Blended For Quality

"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: Bob Barry dangles at the end of 500 feet of rope. He cannot climb back. Holliman thinks Bob has been killed when the rope slackens, lies limp in his hands.

CHAPTER VI

Holliman couldn't know, of course, that Bob Barry was safe on the "front porch" of Defiance Castle.

The man above had sensed, rather than actually seen, that something was wrong with his boss. He had seen the two girls below pointing excitedly, and too late it had dawned on him too that this cliff had a dangerous overhang. It would be much bigger in reality than it appeared from below he knew; distances are deceptive that way. When the rope had acted crazily, swaying and jerking, Holliman deduced that Bob was trying to climb back up to safety, but had fallen in the attempt.

Actually Bob had given one final swing and let go—to land on his goal, the rock ledge that held the dwelling. Other troubles were ahead—such as the way to get back down to camp again — but for the moment he was safe. He had done an acrobatic stunt which he himself would have called crazy under most circumstances. He had literally been a daring young man on a mountain trapeze, but it was by no means what he had planned.

"What I need," he grinned to himself as he sat there panting, "is a double, if I'm going in for movie stunts." He was a little ashamed of himself for getting in such a difficulty; a man with a doctorate degree is supposed to think things out in advance. And yet—the youth in him was a little proud too. He looked down to see both girls waving at him.

"ALL RIGHT!" he yelled. "Sorry to frighten you!"

He couldn't catch their answer, but he did hear Hades Jones, who was directly at the base of the cliff now.

"You dang young fool, we'd ought to lift yore SCALP!"

Hades never was one given to gentleness. "Ain't choo got no sense?"

Inside The Castle

"NO!" yelled Bob, agreeably. "Figure out a way for me to get down, Uncle Hades."

He couldn't hear Hades any more, and he didn't need to. He could well imagine the mouthing the old man was doing. He shouted down for Hades to go after Holliman.

* * *

Getting down didn't prove half the task Bob at first feared it might. First, though, he made a hasty survey of Defiance Castle—he wouldn't have missed that even if he rotted on the ledge later. He found 19 rooms in the place, and crumbled walls of what must have been six or eight more. The rooms were invariably small, about 8 by 10 feet in most cases; obviously there had been many occupants, and space was precious.

There were no windows. Doors were less than four feet high.

"More pygmies," Bob muttered, smiling.

That was an old mistake, he knew; the ancient people made low doors for defense. Enemies might rush a six-foot door and take a fortress, but they would have to stoop to enter a low one; one squaw inside with a club could thus defend it.

He saw an abundance of shards, and many unbroken bowls and storage jars. Several weapons were in evidence, also fireplaces, bits of wood, even charred corncobs which he knew to be centuries old. Partly wrapped in a shroud woven of grass fibers, now decayed, was the dried shrunken mummy of an old man. Strange sketches and designs were etched on ceilings and walls, cut there by very early American artists when time was abundant if skill was not.

Bob wandered, enthralled, as long as he dared. He realized his obligation to his associates, and so reappeared after half an hour on the outside or eastern edge of the great rock lip. He gave thought to getting out safely.

* * *

Beyond Reach

The rope was beyond reach—so far that he wondered now how he had ever swung far enough to leap into the cave. He still could see no possible means of entrance or egress, unless a series of six or eight long ladders, supplemented by chiseled finger and toe holds, were placed on the face of the cliff. There were some natural steps and footholds, nevertheless Defiance Castle was the most impregnable of all the cliff fortresses he had ever seen, he knew.

When he was sure that no other means offered, Bob did a simple thing. He grinned to himself as he worked.

"I'll look like a real cave man when I descend," he told himself. He wondered what Hades Jones would say then.

With his pocket knife, he cut and tore his shirt, handkerchief, trouser legs and undershirt into small strings and tied their ends together. He let this long string down to Mary Melissa and Honey Bee Girl, then pulled up a small rope which they tied to the string. With the small rope he then pulled up a stronger one.

It took time, but it was easy. He knotted the big rope at frequent intervals, for "steps," and himself was back in camp soon after Hades Jones returned with Holliman. The talk was very profuse all around, for a while, save for Honey Bee.

When food had been served, and the work of building a more permanent camp started, Honey Bee approached Bob alone, just outside the supply tent.

"I cried when you were up there," she simpered, rather surprisingly.

Mary Melissa overheard it. She was inside the supply tent, but obviously the Indian girl didn't know.

Honey Bee's inflection was one of secrecy, of deliberate intimacy. In the Indian's background, actions were direct; one took what one wanted, one said what one thought, let the results be as they may.

* * *

She Couldn't Be Logical

Mary Melissa caught the intent in a flash, realized in that instant that Honey Bee was in love with Robert Barry. The thought astounded her.

