A Delicious Blend

"SALADA" GREEN 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.

* * *

Last Week: Lost together in the darkness of the mysterious cavern, Bob and Melissa find a deep dependence on each other. Together they struggle back to find their packs. Is this the end?

CHAPTER XIV

Zachary "Hades" Jones was a bit weary when he returned to camp that night. The 24-mile round trip had taken him two full days.

"These danged mules is contrarier'n a thunderstorm," he grumbled. "They ain't pack broke good yit. Here, Holliman, would you help me with these here kags, please sir?"

They unloaded the fresh cool water, ample for drinking, cooking, and scantly toilet until another week should pass. Then Hades released the animals for a bit of grazing nearby. There was a hole of satgnant water just a mile away, all right for the stock but too alkaline or "salty" for human use.

"Where at's the boss?" Hades asked.

"Ain't seen him all day. And by graps I'd like to know, too!"

"Eh?" Hades paused to look questionably at Holliman.

"Well fact is, Hades, he's out with 'Lissa. Just them two."

Hades spat rather copiously and glared at Holliman.

"S'posen he is? Ain't no lion, is she? Ain't gonna hurt him none?"

"Hell, no! But what business has he got taking a young gal out by herself."

Hades Jones, aged 70-odd, stepped forward menacingly.

"What do you mean, Holliman? Why you lyin'—!"

"Shut up, old man. Want me to slap you down?"

* * *

A New Quarrel

No one had dared to speak thus to Hades Jones in more than half a century. Uncle Hades had friends, and enemies who respected him, in practically every county and corral from El Paso to Yuma. He had punched cows until he joined a gold rush and made more money. Then he had been a prospector since. He had gone without water and food for four days straight, helping defend a settlement from an Apache Indian attack in his youth. When he was nearing 60 years of age he had shot it out with two Mexicans who essayed to hold up a bank at Bisbee. He had been in the bank at the time, and Hades of all the dozen people there didn't throw up his hands as commanded. People said he still owned the scalp of the redskin who killed his father, and he never denied it.

However, it was the utter surprise of his "sass" which saved Holliman some serious embarrassment, there in camp.

Hades' jaw just dropped. Five seconds later, unquestionably, he would have had two massive pisols aimed with terrible accuracy at Holliman's stomach. He had been known to do just that with other men, and daring them ever to resent it. But—at that instant Honey Bee Girl appeared.

"Supper iss ready," she announced, "and Bawb say to tell you not to wait for them, as they might not be back at all"

Before Hades' astonishment had fully cleared, Holliman was sitting down at the crude camp table, dishing up a pint or so of rich red chili. The old man discharged enough tobacco juice to drown a good-sized mammal, tabled his plans for discipline, and went glaring into supper himself.

His spirit calmed some as he ate—as what man's doesn't?

Honey Bee might be surly, stupid, or whatever, but she shore could cook! Many another woman has been forgiven her shortcomings because of her culinary art. Hades forgave no redskin anything; but he ate.

* * *

He got up before Holliman did, and walked to the foot of the castle cliff.

BANG! BANG!

Holliman and Honey Bee peered out in alarm. But Hades was only signalling. His old neck was craned upward, studying the castle.

He fired again, twice rapidly. It was a time-honored call of the outdoors — for anyone within hearing to answer or come. Hades never thought but what Bob Barry would know it, and answer if he heard.

"They ain't up there," the old man muttered presently, and came back to the dining tent.

"Holliman," he began, his eyes flashing, "I come dang nigh killin' you a while ago. You ain't old enough to know better yet in some ways, and it may cost you. We ain't known to each other plumb good yit. Now I don't want no trouble, but you don't be so free and careless with yore tongue, young feller. This Barry is our boss. You can quit any time; we c'n git more help, if I have to ride in after it. But by god, Holliman, I'll kill you deader'n a petrified snake ef you git too fresh; You savvy?"

He leaned forward just a little, hands ready to draw. He was a trifle comical, because of his wrinkles and his stoop. But there was no mistaking his earnestness. He meant precisely what he said.

Holliman tightened. He had started to grin at an old man, but he didn't. The keen old eyes spoke a silent warning more potent than the words. Holliman moved very slowly—hands away from his hips.

