The Perfect Thirst Quencher

"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.

* * *

Last week: At the end of their endurance, Bob and Melissa are rescued by a strange, brown little people. They start downward in the cavern after them.

CHAPTER XVII

They had no idea where they were going. They were just walking, under escort.

"This is going to make a good story, if we ever get back to tell it," 'Lissa ventured at last.

Bob smiled through his bewilderment. "I'll say!"

"We're going down all the time, Bob."

"Up and down both. I can't estimate how much. But if we suddenly come onto the devil himself I won't be surprised."

"I'll never be surprised at anything again! Know what I'm thinking, dear?"

"No 'Lissa. What?"

"About New York. And life there. I used to be so bored with it. Nothing ever happened! That's why I answered your advertisement."

The brown men watched them carefully, spoke frequently to each other, showed them a fairly smooth path. Bob held Mary Melissa's arm all the while, to aid her.

"Are you sorry, now, that you answered it?" He looked at her. She was even more lovely than he had imagined her to be, when they had kissed there in the darkness. At least he told her so; actually she was sadly tousled and unkempt not to mention her weariness. "No," she declared, smiling, "I'll never be sorry."

* * *

Another Tribe

The walk wasn't very long. With that sudden surprise with which a train emerges from a tunnel, the strange party turned an angle in the cave and blinked at daylight. Near the exit they saw other things, too; mostly great baskets and jars, and some stacks of animal skins. The area seemed to be a kind of storehouse. Bob's interest mounted rapidly.

"We've surely stumbled onto another tribe of Indians," said he, "and lucky for us. They're some tribe strange to me, but probably a few of them speak English. We'll come around here again and investigate. I thought I knew all about this border country."

Heralds evidently had hurried ahead with the news of the white couple, for as they emerged from the cave, blinking and squinting, they saw some dozens of men, women and children hastening toward them. They, too, were all brown.

Bob and Mary Melissa instantly noted the complete absence of any evidence of "civilization." In dress, possessions, manners, even speech, these people were something from another century, from somewhere back in the middle ages as man reckons time.

"Do any of you speak English?" Bob called.

Evidently no one did. All stopped talking, and stared. He tried again.

"We are hungry. Please give us food, and water." He pointed to his mouth, and to Mary Melissa's.

They understood that. At least one dignified elderly man did. He spoke a few words as if in command and two women hastened away. Shortly they were back with earthern bowls, both water and food. The food was a thick hot gruel of corn meal, with some pieces of meat. The hungry pair ate again, gratefully, and strength grew in them. They could enjoy some sleep, but this was no time for it, they knew.

* * *

Bob Barry—Dr. Robert Wilson Barry, PhD., now—was studying the situation intently. He bethought himself of another fundamental in human nature, and so took his shiny gold watch from his pocket.

With some show of pomp, he held it out and walked to the man who had ordered their food. The brown man accepted it, evidently with high pleasure.

Instanly the visitors were forgotten while the natives gathered around the shining gift.

"They don't even know what a watch is, Bob! Look." Mary Melissa whispered, intensely interested. "Have they never even seen a watch before?"

Suddenly one of them discovered the ticking, laughed and talked excitedly in announcing it to the others. Everyone had to listen then, as if they were so many children. In time, though, they looked querulously at Bob; he stepped forward and took the watch again.

Sun-Worshippers

The young scientist pointed at the sun, and at the watch. With extended arm, he swept in an arc from horizon to horizon, then with his finger he indicated the motion of the hour hand. He held up the watch and the yellow gold gleamed.

As if by royal command, then, a murmur of awe swept through the brown audience. The leader spoke a short sentence of two, and the entire assembly lifted both hands—held them high as if in worship or salute. Silence reigned, while Bob Barry's jaw fell.

He and 'Lissa stared in fresh surprise at this phenomenon. Nearly a hundred people had suddenly saluted a watch. The attitude was undeniably one of respect, of reverence even.

"Lower the watch—lower it, Bob," whispered 'Lissa. He had unconsciously kept it held high, to reflect the sun.

* * *

Not A Word of English

He got the point. When he lowered the trinket, and with great show of deference gave it back to the brown leader, the people dropped their arms and began talking again.

"Imagine that!" Bob murmured. "But it makes sense, by George it does, 'Lissa! These people are sun worshippers. See? It's a common thing. Most of the aborigines in this country were. All strength comes from the sun, all good things, all of life. Even the Hopi Indians, and the Navajo home is always built with the door facing east, to catch the sunrise light. Many Indian dances are prayers to the sun. Get it?"

"Yes!" she replied. "And Bob—you told them that the watch was a sun, a little sun. See?"

