



CHAPTER X—Continued

Claude Dabbs looked at her, saw that she was leaving it to him, and though he had planned this meeting a hundred times, did not know which beginning to make. He could think of nothing but how blind he had been. "Good God! Why didn't I see it the first time?" he thought to himself. "She's so like my mother."

He turned to the girl, and said: "Mary, will your mother be in when we get to your hotel?" "I think so."

"Then do you think you could come to my hotel, and talk to me for a few minutes. I've got a sitting room. We could be quite private."

Now Mary knew she was in for it, but she loved the nice, simple way he was taking it. Absolutely direct. What was Mother running away from? "If I don't stay too long," she answered. "Mother will be anxious, if I am not back in half an hour."

"Then we'll do it," he spoke to the driver. They said nothing more, except to remark on the weather.

At the desk, where he received his key, Mary noticed that, as she stood a little apart, Dabbs was evidently telling the clerk she was his daughter. She knew at once that this was his careful thought for her, and did not mind in the least the manner of his doing it. Indeed, it was a good manner.

As they went up in the elevator, Claude had a sudden dread that Ned might come back and find them, and he did not want that. Plenty of time for Ned, when he, Claude, found out where they stood. He opened the door of the sitting room and ushered Mary in. She had time to think, swiftly and confusedly, that this was doing it rather well for a country grocer. He seemed unable to speak. She felt a like disability lie upon her own tongue. She sat down and waited.

Claude crossed to the door and closed it. Mary instinctively felt the struggle and difficulty going on in his mind. He did not yet know how much she knew or did not know. She felt sorry for him, and quite involuntarily tried to help.

"Father—"

C. M. Dabbs shot out a strong arm. Mary was lifted out of the chair and held firmly. She heard a voice above her hat, imploring:

"Say that again, my girl, and say it slow."

"What?" asked the startled Mary, rather faintly. There was not much space to speak in.

"What you called me then. Oh, my God, girl, do you know that it's true?" Mary drew back and looked up at him.

"Heaven!" she gasped. "Did I say it out loud? I was afraid I would."

"Say it," commanded C. M., and shook her a little.

"Don't Dad, you frighten me."

She was engulfed in C. M.'s embrace. He held her closely and she found it not in the least alarming or uncomfortable.

He was murmuring to himself: "My little girl, my Mary!" Then he held her off, as she had him, and looked at her. Mary looked into a pair of blue eyes marvelously like her own. There was a softness of tears behind them, but none fell.

"Don't be frightened. Your father doesn't mean to be rough. Only—My God! All the years I've wanted you. I'll never forgive Polly for that."

Mary raised her head warningly. "Not a word against Mother!"

C. M.'s grasp upon her tightened again. "Not a word. Only she should have told me, long ago."

"Yes, I think so, too, Dad," Mary agreed, "but I can't make her see it."

C. M. looked down at her sternly. "How long have you known?"

"Since last night. I haven't been able to think about anything else, but Mother won't talk about it, and she meant me not to tell. I didn't tell, did I?"

"Not strictly speaking," C. M. assured her. "You just said 'Father,' all to yourself, and I heard you."

"Dear, dear," and Mary tried to sound distressed and repentant, "what will become of me when Mother knows?"

C. M.'s arm tightened about her, as though for protection. Mary leaned on it.

"The thing that's got to be understood between us at once, is that my mother is the sweetest, best-looking, most wonderful mother a girl ever had. Father, what were you thinking about to let her get away from you?"

Claude frowned. He led Mary back to her chair and sat down beside her. "See here," he said, looking at his daughter in alarm, "I don't know how much Polly has told you."

"Everything!" C. M. started from his chair, changed his mind and sat down heavily. "Then that saves me something. We're not going to discuss it."

Mary nodded. "Let's take everything for granted, and go right on from now. That will be the best thing."

"How can we?"

"We must," Mary announced with decision. "There's got to be certain reticences."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Claude. "You don't think I want to talk over these 'certain reticences' with you. He breathed heavily. "No, it's Polly. He looked at Mary as though they had been in league for years. "How can we get round her?"