"All right, Jones. Forget it. You're old. I ain't goin' to fight no oldtimer."

It was a wise decision. But the situation was still shaky.

"You been eyein' Miss 'Lissa yoreself, Holliman. I seen you. I know th' signs. Waal, that ain't no insult, as such. Any young man'd be a fool not to set up to her. Ef she wants you it's her business; but you be dang shore she does. Now I wanta know—do you know where they're at now? Why ain't they here? It's well after dark."

* * *

Where Are They?

Holliman had been surprised indeed to hear that old Hades knew of his "settin' up" to Mary Melissa. The old fool must have eyes everywhere! But this was no time to argue. Besides, his own curiosity about the missing pair was mounting.

"I swear I don't know, Hades. And quit bein' warlike. I told you I ain't fightin'."

Hades grunted.

"Woman," he called to Honey Bee, "come out here. What about the two bosses? Where they at?"

"They are not here," said Honey Bee, stupidly.

Hades bridled again. Contempt almost suffused him. But Holliman spoke first.

"Well where are they?" The younger man was equally interested.

"They have gone, for maybe a long time," Honey Bee declared.

The Indian girl had expected thus to be questioned. She was not at all happy in her own mind. She didn't want Bob Barry to be alone anywhere with the white girl, much less in a dark cave. But—Bob was her employer, as well as the man she wanted; she virtually worshipped him. He had emphatically told her to keep the secret of the new cliff cave. She meant to do so.

"Hell, didn't they say where?" Hades was losing patience.

"They just say tell you both make thee better camp, thee better corral for thee mules and horses," Honey Bee spoke slowly, stalling. Then she had an idea. "Meester Bawb, he say must go. Maybe all day, maybe longer. They take food, canteen, go that way."

The Horses Are Here

She pointed—not toward the cliff dwelling, but in the opposite direction. The men grumbled about it at length, but after all the note Bob had left also told them to go ahead with their own work, and forget about him and 'Lissa. Suspicions thus were not aroused, at the time.

An hour later, though, Hades went for a last night check-up on the horses and mules—his regular job.

"Shucks!" he suddenly exclamied. "Their horses is both here!"

Bob and Mary Melissa wouldn't have started to go far on foot. The old man turned to stare back at the camp, suspicous, confused. He didn't trust that Indian girl. Nor Holliman.

(To Be Continued)

EPILOGUE

(Written by the noted English poet, William Ernest Henley, in 1901, these lines have peculiar application to the situation as it exists in the world this week.)

Into a land
Storm-wrought, a place of quakes, all thunder-scarred,
Helpless, degraded, desolate,
Peace, the White Angel, comes.
Her eyes are as a mother's. Her good hands
Are comforting, and helping; and her voice
Falls on the heart, as, after winter, spring
Falls on the world, and there is no more pain.
And, in her influence, hope returns, and life,
And the passion of endeavour; so that, soon,
The idle ports are insolent with keels;
The stithies roar, and the mills thrum
With energy and achievement; weald and wold
Exult; the cottage-garden teems
With innocent hues and odours; boy and girl
Mate prosp'rously; there are sweet women to kiss;
There are good women to breed. In a golden fog,
A large, full-stomached faith in kindliness
All over the world, the nation, in a dream
Of money and love and sport, hangs at the paps
Of well-being, and so
Goes fattening, mellowing, dozing, rotting down
Into a rich deliquium of decay.

Then, if the Gods be good,
Then, if the Gods be other than mischievous,
Down from their footstools, down
With a million-throated shouting, swoops and storms
War, the Red Angel, the Awakener,
The Shaker of Souls and Thrones; and at her heel
Trail grief, and ruin, and shame!
The woman weeps her man, the mother her son,
The tenderling its father. In wild hours,
A people, haggard with defeat,
Asks if there be a God; yet sets its teeth,
Faces calamity, and goes into the fire
Another than it was. And in wild hours
A people, roaring ripe
With victory, rises, menaces, stands renewed,
Sheds its old peddling aims,
Approves its virtue, puts behind itself
The comfortable dream, and goes,
Armoured and militant,
New-pithed, new-souled, new-visioned, up the steeps
To those great altitudes, whereat the weak
Live not. But only the strong
Have leave to strive, and suffer, and achieve.

