

Alabaster Lamps

By MARGARET TURNBULL

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XIV

Mrs. Polly Johnston, returning from an aimless walk about the piazza, was told by the elevator boy that he had just been given a message to the effect that a gentleman was waiting for her in the lounge.

"His card," demanded Polly, wrinkling her nose a little in front of the mirror to see if she needed powder. The boy handed her a slip of paper on which was written, "To see Mrs. Johnston, with a message from Mr. Rangley."

"Take me up first," Polly instructed the boy, "and have the gentleman told I will be down in a moment."

She went to her room, straightened her hat, powdered her nose, tucked a stray lock away under her hat, surveyed herself carefully in the mirror, and snatched back to ring for the elevator again, wondering about the message.

Claude had chosen a secluded and recessed corner, from which he could obtain an unobstructed view of those who entered from the lobby into the lounge. He wondered about Polly, after all these years. What was her mind toward Loren Rangley? What changes had time wrought? He had only that momentary glimpse in the Hillsborough Inn to go by.

When he saw her he forgot everything else. Changes! To be sure she had changed, as twenty years must change every man or woman, but she was Polly, and as he admitted to himself, still lovely enough to hold any man's glance. He saw how she was stared at as she came in indifferently. She was all in black. A black satin cape, lined with Delft blue, hung from her shoulders, and a hat of the same lovely color on her ruddy hair. She gave a swift look about her, and Claude rose.

As Claude came toward her, Polly stared, then her eyes changed and the pupils contracted. He had been much in her thoughts lately, and despite the years, she knew this must be the man she most dreaded. Indeed, after the first long look, she actually recognized him. Polly stopped for a moment, then came on. Claude stood in the corner waiting for her, and she faced him.

"A trick?" she asked in a low voice. "No," Claude answered her steadily. "How are you, Polly? I am here with a message about Loren Rangley. He will be at my hotel in half an hour, in time for afternoon tea, and the idea was that you should join us there to meet him."

"Whose idea?" asked Polly. "And who are you?"

"My idea," Claude answered as promptly, "and you are Mary and Ned Rangley, Loren's son."

"I don't think I know him."

"Yes, I think you do, but you know him as Ned Carter. His name is Ned Carter Rangley. He was at Peace Valley, with me."

"Oh, the young man who drove the car?"

"Yes," admitted Claude and waited. He had not to wait long. "I don't like your idea," Polly told him, looking past him out of the window. "And," she continued, still gazing past him, "I have no desire to be one of us."

She rose as though the interview was at an end. Claude rose, too, but stood so that he blocked her way.

"Sit down, Polly," he said, "and hear why I might be better to change your mind."

Polly hesitated. Unless she desired a scene, there was no getting past that solid figure. She had to look at him now. The look relieved her. The man before her had changed with the years, but he was neither a liar nor a clown. She had not been so fatally wrong about Claude, years ago. There was "a something" about Claude Dabbs.

Polly sat down.

"Make it brief as you can," she asked, again looking past him. "This sort of thing is—tiring."

"I didn't choose it," Claude told her. "It was forced upon me, and I understand just how you feel. I'm here solely on Mary's account."

"Mary?" breathed Polly. "Leave Mary out of it, as much as you can."

Polly saw Claude's face change and realized that before her was a man who was keeping a tight rein on his emotions and speech, for her sake. Not thus would he choose to speak to her of Mary.

"Mary told me that you had sent for Loren," he began, and he saw Polly flinch. "You might have known she would. You might have known how she'd feel about it."

"I did know."

"Well, then, you can understand when I told Mary that Loren was coming to see me, and that his coming to Paris had nothing to do with his wanting to see you but was purely a matter of business, that Mary wanted you to know at once. Mary thought she ought to rush to you right away and warn you of the true state of affairs."

"And for reasons of your own, you prevented her. Well, I'm waiting to know the true state of affairs."

Claude drew a long breath and looked at the graven image beside him. It did not really seem worth while, but he had promised Mary. That Loren would never have said—what ever he had said to you—if he'd known you were Mrs. Dabbs. I'm worth a great many thousands a year to Loren Rangley. To him I am Dabbs of "SCOURGERS" the "Bird Destroyer". If you haven't seen the signs on the billboards—

"I have seen them. Deplorably ugly." But Polly was looking at him now.