"You — you mean—?" Bob missed it. "Aw, that's all right, Honey Bee. Don't worry about me. But I'm sorry I frightened you girls. Certainly I don't want to scare the best cook I ever had."

He felt that some sort of pat-on-the-back would calm matters. After all, he had acted rather foolishly. He didn't see that Honey Bee was offering herself to him, with her eyes, her attitude, her desire. She was still a servant in his sight, a rather pretty child who must be kidded along.

Mary Melissa remained quiet until they moved away. Best not reveal that she had overheard, even by accident, so personal a bit of conversation. The thing had upset her greatly. That, on top of the excitement when Bob was in danger, served doubly to unnerve her.

She realized, though, that all this was none of her affair, that this was a business trip in the interest of science, and from her standpoint a vacation from the hectic and somewhat stifling routine of society in the moneyed East. What if the red girl did throw herself at Dr. Barry?

Mary Melissa was doing her best to philosophize, to be logical. But it wouldn't work. Logic wasn't the answer. Her eyes filled with uninvited tears, and a sob came. She got up hastily then, to go and look for old Hades Jones. She must talk to somebody.

The white girl's chin was set, and her eyes were strangely hard, as she walked away. She knew there was just one thing in all the world she wanted, and she meant to have it.

(To Be Continued)

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ISSUE NO. 17—'40

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Rug - Cleaning

Here Are A Few Important Tips That Will Lead to Longer Life for Your Rugs

Rug labels that give complete instructions for cleaning are sometimes hard to find, but here are a few important tips:

Use your vacuum cleaner once a day on traveled areas; give the rug a complete vacuuming once a week without fail in any case. Daily vacuuming is better for any floor-covering, as a matter of fact.

Sweeping usually drives more dirt into the rug than it takes out.

Vacuum a rug in the direction of the pile. If you wish, brush the pile lightly when you have finished, so it will all lie in one direction.

Never beat a rug. This may snap the base fibres and surely will shorten the life of the floor-covering.

Methodical vacuuming is the recipe for rug and carpet longevity. This removes dust, dirt and grit before they have had a real chance to injure your floor-coverings.

TOT'S DRESS AND CAPE ENSEMBLE

PATTERN 4412

By ANNE ADAMS

"I just love my new outfit!" little sister will exclaim when you surprise her with this dainty dress and trim cape. Anne Adams' Pattern 4412 is so easy to stitch up, too. Consider making the sweetheart-necked frock with a convenient front button-opening. The back and side-sections of the gayly flaring skirt may be cut on the bias. There's a choice of two sleeve lengths. The panelled cape has hand-openings cut right into the seams. Make it of flannel, faille, bengaline, or perhaps one of the new water-resistant fabrics, leaving it unlined for through-summer wear.

Pattern 4412 is available in children's sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 6, dress, takes 2 yards 35 inch fabric; cape, 1¼ yards 54 inch fabric.

Send Twenty Cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly Size, Name, Address and Style Number.

Send your order to Anne Adams, Room 425, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

SPRING TRIFLES

In the early spring days when the appetite seems to be lagging and the homemaker extra busy, there is perhaps a greater demand than ever for attractive desserts. Pineapples are now appearing and they always put up a rigid challenge for an all-season favorite. They have an incomparable flavor and an aromatic "air," which helps them wend their way into the highways and byways of nearly all type of menus, especially when something that is different is sought. Just one thing about pineapple: remember that fresh pineapple cannot be mixed successfully with gelatine unless it has been previously cooked. One of the acids of pineapple, uncooked, destroys proteins,—hence the result. However, do no allow this to discourage you, for fresh pineapple cooked does have a fresher taste, different from the fruit we have stored.

Pineapple Souffle

¼ cup butter
¼ cup cornstarch
1 cup milk
Pinch nutmeg
1 cup shredded pineapple
3 eggs
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon vanilla

Melt butter, add cornstarch, blend thoroughly. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly. Boil, add pineapple, beat eggs slightly, mix with sugar and add.

Cook until thickened but do not allow mixture to boil. Cool slightly, add flavorings and fold in egg whites beaten until stiff. Bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot with whipped cream Time in oven 45 minutes. Oven moderate. Serves 6.

Pineapple Parfait

1 medium sized pineapple
Fruit sugar
Vanilla Ice Cream
Whipped Cream
Maraschino cherries.

Several hours before serving, prepare pineapple, cutting in cubes or shredding (running through the food chopper is a favorite way) Mix one cup of fruit sugar for every cup of pineapple. Place this in refrigerator or cool place until ready to serve. Serving time, drain juice from pineapple and place alternate layers of ice cream and syrup in parfait glasses. Cover with the pineapple, top with whipped cream and maraschino cherry.

