Delicious and Refreshing

"SALADA" ICED TEA

Princess of Gratzen

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

CHAPTER XIII

"I do not!" She was as swift with her denial as any schoolgirl. "I do not! I keep it because I remember him pleasantly, because I had some lovely hours with him, because he seemed—"

"I'm sorry, sweet. Forgive me. He is a marvelous fellow, Mike. Anyone who ever knew him will tell you that. He was always a romantic figure—remote, doing fascinating things such as climbing glaciers in Alaska, exploring the regions of the Congo and digging in Mayan ruins. And he could charm the birds out of the tree. What a fine John Alden I have turned out to be! John was a fellow, Meridel, who pleaded for another man, while he himself really loved the girl he was trying to win for the other. I'm not going to give Mike any more of a build-up. I've praised him too highly now. From now on, I shall tell you what a wonderful fellow is Roger Fabre, what the king said to him, how Mr. Churchill, looking at a few hundred of the Air Force boys one day said, 'And who is that tall dark fellow there? Can that be this Fabre I've heard so much about, the man at the mere mention of whose name Marshal Goering says, 'Groundt der Luftwaffe at vonce!' And, believe it or not, it really was Roger."

* * *

"Ah, you are fine, Roger. You can laugh always and have fun. Deep inside, though, you do not laugh so much, eh?"

"I try not to look too deep inside, Meridel. It's no good. And right now especially. After this is over, after we can think quietly for a while and no longer hear the thunder of the guns and the roar of flames—why, then, perhaps, we can look into our hearts and raise them up to God. Right now, it's laugh while you can, be merry while there's gayety about. Would you like to go somewhere and dance with me?"

"Dance? It is so long since I have danced that I shouldn't know how to go about it. And you are fatigued. You must be so weary."

"But I'm not. I snacth a wink here, a wink there. I can't be tired when I am with you."

"I think it is better that we stay here, and you will rest. If you like I shall sing to you."

"A lullaby, no doubt. You want to put me to sleep to get rid of me."

She laughed. "I wouldn't leave you, even if you slept." And she crooned in French,

"Sleep, sleep,
My little one, sleep.
The day has gone and the night
is here;
Sleep, oh sleep,
My little one sleep,
While the angels hover near."

She sang on. Roger listened. She saw him nod, his eyelids droop. She smiled, sang more softly. Slowly his dark head came to her shoulder and rested there. Meridel did not move—not until almost an hour had passed. He stirred looking at her in utter confusion.

"I dreamed of angels," he said. "And this is one dream that carries on into waking. Why ever did you let me go to sleep, Meridel?"

"So that I might see what you looked like in repose."

"I must have looked horrible." He rubbed his short hair. "I feel fine now."

"You looked like a tired little boy—like Pol Martin and Emil after they have played so long in the snow that they drop off before they can get into bed. And that is where you must go now."

"My first night home," muttered Roger, "and I fall asleep! Why, I planned that it would be all mirth and flowers and music! You and I were to dance till dawn. You were never to leave my arms; instead—"

"I held you in my arms while you slept."

"Which is why I dreamed so pleasantly. Ah, well, there will be other nights. I shall be here for a while. And you are coming back to Philibert with us?"

"Yes, Madame Fabre has asked us all."

* * *

Roger, aided by a lawyer who had been his classmate at McGill, was trying to bring some semblance of order out of the chaos left by that lord of misrule, Gabriel Follet. "We shall make some fair arrangement, madame," he told his aunt. "It will be all right. But you will be a working girl, mind—directress of all these little refugees you have taken in."

"That will be no work. And Meridel has promised now to stay here and help me, and Rudolph will come too."

Late that evening, Madame raised the delicate, thin-stemmed glass and watched the ruby fires in the depths of the wine, the warm heart's blood of the Burgundy grapes.

"There is one more toast," she said slowly. "And tonight, somehow, I do not hesitate to propose it. You know what it is, Roger—you all know — let us drink to Michel."

* * *

Suddenly, as if a hand invisible had dashed the glass from her lips, the fragile bit of crystal the old lady held was shattered on the hearthstone at her feet and the wine spread like blood. Her hand stayed halted near her lips. The others were on their feet, staring at the two men in sheepskin jackets who stood in the wide doorway, at the dark menace of the automatic the short one held, at the grim, red-stubbed visage of the tall one who surveyed them with blue eyes cold as the ice of the river.

"Be quiet, all of you," said he. And the voice was the voice of Michel Fabre—but how altered, how harsh, how hateful!"—We are sorry to spoil this occasion, but our lives are important to us. We escaped from your prison camp back in the woods. You will remember me as Oberlieutenant Faber. My companion is Manfred Kehl. What we want from you, my friends, is the key of the station wagon parked in front of the house. You will have them, brother." He looked at Roger, his face expressionless. "Bring them here."

"The laughing soldier who killed Bonhomme Fricot," said Madame softly. "And I thought it was some wild story the children had made up."

* * *

Michel started. His eyes strayed from Roger to the scornful face of his aunt. "We have no time for talk. The keys, please; and at once. We cut your telephone wires and have fixed the other car so it will not go. Ah—" he had seen Roger reach for a bronze book-end as he passed behind a chair and in one leap he was on him. His fist shot out and cracked cruelly against his brother's mouth, bloodying it, sending Roger crashing to the floor.

(To Be Continued)

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WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING

Heated "Sandwich"

United Kingdom scientists have invented two novel devices which will raise the safety and comfort standards of Britain's civil air liners to new high levels. The first of these inventions—which will be applied to high altitude flying—is a heated "sandwich", which overcomes the menace of ice and mist formation on the windscreen at great heights. It consists of a very light device by which warmed air is pumped between the double layers of glazing forming the pressure-resisting surface of the coupe. One important advantage of this device is that even at temperatures as low as—78 degrees F, the cockpit is so warm that special clothing can be dispensed with.

