

The Market Basket

ORANGES A GOOD PROTECTIVE FOOD

Oranges, thanks to modern science and enterprise, are nowadays common in every part of the United States. This is important, not only because they add so much to the "pleasure of the palate" but because they are one of the most valuable of what the nutrition specialists call the protective foods. They are one of the foods that help to keep the gums in good condition, and to make good teeth—this because they are such an excellent source of vitamin C, which has to do also with the general health and is necessary to prevent scurvy.

Orange juice is good for babies especially. They can take it easily and they need it because milk does not give them enough vitamin C and because they do not eat enough of the other foods that contain this vitamin unless special care is taken. There are other good sources of vitamin C, of course—tomatoes particularly, raw cabbage, raw turnips, and raw fruits, especially lemons and grapefruit and tangerines—all the citrus fruits, in fact. Oranges, however, are at their cheapest this time of year.

For that matter, even a beautiful meal is improved if oranges or orange juice are served. The additional vitamin C—from oranges or tomatoes or any other good source—gives that

much more protection to the gums and teeth.

Oranges contain other vitamins—A, B, and G. The outer peel, as well as the juice, contains vitamins T, B, and C, which means that the sliced rind contributes some vitamin value

to the dish in which it is used for flavoring.

Scurvy is a very ancient disease and is the extreme form of illness due to lack of vitamin C. For centuries soldiers and sailors died of it in great numbers, because they could not carry

fresh green foods in the army or ship stores. Finally, the doctors discovered that lemon juice would prevent scurvy, and the concentrated juice became a part of the sailors' rations. Admiral Eyrud's expedition on the Antarctic has the benefit of the latest scientific discoveries about vitamin C. Among the medical supplies is a little bottle of the vitamin itself—highly concentrated, and enough, the expedition's doctor says, to protect the forty-odd men from scurvy for two years.

To get the most for the money invested in a bag of oranges use the

rinds in cooking. Sweetpotatoes scalloped with strips of orange rind make a most inviting dish. Slice the orange skin and boil it for about 5 minutes in half a cup of water. Scatter the slices of orange skin in the baking dish with the sweetpotatoes, sprinkle with a fourth of a cup of sugar (to 5 sweetpotatoes) and pour the orange water over all. Sandwiches for lunch or supper can be made by mixing grated orange rind with butter for the sandwich spread. As flavoring for puddings, cakes, or other desserts, in biscuits, or muffins, the grated orange rind adds a very attractive touch.

ment leaven is a symbol of false doctrine (see Matthew 16:12).

Two Parables of Israel and Church

The Parable of the Hidden Treasure represents Israel in this present age. As Jesus wept over Jerusalem he cried, "Now all these things are hid from thine eyes." (Luke 19:42). Paul in Romans 11:15-25 speaks of Israel's "casting away" and "receiving" and of a "blindness in part befallen Israel until the fullness of the Gentiles be come in."

Similarly the Parable of the Pearl of Great Price represents the preciousness of the Church of Christ, his love shown for it in that "when he had found one pearl of great price, he went and sold all that he had, and bought it." Or as Paul says in Ephesians 5:27, "That he might present the church to himself a glorious church—holy and without blemish."

A Parable of Judgment  
The concluding Parable of the Net Cast Into the Sea forecasts the final judgment and the triumph of good over evil. "He that hath ears, let him hear."

It was said of John J. McGraw that he never failed a friend, and that may be why he never had an enemy.

By the Rev. Alvin E. Bell And Alfred J. Buescher

Parables of the Kingdom

ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Scripture—Matthew 13:1-52



The four kinds of soil into which our Lord as Sower casts the good seed of his Word are the hard, stony ground of the impervious heart, the shallow soil of the impulsive heart, the thorny soil of the indulgent heart and the good soil of the receptive and fruitful heart.



The parable of the mustard seed pictured the day the church would aspire to worldly, political power and the parable of the woman hiding leaven in the meal foretold the spread of false teaching against which Jesus often warned his disciples.



The parable of the treasure hid in the earth represents Israel in this present time, while the parable of the pearl of great price represents Jesus' love for his church and his plan to "present it to himself a glorious church—holy and without blemish."



The final parable of the group of seven foretells the final judgment and the separation of evil from good, the destruction of the evil and the triumph of the good.

GOLDEN TEXT—Isaiah 9:7

Load not upon thy day the burden of thy year.—Eastern Proverb

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STORM DRAFT

CHAPTER 28

VIOLA'S chattering fingers stirred in Tiggie's, but for the passage of many terrible seconds she only gasped out her anguish in a silence more poignant than any attempt at speech. At last, after an interval of suffering which to him seemed weigh unendurable, she moved her head slightly so that her face was partly visible to him. Her breathing grew quieter and the grip of her hands became less tense. She spoke very faintly, so that he scarcely caught the words. "I'm so sorry."



