

# Alabaster Lamps



By Margaret Turnbull

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## STORY FROM THE START

Claude Melnotte 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, and a nephew. Later Dabbs admits to Aunt Lyddy that Carter is a chance acquaintance, veteran of the World War, whom he had met in New York and taken a liking to. Carter tells that he has broken with his family and his fiancée because of their ultra pacific leanings. With Dabbs Ned visits Clover Hollow. They almost run over a dog belonging to a girl whom Carter apparently recognizes. Ned delivers a grocery order, and in his absence the girl, Dorothy Selden, says that she knows Ned's last name to be Rangeley, and that he is the famous banker's son.

## CHAPTER II—Continued

By the look in the girl's eyes, he knew that he had said the right thing. She apparently forgot Dabbs' existence as she stood there turning the situation over in her mind.

"Quarreled with papa and down here leading the simple life with a poor relation," she mused. "What a situation for the high and mighty Ned! I congratulate you, Mr. Dabbs. It is evident that Ned has seen the light and come over to us."

"Us? I don't think I understand."

"Joined the workers, the Intelligentsia, the Bolsheviks of America."

"Not if I know Ned!"

Miss Selden looked at him, as one looks at the poor of understanding. Plainly she felt that any really up-to-date information would be lost upon Dabbs. She searched her mind for some expression used in the dark ages before the war.

"Don't you understand," she began condescendingly, "I'm what is called a radical. What you would probably call a Socialist."

Dabbs said nothing.

Disconcerted, Dorothy, unused to planting seed in ground totally uncultivated, began again: "A radical is well—a radical is one who believes all men should be equal."

"They are not," Dabbs interrupted, "and they can't be. Men aren't born equal, no matter what the Declaration says. Nor if you start them equal, do they stay so. Girl, the very best one can do is to try and give everybody an equal chance, and then watch the holes they land in."

"The world belongs to the workers," Dorothy began loftily.

"Sure. What's your trade?" Dabbs demanded.

Dorothy hesitated and was lost. "I—" she began.

Dabbs looked at her sympathetically. "I guess you're living on that 'unearned increment' the rest of the Clover Hollowers live on and despise so. And I guess you've got more of it than some of the others," he added, taking in comprehensively, but not offensively, her expensive playing-at-being-useful garments. "Well, I'm a grocer," and he shouldered his box and turned away. "If you'll excuse me, Miss Selden, I'll move along. The grocery business is sorta exacting in its demands, and I'll be going on down the road to the stonemason's. Mind telling my boy, Ned, to pick me up there when he passes?"

## CHAPTER III

Ned, Jenny and the wagon were standing in the driveway of the Green's former residence. The sign on the gate posts indicated that this place was called "The White House."

Ned found it a charming place. The old stone house was a real bit of pre-Revolutionary Pennsylvania. The original outbuildings had been torn down, but enough of the old stone barn had been retained to make a practical, yet picturesque, garage.

Altogether a wonderful old place, in which everything that was old was used. There was nothing new, made to look like an obvious afterthought. All were blended into a harmonious whole, agreeable to the eye, and testifying to the skill of the architect.

As he jumped down from the wagon seat, Ned thought perplexedly that he had forgotten to ask the name of the people who lived here. How would he know which box to take out? This difficulty was solved for him by the fact, discovered immediately he examined the contents of the wagon, that all remaining packages bore the name "Johnston." This was evidently not the usual house-to-house delivery, but a special trip, mainly to the Johnston house.

Shouldering the box containing the bundles, he walked to the kitchen door and knocked in his best grocery boy

manner. There was no response. He knocked again and waited.

"Oh Grocer!" came in a strong, young contralto voice somewhere above his head.

Ned shifted the box a little to enable him to look upward. From the rear hall window a girl leaned out. Ned wondered why he should think of extreme youth and fairy tales; then remembered the illustrations for "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your hair." The girl had been brushing her hair, and it hung about her in dusky masses. The brush was still in her hand.

"Will you please put the box on the bench just outside the door? I'll be down as soon as I can open the door. When we arrived last night, we found the servants had left because it was too lonely."

Ned put down his box and sat waiting on the steps. He was weary from his unwonted early rising. He leaned his head against the pillar of the kitchen porch and closed his eyes. This was a queer adventure—yet it promised, at least for a time, to be diverting; and that was all one could really ask of anything in this life. If it grew humdrum and commonplace, or Dorothy became a nuisance, he would move on. He thought of his newly acquired uncle. There, at least, he had made no mistake. Whatever Claude Dabbs was or was not, he was a man, and he was honest. Ned admitted more than that. C. M. Dabbs had charm.

