

Alabaster Lamps

CHAPTER X—Continued

Dabbs looked pleased at the "us" but he frowned a moment afterward, and when Mary touched his arm gently, looked down at her warily. "I'm trying to figure out, daughter, whether you're right about the money. I guess you are, though. As you say, Polly'd only use it to get further away from me, and that would keep us apart. Besides, it mustn't be money that brings Polly to me. It must be—you. You can see that."

"Of course, I can Mother's point of view, too," Mary admitted, wishing to be absolutely fair to the absent, which is always so difficult a task when sympathies are mostly with those present. "But I somehow feel on your side, Dad, and when the pinch comes, I'll want you and we'll act together. Then we will see what Mother does. She's—well, surprising! You can never tell about Mother."

She moved toward the door. Mother would be waiting, and that was beginning to trouble her. "Oh, hurry after us to Venice, Father. We've got so much to say to each other, and there's no time left for us today. And," she paused to make this emphatic, "you must not come further than the elevator with me. If Mother saw me with you, she wouldn't say a word, but it would not be Venice."

"Just as you say, dear, and I suppose I'd be safer, but I hate it," Claude moved to the door with her, and they reached it he said, hesitatingly: "Mary, do you need any money? I've plenty."

By Margaret Turnbull

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This was one, Mary still believed him the grocer's clerk.

The next morning Ned determined that, by hook or crook, he would have speech with Mary before the steamer sailed. He could easily get on board, and the chances were that he would be able to have a word alone.

He became aware that Claude was regarding him steadily across the breakfast table.

"Far be it from me, Ned, to worm myself into any business of yours, but if you should be thinking of looking up Mary before she sails, my advice is—Don't!"

"What's wrong with the idea, supposing I entertained it?"

"Everything," said Claude, all the kindness gone from the blue eyes. "It's a bad idea. It would mess up my plans. If necessary, I'm prepared to rope and tie you, to prevent it."

He leaned across the table, his eyes growing soft again: "Why, boy, can't you see? There's some women you can run, and others you've gotta let alone."

"Everything," said Claude, all the kindness gone from the blue eyes. "It's a bad idea. It would mess up my plans. If necessary, I'm prepared to rope and tie you, to prevent it."



Ned Even Accused Claude of Being Too Popular.

run a little before you throw the rope. Of course, I haven't been so successful in my own affair that I should set up for a guide, but I know about Mary. If I were you—I wouldn't."

"Enough said," Ned quickly agreed. "But once over the water, C. M., I'll play my game without interference."

Claude's caution prevented Ned meeting his father, Loren Rangleley, who had Mrs. Johnston an impressive farewell. He carried himself so paternally toward Mary that only her fear of antagonizing her mother prevented her from raging aloud against him.

The same jealousy, in a different degree, prevented Mrs. Johnston from telling Mary of Ned's message. The sight of his flowers, a modest bunch of violets chosen as befitting a grocer's clerk, annoyed her still further. It was not until New York harbor was well behind them that Mary was told.

CHAPTER XI

Mary marvelled that she was able to conceal from her mother the exciting fact that she had met and talked to her father. It seemed to her quite impossible that she could sit beside her mother, and think about her father, and her mother suspect nothing and think—well, Mary did not quite know what Mother was thinking about.

For the first time in her life Mary realized that souls could be lonely. People could be as close as Mother and she had always been, and yet so wide apart that when one deliberately drew down the curtain, the other sat in darkness and could know nothing of the thoughts and feelings behind the curtain!

Claude's heart and head were full of Mary. She occupied his thoughts to the exclusion of everything else. So absorbed was he in his own visions, that Ned, returning in triumph from a successful visit to the steamship office, for the first time in their acquaintance was at odds with Claude. His indignation was roused by the news that Claude had actually had Mary there, in the hotel, and yet had said nothing at all about Ned. As though that were not enough, Claude calmly demanded that he transfer their reservation to the next ship, sailing a few days later.

Soldier's Name Well "Worth Army Corps"

When the French revolution flamed out, the aristocratic La Tour d'Auvergne, disdainful of his fellow officers to leave France, threw in his lot with the revolutionists. Time after time he emerged from battle with his clothing torn by bullets, but unharmed, and so he gained his reputation of bearing a charmed life. Stories of his amazing courage reached the enemy and inspired terror.

