



ALABASTER LAMPS

by Margaret Turnbull

STORY FROM THE START

Claude Melotte 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-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 Rangleley, 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. Ned arranges with Little Pulsifer to go housework at the "Johnston", but she is unable to start work at once. Ned goes to report to Mary Johnston.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

Mary opened her mouth to annihilate this pushing young person, but at that moment the telephone bell rang, and with a little nod of dismissal, she hurried to answer it.

Ned looked idly about him. Then the great idea came to him. He grinned, snatched up a gingham kitchen apron from the back of a chair and tied it across his chest. He turned the hot water on a pan full of dishes and reached for the dish mop. He knew that camp, motor boat and army experiences would stand him in good stead now. He would show this girl what an excellent job he could do. He commenced to wash dishes in a slow, orderly fashion.

At the telephone, Mary was talking to Mr. Dabbs. She had closed the door. No sound from the kitchen reached her. Yes, she told him, she was Miss Johnston, and his nephew had gone. She was ever so much obliged. If Mrs. Pulsifer could come at noon, it would be a great help.

Mary left the telephone with shining eyes. How kind these country people were! Imagine a grocer taking all that trouble in the city! She must tell mother. It would amuse her. If the headache was not too bad. With a little run she took the stairs, three steps at a time, and softly opened the door of the great front bedroom.

It was a lovely room, darkened now, beautifully arranged and furnished. Nothing in it was as beautiful as the woman who was lying upon the bed, staring at the ceiling. She looked scarcely older than Mary herself. Tumbled masses of red hair spread over the pillow. She turned her face quickly from Mary.

"Mother, I'm going to bring you some tea and toast in a jiffy, unless you feel like coming down."

"I don't want anything. Don't trouble," came in a soft murmur from the bed.

"Oh, mother, don't take it so hard! I'm getting on famously and the country people here are wonderful. What do you think! The grocer—the one with a funny little short name—Dabbs—that's it, is sending a woman to cook and clean for us this afternoon. By tomorrow we'll have not only a clean house, but probably a new batch of maids and a cook from the city. Then you can be properly fed."

Her mother raised herself on one elbow, staring at her daughter with level, unblinking brown eyes. Seen face to face she appeared older than Mary, but one would hardly have classified them as mother and daughter. Sisters would have been a reasonable guess.

"Mary, what did you say the grocer's name was?"

"Dabbs," repeated Mary. Funny name.

"Isn't this place called Clover Hollow?"

"Yes, mother, but the grocer comes from Peace Valley. There are no shops in Clover Hollow."

Mary's mother sank back on her pillows and muttered something that sounded like: "Oh my soul! The last straw!"

Mary looked puzzled and a little

frightened. This was the first time in her life that she had known her strong, capable mother to give way to her nerves.

"Mother, can't you tell me what's wrong?"

"No, I can't just now, Mary-girl. It's a little financial bother, and until I understand it better myself, I can't talk about it. Run along like a good child. My head will soon be all right again." Then the head was lifted and the eyes fixed upon her daughter. "Oh do take that ugly apron off!"

"I've been so busy I forgot it." Mary was more hurt than apologetic. To tidy a big house like this, and make something to eat, was quite an achievement, for any girl, and especially one unaccustomed to doing it. She had looked for praise.

"It makes you look—" her mother gave an odd, hysterical giggle—"it makes you look—like a grocer's daughter. For heaven's sake, take it off!"

Mary went downstairs more slowly than she had come up. She wished her mother would confide in her, for she must be awfully worried about money to act like this. Mary wondered, idly, if it meant that they would have to give up the proposed trip to California and Honolulu this fall. They might possibly have to stay in New York all winter. They might even be so poor that they would have to stay here in the country. There was something that appealed to Mary in this thought, if only mother could be kept amused.

Ever since Mary's childhood, she had realized that the first duty of the world and the people therein, herself included, was to keep mother amused. When she was not amused, Mary's heavens were dark. It was not that it took so much to amuse her. Sometimes a new book or a visit from a friend, and the sun shone again; but was betide any place or person boring her for two consecutive days. They were immediately obliterated from her life.

