

**'AWAKENED WOMAN'**

(Continued from Page Three)

What happens next? Does the beautiful Belinda depart forever in proud wrath and leave the poor insulting worm to live on with only the memory of his one daring deed or—

Leaving his sentence unfinished, he took a cigarette and lit it. Joyce, watching, saw his hand shake as he held the match to the tip.

Why did he not come back to her and take her in his arms again? Why did he not tell her he loved her? She had not repulsed him.

"Dickie," went on Ainsworth, sitting down on the step and picking up the dog who was nudging at her for attention, "it should be possible one would think, for a sweet, beautiful girl to visit a man, even in a lonely place like this without being—er—manhandled." He smoked furiously.

Joyce, feeling her knees trembling, sat down on the arm of one of the big redwood chairs and listened silently.

"But, you see, Dickie, damn it, I've been living here all alone for months and months, and a man gets to fooling himself with his smart delusion that he's self-sufficient—that the lid is on good and tight—until, suddenly, along comes a girl, not just an ordinary girl, you know, Dickie, but one with sweetness and beauty and intelligence, one who is a particular joy to be with, and—well, then, bang, everything is off!"

A chill descended on Joyce. She felt a vast sickening fear settle down numbly over her. What did he mean? Did he—was he sorry for what had happened? A flame of white humiliation burned Joyce with intolerable pain. She must get away quickly and hide herself from this thought.

She stood up and tried to speak in a casual, ordinary voice. "I think, Dickie, it's time for us to go."

Ainsworth jumped to his feet, dropping Dickie unceremoniously, and came to her. "Look here, Joyce! Don't go. You're—oh what shall I say?" He took her in his arms and kissed her again and again. Then he looked into her eyes, met her anxious smile and said softly, "Oh, what is there to talk about? We don't need any words, do we, darling?"

Joyce shook her head without speaking. She was swept back again to the heights of joyous happiness and she clung to him now unquestioning.

At last however, she drew herself away and stood up, straightening her silk blouse with nervous hands and hastily combing her hair, which Ainsworth's caresses had rumpled.

As she stood in front of the mirror, he came up behind her and put his arms gently around her body again.

His eyes met hers in the glass. He was so much taller than Joyce that his chin rested on the top of her yellow head. She leaned back against him, suddenly aware of the fact that was almost limp with fatigue after the emotional storm she had passed thru, and smiled into the mirror. At that, he whirled her around and crushing her to him again buried his face in her neck.

"Oh—dearest—most beautiful!"

She put her arms around his shoulders and whispered shyly, "Oh, am I all that—to you?"

"And so much more than I can't put it into words!" he murmured, kissing the tip of her ear.

After a while Joyce was able to put on her hat and then, with his arm around her, they set out to walk to the car thru the woods.

After she was in the car, with Dickie on the seat beside her, Ainsworth leaned against it with his arms still around her and gave her a final kiss.

"Can't I do the calling next time? We've got some serious talking to do about this situation of ours. Tell me where this mysterious aunt of yours lives!"

Joyce dropped her eyes suddenly. "Oh—please let's leave things as they are!"

All at once she realized the ambiguity of her position. "I'll come again in a day or two."

She was thankful for the unconventional slant that made him answer cheerfully, "Oh, all right. I have to go up to the city for a day or two, I think it's next Tuesday."

"Oh, no, don't—don't stay away long," begged Joyce.

"But you'll come before I go? Good Lord, it's four whole days till then!"

Even though she knew it was late, Joyce drove home slowly.

It was maddening to have to go out to dinner at the Carters. It was to be a more or less formal affair followed by a "theatre party."

But I couldn't have had him if you weren't such a generous provider, my dear Mr. Packard."

Neil took from her the luxurious cape of sea-green transparent velvet and they went downstairs together.

"By the way, mother telephoned me a little while ago," he said, "the doctor has ordered her to stay in bed a few days and she wondered if you would come tomorrow afternoon and sit with her for a while?"

She missed you lately—and you know—and she's so happy at the way you've been to her—I'm worried," he went on, as he laid the lovely cloak about her shoulders and for a moment held her to him.

"There's something wrong about it. I wish I knew what to do."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," exclaimed Joyce, "I'll go tomorrow and spend the afternoon with her. I've—I know I've neglected her lately."

"Darling, that's sweet of you—I wish—I wonder—Frills, what the devil can I do to win you back? Isn't there any chance for me?"

"Oh, please, Neil, don't!" cried Joyce, "don't start that again—Come on, we'll be late and you know Mrs. Carter likes to begin on time when she's giving a theatre party afterwards."

Most parties in Manzanita had a way of splitting up into couples, and Joyce found herself taken in charge by her dinner partner when they afterwards set out for the theatre.

This happened to be Paul Packard, much to her satisfaction, for his company made it possible to sit without talking during the picture.

Joyce deliberately shut her eyes to the sartorial allurements of the picture and returned in spirit to the little shack on the lonely hillside.

Before the next afternoon she was torn by such longing to see Robert that she set out for Neil's mother's house in dragging rebellion.

Even Mrs. Packard's gentle gratitude and pleasure failed wholly to rout her constant sense of frustration.