This reputation enabled him to capture San Sebastian, Spain, single-handed. He arrived in a little boat bearing a tiny cannon, disembarked, marched to the citadel, announced he was the advance guard of the French army and demanded that the place be surrendered. The Spanish commandant was so intimidated that he was willing to surrender, but asked La

Polly told Mary nothing, and Mary danced, walked, talked, played games, flirted a little, stayed in bed and read when she grew tired of everybody on board ship.

Polly's routine was much the same, save that she spent more time in bed reading feverishly and without discrimination. They talked in the usual jolly, casual way at night. But certain subjects were avoided—Clever Hollow, Claude Dabbs, Ned Carter and Loren Rangleley.

Just three days behind them, on the same course, Claude Dabbs and Ned Carter followed. Ned was finding Claude a delightful traveling companion, utterly free from the shame of ignorance, and willing to acquire knowledge of all sorts. Ned also discovered that others found Claude attractive, and Ned even accused Claude of being too popular.

"Polishing up for Mary," was his explanation and excuse.

A curiously congenial pair they were, finding an infinite variety of things to talk about. They seldom mentioned Mary, and Ned wanted to talk about Mary. He had reached the stage when if the beloved's name is not mentioned by some one, there is no conversation. Some one, any one, every one must speak of her to him.

Claude, a charming companion in every other respect, was, on the one vital subject, dumb.

Ned fumed, in secret, knowing that with Claude Dabbs all half-measures were useless; he would either have to declare his whole purpose, or keep silent. Since he knew nothing yet of Mary's feelings, he kept silent.

He wished, heartily, that Claude and his Polly would play out their comedy by themselves and leave him a clear field with Mary. Mary in Venice! The combination would be heavenly, but not if everywhere that Mary went a mother and father, utterly estranged, followed.

As their journey brought them closer to Mary, the two men communed in their hearts with the totally different images they had set up of the same girl.

The real and very different Mary—in that instead of only being what they thought, was all that and more—slept as tranquilly as an Italian railway carriage would permit.

As the time drew near when she might reasonably expect her father to appear, Mary thought of nothing else, and grew nervous lest she should betray, in some unguarded speech, the thoughts that were uppermost in her mind.

Polly Johnston steadily refused to disclose her plans to Mary. Polly's nights were sleepless, her days restless. It was as though she felt some approaching change and strove to evade it.

Several wakeful nights followed their arrival in Venice, and one morning Polly awoke with a headache. Though she kept up valiantly until after luncheon, she was compelled finally to seek her darkened bedroom. Mary knew that Polly could not endure being read or talked to when her head was like that. So, when Mary proposed that she should spend the afternoon in St. Mark's, just around the corner, there was no excuse Polly could justly offer to oppose the plan, though she did not like it.

Mary laughed down all suggestions that she was quite too attractive to wander about alone. Mary was an American, though she had had a foreign bringing-up, and she reminded her mother of this, and that she knew how to take care of herself.

Polly, who had wandered about as she chose when Mary's age, realized she was being absurd.

She told Mary to go, but not to stay late, and if she, Polly, did not feel better, she would have her dinner in bed. In that case Mary might dine with the Farleys, whom they had met on the train. Mary acquiesced, somewhat absent-mindedly. Having made her mother comfortable, or at least as comfortable as a headache would allow, Mary set forth.

Venice, that lovely city of the sea, seemed to Mary to be looking her best that afternoon. The sun shone warm on the piazza. The shops had a sleepy look, their awnings like drooping eyelids, and the patches of shade were grateful to the eye. Mary thought Venice was like a lovely, seductive woman, who, past her first youth, stirred men's hearts to pity for all she had lost, and then to passion for the ageless beauty which she still retained.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CANNED CHERRIES FOR WINTER PIES

Surplus Fruit Easily Put Away for Future Use.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The cherry season is short. As a rule, the family cannot use all the fresh cherries from even a single tree, so it becomes necessary, if one would have the benefit of the entire crop, to save the surplus for later use. This is not at all difficult, particularly if you arm yourself before beginning any canning, with a copy of Farmers' Bulletin 1471-F, "Canning Fruits and Vegetables at Home," obtainable from the United States Department of Agriculture.

For the purpose of this article, we will pack the cherries into hot jars, and cover them with boiling syrup. Use thick syrup for cherries—that is, one part sugar to one part water—and a medium syrup for sweet cherries—one part sugar to two parts water. Process pint and quart jars for 25 minutes in a hot-water bath, counting the time from the moment the surrounding water is actively boiling. If you use No. 2 or No. 3 tin cans process for 30 minutes.

