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TEA
19

THE GROOM WAS SHY ~

by ALMA SIOUX SCARBERRY

CHAPTER I

Marlborough Jones stood in front of the radio doing his morning setting up exercises. No one watching him would have said his heart was in his work. But his mother, bustling in from the kitchen where she had been pressing a dress, paused to remark worriedly:

"Marlborough, don't overdo it now. Exercise is all right, but it must be taken lightly. You don't want to get an athletic heart. Easy now, dear."

"Okay, Mom." Marlborough promply gave it up and sat down in the big easy chair.

Mamma Jones shook her head.

"You're a dear boy, Junior, and a great comfort to your mother. But don't you think we'd better say 'All right, Mother,' next time?"

Junior smiled good-naturedly.

"Sure, I guess I'm just a roughneck, mother."

"Don't say that about yourself even in jest," Mrs. Jones reproved him seriously. "You are the most perfect gentleman in this town, Marlie, and I don't care who hears me say it. What other mother do you know who could go away for a week and trust her eighteen-year-old son alone in the house and just KNOW he is obeying her every wish as though she were there?"

"Don't Be Too Sure"

"But, Mother," Marlborough reminded her, "You've never left me alone before. Don't be too sure. When the old cat's away, the mice play."

Mrs. Jones patted him affectionately.

"Don't tease your mother now, Marlborough. You might get me all worried. Then I'm sure I shouldn't be able to make a proper speech at the convention. Dear me, I must hurry! The train is due in an hour. Come up and help me close my bag, darling."

Marlie rose and stifled a yawn. His mother bustled ahead of him, talking over her shoulder.

"Remember now, Marlborough, not to go to bed without your tepid bath, but don't get it too warm. It's weakening and hard on the nervous system. And please be very sure the water in the lake is warm enough if you go in swimming. Don't go in after a big meal or you might get cramps. Dear me, I am going to worry about you, lambie. You've always had your mother to do everything for you. How are you going to manage?"

"I can remember," Marlie gave her a reassuring pat. "It isn't as though I hadn't done the same things every day for eighteen years. They're habit now, mothed. I'd just do them automatically, like a robot.

Mrs. Jones had to stand on tiptoe to kiss her only offspring. She did so, tearfully.

"I know, my precious. But I'm going to ask Judy to run in every day and straighten up a little bit for you; make your bed and dust. I'm sure she'd be glad to do it."

Marlie showed his first sign of disapproval.

"Oh, now Mother, don't bother Judy. I can do it myself. I'll be all right."

"Well, Judy can come over and sort of inspect for you then.

"You've never made a bed in your life, Junior." She smiled with affectionate amusement. "I'd just like to see the house after you'd taken care of it for a week!"

From long force of habit, Marlborough let the matter drop, with an inward sigh. But he didn't like to have Judy Miller coming in and cleaning up the house for him when she had to work in her father's drug store all day and evening. She had enough to do.

Relax and Enjoy Yourself

Marlie sat on the suitcase and his mother snapped the lock. Mrs. Jones put on her hat, a worried frown between her eyes.

"I just hope there isn't something I've forgotten to tell you, Junior. Oh, yes, the hot-water bag is hanging on the door of your closet. And do watch very carefully what you eat, won't you?"

"Yes, mother." He picked up the suitcase.

"If it's too heavy we'll both carry it."

"I can carry it with one finger."

"You do look big and strong, Junior. Just like your poor father. But he wouldn't listen to reason and died before he was forty. That should be a serious lesson to you, dear."

"Well, he got pneumonia——"

"I know. But don't forget, I told him not to go out without his scarf and rubbers and he never would wear them. In the majority of cases it's the small people like myself who are hardy. Don't let a big frame give you the impression you can defy the laws of nature and common sense, Marlborough. You are just the type that goes out like a light if he gets sick. Of course I don't mean to alarm you——"

"Oh, I'm not worried." Marlie had heard the same thing too many dozens of times to be impressed. "But I'll be careful and do everything I always do, while you're away. You just relax, Mother, and have a nice vacation."

"If you were only going along, dear." Mrs. Jones sounded as though she was going to cry hard before she got as far as the station. "You know I won't enjoy myself away from you."

Marlie felt sorry for her, but he knew if he showed it the storm would break, so he walked out to the car with the suitcase, saying nothing.

Mrs. Jones bustled to the fence, and called softly. "Yoo, hoo! Judy!"

Judy raised the dining-room window, and she was near enough to reach out and shake hands with Marlborough's mother.

"Oh, you're going, Mrs. Jones?" she said in her ladylike little voice. "I hope you have a lovely time."

"Thank you, Judy," Mrs. Jones smiled back at her, then lowered her voice. "But I'm just worried terribly about Marlborough. He's never been alone before. Promise you'll keep an eye on him for me, dear."

