

Alabaster Lamps

By Margaret Turnbull

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STORY FROM THE START

Claude Malotte Dabbs returns from New York to his general grocery in Peace Valley, Pa. With him comes Ned Carter, a stranger, whom Dabbs introduces to "Aunt Lyddy," his old housekeeper, as a nephew.

CHAPTER I—Continued

"Meaning well's one thing; doing well's another." But Aunt Lyddy smiled back at him so that all sting was taken from the cautious sentence. "Now, what you two rampaging idiots mean coming home at this hour of the night, springing a brand-new relation on me and with no notice to get his room ready for him?"

"Oh, go along, Aunt Lyddy! You can fix the room next to mine in a jiffy while Ned and I are finishing a bite of your lemon pie."

"Pie? Finishing my pie! Who said a word about pie? Who said I made any pie?"

"I did, I smell it."

Aunt Lyddy laughed. "He smelled it. Boy," turning to Ned, "did you ever hear tell of a man like that? Set right down, both of you, and I'll have that pie brought on the table before you can get your hands out of your pockets."

"I don't think I can eat anything more," Ned began as she left the room. "Remember our dinner on the train."

"Jiminy! Even if you weren't hungry, could you resist that?"

Two highly decorated plates, borne by Aunt Lyddy on an old japanned tray, held the largest, thickest and most delicious looking pieces of lemon meringue pie that Ned had ever seen. Aunt Lyddy placed before them the remainder of the pie, a pitcher of cold milk, and a large wedge of cheese. With a hearty, "Enjoy yourselves, boys, while I fix Ned's room," she left them.

Presently Ned could hear her, as she tramped about the "next room to mine" presumably "fixing it." By that time he had tasted Aunt Lyddy's pie. Though she trod like an elephant, yes, even though she snored, he knew now that he would always love her.

"Good, ain't it, Ned?" Mr. Dabbs asked, as Ned took a second helping. Ned nodded, mentally noting that whatever he might have to suffer from country table manners in others, Mr. Dabbs would never offend.

"Aunt Lyddy likes you or she'd never put out the whole pie," Dabbs offered.

"How can you tell? You practically hurled me down her throat."

"Down Aunt Lyddy's throat! You don't know her. Why, I couldn't make that woman give you any more than a measly little bit of pie if she didn't cotton to you. Aunt Lyddy's a fine woman, but a terror for having her way. She isn't my own aunt. She's an old friend of my mother's and when Mom died Aunt Lyddy made up her mind that I needed looking after and just came along and took possession. I couldn't get along without her now."

Aunt Lyddy returned, announcing that the room was ready and advised Ned to "turn in early." He followed her along the hall. The "room next mine" was a big, airy room, overlooking the garden at the side of the house and far removed from the noises of the shop. Its deep-seated windows indicated the age of the house. The furniture was really old, consequently good and unobtrusive, and the wall paper was a deep cream, with a little border of yellow roses.

The old four-poster looked inviting. Aunt Lyddy padded heavily away and Ned leaned out of the window, conscious of the soft, sweet, damp smell of a springtime garden.

As he left the window he was conscious of voices near him. But the room was empty, so was the hall outside his door. After a moment he concluded that the voices came through an old-fashioned hot-air register in the floor of his room. He heard Aunt Lyddy say:

"Claude Dabbs, I'm a dear lover of truth, and the truth I'll have out of you if it takes me all night. My usual hour for bed is 8:30 sharp, and here it is nearly ten, and gifts of amethyst brooches, though pretty and tastefully chosen I must say, won't blind me to say duty. I've ever been a kinda garden for your home since your Mom died. Who's this young man?"

"Why, he's a young fellow I met up with in New York. He's been in the army—just discharged. The very name of Peace Valley sort of hypnotized him. He can't settle down to anything yet, so I asked him down here to look around and—"

"Suffering Saints!" Aunt Lyddy's

voice rose to a sort of wail, then sank again. "Where'd you meet him?"

"Well—I was walking on Riverside drive and—"

"You picked him up! A bum! A park bum!" Aunt Lyddy exclaimed with conviction. "You probably treated him to that there awful swell suit."

Ned, his hand on the register waiting a fitting opportunity to close it unheeded, noted that she refused to listen to Claude's protests.

"I know you," Aunt Lyddy announced, "and nothing you do ought to surprise me now, but I declare by Peter and Paul it does at times. Well, don't say no more, nor fix up any pleasant kinda half-lies for me. You don't know nothing about him, and there were some awful bad characters got in the army. We're lucky if our throats ain't slit by morning. I'll lock my room and bolt it, tonight!"

