Outstandingly Good

"SALADA" TEA

## Sapphires and Diamonds

by

DOROTHY TROWBRIDGE

### CHAPTER 1

Margaret Horton was angry and disgusted. She grasped her golf stick firmly in both hands, and with neither preliminaries nor thought of direction swung it against the little white ball lying on the grass. Peggy's mind, however, was not on golf. Her brows were furrowed, her body tense; her whole manner that of haste and excitement rather than deliberate concentration.

There was a sharp sound as the ball struck and a sudden grinding of brakes.

"What a day!" she murmured as she ran forward to see what disaster she had caused. She saw a low swung roadster standing in the road. A man was standing with his back to her, staring at the windshield. Peggy spoke in a shaking voice.

"I'm awfully sorry. I hope no one's hurt."

The man turned on her angrily, but lost some of his belligerency at the sight of an antagonist so undeniably pretty. He smiled, and Peggy decided he looked rather nice when he smiled.

"No, no one's hurt," he answered. "I'm alone, and the non-shatterable glass did its stuff. It looks funny, though, doesn't it?"

Quickly, if awkwardly, Peggy climbed the old cedar fence. She had difficulty finding a footing through the clinging tendrils of honeysuckle that covered it. But at last she was up, and the boy, for he was scarcely more than that, helped her down. There were leaves on the gray tweed of her skirt, and a splinter from the rail fence had broken a stitch in her green wool sweater. The brown braids of her hair, coiled about her head, were somewhat awry; but her brown eyes thanked him, and the uptilt of her little nose asked questions as she followed him to the car. Silently they examined the maze of lines upon the surface of the glass.

The boy broke the silence. "That was some wallop you gave that ball. What were you doing? Practicing for the golf tournament at Lockton? I'm on my way there now."

Peggy shook her head. "No, I wasn't practicing for anything. I was trying to work off my temper."

"Do you hit things, too, when you're mad?" he asked, growing friendlier in the discovery of a common trait. "I always do. It used to be my nurse—sometimes my own head—then other boys, and now the first thing that comes handy."

Peggy smiled. "I don't believe I'm quite that bad. But when you've made a fool of yourself you've got to do something. So I took my driver and a pocket full of balls and just began banging them around."

"You don't look as if you'd ever make a fool of yourself," the young man told her, eyeing her appraisingly. "Now I do—often. That's one reason I'm on my way to Lockton. To forget I was a fool. The cause of my being a fool was a girl. I suppose yours was a man?" he asked.

Peggy hesitated before answering. "Yes, and no. There's no use talking about it. I got myself in a mess, and that's all there is to it. But I hate being made a fool of!" she finished, bursting into angry tears. "Don't pay any attention to me. I'll be all right in a minute."

"Sit down here on the running board and cry all you like. The girl I was engaged to was always crying when she got mad, which was pretty often, so I'm used to tears. While you weep I'll introduce myself so you won't feel that you're crying with a stranger. I'm Harry Wilson—just graduated from Yale. No job, but the old man has enough, so I'm not worrying. Until yesterday I was engaged to a girl who is a honey, but spoiled to death. So am I, only I admit it, and she won't. I got jealous because some visiting guy was paying her too much attention, and like a darn' fool I intimated that there was an out of town girl I thought was pretty swell. She got sore and gave me back my ring and here I am trying manfully to hide my broken heart."

With a final sniffle Peggy wiped her eyes and her nose, and smiled at him. "Don't," she pleaded. "I'm all through. I do feel better although I'm frightfully ashamed of myself."

"Forget it," Harry advised. "But go on and tell me your life history. I'd like to know something about the girl who tried to kill me before she even saw me."

