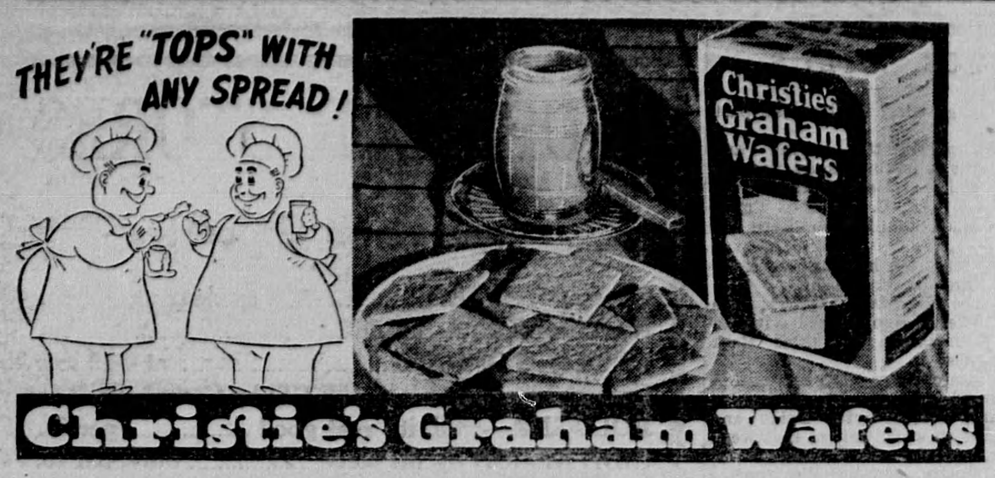


Lost Kingdom . .

by OREN ARNOLD

LOST KINGDOM
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: Having failed to win Bob, Honey Bee turns against him with deep bitterness and the party faces a new complication.

CHAPTER X

Mary Melissa had already gone horseback riding. And both Holliman and Hades Jones were away, Bob knew.

Bob hastened back to the camp tents and called Honey Bee.

"We will go alone," he told her. "Miss Lane is off somewhere. If you're right, there'll be plenty of time for all of us to see it."

This perhaps was a stroke of luck for Dr. Robert Wilson Barry, even though he never realized it. His first thought to take Mary Melissa with them had so hurt and infuriated the Indian girl that she might have done anything. She might have frozen up, in stolid Indian fashion, and never revealed any secret she knew about Defiance Castle.

But the red maiden was so infatuated, so thoroughly smitten by the unconscious charm of her employer, that she forgave him when he couldn't find Melissa. After all, she would go up with him alone!

"I am ready, Bawb," she said simply.

He made her climb the ladders ahead of him. He held her arm frequently, showing the gallant courtesy which any refined white American man would show any woman. But they were courtesies which no one had ever shown Honey Bee. Bob's manner caused her whole being to tingle.

He steadied the ladders at the bottom, while she climbed up. Then he would quickly follow and hold the next ladder. She climbed nimbly. They reached the rock lip of the great cliff mouth in very few minutes.

"Now!" breathed Bob, still excited. "Where, Honey Bee?"

She smiled and led him through a low door of the castle, through two dim rooms into a larger room. This latter must have been a clan leader's or chieftain's place. She pointed low on a wall.

* * *

The Door Will Be There

Scraped there was the design of two rectangles, or "long squares," with other odd markings, and with a long triangle around it all. The triangle pointed upward.

"This points, I think, is thee top of big cracks in thee back wall," said Honey Bee. "Back in thee rock. It has been filled up. But thee door will be there."

They hastened out to look. She pointed to a sort of natural triangle, head high or more, in the strata of the cliff rock itself.

Sure enough, Bob perceived, the rock within the triangle was irregular, not a part of the natural deposit. This had been a fault in the side of the mountain, a natural if small extension of the cave, and it had been filled in, probably by man.

Bob began working feverishly. He had carried his short-handled miner's pick strapped to his belt, and they had left more tools up here the day before.

He swung at the rock in the triangle, a heavy blow with the pick point. Nothing happened.

He swung at the rock again and again, eventually loosening one rock as big as his head. He removed it, but others were behind.

He slaved like a mad man, sweating and panting, for nearly an hour, while Honey Bee looked on. Then all at once his pick point drove through, and black space greeted him beyond.