"I'll do what I can," Judy said.

Check Up On Him

"Just see that he doesn't fill himself up full of cold food and get his stomach upset, Judy. I'm afraid he just won't bother to go to the restaurant and eat a proper dinner, as I've told him to. You know how boys are."

"Not Marlie," Judy smiled. "He will be all right. But I'll check up on him. Don't you worry."

"And I do so hate to trouble you, Judy. But if you could run in every day and make his bed and dust around a little bit."

"That'll be no trouble at all, Mrs. Jones. It'll just take a few minutes. I'll be very glad to."

The older woman's eyes filled with moisture.

"I knew you would, dear, and bless you. I feel so much better having you here to look after Marlborough. If anything happens, heaven forbid!—You can reach me at the Tilson Hotel in Cleveland. That's where the convention is to be held, and I'm stopping there too."

"All right, Mrs. Jones." Judy made a mental note. "But I'm sure we won't have to bother you."

When Judy turned from the window her grandmother stood in the door. She was tall and spare and her iron-grey head wagged with impatience.

"So Mamma Jones has turned her angel child over to you to coddle for a week. I hope he at least knows how to get his clothes on without help."

"Now, Gram," Judy said soothingly. "Marlie isn't a nitwit, even if his mother does seem to give that impression. I'm sure he'll get through the week without wearing us out."

"Us!" the grandmother sniffed. "Don't include me on his nursing staff. He can starve for all I care. The big ninny!"

"He isn't a ninny," Judy defended her neighbour. "Not really. He can't help it if his mother fusses over him like an old mother hen."

"If he had an ounce of red blood, he'd stand right up to her." Mrs. Miller yanked the vacuum cleaner out of the closet with a vigor that belied her sixty-five years.

Her son Ralph looked up from his newspaper to remark mildly: "Oh, now Mother, Marlie isn't a bad sort. It would be a fine thing if more of the young men in Leebrook would walk in his foot steps. He's going to be a good solid citizen."

"No doubt," Gram agreed. Then added sourly, "from the neck up."

Judy laughed. "Poor Marlie, his ears must be burning at all the nice compliments you're paying him, Gram."

Ralph Miller laid down his paper and got up.

"Any young man of eighteen who lives the decent, self-respecting life Marlie does, deserves the commendation and respect of the community. I suppose if he chased around with girls and drank and caroused all night and threw away the money his father left him, he'd be all right with you, Mother."

"Vastly improved," Gram snapped. "It'd show he had some red corpuscles."

"Why, Grandmother!" Judy was shocked. "You wouldn't want a young boy like Marlie to go out and make a tramp out of himself. You're just talking."

"There's a heap difference between making a tramp out of yourself as you choose to call it, and getting a little fun out of life. You're young only once. I wish I had my life to live over again!"

"Mother," Ralph Miller said firmly, "That's no way to talk before a young girl. But thank goodness, Judy won't take your seriously!"

"Don't Trust Grandma"

"No, I'm afraid not," Gram sighed. "I think she and Marlborough are about the same type. It's about time Judy snapped out of it and got herself some beaus and started having her fling, too. You've got her bulldozed just like Mrs. Jones has Marlie. Working day and night slinging sodas! No decent clothes——"

Ralph became highly indignant.

"That's not true. Judy is a lady, that's all. If she prefers learning the drug store business to wasting her time running around with a wild bunch of young people throwing her life away—"

Judy broke in, amused.

"Gracious! Stop it, you two. Your train is due in fifteen minutes, Father."

"Okay, Kitten." Ralph Jones shrugged and smiled at his daughter. I guess I'll have to ask you to keep an eye on your grandmother, right along with Marlie Jones. I'm afraid she can't be trusted."

(To Be Continued)

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Now mix six drops of tincture of benzoin with four drams of toilet water and mix this in with the oil. Cleanse your face with cleansing cream, remove it thoroughly then smear the oil all over face and the neck with your finger-tips.

Next dip the mask in the oil and cover your face with it. Lie down, leaving the mask on as long as is possible. When taking it off, wipe away the surplus oil with tissues, then with cotton-wool pads dipped in astringent.

Women with a dry skin should keep immaculate. Wash at least twice a day with Palmolive soap because this lubricates the skin with essential oils. Rinse well with cold water. At night, massage thoroughly with a rich tissue cream and leave it on overnight.

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Plans To Interest Women At C.N.E.

Mrs. H. M. Aitken, Newly-Appointed Director of Women's Activities at the Exhibition, Is at Work on Projects For 1939 Show

Announcement is made by General Manager Elwood A. Hughes of the Canadian National Exhibition of the appointment of Mrs. Henry Mundell Aitken as director of women's activities at the Exhibition. Mrs. Aitken will be assisted by Miss Violet M. Dickens who for a number of years has been in charge of displays, competitions, etc., in the Woman's Building and who will continue in that capacity.

