● SERIAL STORY

BRIDE ON A BUDGET

BY JANET DORAN

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IRIS IVES—a radiant bride who thought love came first and money could take care of itself.

BART WHITTAKER—a righteous bridegroom who looked at the bankbook first and his wife afterward.

CHAPTER 1

At first, when she saw the powder blue gabardine suit, Iris did not think about Bart Whittaker.

At first, there was just the shop window and the suit with the rich, gleaming strand of mink fur flung carelessly over one shoulder and the long suede gloves on the floor nearby. The suit did something to her. Crystalized a desire that had lain dormant, threading its uneasy way through so many things she had done up to now.

It was a suit year, this spring. Everyone wore them. Matrons, slim schoolgirls, business women, career girls, mothers. But only a few wore them as they should be worn. Only a few had the slender figure, the supple hips and the slim waist that made a suit just right.

Everyone Knew Her

Then Iris remembered Bart. She had to do something about Bart, really. She had tried everything, done everything—still they were about where they were a year ago. Business was bad, Bart was cautious, thrifty and too proud to marry when he felt he couldn't support a wife.

"I'll take it with me, thanks," Iris told the salesgirl. And the little blue book in her purse said, "cash $15, balance due, $65, payments weekly."

Everyone knew Iris Ives, knew she worked in the dean's office, and was the best-dressed girl on the campus, the most popular. Few remembered that she had been the best-dressed girl in 1931, or that she was the belle of Fraternity Row, that year, though. Only Iris, and a tiny calendar in her bedroom knew that.

By the time she had discovered the tailored linen blouse with the French cuffs, the alligator pumps, and the pinseal purse, the weekly pay checks of Miss Iris Ives were mortgaged for six months to come. But by then, Iris didn't care.

By then, she was sure, Bart would change his mind. The suit would do that.

"You ought to model, Miss Ives," the salesgirl had flattered her, when she tried on the suit. Secretly, Iris had always thought she should too. But models led precarious lives, and a private secretary, while not getting anything glamorous in the way of salary, did have a definite sum to depend on each week.

Do You Budget?

"Do you budget, Miss Ives?" the salesgirl went on. Iris nodded. She honestly believed she did. She honestly believed this was the trick in looking like a debutante, on a private secretary's salary.

At least she bought her clothes in budget shops, agreed to pay so much a week, and because she was a living, lovely advertisement for the clothes, was able to explain, prettily, to credit managers, why this week's installment would have to go over until next week, because she had to go to the dentist. (Or the doctor, or pay her insurance, of which there was none, only it was a grand alibi, or anything else that occurred to her at the time as suitable explanation for robbing Peter to pacify Paul.)

That night, there were many new things in the little two-room apartment where she invited Bart for Saturday suppers. There was the deep lounge chair she bought because Bart liked to read the paper while she prepared the food she had purchased from Mrs. Kemble's home kitchen shop. There was the smoking stand, and both would cost her but a dollar a week, and the set of glazed blue pottery dishes included as premiums with the bargain chair.

There was the food—temptingly old-fashioned home-cooked baked beans from a huge crock Mrs. Kemble cooked each Saturday, and hot crisp rolls, and brown bread. There was the salad Iris assembled from lettuce, halves of canned pears and pineapple rings, and a jar of Mrs. Kemble's homemade salad dressing. There was the steak. And a strawberry shortcake, because it was late May and berries were in from Florida, and a box of prepared shortcake biscuit required only a bit of milk, and a hot oven to transform it into a delectable desert. But the steak was the main item.

Men Loved Steak

Men loved steak, Iris knew. She had learned long ago. She had learned how to cook it long ago, too. A Gamma Epsilon boy from Wisconsin taught her. The heavy iron skillet, the deep hot fire, and the iron smoking and blue hot. Then time the steak. Exactly so many minutes for each side. And it was a dish fit for an epicure. Even Bart raved about it.

"Good steak feed costs you $1.50 apiece, these times; and you cook one for a fraction of that, Iris. I don't see how you do it."

Iris never told him. Bart was a hound for figures and if he knew how much these Saturday suppers cost her, there'd be a riot. Too, he thought she cooked the things herself.