"Child, I love you with all my heart."

She moved a little further so that her white forehead was close to his lips. She said nothing, yet after a moment or two the knowledge came to him as though she had spoken that she would have him take that which she had not the strength to offer. He bent a little lower and very softly kissed her temple.

Her fingers moved again, gently closing upon his. The paroxysm had passed, but she still gasped fitfully from time to time. He thought that her breathing was growing slower, and an awful fear gripped his heart. He sat, holding his own, listening to it. And the long rhythmic wash of the waves on the shore rose up like a solemn chant, seeming to fill the sunlit spaces with music from another world. It was as though they two, alone on their raft, drifted in from the stormy waters to a strand unknown.

He still kept her hand, fondling it against his cheek, but he made no attempt to rouse her, dreading a return of the suffering almost more than the possibility that she might slip beyond it. Motionless and silent, he knelt there, watching, till presently she stirred again and opened her eyes upon his face. But yet for a space she did not speak, lying there gazing at him with those deep, misty eyes that seemed to be trying to tell him something that words could not utter.

It was he who at length broke the silence, softly stroking the thin childish wrist. "You're feeling a little better now?"

Her faint smile showed like a far-off gleam of sunshine. She spoke, haltingly, with effort. "I wish—I could tell you—how I feel. But it's better—perhaps—you should never know. It was nice of you—to say you loved her."

"I do," he said. "Child, I love you with all my heart."

She caught her breath in a sigh. "That is—so like you," she said.

There followed another spell of silence. She lay relaxed—too weak, he thought, to suffer any more.

Then again her voice came to him, very low, with a touch of pleading. "Tiggie," she said, "don't—don't tell anyone—about you and me! Let's keep it a secret!—Do you mind?"

"I will do whatever you wish," he told her steadily—"just whatever you wish."

She smiled at him again—her eyelids slowly drooping. "Thank you, Tiggie," she murmured. "Thank you." And then, as her eyes closed, "Good-by, dear—good-by!"

She uttered another short sigh and lay still. And to Tiggie, watching, it seemed as if a dark shadow crept over her face as though a veil had fallen between them.

He got to his feet without sound, with a bewildered feeling that he ought to call someone, just as the nurse entered, spotless and practical, and came to his side.

Tiggie turned to her helplessly. "Look! What is it? Is she—is she—"

"No—no!" kindly she reassured him as though he had been a scared child. "It's just a little faintness. She'll be better presently. You leave her to me. It'll be all right."

Tiggie felt that he had been given a definite order and there was nothing left but to obey. Silently he drew back from the bed, giving place as it were to the higher authority, and then, no further being taken of him, crept away on tiptoe, refraining from looking back because of the fear that lay like a dead weight at his heart.

which was instantly and rather brutally frustrated by Harvey. "No, we don't want to talk. We're busy. You go and attend to the rest of the world! If we want any more, I'll let you know."

So Joe Penny retired, and Harvey stood over Tiggie with grim insistence while he gulped down some of the drink provided. That accomplished, he relaxed somewhat and sat down to drink his own at leisure.

"You stay quiet for a bit, old chap!" he said. "You've had a damned trying time, but there's nothing more you can do, so stop trying!"

Tiggie leaned back on a horsehair sofa and wiped his forehead. "She's going to die, Harvey," he said.

"Rot!" said Harvey. "That's all you know about it. Girls of that age don't die so easily. Besides, there's your friend Spot. He wouldn't let her."

"Spot can't stop her," said Tiggie. He sat miserably bowed, his hands clasped between his knees, his eyes on the floor. Harvey clapped an urgent hand on his shoulder.

"Pull yourself together, man! What's the good of believing the worst? Don't you know it never happens? Drink a little more! It'll put life into you."

Tiggie obeyed with pathetic docility. Now that there was no more to be done his courage seemed to be ebbing away. It had been a terrific battle. To a man of his easy temperament, little accustomed to make any great fight to attain his own ends, it had seemed colossal. And now, apparently, it was all to no purpose. He was to stand by while the edifice of his hopes raised by such painful effort crumbled into dust. The hand he had grasped in the height of the storm had slipped once more from his. He was powerless to hold it, powerless to help her. He had pitied himself against the inevitability, and he knew now the bitterness of utter failure. And because of the fight he had made, his defeat was all the harder, for that for which he had fought had become tenfold more precious to him during the conflict. In losing her now, he lost everything that made life worth living.

It was as though he had multiplied his stake in the hazard to the utmost limit and beyond it, and now all was gone. He faced total ruin.

