TRY IT THE "SALADA" WAY

Infuse 6 heaping teaspoons of Salada Black Tea in a pint of fresh, boiling water. After 6 minutes strain liquid into 2-quart container; while hot, add 1 to 1½ cups of sugar and juice of 2 lemons, strained; stir until sugar is dissolved; fill container with cold water. Do not allow tea to cool before adding cold water or liquid will become cloudy. Serve with chipped ice. The above makes 7 tall glasses.

"SALADA" ICED 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 of Barry's party.

* * *

Last week: Hades calls Holliman's game. At the same time the Indian girl denies knowledge of Bob and Melissa's whereabouts. Concern for them now mounts.

CHAPTER XV

Bob and Mary Melissa had completely lost not only their sense of direction, but any sense of time. The absolute darkness in which they were living made sane, normal thinking almost impossible.

"I would say we've been here anywhere from 12 to 24 hours," Bob guessed. "But it might just seem that long, and really be less."

They dared not separate more than a few feet, lest they be lost from each other. And they dared not move save by crawling and feeling with their hands, lest they fall and be killed.

"It'll be something to tell our grandchildren," suggested 'Lissa, trying to be brave. "A real adventure."

"Correct," agreed Bob. Neither added the "if" which was uppermost in their minds.

There had been no more kisses, after the first one. It was supremely delicious to Bob, but he had asked it in a spirit more of comradeship than of love, doing the best he could to boost her spirits. It had been a lingering kiss. And it had been warmly returned. He had wanted to kiss her again and again—to hold her fiercely and pour out the declaration of love which had suddenly enveloped him. But he must be fair. He couldn't take advantage of the girl under stress of circumstance like this.

The thought made him a bit more formal for a half hour or so, but their mutual danger soon enveloped them. Then he tried singing.

Singing In The Dark

"Sailing, sailing,
Over the bounding waves—"

His big baritone filled the unseen auditorium. The novelty of it caused them both to laugh, which was well. 'Lissa clapped her hands, entered into the spirit of it.

"Can you do imitations also, Mr. Ginsberg?" she teased.

"No, but have you heard my tap dancing?"

* * *

Rations

He beat out a drum rhythm with two rocks on a giant stalagmite near them. "I'm really Bill Robinson traveling incognito, you know. See how dark I am!"

He kept up the silliness, because it diverted them both. It was nevertheless fantastic, there in the cavern. Somehow, they couldn't force the blackness out of their consciousness, even by play. Bob was talking and singing very loud.

When they were both weary, he suggested that they try to sleep. They lay prone, touching each other for consolation, and were still for perhaps two or three hours. And although neither actually slept, strength was restored.

"Do you suppose it's—tomorrow?" 'Lissa asked, when they were aroused again.

"Probably. Maybe day after. Here, I am rationing the chocolate bar. Feel my hand. Just a bit, but it'll lessen the gnawing."

The "gnawing" was rather acute, rightly enough. Moreover, Mary Melissa and Bob had the extreme added suffering of thirst. They didn't mention it, but each found it difficult even to swallow the bite of chocolate candy.

"Yoo-hoo!" Bob shouted, just to keep up spirits. It hurt his throat some, but he thought it justified. Anything now seemed better than just sitting, or eternally crawling and feeling to no avail.

"Echo! Echo!" he called, because he had heard one.

A faint repeat of it shot back at him.

"That means we're in a pretty big room, with some sort of flat wall oppostie," he told 'Lissa.

They tried to crawl toward it, but they came repeatedly to the drop-off—the ledge over which the lantern had fallen. Or perhaps another like it, they couldn't be sure.

* * *

A Wierd Echo

Bob threw some rocks. Many of them hit and bounded, hit and hit again, rolled and were quiet. It must be a long way down, somewhere, the boy and girl agreed.

"HEY DOWN THERE, ECHO!" Bob yelled.

