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.

Last week: Exploring the strange underground cavern, Melissa drops the lantern and she and Bob are stranded in utter darkness. Melissa screams!

CHAPTER XIII

"Stand still! Stand absolutely still!"

Robert Barry roared the command like an army major.

When the lantern dropped and Mary Melissa had screamed, the two of them had been on the brink of a subterranean cliff. Bob didn't know just how high it was, but he knew it was dangerous. If 'Lissa moved carelessly in her fright, instant tragedy might result.

"It's all right!" he calmed her. "Stand where you are, and I'll come to you."

They had been 15 feet or so apart. Carefully he felt his way through the darkness, talking in soothing tones.

"Oh-h-h-h, I don't know h-how I could have done that." She trembled when he finally touched her.

"No matter, 'Lissa. Accidents happen to anybody. I should have held the lantern. It was my job, not yours. But there's no harm done. We have others in camp, you know. Five, all tgoether, and plenty of gasoline for them."

She was still trembling, and his arm went around her waist. There in the blackness she felt so utterly little. He held her tight to him, in both arms, petting and comforting her as best he could. In a moment she had her composure again.

"All right?" His voice had his old smile in it.

"Yes, thank you, Bob. But it's the worst fright I ever had."

"Shouldn't wonder. Now we'll take the candles and go back out."

"You have candles?" She was both surprised and delighted.

"Yes. But—"

He didn't complete his answer. Sudden fear chilled him!

* * *

The Missing Pack

Yes, he had brought candles, in his shoulder pack. But—he had forgotten to put the pack back on when they had halted a while ago to rest!

The thought almost appalled him. "Easy now," he calmed himself. This was a new danger, but maybe luck would hold. He could go back to that pack in darkness—maybe!

Maybe!

But he couldn't. And of course he soon had to admit their real plight. He had collected his wits by this time, and tried to speak lightly of it. She didn't answer for a moment or two, then—

"Bob, I'm not frightened now. At least I am no longer nervous about it. But you aren't fooling. We're in a predicament, aren't we?"

He reached out to pat her hand in the darkness.

"Yes," he admitted, huskily, "we are."

She said nothing else then. She merely waited.

"Mary Melissa, I am the masterpiece among fools. I could choke myself with satisfaction." He was not funning about it. He was, rather, in deep despair, condemning himself in all seriousness.

In Deep Despair

"I won't ask forgiveness," he resumed, "for I don't deserve it. I'm going to try my damndest to get us out of here, but you ought to hate me forever, even if I do. I almost wrecked our expedition plans by swinging from that rope in my haste that day. I can think, but I think sketchily. I am not—not dependable. I'm sorry, and I—"

"Bob!" She squeezed his arm. "Hush it! You are no worse than I. Not as bad. You've been wonderful all the way through. From the very day I surprised you at Blanco Canyon, when you were expecting a man.

"Bob, I know it wasn't fair to ask you to bring a silly girl on a scientific expedition like this. But you did, and I love—I like you tremendously for it, for being a great sport. I admit we are in a jam now, but we're still alive, aren't we—partner?"

* * *

Her voice had been soft, liquid.

There was no fright evident, no accusation, nothing but sincerity.

It brought a lump of pride for her in Bob Barry's throat. What a girl! He had a sudden mental vision of her beauty, too, and he was almost overcome with emotion, in his sudden wholehearted admiration of her. She hadn't cried, or whimpered, or sniveled. Instead, she had actually comforted him!

Not Even A Match

In the utter darkness there he threw up his chin, a bit embarrassed with himself, and laughed a little in new confidence.

"The pack," he stated, "ought to be back this way."

They moved at snail pace. Often they crawled on hands and knees, to avoid slipping and falling, also to make feeling with their hands easier. They must—simply must—locate that pack.

Bob strained himself to recreate in his mind the path they took after resting, every turn and every incline. A dozen times he searched his pockets for matches, but they were in the pack too. He never had smoked; for the first time in his life, now, he regretted it.

"I have a bar of chocolate," he announced, after they had crawled for what seemed hours. "You must be hungry."

"Not at all!" she lied. She knew that chocolate might be doubly precious later. "I couldn't eat now."

He put it back in his pocket. They sat still to rest again, holding hands. He tried to think of some way to make artificial light. But these rocks were not flint. And all they had for tinder would be their clothing. He squeezed her hand, and they began to crawl again.

* * *

It Might Be Days

They hoped against hope, and it was fruitless. Their search continued for what must have been several hours. Each stop for rest made them realize the immensity of the great cavern. They had lost all sense of direction. They lived solely by sense of touch — the only two living things, apparently, in all the universe. Bob remembered the shriveled body near the entrance to the cave and the mummy outside, and smiled a little dryly.

"Keep your chin up, kid," he said once, softly.

"I feel fine," she declared. To prove it she sang a little, and they both laughed. It helped.