"Ee-yow!" he shrieked. "We've got it, Honey Bee! Got something, at any rate."

Half an hour later the hole was big enough for them to crawl through. He led the way and—as unconsciously as he would extend his hand for that of a little child—he caught Honey Bee's fingers and escorted her inside the dungeon-like place. She said nothnig.

"I'm crazy," he suddenly announced. "In the excitement below I forgot to bring a flashlight. But I have a few matches."

* * *

A Shrunken Body

He struck them, one at a time, surveying the dark inner room as best he could. It appeared at first to be a tunnel mouth. Then a weird object on a rock ledge caught his attention.

"Unh-unh!" he grunted, in disappointment, inspecting the find. "Aw-aw, Honey Bee, I'm afraid this place isn't what we hoped it was. Look here."

She went over to him. There before them was the prone body of a human being, in a wall niche, shrunken and apparently petrified with drouth and time, but a human body nevertheless.

"Honey Bee, I'm afraid we have just opened a tomb. Think for a moment—this is on the southwest corner of the main cave. The mountain behind here is solid, for over a mile, maybe two miles. See? It couldn't be a stairway, or exit. I might have reasoned that out myself before coming. I get excited too easily!"

He led the way back out of the darkness, and then he saw Honey Bee's face. It was a study in disappointment. Instantly Bob was contrite. He had injured her feelings, when she had tried loyally to aid the expedition.

He put his arm around her shoulders and patted her. The Indians are a sensitive people, for all their stolidity, he told himself.

"I'm sorry, Honey Bee. I didn't mean to appear ungrateful. This is important as a tomb, even if it isn't an entrance. You are swell, really. You've helped more than anyone else so far. Don't think I won't remember it."

* * *

A Deceptive Wall

He moved away from her, the better to survey the walled triangle through which he had dug a hole. Heavy stones had been fitted together there with remarkable skill, with no mortar but by careful chinking and placing. It made a strong wall, and a deceptive one.

Virtually all of the ancients, Bob knew, liked to keep their dead as near as possible to them, often in the very walls or floor of the home itself. In such a place as this cliff dwelling, maybe they had just set aside this anteroom as a tomb. It would surely bear careful investigation, photography and study. His interests as an archaeologist were aroused again. Ancient people buried all manner of things with their loved ones and their leaders. He might make extremely valuable finds inside this high cliff dwelling tomb.

"Don't feel disappointed, Honey Bee," he begged again. "It's very important, really. We'll come back and look into it thoroughly."

He walked again to the hole he had cut, and leaned for a moment on the rock there, staring into the deep darkness, speculating as to the best method of procedure.

"Sa-a-a-ay!" he suddenly exclaimed.

An Entrance Tunnel?

He leaned inward, sniffing. He turned his head this way and that.

Quickly he struck a match and held the flame there in the opening. It flickered, and leaned outward. The smoke twisted toward the main castle masonry, and disappeared outside.

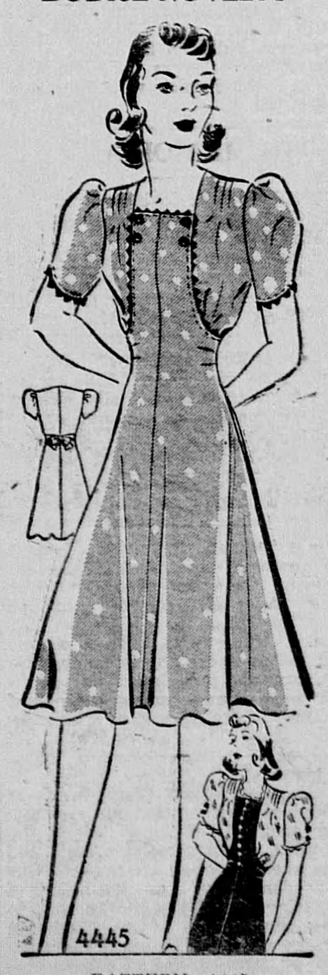
"Ch-ristmas!" Bob was excited again, like the boy he was. "There's a draft here, a heavy pull of air, Honey Bee. Maybe this is an entrance tunnel after all!"

He turned to the girl, his face shining with elation.

(To Be Continued)

When spreading sandwiches, leave about a quarter-inch around the edges unspread. Then, when you put the second slice of bread in position, press it down firmly. The filling will spread to the edges, but is less likely to ooze out.

