Boys Enjoy A Moment Off Anti-Sabotage Duty

More precautions against sabotage and parachute troops are being taken in and around London. Here some of the soldiers who are busy sandbagging have a brief rest to enjoy refreshment from the mobile canteen.

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: Bob and Melissa are escorted down and out of the cavern and into a lost world—a world of strange ancient Indians who know no English and who worship the sun.

CHAPTER XVIII

Robert Barry was a trained scientist specializing in the antiquities of man, fascinated always by their history, their manners, customs, languages. Because North American man seems literally to have been cradled in our Southwest, Bob Barry had centered his studies there. He knew many things from books and professors, many more from work in the field. And — common sense taught him not a few.

"Remember the feller starving to death in Paris, 'Lissa?"

"What are you talking about?" she laughed at him. They had maneuvered to get more food, and a couple of hours for rest and sleep.

"The American who saved his life with a pencil," Bob resumed. "He was trying to make the cafe waiter understand him. Finally in desperation he sketched a picture of a cow, and so had a sizzling T-bone steak for dinner."

She laughed again. "Will you order T-bones now?" she suggested. "And you might draw a chicken and a bakery and a dish of peas, if your art is dependable."

He Had Some Ideas

He grinned but he was serious too. He had some ideas. They had been resting inside a windowless room, on floor beds made of grass and woven fibre blankets. Brown folk peered in the lone door from time to time. Evidently these watchful ones saw when they awoke, for a crowd greeted them outside again.

For two hours and more then, Bob Barry "conversed" with the man who had accepted the watch. He was what he appeared to be—the leader, or chieftain. He wore more clothes than the others, but clothing in general evidently was not a bother to these folk; his pieces were ornamental, marks of distinction and rank.

"They're Not Indians"

Bob's hunch was right. The brown chief could understand much of the sign language which is universal among wilderness people. It is not always the same in every nation, but there is invariably a similarity. Close observers can "interpret" it readily, for after all it is communication reduced to the simplest of motions, about the things common to all. Bob could understand more of it than he could "speak," which is usual with any foreign language. But he labored at it, not unpleasantly, for most of the afternoon.

"Listen 'Lissa, we've stumbled onto something bigger and stranger than we could have hoped for in our wildest dreams." Bob was beaming when he joined Mary Melissa again. She had waited near the chieftain's house.

"Could you understand him, Bob? Did you learn much?"

"Plenty! It wasn't all easy, for him or me either, but we had a great talk. These people are not Indians. I'm convinced of that. I mean, not any tribes we know or have record of. They may be kin to the Hopis and Zunis and Acomas, but they're a tribe of their own, right enough.

"Why 'Lissa honey, know what that old chief told me? This is the answer to our main question. This tribe is the remnant of the cliff dwellers!"

"Really, Bob?"

"Yessir! Centuries ago, evidently, the ancestors of these villagers built Defiance Castle, and lived up there for protection. They farmed this valley, which has some springs in it; and the river courses on the other side of the cliff near our camp, remember? But enemies came raiding. They killed most of the other cliff dwellers, or took off the girls to be slaves. Probably the enemies were Yaquis, or Apaches.

"This castle, though, was hardest to attack, because it was so high and hard to get at."

"Then what happened, Bob?" The girl was intensely interested.

* * *

A Lost Valley

"These people, I mean their ancestors, made a smart move. They destroyed their front ladders, such as we built, abandoned their cliff home, and came into this hidden valley to live. The enemies didn't know about this valley, and there was enough rich soil here to support the few surviving cliff people. See?"

"Yes, but wouldn't the raiders find this valley in time?"

"No, they didn't. The raiders didn't live in this area. They came in from many miles away. When they thought all the cliff people had been killed or fled, they ceased coming."

"But Bob, why haven't white people found it? You say it's new to science, and these people are living as they did 500 years ago."