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ISSUE NO. 25—'40

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By ANNE ADAMS

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Money For Beauty

The American Hairdresser, beauticians' trade paper, reported that 40,000,000 women in the U. S. spend $142,000,000 annually in beauty salons. Of this amount, approximately $6,000,000 is spent for scalp treatments; $13,000,000 for cosmetics; $15,000,000 for manicures; $17,000,000 for dyeing and bleaching hair; $18,000,000 for facials; $73,000,000 for permanent waves.

The stone sharpens knives but is dull itself.—Roman.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

ANOTHER SIMPLE SUNDAY DINNER

The ideal simple Sunday dinner should be one on which most of the preparation can be done beforehand; and one which presents something just a little different from the ordinary week-day meal.

We are choosing ham for the meat course, which may be broiled or baked. If baking, and in fact broiling too, personally I like to steam it beforehand, the time according to the amount. Then the broiling or baking takes only a few moments. The steaming may be done the day previous. Before placing in the broiler or in oven for baking, spread the surface lightly with butter and if you wish, add a little brown sugar and mustard (which have been mixed together), and a few cloves. All this can be done just before placing in the oven for the browning.

Now, that pineapples, (the large, luscious kind) are at their best, they make an ideal appetizer. Mint always bears a touch of favor and flavor served at the beginning of the meal in any type of fruit cup. Crush the leaves of a spray or two of mint and bury them (leaving on the stem) in the shredded, chopped pineapple. I prefer to run it through the food chopper, being sure to retain all the juice mixed with fruit sugar, which does dissolve so much better. This fruit can be prepared on Saturday and placed in the refrigerator or a very cool place. Leave the mint in according to the type of flavor you desire. Some prefer just a suggestion of the flavor; then it can be removed after a few hours. Others who like a deeper flavor may leave it in till ready to serve.

MENU

Pineapple and Mint Cup
Broiled (or baked) ham
Fresh asparagus
Rice and cheese sauce
Watercress and Radish Salad
Whipped Cream Cake
Hot Beverage Milk

If you have had freshly picked asparagus in the refrigerator, where it is crisp, it will only take a few moments to boil it. Serve with the melted butter atnd seasoning to taste. One of the recommendations for this vegetable is that it can be prepared well within the half hour.

I like the plan to cook the rice beforehand taking pains to keep the grains whole and separated. The cream sauce can also be made before hand, a plan which saves much time when dinner is being aseembled. Heat the sauce in the double boiler, adding ¼ cup grated cheese for each cup of sauce, this being added as sauce is reheated. Add the rice to the sauce in the double boiler and do not attempt to break up the rice leaving just as it is (it is not so attractive, if it is mashed). If one wished, the rice could be steamed (this also can be done before); then place in casserole just before serving and pour over it the cheese sauce sprinkling the top with grated cheese; time in oven about 20 minutes in moderate oven.

For your simple salad a valuable addition is salted wafers (be sure they are crisp).

For your dessert make your favorite light cake recipe on Saturday, preferably the long pan type. All you have to do is to add the whipper cream, which also may be prepared before and kept chilled. A few strawberries added gives you a strawberry shortcake of the sweet-cake type. For those who feel with the pineapple it is too many acids mixed, the cake and cream alone makes a very luscious dessert.

BAKING POWDER BISCUITS

It is true I have not said anything about biscuits for a long time and to answer the request for my favorite baking powder biscuits here you are:

2 cups flour (bread)
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons shortening (level)
¾ cup milk

Mix and sift dry ingredients, work in shortening and add liquid, gradually making the soft type — soft as possible to hadle. Turn on a floured board, pat and roll to about ½ inch in thickness, cut place in pan and bake in hot oven. Time 15 minutes. Oven 450 degrees.

SODA BISCUIT

Hoping this will answer the request for a "plain soda biscuit":

2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder
1½ tablespoons butter.
1 cup butermilk or sour cream (if using crea- ½ the butter).

Sift dry ingredients, mix in butter, add buttermilk gradually and mix as biscuits above. Oven 400 degrees. Time 15 minutes.

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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