It seemed correct. If he had done so, it was a lucky move, he told her. What more likely to impress the simple folk, than to be messengers bearing a "little Sun?"

They looked then to study the countryside. It was typical of the Mexican border country, as to mountains and cliffs, but immediately before them lay a valley that was cultivated and green. It was not large, maybe a thousand acres. There was but one village. Houses were built of stone, and were clustered near the great cave which Bob and 'Lissa had just left.

"This is in some kind of a box canyon," Bob declared, studying the terrain. "Look at those sheer cliffs, all around us."

Their arrival had completely upset the community. Evidently all the citizens—Bob counted 90-odd of them—came to see the white couple. But not one could speak an English word, although Bob caught some phrases much like the speech of pueblo Indians.

"I'm going to tackle that chief again," he told 'Lissa, "and see what I can do by drawing pictures and making signs."

(To Be Continued)

Only 5¢ Chantecler Slow Burning CIGARETTE PAPERS NONE FINER MADE DOUBLE AUTOMATIC BOOKLET

Quints, Chief Drawing Card

Their Home Is the Main Tourist Attraction of Northern Ontario

Callander is one of the focal points of world interest today, aside from the war. In this Northern Ontario village is being conducted an experiment in child welfare and psychology which is being watched with the closest attention, not only by the medical profession but by the public at large, on practically every continent; for it is the birthplace of those remarkable Dionne Quintuplets — Yvonne, Annette, Cecile, Emilie and Marie, who since their birth on May 28, 1934, have become the most famous babies known to modern history, and wards of the Ontario Government.

Each year thousands are drawn to Callander and the Dafoe Hospital, their home, which was named in honor of Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, to whose skill and care they survived and grew into a healthy, normal childhood.

FINE HOSPITAL

This hospital is modern in every way and, in miniature, is the equal of the large institutions of its kind in great cities. An excellent supervised outdoor playground adjoins the hospital, which stands within its own grounds. The Dafoe Hospital was built by the Ontario Red Cross Division. Organizations and corporations, located in Canada and the United States have offered every co-operation, and thus the children are growing up under ideal conditions. Health permitting, they may be viewed each day.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

RASPBERRY SEASON AGAIN

Of course you are planning to can just as many of the small fruits as possible. Firstly, we must take advantage of the cheaper fruits for our own families. Secondly, each one of us should try to meet the requests of the various organizations soliciting our help for extra fruit. Thirdly, exra fruit is useful for those very personal gifts, (do not forget, with each type you can, to set aside a few jars for this purpose). What a joy it will give you at gift time to wrap them in attractive cellophane or other papers and present these goodies to those who are ill, to the lonely or to other very intimate friends.

We have not the space to give you all the different methods of canning and recipes for different jams and conserves we should like to. Many of you who have filed some of these last year can refer to them; those who desire information, please write in.

Naturally we are hearing much about raspberry jam these days. This is my method:—After picking over and washing the berries thoroughly, place in some earthenware vessel, sprinkling alternate layers with sugar in equal measurements. Let stand over night and in the morning place in preserving kettle with ½ cup water, sufficient to keep from sticking to the pan, until sugar and juice dissolves. Boil on medium heat for 20 minutes, then lower heat a little and simmer for 40 minutes. Skim and place in container using either paraffin or some of the new seals. Store in cool, dry place.

Raspberry Relish

2 quarts ripe raspberries
1 pint cider vinegar
½ cinnamon stick (an inch length)
¼ teaspoon mustard seed
1 teaspoon preserved ginger
2 cups sugar

Pick raspberries and simmer them in the vinegar for 45 min., then drain and add the mustard, cinnamon and ginger. Boil slowly for 30 min., then strain and measure and for each quart, add 1 pint sugar. Boil slowly until thick, then bottle and seal.

Raspberry Vinegar

4 quarts raspberries
1 quart vinegar (mild)
Sugar

Place 2 quarts of the berries in a bowl and cover with vinegar. Cover closely and allow to stand in a cold place for 2 days, then mash berries and strain the vinegar through cheesecloth. Pour it over 2 quarts of fresh raspberries. Allow to stand another 2 days. Mash berries and strain and put in a preserving pan with sugar. Allow 1 pound sugar to 1 pint juice.

Heat slowly, skimming when vinegar begins to boil. Boil gently for 12 to 15 minutes and seal in sterilized jars. Use 2 tablespoons raspberry vinegar to 1 glass of water, when serving.

Raspberry Whip

1¼ cups raspberries
1 cup fruit sugar
1 egg white beaten stiffly

Crush the berries and allow to stand with sugar for one hour, fold in egg white. Pile in sherbet glasses and top with whipped cream or custard sauce. Garnish with whole berries.

