Alabaster Lamps The Kitchen

STORY FROM THE START

Claude Melnotte Dabbs re-Claude Meinotte Dabbs re-turns from New York to his general grocery in Peace Valley, Pa. With him comes Ned Car-ter, a stranger, whom Dobbs in-troduces to "Aunt Lyddy," his old housekeeper, as a nephew. Later Dabbs admits to Aunt Lyddy that Carter is a chance economicance waters of the Lyddy that Carter is a chance acquaintance, veteran of the World war, whom he had met in New York and taken a llk-ing to. Carter tells that he has broken with his family and his fiances because of their ultra pacific leanings.

CHAPTER II-Continued

"I will, if you think you'll stuy awhile." Claude repiled engerly. "Of course I'll stay, and what's

more, I'm going to help. Motoring means nothing to me. Let me tag after you and look things over; be of use, if I can."

Dabbs looked immensely pleased "By Jiminy! That'll be great! Suppose you drive with me to Clover Hollow with the orders. You can always pretend you are a stranger getting a lift, or you can jump off and admire the scenery when we get there. You don't look like the grocer's boy, you know."

"Well, I am." affirmed Ned. "My looks may be against me, but it isn't kind of you to rub it in. I'm your man for delivery or anything else." Ned watched Claude Dabbs handle the reins. Like everything else he did, he drove skillfully, but apparent-ly without giving it all his attention.

On the way, he told Ned that the car was out and Sim needed the truck for the express stuff-an explanation of why they were using Jenny and the wagon. But Ned was secretly convinced that the wagon was being used as a test of his own endurance, and smiled to himself at C. M.'s guile.

Ned was the target for many curious, unwinking stares before they left the short main street. At last the village lay behind them and the road ran winding past quaint homesteads and inviting side roads.

Winding Willow road was its name Claude informed Ned as they neared the top of the hill. Ned looked about him, absorbed in the panorama of comfortable farmland and wooded hills. He realized that the lovely road lived up to the first part of its name. It wound on and on and not too smoothly. There were steep hills and sharp turns before them, but Claude had arrived at a place where he might relax and talk.

"By Jiminy! It's good to be out of doors! I make a break once in so often and take out a lot of orders, so's not to get too fat and lazy."

Ned smilled. He had suspected that C. M., was trying him out, and now he was sure. Dabbs turned and looked at the

young man's face with great content. "You do like Peace Valley. Just as I feit you would. Grand country, Isn't It?'

"Benutiful! I don't see how one could be restless or disappointed down here."

"It's a queer thing," Mr. Dabbs answered introspectively, "how this place take all the spunk out of some people and makes them so mild and ladylike there's no stirring them up to any sort of decent ambition. You'll soon see that the folks brought up around Margaret Turnbull away. I didn't see the name Sims Copyright, 1925, by Margaret Turnbull. WNU Service

have some excuse besides their money for living. Money was enough when I was young. It isn't any more."

He chuckled at the thought. "The way I reason it, is that people who are just a little off on some one thing become so much of a darned nulsance that ordinary people either laugh at them or try to run away. This makes them band together so as to get an audience somehow. At Clover Hollow they can have meetings and argue as often as they like. If one man does all the talking one day, he knows he's got to listen the next.

"Take this house we're coming to now. It's called a cottage, but it takes five servants to run it. Professor O'Toole, who lives there, drinks something a good deal stronger than tea. He told me that the purity of his Gaelic depended on a diet of new potatoes, cream and whisky. Don't know where he gets his stuff, nor how he gets it past the revenue officers, but his cellar's full. He's against everything on God's green earth except the Irish republic. I can't help hoping Ireland never is a republic, for if it is, Professor O'Toole will be a terribly disappointed man. He'll have nothing left to live for, or talk about.

"Course he don't work for his living. His English uncle left him so much 'unearned increment' that he just has to use some of it up on De

Valera and that bunch." He looked at Ned, and added: "Awful pleasant fellow, though. You'd like to talk to him."