Peggy hesitated. She did not like talking about herself to strangers, but this boy had been so nice about the damage she had done to his car, and so tactful, she felt, about her outburst of tears. Anyway, there was a feeling of companionship, sitting here in the stillness of the country morning, gazing across the road into the meadow as they talked. It induced a mood for the exchange of confidences. The Jersey cattle grazing in the green field raised their heads to stare at them in evident surprise. The bell on the lead cow made little silvery noises as she stood in the shade of one of the large oak trees, wisely chewing her cud, and waiting. The odor of honeysuckle mingled with that of the red Cherokee roses blooming along the roadside.

"There isn't much to tell about me," Peggy said. "My name is Margaret Horton. I live with my grandmother in that house you can see through the trees." Harry rose from the running board and turned around, looked as she directed, at the old-fashioned Colonial house on a slight rise about two hundred yards from the road.

"I thought that must be the country club," he said, resuming his seat. "It looks like a swell place for a party. Won't you invite me sometime?"

"If you can, send me your family history for several generations I'll invite you to my debut this fall."

"Debut? I didn't know girls had those any more."

"But I live with Gran," said Peggy. "Don't misunderstand me. She is the sweetest person in the world. But she still thinks that nice girls shouldn't go places unchaperoned. They shouldn't go at all, in fact, until they have made their debuts. The list for that party for this fall is now in the making, and I assure you all of the best families in several counties will be represented. But I won't know any of them. I've never been to the country club. I've never been out with a boy except when I was in boarding school and spent weekends with other girls."

Harry stared at her in amazement. "Honest?" he queried.

(Continued Next Week)

It's a jumper season! Easy-to-make Pattern 4908 has button-closing for back interest. Nice in plaid wool or velveteen; frilly blouse.

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SOLDIER'S HOMECOMING

One of the incidents that makes a war a tragedy compounded of innumerable tiny personal dramas is caught by the camera in the photo above. It shows Lt. Nonet-Raisin of the Fighting French, being greeted by his wife as he returned home for the first time since leaving in 1943 to join French forces in Africa. He is with an armoured division of French troops, now fighting in their homeland for the first time since France's fall.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

SEPTEMBER 10

**DAVID ANOINTED KING**

**1 Samuel 16: 1-5, 11-18**

**GOLDEN TEXT—Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.** 1 Samuel 16:7.

**Memory Verse:** I love thee, O Jehovah. Psalm 18:1.

**Samuel Mourns For Saul**

"And Jehovah said unto Samuel, How long wilt thou mourn for Saul, seeing I have rejected him from being king over Israel? Fill thy horn with oil and go: I will send the to Jesse the Bethlehemite, for I have provided me a king among his sons." Samuel is now told that he must put aside his grief for Saul and to go forth to anoint him who is divinely chosen to be Israel's new king.

"And Samuel said, How can I go? If Saul hear it, he will kill me. And Jehovah said, "Take a heifer with thee, and say, I am come to sacrifice to Jehovah." Samuel's fear of Saul reveals that he knew only too well that in spite of Saul's confession of sin there was no change of heart and Saul would even kill the Prophet of the Lord to serve his own ends.

**Samuel Learns God's Will**

"And call Jesse to the sacrifice, and I will show thee what thou shalt do: and thou shalt anoint unto me him whom I name unto thee." Samuel was to learn God's will and see whom of Jesse's sons was to be the Lord's anointed. God often reveals his will to us gradually.

"And Samuel did that which Jehovah spake, and came to Bethlehem . . . and he sanctified Jesse and his sons, and called them to the sacrifice." Samuel assured the elders that the object of his visit was entirely peaceable. It was a religious service he was come to perform and for this sacrifice the elders of Bethelehem, also Jesse and his sons, were called upon to sanctify themselves by washing their bodies and their garments as was the custom before the blessing of the sacrifice.

**David Is Anointed**

"And Samuel said unto Jesse, Are here all thy children? . . . and Jehovah said, Arise, anoint him; for this is he." When there is beauty within the soul it is reflected in the countenance, and with such God is well pleased. Before Samuel stands God's choice, David the shepherd boy, a youth beautiful without and within, and Samuel is instructed to anoint him.