"Well, ugly or not, you know it spells money. There's plenty for you and Mary."

"For Mary—yes."

"You're legally entitled to your share, without having to take me with it," Claude informed her coolly. "It will be much pleasanter than taking Loren's money. I can tell you that."

"It's all very interesting," Polly informed him, and now she was looking at the floor, "but still I fail to see why I should come—this afternoon."

"For Mary," Claude told her shortly. "Ned Rangley is in love with her."

Polly started. "And of course, please?"

"Only if Mary wants him. I'd like to keep her to myself, just as much as you would, but we can't."

He gave her a long look.

"You might think of her, Polly. Why should our d-d blunder cloud this bit of her life? You've made a good job of Mary, so far, Polly. I have to hand you that."

"Well?" Polly flung at him.

"Well," Claude returned with finality, "finish your job."

Polly looked at him now, saw what he meant and went white for a moment.

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go back to the window, where she stood watching her father depart.

"One father gone and another father coming, makes a complicated afternoon," she ventured.

Ned agreed and suggested that to while away the time between fathers they might order a peculiarly rich tea.

The waiter had come and gone, and still they were in that dreary sitting room, which seemed to Mary to have held them for ages.

"I suppose we'd better stay here," she inquired lightly.

"Much better," and Ned drew a wicker chair to the balcony window for her, and arranged himself on a cushion at her feet. Mary felt grateful. She did not have to meet his eyes in this position.

"Sure as we stay out of this room," he told her, "my father will turn up and then Claude will accuse us of deserting our posts."

"Do you call my father 'Claude'?" inquired Mary, for want of something better to say.

"I'll call him 'father,' gladly, as soon as you give me the right," Ned reminded her, and turned to see how she took it.

She did not take it well at all. She leaned against the chair, her face hidden in her hands.

Mary, take your hands away and look at me. I never was more serious in my life. If you'll listen to me, you'll see how hard I'm trying to keep you from spoiling Claude's romance. But for you, your mother and Claude might be happy."

Mary's hands came away from her face now. "But for me! Why, I'm all that holds them together."

"So you think, but you're quite wrong. If you were safely removed from their grasp, Polly would think how lovely Claude was, and Claude would think how sad it was for Polly. Even at over forty, my dear, grown-ups can't make love before their children. But if you should engage yourself to a nice, handy, lovable young man, like myself, then that lets father and mother off to attend to their own affairs, while the responsibility for making Mary happy falls on the young man's shoulders. I know a pair that fairly ache for that responsibility."

He took a step nearer—and the waiter entered with the tea. By the time he had gone again, Polly and Claude had entered.

Even as Mary flew across the room to kiss and cling to her mother, her mind paid homage to her father's greatness. To bring Polly Johnston into this situation, with this promptness, was marvelous in his daughter's eyes. She longed to have been present to see it accomplished. Mother, of all people, sitting calmly at Claude Dabbs' tea table, drawing off her gloves and making conversation with Ned!

Claude came toward his daughter, a humorous question in his eyes. But it remained unspoken, for at that moment Loren Rangley was announced and entered.

Ned, standing beside Mrs. Johnston Dabbs, was the first to greet his father's eyes. Mary saw Loren stiffen, and then come forward with an easy "Ah Ned. This is an unexpected pleasure."

"Quite," said Ned, without showing that one of his pet theories had gone all to smash. Far from Dabbs being Loren's agent, it was Loren who bore himself as though he was Claude's agent. Ned meant to get it out of Claude before the evening was much older.

"I'm staying with Dabbs," he volunteered. He did not want to let his father down, either.

"I didn't know," Loren was making his way to Mrs. Polly with a smile and outstretched hand, but somehow or other Claude was there before him.

"Think I'll have to introduce this lady to you, Mr. Rangley," he announced amiably. "Mrs. Claude Dabbs."

Loren's face was a study in mixed emotions, but Polly was calm and smiling as she lifted her eyes to his.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Find" Made Possible Longed-for Taxi Ride

One of the rarest books in the world is the first edition of Edgar Allan Poe's "Tamerlane." When it was printed, he had only a few copies struck off and his name did not appear on the title page. Few copies were printed, because he could not pay his printer. So rare are these books now that, when they come up in the auction rooms, they command from \$10,000 upward.

