



ALABASTER LAMPS

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CHAPTER VII—Continued

Mary turned away and looked down. All the excitement had gone out of her face. It was pale when she turned back to her mother.

"Mother! You were going to Loren Rangleley! Promise me you won't."

"Mary Johnston!"
"Don't you think I know? I've known right along that that pale, cold, bloodless—yes, I know he's a great banker, but he looks like a money-lender. I know he wants to marry you. Oh Mother! If you go to him, he'll ask you, and if you do, just to be comfortable, I'll never forgive you. I'd rather work for you myself, all the days of my life!"

"Mary!" Mrs. Johnston sat up against her pillows and regarded her daughter as though she were a stranger. "I didn't know you felt so strongly, or that Mr. Rangleley's motives were so evident. Don't worry. When he hears I'm practically penniless, I won't seem so desirable in his eyes. Mary, stop crying. I never knew anything so—so silly."

"It isn't silly, not so very," Mary sniffed, trying to regain her self-control. "I've hated him good and hard for a long time, and I just loathe seeing him with you."

Her mother patted Mary's shoulder. "I only thought of him—for your sake."

"You'd lose me," Mary told her firmly. "I'd go and work anywhere first—even in Dabbs' grocery store."

Her mother started. "There won't be any question of that. Bother, there's the car. Send that boy away, Mary."

"Wouldn't it do you good to go out?"

"No it wouldn't. Leave me alone with my thoughts and my novel. I want to go over everything by myself, calmly. We'll tackle the jewel problem tonight, after I've had my think."

"Then I might as well motor," said Mary.

Mrs. Johnston frowned.

"I don't like it. But go and ride with your idealized grocer's clerk, if you want to. Remember, always, that Mother's wary eye will be upon you when you return. I'd forbid you, of course, if I didn't know you'd do it anyway and never tell me the interesting details."

They smiled the smile of perfect understanding.

"And, of course," Mrs. Johnston admitted nobly, "I want to know everything. Don't cheat me of a single thrill, Mary."

Mary kissed her. Mrs. Johnston raised herself on a firm white elbow and called to Mary's back: "Ride on the rear seat, Mary, and don't forget that you're poor now, very poor, indeed."

Mary could visualize the implied smile on her mother's face that accompanied this remark.

She had fully intended at least beginning the drive on the rear seat, but after that, and hoping her mother was at the window to see, she climbed to the seat beside Ned, announcing:

"Mother's not coming, and you're to please take me a different route today."

Mrs. Johnston was not at the window. Her face was set and hard as she tried to make up her mind whether she would let this grocery shop investment develop before she bolted to New York, or bolt now. It was puzzling, but to go now might solve Mary's problem and her own. The solution, however, was very difficult, through lack of available funds.

In his office, C. M. Dabbs, once more embarked on his difficult task of composition, wrote, tore up and rewrote, all afternoon. When he finally ceased writing he had completed a short note, which he thrust into his pocket, carefully destroying the others. He still could not decide whether or not to send it.

Dorothy Selden, having waited in vain for some sign of just anger, or at least indignation, from Ned, had again the privilege of seeing him ride by, happy and contented, with Mary Johnston seated serenely beside him. It was not to be borne. Dorothy threw herself suddenly, but gracefully, into the chair at the writing desk, and seizing a telegraph blank and pen, wrote rapidly. When she had finished, the message read:

"Ned here under assumed name. What shall I do?"

"Dorothy Selden."

It was directed to Loren Lorimer Rangleley.

The village saw Ned and Mary ride by and snickered. "Dabbs' nevy was chasing 'round after a settlemeter."

The snicker was meant to call attention to Ned's folly and presumption, but it was also a jibe at Mary. "She must be hard up for a man," was the comment.

The pair under observation, engaged in the most absorbing game in the world, hastened toward Great Cold spring, one of the beauty spots of the countryside.

Although the road was as new to Ned as to Mary, he discoursed learnedly on its history, its Indian name, which he was compelled to admit he had forgotten and couldn't pronounce anyway. Mary listened, interested and amused, especially as Ned informed her that he had just "boned up" on the subject this morning. "Uncle Claude supplied me with the local color," he told her honestly. "It isn't at all in my line, but I thought Mrs. Johnston might expect something like it from her 'hired man.'"

"Mr. Carter," asked Mary suddenly, "was your mother Mr. Dabbs' sister?"

Ned started. "Oh no, Claude Dabbs is really no relation to me at all. I'm



His Coat Was Off and He Was in the Pool.

fond of him, and I call him Uncle, that's all."

"Oh, I forgot you told me you were 'adopted,'" and Mary lapsed again into silence. She saw only one thing very clearly, and that was Ned's profile. She liked it.

The Great Cold spring, Ned told her, was just a quarter of a mile away. As he spoke they came in sight of a placid little lake, fed by the spring.