"Nothing like home cooking," he was always saying. "Now take these rolls, and baked beans—I'll bet there isn't a house on Faculty Row that has anything to touch them tonight. Immigrant cooks, Saturday nights off, and their minds are on the clock and their dates, not the table."

Iris kept her own secret counsel and tried not to worry about the two dollars, or three that each supper bit out of her pocketbook. Home-cooked rolls were 35 cents a dozen, brown bread 25, fruit for the salad 20, mayonnaise 25, lettuce 15, steak 60 a pound, and it came to 94 cents, and so on, to the berries that were 35 a pint, and the half pint of cream, 25.

It Was Worth It

Still it was worth it. Bart had his own little radio shop, and was coming along fine. And he was by far the most attractive man she had ever known. Though he hadn't reached the point yet wherein he realized the value of dressing to look the part of a successful, rising young business man.

"What for, Iris?" he argued, when she mentioned a sale on men's suits once, "Why should I mortgage my future just to keep up with the Joneses? This suit is good enough for me—had it three years now, and there's still plenty of good wear left in it. A man has to think of his business these days; can't put it all on your back and have anything left to snap up bargains with."

So he hadn't bought the suit. But secretly Iris speculated on what she could do to improve him. He was really quite handsome. Not quite so tall as some of the glamor boys she had known from Fraternity Row but well-built. He had excellent shoulders, broad and square, and a flat stomach and lean hips. Long legs, and a graceful sort of swagger. And his features were excellent. Thick, dark wavy brown hair and brown eyes, and a big mouth that didn't smile often, but revealed strong, white teeth and a definite charm when he did break into a grin.

A sturdy, dependable young man, Bart Whittaker. Ambitious, thrifty. A good match. And when a girl was sliding into her 26th year, she had to consider such things.

The Wifely Touch

The evening paper was folded on the smoking stand, and Iris stood behind the new chair, wearing the new slipper satin house coat that zipped to the very floor, and made her waist look not an inch more than 20 inches. Bart flung open the door and grinned.

"Hi, honey," he greeted her. Not noticing the new housecoat which had cost $11, and was palest lilac satin with a sash of deep royal purple, noticing only the new lounge chair, so deep and inviting and comfortable looking. And the paper on the smoking stand.

"Hey, what is this, a wifely touch? Or do I notice a little solid comfort offered the tired business man?"

"Goof," Irish chuckled, but secretly, her mind was winging back to the new suit, spread out on the bed, and the new fur scarf and gloves, the handmade linen blouse. After supper, she'd put them on, to wear to the movies.

After she had fed the brute, she'd spring the new suit, and it would do what the lilac satin house coat, and the good food, and the comfortable lounge chair had failed to do. It would make Bart realize she was an attractive girl. Make him see she wouldn't languish around unnoticed, un-appreciated forever.

Over the shortcake, Iris mentioned the offer the dean's wife had made her.

"They're going to Japan for the summer vacation, Bart, and they want me to go along too. He plans to do a book on his travels."

"Great," Bart began enthusiastically, "chance of a lifetime for you honey. Nothing like travel—and with all your expenses paid."

Iris cleared away the things, stacked them in the sink. She slipped out of the house coat and into the suit. Then she came out quietly, so not to rouse Bart from his paper. Standing before him, she swept the paper aside and watched recognition leap alive in his face.

Sensible and Smart

"You see, darling," she told him regretfully, "I might not come back to Linwood, after a trip like that. Though of course there's a chance I might decide not to accept the offer. If . . . if . . ."

"Look, honey," Bart began patiently, "I'm barely clearing $50 a week now. That wouldn't run a house and pay expenses. So you'd better . . ." The richness of the wool gabardine turned her eyes to deep violet and the mink added entrancing shadows to her lovely face.

"I'm making $25, Bart. That's $75. And we're not growing any younger. If we can manage as we are apart, now, we could save by pooling expenses and income. I know we could. There are budgets."

His brown eyes studies her excitedly. Then a big grin broke over his face. Budgets! It would take a girl like Iris to know about budgets. Sensible, she was; smart. Figure every penny.

"I've this suit, Bart—I wouldn't have to buy anything else."

"I should say not. It's a knockout, honey. But let's figure this."

