

TABLE TALKS

Jane Andrews

Eggs are one of the most nourishing food substitutes. Their versatility in cooking, their mild, delicate flavor, and their universal availability make them a unique food.

They thicken dishes—custards and puddings; they serve as leaveners when beaten to incorporate air in cakes; they make good coatings—such as for breaded meats; they serve as binders for meat loaves and croquettes; and emulsifiers—for salad dressings and cream puffs. In addition, eggs add color and favor to individual dishes, and make attractive garnishes for canapés, salads, and soups.

An important point to remember in cooking eggs is that they always require a moderate to low temperature. They should be taken from the refrigerator about one hour before using; it is easier to separate yolks and whites, and they heat up faster and to larger volume, if the eggs have first been brought to room temperature.

When combining hot mixtures with eggs, as in making custards, soufflés, etc., pour the hot mixture slowly into the beaten eggs, stirring or beating constantly. Let down egg whites, if stored in the refrigerator for a week or ten days. Leftover yolks, if stored under water in a covered jar in the refrigerator, may be held for two or three days.

There are seven basic ways to prepare eggs—bake, fry, poach, scramble, make into omelet, and cook in the shell. Most of these ways are familiar to housewives, but the omelet is often considered difficult. To make a good omelet allow one tablespoon of milk for each egg. Melt enough butter in skillet to form a thin layer over entire surface. Beat eggs until whites and yolks are mixed, then beat in milk and seasoning. Pour omelet into heated skillet and cook slowly. As it begins to thicken at the edges, lift it, tipping skillet so the uncooked portions flow to the bottom.

Do not stir, but keep omelet as level as possible. When omelet is no longer flow, increase heat for a few seconds to brown the bottom. Carefully loosen edges with spatula and fold omelet in half and serve on warm platter.

There are many variations of the plain omelet.

Cheese, parsley, ham, jelly, mushroom, tomato, and herb are among the popular. For a hearty and delicious luncheon dish, try serving omelet with glazed apple slices.

Noodle Omelet
1½ cups uncooked noodles
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
3 eggs
2 tablespoons milk or water
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper

Method—Cook noodles until done and drain. Cook onion in butter until soft but not browned. Toss noodles into onion mixture to heat. Blend eggs, milk, salt, and pepper with a fork. Mix well but do not beat frothy, and pour mixture over noodles. Cook rapidly, lifting the mixture with a fork, at the same time tipping skillet to let uncooked egg mixture flow to bottom of skillet. Shake skillet while cooking to prevent omelet from sticking.

When it no longer flows, reduce heat for a minute or two to set omelet completely. Loosen edges and slide spatula under the omelet to be sure it is free. Fold in half. Garnish with parsley and serve on platter with glazed apple slices.

Glazed Apple Slices
Firm apples
Granulated sugar
Butter or margarine
Method—Cut apples in ½- to ¾-inch ring slices. Dip both sides in granulated sugar. Brown quickly in

skillet that is lightly greased with butter or margarine. Turn and brown other side.

There need be no monotony in connection with the egg dishes on your menu. Here are a few suggestions:

Breakfast Egg Surprise
6 Eggs
2 tablespoons flour
¼ cup paprika
¼ cup evaporated milk mixed with equal amount of water
½ cup Canadian cheese, grated
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons bread crumbs
1 small (2-in.) can pimientos, chopped

Method—Melt butter, add flour, salt and paprika. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly, cooking until smooth. Add half the cheese and half the pimientos. Break eggs into a well-buttered baking dish, being careful not to break the yolks. Pour sauce over eggs and sprinkle with remaining cheese and pimientos and crumbs. Bake at 325° F. for 12 minutes, or until set.

Creamed Eggs in Bologna Cups
Hard-cooked eggs
White sauce
Slices of bologna

Method—Make creamed eggs by combining cut-up hard-cooked eggs and white sauce. Brown round slices of bologna in meat drippings. As meat heats it curls to form cups. Fill with creamed eggs and serve on platter with green beans and pan-browned onion slices.

Egg and Cheese Cakes
4 eggs, beaten
1 tablespoon grated onion
½ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1½ pound sharp cheese, cut in ¼-inch cubes

Method—Combine eggs with onion, flour, baking powder, and seasoning. Add cheese. Heat fat in frying pan and dip large spoon of mixture and drop in hot fat. Brown well on both sides, turning once. Serve promptly with marmalade. Makes 12 cakes.

Making Grandpa and Grandma Brainer

Big-scale experiments are to be made this summer with a new device that could help to cure the brain of elderly men and women by providing their brains with more oxygen.

Known as cytochrome C, the drug consists mainly of a new liquid drawn from the hearts of horses. It is now being manufactured in a North of England laboratory.

Some elderly people have already been treated with this drug in a British hospital. The results were promising. All the men and women showed improved mental alertness when the drug was carefully pumped in to stimulate their ageing grey matter.