Not long ago a frail little woman well over sixty appeared at the shop of a well-known Boston dealer in rare books with a bundle wrapped up in brown paper.

"I understand this is quite a valuable book," said she, as she unwrapped it before the eyes of the interested dealer. To his amazement a perfect copy of "Tamerlane" was disclosed which she said had been in her attic ever since she could remember. Having heard that it was valuable, she

Superstitions Lasting

The black cat superstition is a direct descendant of the days when the cat was worshipped in Egypt. Some years ago the swastika swept the country as a lucky emblem. As a basic form of design, it was known in the Orient thousands of years ago, and recent excavations have disclosed that it was similarly used as a religious ornament by the Mayan and Incas of Central and South America hundreds of years before Columbus discovered America. As a lucky emblem it was based on oriental legends, where it has played a part in religious worship for centuries.

wanted to know what he would give her for it.

"I should rather sell it for you on commission," said he—to which she agreed.

Later, when he sold it for \$25,000 and turned the proceeds, less the commission, over to her, she said as she left his place of business: "I am going to have a ride in a taxi now. I have never had one in my life.—The Market for Exchange."

Two of a Kind

"Yes, Willie," a man said in a sour voice to his little son, "you kept your promise to run all the errands with our growing last month and so I'm going to keep my promise and reward you."

The man took out a \$5 gold piece and a silver dollar.

"Now, Willie-boy," he said, for he was a great bluffer, "which of these coins will you have?"

"I won't be selfish, papa," said Willie who was a chip off the old block. "I'll take the little one."

But his father slipped the gold piece back into his pocket.

"For not being selfish," he said, "I'm going to give you the big one."

Tomb in Capitol Grounds
The tomb of President James K. Polk, who died in Nashville, Tenn., is located on the capitol grounds in that city.

Really an Optimist

"A philosopher," said H. H. Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "is too often a man who is out of regular work and proud of the fact."—Washington Star.

Too Alert

Luck may run down at the head, but pluck never does.—Boston Transcript.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(By 1927 Western Newspaper Union.)

There is no wisdom that can take the place of humanity.—Henry Thoreau.

DELIGHTFUL DISHES

There are few who do not enjoy the plump pineapple. Added to salads it makes almost any combination agreeable. As dessert it can be used in numberless ways. Pineapple is of itself a digestive tablet as it contains a vegetable pepsin which acts upon the gelatin and softens it. Use of larger amount of gelatin for pineapple dishes.

Meringue Pie.—Mix one and one-half cups each of hot water and the drained juice from a can of pineapple (crushed). Bring to the boiling point and add three tablespoons of cornstarch mixed with three-fourths of a cup of sugar. Boil for five minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from the heat and add a tablespoonful of butter, three-fourths of a cup of lemon juice, three-fourths of a cup of crushed pineapple and two well beaten egg yolks. Pour into a pastry lined pie plate and bake until the pastry is well browned. Remove from the oven, cool slightly and cover with a meringue made from the egg whites and two tablespoons of powdered sugar. Brown the meringue lightly.

Stuffed Flounder Rings.—Cut four small fillets of flounder down the middle and roll around the inside of buttered onion rings; place in a buttered pan. Make a stuffing of the following: Three-fourths of a cup of chopped mushrooms, a few drops of onion juice cooked in three tablespoons of butter for one minute. Add four tablespoons of flour, blend and stir well, then pour in one-half cup of milk, or thin cream. Add this sauce to one-half cup of crab meat seasoned with salt and pepper. Fill the coils, cover with buttered crumbs and bake fifteen minutes.

Cabbage and Pineapple Salad.—Chop or shred a firm head of cabbage, mix with a good salad dressing and add a few slices of pineapple finely minced. Serve on lettuce.

Pineapple, Carrot Salad.—Grate a few fresh carrots, add a little finely minced celery, a bit of onion for flavoring, a handful of nuts and two or three slices of pineapple finely diced. Mix with a good salad dressing and serve on lettuce.

A most delightful appetizer to serve with broiled steak or any meat for that matter, is rings of pineapple dipped into fritter batter and fried in butter; serve in overlapping rings around the steak.

Chopped pineapple served with tapoca and garnished with cream is another delightful dessert. Serve finely minced pineapple with orange and bananas in a lemon or pineapple sirup, as a fruit cocktail for a beginning of a dinner.

