

Alabaster Lamps

By MARGARET TURNBULL

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WNU Service

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, as 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-racistic 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 Ranselley, and that he is the famous banker's son. Next morning Ned begins work as a delivery boy. Delivering an order marked "Johnston" at the "White House," he meets a girl who tells him she and her mother are alone, the servants having left. Ned promises to get help. Meeting Dorothy, his former fiancée, he evades telling why he is in Peace Valley.

CHAPTER III—Continued

Instantly, Ned and Jenny started down the road.

Dorothy called to him, surprise in her voice. Was it possible her diagnosis of the fleeing maid and the seeking lover could be wrong? "Why, Ned, you're not leaving me like that, are you?"

"I am," Ned called back to her. "I'm busy this morning. You seem to forget that we workers must work."

The stonemason lived in a tumble-down old farmhouse across the creek, halfway between Clover Hollow and Peace Valley. It was beautiful to look at, from a distance, but when you got to the stony road in front of it you saw both farm and house had been neglected for years.

To Claude Dabbs the neglect was far more evident than the beauty. He put his empty box down by what passed for a gate, so that it might be a sign and symbol of his presence to Ned when he came by, and went up the rough driveway to see Ettie Pulsifer and find out if William Penn Pulsifer had any intention of working this week. Claude had gone to school with Ettie. He remembered her when she was pink and pretty, and he hated to see her totting with so little prospect of reward for her labor.

Ettie was at a tub in the back yard, washing, with two very small children playing at her feet. Another child, not much older, was driving his next brother about the yard as a fire engine. Two more children were leaning from an upper window, trying vainly to reach a cat on the shed roof. The cat, being far more comfortable on the roof than it would be in their hands, was protesting. The eldest but one, a girl, was helping Ettie with the wringing.

"My land, Claude, that you?" Ettie called, tossing back a dark brown lock with a wet, soapy hand. "William Penn Pulsifer's gone down to the village with Penny to look about for some boards for somepin'. He told me, if you happened along, to say that he'd try to git that chimney pointed on Bert Oakley's house come next Thursday, if it don't rain."

"All right, Ettie," Claude answered and avoided looking at her, as he had during all Ettie's nervous speech. Well did both Ettie and Claude know that William Penn Pulsifer had promised to come next week Thursday for some ten weeks. But it was Ettie's part to hold the banner high and so screen some of William Penn Pulsifer's shortcomings, and it was Claude's part not to peep through the rents in the banner lest he might see the naked truth.

Ettie sighed as she looked over toward Claude Dabbs, who had Toots and the others on his knees and all about him.

"I declare, Claude Dabbs, seems a shame you're an old bachelor, and you so fond of 'em. Ought to have had a dozen of your own."

"Things are uneven in this fine world, Ettie," was Claude's comment, as he looked up the road, along which Jenny and Ned were tearing at full speed. "Got a fine young man visiting me. My adopted nephew. Here he comes." He walked toward the gate, followed by all the children.

Presently Ettie, looking up from the washing, saw that he was coming back again, accompanied by the children and the young man. Jenny had been tied to the last remaining gate post. Ettie ungraciously acknowledged Claude's introduction, though her mind was perfectly cordial toward the young man, it being no part of country etiquette to look either pleased or gracious on such an occasion, lest advantage be taken. What advantage, and why, no one knows, but custom has apparently decreed that they who make their living from the soil, shall, despite nature's generous teaching, instinctively distrust their fellow man.

Claude briefly outlined to Ettie the

situation at the White House and concluded by asking:

"Could you do a day's general housework and cooking, Ettie, for the new folks up there?"

"My land, what's come to their cook?" asked Ettie, country fashion, refusing to commit herself until she had had all the facts spread out before her.

Ned said easily: "They left because they thought it looked lonely. Servants leave nowadays, don't they, without any reason?"

Here Claude looked up and took hold of the situation, lest the energetic little bundle of nerves leaning against her wash tub might take exception to this offhand city person's way of explaining a case.

"My nephew, here, says there's just a young girl up there, trying to run that big house herself and keep her mother quiet. I don't know anything about them, Ettie, but it would be real neighborly to help out. I'll send Ned to take you there tomorrow morning—if you can manage it."

"I'm busy," acknowledged Mrs. Pulsifer, "but if it's a case of real necessity, I could go."

"That's real good of you, Ettie," Claude said heartily, and indicated to Ned they'd better go. Ned hurried down the lane to aunt Jenny. Claude



"First Time in My Life Anyone Told Me I Had Beautiful Eyes."

paused to say to Ettie, as he separated himself gently from clinging little hands: "The way I look at it, the mother probably won't do anything, and it's a good deal to fall on the shoulders of a girl."

"Won't hurt her none," sniffed Mrs. Pulsifer, "but of course all them Clover Hollowers pay good money, and it's a real nice place. I own, Claude, I kinda like to see what they've done to the house. It certainly is a pretty home."

"Yes, ain't it," Claude agreed appreciatively. "Well, I'll send the boy round at half-past eight, Ettie, to take you to the—I declare I don't know their name. They came while I was in New York."