(To Be Continued)

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Brilliant Girl Canadian Makes Aviation History

Elizabeth Gregory MacGill Designs, Builds and Tests A Primary Trainer Airplane

Elizabeth (Elsie) Gregory MacGill, B.Sc., M.Sc., Ph., D., has added another triumph to the long string of distinguished "firsts" that characterize her career. She was the first woman in the world to receive a master's degree in aeronautical engineering, the first (and as far as we known) the only woman in Canada to hold a position in that profession, the first on this continent to become chief aeronautical engineer with any company, and now she has become the first woman to design, build and test her own airplane.

Controls Are "Beautiful"

The 'plane was designed for a Mexican contract but now that the war has started it is hoped that Canada will also take it over. It is a primary training machine on which you learn to fly before you go into an advanced "Trainer."

The pilots who have flown it all say that the controls are "beautiful."

It is silver-colored with black appointments, i.e., struts, etc., are black. It has a Chinese-red nose, and the black stripe down the side is now edged with Chinese-red. There is a maple leaf insignia now painted on the fin and it is called the Maple Leaf Trainer. It has a Warner engine 145 horsepower at Sea Level.

Censor Re-writes Lover's Letter

Opening an envelope from England addressed in her fiance's handwriting, a Danish girl found inside the following note from a British censor:

"In this envelope was a letter from your fiance, Mr. ———. He was too talkative and wrote of things which did not concern him, and for this reason we were obliged to destroy his letter.

"All the same, we wish to assure you that he is quite well and sends his loving greeting and many kisses.

Table Talks

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

A Happy New Year to one and all,—and as we say farewell to the old year, which is leaving us with a good deal of sadness and anxiety, let us hope together that there may be "just around the corner" the turning of the road where all the sign-posts point to an assured highway,—where all the dear hopes and bright promises will be fulfilled.

— NEW YEAR'S DINNER MENU —

CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP

ROAST DUCK — FRUIT DRESSING
SWEET POTATOES (Southern Style) — STRING BEANS
RED CURRANT JELLY — DINNER ROLLS
LETTUCE SALAD — CHEESE STRAWS

MOCK MINCEMEAT PIE
COFFEE

GRAPES — SALTED PECANS

DIVINITY FUDGE

MOCK MINCEMEAT PIE

1½ cups seeded raisins
3 medium-sized tart apples
Grated rind and juice of one orange
¼ cup grape juice
¼ cup cooked sweetened cranberries
¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
3 tablespoons finely crushed cracker crumbs

Chop the raisins, pare, core and slice the apples. Combine raisins and apples, add orange rind, juice grape juice. Cover in sauce pan and simmer until apples are soft. Stir; add sugar spices and cranberries and cracker crumbs; blend well. This recipe is sufficient for one 9-inch pie, which can be made with double crust or single.

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SWEET POTATOES
(Southern Style)

Boil or steam potatoes (steaming is preferable as it retains all the flavor of the vegetable.) After they are thoroughly cooked, mash well, being sure all lumps are removed. Grease a baking dish or casserole well, place in it a layer of potatoes, then a layer of brown sugar dotted with butter and sprinkled with salt and pepper; then another layer of potatoes. On the top put a layer of marshmallows (whole).

Cook in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes or until marshmallows are a light brown.

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FRUIT DRESSING

Rice and Apricot Stuffing

3 cups of flaky cooked rice, ¼ lb. dried apricots, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 cup chopped celery and tops, 1 small onion, a sprig of celery and 2 tablespoons green pepper chopped, and ½ teaspoon of poultry dressing. Wash the apricots, dry and cut in strips with the scissors; then mix with rice and seasonings.

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Canada's Army Eats 8 Tons Beef Daily

Soldiers of One Division Consume Equal Quantities of Bread and Potatoes

Eight tons each of beef, bread and potatoes, one ton of jam, another of butter — these are the major items in the daily issue for a Canadian army division of 16,000 men, as outlined in the sixth radio talk by a defence department spokesman.

The talk showed the amount of work involved in organizing a division for war. Living accommodation, clothing, food, and war equipment have to be provided on short notice, the spokesman said, and this has proved a huge task, because in Canada no unit was maintained at war strength in peacetime.

Clothing, Equipment

Clothing and equipping the troops has been an "intricate and highly technical matter," said the spokesman. The many changes that have taken place since the last war including the mechanization of the equipment and instruction of new types of armament, ammunition, technical equipment, clothing, have increased.

