Quality Guaranteed

"SALADA" TEA

DARK LIGHTNING

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

CHAPTER VI

He said, "What's this picture?" and his voice was hoarse and strange. Gary caught the tension, and looked across at Mona Lee with eyes that were a little sorry.

"It's a rough idea of the geological structure under this ranch, sir," he said. "I looked it up today on an old map that Hughey Fothergill owns—after I'd found what I thought were surface indications up there in that gulch above the pasture. This map shows a promising structure, that's all." He went over it all then, marking out lines with a pencil on the sketch.

What you're getting at is that this land is the kind of land they find oil under?" Harvey put in. "That's what all this scientific stuff means?"

* * *

"It means that this land is the kind that oil might be found under," Gary qualified, definitely. "I'm not making any statements. Only a competent geophysicist could give you reliable advice. They have the knowledge and the instruments—I'm just a beginner. I've studied the stuff but never had an opportunity to work at it."

Mona Lee could see Harvey fidgeting in his chair. Then he jumped up. "What's the reason we can't go up to that place now? I've got a flashlight. And there's a moon. Want to go, Mother?"

"I guess not . . .well, if you're all going trailing out there like crazy, I might as well go along.'

* * *

They tramped through the pasture, a strange procession, Adelaide skipping ahead and Gary and Harvey behind her. The beam of Harvey's flashlight went searchingly ahead. He carried a spade and a cloth sack thrown over his shoulder. And when they arrived at last at the little canyon he began digging immediately, tossing lumps of rock and earth into the sack that Adelaide held open.

"Whatever we do, Dad, let's not tell Oliver."

"Why not? He works with oil."

"Because he'd want to run everything . And Grace would move in and take charge and think we ought to let Oliver run it. He doesn't know much about production anyway, he just peddles leases."

"Of course," Gary said, as they turned back to the house, "the sensible thing to do is to sell a lease, that is, if there should be oil down there. If you sell out to a production concern, they'll put down a test well and then close the area and hold it for future production."

* * *

But Harvey disagreed violently with the idea. "If there's oil down there, the thing is to get it out. And it's my land, and if there's oil under it, I want it. I don't want some bunch of capitalists to get rich from what belongs to me."

"Of course," Gary said "if there is oil down there—and if it won't cost you too much to go down after it—and if the Government will let you produce it after you find it. There are a lot of tricky angles to this oil business."

"There are a lot of angles to the cattle business, too, but I get along. Come on back to the house. I'm going to call up somebody about this business. You kids help Mother along—I'm going on ahead."

Adelaide said, very blandly, before he swung away, "You know, Dad, Gary's leaving tomorrow . . . going to Mexico."

* * *

"There," said Adelaide complacently, hanging on to Garry's arm. "You see? What did I tell you?"

"Oh, but—look here, Mr. Mason, I can't do that. I've got a job. I've got to get to work. I owe you too much already."

"You've got a job right here till I get the dope on this oil business. You found this oil didn't you? You stick around till we know what's what."

And Gary Tallman, because he was in love and weak with the knowledge that going away would tear his heart in two, agreed tentatively.

Back in the house, Harvey began thumbing through the telephone book frantically. Mona Lee sat, a little collapsed, in a deep chair. Gary sat in a corner, looking white and spent.

Harvey was shouting into the telephone now.

* * *

It was midnight when he hung up at last, hot and triumphant.

"Well, I got me some fellows who know their business," he announced. "Had to chase 'em all over Texas and part of Louisiana, but I got 'em. And they'll be out here Friday."

"Friday's unlucky," protested Mona Lee faintly.

"Not for us. Not if we get those men on the job. Why don't you folks go to bed?"

"What's the use—with you yelling enough to wake the dead? Gary, you go along. You're not strong yet and you've had a long day."

"How can I sleep," exclaimed Adelaide, "when I'm bursting with excitement? And its three days till Friday."

"Roll over and shut your eyes—that's what I'm going to do," announced Harvey, lumbering up. "Tomorrow I want you kids to drive up to Dallas and get me a good map."

(To be continued)

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CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

We thought that winter was upon us this morning but then a warm sun appeared, snow vanished, the hard ground softened and we rejoiced in a reprieve from winter, no matter how brief it may prove to be.