Feeling that he had heard enough, Ned closed the register quietly, sure that the sound would be unnoticed as Aunt Lyddy trod heavily out into the hall.

CHAPTER II

Ned woke next morning to the sound of life and activity below stairs. His first thought was that he was back in camp again. Then he remembered. His watch told him it was seven. Thinking he would surprise Claude Dabbs by his early rising, Ned dressed leisurely and went downstairs.

Aunt Lyddy greeted him without enthusiasm, informing him dryly that Claude had been up for two hours.



"Suffering Saints, You're More Than Welcome."

He was at that moment superintending the unloading of the new Irish potatoes.

The food was delicious, and Aunt Lyddy waited and watched over him at the breakfast table, anticipating his wants as though he were a small boy; yet Ned felt that he was delaying the important affairs of the household.

Still with the air that he was company, Aunt Lyddy informed him: "Claude said to take the car and sail around, or do anything you've a mind to do."

"Thanks, Aunt Lyddy, but I think I'll help Uncle Claude in the shop." Aunt Lyddy's eyes showed surprise and approval.

"Claude Dabbs could do with a little help," she announced. "There's a many leans on Claude, and but few as offers a shoulder themselves occasionally. Not that Claude needs anything to lean on, but the fact that a shoulder is handy kinda keeps a man from feeling lonely. I'm going to say this—you don't look as though you needed any special help to get along in this world. Maybe you do. I ain't inquiring. All I'm saying is that never, since I've known him, has Claude Dabbs shown such admiration for any living soul as I've seen him show for you. Well," her apron waved, expressing what she was unable to put into words, "let me see you worthy, young man. Let me see you worthy."

"Aunt Lyddy," Ned put down his knife and fork. "I don't know that I am exactly worthy, but I will be frank. Uncle Claude can't begin to have the admiration for me that I have for him. Why, he saved my pocketbook, possibly my life, the other night. I was in the park just off Riverside drive, weary of everything, I'd stretched myself along the bench to look at the stars and think out what I should do with my life, when along came Claude Dabbs and sat down on me."

Aunt Lyddy giggled in a peculiarly young and girlish way.

"Of course that went a long way toward making us friendly. While we were sauntering along talking we were ordered to put up our hands. If my experience has taught me anything it is to be leery of pistols in unknown hands. Mine went up at once. But C. M. stumbled accidentally, I thought, which brought him a few steps in front of me, and nearer the other fellow. Of course, C. M.'s hands went up as he recovered his balance. What I didn't notice, nor did the other fellow until it was too late, was that one of his feet went up, too. First thing I knew the other man was down and Claude was sitting on him!"

"And by Peter and Paul, I'll wager Claude never called a policeman!" broke in Aunt Lyddy.

Ned shook his head. "We just took his pistol and blackjack and left him. He was knocked out—stunned by the fall."

They surveyed each other, smiling. "I suppose you'd like to know a little more about me," Ned said tentatively.

"I kin wait till you tell Claude." "Claude knows something, and you'll be miserable until you know as much, won't you?"

Again Aunt Lyddy gave her peculiar giggle, and settled back in her chair. "Get it off'n your chest, son, and don't smooth over nothing for me."

"I drove an ambulance for six months before this country got into the fight," Ned began. "I was hurt a little and had to come home. Tried for a commission in our army when I got well. Had to throw over everything to do it. Family and—girl. My girl was in with a professional pacifist bunch. Da—confound them all, they acted as though the rest of us liked war, and had arranged it for our own amusement."

"Well, after I got my commission I was ordered down South to one of our camps. I went, thinking I was on my way to France. When I got there, they told me my resignation had been accepted. I swore by everything holy and unholy that I had never resigned. They listened, bored but patient, and repeated that my resignation had been accepted. I'd better see Washington, I was told."

"I went to Washington. They told me there my resignation had been accepted. I told them I'd never resigned. They listened and said 'maybe not,' but the War department was too busy to bother about my case, just then, or to correct any mistake, if there was a mistake. They advised me tenderly to go home like a good boy, and, maybe some time later, they'd look me up. I went swearing. I had no home to go to. So I enlisted in a New York regiment and was discharged some two or three weeks ago."

"Satan's trumpets!" Aunt Lyddy exclaimed. "The armistice signed in November and they kept you in all this time. Well, you certainly got the rough end of the stick. As for that girl, what I had her within arm's reach. I'd shake a little sense into her."

"Oh, she's all right," Ned said a little awkwardly. "Don't make the mistake of treating me like a returned hero, because I never got over. I was railroaded to an O. T. C., and kept there. I never got over."