Women In Army Make It Costly

Britain Finds Out How Expensive It Is to Supply Them With Clothing and Footwear

Women are an expensive proposition even if they're in the army.

Lord Woolton, director general of equipment stores at the British ministry of supply, disclosed recently that footwear requirements for women in the army are greater than that of the whole army in peacetime.

Lord Woolton announced some astronomical clothing figures.

Great Britain last month delivered 1,250,000 yards of cloth for army overcoats, compared with the annual peacetime production of 600,000 yards.

Astronomical Figures

Last month the army received 500,000 battle dress outfits against the normal annual production of 175,000. The Yorkshire woollen mills are producing more than 200,000- army blankets weekly. More than 130,000 pair of army boots are being turned out weekly, an increase of 10,000 pair over the annual pre-war demand. Since June more than 2,500,000 gross of buttons for uniforms were manufactured.

Why Does Dog Wag His Tail?

Not Because He's Happy — Explanation Not Yet Found

My little old Irish terrier, chased a rat into a crevice of a stone wall, a few minutes ago, writes Albert Payson Terhune, expert on dogs. She is standing crouched in eager quest in front of the hole. Her stumpy tail is wagging violently. Why is her tail wagging? She is not happy. Indeed, she chagrined that the rat should have reached the hole before she could kill it.

I have seen a dog, furiously engaged in a death-battle with another and larger dog, and with his tail wagging just as hard. The dog was in pain. He was facing death. So why did he wag his tail? I don't know. Do YOU?

Wags When Happy

Twice, I have seen fine dogs beaten by their masters; and standing staulelike under the punishment, with their plumed tails awag. I saw one of my dogs lying with his left foreleg broken in two places by a car. As I ran up to him he wagged his tail.

We have been told since our childhood that the wagging of a dog's tail is a sign he is happy. Yet I have seen unhappy and badly injured dogs do that same thing. What did any of them have to be happy about? Nothing.

Food takes 33 cents out of the typical city worker's dollar in the United States, while housing and fuel take almost 25 cents.

Monastic Mode Invades Fashion

Paris Is Showing Air-Raid Clothing Topped by Hoods and Girdled at Waistline

PARIS—Air-raid swank now calls for clothes patterned on monks' costumes. Hoods top them and heavy cords girdle them in true monastic fashion.

More than one cord ties knots around models in Lanvin's new collection. One descent-to-cellar suit has dark green flannnel trousers and a hooded blouse of green and yellow plaid belted with a thick green cord.

The mechanician one-piece suit with tight-ankle trousers still is the favorite garb for possible gas encounters. New ones are of honey colored flannel with a gold fastener.

Blouse And Trousers

Capes and coats are often hooded. Belted coats suggest army officers. Small pillbox hats are flanked at sides with fringed "epaulets."

Greys, hydrangea blue, dark browns and almond and vivid greens are most popular shades. Shaved lamb dyed vivid green makes a fitted coat and forms yoke and lower sleeves for an afternoon coat of the same color. Red frequently accents black and a cape ensemble combines poilu blue with legion red.

Soviet Girls Fly Bombers

More Than 500 Women Pilots In Russian Air Force, Many of Them "Suicide Squad" Parachutists

Soviet women pilots are believed to have participated in the bombing of Finnish cities.

(A dispatch from Helsinki said that a woman aviator had been captured there after being shot down by Finnish anti-aircraft guns.)

Women pilots form an integral part of the Soviet air force. They live in special sections of the regular men's barracks and range in age from 18 to 30. Aside from a skirt and a beret, they wear the same uniform as do the men—a brown tunic, a Sam Browne belt and a grey greatcoat. The majority have bobbed hair, which they frequently marcel.

The exact number of military women fliers was not available, but it was estimated that there are more than 500, including some "suicide squad" parachutists who are trained to drop behind enemy lines, blow up bridges and do general reconnoitering work.

The women are spread through all branches of the air force and several have a rank equalling that of a general.

Only A Candle

If I had a ship
I would sail upon the sea;
If I had a gun
Then a soldier I might be;
If I had a horse
I'd go hunting; but instead,
As I've only got a candle,
I am going up to bed.

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