I think all of us welcome spring and summer and we glory in the grandeur of the autumn season, but winter . . . well, that's something else again. Of course it depends upon one's age . . . the very young think in terms of sleigh rides and snowball fights; teen-agers of hockey, dances and skating parties, while to staid middle-agers it means problems concerning storm windows and coal bins. Storm windows . . . I don't want to see or touch any for months— although I don't mind looking through them. You see, way back in the summer of '44 we ordered five new storm windows. They were delivered on a cold rough day last December — unpainted, of course. We never got them on at all. They were just left in the storeroom. Round about September I began to think they really should be painted if they were to go on the house this fall. Thinking was as far as I got—that is until the end of October. Then my conscience wouldn't let me rest any longer—those windows would have to be done.

* * *

Have you tried painting new storm sash? Do you know what a slow job it can be? If you have, then, unless you are a magician, you know you can paint only one side at a time—and with two coats of paint that means wrestling with the job four different times — or more, if you are interrupted. Your eyes tire, your feet ache and you continually find yourself painting the glass as well as the woodwork. On one of these occasions son Bob volunteered to help. I accepted gladly—until I found it took me longer to clean off the smears on the glass than it did to paint! Maybe painters, like poets, are born and not made. As to that I don't think I was born a painter either. Came the day when the windows were finished, also the arrival of a carpenter to fit them — and there was I getting dinner and running around ahead of the carpenter to clean windows before the storm sash was put on. Why didn't I clean them before? Because I don't like doing the same job over again. Clean windows ahead of time and as sure as anything it rains in the night leaving them woefully streaky. There was no use looking to the men for helpthey were busy enough drawing in red clover seed.

* * *

Eventually the windows were on — old as well as new—and that same night the wind whined and howled, and rattled the shutters from one end of the house to the other. I lay in bed listening to it, feeling more thankful every minute that I had stuck to my job and got ahead of the weather for once. If that were the only job that needed doing . . .

That's what I mean about winter . . . unfinished work gives you a sort of panicky feeling — after all, cold weather discomfort is often only the result of being caught napping — because, as you very well know, we can all add greatly to our own comfort by a little forethought. And don't I wish I had sense enough to profit from my own words of wisdom.

ARMY SUIT

Gloria Collaton wears a revamped CWAC summer uniform, for which she spent only $2 for braid and buttons to change it into a smart civilian suit. The insignia and epaulets were removed, black braid applied down the button-line and the right sleeve, and civilian buttons added.

START THE DAY with delicious Maxwell House Coffee. It's a superb blend of choice Latin-American Coffees. You can't beat it for mellow, full-bodied goodness.

ISSUE 46—1945

Sunday School Lesson

November 18

The Outreach of the Church

Acts 11:19-30; 12:24-13:4.

Golden Text

And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation — Mark 16:15.

Growth of the Church

Acts 11:12.—The phrase "the hand of the Lord was upon them" is an expression occasionally found in the Old Testament to indicate a direct interposition of God in the affairs of men, either for blessing or for hindrance.

22-24.—Barnabas had one theme with which he exhorted the members of the church at Antioch, that they should cleave unto the Lord. His ministry was apparently not that of teaching, but of exhortation. Both are needed. Teaching must come first; exhortation is an inspired encouragement to practice what we know. And the church continued to grow by the adddition of new converts.

25.—Saul was needed at this juncture to cope with the rapid growth of the work at Antioch. It was here that the disciples were first called Christians. The followers of Jesus were called Nazarenes and Galileans by their Jewish fellow countrymen, but this new name was intended to mark the difference between Jews and Gentiles on the one hand and those who, whether Jews or Gentiles, were followers of Christ.

Strengthening of the Church

27-30.—Many prophets appear in the New Testament records. Some of them, as Agabus, foretold the future, and some, no doubt, were possessed of the gift of tongues.

Acts 12:24-25.—John whose surname was Mark was the son of Mary who was sister to Barnabas and we learn in Col. 4:10 Mark did become valuable to Paul who said "he is profitable to me for the ministry."