"I wonder whether something is going wrong in the business," Mrs. Packard remarked in the course of the afternoon, "Neil hasn't been himself lately."

"I don't know," replied Joyce, "he hasn't said anything to me and I think the business is all right." She knew only too well what was the cause of Neil's depression but she could not tell his mother.

"Please don't worry about Neil too much," she said gently. "I feel sure this is just a temporary thing. There may be some business deal in the air that Neil is brooding over a little. He'll come out all right."

Mrs. Packard looked as if she were grateful for Joyce's effort to relieve her mind but not wholly convinced that the matter was so simple as it sounded.

When Neil arrived, Joyce insisted on their leaving shortly after. All the way home she could not get out of her mind that one significant moment when the pinched grayness of Mrs. Packard's face had struck her.

"Mother sure looked tired, didn't she?" remarked Neil as they drove home. "How was she during the afternoon? Did she talk much?"

"A little less than usual, I think, it seemed to exhaust her. Neil, she's worrying about you. She thinks something is—"

They were both silent. Joyce did not dare ask what it was that was troubling him because she felt so sure she knew.

Joyce lay awake a long time that night, seeing the situation with an appalling clearness, from every point of view. "I was ready enough to condemn Frills for treating Neil the way she did. I was disgusted at her for having an affair with Maitland. And now, just because Robert Ainsworth seems to me to be worth a million Arthur Maitlands, it doesn't make any real difference. If I deceive Neil that way, I'm hurting him, too, and I'm no better than Frills was. And—oh, I feel like a miserable worm to be taking all this luxury and love without doing anything to deserve it, even using it to—hurt Neil so terribly. If only he didn't love me so much. And he was so happy for a while. It was almost pitiful how grateful he was for so little. Oh, I can't bear to—think of it even!" Joyce buried her face in the pillow and tried to stifle the sobs which shook her.

At breakfast the next morning Neil glanced at her and said, frowning anxiously, "Didn't you sleep, Frills? You look kind of pale and dragged out this morning, dear."

Joyce's nerves were on edge after her stormy night and Neil's concerned tone struck her almost like a blow. To her horror she felt her eyes fill with a quick rush of tears. That worried look on his face deepened. "Why, sweetheart, what's the matter? Aren't you well? Does your head ache? Why didn't you stay in bed?"

But Joyce swallowed the lump in her throat and summoning all her self-control she answered quickly: "Oh, I'm all right. I just didn't sleep very well."

"Well, you'd better take a nap today sometime. What are you doing, anything special?" he went on.

"No, I—guess not. I'm going to run out to your mother's for a few minutes about noon, and take some magazines and books. I may ride this afternoon."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Temperatures on the moon are estimated to range from about 216 degrees Fahrenheit to minus 283 degrees Fahrenheit.

It's a lovely dress, really years. It's a lovely dress, really years.

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**The Family Doctor****I ENDORSE IT**

Here's a letter from a brother physician—with a few of the strongest words deleted. It may be of interest:

Dear Dr. Gaines:

"I wish you would devote more articles to the exposure of quackery. The every-day people of our country little realize the thievery that is going on under their very noses. The radio is reeking with the vile preachment of the medical racketeer. Millions of dollars—yes, hundreds of millions are wheeled out of American pockets that are least able to afford it. The game goes on without interference on the part of authorities, therefore it would seem, within the law."

"The medical racketeer invents some trivial, imaginary disease or condition, to which any ordinary working man or woman might be subject—and for which the racketeer, of course, has the sole remedy. This (faked) condition is dinned into the ears of millions of listeners until they grow suspicious of themselves—they are quick to detect signs of the 'affliction.' They have been told that it might lead to horrible death—but, easily enough 'cured' if they secure a bottle of the nostrum and use it the rest of their lives."

"Multiplied millions of people rush to buy the racketeer's gully-wash. The profits are enormous—for, the operator of the hoax does not work for ordinary wages. Huge fortunes are piled up for the racketeer and his followers."

"Rube Smithers needs somebody to set him right; he needs a protector—an advisor who tells him the truth. Fat radio contracts are never turned down—they pay too well. It is poor Rube that pays. Now, doctor, get busy."

Fraternally, M. D.

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\* **FRUIT, FLOWERS and GARDEN** \*

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\* **GLADIOLUS** \*

The exhibit of more than a thousand different varieties of gladiolus of the Empire State gladiolus society at Ithaca with the newly developed sweet-scented gladiolus, prompts a sketch of the history of the flower which has become so popular since 1900.

The gladiolus belongs to the iris family which includes the freesia and crocus, as well as the gladiolus. The flower probably originated where it grows wild on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, and possibly, the Cape of Good Hope in South Africa. It grew wild in the Romans' grain fields and they gave it the name gladiolus, which means little sword, because of the shape of its foliage.