Mrs. Aitken has had a wide and diversified experience in the realm of women's work and interests. She has taught school, lectured for the Department of Agriculture, assisted in the conduct of a prominent poultry farm, managed and actively directed the Canadian National Exhibition Cooking School and conducts a well-known radio program which extends to literature, the arts, current events, domestic science and women's interests generally. Some of her broadcasts have been sent to the British Isles via short wave. Mrs. Aitken already is engaged in formulating plans for a program of all-encompassing interest to women at the Canadian National Exhibition this year.

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By ANNE ADAMS

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Of Interest to Women Readers

ST. PATRICK'S DAY
When Even Cakes Will Be Wearin' O' The Green
By KATHARINE BAKER

If you've the tiniest drop of Irish blood in you, you'll be wanting to observe the day that is sacred to St. Patrick. Sure and it's an easy thing to do whether you give a large party or just have the usual family dinner. For the latter, your favorite butter cake with white icing can be decorated with a shamrock of green coconut. To tint the coconut, sprinkle "southern style" coconut on white paper. Dilute a tiny bit of vegetable coloring (paste, powder, tablet, or liquid) in a small amount of water, pour over coconut, and rub evenly through coconut. But if you're entertaining, make these Tara Chocolate Squares to delight your guests and honour the good Saint.

TARA CHOCOLATE SQUARES

2 1/3 cups sifted cake flour
2¼ teaspoons double-acting baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
2/3 cup butter or other shortening
1¼ cups sugar
1 egg, unbeaten
2 egg yolks, unbeaten
3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/3 cup boiling water

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and soda, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each. Add chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla, then add boiling water, beating quickly and thoroughly. Bake in greased pan, 12x8x2 inches, in moderate oven (325 deg. F.) 50 minutes, or until done. Spread Pistachio Cream Frosting on top and sides of cake. Cut in 2-inch squares. Makes 24 squares.

PISTACHIO CREAM FROSTING

2 egg whites, unbeaten
5½ cups sifted confectioners' sugar.
Dash of salt
4 tablespoons light cream (about)
¼ to ½ teaspoon almond extract or pistachio flavoring.
Green coloring

Combine egg whites, about ½ of sugar, and salt and beat well. Add remaining sugar, alternately with cream, until of right consistency to spread. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add flavouring, then add colouring gradually to give a delicate tint. Makes enough frosting to cover top and sides of 12x8x2 inch cake.

Oval Neckline

NEW YORK.—The way necklines will go always seems to be a point of interest. The spring points to extremes of high and low, with very little in between. However, the so-well-liked square line of the past seasons seems to be giving way to an "oval" line. This last is noticed in the French things only, to date. As soon as the trend becomes apparent in American-made models, we'll be on hand to let you know.

How Women in Their 40's Can Attract Men

Here's good advice for a woman during her change (usually from 38 to 52), who fears she'll lose her appeal to men, who worries about hot flashes, loss of pep, dizzy spells, upset nerves and moody spells.

Just get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a reliable "WOMAN'S" tonic take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made *especially for women*. It helps Nature build up physical resistance, thus helps give more vivacity to enjoy life and assist calming jittery nerves and those disturbing symptoms that often accompany change of life.

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DO THIS
TO RELIEVE PAIN AND DISCOMFORT OF A COLD
Follow Simple Method Below Takes only a Few Minutes When "Aspirin" is Used

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The simple way pictured above often brings amazingly fast relief from discomfort and sore throat accompanying colds.

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This simple way, backed by scientific authority, has largely supplanted the use of strong medicines in easing cold symptoms. Perhaps the easiest, most effective way yet discovered.

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What Price Freedom?

Charles C. Moore, of Columbia, South Carolina, sponsor of a state bill which would tax bachelors between 25 and 60 the sum of $5 a year, said he did not believe the measure would cause a rush to the altar. "A lot of men will feel it is worth $5 a year to retain their freedom," Moore declared.

NERVOUS WOMEN

IF you are nervous, weak or have headaches or backaches, take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It tones the female organs, calms the nerves, improves nutrition and so strengthens you. Mrs. J. M. Stott (photo above), of 245 Brock St., Brantford, Ont., says: "I was so awfully nervous that everything upset and irritated me. I felt weak, draggy and worn-out and often had such miserable headaches I could cry. After using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a short while, my appetite improved, I was stronger, wasn't so nervous, and became sturdy and robust. I felt better in every way." Buy it in liquid or tablets at your drug store.

Your Child

Don't let constipation dull that happy smile. Give Steedman's Powders, the mild, gentle laxative specially made for babies and growing children. For more than 100 years Mothers everywhere have trusted Steedman's to keep children healthfully regular from infancy to early teens.

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