Some distance up the road, beyond the lake, was a great old farmhouse, which appeared deserted. As they neared the spring, Mary exclaimed with pleasure. Simultaneously the rear tire blew out.

Ned's exclamation was not one of pleasure. He stopped the machine at the side of the road and made ready with jack and wrench. Mary went toward the spring. The pool was deep, but did not look so.

Ned had the tire on in record time. As he stooped to gather up his tools, Mary stepped off the planks to gather some flowers at the edge of the pool. Ned thought he heard a faint cry. It was such a tiny, muffled sound that he didn't think it important and would have gone about his business had he not seen that Mary was no longer there! No longer anywhere in sight!

He ran at a tremendous rate of speed, such a spurt as he had never accomplished in all his university days.

The pool was muddy and disturbed. He couldn't see Mary, but there was a long streak in the muddy edge that showed where her foot had slipped.

His coat was off, and he was in the pool. Groping, his hands came in contact with her dress. He put forth all his strength and rose to the surface, dragging Mary with him.

Now that he held the motionless girl in his arms, he wondered if this was the end. He knew, in the same dim uncertainty, that if it was he would go mourning all his days for what had been denied him.

He put the girl down on the grass and still in a daze of mingled effort and dream, began to work to restore her breathing, and as he raised and lowered her arms kept repeating, "Oh, my dear, don't die!"

He must have said it aloud, for her long lashes lifted, the blue eyes looked straight at him, and Mary said, "I won't. Do stop and—let me up, please."

Ned helped her to her feet.

"Oh, I'm so ashamed," breathed Mary.

Ned, not yet able to speak, or look at her for very long at a time, took her hand and tried to hurry her to the farmhouse. Though it looked deserted, Ned thought he could see signs of life. Mary was so hampered by her wet garments, which were plastered to her with mud, that he picked her up in his arms, refusing to listen to her protest. After the initial request to be put down, Mary simply let her head rest on his shoulder and shook with cold.

At least that was Ned's belief until he looked down at her face. She was quivering with laughter.

"I can't help it," she gasped. "I'm grateful for your saving my life, and all that, but I can think of nothing but how much I want to wipe your face. It's—it's so streaky!"

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Ned put her down and laughed.

"You ought to see what you look like. You look exactly like a mud baby," he told her as he felt in his pocket for a handkerchief.

Gravely, Ned divided the handkerchief and gravely Mary accepted it. Laughter still trembled about the corners of her mouth, however, as she took this opportunity of wringing some of the water from her garments.

"Come," Ned commanded, "we can't stop for that. Now then, let's see what the farmhouse holds for us."

"I hope it holds just one woman, no matter how old or fat, because I'm so waterlogged and mud-plastered I can scarcely lift one foot after the other."

"I hate to blast your hopes, but I see approaching us an ancient man with whiskers. He has the look of a hermit. No, cheer up. He's calling Phoebe, and by all the gods, she's young."

She was. Phoebe Sayer was fourteen, but for all that she kept house for Uncle Nate, and miser though he was, he loved Phoebe.

Now, though he had growled something in his tattered whiskers about having a "passel of half-drowned rats" on his clean kitchen floor, Phoebe, who had scented excitement, and fallen in love with Mary, ordered him out to the barn with a pair of clean overalls for Ned. Though it cut Uncle Nate to the heart, she made him take with him a shirt and a pair of socks.

Phoebe was just fourteen, a little short. If anything, and hers were the only feminine garments in the house. Slowly, and with much hilarity, Mary was inducted into "the longest things I've got."

When Ned emerged from the barn and brought the car up to the door, the blinds were up and Phoebe was throwing the wet garments, whose dainty fineness she marveled at, into a washtub near the door. She saw Ned and called back to the open door, "Say, Miss Johnston, your young man's ready for you."

Ned, wondering how Mary would take this classification, looked with interest at the doorway as Mary emerged. She was clad in Phoebe's dark blue dress, a one-piece garment that ended above her knees. She had on Phoebe's best black cotton stockings, which didn't quite reach those knees, so Mary had rolled them. She had tied back her dark hair with a blue ribbon and she looked like a charming actress ready to play "Allee in Wonderland."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Woman Auto Driver Had Much to Learn

Here's a good one about a woman automobilist that a storekeeper told me recently. The woman's machine stopped a short way from this man's store, which is in North Salem, and she came in to get some gas from his outside pump. She would have liked to have had him go with her, it appeared. He did not know why until about ten minutes later and then he had a good laugh.