M. Colville of Chelsea, England, is credited with making the first hybrids, which had bright scarlet flowers with white blotches on the three lower petals, in about 1823. Louis van Houtte, in 1841, introduced another hybrid bearing about 18 to 20 florets, vermillion in color with chrome yellow on the lower petals. Other hybrids were later introduced by Victor Lemoine of Nancy, France; Max Lichtin of Baden, Germany; John Lewis Childs of Long Island; and the Kew Gardens in England. Prior to 1900, nearly all of the gladiolus grown in the United States were of European origin. Today nearly 60 per cent of the varieties are of American origin. Now more than 7,000 varieties are available in the world trade.

The flower is generally free from the attacks of insects except from the thrips, a small insect about one-sixteenth of an inch long, and ash-gray to black in color. Instructions will be given later about the control of thrips in the garden and in storage. If the flowers are now infested, no control is available except to destroy the foliage and to store the corms with an insecticide.

**Homespun Yarn**

Style means simplicity in the baby's wardrobe.

A floor lamp, a comfortable chair and good books tempt children to read.

Tea develops an unpleasant flavor and is harmful to health when it is allowed to steep more than five minutes.

To insure the right size and shape for a sweater after washing, trace around it beforehand on wrapping paper. Dry the sweater on this pattern and shape it to fit.

"Help Mother" is a good answer to the pre-school child's "What shall I do now?" especially if child-sized equipment makes a game of it.

A roll of glued paper tape kept in the kitchen may be used in many ways, such as mending jars and cans or picnic dishes, and to hold paper linings smooth on covers or on shelves.

A new strain of popcorn has been produced, which pops to a surprising size.

**Food Market Advice**

By ANN PAGE

Boneless chuck pot roast will be a particularly good value. Beef liver will be featured in many stores this week. Every year liver increases in popularity. It adds variety to the menu. Great advances have been made in the distribution of fresh meat products during the past ten years. These improvements in meat distribution have reflected particularly in the quality of beef liver. There has been an increasing demand in the past few years for small roasts and as a result the cattlemen have brought stock to market much younger than previously. As a result beef liver more nearly equals calves liver in texture and flavor. Wide-awake housewives have found a considerable saving in serving beef liver instead of the higher priced calves liver. Liver was a neglected food item years ago and then like a meteor it suddenly flashed into prominence. Its rise has been spectacular. And now firmly entrenched it rightly assumes a place of equal importance beside the pork chop, the steak, the rib roast.

There are many ways of cooking liver. It is good breaded. The Quaker Maid Kitchen gives the following recipe:

**Breaded Liver**

One pound liver (four slices); 2 eggs; 4 tablespoons lemon juice; 3 cup bread crumbs; 2 tablespoons bacon fat; 1/2 teaspoon salt; pepper.

Wipe and parboil liver gently for five minutes, drain and remove any loose membrane or skin. Add lemon juice and seasonings to slightly beaten eggs. Dip liver in egg, roll in crumbs and again in egg. Place in a shallow pan containing hot fat, set in oven of 375 degrees F. for 25 minutes. Turn liver once during baking. Four servings.

Variation: To vary this recipe, when liver has browned, add enough tomato sauce to cover and finish cooking.

Smoked meats are reasonably priced. Although some foods have gone up in price considerably, as yet meats have not followed this trend and meats can be liberally included in family menus without undue served.

**Around Our House**

**EVERY KITCHEN A LABORATORY**

Experiments in the kitchen may improve the best cook's cooking, suggests the New York State college of home economics. Some cooks have been trying things on the muffin.

Every homemaker knows that one batch of muffins may be delicious and tender while another batch may be heavy and soggy. Most homemakers know that the mixing makes the difference. Some have tried a real experiment to see just what does happen to give half a dozen different results from the same recipe.

One experiment is: Measure the ingredients you always use in your favorite muffin recipe. Sift together the dry ingredients, add the wet ingredients and the melted fat all together, and stir just enough to combine them, but not enough to make a smooth batter. Turn a third of this batter into greased muffin tins. Then beat the remainder of the batter vigorously for one-half a minute, and put half of it into other greased tins. Beat the remaining third of the batter for a minute longer, and put it into greased tins. Bake them all in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F., for about 20 minutes.

The results can be predicted. The first third gives a large light tender muffin, flat-topped, with a thin crisp brown crust. The second and third lots are progressively smaller, heavier, more peaked, and less tender.

A six years' experiment on the ventilation of poultry houses for laying and breeding hens is described in a new Cornell bulletin P-558. The bulletin is available on request to the office of publication of the New York State college of agriculture at Ithaca, N. Y.

Broilers and fryers together with fowl continue to be outstanding poultry buys.

Fish catches have been small on the Great Lakes and prices of fresh water fish are rather high. The supply of the Atlantic seaboard has been greatly reduced the supply of salt water fish. Haddock and blue pike catches will however be available at reasonable prices.

The fresh fruit and vegetable markets continue to be bountifully stocked. Apples, Bartlett pears, Thompson seedless grapes and California grapes are all plentiful. The banana supply is somewhat reduced by tropical storms is adequate. In addition to the supplies of local vegetables, the west is shipping in peas, cauliflower and lettuce. An interesting variation of the Waldorf salad which is seasonable combined sliced green or stuffed olives with the apple, celery and salad dressing in place of the out-of-season walnut. This salad should always be marinated in French dressing before it is mixed with salad dressing and served.

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