It's Cooling

"SALADA"

ICED TEA

Princess of Gratzen

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

CHAPTER XII

"Who had—" Roger started to smile, but the smile died a-borning. His lips were parted. He stared hard at his aunt and saw no gleam of mirth in her eyes. A shadow there ,a hideous lurking curtain of doubt.

"A moment," he said softly. "Just a moment! This — this was no play, none of their make-believe?"

"This was serious. We questioned them. Meridel and Rudi scolded them. It was no good. 'He is the one who killed Bonhomme Fricot. And he laughed afterward. I hate him, hate him, hate him!' My God, Roger I have been hearing that child's voice ever since. In the dark hours of the night when I waken and realize how old I am and remember you and remember him — him."

"They could be mistaken. Youngsters like them—"

"They are old, these children of the war — old and wise, Roger, I'm afraid. I've been afraid since that day. I can't think of it — can't bear to. You know how he felt about those people. He lived among them three years. He was formed by them—"

"Not to betray his country! Not to wear their—"

"Even the scar on his chin" said the old lady bitterly. "His souvenir of Heidelberg he called it — a saber cut — they remembered that."

* * *

"Don't! Don't talk about it!" Roger got up and walked to the window just as the telephone rang softly, handy to Roger's elbow. He looked inquiringly at madame and lifted it when she nodded. He did very little talking, a great deal of listening.

"Good! We shall see you soon, my friend!" And he put the telephone down slowly and looked earnestly, appraisingly at his aunt. "Order that coffee and cognac, madame. You are going to need it."

"What —" she spoke through the house phone to Gesner, turned then to her nephew. "Tell me. Who was that?"

"Old Delorme, your confidential agent's clerk. That black devil Follet has skipped. There's a letter in his office there for you — and from what I could gather — not much else."

"You mean," Madame picked up her stick and fingered the knob, "you mean to say that Gabriel Follet has swindled me!"

"I shall go back to the city at once and see what's to be done. I'll get some good lawyer for you. I know that you wouldn't be interested enough to come with me."

"Why not? It is a long time since I have been away from here. We shall go right after luncheon. Perhaps now that we are poor, Meridel and Rudi and the children will forget their pride and come back."

The tiny back parlor of the Coq d'or held a gay company that night. The tavern was closed early and the little ones, as a very special concession ,were allowed to stay up a full two hours after their bed-time. Roger was their hero.

"You must come to stay with us," said Madame, "not just to visit. If I am able to remain there, Meridel, you and the children must return to me. Now, you see, the shoe is on the other foot; it is I who am poor who am in need of good friends and cheery faces around me. You would not leave a poor, helpless old woman alone!"

* * *

She sat in the place of honor by Jules Gouion's fireside and benignly let Rudolph wait upon her, which he did with obvious pleasure.

"Ah, it is like the good old times, Rudolph," she said. "I fear it was not until you were gone that I realized what a treasure I had in you."

"Just as I, until I became a baron, madame," murmured Rudolph, "did not know how pleasant is the lot of a butler."

The children surrounded Roger and Meridel, questioning Roger, asking him the meaning of the bright ribbons on his tunic, begging him to tell them of his adventures in the sky. He waited, as did Meridel, and madame also, for queries, some talk of Bonhomme Fricot, "that good man whom the laughing soldier killed." They knew Rosine and Pol Martin were thinking of that, but something, some childish intuition kept their little tongues away from the subject.

"You could not take captives from your airplane, could you?" asked Pol Martin. "Who takes those prisoners? I know: it's the soldiers on the ground. They take them and send them over here and put them in big wire cages. Gesner told us that there was a big one full of them deep in the woods back of Philibert.

Roger sat at the fire with Meridel after madame had retired, while Rudolph and Jules went over their accounts in the little enclosure in the taproom. Roger's dark eyes studied her face shyly. "This is the hour I waited for," he said. "And I pictured it just like this. There would be a fire and you and I would sit beside it and I would know such happiness as never before. To be near you is all I'd ask, to know that, by reaching out, I could touch you, that by bending I could kiss your lips—"

She looked at him, then away. "But—but you do not?"