Mary sat down to rest on one of the steps. Her thoughts went back through the years to all the hotel suites they had occupied—the rented villas, apartments in Spain, Italy and France. All had been delightful, but she would love to stay here and see an American winter. To watch the seasons change from spring to summer, summer to autumn, autumn to winter, here in her own country! It would be delightful, wonderful.

Mary rose slowly and went down stairs. One thing certain, she must not bother mother now, and she must make her a cup of tea.

Mary opened the door leading to the kitchen. Then she stared with astonishment and dismay at the grocer's boy drying the dishes.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary.

The "grocer's boy" began tugging at his apron strings, wishing that he had heard her coming. "Must look a fool," was his thought.

"It was very kind of you, but entirely unnecessary." Mary spoke severely.

Her tone reminded Ned of all he had forgotten about his apparent station in life. Suddenly he disliked this blue-eyed girl intensely, if she was that kind.

He slipped out of the offending apron, took up his hat, and looked at her gravely. "I'll bring Mrs. Pulsifer up after luncheon," he offered, imply.

Mary's sense of humor, which had momentarily deserted her, returned. She thought herself a fool to handle the incident, however annoying, in this manner.

"Oh, Mr. Carter, will you please bring up two pounds of Graham flour, and some table salt—I don't remember how salt comes—and three cakes of

Scooter Met Match in Witty Preacher

Doctor Parker, famous English pulpit orator, on one occasion was receiving a good deal of attention at a London club to which he had been invited. All was going well until one of the audience, perhaps somewhat irritated at finding a Christian minister the center of so much flattering attention, launched out into an attack upon Christianity. He said that, after all, the benefits of Christianity had been tremendously overrated, and that in beneficent influence upon mankind many inventions had done more than Christianity. "For instance," he said, "I consider that the discovery of gas has done more for mankind than the Christian religion." The clubmen instantly resented this insult to their guest. There were hisses and cries of

"Shame!" and "Withdraw." Doctor Parker arose and said, "Hush, do not let us quarrel with our friend. He is simply stating his belief. When I am nearing my latter end I will call for the consolation of the Christian religion, but our friend here, on his death-bed, will call for the gas man."—Montreal Family Herald.

Not Upright

J. P. W. remarks: "Many a man's standing would be better if he did not spend so much time lying."—Boston Transcript.

Electric heat is used to dry the ink on bills made by the bureau of engraving and printing.

Claude has something on his chest. And he won't be satisfied until he gets it off.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



WOMEN'S FIRST

They were playing in a mixed foursome and Percy Plunkett was very much on color. It annoyed him because he wanted to put up a "show" before the girl of his heart.

After a particularly bad miss he felt compelled to indulge in a mild expletive.

"Sorry, Susie," he apologized to the girl. "I didn't mean to say that. Forgive me for swearing like that before you."

"That's all right," returned the maiden sweetly, "you didn't."

SO HE WOULD KNOW



"Why do you pay such attention to what that crank tells you to do?" "So I'll know what not to do."

The Perfect Guest

We love the guest who finds our home a pleasant place to stay, and yet who knows without a hint the time to go away.

Simplified Society

"Your social activities require a great deal of time."

"Not so much as you might think," answered Miss Cayenne. "You can send out invitations in half an hour, notify the press in ten minutes and call up the caterer in thirty seconds."—Washington Star.

Preferred Risk

Agent—Do you own a car? Prospective Insurer—Oh, I suppose you're going to stick on the premium because I'm a motorist.

Agent—On the contrary, the premium will be less. If you drive a car you are in less danger of being run over by one.

Also Water Hazards

"Golf is a very old game, isn't it, dad?"

"Yes, my son."

"They played golf in the ark, didn't they, dad?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Why, they had lynx in the ark, didn't they, dad?"—Stray Stories.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS



She—Women's rights are growing stronger every day.