"That's a good morning's work, son," he said amiably as he mounted the wagon seat beside Ned. Not for worlds would he allude to Dorothy Selden and her revelations, for that was, as Dabbs would have phrased it, "up to Ned."

If it was, Ned showed no signs of being about to introduce the lady into the conversation.

"I say, C. M., there's something I'd like to fix up with you before we get to home and Aunt Lyddy. Though you found me on a park bench, I have some money, and I'd like to pay my way."

"Look here, Ned," Claude flushed and stammered, "there's no necessity—and—and when I asked you to Peace Valley, I asked you to stay with me. I can afford it. Afterward, if you like, we can arrange something, if you'll only stay."

Ned smiled at him. "Surely, I'll stay, if you keep me busy."

Conversation languished after that, for Dabbs waited for Ned to choose

the subject. He glanced again at the young man beside him and noted the set of his jaw. "Anything disagreeable happen to you up at the White House?" he inquired.

Ned shook his head. "Only saw that girl I told you about. Perfect peach. She took the order from me." Ned relaxed into silence.

"What was their name?" Mr. Dabbs asked, getting out his little memorandum book and preparing to note it. "I asked Ettie, but she didn't know."

"Johnston," said Ned, dwelling on it. "Miss Johnston."

Dabbs stared at him. "Johnston. Oh, well, that's a pretty common name round these parts. Any more in the family besides the girl and the mother?"

"Don't know," Ned admitted. "Find out tomorrow, when you take Ettie there."

"What difference does it make?" Dabbs laughed. "You'll make a pretty good grocer's clerk, Ned, if you can't figure out that for yourself. So many mouths, so many more loaves of bread ordered. But that isn't why I asked. I've got a dozen or more 'Johnstons' and 'Johnsons' on my book already, and beside, I'm agent for the property and I really ought to know something about these people."

But Ned was paying little attention. He was off on another train of thought entirely, as Dabbs was to discover, for he let Jenny have a free rein while he put a cigarette in his mouth.

"You've seen the girl, C. M., for I've just remembered that she came into the store last night and you directed her to Clover Hollow."

He leaned forward to take a light from Dabbs.

"She has the most extraordinary blue eyes! You never saw such eyes. Why, they're like—like—"

He looked up to see Claude laughing, and added quite involuntarily: "Like yours, C. M."

"Well I be d—d!" was Claude's equally spontaneous retort. "First time in my life any one ever told me I had beautiful eyes!"

CHAPTER IV

That night Ned lay awake thinking of Dorothy Selden's reappearance in his life, and how little it meant to him now. When he slept he dreamed of a blue-eyed Rapunzel who let down her hair.

Claude Dabbs, also wakeful, puzzling how to keep Ned interested in Peace Valley, finally slept; to dream of a beautiful woman named Johnston pursuing him, accompanied by gigantic dogs all answering to the name of Peter.

Ned again surprised Claude by rising early and cheerfully setting out for Pulsifer's farm. However, William Penn Pulsifer and his son Penny had decided to work, for awhile, nearby. Because of this, Ettie felt that she must supply them with a hot dinner, and so could not come to the White House until one o'clock.

Ned agreed to come again at one o'clock if Miss Johnston still wanted her, and took his way to the White House. It promised to be an amusing day, he thought, as he knocked at the kitchen door.

"Blue Eyes," with flaming cheeks, opened the door. This had been a terrible morning of starting open fires, lighting a kitchen range, and trying to find things in a strange kitchen, in a strange house.

Ned proceeded to explain Mrs. Pulsifer's absence.

Mary listened, murmured her thanks, and praised Mr. Dabbs for his kindness in sending help. She would be glad to see Mrs. Pulsifer that afternoon.

"What will you do now?" Ned asked, anxiously looking at the pile of dishes on the table before her. "Let me help you."

Shortly Claude Melnotte Dabbs, grocer, will take a place in this story that you hardly would expect.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Wakes Sunday" Long Festival in England

A peculiar religious festival known as "Wakes Sunday" used to be held, and is still observed in the north of England and elsewhere in honor of the day of dedication of the parish church.

On this anniversary it was customary for the younger parishes to keep watch in the church upon the night preceding the feast-day—from which is derived the curious term "wakes." About the middle of the Seventeenth century, however, it was ordained that all church wakes were to be held upon the first Sunday in October instead of on different dates as had previously been the case, and for about two hundred years later, Wakes Sunday and the day following was a recognized national festival, akin to the modern Bank holiday. In Herefordshire the day following Wakes Sunday was

"Thumping Monday," an allusion to the fighting that so frequently marred the festivities. In Cornwall, Wakes Sunday was known as "Feaston Sunday." Another name was "Hopping Sunday," derived from the dancing which took place.

Woman Urged Inoculation

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, wife of a British ambassador to Constantinople, is credited with having been the first person to encourage inoculation against smallpox among the British doctors. She had such good results in Turkey that she later persuaded Doctor Maitland to introduce it into England. Dr. Edward Jenner is the one who placed inoculation upon scientific basis.



On the Funny Side

UNDISMAYED

The departing guest had been given his bill, and shortly afterward the manager said to the head waiter: "You gave the man in room 29 his bill, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"I didn't forget to charge for anything, did I?" inquired the manager.