"I think the thing to do is take it easy, and conserve the chocolate bar," he announced. "The others will of course start looking for us in a few hours, and have the laugh on us for the rest of the trip."

She laughed, to show confidence. But she didn't feel confident.

'Lissa remembered, and Bob remembered, that only Honey Bee Girl knew of the cave at all. And she had been emphatically ordered not to tell, not to follow. Being a loyal servant, she probably would obey orders, even if they were gone a week or more. She would be just that stupid, they knew. And besides, they had told her they were fully provisioned for as long a stay as necessary. Bob Barry knew it was Indian nature to obey a command to the letter, regardless of developments. It might literally be days before those in camp would start a search, and that would be too late. Bob and 'Lissa were thinking of these things.

She snuggled a bit, just for the comfort of being nearer him. He put his arm around her shoulders and held her close.

"Do you mind," he murmured softly, intently, "if I kiss you?"

"Please do," she whispered.

(To Be Continued)

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ISSUE NO. 24—'40

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Americans Are Growing Taller

Furniture and Architecture Will Require Readjustment Because of It

Furniture and architecture must be readjusted soon because man is growing taller, according to Arthur D. Little, Inc., chemical and industrial research concern, of Cambridge, Mass.

Statistics on the height of college students — both men and women — show that Americans are growing at the rate of one inch a generation. Only persons whose ancestors have been in the United States two generations were examined.

Honey production in Canada in 1939 totalled 28,856,100 pounds compared with an average of 26,860,000 pounds in the preceding five years.

FROCK WITH SLIMMING BODICE

By Anne Adams

Keep your summer silhouette trim and smooth in this new Anne Adams frock, Pattern 4462. There are so many features you'll like! That button-front gives a slimming up-and-down line and helps you dress quickly too. The pointed side bodice sections make for a smart, long-waisted effect and are cut on the bias to fit perfectly without using darts. Aren't the revers and cuffs youthful! You might have them in white lace or eyelet embroidery for a refreshing and immaculate appearance.

Pattern 4462 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 takes 4¾ yards 35 inch fabric and ¾ yard contrast.

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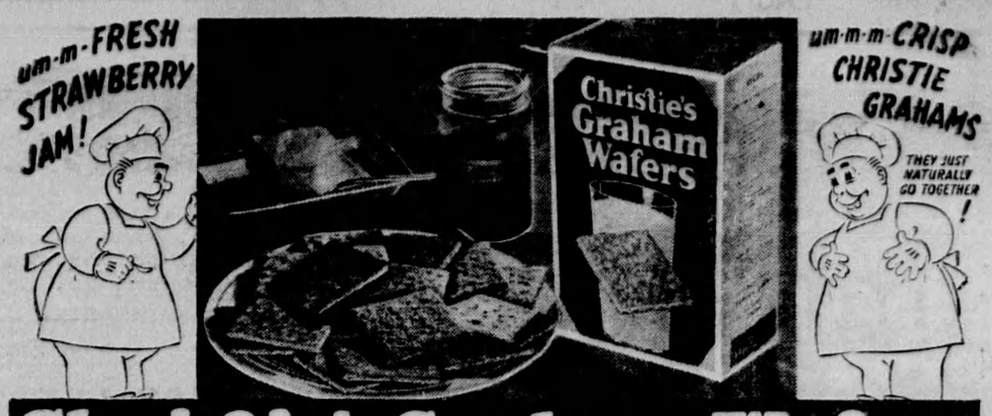

Christie's Graham Wafers

Woman Chosen Church Leader

At Annual Meeting of The First Church of Christ, Scientist, at Boston — Mrs. Matters Outlines Influence

Mrs. Margaret Glenn Matters, C.S.B., of New York, daughter of the late Major General Edwin F. Glenn, was elected president of the mother church at the annual meeting of The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, last week. Mrs. Matters succeeds George Shaw Cook, C.S.B., of Brookline, Mass. Edward L. Ripley, of Brookline, and Ezra W. Palmer, of Marshfield, were re-elected treasurer and clerk.

APPEAL FOR FAITH

This year's meeting was featured by the appeal of speakers for calm and more faith in the omnipotence of God in the face of present world turmoil.

Mrs. Matters held that Christian Science revealed the power of individual man to meet and overcome the hordes of mesmeric suggestions and subtle influences claiming to induce discouragement and apathy.

The retiring president, Mr. Cook, pointed out that the effort of one individual or nation to dominate others, or to exploit them by means of force, coercion, dishonesty, or deception, may appear temporarily to succeed, but it could not permanently prosper for the simple reason that evil had no divine principle.

Greens High In Vitamins

Use Them As Soon As Possible Or Keep Them in Cold Place

Early vegetables are the first food harbingers of spring. First come the wild greens, dandelions and sorrel, also watercress and cowslip, or pokeweed and milkweed. Lamb's quarter, purslane, field cress and many others appear on the list of greens in some localities.

