Outstandingly Good

"SALADA" TEA

DARK LIGHTNING

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

CHAPTER VIII

He grumbled and tramped around like an uneasy lion.

And then at last the three men drove away, and the Masons sat in a numbed circle in the dining room and looked at each other with a sort of stuned incredulity in their eyes.

Harvey broke the silence at last. "Well, if it isn't there, it ought to be. It cost enough to find out." He looked ruefully at the stub of the check he had written.

"A test well will show," Gary said. But drilling a test will, as Gary had reminded Harvey a little too often for his patience, would run into money. "I'd certainly advise you to lease."

"Lease—and let the Dohertys and the Mellons and the rest of 'em get richer than they are now?" bleated Harvey. "My gosh, have you any idea how much an oil well earns? And it wouldn't be one well. If there's any oil there at all, there's a pool—so these fellows say."

Mona Lee looked a little sick.

"Harvey," she said. "There's just one thing I want you to promis me—that you won't borrow money and put mortgages on this place to finance this business. I couldn't stand it—to risk what we've worked so hard to get."

"Look here." He was indignant. "Did I ever act the fool yet?"

"No," sighed his wife, "but there's always a time to begin."

* * *

It was an odd evening. They walked about like wooden people, they spoke very little. Gary packed his suitcase again. He had packed it twiie already. But now he go. And before he went he would make a note of every cent he owed the Mason family, for the doctor and the nurse and everything; and he would pay it back if it took him years to do it. Then, parhaps, when his conscience was clear and he could hold up his head and look them all in the eye, he would come back. And that, he told himself wearily, would probably be a fool's errand.

Adelaide dressed herself in the new chiffon frock and high-heeled sandals, and Gary heard her dialing the telephone in the upper hall and talking to Bob Ferguson.

"For goodness' sake, Bob, come out and take me somewhere! We've struck oil and this house is full of people with faces like doom. I want to go some place and raise the roof—I'm ready now. All right, I'll be waiting."

A flick of skirts, a breath of lilac and she was gone, flying down the stairs.

And then it was Sunday morning, and because he had lain a long time awake, Gary slept late.. He woke to a dazzle of sunlight and mocking birds singing hysterically in the hackberry trees around the house, and went downstairs apologetically, intending to promote a cup of coffee from Maria in the kitchen.

* * *

But, as he passed through the hall, Adelaide looked up from the breakfast table and the Sunday paper and smiled at him.

"Hello, lazy. Come on in. The scrambled eggs are fine."

"I'm very late—I thought everyone would be gone—to church or somewhere." Gary began.

"Mother went. Dad's out—down in that gulch, probably, wandering around picking rocks. Sit down . . . Maria!" She raised her voice in a youthful yelp. "Bring this hungry man some hot coffee."

"Have a good time last night?" he asked in the most casual tone he could manage.

"Not specially." Adelaide set her small teeth into a scrap of toast. "We saw a show—and the place was full of noisy little boys and cowhands—so we drove around a llitle—and then came home."

Gary made a wild and vicious stab at a piece of bacon and it skidded and flew into the air, landing on the rug.

"By the way," he announced firmly, not looking at her, "I'm leaving in the morning. Early."

Adelaides face changed a little, withdrew, and somehow shut him out. "Well—if you've made up your mind, I suppose there's no use arguing about it. But you did get Dad into this oil thing—and if he needs you . . ."

"He won't need me He can hire the people he needs. But I hope you can prsuade him to lease and not involve himself."

"Nobody," said Adelaide a little stiffly, "has ever been able to persuade Dad against his will."

"Think I'll stroll into town after a little—ought to see about trains—I need a little exercise . . ." he moved toward the door, but not too quickly.

"I'm going for Mother at twelve—you may as well ride." She was very casual too. "Unless you'd rather walk."

"I need the walk—I'm too soft. Got to get the old muscles in shape."

"Oh, very well." She turned back to the society page.

With his hands jammed in the pockets of his khaki trousers, Gary slogged along the sun-washed road to town. Before he had gone far he realized that his physical strength was still far below par, but his moody anger at life drove him on. And then a car swished to a stop in the dust, close to his elbow, and Adelaide said briskly, "Get in silly. Uuless you feel that you've simply got to pout some more."