"You can understand, can't you, why the very name of Peace Valley drew me like a charm, and you'll forgive my coming here in this way?"

"Suffering Saints! You're more'n welcome to stay, and as far as I'm concerned—" Aunt Lyddy broke off suddenly, and trod heavily kitchenward, for Claude Dabbs had entered from the office.

"Morning. It does me good to see you sitting there as though you were home."

"I feel at home," Ned assured him. "Hope you really do." Claude's scrutiny was wistful but understanding. "What's the program? Want one of the cars?"

"The cars! Why, C. M., for a simple country grocer, aren't you rather 'laying it on'?"

Claude blushed. "Old Man Wolf hasn't knocked at the grocery door for a number of years—a considerable number. But what good's my money to me, if no one shares it?"

Ned rose and put a hand on Claude's shoulder. "Did you adopt me to squander your surplus? I thought you were going to make me work!"

Does anything about our young friend, Ned Carter, strike you as peculiar? He seems all right, yet—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Siwash Thought Name a Little Premature

Seattle missed being named New York merely because, about seventy-five years ago, a Siwash grinned at the pretentiousness of the name painted above the store door at a tiny settlement. The present city of 400,000 people was founded by Lee Terry of Watertown, N. Y., who had an ambition to travel to the Northwest and with the farmers, homesteaders, lumbermen and milliers there, found a city that should rival Manhattan. He had intended to settle south of the sound, but met the original booster for Puget sound and was persuaded to change his destination to Elliot bay. When his first cabin was finished he shaved off a pine plank and proudly christened his happy city, "New York." Terry sat in his store one day wishing for customers when a Siwash, blanketed against the cold, stalked up and looked at the sign above the door. The Indian grinned. "Huh! New

York—Aiki," meaning "New York—by and by." Whereupon Terry sighed and changed the name to Aiki. And Aiki point is a part of Seattle today. —New York Times.

Lark at Exhibition

A lark's nest, with three eggs, was found behind a stand prior to the opening of the Sussex (England) agricultural exhibition. The bird was not molested, but gained free access to the nest through a wired device, thoughtfully fixed by bird lovers. Although thousands of visitors came in close proximity, the bird sat undisturbed on the nest till the eggs were hatched.

The notion of the rich that the poor are happy is scarcely less foolish than the notion of the poor that the rich are.—Lebanon Reporter.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

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The heavier the cross the heartier the prayer;
The bruised herbs most fragrant are;
If wind and sky were always fair,
The sailor would not watch the star;
And David's songs had ne'er been sung
If griefs his heart had never wrung.

DO YOU LIKE PEPPER?

Sweet green peppers are of such an appetizing flavor that they are used

both as a dish of themselves and as a flavor vegetable. They are, like many vegetables, not of much food value themselves but the piquant flavor makes them a valuable food adjunct.

In our grandmother's day they were stuffed with chopped vegetables and pickled and were considered a great treat.

Pepper Entree.—Take enough peppers to serve, using half a pepper for each person. Remove the seeds and white fiber and parboil for ten minutes. Prepare enough fresh mushrooms to fill the peppers. Make a rich white sauce, adding a cupful of rich milk to two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour cooked together. Cook the mushrooms five minutes in butter and add to the white sauce. Season well and fill the pepper cups. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and brown in a brisk oven. To set the peppers in gem pans with a bit of water in each will be found the best method.

Pepper Salad.—Prepare the peppers by cutting into halves, let stand in ice water for an hour. Drain well and fill with the following: Equal parts of chopped celery and cucumber with a tablespoonful or two of chopped onion and one-half cupful of pecan meats. Serve with a good boiled dressing in the pepper cups.

Green Pepper Sandwich.—Mince fine two large green peppers after removing the seeds and white portion. Add a cupful of mayonnaise dressing to the pepper with a tablespoonful each of minced chives and parsley. Cut thin slices of sandwich bread, spread with butter, then with a layer of the sandwich filling, cover with another buttered slice and put away with a damp cloth laid over the sandwiches until ready to serve.

Green Corn and Peppers.—Cut enough corn from the cob to serve the family, adding a green pepper or two finely minced. Into a hot frying pan put three tablespoonfuls of butter to a pint of corn and the pepper; fry and brown lightly, season well and serve hot.

Stuffed Peppers.—Cut into halves and remove seeds and fiber. Parboil for ten minutes. Place in gem pans after draining peppers well and fill with any desired forcement. Sausage, bread crumbs and nuts or any chopped meat or chicken, all are good. Such vegetables as corn and mushrooms are also good.

Tempting Dishes.