"Look around us, 'Lissa. See the great cliffs—there? And there? And on all sides? This really is a wide box canyon, a shut-in valley. As you know, this part of the Mexican border is very sparsely populated anyway. Few travelers would ever have cause to get over here. If one happened along, or if an aviator saw this valley and village, he likely would think it some obscure Mexican settlement of no importance. This may actually be in Mexico; I don't know exactly where the international line is along here. Remember, we are many miles from any white town. So you see, sweetheart, we have really stumbled onto a lost kingdom."

The Lost People

It was all sort of fantastic, but it made sense. The Lost People—Bob formally named them that—were indeed a turn-back of the human calendar. Their kingdom would be a microscopic point on the vast map of the United States or of Mexico. And by a freak of geography and circumstance, they had remained completely isolated from all the rest of the world, unknown to it, and it unknown to them. Probably it could have happened nowhere else in North America save in this arid, almost unknown southwest.

This land of [illegible] could be one of 10,000 spots in the maze of mountains that make up Arizona, old and New Mexico. With a stream for irrigation and for drinking, the Lost People had existed here in a long self-sufficiency, a tiny utopia in its way, gentlefolk who through many peaceful generations had lost their fear of enemies and their inclination to travel or expand. They were content to live and rest here, zealous worshipers of the sun.

"At least that's the best I can do at interpreting the story old what'shisname told me," Bob concluded, to Melissa, "except for one rather important thing. In fact, I think it's extremely important to you and me, Melissa."

"What is it, Bob? What did he say about us?"

"Why these Lost People think we're messengers from their god, the Sun. We're pretty important, demi-gods or something. We brought them a watch, yellow and shiny, a piece of the sun, as you observed. Now they beg us not to destroy them, not to reveal them to their ancient enemies outside. See?"

A Greater Sun God

"Oh I can't imagine all this. I just can't, Bob. It wouldn't be possible, if it weren't true!"

"Check, I agree. But here we are. Facts are facts. They never saw white people before, especially a beautiful white girl. You impress them tremendously, sweetheart. I mean, you're a greater sun god than I, because you're fairer, daintier, I imagine. They're going to stage a big party, a pow-wow and dance and all that, for our benefit. . . . Scared?"

Mary Melissa was so frightened at all this that she trembled a bit. But she dimpled at Bob Barry.

"Never, with you here, dear," she declared.

(To Be Continued)

Nervous Restless Girls! Cranky? Restless? Can't sleep? Tire easily? Annoyed by female functional disorders and monthly distress? Then take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, famous for over 60 years in helping such rundown, weak, nervous conditions. Made *especially for women*. WELL WORTH TRYING!

Champion Typist Likes Swimming

Oakville Girl Who Holds The World's Amateur Record Discovers It Keeps Her Quite Fit for Work

A cup of tea at four o'clock and lots of swimming during the off hours, that's the formula for overcoming typing fatigue as prescribed by pretty hazel-eyed Margaret Faulkner, of Oakville, Ont., who captured the world's amateur typewriting championship in Chicago, June 21st.

Back at her job of demonstrating business machines in Toronto last week, Miss Faulkner, who clicked through the half-hour championship event at the rate of 121 words a minute, told how aquatic sports eliminated her fears of suffering from tension or physical strain during the contest. "Either," she said, "would have made enough difference in speed and accuracy to have cost me the title."

TYPING'S STRENUOUS WORK

"Hudreds of pounds are lifted during the course of a day's typing," explained the new champion, "and that takes more than finger work. A great many muscles are giving subtle assistance every time the carriage is returned or the keys depressed, and I have found swimming the best way to develop them."

Miss Faulkner has kept up her swimming and diving ever since she started winning typing contests at business school. Three years ago she captured the Canadian amateur type-writing championship and last year she was runner-up for the world's title.

Simple Pumps Are Standbys

No chic woman ever tolerates crooked or run-over heels. She has new lifts put on her shoes the moment they begin to show signs of wear on the edges.

And pumps are her old standbys. She may go in for novelty shoes — platform soles, wedge heels and such now and then, but she sticks mainly to pumps.

