Serial Story

A Page of Interest to Women

Fashions
Recipes

Canada's Favourite Tea
"SALADA" TEA
507

SHAM DEBUTANTE

BY Sharon Wynne

CHAPTER I

The place might have been a spacious drawing room. Its entire decorative motif denoted modernistic massiveness and richness. But one felt a somber note and a sense of depression. Perhaps this was due to the ugly idol's head with its crossed-sword crest which leered from chair backs, patterns in the rug and upholstery.

Only a large table, on which was a dull brown card with the word "Receptionist" on it, told that this large suite, located well toward the top of one of New York's skyscrapers, was an office. The name on the door was simply "Bernal Van Gordon."

The only occupants of the room were two young and exceptionally pretty girls. Gay Needham was a grey-eyed redhead. One looked at her and thought of the free sweep of wind on plains, of gay mountain flowers, of the smell of sage and pines after rain. A typical outdoor girl.

The other girl, Irene Stromley, was quite the opposite in type. Slumberous black eyes. Coal-black hair. An olive skin.

Behind The Door

The two girls kept glancing toward a door marked "Private". In the room beyond this door, their mothers were in conference with Bernal Van Gordon—a conference which was to change the course of their lives.

"We've been waiting thirty minutes," Irene fretted. "And I'm dying for a cold drink. Let's go down to the lobby and have a soda."

"Let's." Gay jumped up. "I'm not very keen about this business anyway. I'd rather go back to the ranch and live like I did before I inherited this silly money."

"Silly money!" Irene started at Gay. "You mean you don't care about getting into society? I wouldn't be out of it for anything in the world! And I certainly want this debut. I need it to help me land a rich husband!"

A few minutes later, the two girls were sipping sodas at a counter in the lobby of the building. Gay sighed as her thoughts winged back to her home—the big ranch at the base of Crying Woman Mountain, with beautiful Rimrock Canyon only an hour's ride away. Things were so different here in New York.

"I suppose we'd better be getting back now," Irene interrupted Gay's thoughts. "They probably have the plot all hatched."

At that moment, a deep masculine voice interrupted. "Hi there, Irene!"

Gay turned and saw a tall, dark, and exceedingly good-looking young man hurrying toward them.

"Rodney, I'm so glad to see you!" Irene cooed in a silky voice. "This is Gay—Gay Needham. I've talked of her so much—don't you recall? This is Rodney Sinclair, Gay — the boy whose picture I kept on my dresser during our boarding-school days at Madame Le Gran's. You remember?"

"Why, I—I . . ." Deceit did not come easily to Gay.

Rodney saved her the embarrassment of answering Irene's glib falsehood.

"Say, Irene, what do you mean, holding out? Why haven't you given us fellows a break?" He looked at Gay, his dark eyes frankly showing admiration.

Gay's heart skipped. She liked Rodney Sinclair. If all society men were like this, maybe society wouldn't be so bad! She liked his twinkling eyes. And the hand that had reached out and taken hers was such a nice hand—strong and firm and capable.

"Oh, Gay has just come to New York," Irene was saying. "And Rod, isn't this exciting—we're going to have a joint debut!"

"Thrilling," Rodney commented, with a smile. "But won't you be jealous of so pretty a co-deb?"

"Of course not." Irene's face flushed, but her tone was softly purring. "Now we must dash."

"Well, I'll be seeing you soon." Rodney turned to Gay. "And you too, I hope."

Can't Fool His Mother

As an elevator whizzed the girls back up to the floor where Van Gordon had his office, Irene looked at Gay evenly.

"That," she said, "is the son of one of the richest dowagers of New York and Newport. I'm going to marry him."

"Oh—you're engaged!" Gay exclaimed, her heart sinking.

"Not yet," Irene answered hastily. "That's one of the reasons I want this debut, and the only reason I'll tolerate this arrangement our mothers are making. We need each other. I need your dollars, and you need my prestige. A winning combination. But take this advice—don't you get interested in Rodney Sinclair."

"I'm not," snapped Gay.

"You might fool him," Irene went on imperturbably, 'but you couldn't fool his mother. She'd know you were a nobody."