"Poor fellow. How tired you must be!" Ned turned as the words came from behind him.

"Nonsense," Ned said, finding himself blushing. "I'm not tired in the least, Miss—"

"Johnston, and I hope you've brought everything I ordered."

Ned began carrying in the order. He did not hurry too much about his task. It was pleasant to watch in the clean, white, cool kitchen, this girl who was not like the other girls he knew. She had something they did



"Oh, Grocer!" Came in a Strong, Young Contralto Voice Somewhere Above His Head.

not have; or was it that he had never seen any of the other girls in just such an environment? Miss Johnston was smiling at him now across the white enameled table, on which they had spread and counted the groceries.

"I don't really know where the potatoes are kept," she said, "so put them in that big basket in the corner. You see, I don't know where everything belongs, yet."

"Why not leave them where they are," advised Ned. "The new cook will probably want to put them somewhere else anyway."

"Oh I think not, Mr. Mr.—er—Dabbs."

"But I'm not Mr. Dabbs. I'm his nephew. My name's Carter, Ned Carter."

Miss Johnston smiled, then frowned a little, a horseshoe shaped frown that drew her delicate black brows together.

"Try not to make so much noise with the potatoes, Mr. Carter. I don't want my mother disturbed."

Ned, who had been pouring the potatoes into the basket as might a small boy, and rather enjoying the noise, colored and stopped this demonstration of his muscular power. Instead of pouring them out as though they were canned peas, he lowered the bag discreetly and allowed the potatoes to escape as potatoes should.

"Much better," Miss Johnston admitted, and Ned found her charming as she stood there with slightly puckered brow. He forgot to object to

the school-teacher manner with which she said it. "Now, if you'll put the gasoline in the shed at the side of the porch, why that will be all. Tell your uncle that, with the servants gone, I'll have to telephone him later about the chickens we ordered. I'm afraid he shan't wait them."

Ned understood he was being dismissed, and picked up his empty potato sack. As he crossed the room he had a sudden inspiration.

"Miss Johnston, if there's anything Uncle can do before your new servants come, why, let us know. Uncle might be able to get some one in Peace Valley to come for a day and help you out."

"Oh, do ask him! It would help immensely."

Ned went out, determined that it should be done, and Mary decided that country people were really the salt of the earth. She also decided that this young man was decidedly too good-looking, with an air impossible to deny. How had he come by it in a country general store?

While she wondered, and put the groceries away, Dorothy Selden, who could have told her all about the air and how it was acquired, waited at the gate for the returning "grocer's boy."

He drove toward her whistling. In face and figure he was all that a lady might love, but his expression was far from being either pleasant or inviting. He stopped whistling when he saw Dorothy waiting alone, and a heavy frown came to his brow.

Dorothy swung herself into his path. Ned endeavored to keep on his way, but the girl was determined. Ned halted Jenny and waited.

"So, you've changed your mind?"

"No," Ned answered promptly, and then in true country fashion proceeded to answer one question by asking another. "Where's Uncle Claude?"

The girl ignored it, leaning on the wagon, insolently. "You didn't get across to fight," she jeered.

"No. Did you and father work together to prevent it? I've often wondered."

"You've quarreled with your charming but capitalistic father, and are down here working for your living."

Ned's mouth twisted into a reluctant smile. "Is that all you got after pumping C. M. Dabbs?"

"And you call yourself 'Carter,' the girl finished ominously.

"Right. Don't give me away."

The girl nodded. "What am I to understand from that, but that you've seen the error of your ways and decided to join us."

"Us?"

"Why this pretense?" Miss Selden asked airily. "I assure you there's no need. I don't mind your following me down here. This is a refuge, a haven where people like ourselves may find freedom of speech, of thought, of action—"

Ned looked at her. "And costume?" he added.

Dorothy laughed, secure in the fact that whatever he thought of it, it was becoming. It was going to be interesting, having Ned around. He must have cared more than she thought, to have followed so soon. How had he known? But she kept these things to herself and continued her pose. "I'm a worker, too, Ned. Mrs. Mannheim—I came down here to stay with her, as you evidently discovered—has a community garden, and I, well I do my small share toward making it a success."

"Don't let me detain you," hinted Ned, lifting Jenny's reins, fearful that if he stayed longer he would spoil her delightful theory of pursuit by the discarded lover.