There are few dishes we serve that are more enjoyable than a good salad.

It is a pity that too few enjoy the French dressing made from olive oil. Olive oil should be fresh, sweet and nutty in flavor. The people who do not like olive oil have probably been served with inferior and stale oil. Such a prejudice is hard to overcome.

Tomato and Orange Salad.—Take six firm ripe tomatoes and six oranges, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley and French dressing. Peel the oranges and tomatoes and arrange them in alternate slices in a salad bowl. Mix the juices from the ends of the oranges with a bit of lemon juice or tarragon vinegar, then add three times as much olive oil and pour over the fruit. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve.

Dainty Chicken Salad.—To one cupful of cold cooked chicken cut into small pieces, add one cupful each of walnut meats and cooked green peas and one cupful of mayonnaise with a few chopped olives. Mix and arrange on lettuce and garnish with whole olives.

Salmon Salad.—Take one can of salmon, four boiled potatoes, three sweet pickles, two cupfuls of cabbage finely shredded and serve well blended with a good mayonnaise dressing, adding a few chopped olives.

Another good salmon salad is a can of shredded salmon with two or three minced sour pickles, a cupful of fresh grated coconut and a simple salad dressing, either boiled or mayonnaise. Serve on shredded cabbage or lettuce.

Cheese and Peas Salad.—Take one-fourth pound of cream cheese, one can of peas, two small onions minced, three sweet and three sour pickles also minced, a handful of nuts, all mixed together with a good salad dressing and served on crisp lettuce.

Pear and Tomato Salad.—Cut tomatoes and ripe pears into quarters. Arrange in alternate colors on lettuce. Serve with a snappy French dressing to which a bit of Roquefort cheese has been added.

Helie Maxwell

VELVET TRIM FOR STRAW HATS; LACE CAPE BECOMING POPULAR

OBSCURE is the idea that velvet is solely a fall and winter item. According to advance thinking velvet is an all-the-year-round material.

To really sense the importance of velvet in the world of fashion, go to Paris! There at teatime hour at the Ritz observe the smart Parisienne wearing a black velvet cape over a white georgette dress, or a brown velvet wrap with a frock of beige. And the velvet shawls with long fringe—take note of them for they are the next number on the American woman's style program. Then there are

A black bangkok hat with a twist of turquoise blue velvet is shown below to the left. The concluding hat in the group foretells future modes of scratch navy plush with cuff of marine-blue velvet.

Lace is contributing a fascinating chapter to the story of modern fashion. So alluring a subject as lace challenges the French stylists to flights of genius, which means for the modish world a revelation of beautiful apparel.

At the moment it is the lace wrap, especially capes of lace, which is the



Group of Summer Straws.

the new velvet hand bags which are considered the proper thing for summer, with gay chiffon print frocks.

But what has this preamble regarding velvet to do with the subject of millinery? Just this, velvet is as important a factor in the realm of hats as it is in its connection with dress.

There's Rose Descat, for instance, sending over a somewhat wide-of-brim navy blue pleat straw cloche with band, over-crown strap and brim facing of matching velvet. A toque from Agnes is composed of white velvet covered with white violets. With this charming bit of headgear comes a bou-

standing enthusiasm in Paris. Of lace dyed to match the frock, or of black chantilly or etre all-over lace, these capes are an arresting summer theme. Not always is the wrap entirely of lace. Often taffeta or georgette enters into partnership with lace after the manner described by the lace-floated cape shown to the left in the picture.

The advent of the lace cape in the realm of fashion opens up a new array of capes of lace to accompany the simple georgette dress, which is monotonous in color. The transparent frock being void of trimming, depending



Paris Shows Capes Made of Lace.

quet of the same flowers to be worn at the waist.

As to the French hats in this picture, they are velvet trimmed. The first hat in the group comes from the atelier of Lucie Hamar. It is a genuine bakon straw showing a treatment of velvet which confirms the opinion that detail of workmanship is more important in the season's styling than any applied trimming which disturbs the contour of the hat.

Louise Marcy designed the brown straw model shown at the top to the right. It has a tiny velvet brim.

Velvet leaves in Nile green trim the straw hat centered in this group.

only on drapes and panels and other "tricky" fabric manipulations, contrasts the all-over patterned lace most artfully. It goes without saying that the cape should be an exact color-match to the dress, if the ensemble ideal be attained. The lace wrap in the picture is cinnamon color. Wide satin ribbon is rose-platted for the collar and there is a bow and streamers at its fastening.

Not alone capes, but wraps of many types are being made of lace, or of lace with fabric used for the dress. These often take the form of long loose-fitting coats.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.
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