But Harvey remained—Harvey, the bizarre of soul, who viewed the drama of life from the extraordinary angle of a critic seated comfortably in the stalls, an independent witness of its tragedies and its joys. He was so sure that all would end well that it almost needed an effort of common sense to disbelieve him. Not that he wanted to look on the dark side, but he had seen too much to allow any self-deception. The shadow of death was too near to be ignored. He had seen it on her face and in her eyes. Notwithstanding the optimism so resolutely pressed upon him, he could not rid himself of the ultimate conviction that when next he looked upon that face those eyes

would be forever closed. The drink that Harvey pressed upon him restored his self-control, though it scarcely altered his outlook. He got up when it was finished with a weary sense of restlessness. Impossible to remain quiescent while up there in the little stone cottage on the cliff the life that meant so much to him hung in the balance!

He turned to the door and wandered out aimlessly, conscious of Harvey's swift glances following him. The noonday sun beat fiercely upon him, but he only realized it when Harvey pushed his hat into his hand. Then, crumpling it over his eyes, he moved blindly towards the shore. For the next hour or more he would live an eternity. No doubt Spot would finally come and tell him, very gently, when it was all over. He had got to fill in time until that happened.

The children had gone in to their midday meal and the beach was deserted. With a kind of stubborn endurance, he tramped down to the dancing waves that swirled over the low rocks. His pipe was in his pocket and he felt for it mechanically, but when he found it he did not take it out. He stood on the very edge of the sea and looked out to the skyline, like a lost dog washed up from a wreck seeking his master. Everything in the world seemed to be alive and joyous except him. The sparkle and the beauty hurt him vaguely. Had it been a day of gray desolation, it would have been something easier to bear.

He was glad that Harvey did not accompany him. He needed solitude just then, and it was decent of old Harvey to have left him alone. He was going to do now that he was alone he did not know. Last night, in accordance with little Joyce's earnest desire, he had made a definite effort to pray, but he did not feel that it had been a great success. It had been like knocking at an iron door that barred all progress, and after a time he had lost heart and ceased to knock. Today he had not even the strength to attempt it, weighed down as he was by the awful conviction that nothing that he did now could make any difference. He was worn out with vain effort. All that was left was to stand and endure.

After a time he began to walk along the edge of the spreading wavelets, his feet crunching, through the shingle on which they broke with a soft tinkling sound in strange contrast to the roar of the breakers outside the bay. He came to the rocks and began to climb over them. The tide was coming in, and each wave that ran curling up the beach was a little deeper than the last. It was like life, he reflected. What was the good of trying to stave off the inevitable? Even the granite of which the cliffs were made could not do that forever. They had to crumble, everything crumbled before the overwhelming forces of Destiny.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Parables of the Kingdom THE WEEKLY SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

The Golden Text



Isaiah 9:7—"Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end."

(The International Uniform Lesson on the above topic for March 11 is Matthew 13:1-52, the Golden Text being, Isaiah 9:7. "Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end.")

By DR. ALVIN E. BELL.

Having met with increasing opposition in his efforts to establish his kingdom in the hearts of men, Jesus, in this series of seven kingdom parables, forecasts the results of this opposition. In doing so he pictures prophetically God's program in all history from that day to the end of this present age.

The Parable of the Sower is a portrayal of attitudes toward Christ's Word, the gospel. There would be the attitude of the impervious heart represented by the hard beaten wayside where the Word was given no change: "Then cometh the wicked one and catcheth away that which was sown in his heart." Then there is the impulsive heart where the Word is given but a little chance, as with the seed sown on stony ground, the attitude of shallow emotionalism that withers under trial. The thorny ground harer represents the indulgent heart where the Word is given a divided chance with carnal interests which choke out the Word and make it unfruitful. The good ground harer represents the receptive, retentive, productive heart where the Word is given a full chance to bear its intended

fruit, "Some a hundred fold, some sixty, some thirty."

The Parable of the Tares deals with Satan's attitude towards the Word growing in this good soil. The seeds of evil are sown to counteract the Word. It explains the origin of evil—"An enemy hath done this." It answers the question, "Is the world getting better or worse?" Its answer is, "Let both grow together until the harvest." It forecasts the ultimate triumph of good and destruction of evil as God's plan for the ages.

Two Parables of Church Tendencies

The Parable of the Mustard Seed and Leaven forecast unfortunate tendencies that were to be taken in the development of the church in unintended directions. This forecasts the day when the church aspired to worldly, political power and became the haven of forces of Satan represented by the birds here as in the first parable. The Parable of the Leaven hid in the Meal forecast the spread of false and corrupting teaching, for here as everywhere in the New Testa-

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