She has dressy high-heeled ones in black patent leather or kidskin or white buck for summer and in black or brown suede for winter. And low-heeled ones in appropriate materials for casual, daytime occasions in all seasons. She may dance in sandals and walk in oxfords, but she lives in pumps—ultra simple ones.

Coiffure Styles Much Simplified

Hair styles must necessarily alter to be in harmony with new fashions. New York coiffeurs have looked to this, simplifying the arrangement of curls and usually dressing the hair in a few smooth rolls over the crown and sides of the head, while at the back the ends are tucked in behind combs in a modified version of the swept-high coiffure. Neatness, doing away with any fluffy curls on the nape, is always the rule.

Handy Hints

To remove whitewash from a ceiling, dissolve one pound of alum in one gallon of strong vinegar. Apply with brush, let soak in well and scrape and wash as usual.

Always keep flour in a warm, dry place. Damp flour will never make light cakes and pies.

For whiter mashed potatoes or boiled rice, add a pinch of cream of tartar to the cooking water.

Mix grated or chopped carrots into apple and other fruit salads. They will add to delicious crunchiness.

Never leave sugar, raisins, currants or peel in paper bags. They all go moist and sticky very quickly.

Moisture in the refrigerator encourages the growth of bacteria, causing food to spoil. Wipe off all moisture inside the refrigerator and be careful to remove spilled foods.

Some Suggestions For Care of Milk

Never Let It Remain on The Doorstep Exposed to Light

Getting a bottle of milk may seem like a routine thing, but much can be done to maintain its quality and flavor, says the New York State College of Home Economics. Here are some tips from the college:

Buy the best milk you can afford.

Have the milk bottle put into a covered box when the milk is delivered. Never allow a bottle of milk to stand on the doorstep, exposed to light.

Wash the outside of the bottle before putting it into the refrigerator.

Keep the milk covered in a clean, cold place.

Take out only enough milk for each meal.

Wash the bottle carefully and return it regularly.

TOT'S COOL PINAFORE OUTFIT

PATTERN 4330

By ANNE ADAMS

Anne Adams offers her enchanting version of the pinafore in Pattern 4330—a cool pinafore that's useful as a sun-dress, worn with panties beneath, or as an apron to wear over other frocks. It buttons down the back and may have a saucy back bow. The matching or contrasting ruffles that spring out from the bodice look gay with ric-rac. The brief skirt is full and gathered. To complete the picture, there's an eye-shading sunbonnet of self-fabric or a pretty color. Simple panties that are cut in one piece are included in this quickly-made style.

Pattern 4330 is available in children's sizes, 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, sunbonnet and pinafore, takes 2⅝ yards 35 inch fabric and 3 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.

Newest Sheets Boast Pockets

To Make Them Fit Your Mattress Perfectly and Save Any Wrinkling

Bed sheets make news after a great many years of humdrum existence. That's because of two recent changes in their design.

There's a no-tuck sheet with pockets at the top and bottom to make it fit the mattress. The idea behind that is to avoid the wrinkling of the lower bedsheet. And also there's another sheet with hems woven into the fabric as a decorative finish. This was done to save loss of length in making hems after sheets are bought.

SAVE HEM LOSS

Especially helpful to the person furnishing a house or apartment for the first time is the method of the marking of the newer hemmed sheets. They are designed on labels as single-bed, full-length; twin-bed, full length; or double bed, full length. That does away with having to go home to measure the length of the bed or getting there with a sheet that's too short.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

A SUMMER MEDLEY

So many things just pop into my mind this beautiful summer's morning, as I write to you, that I feel I should name it none other than a "Medley". Jams, jellies and preserves are all "calling the housewives" from everywhere, to decide quickly what they are doing in fruits, as all are ripening very rapidly. It gives every evidence of being a short season.

For jams and jellies I thought you might like something a little different, so try these:

Five-Fruit Jam

2 quarts stoned cherries
1 pint red currants, 1 pint white currants (if impossible to obtain the two kinds use the quart of the one).
1 quart gooseberries
1 pint raspberries
Sugar (medium)

Remove the tops and tails from the gooseberries, pick over the raspberries and currants, and pit the cherries. For each cup of fruit use ¾ cup of sugar and insist upon obtaining the sugar of medium grade, when purchasing your canning sugar.