They listened, but the phrases were too long. Only a jumble of noise reverberated. They sat silent, in increasing if unspoken despair, holding hands again. A second or so passed. Then—

"Hey! Hey!"

A faint sound, an exclamation, came out of the darkness!

Bob felt 'Lissa become tense, knew she had heard it too. His own heart was pounding.

"Lissa!" he barely whispered it. Then—'HEY! HELP!" He yelled at the top of his lungs.

It came back, but it was too long for an echo: "eh-eh-eh!"

It was unnatural, weird. Bob strained to determine the direction. "Pray God it's coming from above!" he said, squeezing 'Lissa's arm. "It may be help from up there, just echoing and seeming to come from below us!"

It might have been, but—it wasn't.

"I Saw A Light"

"No! No-no! NO-O-O!" The last was almost a scream, as Mary Melissa spoke it. "NO BOB! It's not help! We're—crazy or something. I saw a light flash—away below—in imagination I guess. OH!"

She was sobbing, and he held her close. He shut his own eyes, tightening his muscles trying to regain control.

He knew their trouble. He had heard of hallucinations that bedevil people facing slow death from hunger and thirst. Thirst takes rapid toll in the arid West country. Bob's own tongue felt very thick, and his legs were weak. How much more 'Lissa must be suffering, he knew.

Unashamedly, then he kissed her, and she kissed him back.

"I want you to know something—before we lose normal control entirely!" he whispered it fiercely.

"Yes, Bob?"

"I love you, Mary Melissa. I have always loved you, I guess."

"Kiss me again, please, I have loved you—longer than always!"

He held her, patted her.

"We'll stick it out as long as humanly possible, sweetheart. I am not afraid to die. I—am sorry, for you. But the end comes somewhere, somehow, no matter what we do in life. If this is ours, I can die happy now. But I wish I might have loved you longer."

"It's—all right," she whispered. "I am not afraid. I have you."

Hunger. And bodily weakness. And the intense thirst, the choking, knotting of throat muscles. Ringing in the ears. Mirages of sound and sight, even in subterranean darkness. Hysteria was bound to be near, they felt.

(To Be Continued)

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Incorrect Shoes Hurt Children

They Suffer From Wrongly-Fitted Footwear More Than Adults Do; Permanent Harm May Be Caused

"Though the danger of bad shoe fitting strikes home to everyone, child or adult, children are more liable to suffer permanent injury," says Ralph W. Merians, president of the U. S. Orthopedic Shoe Men's Society. "They are usually too shy to say anything when they are being fitted for shoes and often don't realize that their feet are cramped. Their bones, being soft and pliable, are easily injured and distorted."

BOYS MORE SENSIBLE

A survey of New York public schools shows that although at birth only one out of 10 children has defective feet—at the age of 10, seven children out of 10 have developed foot ailments. Interesting to note in this survey, is the fact that 80 per cent of girls of school age have foot deformities and mechanical disturbances. Boys seems to be more sensible about their shoes, for those of school age are suffering from foot ailments are 65 per cent.

Bootleg Beauty

Banning of permanent waves by the Tokyo gvoernment has led to a type of bootlegging at the beauty parlors. Women are obtaining permanent waves through loopholes in the law and the letdown in enforcement. The ban is a part of the restriction on electrical consumption.

CRISP DRESS OR SUN-STYLE

PATTERN 4472

By ANNE ADAMS

Make Pattern 4472 in both its useful versions — those simple panelled lines will be quick to stitch. The prettily shaped yoke and the sleeve-tabs of the frock look adorable in dainty contrast, edged with lace. The sun-dress is made by omitting the sides of the bodice, the sleeves and the yoke and cutting the back into a low square. Crisp self or contrasting ruffling and a sash will give it a pinafore-effect. The sun-dress may be worn as a jumper over blouses, too.