"Not that I know of," answered the waiter.

"Strange, very strange," muttered the other; "I can still hear him whistling."

WHAT HE MEANT



Mr. Oldfame—Our family fortune was founded by my earliest ancestors who were all forehanded folk.

Philippa—I see. You mean the ape.

Better to Live in Hopes

Existence can be only dream For those who live in constant fear.

Tough Work

"My poor husband was a wonderful artist," sighed the landlady as she backed at the pie crust. "He always said he found inspiration in my cooking."

"A sculptor, I presume," said the gloomy boarder, surveying his bent fork.

Great Concern

"I'm nearly sure that's an old friend of mine sitting at that table over there."

"Then why don't you speak to him?"

"I'm afraid to, because he's so shy that he would feel quite awkward if it turned out to be another man after all."

Such Ignorance

A farmer's boy brought a cowhide to the village produce dealer and asked what the price was for hides.

"Is it a green hide?" asked the dealer.

"Naw," replied the boy disgustedly, "they ain't no green cows. The one this skin came off was a brindle."

That's a Cinch

Wife—You don't allow me half enough money for clothes.

Hub—If I did you would still go around half dressed.

GETTING BACK AT HIM



"You are lucky to be alive."

"Yes—among so many dead ones."

A Tail

Mary had a little dog With pedigree quite tony; It tried to cross the street one day—Honk, honk, bologna.

Warning!

Edgar—Phyllis wears a big sweater with W. P. on it.

Edwin—West Point isn't a co-educational school.

Edgar—That doesn't mean West Point—it means Wet Paint.

Resting on His Laurels

English Woman—There's no livin' with my 'usband now, ma'am; fame 'as ruined 'im. Since 'e got cured by them pills an' 'ad his picture in the paper, 'e ain't done a stroke.

The Usual Distinction

"I admire determination in a man, don't you?"

"That depends. If it brings success. I praise it as splendid perseverance; if failure, I denounce it as confounded obstinacy."

Yes!

Barrister—What possible excuse did you fellows have for acquitting that man?

Juryman—Insanity.

"Really! The whole 12 of you?"

SLEEVELESS BLOUSE POPULAR; ALSO THE GINGHAM ENSEMBLE

NOT one or two but many a blouse will the woman of smart fashion be buying in the months to come. The blouse theme includes many versions from the sports type to the costume blouse, the latter so essential to the jacket and skirt ensemble.

Being summer, when the game of golf and tennis are the sports of the hour, interest centers to a great extent around the sleeveless blouse. Such cunning types as one sees these days! Perhaps none are of a more impelling chic than those fashioned of

two-piece and three-piece gingham at once struck a note of popularity, for they were just what were needed in the summer wardrobe.

All the fashionable world is color struck this season, which is another "reason why" stylists recognize in gingham a medium directly adaptable to current modes. Always cool and fresh looking, never lose color in the tub, never lose color in the sun, no wonder gingham has become a favorite for fashionable midsummer wear.

The gingham ensemble in the pic-



OF ROMAN-STRIPED SILK

Romany striped silk, such as the one shown in this picture. A detachable scarf adds a striking style touch to this model.

Other blouses of this gay Roman stripe make their appearance with a matching neck kerchief square. This style especially suits the pretty "bobbed" flapper who wears it with a conchance that is captivating.

One cannot touch upon the subject of the blouse without referring to the new all-over lace types. These, of course, are dressy, and intended to wear with either flannel silk skirts or with skirts of lace finely plaited.

Not only are blouses of gray or beige lace registering as fashionable.

ture bespeaks a latest style trend. In this one-piece dress with short jacket mildly finds comfort, style and plentiful color. This model has a finished sleeve that can be set in either the coat or the dress in the "twinkling of an eye." Any woman can see the advantage of this. There is quite a rivality just now between the sleeveless jacket and the sleeveless dress. As pictured, the sleeveless frock wins, the coat being sleeved—which is a thoroughly practical arrangement.

A reversible gingham in a novelty check of orange and blue on a white ground is selected for the making of this gown. Where the check is orange on one side it is blue on the other. There is no right or wrong side. This



TWO STREET COSTUMES

but lovely lace models are shown in exquisite pale greens, rose shades, blue and yellow tones. Rhinestone buttons, also grosgrain or velvet ribbons trim the blouses of lace most fetchingly.

A foreword as to fall fashions predicts not only metal cloth and novelty blouses but a possibility of beaded blouses again being favored by the mode.

What a thrill the smart set is getting out of cotton goods these days. Imagine Paris endorsing the gingham ensemble for street and sportswear. Well, that is just what has happened and we in America are quite taken with the idea, too. These

gives an excellent opportunity for self-trim. In this instance the reverse of the fabric forms a clever trim for the collar, revers, cuffs and other details with the dress made up accentuating the blue, while the coat emphasizes the yellow. The whole is finished with a piping in one-tone blue gingham to match the check and adds to its beauty.

Here's an interesting item to remember when buying gingham for the new ensemble you are planning—for every designed gingham there comes a one-tone weave for trimming.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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