Mary shook her head. Claude looked at her moodily. "I know Polly," he looked down at the carpet, busy with his problem.

Mary came to him quietly, perched herself on his knee, and put her arm about his neck. He did want petting so badly. "Mother will simply have to take notice of my father."

C. M. promptly kissed her. It was a nice kiss, on the cheek, and C. M. wasn't clumsy about it either. Mary's appreciation of him rose. He had a certain definiteness, this big man. He wasn't clumsy nor was he vulgar. Mother might have—but Claude interrupted her train of thought.

"One thing I can't forgive is keeping you from me. I can hardly keep from squeezing the life out of you, Mary. I'm so glad to have you within reach, and know you're my girl. But the little Mary! By Jiminy! How sweet you must have been with your hair down your back, or maybe tied with a big bow of ribbon, and little striped slippers on your cute little feet. Polly cheated me out of that. Why, look, you're a great big girl, and I'm a strange man to you, and you may be engaged to some hulking fellow, for all I know, and no room in your life for a father."

not only a place in her life but her heart. "I'm not engaged," she assured him, as she put up her hands to her smart little hat and jerked it off, and slipped from his knee. "Maybe no one will ever ask me." Claude made a little noise of scornful unbelief, but Mary stopped him. "Stare hard at that picture and don't look around until I tell you."

Dabbs obeyed her, wondering a little, and Mary slipped the hairpins from her head.

"Now!"

C. M. felt something soft and silky touching his hand. He looked at Mary. Her hair down her back as a child would wear it, she was standing beside him, smiling fearfully. The years seemed to have slipped away from her.

"There, poor old Dad. Pretend I'm little Mary."

Dabbs laid his big hand caressingly on the silky head, but shook his own. "You're a dear, Mary, but put it up, my girl. It isn't the same thing. Not but what I'd be content enough if I could have you running in and out of my house now, but there's Polly. I'll have to take you back to her, and then what?"

Mary could not answer him. She went to the mirror over the little writing desk and began pulling up her hair. "Shall I tell her I've seen you?" she asked.

Dabbs watched her, fascinated. It was wonderful to think that slender lovely thing was his daughter. "Would that be a good thing, do you think?"

Mary thought for a moment, then shook her head. As she slowly put a shell pin in, she had made up her mind to tell him about Mother. It was the best thing, to be absolutely frank. She couldn't juggle things the way Mother did: "You'd better know about Mother," she announced. "We're sailing for Venice tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! Venice!"

Mary nodded as she drove home the last two pins and reached for her hat. "Mother's running away. We're running away from you, and my instinct tells me Mother will run far."

Dabbs sat down on the arm of the chair, thinking.

"And if I tell her I've seen you—why, she'll move again, and it won't be Venice, and I won't be able to tell you where we are going."

"You're not to tell her," Dabbs said, decidedly, "and it will be Venice. Do you know your hotel?"

"The Royal Danellil."

"Well, say nothing. I'll meet you there."

"You'll meet us! Oh, Father! Can you leave the grocery store?"

Dabbs nodded, smiling. "Easy I can, when it's you."

Mary settled her hat with a slightly saucy tilt. "Then you'll tell Mother there. My! It's romantic! Dearly would she love to see the meeting."

C. M. crossed the room, took her by the dimpled chin and tilted her face so that he could look into the eyes that she tried to hide with her long lashes.

"It isn't romantic," he said. "And much as it would please you to manage the affair, young lady, you can't. Polly Johnston and I will manage that part of it by ourselves."

"Oh Father, how could you?"

"I'm not so slow as I look, daughter, and I know Polly. She's never to be driven, or coaxed either. Polly will have to settle it herself, and that's the only safe way."

Mary gave his arm a squeeze. "Oh, C. M. Dabbs, you're a wonder. If the angels had asked me, I couldn't have picked any father I'd like better."

Claude looked at her gravely. "I'm rough, in some ways, girl, but if you like me I haven't wasted my life."