"Then Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him in the midst of his brethren: and the spirit of Jehovah came mightily upon David from that day forward. So Samuel rose up, and went to Ramah." The external rite of anointing was here accompanied by an inner experience of the Holy Spirit who now came upon David for the first time.

## Peaches For The Good Provider

**Ripe Peach Jam**

To retain the rich, luscious flavor of peaches, make sure that the fruit is fully ripe and add natural fruit pectin. The short-boil method of jam making means half-again more glasses and a perfect "set." If these directions are carefully followed, you'll be assured of perfect results:

(Makes about 8 medium glasses)
3½ cups prepared fruit
4½ cups sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin.

To prepare fruit, peel about 2½ pounds fully ripe peaches; pit and grind or crush thoroughly.

Measure sugar into dry dish and set aside until needed. Measure prepared fruit into a 5 to 6-quart kettle, filling up last cup or fraction of cup with water if necessary.

Place over hottest fire. Add powdered fruit pectin, mix well, and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once pour in sugar, stirring constantly. (To reduce foaming, ¼ teaspoon butter may be added.) Continue stirring, bring to a full rolling boil, and boil hard 1 minute.

Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once.

**Peach-Orange Marmalade**

2 dozen large peaches, peeled
6 oranges
Juice of 1 lemon
Sugar (2/3 as much as fruit)

Cut the peel from three of the oranges into pieces. Cover with water and boil until tender. Drain and grind. Cut peaches and oranges (discard peel of other three) into thin slices and add lemon juice. Measure and add 2/3 of the amount of sugar. Boil rapidly until thick and clear. Pour into clean, hot jars and seal.

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## CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

On a farm every season has its sounds. One could almost tell the time of year just by listening. In spring there is the hum of tractors, followed by that characteristic squeaking of discs and drills. In summer we hear mowers, wagon-wheels and hayloaders. And in late summer and early fall the chug-chug-chug of the threshing machines. It is a welcome sound even though it adds to one's difficulties for a while. It is a sound that indicates the end of weeks and weeks of work and worry and foreshadows granaries well filled with feed for cattle and poultry for yet another year.

* * *

But as I said threshing has its problems, particularly with the present labour shortage. Farm Commandos have done wonderful work according to all accounts but it would hardly be reasonable to expect a city man to help at a threshing. It is bad enough for those who are used to it. And yet if the farmer goes himself—as he often has to these days—then the work at home is at a standstill even though there may still be grain waiting to be cut. This happens more frequently now than it used to because many threshings are so much earlier than formerly. Early maturing spring grain makes this possible. But all farmers do not favour early grain, thus it sometimes happens that when Farmer Brown is ready to stook-thresh his early oats, Farmer Green is starting out to cut late oats. Starting out, yes, but that is often as far as he gets. Once a threshing machine moves into a district there is no telling when it will move out — and Farmer Green's oats stand waiting, become over-ripe, and if a storm happens to come along the chances are the field is left as flat as a cowpath.

* * *

We have been lucky in that respect. Partner has had to stop for only one half-days's threshing. But there are other farmers who have been less fortunate. Some times I wonder why farmers living within a limited area don't get together and thresh out their problems as well as their crops. It should be possible for farmers in any district to agree on some sort of system whereby no over-ripe grain would be left standing while another man's crop was being threshed out. Far be it from me to tell the men what to do but I often think that farmers as a class are inclined to take the attitude —"Each man for himself and the de'il take the hindmost." (It is more than likely Partner will tell me I am sticking my neck out to express such an opinion. Maybe so, but after all the onlooker sees more of the game than the players.) And I feel, too, that if farm women had work which necessitated changing hands they would make a better job of it than the men. I don't know much about it but I have an idea that the old fashioned "bees" of by-gone days were pretty well organised, and arranged to suit everyone's convenience.

Co-operation was really something in those days.

## Chinese Etiquette

In China and some other Oriental countries it is considered a breach of etiquette for a person to omit taking off his spectacles in greeting and talking to another

Headache

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