Cooking With Taste.
For an especial treat which looks very festive and is scarcely any more work than cooking fish in any other way, serve:

Planked Fish.—Keep a fish planked on purpose for fish and have another to use for meats. Prepare the fish, remove head, tail and backbone. Wipe with a wet cheesecloth and sprinkle with salt, pepper and olive oil. Lay the fish on a plating hot oiled planks, skin side down, and bake 15 to 20 minutes. Remove and make a border of hot mashed potatoes around the edge of the planks. Between the fish and the planks lay cooked string beans, carrots or peas. Return to the oven and brown lightly. Serve with the fish garnished with parsley and lemon quarters or pour over the fish lemon juice and finely minced parsley mixed with butter. Serve from the planks.

Philadelphia Clam Chowder.—First get your clams out of the shell. Clean, chop 25 small clams and put in a colander to drain. Chop three medium-sized potatoes and boil in a quart of milk in a double boiler. Rub one-half cupful of butter and two tablespoons of flour together and add to the milk and potato after it has been cooking fifteen minutes at a good boil; cook eight minutes, add one tablespoonful of minced parsley, salt and pepper to taste and cook three minutes. Add the clams and cook one minute. When ready to serve drop in six slices of bacon that have been cut into small pieces and well crisped. Serve at once.

Pineapple Tarts.—Add one-half cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter and one can of crushed pineapple to a saucepan and cook eight minutes, stirring frequently. Pour into individual pastry shells which have been baked until firm but not brown. Bake about ten minutes. Serve cold, garnished with a few cherries.

A spoonful of finely chopped pineapple with one of coconut makes a fine finish for a cup custard, adding a flavor and variety.

When stewing fruit such as apples, cranberries or pear plant add the sugar after fruit is nearly cooked. It takes less and tastes better.

Monument Well Deserved
On March 2, 1927, congress authorized the erection of a monument at Kill Devil Hill, Kitty Hawk, N. C., in commemoration of the first successful human attempt in all history, at powered-driven airplane flights, achieved by Orville Wright, December 17, 1903.

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POULTRY

LARGE YIELD AIDS POULTRY SUCCESS

Poultry raisers who can get high egg yields are almost certain to make a profit, because egg production is closely tied up with labor income and profit. It is pointed out by L. E. Card, chief in poultry husbandry at the college of agriculture, University of Illinois.

"Studies of the farm poultry enterprise as a business have shown that there are certain major factors involved in determining whether a given poultry flock will show a profit or a loss. Egg yield per hen is an accurate barometer of success in almost any poultry enterprise. Other factors are size of flock, proportion of pullets to yearlings, rate of mortality, price received for market eggs and experience of the operator. However, if egg production is low, no other factor can make up for the handicap and the profits will be small.

"Size of flock is a convenient measure of size of business. A small business can never make either a large profit or a large loss. A large business, necessary for a large profit, but it must carry the risk of a possible large loss.

"Mortality of hens and young chicks is frequently a major cost in the production of eggs and unless the mortality rate can be kept down to a reasonable level it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to show a profit.

"The price received for market eggs is an important index of profits from a poultry flock. It is often easier to increase returns by producing a better product and finding a higher market than by raising the egg yield per hen, assuming that the egg yield is not too low to begin with.

"Finally, experience helps the operator to achieve results. Even if it does nothing more than teach him how to make the business measure up in respect to the other factors mentioned, it is an important asset. It is unwise for a poultry business to be allowed to grow faster than the ability of the operator to manage and control it."

There Is Much Profit in Proper Management

Shiftlessness has been, and always will be, the price of dear experience. There is a profit in only what we take care of.

To go about the work of caring for poultry in a mechanical way, important matters will be forgotten, details will not be noticed. There are entirely too many who trust to luck and do not stop to think, writes Michael K. Boyer in the Farm and Ranch. A man who rushes is in a constant hurry, and never accomplishes much.

Good management cuts down expenses. Scrub raising brings scrub returns. Poultry raising commands the same business methods as employed in good dairying—the best food and care for best results.

The idea that "anything is good enough for hogs and chickens" is wrong. It has ruined the prospects of many otherwise good farmers. Nothing can be secured without effort, and the more intelligent and practical that effort, the better will be the success.