"No, I do not." He, too, was intent on the blaze. "The mystic figure that was between my love and me"—his voice held now a little of that same wryness that had been in it when he learned of her previous meeting with the red one —"it has crystallized into the very solid form of my brother, Michel."

"Madame told you about the picture?"

"All about it."

"And you think?"

"I think with you and with my aunt: it is a thing too awful, too monstrously appalling, to be believed."

"But could it—could it be? Your brother—how could he live among them, serve with them—?"

"You mean could he get away with it? Yes, he could readily. He was educated in Germany, spoke the language well, had many friends there. He knew the political setup and admired some of the things about it. There! I swore I wouldn't talk about this business, and here I spoil our first moments together by dwelling on it. I won't mention it again—even though I know you keep his photograph and —pray to it."

(To Be Continued)

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ISSUE 31—1945

MYSTERY STORY

Ages-old symbols of mystery met when the comely member of the British Army's Auxiliary Territorial Service, pictured above, went sun-bathing in the desert with the Sphinx as a backdrop. She was on leave from her post in Cairo.

WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING

Silver Luster

Spoons and forks, plated according to a new British process, retain a lustre equal to silver without any treatment beyond washing in soap and water. This process, called speculum-coating, has been developed by scientists. It can be applied simply and directly to any metal, giving exactly the appearance of silver. Tests have shown, however, that spulum coated metal, which has the same reflectivity as silver articles when new, registers 400 percent higher reflectivity in one month's exposure under identical conditions. Acids such as lemon juice, and beer, have absolutely no effect on its silver lustre. Other advantages of the coating are that it does not scratch or flake, even when articles are severely bent or twisted. It is so tough that an average coating of one-two-thousandth of an inch is adequate to give excellent protection.

Speculum plating is already being used in the United Kingdom on a wide range of products including all types of household goods and fittings.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. What can I do for an oily skin?

A. Wash the face in fresh water to which the juice of half a lemon had been added. Apply this treatment once a day.

Q. How can I remove chewing gum from children's cothing?

A. It can often be removed without injuring the material by applying a piece of ice. This will harden the gum and cause it to crumble.

Q. How can I make a remedy for poison ivy?

A. A little potassium permanganate and a little water in an excellent remedy for poion ivy. Have solution prepared by druggist.

Q. What is a good tooth wash.

A. Old-fashioned cider is still considered to be one of the very best tooth washes ever discovered.

Q. How can I make the white of an egg beat to the required stiffness?

A. When it does not beat to the required stiffness, add a pinch of baking soda while beating. This also will make it more fluffy and prevents falling if it must stand awhile after beating. .. ..

A Tall Tale of Tall Trees

Out in California the natives are mighty proud of their state's giant redwood trees, and occasionally their stories about them are as tall as the trees themselves. Here's one:

"Big trees? Why, out our way they felled a hollow tree over a ravine that was too deep and wide to build a bridge across. One day while I was driving through this tree with a trailer I met a big moving van coming through from the other end. I couldn't back up or go ahead, so I just edged the trailer into a hollow branch and let the other fellow go past."

Valuable Wire

Tungsten filament wire for three-watt lamps is drawn through diamond dies to a diameter of 2/10,000 inch at the Westinghouse Lamp Division. A pound of this wire one-tenth the diameter of a human hair, stretches 282 miles and costs thousands of dollars to manufacture.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. When answering a wedding invitation what form should one use?

2. Should the bread and butter plates remain on the table throughout the entire meal?

3. Is it permissible to terminate a conversation that has grown too tedious?

4. What is the proper way to point the prongs of a fork when cutting food and when eating it?

5. Is it necessary for one to give a wedding gift to a woman who is being married for the second time?

6. Is mourning stationery with black border still popular?

ANSWERS

1. The same form should be used as when replying to any formal invitation, and should be written on the first page of good, white note paper. 2. No; they should remain until the dessert is served. 3. Yes; quiet dignity and tact will succeed invariably. 4. The prongs of the fork should point downwards when cutting the food, upwards when conveying it to the mouth. 5. Not unless the bride is a very close friend.. 6. No, though it is still used by some people.

