Quality Counts Most

"SALADA" TEA

Lost Kingdom . .

by OREN ARNOLD

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ROBERT BARRY — hero, explorer.

MELISSA LANE — heroine, Barry's partner.

HONEY BEE GIRL — Indian; member of Barry's party.

HADES JONES — pioneer; member Barry's party.

* * *

Yesterday: Melissa develops a decided liking for her young partner. And Bob gets the second surprise of his expedition — the cook he had hired sight unseen also turns out to be a woman. He now has a new problem on his hands.

CHAPTER IV

Zachary "Hades" Jones came to life first. While the other three in his party still stared, he barked.

"A squaw! Looky thar, it's a squaw!"

He was stating an obvious fact not for its information, but to convey the contempt he felt. The old man positively glared at the red girl.

Holliman was grinning broadly. And all at once Bob Barry saw the funny side of it to. He laughed heartily.

"That makes twice!" he admitted. "First a partner, then a cook. Miss Lane, will those clothes you bought the cook fit her?"

The whole party laughed then, and Bob was quick to apologize. "Oh, I'm sorry, uh—Honey—what'd you say your name is? Honey Bee? We were not laughing at you, but at ourselves. You see, we expected a male cook, a man."

"I cook thee white man's food," she repeated. "I cook it better than thee white man's woman." She looked at Mary Melissa.

"What'll we do?" interrupted Hades Jones. "Cain't take no danged squaw for no cook!"

But Bob felt that Honey Bee needn't be insulted any more by rude whites, himself included. He apologized again.

"Sure, sure, come on tonight anyway, Honey Bee, and cook supper and breakfast for us. We'll still be skirting the Indian country, and you can ride home tomorrow and send us a man. I'll pay you. It's all right."

Honey Bee Girl. The name was singularly appropriate, Bob admitted. She was quick of motion like a wild thing, sweetly pretty. She said she was 19 years of age. She spoke fairly good English. She rode her horse with surprising grace and ease.

* * *

Sting of A Snub

"You say you have been to a white school?" Mary Melissa asked, somewhat formally. The Indian merely nodded.

"Where? Where is the school?"

"Phoenix," Honey Bee said. But she spurred her horse, then. She had tolerated Mary Melissa riding beside her, somewhat in the rear of the others, but now she did a surprising thing. She galloped the few yards to catch up with Bob Barry, and reined in her horse to walk beside his, never looking back.

Mary Melissa, alone, blushed furiously in spite of herself. It was something she hadn't felt in years, the sting of a conscious, embroidered snub. People didn't snub the Lanes. Not even in New York, or Atlantic City, or Miami. The Lanes! Mary Melissa Lane's family and wealth dated back to—

Suddenly the sheer oddity of the situation dominated her thoughts. After all, what is aristocracy? This arid desert land was Indian country. Maybe a cook was of low social caste in Manhattan, but cooking is a fundamental thing out west, in the outdoors. And—now that she thought back—Mary Melissa realized that she had been a bit patronizing, at least in her tone. She decided to forget the incident.

The supper that night turned out to be perfect. With scant utensils, an outdoor fire, and a limited stock of supplies, Honey Bee quickly fed them generously and well. She even found time to disappear up a canyon evidently watered by an under-surface stream, and there pick a quantity of the odd plant called miner's lettuce, an unexpectedly delicious salad which she dressed with the rich brown juice of fried ham. It touched the men's appetites greatly.

"Nothin' but a Indian coulda done that," approved Holliman, picking his teeth, but Hades Jones snorted.

* * *

It Looks Ghostly

That first night was uneventful. 'Lissa slept soundly, despite her saddle soreness, and the party was moving again at dawn. Cactus and brush forced them to ride single file most of this day, so that, relatively, conversation was impossible, but interest heightened when they finally made camp within sight of their goal. They were near the foot of the great Castle cliff. It loomed impressively in the sunset glow.

After supper, Bob studied the Castle outlines with his field glasses, although he could see but little in the twilight. "It's about 600 feet, straight up," he told Mary Melissa. "No, no quite straight up, but nearly so. And you'll note the cliff cap above has a slight overhang. Centuries of erosion have cut back the softer under-strata, where the Castle stands."