But Dorothy still held to the wagon and he could not go. "You remember Mrs. Mannheim?" she asked.

Ned nodded. "Oh, yes, I remember her well, but I'm not anxious to renew the acquaintance—under the circumstances. I hardly think she'd care to have 'the grocer's boy' calling."

"Oh, I don't think she'd mind, if I explain. Of course, it hasn't been done. Among our own social set distinctions simply do not exist, but we haven't included the village, yet."

"I'm sure that would never do. And now, please, where is—Uncle Claude?"

"At the stonemason's, across the bridge," Dorothy informed him, and for a moment relaxed her hold on the side of the wagon and stooped to recover Peter's lens.

A banker's son a grocer's boy! What will we be hearing next about Ned Carter Rangeley?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Little of Wild Life Is British in Origin

Very few of the animals best known in our countryside are British in origin. Indeed, with the possible exception of the fox, the badger, the otter, the hare, and the red deer, there are today few, if any, survivors of animals native to this country.

The rabbit, for example, was not known here in early Christian days. It is believed to have originated in Spain; very old coins have been found in that country imprinted with the figure of a rabbit. Rats are quite foreign to these shores, though they are now too firmly established here. The English black rat came from the Continent eight centuries ago.

## Keeping Tab on Madame

We remember the time when the mistress asked the cook what was her day out. Now the cook asks the mistress what is her day in.—Tom Mason in Collier's.

Both the fallow and roe deer came to us from abroad, the first from Norway, the second from Asia. The pheasant found its way here in Roman times. The partridge, on the other hand, is perhaps the most British of all our game birds.—London Tit-Bits.

## Massachusetts' Flag

The librarian of the Massachusetts Historical society says: "I do not find a record of the adoption of any provincial flag by Massachusetts, but I do find a resolve passed by Massachusetts on April 29, 1776, among several resolves relating to the encouragement of seamen to enlist in the Colony sea service: 'Resolved, That the uniform of the officers be green and white and that they furnish themselves accordingly, and the colors be a white flag with a green pine tree and an inscription, Appeal to Heaven.'"

# Pretty Things that are Made at Home

GINGHAM, most versatile of fabrics, has come into popular use for interiors as well as for the wardrobe. With the present peasant mode in interiors now sweeping the country, decorators are turning more and more to gingham. Some are even using it as a wall covering in place of paper with great success. It is shelled and can be kept clean with soap and water.

From the dresser drape to the tablecloth and napkins there is scarcely

a matter of fitting the chair. Some women pin paper to the chair and then cover a pattern for the gingham. For the chair shown, which is a fair-sized wing chair, it required nine yards of gingham.

From skull caps to brims of tremendous width—'tis the latest caprice of the millinery mode. Broad brims and short skirts, never—so said some of our fashionists at some time or other in the past. In present-day modes, behold the theory dis-



SOME USES FOR GINGHAM

any interior decoration that lends itself to fabric that cannot be made from gingham. The dresser drape in the sketch may be made from any of the many beautiful colorful designs, and trimmed with plain gingham. The plains come in colors to match the predominant shade in the design. It will require about seven yards with three yards for trim.

The "lazy pad," as it is called, sketched just under the dresser, is for the beach, yachting, lawn or picnic, where one may like to take a siesta in the open. It is simply made from two strips of gingham of the width required. All ginghams come in 32-inch widths.

To make the tablecloth will require one yard and a quarter of the designed gingham and three-fourths of a yard of the plain for a five-inch border. The cloth will be about forty-one inches when finished. Each napkin requires one-fourth of a yard of designed material and an eighth of a yard of the plain.

The lamp shades are made from parchment with designed gingham pasted on with rubber cement. Rub-

proved! Smart women of fashion are at this moment looking their smartest in short-jacketed, short-skirted tailcoats topped with plain-banded straw hats of enormous dimensions. That's the interesting part of these big-brimmed hats (some quite floppy)—they are not confined to dressy modes. Rather do they compete with entrancing so-thin-you-can-see-through-them picture types. For that matter many of the large tailor-banded black hats are themselves transparent, but these are not as frequent as are the very elegant milana, with their velvet bows and bands.