Minted Raspberry Beverage

2 cups fresh raspberries
1½ cups sugar
Few sprigs mint
2 lemons
2 oranges
Water

Crush the raspberries and heat slowly to extract the juice, adding a little water if necessary. Strain the juice through cheesecloth. Add sugar and crushed mint. Cool and add juice of lemons and oranges. Chill. To serve add twice the amount of cold water and pour over cracked ice in tall glasses; garnish with a sprig of mint.

Raspberry Ade

3 cups orange juice, 1 cup lemon juice, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup raspberry juice. 1 quart water. Mix all the ingredients together and stir until sugar is dissolved. Pour into glasses which are quarter-filled with cracked ice. This makes about 2½ quarts.

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." Send stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply.

First Canadian Nurses Overseas Greet England With A Cheer

Among the first Canadian nursing sisters to go overseas, these nurses of the Canadian Red Cross give a hearty cheer on their arrival at an undisclosed British port. They are among the 129 nursing sisters who have arrived in England from this country.

Fashion Flashes

Jackets combining corduroy with wool handknitting are among autumn sports models at Maria Krum, London handknit house. There are also tweed topcoats with hand-knitted yokes and sleeves.

A fitted wine wool evening jacket with flashing beaded shoulders, worn with a wine and white printed crepe dinner gown, is included among the Norman Hartnell models chosen by Marcelle Rogez, the actress, for her forthcoming visit to America. She is selecting several beaded evening models.

Dinner frocks with sheer tops and long sleeves are strong. Likewise are jacket ensembles prominent for evening. One designer features tailored beaded evening jackets in flower designs.

Cotton, also spun rayon suitings, reflecting Scotch tweeds, are starting to percolate through the Scotch piece goods collections for spring, 1941.

Million More Shoes Produced In Canada

Leather footwear production in Canada during the first four months of 1940 totalled 8,781,974 pairs compared with 7,360,581 pairs in the corresponding period of 1939.

WOMEN WANTED

38 to 52 years old. Women who are restless, moody, NERVOUS—who fear hot flashes, dizzy spells—to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Pinkham's is famous for helping women during these "trying times" due to functional irregularities. Get a bottle today from your druggist! WORTH TRYING!

ISSUE 28—'40

Front Parlor

There is a room that I remember where
It always was mysterious and dim,
Keeping all week a sort of Sunday air,
Too elegant for comfort and too prim
For any child to think it ever could
Have been a place where people really stayed.
A smell of rose leaves and of cedar wood
Clung to those things that never seemed to fade.

Now, looking down the arches of the years,
That room is not so empty, not so stern,
For all its plush and crystal chandeliers.
Strange how it takes so long a time to learn
What heartbeat lingers—to a child no more
Than dusty silence back of a closed door.

Leslie Nelson Jennings.
—In Christian Science Monitor.

Bride Forgot The License

And now a bride who forgot the marriage license. Emile J. Marano, jr., of New Orleans, La., left the license with his bride-to-be, Mildred Claasen, "for safe keeping"; told her to bring it to the church. Miss Claasen was on time—without the license. While bride, relatives and friends waited, Moran dashed to City Hall, got a duplicate. Then they were married.

ENJOY ITS GENUINE MINT FLAVOR

● Every day millions find real enjoyment in the cooling, long-lasting flavor of WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM—blended from fresh garden mint.

It's good for you, too—helps keep teeth bright and attractive. Dentists recommend it.

GET SOME TODAY!

Scotland Knows No Nightingales

The nightingale is seldom, if ever heard in Scotland, says a writer in the Manchester Guardian. Early last century Sir John Sinclair, convinced that this seeming neglect was due merely to ignorance of the amenities of the northern kingdom, procured a supply of nightingales' eggs from the south of England and had them placed in robins' nests about his estate. In due course, the young birds made their appearance, and seemed quite happy in their surroundings. In the autumn, however, they migrated—and not one of them returned.

MATRON'S WELL-CUT "UNDIES"

By ANNE ADAMS

These coatless summer days your frocks must be "underlined" with special care. Pattern 4308 is a slip style designed by Anne Adams to fit to the mature figure meticulously with no disturbing ridges or bumps. The smooth panelled lines are so easy to stitch. And those ingenious extra seams at the hips prevent riding-up and help to make a nicely fitting bodice and a perfectly hanging, non-twisting skirt that has plenty of fullness. Notice how the straps are cut in one piece with the side panels. There's a choice of two necklines, one slightly lower, and you may add dainty lace edging. Roomily cut bloomers or pantier are included in this "must-have" style.

Pattern 4308 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36, slip, takes 2⅞ yards 39 inch fabric and 2⅞ yards lace edging.

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.