"This is amazing !" Ned said. "Next

"That's the show place. M. Adolphus Mannheim, the East side millionaire who married a settlement worker, lives there. He's a good provider and a nice fellow, if there ever was one. He's also got some excuse for talking kinda wild. Seems before he made his millions in a chain of stores over here, his family were Russian Jews and had what he calls 'pogroms' happen to them. A pogrom seems to be some sort of excuse for raging round at things in general, "But Mrs. Mannheim, why, she sorta forgets. Some of us knew her as Lizzie Harrigan, a school-teacher at Fellow's Corners twenty miles away. Lizzle always was a restless spirit,

and she made a strike for freedom and the city. She's got Mannheim flattered to death and fooled, but she can't fool Peace Valley. Leaves her big automobile around the corner, and in a plain shirtwaist and skirt and a sad smile tries to stir up the girls at the factory to fight for their rights. They chew their gum and laugh at Fellow's Corners ain't so far her. but some of us have heard of Lizzie Harrigan's rich marriage. She got a hint of that last time she tried to make a strike leader of herself and found she was the whole strike. She's

all for plain living and high thinking. and look where she lives! Five malds, a cook and a chauffeur. And clothes! Lizzle struck luck when she married Mannheim."

"I know Mrs. Mannhelm," Ned said, to Dabbs' complete astonishment, and Ned's volce was hard. "I'd rather go to her kitchen door with groceries any day, than to her front door. Who started this blot on the landscape?" Dabbs visibly started. He shot a

put on the order, so I can't tell you whether it's money or just views, but should think it would be money and views. Sometimes, you know, a regular family, just looking for peace and quiet, land here. But it's generally one of the same.

He paused, "Jimmy! I've never talked so much to any one before. Of course being agent for the property I have to keep my mouth shut. But what would you do? Turn them out? Aren't they safer here than in some other place? Peace Valley's slow moving."

He looked appealingly at Ned, for evidently that "blot on the landscape" rankled.

Ned said nothing. He was frowning, staring straight ahead of him, seeing nothing. Dabbs, giancing at him, puzzled, explained further: "Of course, I've only given you my idea of them. I'd not set you against them, for anything. In fact, they might amuse you." "They wouldn't," Ned interrupted

vehemently. "I don't want to know them."

The wagon gave a final lurch as they turned the corner near the Mannhelm's back gateway. A slender blonde girl came through the wrought fron gates at a breakneck speed, pulled along by an infuriated young collie on a leash. Neither the giri nor the dog seemed able to stop, and Jenny would not.

Horse, dog and girl seemed as one in the cloud of dust that enveloped them.

As Dabbs pulled at the reins, Ned jumped over the side of the wagon and landed at the girl's feet.

"Peter !" she shrieked, "My preclous dog! My Peter! You've killed htm."

"D-m Peter !" Ned muttered sul-"What are you doing here, lenly. Dorothy?"

The girl looked at him amazed, then at the wagon and Mr. Dabbs, who had kept his seat and regained control over the horse. Peter, who had not been killed, doubled back and was now cowering against the girl, growling.

Dabbs quietly descended and took the box containing the Mannheim order from the back of the wagon. Ned turned abruptly, went toward the wagon and elimbed to the sent.

"Til deliver the order at the next house, Uncle Claude, and come back for you," he announced, and was gone before Claude could protest.

The girl, her attractive face painted like a bisque doll, stood staring at the rapidly disappearing wagon. Claude, wisely concluding that he had nothing to keep him, shouldered the box and went toward the house,

When he returned, a few minutes later, the girl was still standing there, holding the dog and blocking his exit. Dabbs could see at once that he was not to escape easily. "Nice boy, Ned," Dabbs remarked

warily.

"Uncle Claude!" the girl exclaimed accusingly. "Are you the late Mrs. Rangeley's brother?"

"Mrs. Rangeley !" Dabbs echoed. "Mean Mrs. Carter, don't you Miss Seiden ?

"No, I mean Ned Carter Rangeley's mother.

"Ned Carter Rangeley!" Dabbs repeated. "You mean my boy Ned?" "Then you aren't his real uncle?"