Some men who volunteered to breathe in air deficient in oxygen lost much of their reasoning power and their sight became blurred. If the new experiments are successful, the average man and woman will no longer lose about 40 per cent of his or her grey matter by the age of 60. All our bodies contain small quantities of cytochrome C, which helps the brain to make the most of its oxygen. By receiving additional supplies by means of the drug—a fortnight's course of the treatment every six months is suggested—elderly people will be able to reason more effectively and take a greater interest in what is happening in the world.

"To the gardener there is nothing more exasperating than a hose that just isn't long enough."

—Cecil Roberts.

Pretty Kerstin
(Kicks)
Hokanson,
21-year-old
Stockholm
model, faces
the bright
sunlight and
looks forward
to an equally
bright future
after being
chosen "Miss
Sweden"
in 1951.
The young
beauty will
be Sweden's
entry in
competition
for the title,
"Miss World,"
at the festival
of Britain
in London.

SHE WAS MAROONED TWO YEARS ON AN ISLAND IN THE ARCTIC

When a ship carried the Spanish "fin" to the Labrador Eskimos in the autumn of 1918, 425 out of 1,200 on the Moravian mission stations were wiped out in a month.

The only survivor of a family living in a solitary harbor north of Okak was a six-year-old girl, Martha, left alone in a wooden hut miles from any other human being, surrounded by the dead bodies of parents, brother and sisters.

She had no food to eat, no fire. A little flour and some berries her mother had gathered were her only food. She melted snow over a candle to get a drink. And there she sat in the semi-darkness, cold, hungry, shivering with fright, while dogs prowled around outside searching for food. Suddenly the starving brutes broke in and, to her horror, began devouring the bodies of her family.

"It's a ghost!" Once help seemed near, for two boys from Okak, sent by the missionaries, found little Martha, and delivered her. But, terrified at the sight of the partly eaten bodies and by the weird mumbling and moaning of the dogs, they screamed—"It's a ghost!" and fled.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

But his closest slave was with a fighting-mad walrus when he was in his kayak. He was with two Eskimo hunters, and the three of them were resting on their paddles watching every move of a herd of fifty or more walrus which, from time to time, came up for air, munching chaps and spewing out the shells.

Science Continues Its War On Cancer

Countless Bold Experiments Delve Into Complex Mysteries of Disease

EDITH'S NOTE: Here's the first of two articles on the progress of cancer research, written by the Science Editor of the American Cancer Society.

Completed a three-month survey of research supported by the Society. His investigation took him to no end of the universities and hospitals, 35 states where the Cancer Society has invested in research about \$3,500,000 in collected last year.

By PAT MCGRADY
Science Editor, American Cancer Society

In laboratories all over the U.S. and Canada, scientists and young researchers alike are striving for one goal—the control of cancer.

I have just completed a nationwide tour of these laboratories, to find what progress has been noted. And there has been progress, although no definite, complete cancer cure has yet been known. But each project is meaningful.

A biophysicist is working on a new method of analyzing trace metals in blood. A cytologist has isolated a peculiar structure from cancer cells. A biochemist has found a particular protein change as cancer takes over the cell. An immunologist has discovered that embryonic glands grow when transplanted to another animal species.

Some of these may never have any bearing on cancer. But each contributes a little something to our understanding of that basic unit of life, the cell. And it is an abnormal change in the cell that means cancer.

Somehow a cell goes wrong. Maybe it's a cell in the lungs, or a woman's breast, or on the skin, or in the throat. Something happens to it, and cancer comes. What causes the change in the cell? That's what science is trying to find out.

It may be due to an enzyme—a substance produced by cells. Or maybe it's due to a vitamin, or a hormone secreted by a gland. Perhaps it's the result of diet, nerves, habits, customs, drugs, rays, chemicals, viruses, other organisms.

In some laboratory in some city, some scientist is investigating each one of those possibilities and many others.

Each experimenter has hope. Each feels that his work is leading to an eventual answer to the puzzle. Most of them, of course, will prove to be duds. They'll be duds as far as cancer is concerned, but they'll add a little something to our general store of knowledge, so they won't be complete wastes of time.

But perhaps one of the scientists is even now on the right track. You get the feeling after talking to hundreds of them that cancer will be controlled eventually. The answer will come in blood. A cytologist has isolated a peculiar structure from cancer cells. A biochemist has found a particular protein change as cancer takes over the cell. An immunologist has discovered that embryonic glands grow when transplanted to another animal species.

Some of these may never have any bearing on cancer. But each contributes a little something to our understanding of that basic unit of life, the cell. And it is an abnormal change in the cell that means cancer.

Somehow a cell goes wrong. Maybe it's a cell in the lungs, or a woman's breast, or on the skin, or in the throat. Something happens to it, and cancer comes. What causes the change in the cell? That's what science is trying to find out.

It may be due to an enzyme—a substance produced by cells. Or maybe it's due to a vitamin, or a hormone secreted by a gland. Perhaps it's the result of diet, nerves, habits, customs, drugs, rays, chemicals, viruses, other organisms.

