Time 20-25 minutes

¼ cup shortening
½ teaspoon vanilla
¾ cup white sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1½ cups pastry flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ cup milk.

Method: Cream shortening; add vanilla. Gradually beat in sugar. Add well-beaten eggs; blend mixture with dover beater. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Line the bottom of two eight-inch layer cake pans with waxed paper; oil with Mazola; pour in batter. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes, or until done. When cool, put together with cream filling. Cover top with bold patterned paper doily. Shake powdered sugar over doily, then lift it off carefully. The top of the cake will show a very delicate sugar pattern.

Small Fudge Cake

Temperature: 350° F.; time 30 minutes

¼ cup shortening
2 squares unsweetened chocolate (1" squares)
¾ cup white sugar
¼ cup Crown Brand Corn Syrup
½ cup water
1 egg
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup pastry flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon baking soda
¼ cup sour milk.

Method: Melt shortening in top of double boiler; add grated chocolate. When melted, add sugar, Crown Brand Corn Syrup and water; beat until blended. Remove from heat; let cool. Add unbeaten egg and vanilla; mix thoroughly. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with sour milk. Pour into pan 8" x 8" x 2" lined with waxed paper and oiled with Mazola. Bake in moderate oven. When cool, ice with Bittersweet Icing.

* * *

Bittersweet Icing

2 squares unsweetened chocolate (1" squares)
1 cup milk
2 cups white sugar
3 tablespoons Crown Brand Corn Syrup
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon vanilla.

Method: Put chocolate, milk, sugar and Crown Brand Corn Syrup in saucepan. Dissolve and blend over low heat. Bring to rolling boil and continue boiling to soft ball stage (238° F.). Remove from the heat; add butter and vanilla. Let cool to lukewarm; beat until of consistency to spread. If necessary, let stand over hot water before icing cake.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren B.A., B.D.

AMOS TEACHES ABOUT WORSHIP

Amos 4:4; 5:4-9; 14-15, 21-24.

Golden Text: But let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a might stream.—Amos 5:24.

To-day's lesson begins with a fine touch of irony. Amos is saying in effect. "If you go to church, you can sin. If you go to church some more you may multiply your transgression, especially if you are generous in bringing your sacrifices and tithes." Of course he means nothing of the kind. You can't buy your way to heaven. "Hate the evil, and love the good and establish judgment in the gate.—I hate, I despise your feast days, and I will not smell in your solemn assemblies. Though ye offer me burnt offerings and your meat offerings I will not accept them.—But let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream."

God hates hypocrisy. People who put on a show of being religious and yet are living contrary to the express commands of God as set forth in the Holy Scriptures are nauseating to Him. A seven-day week religion is the only kind that will pass muster with God.

If there is anyone who is smaller than a hypocrite, it is the man who tries to hide behind one. There are a few counterfeit ten dollar bills in circulation, but I do not despise all ten dollar bills. Because these are people who pose as Christians and yet live sinfully is not an argument against Christianity. But before you profess to be a Christian, be sure that Christ has come into your life and that you are living a life that is well-pleasing in His sight. We may ask ourselves the question of the song:

"Do we live so close to the Lord
to-day,
Passing to and fro on life's busy
way,
That the world in us can a likeness
see
To the man of Calvary?

As an open book they our lives
will read,
To our words and acts giving daily
heed;
Will they be attracted, or turn
away
From the Christ we love to-day?

Chorus

Can the world see Jesus in me?
Can the world see Jesus in you?
Does your love to Him ring true?
And your life and service, too?
Can the world see Jesus in you?"

Overheard: "Congratulations on the happiest day of your life." But I don't get married till tomorrow." "I know."

Love—More Deadly Than Drink

Love is seventeen times more deadly than drink, according to the latest Paris suicide statistics. For every person who ends his own life because of alcohol seventeen do so because their "affairs of the heart" have gone wrong.

Even so love is one of the least spectacular reasons why some French men and women decide that life is not worth living. A musician hanged himself because, following an operation, he was unable to carry the big drum in a local band.

A dress designer took poison because, at the age of forty, she was getting fat. A taxi-driver deliberately drove his vehicle into a river to demonstrate his indignation when an American walked away without tipping him.

Experts, juggling with statistics, have uncovered many interesting facts about suicide—some explainable, others not. Highest suicide rates in the world are found in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, the Scandinavian countries, and Japan. The lowest are in Spain, Italy, and Ireland.

More people seem to commit suicide in May and June than at any other time of the year. The rate hits a low point in December.

Also, more people commit suicide in the morning, from 6 a.m. to noon, than at any other time of day.

Although the suicide rate is highest among the Teutonic races, there is no indication that the desire to kill oneself is a racial characteristic, and therefore inherited. Rather, it is more reasonable to assume that suicide is a cultural characteristic.

In Japan, for instance, it is quite in order for a noble to kill himself by hari-kiri, which is probably the most painful form of suicide. There is absolutely no stigma attacked to the act. It is even a form of heroism, and may be done for such a trivial reason as a protest against government policy.

One important factor affecting the suicide rate is the existence of laws against it in certain countries.

In most of continental Europe there are no such laws. If you want to take your own life you are welcome to do so. But in Canada, the U.S.A. and most Empire countries you may be sent to prison if you fail in the attempt.

Sometimes the motives behind suicide are difficult to determine, but much is learned from the notes left behind by those who take their own life. These generally mention such things as ill-health, financial problems, drug addiction, pride, dishonour.

At the same time, however, curious paradoxes occur. There was the case of the man who was so terrified at the prospect of an impending appendicitis operation that he shot himself.

Sometimes people who have a fear of high places will jump to their death. They become obsessed with the idea that safety lies on the street below or at bottom of a cliff, and choose the quickest way to get there. Some of the most baffling suicide cases have been traced to such a cause.

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HONEY-BUN RING

● Hot goodies come puffin' from your oven in quick time with new Fleischmann's Fast DRY Yeast! No more spoiled takes of yeast! No more last-minute trips—this new form of Fleischmann's Yeast keeps in your cupboard! Order a month's supply.

● Scald ¾ c. milk, ⅓ c. granulated sugar, 1½ tsps. salt and ¼" c. shortening; cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile, measure into a large bowl ½ c. lukewarm water, 1 tsp. granulated sugar; stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with 1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 mins., THEN stir well.

Add cooled milk mixture and stir in 1 well-beaten egg and 1 tsp. grated lemon rind. Stir in 2 c. once-sifted bread flour; beat until smooth. Work in 2 c. (about) once-sifted bread flour. Knead on lightly-floured board until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough and roll out into an oblong about 9" wide and 24" long; loosen dough. Combine ⅓ c. lightly-packed brown sugar and ½ c. liquid honey; spread over dough and sprinkle with ⅓ c. broken walnuts. Beginning at a long side, loosely roll up like a jelly roll. Lift carefully into a greased 8½" tube pan and join ends of dough to form a ring. Brush top with melted butter. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, 45-50 minutes. Brush top with honey and sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

JITTER By Arthur Pointer