Pattern 4472 is available in children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, dress, takes 1⅝ yards 35 inch fabric and ¼ yard contrast; sun-dress, 1⅝ yards 35 inch fabric and ½ yard contrast.

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

SUMMER BEVERAGES AND SMALL CAKES

As summer is arriving most of us are making an inventory of our recipes and ideas for beverages and the small cake and cookie, that we may be ready for the caller or visitor.

What a privilege for us to be able to have an afternoon or evening snack on the lawn or out-of-doors somewhere or just on the porch, enjoying it in safety in comparison with our friends overseas. No doubt our visits and conversations this year will be of a very serious and anxious nature and knitting and Red Cross sewing will be spare-time occupation, but let us be truly thankful as we visit and work for our privileges.

In these days we are thinking and are told much about nutrition and the low cost of meals, and as milk always holds an honored place on menu lists we can do no better than start our suggestions with these few hints.

Iced Chocolate Milk

Mix equal parts of chilled milk and prepared cocoa as for drinking; add a spoon of maple syrup or caramel syrup. Shake thoroughly. Add a spoon of Maple ice cream in an iced tea or coffee glass. Serve with a spoon.

Or try this: place a large spoon of vanilla ice cream in an iced coffee glass, add ¼ cup of milk, then pour in ginger ale to fill the glass, stirring all the while. Drink at once.

Flavor iced milk with maple sugar, with brown sugar, with melted chocolate peppermints. Heat large chocolate mints in the upper part of the double boiler. When melted stir into milk.

Mint Punch

There has been a request for the mint punch of last year,—

1 cup chopped fresh mint leaves
1 cup powdered sugar
½ cup lemon juice
4 cups orange juice
1 quart ginger ale
Crushed ice and mint sprigs

Rub the mint leaves and sugar together until well mixed. Add lemon and orange juice. Allow to stand for at least 15 minutes, in a cold place, preferably longer. Strain, add the ginger ale. Pour into glasses ½ full of cracked ice. Garnish each glass with mint sprigs.

Always remember, when you wish the very simplest kind of beverages, that the simple orangeade and lemonade are always refreshing. In making orangeade, for a single glass allow ½ orange and 1 tablespoon of lemon juice sweetened to taste. Then to add variation to this you may serve plain grape juice or again a combination of orange, lemon or grapefruit. Ginger ale added to any of the above does give them zest.

Now for the accompaniment to the beverage, which may be just as simple as you wish, such as the plain cookie, or may run the whole gamut of small cakes to the elaborate frosted one.

Sour Cream Drop Cookies

¼ cup butter
½ cup sugar
1 egg
½ teaspoon vanilla
One-eighth teaspoon soda
One-eighth teaspoon salt
1¾ sups flour
¼ cup sour cream
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ cup raisins
¼ cup chopped nuts

Cream butter well, adding sugar gradually; add well-beaten egg, also flavoring. Mix and sift the flour, salt, baking powder and soda. Add alternately with the sour cream to butter and sugar mixture. Add raisins and chopped nuts. Drop by spoonful on a buttered baking dish. Bake in moderate oven about 12 minutes.

Oatmeal Cookies

2 cups rolled oats
1 cup sugar
½ cup shortening
⅓ cup milk
½ teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups pastry flour
½ teaspoon vanilla

Cream together rolled oats, shortening and sugar. Add milk gradually and continue beating until creamy. Sift dry ingredients together and add to first mixture. Add vanilla. Chill and roll thin. Cut in desired shape and bake in moderate oven for 10 minutes.

Corn Flake Cookies

2 egg whites
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 cups corn flakes
1 cup sugar
1 cup shredded coconut
½ cup walnut meats

Beat egg whites till quite stiff. Add sugar slowly, then vanilla, coconut and walnut meats. Stir in cornflakes and drop by teaspoonfuls on greasy cooky sheet and bake in hot oven until light brown in color.