If the greens have roots or any wilted leaves, cut these off. Wash the greens through several changes of water. Always lift the greens from the water to let the sand fall to the bottom.

When vegetables are served raw in a green salad, use them as soon as possible. They gradually lose some of their vitamins when held in storage. Keeping them in the refrigerator or other cold place will cut down this loss.

When greens are used raw, wash them quickly and put them in a cold place to become crisp. Don't let them stand in water.

If the greens are to be cooked, put them in a covered saucepan. If the saucepan is thick enough for them to cook slowly, use just the water that clings to the leaves and have a very low fire under the pan. Cook until just tender.

The Good Things Of Life

These are the things I prize,
And hold of deepest worth;
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills.—
Shelter of forest—comfort of the grass,—
Shadow of clouds that swiftly pass;—
And, after showers,
The smell of flowers
And of the good brown earth;—
And best of all, along the way,
Friendship and mirth.

—H. VanDyke.

Simplicity

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.

—Emerson.

There is a majesty in simplicity which is far above the quaintness of wit.

—Pope.

Simplicity of character is the natural result of profound counsel of the inspired writer.

—Mary Baker Eddy.

Goodness and simplicity are indissolubly united.

—Martineau.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

The Bride's Requests

This week's column is written in honor of the brides of this incomparable month of June. I have had requests from brides themselves, then again from their families,—from those who are responsible for the breakfast or luncheon or whatever it may be. So "Here is to the brides, all of them" and hoping these recipes may meet all of the requirements of my loyal and interested readers.

Firstly for a very simple wedding breakfast,—

Orange sections served in orange halves (sprinkled with chopped mint, topped with strawberry).

This of course has been previously prepared, orange removed carefully, sections placed in dish and sprinkled lightly with fruit sugar. Chill. When ready to serve, place fruit in halves of oranges, which have been removed carefully and put away. Sprinkle with chopped mint and top with fresh strawberry.

Creamed Tuna Fish—served in patty shells
Hot potato chips
Parkerhouse rolls
Orange, lemon, grapefruit marmalade
Ice Cream - Bride's Cake
Coffee Wedding Punch

Wedding Punch

4½ cups sugar
2 cups orange juice
2 cups lemon juice
1 cup grapefruit juice
2 cups pineapple juice
1 pint maraschino cherries
Ice
2 quarts charged water

Combine sugar and fruit juices; let stand until sugar dissolved. Add cherries and ice and just before serving add the effervescing water. Garnish with slices of orange, grapefruit and lemon. A few fresh strawberries added makes it very colorful.

Fruit Punch

1 pint water
4 cups white sugar
2½ tablespoons tea
1 quart boiling water
1 pint orange juice
1 pint lemon juice
1 pint grape juice
4 quarts ice water
1 pint fresh crushed pineapple
1 cup thin orange slices
1 cup sliced strawberries

Boil water and white sugar for 5 minutes. Infuse tea with a quart of boiling water. Combine cooled tea and syrup. Add fruit juices, ice water and crushed pineapple. Garnish with thin orange slices. If this is to be poured over a large block of ice, use less water. This recipe serves 50.

Light Fruit Cake

This is for the request for a fruit cake, that does not have to be made weeks ahead and for a light one:—

1 cup fruit sugar
¾ cup Bee Hive corn syrup
1 cup butter
3 eggs
1 lb. raisins
¼ lb. mixed peel
¼ cup fine coconut
1 small bottle of cherries
2 teaspoons vanilla
1 teaspoon almond and nutmeg flavoring
2 slices candied pineapple
1 tablespoon finely chopped candied ginger
2½ teaspoons baking powder
3 cups sifted flour

Cream butter well. Add sugar and corn syrup, then well beaten eggs. Next comes the flour, which has been sifted with the spices. Add the fruit last, mixing all very thoroughly. If steamed, cool for two hours, drying in a slow oven for ½ hour. Baking requires 1½ hours in very slow oven.

Cheese and Pineapple Sandwich Filling

½ cup almonds
2 tablespoons butter
1 to two cups crushed pineapple
12 olives finely chopped
½ cup cream cheese
Pineapple juice
Salt and paprika

Blanch the almonds and brown in the butter. Chop finely. Drain crushed pineapple and add to the nuts. Add chopped olives. Work the cream cheese into the mixture until a soft paste is formed; moisten with pineapple juice if necessary. Season with salt and paprika.

Strawberry and Marshmallow Whip

1 package strawberry flavored jelly powder
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water or preferably strawberry juice
6 marshmallows finely cut

Dissolve prepared jelly powder in boiling water. Add cold water or fruit juice. Chill; stir occasionally until of honey-like consistency. Place container in cool place and when chilled, whip with rotary beater until fluffy and thick. Fold in cut marshmallows. Pile lightly in sherbet glasses. Garnish with whole berries, when firm after chilling. Also use whipped cream as garnish.

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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