FROCK HAS GAY BODICE NOVELTY



PATTERN 4445
By ANNE ADAMS

Pattern 4445 can be worn with equal verve by both a college-age girl and a young matron. There's a new line in the two centre-front panels that curve in from the sides in smooth flattery. Shoulder darts and horizontal waist darts give trim lines. The sleeves are slightly curved at their edges making your arms look graceful and slim. Use vivid ric-rac or very feminine lace edging.

Pattern 4445 is available in misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 3½ yards 35 inch fabric and 2⅜ yards 35 inch fabric and 2⅜ yards ric-rac.

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.

Jacket Dresses Are Essential For Travelling

Whether It's Hot or Cold You Will Feel Well Dressed

Are you planning a wonderful trip this summer? Wherever your trip takes you, if it only takes you to the city and back you'll want one costume in your wardrobe this spring and summer that has chameleon possibilities and that will be good anywhere, anytime.

SAVE PACKING TROUBLE

Redingote and jacket dresses cover a lot of ground in this direction, and let it blow hot or cold, you'll feel well dressed. One advantage of this type of costume is that it can be worn with or without the coat or jacket, or with other jackets to make an entirely different looking costume. Travellers welcome this idea and save themselves "packing" trouble.

Jackets this year usually follow the long torso line and have 1940 details like huge patch pockets, or large pearl buttons. A new note in redingotes is the bloused back coat. If you're practical you'll choose a material that doesn't wrinkle, in a dark color or print that won't show the earmarks of travel or an all-day session of fun.

SEERSUCKERS IN HOME

Very new in dresses for home wear are the seersuckers and crinkle sheers in bright plaids, as easy to launder as a handkerchief and requiring practically no ironing. These dresses are as gay as a summer morning, trimly tailored with easy flaring skirts and slim, young waistlines.

Ten Throneless Queens Living

The ranks of exiled royalty are more numerous to-day than ever before. There are ten Queens without a throne between them:

Ex-Empress Zita, mother of Archduke Otto, Pretender to the throne of the Habsburgs.

Queen Victoria of Spain, now in England.

Queen Amelie of PoPrtPuPgaP

Queen Amelie of Portugal, whose husband, King Carlos, was assassinated at Lisbon in 1908. She lives near Versailles.

Queen Elizabeth of Greece, daughter of the late King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and separated from her husband, King George II of Greece.

Hermine, second wife of the ex-Emperor Whilhelm II of Germany.

Queen Sourya of Afghanistan, whose husband was forced to abdicate because he tried to westernize his country too quickly. They live in Italy.

Queen Helene of Rumania, separated from King Carol in 1925, now living in Florence.

Queen Rambarbarni of Siam, whose husband abdicated in 1935. They live in England.

Empress Menen of Abyssinia, wife of Haile Selassie. This royal couple also live in England.

Queen Geraldine of Albania, who lives in France with her husband, King Zog.

Man Who Never Saw A Woman

Brother Michael Kolotoss, a monk in the monastery of Mount Athos, recently died at the age of 80. Since boyhood he had never set eyes on a woman, for his mother died at his birth and his father left him in the care of the monastery almost immediately afterwards.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Spring Sunday Dinner

Sunday dinners, which require a short preparation, are very popular this time of the year, when all housewives as well as the family yearn to spend as much time as possible out of doors. This dinner should be a popular one as a good deal of the preparation can be done beforehand with only a few moments' work necessary before serving.

Menu

Fresh Pineapple Cocktail
Broiled Lamb Chops
Heated Potato Chips
Egg and Spring Greens Salad
Pecan Tarts

Select shoulder lamb chops (young lamb) and cut medium thick. Pre-heat the broiler. In an oven with both the bottom and top units only the top will be required. The oven should be prepared well in advance so that the meat will sear quickly. Place chops on greased wire of a heated broiling pan. Sear on both sides under strong direct heat, season; then lower the heat. Continue cooking, turning the meat as necessary, until chops are done. Those required for rare should have 5 to 7 minutes cooking, medium 7 to 9, well done 9 to 12. Time varies with thickness of chops.

Egg Salad

1 tablespoon gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup thick salad dressing
4 hard cooked eggs (sliced)
½ cup celery chopped
2 tablespoons green pepper
2 tablespoons chopped sweet pickles
1 tablespoon pimento chopped
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Salt to taste.