Gary was too tired to argue. He got in.

"You could have telephoned from the house, you know, and found out all about the trains in five minutes," she went on, looking straight ahead from under the brim of the new sports hat. "That is—if you have to find out about trains."

"Listen, my girl." Gary's jaw was so stiff that the words clipped off like lengths of wire. "Can't I make you understand that I can't be under obligations to your family any longer?"

"Oh," she said flatly. "That's the reason, is it?"

"That's the reason." Equally flat, knowing that he was telling only half the truth—less than half to be mathenatical about it. Knowing that the other half—the other three-fourths—could not be told. Not till he owned more worldly goods than could be carried in one battered suitcase.

(To be Continued)

Protect Your Baby

Death from diptheria of four Ottawa children in the past few weeks emphasizes the vital need of parents having their pre-school age boys and girls—as well as the others—given immunization treatment, says the Ottawa Journal City records show that not a single case of diphtheria has been reported in a child who has been given toxoid. Doctors tell us that in most instances babies should be immunized when nine months old.

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

We have been celebrating Partner's birthday this week-end—and I might say it has had additional significance for us this year after the worry and uncertainty regarding him during the last six months.

Of course Daughter and her friend were her and with son Bob already home from Europe it meant we were a united family once again — something we had hardly dared to hope for. That, in itself, was sufficient reason for rejoicing—and we rejoiced.

* * *

There will be still more rejoicing this week, but it will not be on account of birthdays or family reunions—in fact some folk might not consider it a reason for jubilation at all. Bob thinks otherwise. To cut a long story short: He is expecting the delivery of a long-looked for truck. Do I hear snorts of disgust? "Huh—a truck—that is about all a lot of these young fellows can think about!" Isn't that what you said? Well, maybe there is some reason for so thinking, but I ask you, where else is a truck more necessary than on a farm? It seems to me the time is coming when a truck will be considered as part of the necessary equipment on a farm. Anyway, that is how we have it figured out. When Bob has his truck he will be able to do all the hauling that is needed at home and also have the means for making money for himself. In our estimation a truck is not a liability unless it is misused. And the use or abuse of a vehicle is naturally up to the owner.

* * *

Bob also has a motorcycle, which I don't think I have mentioned before—and believe it or not, I encouraged him to get it. I never thought the time would come when I should be glad to see a motorcycle around here. I always thought they were such noisy, dangerous things. I still do for that matter. But on the other hand they are very mobile, economical to operate—and since Bob spent half his time on one in the army, it seemed foolish to raise motherly objections. Besides that, it meant the car was not so likely to be away when I wanted it. We move with the times. We started farming with a team, a wagon, a horse and buggy and a baby carriage. Now we have a tractor, a truck, a car, a motorcycle and a push-bike.

We also had a kitchen stove, a box stove; oil lamps and a lantern, and a mighty cold and dismal house. Now we have a furnace, warm rooms everywhere, electric lights at the house, at the barn, and to lighten our darkness from one building to the other.

* * *

Also in those early days we had health and strength, the bouyancy of youth, a generous inheritance of ambition, faith in the future and our ability to cope with it, and two small children to share the best we could give them.

Now we have health and strength comparable to that of the "old grey mare", experience that we have gained throughout the years; ambitions that have been only partly realised; and in place of our little ones we have two grown children, and in them we stake our hope and faith in the future once again, praying that for them and their kind, national and international problems will be solved so that their generation may not be victims of another depression nor another world war.

I am sure the comparisons I have given you are by no means uncommon and will apply to a good many homes other than Ginger Farm.

* * *

In lighter vein: Last night I was wakened by chickens cackling. "Now what on earth is happening — surely pullets don't lay eggs in the middle of the night?" I said to myself. I tried to ignore the noise but it was no use—I had to get up. I looked outside the door. The moonlight was almost as bright as day, so bright it had wakened those crazy pullets perched up high in the chestnut tree and they were cackling in surprise and protest. I went back to bed and left them to cackle.

ADDRESSES CONGRESS

Declaring that civilization can survive the atom bomb only if the nations accept the Christian principle of man's brotherhood, Prime Minister of England Clement Attlee is shown as he addressed a joint session of the United States Congress in Washington.