Gay didn't answer. They had reentered the luxurious reception room.

Meanwhile, in the inner office, their mothers were watching a foreign-looking man busily filling out a number of forms—legal-looking documents. Bernal van Gordon, who operated a bureau which bartered impoverished aristocracy for plebeian dollars, was small in stature, but one sensed a ruthless power about him. Exceedingly dark. Small, watchful eyes. When he smiled, his thin lips turned up, and his eyebrows elevated crookedly, giving him a sinister appearance.

'Now, he rubbed his soft white hands together as he carefully perused the papers he had filled out.

"Now, you sign this, Mrs. Stromley," he murmured. 'And this is your part of the bargain, Mrs. Needham."

The women wrote their names on the papers he gave them.

"Ah-h-h. Now, Mrs. Needham, here is your lease on the house on East 63rd."

It was obvious that Mrs. Needham was highly nervous and that she had not been faring so well in the hands of her more experienced co-plotters. For the first time, she was wondering if she was wrong in her plans for her daughter, and thankful for the trust company that, as legal administrators, had control of Gay's newly inherited wealth.

"And now, I hope it's all very clear," purred Van Gordon. "Only you, Mrs. Stromley, can bridge the gap of years usually needed to get one into New York society. You sponsor the Needhams, who have been 'travelling for years and living in the Orient.' Gay and Irene are 'old friends' — were roommates at boarding school when Gay was sent home from the Orient for her schooling."

"About the debut party," Mrs. Stromley put in.

"I handle all the details," said Van Gordon. "You will, of course, furnish me with a guest list. It must be an imposing one. Now, if you will call in the girls."

Signing The Papers

It didn't take long for the girls to sign the papers. Only Gay hesitated.

Her younger sister Celia's voice came to her—took her back to the day Mrs. Needham had announced, following news of Gay's inheritance, "I know just what we'll do."

"Of course," Gay had responded happily. "I'll invest the first part of it in a plant to purify our irrigating water, where the stream flows from the Platte. If the water is low again this year and we have another epidemic . . ."

"What is it to you?" her mother cut in sharply. "They've got along without a purifying plant all these years. It's my brother's money you are inheriting. You're not twenty-one. You'll consider my wishes. I've always hated this Western country. We'll dispose of the ranch soon. Meanwhile, we'll go to New York at once—get into society . . ."

It was then Celia had said: "Listen Jock!" addressing her brother. "The Needhams—nice country folks—have designs on New York society. E-mag-ine!"

"Why not?" good-looking, indolent Jock had drawled. "The bright lights look good to me.

"It's the craziest notion," Pa Needham had put in. His wife had simply looked at him.

But Celia had not been so easily squelched. 'Wanting to reach the crest of society!" she had scoffed. "Even the most beautiful mountain is cold at the crest. Winds are sharper—storms are crueler. What are you trying to do to Gay? Well, don't depend upon me to go with you. I'll stay here and marry Dick."

Now, as Gay signed the papers, Celia's words came back to her. And the higher the mountain, the colder the crest. She shivered. She didn't want to sign these papers. But they were all looking at her—waiting expectantly. And Rodney Sinclair had said he hoped to see her soon. Her hand, as she signed, shook.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

- Delicious Chocolate Desserts -

Most of the time when you think of desserts for the family it means simple puddings or fruit but sometimes you feel in the mood for something good and sweet. Chocolate Fudge Drops are one of the best possible answers to that sugar craving. So turn to your cookie jar once in a while for end-of-the-meal sweetness.

These are grand just "as is" with hot coffee for the grown ups or milk for the children. Another use for them is in cookie sandwiches. Spread tart jam over the bottom of one cooky and place another one on top. Or still another use; with cream cheese. A square of cream cheese with a serving knife beside it and two of the little cookies. It makes a simple dessert but served like that it looks like a party.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE DROPS

1½ cups sifted cake flour
½ teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons butter or other shortening
¾ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg, unbeaten
2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
½ cup sour milk or buttermilk
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup broken walnut meats

Sift flour once, measure, add soda and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together well. Add egg and beat throughly; then chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla and nuts. Drop from teaspoon on ungreased baking sheet and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 15 minutes. Use pecan or almond meats instead of walnut meats, or substitute chopped raisins or dates for nuts, if desired. Makes 4 dozen small drops. These little cookies, so quick to mix, have many uses and are favorites with old and young.