"Why is it called Defiance, Dr. Barry?"

"Because it has denied all efforts to explore it, and probably was impregnable as a fort when occupied. One archaeologist, from the State University, did manage to climb part way up, chiseling toe holds and using ropes. But even he slipped on the down trip and broke his leg. And until now nobody has appropriated money for a real effort at it."

Mary Melissa started intently upward. Fast dying shadows of day seemed to create life in the old ruin.

"Looks ghostly," she ventured.

"It is. There's a wealth of legend about the place, Miss Lane. Many good yarns; some fact, maybe. These dwellings were abandoned before Columbus sailed. We don't know why."

"Goodness!" breathed the white girl. "It's fascinating."

"Yes!"

"Maybe the Indians drove them away. But where?"

"Can't say. There are Indian legends about it too, but they don't help much."

* * *

To Climb the Cliff

Next dawn found Bob Barry impatient to visit Defiance Castle. During the night he had evolved a new plan. It excited him so that he arose before anybody else, shook Holliman awake and with him left camp before anyone else stirred. Some cold food did them for breakfast.

"I have a hunch I can make a preliminary exploration this morning, Holliman," the young scientist beamed. "Let's take a long rope—say 300 feet of the one-inch stuff—and ride around to the top of this cliff."

Holliman looked at his boss.

"What you gonna do?" he demanded.

"Never mind now. Maybe nothing. Let's see if we can get to the top of that cliff."

They could, by riding two miles south and cutting back and up on a zigzag, rocky course, then climbing through more rocks to the mesa top. They were three hours at it.

"Ought to be easy," Bob began.

"Here, let's anchor one end of the rope firmly. Then you snub the middle length around this mesquite tree trunk, Holliman, and I'll be on the other end."

"You mean—you goin' to swing over? You aim to take us all down there that way?"

"Maybe. It might be the simplest way."

Bob Barry started down, but he had overlooked two things. First, the wind at the cliff edge was very strong, forestalling all efforts to shout instructions up to Holliman once the descent over the ledge was begun.

Dangling In the The Wind

He was dangling down nearly 150 feet when he discovered that he was on a level with the castle floor. He shouted to Holliman, but got no answer, and Holliman let him go down some 30 feet too far.

Then he realized the importance of the second item he had forgotten—the cliff overhang.

His strong arms, developed in years of swimming, enabled him to climb back up to the level of the castle floor. But because of the overhang above him, he was still 20 feet or more from the rock lip. He knotted the rope at that point and studied the situation.

"Hey, Holliman!" he yelled, but the wind swallowed his voice.

"Gee, it's a long drop under me!" he murmured. It was indeed. About 400 feet to some tree tops, then more trees in assorted levels for 200 feet or so more.

He could see Miss Lane and Honey Bee staring up at him. He grinned and waved, showing more confidence than he felt.

He noted in a flash that the ancient castle walls, made of crude masonry, were remarkably well preserved. He was close enough to study their exterior. He thought he could see blackened rocks, where fires had burned centuries ago.

But scientific interest was fleeting. He had twisted the rope around his left leg to hold himself there, and the stricture was hurting. He looked up. Could a man climb 150 feet of rope? He didn't know.

He was swaying in the wind. On a narrow ledge down to the left he recognized an eagle's nest. He suddenly envied the eagles. A moment of hysteria chilled him, but he literally forced himself to think calmly again. Robert Barry had a trained mind.

He could see but two possibilities. Each offered a very slim chance, he realized, but he must decide quickly to risk one of them.

(To Be Continued)

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TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Your Requests

For some time I have been planning to give a column on requests. It is with a great deal of pleasure, that I do so. First of all it assures me of your interest in my column, then secondly it gives me an idea of what you wish discussed. If you have not written me, please do so and we will see what we can do to help you. It seems as if this week's recipes should give quite a variety to freshen up your weekly menus.

I am going to commence with waffles, as this is that incomparable time to all Canadians, — the days of Maple syrup. The first recipe was given last year.