What We Need

Today Canada needs reassurance that the arena of industrial development will still be open to free enterprise, states the Montreal Star. We stand on the threshold of a new era. We are destined to become a far more numerous nation than we are today, and unless free enterprise can have fair play we shall not be able to keep our place in the march of the nations along the road of progress and prosperity.

The people of Canada as a people have a keen appreciation of what free enterprise has done to help this Dominion forward. They realize that without it we could never have become the leading Dominion of the British Empire, and certainly never have come to our present recognized international status.

The average human thigh bone can support a weight of 1½ tons without breaking.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

What a lot of difference it makes on a farm when there is sufiicient —and efficient—help.

With Bob and young John both working like Trojans we were really able to get somewhere with the haying last week. Given a few more dry days and all our first cutting of hay will be safely stowed away in the barn. Partner has been helping too, coiling most of the time. Son and I have both been urging him to take it easy. He pay some attention to us for awhile and then first thing we know he is back in the field again.

* * *

Just imagine, with all this haying I haven't had to drive the horses on the hayfork once. And believe me, that has been a great relief to this woman. You might think after all the years I've been at it that I would be used to it by now, yet the fact remains it bothers me more instead of less with every passing year. Just old age creeping on, I suppose.

* * *

Next week it looks as if the wheat will be ready to cut—and next week we also hope to have our first picking of peas from the garden, Yes, they're a little late, but better late than never. You remember we had some rain in the spring that prevented folks getting their gardens in early. However we mustn't count our peas before they are picked because there is just a chance some visiting pigs may clean up on them first in — which case I shall feel like cleaning up on the pigs.

* * *

One morning last week Son and I made a hurried trip to the city —we were back home again in time for dinner. We both had shopping to do but for all we were able to get we might just as well have stayed at home. For the life of me I can't see why there shouldn't be less of the non-essential garments made and a few more of those that go next to the skin. And I also fail to see why a certain amount of synthetic rubber shouldn't be reserved for mens', women's and children's undergarments. I wonder if it would be possible to make an appeal to the powers that be—and if so, whether it would have any effect.

* * *

But we were on a trip to the city . . . we traveled along the highway and as I didn't have to drive I had plenty of time for observation. And my observations were anything but encouraging. We passed acres of orchard land and never in all my life have I seen less fruit on the trees. It just wasn't there Only in one orchard did I see an cherries—and very few at that. Apples, pears, plums and peaches were practically non-existent. Here's hoping this fruit famine is not quite so bad in the Niagara Peninsula—at least we have been told that a fifty percent peach crop is expected.

* * *

As for wild raspberries — show me a patch where there are some and I'll be there with a milk pail in either hand. The most we can hope for around here is a few blackcaps. And of, course there won't even be a good crop of honey to fall back on.

And then our son comes home from Europe and in response to a few inquiries as to what he would like to eat he replies—"Well, I can tell you Mom, you needn't be afraid of giving me too many fruits and vegetables!" He also asked if he could have some bacon for breakfast. But he has learnt a thing or two since that second day home, especially since he went shopping for himself.

* * *

Isn't it a strange thing that there should be a shortage of so many things when an abundance is so greatly needed? One wonders is it part of the Master Plan. Fruit famine, drought and flood conditions are beyond man's control yet they exist to a greater degree this year than most of us have ever known. Even the sugar crop is a partial failure.

Surely the picture as a whole is one to which we should give considerable thought — and by thought I don't mean a series of complaints. We suffered little material inconvenience during the European war and if our turn is coming now to suffer a little hardship it is surely up to us to make the best of it and prove that we, too, can take it on the chin.

778

By Laura Wheeler

The romantic story of "boy-meets-girl," told in a new and amusing way. Stitches are simplest embroidery, gay in bright kitchen colors.

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