Frosted Drop Cakes

Cream ¼ cup butter, gradually add 1 cup sugar, yolks of 2 eggs, ½ cup milk, 1½ cups flour (mixed and sifted with 2 teaspoons baking powder). Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs, and add ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven. Cover with white frosting.

Oatmeal Macaroons

Mix thoroughly together 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 cup granulated sugar, 2 well beaten eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, a little grated nutmeg, and 2½ cups oatmeal (into which has been stirred 2½ teaspoons baking powder). Have the batter quite stiff and drop by the teaspoon on a buttered baking sheet, having them about an inch apart. Bake in a moderate oven until crisp and brown on the edges.

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."

Dept. WO-272 — TORONTO, ONT.

Life Expectancy For Quints: 47

Judging From Insurance Statistics Their Chances Individually Are For An Age of 69

The Dionne quintuplets, who celebrated their sixth birthday May 28, have an even chance, as a group, of living 47 years. Considered individually, each quint should reach the age of 69. "These figures," according to statisticians of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, "are based on average conditions of health prevailing at present in the United States."

The girls, who were puny at birth, already have surpassed the health record of many normal infants, and, as a group of five individuals, have "successfully overcome mortality risks equivalent to those which the average woman meets in the course of the first 58 years of her life."

"Now that the Canadian quintuplets are six years old," the statisticians say, "they should be guarded against accidents, which form the greatest hazard for both boys and girls of that age." The Dionnes have already established a longevity record for quintuplets.

Modern War Kills Poetry

Mechanized Aspect Doesn't Give Time to Develop Poetic Interest

This war's poets have not come up to the mark set by the last war, officials of the Poetry School, of London, England, say.

Nothing has yet appeared, it was stated, to compare with the verse produced between 1914-18 by Rupert Brooke, Siegfried Sassoon, Alfred Noyes, or the Canadian poet, John MacRae, who produced the famous "In Flanders Fields."

"War has been stripped of any glamour it had," Mr. Galloway Kyle, secretary of the Poetry Society said. "The mechanized nature of the armies of today has had its effect on the men's outlook. They find little time for interest in poetry."

Most of the poems the society has received lately have for their central theme Hitler and the fate to which the poet would like to confine him. This is not regarded as a promising theme for enduring verse.

—Wrigley's Spearmint Gum is the favorite! Millions enjoy its long-lasting, *genuine* spearmint flavor. Healthful, delicious, refreshing! Get the good habit of enjoying it *after every meal!*

GET SOME TODAY!

Some Women Help To Kill Chivalry

Rush to Open Door Before Men Even Have Chance To

Chivalry dead? Well, it's not dead enough to deny a man the privilege of opening a door for a lady. But often a woman makes the moment awkward for him by rushing at the door. It's easy enough to step aside while your escort does the honors. Modern courtesy seems more and more to be fifty-fifty co-operation.

Sometimes, in turning a corner, a man walking with a woman changes position to keep on the outside of the sidewalk. There again the woman can make the shift naturally and not embarrass him by a collision.

STEPS FROM CAR FIRST

When they arrive at their automobile he helps her get in ahead of him. If he is driving he opens the door on her side of the car, assists her in, then goes to the other side to get in. If traffic is heavy and they're in a crowded parking place, the woman should suggest that he slide under the wheel from her side of the car before she gets in. But the man always steps from the car first so he can help the woman out.

Beige Is Forecast As Autumn Color

PARIS—Beige is widely forecast as a smart fall color. Like the greys, the beiges are undefined. The newest looking are strongly tinged with mouse; in fact, they are often referred to as a grey. Browns are being modified in the same manner. The soft taupe or coconut browns launched by Molyneux, and some new ginger browns, tend to supplant the spice or wood tones of last season. Tawny browns are growing richer and are less metallic in tone. Alix's "vin cuit" colors, such as sherry, old port and malaga, will outmode gold, copper and bronze.

Of much speaking cometh repentance, but in silence is safety.—Ancient Brahmin.

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