Anyhow, he provided her with a jug in which she could carry the gasoline. She disappeared and he heard nothing, nor saw nothing of her afterward. As the minutes rolled by he commenced to wonder if he was going to get back his jug, or if something else was the matter. The answer came when a man dropped in with the jug. He told the storekeeper that when he came along the woman had the radiator cap off and was just about to pour the gas in, when he stopped her. He volunteered to aid the lady, who

had an expensive car, by the way, and did so. He poured the gas in where it belonged, tipped his hat in answer to her profuse thanks, and went his way, taking the jug back to the store man. Can you beat that? I thought people who owned and drove cars were supposed to know something about them until told this story, which Mr. Storekeeper avers is the gospel truth.—Salem News.

Society's Handicap

"I guess we may as well give up," sighed the president of the antiprofanite society. "What's the trouble now?" asked his secretary. "I just read they are making more fountain pens than ever," he explained.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The way to invite trouble is to celebrate Joy too long.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Kitchen Cabinet

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"The wise man knows an ignorant man because he has been one himself, but the ignorant man cannot recognize the wise man because he has never been wise."

APPETIZING DISHES

There are so many common things which we serve every day without thought of the possibilities of variety which will make them surprisingly attractive dishes.

Take the ordinary cottage cheese which is so well liked when well seasoned with cream and butter. Add a few finely minced chives and a half of a green pepper, serve on lettuce with a dab of good salad dressing and one has a salad.

Sometimes prepare the cheese with rich cream and serve with a spoonful of rich preserve like bar le due currants or strawberries or gooseberry preserve.

Did you know that cauliflower was especially delightful served uncooked with a bit of onion and fresh ripe tomato with salad dressing, as a salad?

When cooking green peas save the pods and cook them for a few minutes in just water to simmer, pour off the liquor and use that to cook the peas. The flavor will be more pronounced and the vitamin content will be increased.

Add a teaspoonful of sugar to the saucepan of peas if they are not very sweet; do this when they are cooking and the sweetness will seem to be natural.

A teaspoonful of sugar added to almost any roast or stew will add flavor, color and make it more attractive to the taste.

Use grapefruit for the breakfast table sweetened with a spoonful or two of honey or maple sirup.

Anchovy Toast.—Trim the crust from thin slices of bread and cut into finger-sized pieces after toasting and spreading with butter. Arrange in a pan for the oven. Drain anchovies from oil and lay one on each piece of toast. Sprinkle with pepper and lemon juice and cook ten minutes in a hot oven.

Tongue and Spinach Salad.—Mix two cupfuls of cooked spinach, one cupful of diced cold boiled tongue, one-half of a cupful of celery, salt and cayenne to taste. Mix with enough boiled dressing to moisten and pack into small molds. Chill, turn out on lettuce and serve with a mayonnaise dressing.

Creamed Ham on Toast.—Take one cupful of chopped ham, add it to a cupful of rich white sauce, and when piping hot serve on softened buttered toast. Nice for a supper or luncheon dish. Serve with a plain lettuce salad with French dressing.

Currant and Raspberry Ice.—Mix together one cupful each of currant and raspberry juice; take one pound of sugar and one pint of water. Boil the sugar and water together until it makes a sirup. Cool and add the fruit juice, then freeze; when partly frozen stir in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs.

Food Exhibits at Fairs.

The more people who bring their food and garden products to the fairs the more interest is taken and more knowledge gained. Thousands of women are annually disappointed, often discouraged and decide never to bother to enter a contest again, because of lack of understanding of the requirements of entry and often (though not as often as formerly) because of poor judgment in decisions rendered.

Take jelly for example—flavor, consistency, color, transparency and general appearance all must be considered.

Score cards are worked out by those qualified by training as well as by experience, and these should be the criterion by which all judging is done.

At every fair there should be an effort made to explain the score card for judging so that every person who has an exhibit may understand why she did, or did not, win.

In places where this method has been followed the women strive to reach the standards set and are more intelligent as to what is required. The following year shows a marked improvement as well as greater interest in the exhibits. Don't make remarks for the judge to hear like this: "That is my fruit cake; I have taken the first prize every year for three years with that recipe." Such remarks never bring the desired results, for if the judge is the right kind of person, it antagonizes rather than increases her regard for the prize recipe. She will be fair in her judgment no matter who is offended. We hear, too, women say: "This is the kind of jelly or bread that I like," when both products are poor in color and appearance. If judging, such a person will give prizes to the food she likes, thinking it is the best product. Unless we can cultivate a taste for the standardized and perfect article, or can keep our likes and dislikes in the background, we are unfit to judge foods.

Neither the men nor the women of the island bother much about tailoring and dressmaking bills. The one dress of a New Guinea woman lasts her a lifetime—for it usually consists only of the tatooing made upon her skin.

NEW GUINEA



New Guinea Natives in Full Dress.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

DESPIITE the steady work of missionaries and the creation of skeleton government organizations by Australia and Holland, New Guinea (or Papua) continues to be the least known of the large islands of the world. Much of this obscurity is due to size itself. New Guinea is the most extensive island in the world outside the polar regions.