Sunday School Lesson

December 2

The Christian and His Economic Relations

Deu. 8:17, 18; Luke 12: 13-21

Golden Text

For a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which is possesseth. Luke 12:15.

Wealth is From God

Deu. 8:17. — When prosperity comes, a man is tempted to become proud and boastful, and to take all glory unto himself. He forgets his indebtedness to God; he attributes his success to his own wisdom, skill and energy.

18.—Israel was to remember when prosperity came that it was because God had been faithful to His Covenant, and not because of their own effort or ability.

A Covetous Brother

Luke 12:13.—This man was not a disciple of Christ but one who wished to make use of His influence to improve his worldly position.

14-15.—When a man becomes covetous, whatever form it may take, it means that his heart becomes set on that particular object rather than God and thus takes the place of God, and this amounts to idolatry. By having abundance of wealth a man cannot sustain life. When life is ebbing away all the wealth in the world cannot save him from death.

God Giveth Increase

16.—This farmer could have blessed the poor with his surplus wheat and brought blessing to his own soul. But he delighted to possess things and to glory in them. Being a "fool" his prosperity would eventually destroy him.

17-18.—This man speaks as though all were his very own, with no thought of his indebtedness to God. He is entirely unmindful of the fact that it is God who giveth the increase.

Rich Toward God

19.20.—Some men live as though they had no soul, as though there is no life beyond the present, and as though they can count on a good old age to enjoy themselves to the full. In a moment of time al' our bright dreams of the future may be shattered and another will possess and enjoy what we have prepared for our pleasure.

21.—Thus does the Lord apply this parable to all who are laying up treasures on earth and neglecting Heavenly treasure. The great thing is to have the heart set on the riches that are spiritual and eternal to be "rich toward God."

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Playful pals are Polly and Snooks, pets of Ellict E. Simpson of Carmel, N.Y., and the talkative parrot's favorite perch is a rumble seat position atop her Boston Bull friend, whose only reaction seems to be a slight concern about the photographer's flash bulb.

Why VICKS VAPORUB Is So Good For Relieving Miseries of Childrens Colds

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TABLE TALKS..

Desserts

Dessert is something which we all anticipate at the end of a meal. It is the climax or special treat. A dessert must complement the meal. If the main course is substantial, then choose a simple dessert, but if the main course is light, then round out the meal with a nice rich steamed pudding.

Chocolate Pudding

1 tablespoon gelatine
2 cups milk
6 tablespoons or 1½ squares grated unsweetened chocolate
2 egg yolks
3 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 egg whites
2 tablespoons sugar
Few drops peppermint flavoring

Soak gelatine for 5 minutes in ¼ cup milk. Place remaining milk in top of double boiler and scald. Add soaked geletine, grated chocolate and stir until chocolate melts. Beat egg yolks with 3 tablespoons sugar and salt. Pour hot chocolate mixture gradually over egg yolks, stirring constantly. Return to double boiler and continue cooking until mixture coats a spoon. Chill until partially set, about 45 minutes, Beat with rotary beater until light and fluffy. Beat egg whites until stiff and add the remaining 2 tablespoons sugar and flavouring. Fold into chocolate mixture and pour into a moistened mould. Chill untill set and serve with cream. Six servings.

Orange Bread Pudding

4 slices white bread
2 tablespoons butter
¾ cup orange sections or slices
3 egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons grated orange rind
3 egg yolks
½ cup milk

Spread bread with butter and cut in cubes. Place in greased baking dish and arrange oranges on top. Add salt to egg whites and beat until stiff. Gradually beat in the sugar and add orange rind. Beat egg yolks; add milk and fold into beaten egg whites. Pour over bread mixture and oven-poach in a moderate oven at 350°F, for 40 minutes. Six servings.

Oat Peel Pudding

1 cup rolled oats (quick cooking)
½ teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup raisins (optional)
¼ cup peel
2 eggs, well beaten
⅓ cup light molasses
⅔ cup water
1½ tablespoons lemon juice (½ lemon)

Mix rolled oats with soda, salt, cinnamon, raisins and peel. Combine the eggs, molasses, water and lemon juice. Add to the dry ingredients and turn into top of double boiler, lightly greased. Cook over boiling water, about 1¼ hours. Six servings.

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