If you wish cherry pies in winter that have the fresh-fruit taste, can them without syrup to dilute the flavor. Remove the pits from the cherries, add sugar as desired and bring the cherries to the boiling point. Then pack hot in hot jars and process for five minutes. Those packed with the pits will be useful for cherry sauce, cherry beverages and many other good things.

If you plan to make cherry jelly you will need to use pectin, as cherries are one of the fruits somewhat lacking in this ingredient requisite for jelling. Department Circular 254 will tell you not only how to make the jelly with pectin but how to make the pectin also.

Strawberry Fruit Punch Is Ambrosial Beverage

Strawberry fruit punch is an ambrosial beverage to serve at festivities when strawberries are available and all sorts of parties are in the air. The amounts given in the recipe below, which has been tried out by the bureau of home economics, makes about five gallons of punch and should be sufficient to serve between 50 and 75 people liberally. Chill all the ingredients to be used for some time before mixing the punch. Add water that has been freed or crushed ice.

- Fruit Punch.**
- 1 dozen lemons made strong tea
 - 1/4 dozen oranges 5 cupsful sugar
 - 5 quarts strawberries 5 cupsful water
 - 1 No. 2 can shredded pineapple 1/2 teaspoonful salt
 - 3 quarts freshly

Boil the sugar and water together to make a heavy syrup, and chill. Cut the large berries in thirds or halves and crush the remainder. Scrub the oranges and lemons, and after the juice is extracted, pour the skins with water, let them stand for an hour or longer, and then pour off this liquid and add it to the fruit juice. Combine all the ingredients and add chopped ice until thoroughly cold. Just before serving add the pineapple and, if the punch is too strong add ice water in small quantities until it is the flavor desired. This makes about five gallons of punch.

Variety and Contrast in Flavor of Foods Served

The matter of variety and contrast in the texture and flavor of the foods combined in one meal is not always given sufficient thought.

One finds occasionally that everything served is soft and lacking in "chewy" food—as, for example, a combination consisting of a creamed dish, mashed vegetables, and a milk pudding. Each of these foods would probably be excellent alone, but they do not go well together. Again, when a milk flavor predominates throughout a menu, the food lacks zest. Contrast in texture can be secured by serving something crunchy like toast, or browned crumbs on a scalloped dish, something soft, as a white sauce or custard, something crisp and fresh, like lettuce or cole slaw. For variety in flavor some of the foods chosen should be milk or bland, like potatoes or bread; some should have a pronounced flavor, as in the case of rare steak, roast lamb, ham or cheese, or some of the vegetables such as cauliflower, cabbage and onions; there should also be something sour in itself, like tomato or pickles, or like spinach or beets—something that is ordinarily served with vinegar, or a salad with French dressing. Sweet flavor is usually provided in the dessert, or it may be introduced elsewhere in the menu as in candied sweet potatoes, or in the form of jelly with meat.

In addition to these requirements in the foods chosen for a menu, it is necessary, of course, to see that each of the five food groups as given by the United States Department of Agriculture is represented—vegetables and fruits, cereal or starchy foods, efficient-protein foods, fats and sugars. Some thought must be given also to the relative proportions of foods chosen from these groups in order to supply sufficient protein of the right kind, calories, minerals and vitamins. These are sometimes called the "four points of food value."

Drinking Orange Juice for Breakfast Favored

Sometimes the orange that is cut in half and placed on the breakfast table is not eaten because the various members of the family simply do not have time before hurrying off to school or work to dig out the pulp with a spoon. For the same reason, the whole orange, intended to be peeled and eaten in sections is left. The family gets into the habit of dispensing with oranges, which is not a good thing, for oranges are one of the best sources of vitamins we have and may be classed among the extremely important foods for children, the United States Department of Agriculture says.

Why not serve orange juice in glasses or sherbet cups to the members of the family who must hurry off in the morning? The habit of drinking orange juice grows, and the child who will drink it several times a day is the gainer. He may have it at lunch, perhaps, and again when first home from school hungrily looking around for "something to eat," with mother equally anxious that he shall not spoil his appetite for dinner. Orange juice is suitable as a beverage for children's noon lunch and appeals to them because they cannot have the tea or coffee which they see older persons drinking.

CUSTARD WITH FRUIT AND ANGEL FOOD



A Delicious Dish With Fruit and Cake.

Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Springtime, when eggs are plentiful, is the season to indulge the family with cakes of the sponge-cake group. The ingredients in all of these cakes are similar, since all contain a large proportion of eggs and no butter or other fat. Eggs supply the liquid and inclose air for leavening. Plain sponge cake requires the use of whole eggs. In sunshine cake twice as many whites as yolks are used. Angel food cakes are always yolks left over when an angel food cake is baked, a good many people use them to make a soft custard to serve on fruit with the cake for dessert. Sliced oranges or bananas or almost any canned fruit may be used.

The bureau of home economics gives the following directions for making both angel food and custard.

Angel Food.

- 1 cupful soft-wheat flour
- 1/2 cupful of sugar
- 1 teaspoonful flavoring
- 1 cupful egg whites (8 fairly fresh)
- 1/2 teaspoonful of salt
- 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar

Angel food is not mixed in quite the same way as plain sponge cake. The sugar, flour, and half the salt are sifted together several times. The egg whites are beaten with the other

half of the salt until they are frothy; then the cream of tartar is added and they are beaten until stiff. The dry ingredients are then folded carefully into the beaten egg whites and when the mixture is partly blended, the flavoring is added. Many people like almond or lemon flavoring, others prefer vanilla. Only the folding motion should be used in mixing, for stirring tends to release the air depended on for leavening. A smooth ungreased tube pan is best for baking angel food, and a fairly large cake will require about an hour in an oven at a temperature of 325 degrees F. It may be tested with a clean tooth pick, the same way as any other cake. Invert the pan on a cake cooler when it is done and allow it to drop out.

Soft Custard.

- 1 quart milk
- 1/2 cupful egg yolks
- 1/4 cupful sugar
- 1/2 teaspoonful of salt
- 1 teaspoonful of vanilla

Heat the milk, sugar, and salt in a double boiler. Beat the eggs lightly and pour slowly into them some of the heated milk. Pour back into the double boiler and stir constantly until the custard coats the spoon. Remove at once and place the pan in a bowl of cold water, stirring until cool. Add the vanilla. Chill the custard and serve it on fresh or canned fruit.

AROUND THE HOUSE

Softwood floors are less likely to splinter if they are treated regularly with oil or wax.

A dish of dandelion greens with a few strips of crisp bacon makes a good dose of iron tonic.

Tomatoes or apple sauce cooked in discolored aluminum saucepan will save the pan clean and bright without harming the food.

Be on the lookout for troublesome insects and animals and take prompt measures to get rid of them if they appear.

Rub the nickel of your stove with ammonia and whiting. A very little rubbing will keep the nickel bright and shining.

Put a little kerosene in the washing water and, with the aid of a chamber, it will be much easier to do a good job on the windows.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

People have to live first before they can see, and they can't think until they are fed, and one needs always to have had enough turkey and cabbage to eat without troubling about the getting them, in order to see anything in them except food.—Mrs. Wilkins.

UNUSUAL CHICKEN DISHES

The familiar forms of the usual way of cooking chicken is relieved from monotony by various seasonings. One does not wish the character of a dish to be lost by seasonings, but the art of surprising with the familiar things is worth cultivating.

Chicken a la Marengo.—It is this dish which the great Napoleon after the battle of Marengo—it so pleased the great man that the dish was named for the battle. The following is a recipe which claims the honor: Slice and cut up a five-pound chicken as for fricassee. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and add three tablespoonfuls of the best olive oil. When the fat is hot, add the dark meat of the chicken and cook for five minutes, then add the white meat with a clove of garlic and salt and pepper; stir often until each piece is well browned—about twenty minutes. Have ready a tomato sauce made from one can of tomatoes, a slice of onion, a little parsley and celery which have been cooked together until thick, then rubbed through a sieve; add one tablespoonful of butter. To the chicken add one-half pound of fresh mushrooms which have been cooked in butter five minutes. Arrange the chicken on a hot platter, add to the gravy in the pan three tablespoonfuls of the tomato puree, stir until hot, pour over the chicken and serve.

Chicken a la Stanley.—Add one large onion, thinly sliced to one-fourth of a cupful of butter, add two young chickens cut into pieces for serving and cook for ten minutes; add one cupful of chicken stock and cook until the meat is tender. Remove the chicken, rub the stock and onion through a sieve, add one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter and the same of flour, cooked together. Season with salt and pepper, serve on a hot platter with the sauce poured around it. Garnish with banana, cut into diagonal slices and fried in butter. Dip the banana in seasoned flour before frying.