NUMEROUS KINDS OF SALAD FOUNDATIONS



Springtime Salad With French Dressing.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Salads at this time of the year appeal most when the ingredients are chiefly crisp, uncooked vegetables, bright with red slices of tomato, or whole radishes, set off by glistening bits of green pepper or watercress, which contrast well with the paler shades of lettuce, endive, sliced cucumbers, or celery. Winter salads must often be made partly of canned vegetables and fruit, and with them the tendency is to serve a rich mayonnaise dressing. There is a feeling of delightful freshness and lightness about spring salads, with their gay colors, crisp texture, and the zest of a plain French dressing.

Numerous Foundations.

No rules for combining these salads can be given. Put together a little of this, a little of that—whatever you can get. There are numerous kinds of salad foundations available in city markets, such as escarole, romaine, or chicory, in addition to lettuce. Use some of these from time to time, with watercress for its peppery tang, chopped celery for its flavor and crisp texture, and now and then a few very thin slices of cucumber. Those who like onion may include it in the form of large shaved rings, or as whole spring onions with two or three inches of stem. Or, lacking onion, rub the salad bowl with a clove of garlic—

CANNED RHUBARB FOR WINTER USE

Fine Flavor Developed by Baking, Then Canning.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Sometimes a slight variation in a detail of method in preparing a given food makes considerable difference in the flavor and quality of the product. This is especially true with respect to canning certain fruits and vegetables at home. While there are general rules to be observed in connection with all canning, it is worth while to know what particular treatment will bring out the best flavor in the product with which one is working.

Rhubarb may be mentioned as an example. While it is entirely possible to stew rhubarb and then can it, it has been found that a much finer flavor is developed if the rhubarb is first baked and then canned. The stalks are washed and cut into half-inch lengths. One-fourth as much sugar as rhubarb, by measure, is added, and the rhubarb is baked until tender, in a covered dish. No water is added. The cooked rhubarb is then packed hot into hot jars, and processed for five minutes in a hot-water bath. By a hot-water bath is understood any covered vessel of sufficient depth for the jars or cans, when set on a rack or false bottom, to be completely immersed while processing.

What is called the "hot pack" is now considered by the United States Department of Agriculture the best method of canning for all vegetables and a number of fruits. Certain fruits may be packed cold if boiling sirup is poured over them in the containers and the processing is continued for 20 minutes or more, according to the product. Rhubarb may also be canned in this way, if processed 20 minutes, but the other method, in which the rhubarb is baked without water and packed with only the sirup developed by the baking, is better flavored.

Farmers' Bulletin 1471-F, "Canning Fruits and Vegetables at Home," gives the fine points in handling each of the products commonly canned at home. It may be obtained, while the supply lasts, by writing to the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C.

Remedy for Wet Cellar.

Drainage is the surest and often the simplest remedy for a wet spot in the cellar. From a nearby depression or ditch lay four-inch drain tile to and along the outside bottom of the cellar wall, thus intercepting the ground-water before it seeps into the cellar.

Perennial.

There is an off season for nearly all flowers except the blooming idiot.—San Bernardino Sun.

Cafe Conversation.

Friendly German (to waiter)—Wie gehts. Waiter—One order of wheat cakes. German—Nein, nein! Waiter—Nine? Well, you certainly are hungry!—Forbes Magazine.

Protected.

"But, Bill, what do you want that stick for when you are going to the unemployed demonstration?" "So I can defend myself if anyone offers me work."—Funn, Vienna.

just to give a "soupçon" or suspicion of garlic flavor. Sorrel and other wild greens usually eaten raw may be put in the salad.

Tomatoes are generally scalded a minute and peeled before slicing for salad. Radishes are often cut in such a way that the red skin turns back in points, suggesting petals. If you can't get fresh tomatoes or radishes, use a slice or two of pickled beet or some canned pimento for red color—but don't use both reds in the same salad! Grated raw carrot brightens up a green salad, and adds to the supply of vitamins for which the dish is especially valuable. Rutabaga turnip may be used in the same way.

Make French Dressing.