Who shall have vision to pierce the

mist Enshrouding the common thing, r see in the dark hour sorrow Öt

kissed. The gleam of an angel's wing? The world is wide, and the world is old:

Its mysteries pass our ken; nd only to God are the secrets told

the flour has been warmed slightly it will work more easily. Form the mixture into two flat cakes, seven inches in diameter. Decorate the edge by crimping and prick all over with a fork. Sprinkle the top with caraway candles, candled cherries and preserved citron. Bake in a slow oven. Marshmallow Cream.-Soften one tenspoonful of gelatin in two table-

spoonfuls of cold milk, then dissolve over bolling water. Add one-half cupful of sugar and one cupful of double cream and beat until firm. Beat the white of a small egg, then fold in the cream with one-half teaspoonful of vanilla, half of a quarter-pound box of marshmallows cut into quarters, onehalf cupful of skinned grapes seeded and one banana cut into cubes and mixed with a tablespoonful of lemon juice. Dispose in glass cups, adding a cherry here and there. Garnish the top with finely chopped nuts and chill before serving.

Curried Shrimps .-- Put Into a sauce pan two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one tablespoonful of minced onion, cook until yellow. Mix one tablespoonful of flour and one-half teaspoonful of curry powder and stir into the hot butter; when well cooked add one cupful of milk and two cupfuls of freshly cooked shrimps. Serve hot with toast or wafers, or with hot rice. Lemon Honey-Boil six cupfuls of

sugar and one and one-half cupfuls of water six minutes, then add the juice from six lemons, stir and cool. tablespoonful of this honey is added to the glass of tea as it is served, or it may be passed in a small pitcher and as much used as the taste dictates. This honey will keep for several days in the ice chest, or for weeks

if poured into bottles and sealed. Head Lettuce With Roquefort Dressing .- Mash eight tablesponfuls of roquefort cheese with one teaspoonful of mustard; add to a good French dressing to which one-fourth of a cupful of chill sauce has been added.

Why Not Serve Shrimpe?

One reason for not having shrimpe often is the cost. When canned they are not inexpensive. If

one is fortunate enough to be able to procure them fresh, it is wise to serve them often. Many who might use fresh shrimps, pass them by because they do not



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trenuous work and

The fertile valleys of Oregon help to supply the tables of America. This is possible through the magic of the hum-ble tin can.

girl. Often she forced herself to work when she was hardly able to sit at her

machine. At times she would have to stay at home for she was so weak she could hardly walk. For five years she

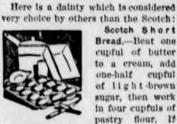
was in this weakened condition. She tried various medicines. At last,

a friend of hers spoke of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she gave it a trial.

In one of the can-ning establish-ments, Julia Schmidt was em-ployed. It was com-郡

Which live in the hearts of men. -Christine Davis.

GOOD THINGS WE LIKE



of light-brown sugar, then work in four cupfuls of pastry flour, If

she gave it a trial. "Everyone says I am a healthler and stronger girl," she writes. "I am rec-ommending the Vegstable Compound to all my friends who tell me how they suffer and I am willing to answer let-ters from women asking about it," Julia Schmidt's address is 112 Willow St. Silverton, Oregon. St., Silverton, Oregon,

Girls who work in factories know just how Miss Schmidt felt. Perhaps they, too, will find better health by taking the Vegetable Compound.

Young Missionary

Mother-Stop! Didn't I tell you that it is very wrong to fight? Johnny-I know it. I'm just trying



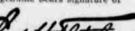


one; I told that to your mother.

CHILDREN CRY FOR "CASTORIA"

Especially Prepared for Infants and Children of All Ages

Mother! Fletcher's Castoria has been in use for over 50 years to relieve babies and children of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving natural sleep without oplates, The genuine bears signature of



Sometimes, it may be, a picale is got up for the pleasure of not inviting somebody.

and was found there by his wife, has a rival for wool-gathering honors in a certain English dean. This dean had invited some friends to dine at his house, and on their arrival a little ahead of time he suggested that in the interval of walting they might like to walk through the grounds.

Professor Forgot All

About Dinner Party The absent-minded professor who,

starting to dress for a formal dinner,

thought he was getting ready for bed

After spending a quarter of an hour admiring the flowers, shrubs and greenhouses, they came suddenly upon a door in the wall, "Ah," said the denn to his astonished guests, "this will be a much nearer way home than going back to the front," and all unconscious of his invitation he opened the door and bowed them out .- Boston Transcript.

Both Johns Honored

When Mr. and Mrs. James Cala mussi of Bristol, Conn., welcomed their first baby, the father decided that the child should be named John, after the father's older brother, who had been very kind to the family. In two years another boy arrived and Jamussi said it was he turn. Mrs. She, too, had a brother John, who had been a boon to her family. So the second boy also was named John,

For bloated foeling and d' treased breath-ing due to indigestion you need a modicing as well as a purgative. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are bath, Adv.