The Dual Commission

Acts 13: 1-4.—To worldly eyes the sending forth of these men would seem of no significance, none would take any notice of them. Had it been a Roman army going forth, with banners flying, to serve the Emperor, what excitement there would be, what cheering! But these two insignificant Jews, accompanied by John Mark their attendant (Acts 13:5), passed on unnoticed, their only weapons were the Word of God and prayer. These men however, were to do a work which would long OUTLIVE the Roman Empire.

TABLE TALKS..

Satisfying Suppers

The habits and preferences of a nation are supposed to be reflected in the nursery rhymes. If this is true, food must take first place in man's thoughts, for Little Miss Muffet, Jack Horner and a lot of others concentrate on the subject. Tommy Tucker sang for plain bread and butter, and your family should certainly sing loudly when you serve any of these recipes from the Consumer Section, Dominion Department of Agriculture.

Tomato Barley Casserole

¾ cup barley (about 2 ¼ cups cooked)
2½ cups boiling water
3 cups canned tomatoes
¼ cup diced cooked carrot
¼ cup sliced raw onion
1 teaspoon minced parsley
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon celery salt
½ cup grated cheese
¼ cup bread crumbs

Cook barley in boiling water, 20 minutes. Mix with tomatoes, carrots, onions, parsley and seasonings. Pour into a casserole. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375 deg. F, for 35 minutes, Sprinkle with cheese, cover with bread crumbs. Return to the oven for 10 minutes. Six servings.

Green Tomato Scallop

6 medium green tomatoes
4 large onions, sliced
2 cups soft bread crumbs
2 teaspoons sugar
2 teaspoons salt
Pepper
2 tablespoons bacon fat

Wash and slice tomatoes. Arrange tomatoes, sliced onion, and bread crumbs in layers. Sprinkle tomatoes and onions with sugar, salt and pepper and dot bread crumbs with fat—have bread crumbs on top. Bake ½ hour at 375 deg. F. Six servings.

Fricadillies

2 slices whole wheat bread
2 cups rolled oats
2 medium potatoes, cooked and mashed
2/3 cup chopped onion
1 tablespoon chopped pickle
1 teaspoon celery salt
1 teaspoon grated nutmeg
1 tablespoon steak sauce
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 eggs

Soak bread in cold water for 5 minutes, press out until dry; mix with rolled oats, add vegetables and seasonings. Add beaten eggs, mix well—form into 12 flat patties. Saute in a little hot fat until brown. Turn and brown other side. Six servings. Serve with spicy chutney or catsup.

GOING UP

The primary class in punning hit a jackpot in the strike news, with New York bakers wanting more dough, elevators asking a lift, and auto workers demanding higher jack. — Stratford Beacon Herald.

Do you suffer from MONTHLY NERVOUS TENSION with its weak, tired feelings?

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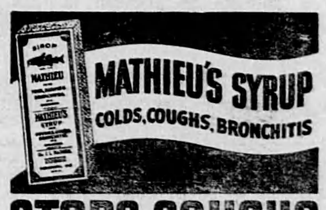

MATHIEU'S SYRUP COLDS, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS

STOPS COUGHS

Hirohito's Fortune Over $106,000,000

Emperor Hirohito's imperial household fortune amounts to 1,590,015,000,000 yen, or slightly more than $106,000,000, Allied headquarters announced.

The total, supplied Allied headquarters in compliance with Gen. MacArthur's directive, includes cash, negotiable instruments, real estate and timber holdings, but does not include silver bullions, art objects and jewelry, which will be reported later.

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BACKACHE

The Plague of Outdoor Men

The outdoor man, whether he be farmer, truck driver, or railway operator, is often subject to backache. This may be the result of exposure to cold and dampness or the result of strain from the jolting and bumping of the vehicle he rides.

To many people, women as well as men, it would be great to be free of backache—one of the most common and annoying of ailments. And here is how you may be relieved of backache and other symptoms of poisons in the blood.

The treatment suggested is Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. By reason of their stimulating action on both the liver and kidneys, you have two chances to one of getting relief from your backache by using Dr. Chase's Pills. The torpid liver is aroused to action, the kidneys are stimulated and consequently these organs help to purify the blood of the poisonous impurities which bring pains and aches and tired feelings.

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