Pineapple Cream Whip

1½ tablespoons gelatine
¼ cup water
¾ cup boiling water
1 pint cream (whipped)
¾ cup sugar
1 cup cooked grated pineapple
12 marshmallows
¼ cup chopped blanched almonds

Soak gelatine in cold water. Add boiling water and stir until dissolved. Stir occasionally, while cooling, until it thickens slightly. When the mixture is the consistency of strained honey, fold in stiffly-beaten cream sweetened with sugar, the pineapple and the marshmallows cut fine. Lastly add chopped almonds. Chill until firm.

Tapioca Maple Cream

One-third cup quick-cooking tapioca
¼ teaspoon salt
4 cups milk scalded
½ cup sugar
1 or 2 egg yolks slightly beaten
1 teaspoon flavoring
2 egg whites stiffly beaten

Add tapioca and salt to milk and cook 15 minutes in double boiler or until the tapioca is clear. Stir frequently. Add sugar and pour small amount of mixture over egg yolk, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler over heat, and stir and cook until thickened. Remove from heat and add flavoring. Fold a small amount into egg white. Add to the remaining tapioca mixture and fold in. Chill.

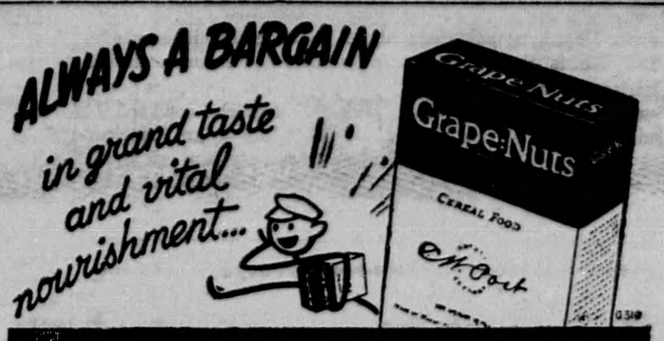
Serve with whipped cream to which has been added some maple syrup. To ¼ pt. whipped cream, add 2 tablespoons maple syrup. Sprinkle with chopped pecans.

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."

Cooking by Distance

On the American air routes passengers have a strange way of measuring meal times. On the Pacific Clippers it takes about 50 miles to eat an egg, and lunch, with coffee to follow, takes just over 100 miles.



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Handy Hints

Annoying, isn't it, when the bristles of your pet hair brush go all soft and "goosey" on you! Here is a way of stiffening them up again. Make a strong solution of alum and dip the bristles into it until they are thoroughly soaked and then dry them as quickly as possible. They'll be quite firm and stiff again.

Bookcases built in the corner of a small apartment are convenient and require a small amount of space. If they are topped with wide panels of mirrors, the effect is decorative as well as pleasantly cool, and an impression of added size is given to the room.

To remove burned food from tin cooking utensils, fill the pan with cold water, add soda generously, bring to a boil and continue boiling until the food is softened. Never use a metal scraper or coarse abrasive on the utensils. Harsh couring injures the outer tin scoating leaving the basic steel exposed.

A soggy, sticky dressing is no compliment to a tender fowl. When making bread stuffing, use stale bread preferably, or dry fresh bread in the oven before mixing, or toast fresh slices.

When baking a rich, dark fruit cake in a metal pan, line the pan with heavy greased brown paper; for a white fruit cake line with greased waxed paper.

A "home service" is being organised by an English city's four public libraries. Volunteer messengers will take out books to borrowers too old or infirm to come to the library.

Raps Horrible Eating Habits

"A Restaurant Is Just A Filling Station to Average American," Says Chef

The exclusive Chefs de Cuisine Association of Pennsylvania urges an educational drive to do something about America's "horrible" eating habits."

"To the average American," says William Sprinzing, president of the newly organized group, "a restaurant is just a filling station. He just wants to drive in and get filled up as fast as possible. No wonder there is so much stomach trouble in this country."

EDUCATE TO EATING

Sprinzing, who also is chef at the Germantown Cricket Club, believes a program to educate Americans in demanding the finest foods is a patriotic duty.

"A nation of sick people can never be strong," he contends.

Arbor Day Proverbs

As the tree so the fruit.

Great trees are uprooted in an hour.

A twig in time becomes a tree. —Latin.

Great trees often give more shade than fruit.

As the twig is bent the tree is inclined.—English.

Good fruit never comes from a bad tree.—Portuguese.

A tree often transplanted never grows nor thrives.

A walnut tree is as good to a poor man as a milch cow.—Italian.

All superfluous branches we lop away that bearing boughs may live.

Mr. Caffeine-Nerves Jumps Off

• Many people can safely drink tea and coffee. Many others — and *all* children — should never drink them. If you are one of these, try Postum's 30-day test. Buy Postum and drink it instead of tea and coffee for *one month*. Then, *if you do not feel better*, return the container top to General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario, and we'll gladly refund full purchase price, plus postage. Postum is delicious, economical, easy to prepare, and contains no caffeine.

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