Whole Wheat Waffles

¾ cup whole wheat flour
¾ cup sifted white flour (pastry)
½ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons of baking powder
3 egg yolks
3 egg whites stiffly beaten
½ cup milk
½ cup cream
4 tablespoons melted butter

Twice sift together pastry flour, salt and baking powder. Then mix thoroughly with the whole wheat flour. Beat egg yolks well, mix with the milk and add to dry ingredients. After mixing thoroughly, add the melted butter; mix again and fold in egg whites stiffly beaten. Bake in hot waffle iron which has been greased with olive oil.

Maple Syrup Sauce

Of course plain maple syrup served with these well-buttered waffles is always a relish, but for variety here is your requested sauce.

Two-thirds cup maple syrup, 1½ cups brown sugar, one-third cup water, 4 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 6 tablespoons heavy cream. Boil first four ingredients until sauce is a heavy syrup. Cool, add vanilla and cream.

Whipped Cream Sauce

Another very palatable sauce is whipped cream to which has been added grated maple syrup. This also makes a splendid addition to cake icings.

For the request for a whipped cream cake that is different try this.

Feather Whipped Cream Cake

1 cup of whipping cream
3 egg whites
½ cup syrup from canned pineapple
1 cup fruit sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
2 cups cake flour

Beat cream and egg whites together until stiff. Add pineapple syrup. Sift together the dry ingredients. Add to whipped cream mixture and mix thoroughly. Bake in two layers in a moderate oven.

Pineapple Icing

1 egg white beaten stiffly
2 cups sifted icing sugar
¾ cup drained crushed pineapple
1 tablespoon orange juice

Beat well until the right consistency to spread. Some sugars require more, so if thin, add more icing sugar and be sure to sift.

Here is a recipe sent to me for testing and I guarantee it is all that the name implies.

Feather Rolls

Soften 1 yeast cake in 1 cup lukewarm water. Beat in one cup flour and let rise for 1 hour. Scald ¼ cup shortening, 1 teaspoon salt with 1½ cups boiling water. Cool to lukewarm. Add yeast mixture. Mix to a stiff dough with flour (about 6 or 7 cups. Knead). Let rise until light.

Brush with milk and bake in hot oven 20 minutes.

Tuna Short Cake

1 can tuna
1 cup canned peas
2 chopped hard boiled eggs
Salt and pepper to taste
2 cups white sauce
2 cups flour, 4 tablespoons shortening, 4 tablespoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, two-thirds cup rich milk.

Mix flour, baking powder, salt and milk as for biscuits; roll into two layers in ordinary short cake manner. Then combine tuna, seasonings and white sauce. Add the chopped eggs and peas. Split shortcake white hot; place mixture between and on top. Individual biscuits may be made if you wish. Serve with tomato catsup. This is an ideal supper or luncheon dish.

Lima Bean and Tomato Casserole

Soak lima beans overnight in cold water. Drain and cook in fresh water. They require about three hours cooking. Season after draining with salt and pepper. Butter casserole, fill with alternate layers of beans and seasoned canned tomatoes. Sprinkle the top with buttered bread crumbs and grated cheese. Brown in a moderate oven.

READERS, WRITE IN!

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is even ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto."

Sayings From Shakespeare

Condemn the fault and not the actor of it.

Of all bad passions fear is most accursed.

A little fire is quickly trodden out, which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.

Flattery is the bellows that blows up sin.

When the fox hath once got in his nose, he'll soon find means to make the body follow.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities.

The ripest fruit falls first.

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up but to support him after.

If I lose my honor, I lose myself.

Kindness, nobler ever than revenge.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better

Tells Age of Egg

In removing the tip of a boiled egg, a slightly sunken space is observed at the top. This is known as the "air cell." When eggs are being graded under a strong light, this space is plainly visible and, in part, indicates the age of the egg, and, in part, the conditions under which the egg has been kept. Thus the size of the air cell is indicative of quality and is one of the chief considerations in classifying eggs into different grades. Nowadays, everybody knows that grading is essential to intelligent buying.

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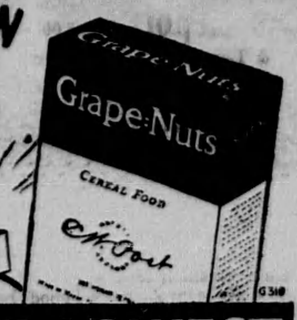

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ISSUE NO. 15—'40