Place sugar and fruit in a preserving kettle, stir often while cooking until fruits are tender and jam is thick. Seal in sterile glasses.

Medley Preserve

1 quart raspberries
1 quart red currants
1 quart red cherries
1 ripe pineapple
2 large oranges
1 lb. sultana raisins
½ cup blanched chopped almonds
¾ cup preserved ginger
Sugar

Wash and stone cherries, pick over the raspberries, stem the currants, shred the pineapple, cut oranges into small pieces, wash and dry the raisins, blanch and dry the almonds, chop the candied ginger. Measure the fruit, place in preserving kettle, place on slow heat, simmer for one hour, stir often. Heat the same quantity of sugar as of fruit, add to boiling fruit, cook with occasional stirring, to the consistency of marmalade. Seal in a sterile jar.

Red Currant Mint Jelly

4 cups red currant juice
4 cups sugar

Take about 4 lbs. of red currants after picking off the stems. Boil, adding just enough water to keep from sticking. Add 1 cup of tightly packed mint leaves. Boil until the currants are quite soft, then pour into jelly bag and drain overnight. In the morning measure the juice and for each cup of juice use ¾ cup sugar. After measuring the juice place on heat and allow to boil for 20 minutes, then add heated sugar. Boil about five minutes giving the jelly test, whichever method you prefer. Place in jelly glasses and cover with paraffin. It is always such a joy making these currant jellies, which require no pectin to make a perfect jelly and they do have such a lovely natural flavor.

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.

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GET SOME TODAY

Summer, 1940 Suit Season

Smartly Tailored Types Favored, That May Be Kept Fresh and Crisp by Washing

It's always a suit spring. And, this year, it's a suit summer.

For town, for suburbs, and for week-ends in the country, fashionables are buying and wearing the smartly tailored suits which may be kept fresh and crisp by washing.

There are gingham suits galore, in checks and plaids and subtle stripes. There are rough-textured rayon and cotton mixtures, plain linen, percale and many sheer materials, like dotted Swiss.

CHECK GINGHAM IS CHIC

Perfect for hot city streets are suits of washable silk, non-crushable linen, sleek-sharkskin and the gingham in subdued color combinations. And, for cooler days (there will be some) those of tropical worsted and of wool and rayon mixtures.

WITH OR WITHOUT BLOUSE

For the country, wear a suit in gingham check or plaid or of the new, tissue-thin corduroy—as easy to wash as heavier corduroys always have been. Linen suits for country are of coarser, rougher material than those for town. And they come in brighter colors.

Wear your summer suits with or without blouses. If without, tuck a softly knotted scarf into the neckline. Be sure that both suits and blouses are guaranteed fast to sun and fast to washing.

The most popular blouse to wear with a simply tailored morning suit is a casual shirt. With dressier summer suits of dotted Swiss or silk, frothier, almost frilly blouses are in order. And with country suits, try a cotton sweater, halter or short-sleeved, open-necked shirt blouse.

They're Organized Husband-Plaguers

In New York there is said to be a unique institution known as the "How To Torture Your Husband Club." One member's husband sued for divorce, citing her as having smashed the windshield of his car with a poker, broken the stem of his favourite pipe, crushed the toes of his patent leather shoes with her high heels, locked him out of the house at night, placed the cat in his bed, shone the torch in his eyes as he tried to sleep, and complained bitterly that he did not help in the housework. The club meets so that dissatisfied women can pool their ideas and make their husbands' lives unbearble.

Re-Making Bed May Bring Sleep

A change in bedmaking technique often will help to solve sleeping problems. Bedclothes which are too tightly tucked in will interfere with the free movement of the sleeper and thus cause wakefulness. Most bedmaking authorities agree that the top sheet and blanket should be firmly tucked in at the bottom of the bed, but that they should be left hanging free at the sides.