The second invention is an ingenious robot valve which automatically regulates the cabin air pressure in correct proportion, without attention from the pilot. Both these advices have been incorporated in Britain's latest stratosphere single-seater fighter the Westland-Welkin. The Welkin, which has been specially designed to combat the menace of high flying Japanese raiders, is the largest single-seater fighter ever built. The experience gained in operation of the Welkin is expected to lead to still further developments in stratosphere flying and these two will be applied to Britain's civil air liners.

This charming frock and hat for the teen-ager can be made by the young lady herself. Pattern 4766 has ribbon drawn through white eyelet trim. Make hat to match.

Pattern 4766 comes in sizes 10, 12, 14 and 16. Size 12, frock and hat, takes 2½ yards 39-inch fabric.

Send Twenty Cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly Size, Name, Address, Style Number.

How Can I?

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I renew old jar lids?

A. Boil in a solution of borax and ivory soap, using three tablespoonfuls of borax and one-third cake of soap to about two gallons of water. Put in just enough lids at a time to be well covered by the water. Boil for thirty minutes, then rinse well with hot water.

Q. How can I drive rats away?

A. Sprinkle a liberal quantity of chloride of lime in the garage, cellar, or other haunts, and the rats will not bother.

Q. How can I clean a leather article?

A. Make a lather of castile soap and cold water. Apply it, and when dry, polish with a soft woolen cloth.

Q. How can I make butter spread easily?

A. When spreading butter on thin slices of bread for making sandwiches, dip the knife frequently in hot water. By doing this the butter will spread easily.

Q. How can I whiten the bone handles of knives that look shabby and become yellow after a time?

A. To whiten them, use a solution of peroxide mixed with water.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. How should a woman sign her name when she is traveling alone and registers at a hotel?

2. Is it impolite when a person is talking, for the person who is being addressed to let his eyes wander around the room or to another person?

3. How many maids are necessary for a hostess to have for serving ten guests?

4. Is it all right for a guest to remain for awhile, following an informal luncheon?

5. Would it be all right to ask a girl to dance when she is sitting along the wall talking with another man?

6. Where should the napkins be placed at a formal dinner?

Answers

1. Miss Mary R. Jones, or Mrs. W. B. Smith; and do not omit the prefix "Miss" or "Mrs." 2. Yes, it is very rude to do so. 3. If the best efficiency is desired, two maids are necessary for ten guests. 4. Yes, for about a half hour. Of course, if some special entertainment has been provided for the afternoon, he should remain. 5. No; a girl who is sitting out a dance with another man should be left alone. 6. On the service plate.

It's In The Bag

It almost takes a magician to know what to do with all those odds and ends of paper, envelopes and flattened cartons that you know are needed in the waste paper salvage but seem more bother than they are worth to collect. It's a paper shopping bag that does the trick. Hang it in the kitchen where it can conveniently catch those odd pieces of paper. When the bag is full simply fold the top over and tie with string.

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CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Another week gone and with it a sense of satisfaction for work accomplished We have finished haying. The wheat is cut and stooked. It doesn't take long to tell it — it would take longer to describe our joy at seeing the barn well stocked with hay and the wheat in stooks. You people on farms know what an anxious few weeks we put in from the day the grain starts heading out to the time it is ready to cut. Every time it thunders or the sky looks overcast there comes that dread that a bad storm may blow up to flatten the crops, making them difficult or even impossible to cut.

* * *

Cutting the wheat was quite an interesting event at Ginger Farm this year. You see we did something that hadn't been done on this farm before. We had the binder hitched to the tractor and cut the wheat down that way. Of course that was son Bob's little do. He fixed up the binder, made a short tongue for it, and was soon away, with young John bouncing up and down on the seat of the binder, where he was supposedly watching for anything that might go wrong with operations. The wheat was very heavy and there were plenty of stops but the only breakage was a slat on the reel, so we thought we were pretty lucky on the whole. Partner of course, was also out in the field, stooking a bit and lending a hand whenever the sheaves bunged up and gave trouble. Out of curiosity I went around the field once on the tractor. Once was enough. It wasn't any joy ride. I might also add that the wheat wasn't cut without me getting my own particular job handed out to me. Patching binder canvas! Oh-oh. It is things like that that make me wonder why I ever married a farmer.

Binder canvas and grain bags. To mend either is a guarantee that I will be in a bad humour — at least as long as the job lasts.

* * *

However it is all over now ... the wheat is cut and we can take a breathing spell. Not to do nothing, of course, but to catch up with some of the odd jobs that haying and harvesting have pushed to one side. But wouldn't it be nice to take a holiday? Just imagine having a notice in the paper — "Ginger Farm will be closed for one week — from August 1 to August 8." If only the cows could milk themselves and the chickens hunt their own feed and find their own water. And the eggs — what would happen to the eggs in the hen-pen if there was no one around to pick them up several times a day. Yes, it is possible to shut up a store, a factory or an office but a farm — never. At least not a farm with livestock on it depending on the owners for daily care.

* * *

But I was talking about odd jobs ... one of them is experimenting with DDT Insecticide. I can tell you we didn't waste any time in ordering a supply once we knew it was on the market for we are sick to death of association with flies. We surely hope DDT will live up to its wonderful reputation. As far as I can see its one disadvantage is in its poisonous quality which makes it unsafe for household use. However there is one safe way of using it around the house. It can be sprayed around the outside of the window frames, being careful to shut the windows first and to wear gloves for the job. It certainly discourages flies from making a rendezvous of your windows and from them eventually gaining access to your rooms, fly screens notwithstanding.

Of course we really bought it for barn use but Partner has not yet had a chance to try it out.

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