Still Falling

At school at Lankershim the other day, the teacher asked Buddy Cohen if he knew what a falling out meant, "Sure !" exclaimed Buddy, "we have one in our family right now !"

"Why, Buddy, you don't mean your father and mother are not getting along ?"

"Sure they do! But daddy's getting bald !"

Roman Mosaic

The British museum is soon to receive a fine example of Roman mosale pavement, In \$793 some laborers discovered it at Orkstow hall, on the lliver Humber, where it remained until the owner recently agreed to its removal. Composed of small colored cubes, it depicts various Roman scenes.

Mammoth Pail

A Keene (N. II.) concern has completed a pall for a preserve manufacturer. The pall holds more than a ton of felly and will be displayed at an exhibit in Madison Square garden, New York. The pall, with cover, weighs 225 pounds,

Nobody

Simons-I had a real time at the dance last night. Edwards-Bot you can't dance. Simons-Well, dld anybody?-Pathfinder.

Good Reason

Len-Oh, hers was a better one.

A Feminine Test

Grace-Why did you refuse him?

Gertie-Well, he said he'd die for

her.

Jim-Why?

me and I'm curlous.

Len-Yeah, Frank left his home for

re are terrible hard to 'rouse. I've felt that way often myself. Then sometimes there are days when suddenly the very peace of it gets on your nerves, sorta slaps you in the face. I've felt that, too. But when I go away from here. I want to come back. and it's the d-dest, hardest place to leave that I ever knew." He slapped Jenny lightly with the whip. "If it was anyone else I was talking to, they'd think I talked like a fool about my own place. But you get me, don't you?

"It doesn't sound foolish to me. I think I feel its charm already."

"And yet, when I was your age, Ned, how I kloked at being kept here, tied to a country store." He pointed his whip to a group of buildings at the foot of the gentle incline before them. "That's Clover Hollow, What do

you think of it?"

Ned saw several detached houses, most of them built of stone, more or less elaborate in design, except where they were merely the original farmhouse, or laborer's cottage, remodeled and enlarged but retaining some of the original simplicity of form. They were set in the midst of gardens and Inwns, some of them quite extensive. "Attractive looking spot. But what

Is it?"

"It's a joke on the man that built it." Claude said thoughtfully, "and I ought to know because I'm his agent. You see, he thought out this scheme for bringing a good class of people into the neighborhood, and by so doing boost his native village, financially and otherwise. And this is what he got!

"It's a kind of collection of goodnatured cranks," Dabbs resumed, after waiting for comment, which did not "They call it a community, and come. they call themselves workers, thinkers, writers, artists, leaders of the new revolt, and a lot of other names. Everything except a plain American citizen lives there. But there's no harm in any of 'em. They are just people with money enough not to work, and yet a burning desire to do something for a living that won't hamper 'em none.'

He laughed. "It's funny, Ned, how nowadays people feel they have to

quick glance at Ned, but the younger man did not notice the look.

"Isn't blot on the landscape' a little strong?" he inquired anxiously. "You see I'm the agent for the man who bought the land cheap, and thought it'd make a good investment as an exclusive residence place. He had a good architect come down here. who was crazy about remodeling old houses, and soon Mr. Mannheim and a man called Green got interested, and they brought the rest here."

"I suppose," Ned began reflectively, as though he had scarcely been listening, "that Mrs. Mannheim thought she could get together a set of her own down here, and drag Mannheim away from his friends."

"Don't know," Dabbs answered, a trifle bewildered at Ned's intimate knowledge of these people. "That's Green's house over there, among the trees, where we're going next. Green's a character. He can talk white into looking black, and the other way round. He was a professor, of something or other, in some college. He's in Russta now."

"Who has the house now?" "Don't just know. It was rented

by the New York agency when I was

"He has always called me 'uncle,' though the relationship isn't quite so close."

Dorothy Selden looked at him shrewdly. "I'm willing to bet every penny in my purse," and she jangled the little costly beaded article and dropped it back into the deep trouser pocket of her expensive farmerette costume, "that you don't know who Loren Lorimer Rangeley is."

Dabbs could not help his jaw dropping a little. "I do, though," he an-swered quietly enough. "He is a big New York banker, one of the meanest men God ever let live."