The bureau of home economics tells how to make French dressing. Use the following proportions and make any amount you need: Half-teaspoonful of salt, a few grains of cayenne, paprika if desired, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, six tablespoonfuls of oil. Add vinegar sparingly and beat the ingredients together until they are well blended. If you have a crust, or other bottle with a tight stopper, you can keep French dressing on hand all the time, simply shaking the bottle vigorously when ready to use it. Many people like a tablespoonful of chopped pickle added to French dressing for a salad of this type. If you use it, add it just at serving time.

Chocolate Pudding Old Favorite With Family

Of course the family enjoys a chocolate pudding once in a while, especially if you can serve a little plain or whipped cream with it, or a soft custard sauce. The recipe given here by the United States Department of Agriculture requires only one egg.

The ingredients are:

4 cupfuls milk, 6 level tablespoonfuls cornstarch, 1½ squares unsweetened chocolate, ¼ teaspoonful salt, ½ cupful sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoonful vanilla.

If you have a very good pudding chocolate on hand, no unsweetened chocolate is needed. The recipe given here by the United States Department of Agriculture requires only one egg.

Why Sweets Are Harmful to Children's Teeth

Sweets may be harmful to children's teeth in two very different ways. In the first place, children who have the habit of eating a great deal of sweets, in the form of large amounts of sugar on cereals, or as desserts, or as candy between meals, are very likely not to get the building foods they need. Children who have acquired a taste for candy and sweets are not so fond of cereals, eggs, milk and simple vegetable dishes which are not highly seasoned. These foods are very necessary in the diet, because of the calcium they contain. The calcium builds good health and good teeth.

In the second place, children who eat sweets may have acid saliva in the mouth, caused by slight fermentation of the sugar in solution around the teeth. In time, this acid saliva tends to affect the enamel covering of the teeth. Furthermore, sugar in the mouth serves as a good food for bacteria which are normally present in the mouth. As the bacteria multiply in number, the chances for decay increase. Recent knowledge of mouth hygiene indicates, however, that poor diet has by far the greatest influence on poor teeth.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES

Clean by taking the dirt away, not by scattering it to settle again elsewhere.

Make all the family help by leaving things where they belong and in good condition.

Do heavy cleaning a little at a time to avoid the hard work and discomforts of the old-fashioned spring and fall housecleaning.

When fresh fruit is high, canned tomatoes are a good substitute. Three servings a week are none too many.

The little fried cubes of bread called croutons, which are served with soup, may be made of odds and ends of bread.

The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

The woman who is companionable, who is comfortable, who is comfortable to live with, is so rare that it is a cause of speculation why our girls do not think it worth while to cultivate this fine art of being agreeable.

SOMETHING TO EAT

In spite of the literature published upon the value of nuts as a food, we still consider them largely as a relish or a confection. They enhance the food value of any dish or food to which they are added. As a dessert with fruit they are ideal.

Date and Nut Salad.—Prepare dates cut into eighths and arrange them on lettuce with walnuts. Serve with a good French dressing. Stewed prunes are often liked better with the nuts as they are not so sweet. If cooked slowly and no sugar is added to them.

Pineapple Cream.—Boil together one-third of a cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of shredded pineapple until it makes a soft ball in water. Pour in a fine stream over the white of an egg whipped until stiff. Beat until cool then fold in one cupful of whipped cream, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and pour into a mold. Chill before serving.

Date Muffins.—Beat two eggs, add one cupful of sugar, one-fourth cupful of butter, one teaspoonful of baking powder and flour to make a drop batter, using one-fourth cupful of milk and a pinch of salt. Stir in one cupful of stoned and chopped dates. Fill muffincups one-half full and steam one-half hour. Serve with sweetened cream as a dessert.

Banana Salad.—When fresh coconut is to be obtained this is a most attractive salad: Grate the coconut, using two cupfuls, add one red pepper cut into bits, two tablespoonfuls of grated onion, one cupful of apple and one-half cupful of celery. Mix and serve on lettuce with any desired dressing.

Cold boiled tongue makes a fine sandwich. Chop the tongue, add a little sweet cream, melted butter and mustard. Stir until smooth, then spread on buttered bread.