He—Yes, newspaper accounts of huddles being beaten up by their wives are increasing without doubt.

Too True!

Mary had a little hen
But she was very queer;
She laid like fun when eggs were cheap
But stopped when they were dear.

Feathering a Nest

"Mrs. Brown, ma says will you lend her a dozen eggs for a hen to sit on?"

"I didn't know you had a hen."

"We haven't, but we're borrowing one to sit on your eggs, and then, ma says, we'll have poultry of our own."

Vain Scheme

Mrs. Crawford—How is it you and your husband can't agree about a budget.

Mrs. Crabshaw—He tries to put over too many Thrift weeks on me.

Making Provision

"Are you going to make any charitable bequests?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "I am going to leave incomes to my titled sons-in-law, who could not possibly get along without them."—Washington Star.

A Sure Thing

"How did your friend acquire his reputation for such great wisdom?"

"Why, there isn't a subject under the sun he can't remain silent about."

If you are planning to trade-in your present car for a new car, remember these facts:

- 1 When you trade-in your used car for a new car, you are after all making a purchase, not a sale. You are simply applying your present car as a credit toward the purchase price of the new car.
- 2 Your used car has only one fundamental basis of value; i. e., what the dealer who accepts it in trade can get for it in the used car market.
- 3 Your used car has seemingly different values because competitive dealers are bidding to sell you a new car.
- 4 The largest allowance is not necessarily the best deal for you. Sometimes it is; sometimes it is not.
- 5 An excessive allowance may mean that you are paying an excessive price for the new car in comparison with its real value.
- 6 First judge the merits of the new car in comparison with its price, including all delivery and finance charges. Then weigh any difference in allowance offered on your used car.

GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND

BUICK · LASALLE · CADILLAC

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS · YELLOW CABS AND COACHES

FRIGIDAIRE—The electric refrigerator

Too Bad

Sacha Guitry, the French actor and playwright, said on departing from New York:

"The movies are ruining the theater. It's too bad."

"A comedian said to a tragedian over a sandwich in one of your cafeterias the other day:

"I hear that the crowd blessed you off the stage at the Gaiety last night."

"'A lie, my boy,' said the tragedian, 'A miserable lie. There was no crowd.'"

Wedding School Affair

Miss Ola Sunshine Thomas, teacher in a rural school near Los Angeles, became a bride on the last day of the term. Her wedding took place in the schoolroom, with each pupil in the class taking some part in the ceremony.

Fine Telephone Service

For two and a half cents the telephone service in Stockholm or Gothenburg will tell you at any hour specified, will tell you the exact time and answer calls in case you are ill or away.

It also will take messages while you are out, or even away over the weekend, and deliver them when you return, call a busy number as soon as it is free and perform several other services usually done by an office assistant or valet.

The services are performed by special exchanges.

Round One

Mr.—"Well, be satisfied! There are worse fellows than I am." Mrs.—"Oh, don't be such a pessimist."

A few people are envied because of their wisdom, many because of their wealth.

Some acts are quicker than thoughts.

Bugville's Richest Citizen—

But Flyosan will get him too!



HE'S BEEN burying flies and mosquitoes by the millions.

Flyosan floats through your rooms, killing every single fly and mosquito—getting into corners and crevices you could never see.

But use Flyosan itself—the first liquid insect spray on the market (non-poisonous). Flyosan not only kills every fly and mosquito in your house, but also kills the millions of deadly, disease-bearing germs on the body of each.

And "swatting" only scatters these germs into the air you and your family breathe.

Peterman's has the right insecticide for each insect. On sale wherever drugs are sold.

Here is the right insecticide for each insect!

FLYOSAN, Liquid Spray—kills flies and mosquitoes.

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD—exterminates ants.

PETERMAN'S DISCOVERY, Liquid—exterminates bedbugs.

PETERMAN'S ROACH FOOD—exterminates that cockroach army.

PETERMAN'S MOTH FOOD—protects against moths.

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.

Peterman's

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