In some laboratory in some city, some scientist is investigating each one of those possibilities and many others.

Each experimenter has hope. Each feels that his work is leading to an eventual answer to the puzzle. Most of them, of course, will prove to be duds. They'll be duds as far as cancer is concerned, but they'll add a little something to our general store of knowledge, so they won't be complete wastes of time.

But perhaps one of the scientists is even now on the right track. You get the feeling after talking to hundreds of them that cancer will be controlled eventually. The answer will come in blood. A cytologist has isolated a peculiar structure from cancer cells. A biochemist has found a particular protein change as cancer takes over the cell. An immunologist has discovered that embryonic glands grow when transplanted to another animal species.

Some of these may never have any bearing on cancer. But each contributes a little something to our understanding of that basic unit of life, the cell. And it is an abnormal change in the cell that means cancer.

Somehow a cell goes wrong. Maybe it's a cell in the lungs, or a woman's breast, or on the skin, or in the throat. Something happens to it, and cancer comes. What causes the change in the cell? That's what science is trying to find out.

It may be due to an enzyme—a substance produced by cells. Or maybe it's due to a vitamin, or a hormone secreted by a gland. Perhaps it's the result of diet, nerves, habits, customs, drugs, rays, chemicals, viruses, other organisms.

In some laboratory in some city, some scientist is investigating each one of those possibilities and many others.

Each experimenter has hope. Each feels that his work is leading to an eventual answer to the puzzle. Most of them, of course, will prove to be duds. They'll be duds as far as cancer is concerned, but they'll add a little something to our general store of knowledge, so they won't be complete wastes of time.

But perhaps one of the scientists is even now on the right track. You get the feeling after talking to hundreds of them that cancer will be controlled eventually. The answer will come in blood. A cytologist has isolated a peculiar structure from cancer cells. A biochemist has found a particular protein change as cancer takes over the cell. An immunologist has discovered that embryonic glands grow when transplanted to another animal species.

Some of these may never have any bearing on cancer. But each contributes a little something to our understanding of that basic unit of life, the cell. And it is an abnormal change in the cell that means cancer.

Somehow a cell goes wrong. Maybe it's a cell in the lungs, or a woman's breast, or on the skin, or in the throat. Something happens to it, and cancer comes. What causes the change in the cell? That's what science is trying to find out.

It may be due to an enzyme—a substance produced by cells. Or maybe it's due to a vitamin, or a hormone secreted by a gland. Perhaps it's the result of diet, nerves, habits, customs, drugs, rays, chemicals, viruses, other organisms.

In some laboratory in some city, some scientist is investigating each one of those possibilities and many others.

Each experimenter has hope. Each feels that his work is leading to an eventual answer to the puzzle. Most of them, of course, will prove to be duds. They'll be duds as far as cancer is concerned, but they'll add a little something to our general store of knowledge, so they won't be complete wastes of time.

But perhaps one of the scientists is even now on the right track. You get the feeling after talking to hundreds of them that cancer will be controlled eventually. The answer will come in blood. A cytologist has isolated a peculiar structure from cancer cells. A biochemist has found a particular protein change as cancer takes over the cell. An immunologist has discovered that embryonic glands grow when transplanted to another animal species.

Some of these may never have any bearing on cancer. But each contributes a little something to our understanding of that basic unit of life, the cell. And it is an abnormal change in the cell that means cancer.

Somehow a cell goes wrong. Maybe it's a cell in the lungs, or a woman's breast, or on the skin, or in the throat. Something happens to it, and cancer comes. What causes the change in the cell? That's what science is trying to find out.

It may be due to an enzyme—a substance produced by cells. Or maybe it's due to a vitamin, or a hormone secreted by a gland. Perhaps it's the result of diet, nerves, habits, customs, drugs, rays, chemicals, viruses, other organisms.

In some laboratory in some city, some scientist is investigating each one of those possibilities and many others.

Each experimenter has hope. Each feels that his work is leading to an eventual answer to the puzzle. Most of them, of course, will prove to be duds. They'll be duds as far as cancer is concerned, but they'll add a little something to our general store of knowledge, so they won't be complete wastes of time.

But perhaps one of the scientists is even now on the right track. You get the feeling after talking to hundreds of them that cancer will be controlled eventually. The answer will come in blood. A cytologist has isolated a peculiar structure from cancer cells. A biochemist has found a particular protein change as cancer takes over the cell. An immunologist has discovered that embryonic glands grow when transplanted to another animal species.

She Really Played Cards "For Keeps"

"A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game." This was the celebrated wife of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotion, loved a good game of whist. She was none of your lake-warm gamblers, your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rub; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game and lose another; that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or not, and will desert an adversary, who has also a wrong card, to take it up and play another.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She devoted them, as I do, from her heart and soul, and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly set herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough, rough-paired partner, a determined enemy. She took and gave, no concessions. She hated favors.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.

She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight; cut and thrust. She held out her good sword (her cards) "like a dancer." She was both upright and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their cards; and she was no exception.