A simple salad which is very popular is prepared by serving crumbled canned pears or peaches on lettuce with a highly seasoned salad dressing.

A simple lettuce salad with a thousand island dressing is one that is always enjoyed. Add to a good mayonnaise a chopped pepper, a little chopped celery and onion, a minced pimento, a dash of thick tomato (catsup may be used); hard-cooked egg, also chopped, and parsley finely minced, all make a delightful combination.

For the Housewife.

Foods which must be denied children should not be placed temptingly before them—a strong reason for having children eat alone.

Children when teething and suffering from swollen gums will be relieved and refreshed by cool fruit juice, water, or scraped fresh apple.

A worrying baby is often young children and animals cannot tell us what they need, and often suffer because of the carelessness of those who should be responsible.

To get the delicate flavor of orange for tea or a sauce, rub the rind of a well-washed orange with a cube of sugar, which will absorb the essential oil. One orange will furnish flavor for two or three cubes.

A pinch of cream of tartar added to fudge or boiled frosting will keep the sugar from graining and will make a creamy mixture.

Cover poached eggs just a minute before serving to give them the pretty pink glazed look.

Water ferns at least once a week with cold coffee or tea—it will make them grow better.

A little chopped cabbage and apple added to a potato salad gives it a different flavor.

Canned pineapple juice cooked with tapioca and served with cream makes a nice dessert. Serve with pieces of pineapple for garnishment.

A small amount of fruit juice stirred into cake crumbs, flavored with a drop of rose extract, served with whipped cream, makes a simple and good dessert.

For a quick cake filling take one cupful of maple sirup and stir thick with powdered sugar; add nuts.

When running sash curtains on the rods, use an old glove finger to cover them and save tearing the curtain.

When cooking rice, save enough to put into the griddle-cake batter for breakfast.

When cutting a large onion, do not peel, but slice off as much as is needed; turn the cut side down on a saucer and it will keep fresh for days.

A bunch of parsley may be kept two weeks if washed and placed in a fruit jar. Do not shake off the water, seal tightly.

Rag Money.

Rag money is merely a term applied in contempt to any paper money not backed by gold or silver; in other words, money not easily convertible into coin. Greenback money was called rag money.

Ancient University.

The University of King's college, Halifax, N. S., is the oldest university in the British empire outside the British Isles. Its foundation dates from 1789.



Slowing Up?

OVERWORK, worry and lack of rest, all put extra burdens on the kidneys. When the kidneys slow up, waste poisons remain in the blood and are apt to make one languid, tired and aching, with dull headaches, dizziness and often a nagging back-ache.

A common warning of imperfect kidney action is scanty or burning secretions. Doan's Pills assist the kidneys in their eliminative work. Are endorsed by users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

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As One Writer Sees the Typical American

A heavy tread in men, with the weight of the body rolling from one leg to the other; a quick, provocative step in women, an overbearing bearing from face and body. A kind of impersonal appeal—clothes which are good and smart, but which are detached from the person who wears them. I see a hard-faced old matron with a big Paris hat, put on correctly and dutifully, and an antique cashmere shawl turned into a coat, worn with firmness and decorum, horn-rimmed eye-glasses, self-conscious shoes, and more than all that—the eyes.

American eyes are astoundingly outward-looking. They peer out into the world, seeming to run in advance of the brain behind them. They are often very beautiful in their eagerness and vivacity, but for a European they are almost terrifying; we fathom a touch of insanity in them. Their vigilance is so unrelaxing one feels as if they would never find rest in inward contemplation and never escape the pressure of things by inner seclusion.

—O. N. Pishgan, in the Forum.

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—Adv.

Make-up With Airbrush

In some theatrical performances and in the movies, it is often necessary to put a "make-up" on a larger portion of the performer's body. In ordinary manner of procedure, this requires considerable time, but the operation has been recently hastened by the use of an airbrush. The coloring matter is practically sprayed over the surface to be covered and much time is saved.

Indian Converts Wealth

In the general movement in India to abandon the centuries-old custom of hoarding gold, says the Dearborn Independent, an Arab recently converted his savings into \$350,000 worth of government securities.

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