Chicken a la Marengo No. 2.—Cut the chicken, sprinkle with salt and pepper and dredge with flour. Fry in a little salt pork fat. Put into a stew pan, cover with the following sauce, and cook slowly until the chicken is tender. Add one-half can of mushrooms cut into quarters and cook five minutes. Arrange the chicken on a dish and garnish with parsley. Serve with the sauce poured round the chicken.

Sea Foods.

Let us break away from the old custom that Friday is always fish day. Fish should be served oftener; one may not be able to have the fresh fish in any locality, but the canned, smoked, pickled and salted are usually in ordinary markets; if not, by mail or express they will be sent to any address.

Planked Spanish Mackerel.—Split down the back a two-pound mackerel, dust with salt and pepper and rub thoroughly with salad oil. Lay on a oiled plank, place in a very hot oven for about twenty-five minutes. Baste frequently with melted butter, and a few drops of lemon juice. Remove from the oven and pipe seasoned washed potato around the fish, brush with the yolk of egg beaten and run the plank under the gas flame to brown. Have meat from a half pound of cooked lobster, dip in butter and lay around the fish. Garnish with slices of lemon and parsley.

Filet of Sole Marguery.—Take a three-pound sole, one-half pint of cooked shrimp, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half cupful of mushrooms, one tablespoonful of flour, three slices of lemon and onion, three stalks of celery, one-fourth teaspoonful of celery salt and two egg yolks. Put enough water into a saucepan or fish kettle to cover the filets, add lemon, onion, one tablespoonful of butter, celery and celery salt; cook ten minutes, then add the fish; cook till tender but unbroken; remove the fish to a platter and keep hot over hot water, strain the sauce, adding another tablespoonful of butter, the shrimp and mushrooms. Cover and let cook ten minutes, then stir in the flour mixed with enough water to make a paste. Stir and cook five minutes, add the beaten yolks and cook just long enough to heat through, but not boil. Add more seasoning if needed.

Nellie Maxwell

Appropriate Name.

Spithead is the eastern portion of the strait separating the Isle of Wight from the English mainland. It receives its name from the Spit, a sand bank which runs out for a distance of three miles from the coast of Hampshire, a beautiful southern county of England.

Sometimes Bad Company

Not every man who knows himself to be felicitated on the acquaintance.—Boston Transcript.



The Bus Driver

Dependable service—that's what counts when you're responsible for carrying passengers. And we make sure of dependable service day in and day out by installing Champions.



CHAMPION Spark Plugs TOLEDO, OHIO

Cleansing Mercury

The bureau of standards says that a simple way to remove dirt from mercury is to shake the mercury vigorously with some cane sugar, after which the metal is filtered off through a pinhole in the bottom of a paper cone. The whole operation may be repeated if necessary. Instead of filtering through a pinhole, the mercury may be squeezed through several thicknesses of cloth.

A Man's Man

Abraham Lincoln has always been our favorite American statesman, but since learning from no less a historical authority than our Mr. McKee himself that James Madison did more than any of our great Americans to introduce and popularize long trousers to take the place of knee breeches, we feel, what with our legs and all, that perhaps we have underestimated this great man's service to his country.—Ohio State Journal.

Sure Relief



BELL'S FOR INDIGESTION

Vigorous in Old Age

William Y. Taylor, claiming at one hundred and three to be the oldest man in west Australia, has just died. A few months ago he attracted attention by appearing in court on a charge of violently assaulting a man, Taylor, who declared that the man deserved what he got, was discharged.

For old men, playing golf is an exhibition that they have made a success of their life's work.

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HAD CANNED HER, TOO



Margie—"What's wrong with the big tomato canner and his girl? Never see them together any more." Tom—

"No, he's so used to canning everything, he's canned her, too."

No Nerve

Harry—I'm afraid I'm smoking too much.

Jerry—Why don't you stop?

Harry—I would, but I'm afraid I might find something else the matter with me.

Real Proof

"That," said Mr. Newrich, pointing

to a painting in his library; "is a magnificent art treasure."

"How do you know? By the artist's signature?"

"No; by my own signature on the check I gave the dealer."

Ambitious

Belle—You must think I have no ambition to stay here the rest of my life and milk 15 cows a day.

Bill—Oh, no! I was going to buy a few more for you when we were married.—Sydney Bulletin.