The island is strikingly different from nearby lands. In coming to Papua from Malasia it is the sudden contrast in the people which makes the most startling impression on one's mind. The Malay, grave, reserved and dignified, is as unlike his New Guinean neighbor as a Chinaman is unlike a European. These islanders are a happy, boisterous lot until some little thing offends them, when they at once become sullen and treacherous.

The pure Papuan is very dark brown, usually a well-built, thick-set man of medium height. Occasional individuals are seen who are slight, short, and who have strongly marked Negritoid characteristics. These probably represent survivals of the very earliest human inhabitants of the region, as were the Negritoid in the Philippines. Out on the Pacific coast toward the old German territory the human type is markedly different. Here in varying degrees one meets people who have characteristics of other island groups to the eastward, for there probably have been accidental colonizations along this shore.

When the Pacific territorial transfers began during the World war, German New Guinea was added to the British possessions in the island and placed under Australian control; the western half has for 75 years belonged to the Netherlands. Though the island cannot properly be considered as part of the Malay archipelago, its population being Polynesian and Negritoid, it is often so classed because part of it is politically a portion of the Dutch East Indies.

Interior Almost Unknown.
Great tracts of the more than 300,000 square miles of this enormous island have not been explored and practically nothing is known about the great range of mountains in its interior, many of the peaks of which are more than 12,000 feet in height. Five or six of them dwarf every mountain peak in the United States in comparison. Were the island itself set down on continental United States it would cover a strip of land from the eastern tip of Massachusetts to Nebraska and as far southward as the city of Washington.

Cannibalism exists among the wilder tribes. They are spirit worshippers though they are too deficient in mental development to have made their system of religion at all complex, but they are hemmed about by thousands of superstitions and taboos.

Neither the men nor the women of the island bother much about tailoring and dressmaking bills. The one dress of a New Guinea woman lasts her a lifetime—for it usually consists only of the tatooing made upon her skin.

or of a series of small scars made in a pattern across her chest and shoulders. But the "curse of rags," which has spread through the South Sea Islands with the coming of the white man, is taking hold in New Guinea, too, and the native is now trading birds of paradise for tawdry pieces of cotton print.

Even in their most primitive state the various tribes of natives of the island love personal adornment. Some of the islanders pierce the septa of their noses with a sharp heated bone, and through the holes thrust flowers, feathers, or bones.

Widows Harshly Treated.
The island enjoys one distinction not many other large areas of the earth can boast—a great shortage of women, hence polygamy does not exist. Even so, the poor widows are made to suffer such indignities because of the death of their lords that few of them are able to attract another husband. The widow's "weeds" of some of the tribes are queer little poke bonnets made of bark, and among other tribes the benighted must wear suspended around their necks by a fiber rope a coconut shell filled with rancid lard, which is sufficient in itself to keep all aspirants at a distance.

The principal commodity which New Guinea produces is the coconut, and more than a million and a half dollars' worth of copra is shipped to the United States each year. To Germans is due the credit for having discovered the many uses of this valuable product and for developing the industry to some extent before 1914. But the real merchant prince who made the wheels of the industry go round was a woman. Half Scotch, half Samoan, this remarkable person, whom the natives nicknamed "Queen Emma," opened up thousands of acres of coconut trees and employed thousands of natives. Recently one of the plantations, which she bought for a box of tobacco, sold for almost \$350,000.

Strange Variety of Dialects.
Missionaries find a big problem in the complexities of language and idiom. Dialects vary not by provinces or physical divisions, but actually by villages. And the worst of it is that words pronounced in exactly the same way may mean something entirely different a few miles away. Sometimes there is a variation of one seemingly inconsequential letter which reverses a meaning.

In one case it was found after some years of teaching that a word used to designate the Holy Spirit actually meant, in that locality, sweet potatoes!

Along the coast the natives have become superficially civilized and a number of them have become Christianized. Cannibalism has disappeared there, but contact with the economic system of the whites has not been without its evils. Especially has the indenturing of the natives to work for several years away from their homes tended to break up their family life and to give them habits and points of view not conducive to happiness when they return to their old environment.

Black and White

If you are wondering whether to add a touch of white to your black coat or dress, think twice and then reconsider—before doing it. Black is one of the leading colors of the season, but the combination of black-and-white must be extremely well handled before it is smart.

Sistine Blue for Frocks

A lovely blue that is charming in young girls' dresses is called sistine blue.

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Traveling Coat

The woman who delights in travel will find much satisfaction in a smart tweed coat of brown and cream, with a small standing collar of brown velvet. A narrow border of the velvet extends down to the hem.

Ostrich Skin Trimming

Owing to the lack of demand for ostrich feathers ostriches in South Africa are now being killed for their skins, which are used in the making of fancy shoes.

Nellie Maxwell