For special occasions, spread with Chocolate Orange Frosting, or a fluffy frosting.

CHOCOLATE ORANGE FROSTING

4 tablespoons butter
3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
3 teaspoons grated orange rind
4 tablespoons orange juice
¼ teaspoon salt
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted

Add orange rind to butter. Cream butter well; add part of sugar gradually, blending after each addition. Add salt, and chocolate and mix well. Add remaining sugar alternately with orange juice, until of right consistency to spread, beating after each addition until mixture is smooth.

Here is another dessert suggestion on the sweet side,—individual Chocolate Upside Down cakes which call for rich chocolate with apricots. Perhaps you have never tried this unusual combination but you'll find it simply delicious. If possible, bake these in glass, brown earthen or metal cups. Muffin pans can be used but the cakes are harder to remove from pans when these are used.

CHOCOLATE UPSIDE DOWN CAKES

1 cup sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
½ cup milk
3 tablespoons melted butter or other shortening
1 square unsweetened chocolate, melted
½ teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift together three times. Add sugar and mix. Add milk and butter and beat together thoroughly. Add melted chocolate and vanilla.

For topping — Place ½ teaspoon melted butter, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, and 1 apricot in each greased cup-cake pan or custard cup. Add cake batter, fill pans about ½ full. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 30 minutes, or until done.

Lipsick stains on linen napkins can usually be removed by rubbing soap on them before they are dipped in water. If that is not strong enough, hydrogen peroxide will almost always do the trick.

Issue No. 49—'37

Colorful Smock is Cheery Gift For Career Girl or Homemaker

Here's a bright bit of color that will delight the eye of every young "professional" or housekeeper — a zestful little smock that will protect your favorite frocks! Wouldn't it prove an ideal Christmas gift, too? Even if you're an inexperienced seamstress, you'll find Pattern 4602 very simple to sew, and inexpensive to make for its only requirements are a few yards of vivid-hued cotton and a swish of ribbon for the gay bow! Fashion-right and jaunty are the long or short sleeves, round yoke, and Peter Pan collar.

Pattern 4602 is available in misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 takes 3¾ yards 36 inch fabric and 1 yards 2½ inch ribbon for bow. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Send Twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly Size, Name, Address and Style Number.

Send your order to Anne Adams Room 425, Wilson Buildings, 73 W. Adelaide St., Toronto.

Deplores Musical "Prodigy Plague"

Noted Pianist, Appalled by Performing Children, Calls Them A Menace to Musical Education

Look sharp, says Hortense Monath, distinguished pianist, and behind each musical child prodigy performing in public you'll see the pathetic figure of a "flopperoo" fiddler, a frustrated flute player, a defeated drummer.

Miss Monath said, at New York last week, that she was appalled by the "prodigy plague" which has now become an epidemic.

"Never before have there been so many prodigies before the public as there are today. The musical field fairly crawls with them. For some reason, most of them are fiddlers, but there are quite a few pianists too.

"Prematurely Hatched"

"They are a menace — a menace to musical education, a menace to proper music appreciation, and a menace mostly to their own futures as musicians and human beings.

"They're prematurely hatched eggs. They're not permitted to develop in the sun and fresh air which all children need but are chained to their pianos like miserable midget slaves."

Dizzy Headgear Soon To Go Out

They're dizzy, they're daffy, they're de-looney.

And, says Adrian of Hollywood, they won't last. Adrian, who makes clothes for the stars, was talking about gadgets women call hats.

His advice to men is:

"Don't let this present trend toward dizzy headgear annoy you.

"The daffier these hats get, the more conspicuous their wearers become. It's not stylish to be conspicuous. Boots and pans and gardens have no place on a woman's head. Well, no permanent place."

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