Methods of Spreading Disease Among Poultry

One method of carrying disease is on the shoes from a yard of sick chickens. Farmers learned to forbid entrance to their hog yards when there was a scourge of hog cholera. They should forbid entrance to the chicken runs when disease is prevalent. Poultry buyers should be kept out. Indeed, the only safety to the flock is in quarantining them against all visitors and dogs. The caretaker should wear rubbers if sickness breaks out in one of his pens, and not allow the soles of his shoes to touch contaminated grounds. Take the rubbers off before stepping out of the door. Clean up and clean out often. Burn all dead birds and the litter from houses where there has been sickness. Expense and worry are saved by avoiding disease. It is folly to let a condition go until it is big enough to demand a fight.

Minerals Big Factors

Minerals are often limiting factors in production. Heavy laying fowls require from three to four pounds of oyster shell or its equivalent per year. Even though the hens have enough protein and other food to produce a large number of eggs, they will cut their production down to meet the amount of minerals which they have for shells. A balancing ration means supplying minerals and vitamins so that all of the organs of the fowl work efficiently.

Shade Is Necessary

Shade is very necessary for chicks especially if they are late hatched for they are stunted by the hot, dry weather and are more liable to be affected by disease and worms than if hatched early. Plenty of grit and charcoal should be within easy reach of chicks when on range unless sand or gravel is present in large enough quantities to make it unnecessary to furnish it extra. Plenty of fresh water should be within easy reach of the growing chicks.

Marketing Early Fries

The market for early fries usually comes before the chicks are ready for culling. There is no danger of sacrificing a prospective prize winner if we consider that the conformation of the chick is not subject to sudden change. The chick with a long, narrow head and a pinched beak is not physically strong. Its room is better than its company. Such a chick will probably be narrow through the back and lacking in depth. No matter if it is a pullet, let it go.

SUNSHINE CAKE IS DELICATE IN COLOR

Contains Large Proportion of Eggs, but No Butter.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Sunshine cake is one of the sponge group, containing a large proportion of eggs and no butter or other fat. Some of the egg yolks are used, but not all of them, hence it has the delicate yellow color that gives it its name, but differs in texture somewhat from plain sponge cake.

Farmers' Bulletin 1450-F, "Home Baking," which may be obtained by anyone on application to the United States Department of Agriculture, contains the following recipe for sunshine cake:

Sunshine Cake.
6 egg whites 1 cupful sifted
3 egg yolks 1 soft wheat or
1 teaspoonful sa- pastry flour
vorying 1 cupful sugar
1 teaspoonful 1/2 teaspoonful
cream of tartar salt

Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs separately, adding half the salt to the egg whites so that they will beat up very stiff. Add the sugar to the beaten egg yolks and begin adding the flour which has been sifted with the cream of tartar and the rest of the salt. This mixture will be so stiff that you will have to add some of the beaten egg whites for moisture before all



Sunshine Cake.

the flour is mixed in. Fold the egg whites in very carefully so as not to release any of the air which you have been so careful to beat in. The air is the only leavening in this kind of cake. Last of all add the flavoring. Vanilla, lemon or orange extract may be preferred. Pour the batter as soon as it is mixed into a smooth, ungreased tube pan. This type of pan is best to use for baking a cake of the sponge type because the center opening allows the mixture to heat evenly. The oven should be ready for the cake as soon as it is mixed and in the pan, but be careful not to have the oven too hot.

Secret of Custard Pie With Crisp Undercrust

Here's the secret of a custard pie with a crisp undercrust—a prebaked shell—according to the bureau of home economics.

Custard Pie.
1 1/2 cupfuls milk 3 eggs
1/4 teaspoonful salt 1/4 cupful sugar
1 teaspoonful v.-a-illa

Put the milk and the sugar in a double boiler and bring to the scalding point. Add the well-beaten eggs, salt and the flavoring. In the meantime bake a pie crust in a deep pie pan until the crust is golden brown. Pour the custard into the baked pie crust, and place in a moderately hot oven. After a few minutes reduce the heat, and allow the pie to bake at this low temperature until the custard is set in the center of the pie.

Spring Onions

Try cooking spring onions whole with about 3 or 4 inches of stalk left on them. They will be done in from 15 to 20 minutes. Lift them out carefully and pour a white sauce