Modishly banded, with either grosgrain or velvet ribbon, this is the regulation trim adopted by fashion for huge straw hats, such as the one pictured to the left in this group. If it isn't a milan which milady wears then it's a leghorn wide of brim or very likely one of the new palladian straws. Leghorns which measure up to the mode's requirements as to width of brim are either au naturelle, or else dyed black or some lovely pastel shade. Black velvet ribbon bands are the rule for natural or black leghorns,



HATS OF THE DRESSY TYPE

ber cement is better than glue, as it is not so apt to come through, and will permit the gingham to peel off easily in case of a mistake. The light shining through the parchment and gingham is beautifully softened and very effective. For a large lamp shade of about sixteen inches in depth it will require two and a quarter yards of gingham and a yard and a quarter of parchment. The strip of parchment and gingham when ready to plait is four and a half yards long.

The slip cover for the winged chair is a more difficult proposition. Still there are any number of women who make their own slip covers without the aid of an upholsterer. It is simply

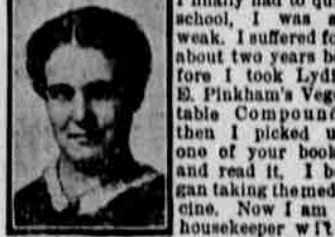
but if the leghorn be colorful, its tall-ored trim is either a perfect match or a perfect contrast. The same applies to the lovely large crin capelines, so favored with sheer frocks.

The leghorn hat first in this group maintains a tailored aspect, although it has been intricately worked with velvet. The hat below introduces a pastel-colored silk facing. At the top to the right in this collection of delectable summer millinery, is one of those sheer transparent affairs, which lends itself so consistently to the dressy midsummer costume. A tulle flange adds to the width and grace of the brim. JULIA BOTTOMLEY. (©, 1927, by Western Newspaper Union.)

# GIRLHOOD TO MOTHERHOOD

Iowa Woman Found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Always Helpful

Vinton, Iowa.—"When I was seven-



teen years old I had to stay at home from school, I finally had to quit school, I was so weak. I suffered for about two years before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, then I picked up one of your books and read it. I began taking the medicine. Now I am a housekeeper with six children, and I have taken it before each one was born. I can't tell you all the good I have received from it. When I am not as well as can be I take it. I have been doing this for over thirteen years and it always helps me. I read all of your little books I can get and I tell everyone I know what the Vegetable Compound does for me.—Mrs. FRANK SELLERS, 610 7th Avenue, Vinton, Iowa.

Many girls in the fourth generation are learning through their own personal experiences the beneficial effects of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Mothers who took it when they were young are glad to recommend it to their daughters.

For over half a century, women have praised this reliable medicine.

## Along Classic Lines

The Washington memorial, near Alexandria, Va., is modeled after the ancient towers which were used as beacons to guide mariners into harbor, as exemplified in those of Rhodes. The building will consist of four colonnaded stories of diminishing perimeters, tapering from the base through successive stages to the observation tower provided at the top.

## Fake Photo Made Trouble

If you are a girl in Germany, answering a matrimonial advertisement, you must send your own photograph to your prospective fiancé; otherwise, as an unwise Berlin fraulein discovered to her cost, a damage suit can be brought, and won, by the disappointed swain.

## Tide Will Turn

Mother—Did you put your nickel in the Sunday school collection?  
Tommy—No, I lost it.  
Mother—But this is the third week in succession you've lost it.  
Tommy—I know, but that other kid's luck can't last forever.—Tit-Bits.

## Oh Boy!

Grandma Lentil, whose disappointment was keen when she heard that her daughter's baby was a girl, has just learned that her informant was mistaken, and is very much buoyed up over the news.—Farm and Fireside.

## At Once

Hewitt—I married in haste.  
Jewett—And repented?  
Hewitt—When the officiating clergyman held out his hand for the wedding fee.

## Hopefulness

Height of hopefulness: Amateur gardener telling his neighbors that he planted a peck of potatoes and is going to get two bushels from them.—Baltimore Sun.

## Why Not?

Those Eskimos that are visiting the United States may miss their whale blubber, but why can't they live on the fat of the land?—Farm and Fireside.

## The Pessimist

"Well, school will soon be over, Robert."  
"Now, we just get a few months' recess."

## Met His Match

"He's fast, isn't he?"  
"Not so very. Susan caught him."  
—Sydney Bulletin.

Five counties in Colorado, Baca, Hinsdale, Jackson, Moffat and Rio Blanco, have no telegraphic facilities.

Roman Eye Balsam is an antiseptic ointment. Hence the medication heals by penetrating the inflamed eye surface. Adv.

When you say a man is erratic you mean he is hard to get along with.

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