Soften gelatine in cold water, then place over boiling water until dissolved. Cool and add to thick salad dressing. Add eggs, celery, pepper, pickle, pimento, lemon juice and salt.

Turn into square dish, which has been rinsed in cold water and chill. When firm, unmold and slice thin, serve on shredded lettuce or watercress and garnish with green onions and radishes, and salad dressing.

Pineapple Cream Tarts

½ cup grated pineapple (or put through the food chopper)
1 cup cream
4 tablespoons powdered sugar
1 teaspoon lemon juice
Maraschino or candied cherries
Baked tart shells

Whip the cream until stiff. Add sugar and lemon juice then stir in grated pineapple. Fill tart shells with the mixture and garnish with a cherry. Serve very cold.

Requests—

Rhubarb Conserve—
3 lbs. rhubarb
3 lbs. sugar
½ cup Bee Hive corn syrup
1 lemon
1 orange
1 lb. seeded raisins
½ cup chopped walnuts

Wash and peel rhubarb; cut in 1 inch pieces and put in preserving kettle. Add sugar and syrup, then the raisins, lemon and orange (extract the juice from each and grate the rind). Mix well and cover. Allow to stand ½ hour. Place on heat and bring slowly to boiling point. Allow to simmer 45 minutes until quite thick. Add chopped nuts, simmer a few minutes longer, then pour into sterile glasses. Cool and seal.

Pineapple Waffles

2 egg yolks
1½ cups water
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup crushed pineapple
3 tablespoons melted butter
3 tablespoons fruit sugar
½ teaspoon salt

Beat the egg yolks until very light. Add the water. Sift the flour, baking powder, sugar and salt together and stir quickly into the liquid mixture. Add to the pineapple thoroughly drained, melted butter, and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake immediately. Cook one cup of pineapple with one cup of sugar and serve with waffles.

Pecan Tarts

2 eggs
1 cup brown sugar
1 tablespoon soft butter
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon ground cloves
½ tablespoon lemon juice
a pinch of salt
½ cup seeded raisins
½ cup chopped or rolled pecans
Prepared pie paste.

Beat the yolks of the eggs thoroughly with the sugar and the butter. Stir in the spices, vinegar, salt, raisins and nuts and lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into pastry-lined tart pans. Bake in very hot oven until pastry is set, then lower to moderate oven and bake until filling is set. Top with whipped cream sprinkled with grated maple sugar.

Last week I gave you quite a few pineapple recipes and I am sure you are all enjoying to the fullest this delicious and ever popular fruit. Here are one or two recipes more I think you will enjoy for a variation:

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."

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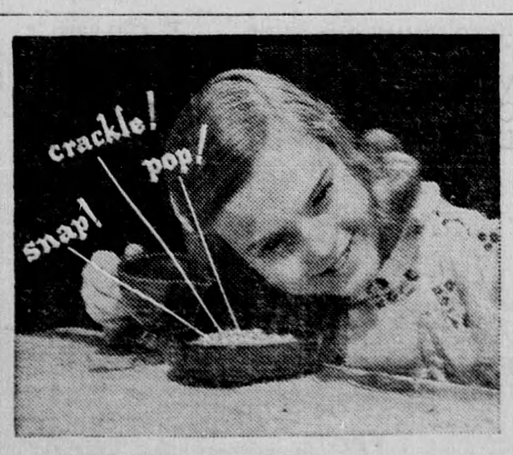

Here's a breakfast that

ASKS YOU TO EAT IT!

NO COAXING NEEDED! Once upon a time, Clara May used to scowl at her breakfast. But that was before she heard the pop-crackle-snap of Rice Krispies. Now she delightedly digs into a big bowlful of these golden rice bubbles *every* morning!

Every day thousands tune-in the "crispness chorus" . . .

As the cream pours on, Rice Krispies crackle and pop every morning in homes from Halifax to Vancouver. They're favourites with children . . . with their mothers . . . and with barrel-chested he-men, too! Tests have proved they *stay* crisp in milk or cream for hours! "Rice Krispies" is a registered trade-mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada, Limited, for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice. Start brightening your breakfasts with Rice Krispies *tomorrow!* Made only by Kellogg's in London, Canada.