"Knowing that," snapped the giri, "and knowing that Ned is his only son, why this slily pretense that his name is Carter only?"

"Ned has his reasons," he told her coldly, "and Rangeley deserves to be kept in the dark."

> All right, then, Dorothy, just who is Loren Lorimer Rangeley? Does the plot get thicker or does it get thinner?

> > (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Good and Evil Omens Surround Honey Bees

Many women are interesting themselves in the art and business of beekeeping, and with skillful management it can be made a profitable industry. Much ancient lore is assoclated with the keeping of honey bees. They must be told when there is a death or wedding in the household, and their habits of swarming are omens of good or evil. If they swarm on the ground or on a dead tree someone is going to die, or there will be a famine, or something dreadful will happen. It is actonishing that country people ever kept bees if they believed in superstitions so liable as these to make them uncomfortable.

They do not worry the modern keekeeper, for, like everything else, the ing.

business has been modernized and the old village straw beehlve-maker has gone, together with many of the curious observances associated with beekeeping.

Reader's Cycle

Every inveterate reader goes through an endless cycle in the kind of books he reads, according to one of the Detroit librarians. The cycle goes something like this: Fiction, poetry, blography, history, sciencethen it begins all over again with fiction. But it does not mean evolution for the reader, because on each lap, he tends to improve the quality of the class of books he happens to be read-

know how to use them. They should be washed well, then remove the shells with a sharp knife and take out the small vein which runs down to the end of the tall. Boll them for twenty minutes, when they are ready to serve in various Ways.

Shrimp Chowder .-- Noting could be more appetizing on a chilly night to serve for supper than this dish of hot chowder: Put a third of a cupful of chooped fat salt pork into a kettle, add a chopped onlon or two. When this has browned slightly add one cupful of celery and a quart of boiling water. Cook until the celery is well done, adding a pint of diced potatoes, two tenspoonfuls of sait and a few dashes of pepper. Now add two cupfuls of uncooked shrimps and fintsh cooking. Just before serving add mlik, mlik crackers and butter to season if needed.

Baked Shrimps,-Cook a cupful of canned tomatoes until thick, adding salt and pepper to season, with a little onion juice. Put through a sieve. Take two cupfuls of cooked shrimps, place in a buttered baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs and the tomato, adding a few cooked mushrooms. Top with buttered crumbs and bake until thoroughly hot.

Shrimp Canapes, - Hollow out squares of brend to make small boxes two inches square. Dip in melted butter and brown, or toast under the gas flame. Fill with cooked shrimps cut into pieces and dressed with mayon naise dressing. Garnish with olives.

Fried Shrimps .- Shell and clean raw shrimps, sprinkle with salt and pepper and a little lemon juice. After standing ten minutes dip them into beaten egg and crumbs and fry in deep fat for three minutes. They may be varfed by dipping in batter and frying

Bananas will be found to be more flavorous if peeled and split, covered with orange or lemon juice for an hour before adding them to the dish of fruit salad or the cocktall.

Nellie Maxmell

All the rising young men should be trained under a successful man,

We all say the obvious thing, of course. It's expected.

No

hope!

He's

gone!

har Helcher.

Happlest people are those who do what they like and somebody decides to pay them for it.

After "Be It Resolved" always comes "Get out and work" if anything is to be accomplished.



"Flyosan ALWAYS kills," says Doc Fly

DON'T kill flies and mosquitoes one at a time.

Flyosan-the first and only effective fly and mosquito spray (non-poisonous)-kills all the flies and squitoes in your house in only a few minutes.

But use Flyosan itself. Don't take chances with inferior imitations. Rid your home quickly, thoroughly, not only of flying pests but also of the filthy, deadly germs which each one carries.

"Swatting" only scatters these

man's has the right Seterman's 200 Find Ave. N.Y.C.

millions of disease-bearing germs. Here is the right insecticide for

each insects FLYOSAN, Liquid Spray - Sills flies and

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD - externing

PETERMAN'S DISCOVERY, Liquid - ester-

PETERMAN'S ROACH FOOD - externit

nates that each each army, PETERMAN'S MOTH FOOD - protects

You must have a specific insecticide for each insect. No single insecticide will exterminate them all. We have had nearly 50 years' experience. We know that is true.