Quality Counts Most

"SALADA" TEA

● SERIAL STORY

BRIDE ON A BUDGET

BY JANET DORAN

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

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.

Yesterday: Iris buys a suit and fur, on the installment plan, convinces Bart that two could pool their resources and afford to marry. So Bart begins to figure the cost of the affair.

CHAPTER II

His attractive, weather-browned face was so serious, his brown eyes so intent as he figured on the back of the old envelope. Watching him, Iris felt a curious maternal pity tugging at her heart. He took all this so seriously, he was so sure that arithmetic was the solution to happiness. While almost any girl could tell you it had nothing to do with real happiness.

"What you'll save on your clothes alone, will be a big start, honey," Bart said, after studying the oracle of his arithmetic soberly. Iris said nothing. She didn't tell him that it was no saving, because she had purchased the suit for no other reason than this. And—it wasn't paid for yet!

"There's the rent and upkeep for one apartment, Bart," Iris volunteered faintly. He looked up at her and grinned. "Whatever rent we'd pay, will be a saving."

"And eating at home, to say nothing of good home cooking," Bart added fervently. "Come to think of it, we've been saps to be afraid of this for so long, honey. Why, the way I figure it, we'll be money ahead, being married. No high-priced restaurant meals, no indigestion, only one place to keep up, and being together as well."

"You'll take me out to dinner now and then, Bart Whittaker, or I'll step out with the professor of natural history!"

He grasped her slender wrists in warm strong fingers and pulled her down close.

"Dear," he said humbly, "I want you to be happy, I don't want you ever to have to worry and scrimp and do without the way other wives do. It's because I love you so, Iris, that I've been afraid. Afraid it would be selfishness to ask you to marry me, knowing the hard road we'd have ahead."

"If you love," Iris whispered softly. With a smothered endearment he crushed her to him.

"Dear, dearest dear," he whispered unsteadily, "You know that. You know I love you, I'm half crazy with loving you. . . . Iris, why wait any longer? Why not be married now—we can have a honeymoon after school closes, and we have our vacations. Now . . . we've waited too long as it is, dear."

"Of course," Iris agreed practically. Hadn't she known the suit would do this? After trying everything else and failing, an $80 powder blue wool gabardine suit brought about the miracle. That, and a comfortable lounge chair, a smoking stand, and a good supper. It just proved how sound those old-fashioned notions were!

"And you won't mind waiting till summer for our honeymoon, dear?" Bart urged tenderly. Against the rough wool of his coat, Iris sook her head.

Mind? She'd a hundred times rather wait until summer for a honeymoon. By then, she'd have to have new summer clothes; by then she'd have Bart persuaded out of his queer obsession against clothes money expenditure. It was just a matter of time.

Plain Little Things

They were ten minutes late to the movie, and had to stay over because, as Iris said, she didn't care about newsreels, or comedies, but she did love Myrna Loy.

"She has the best clothes sense of any star in Hollywood, Bart," Iris explained, "nobody else can touch her."

"Good sound sense, too—" Bart agreed, still in the roseate glow of a man newly engaged, newly pledged to marry within five days, if the law approved their license application. "Wears plain duds. Suits—like that one you've got on, honey. Plain things that don't cost much."

Iris was glad of the friendly darkness of the theatre as they sat down. Not that Bart would guess how much her suit cost, or any of her clothes for that matter, from her face. Only—well, she was glad it was dark in the theater. Some catty woman might smile sarcastically, and warn Bart; someone might titter, after looking at the obviously expensively tailored suit.

In the days that followed, Iris was beset with a hundred issues. She had to buy new lingerie, new pajamas and a chenille robe, and mules. She had to have another blouse, and some pumps and a hat. And she had to insist gently but firmly on gardenias, instead of the violets Bart wanted to give her to wear to the wedding.

"Violets make your eyes so beautiful," he pleaded with a rare burst of eloquence for him, "and they're in season now, honey."

"But all my life I've wanted gardenias for my wedding, Bart! I . . . I know it's silly, and they're probably horribly expensive, but a girl doesn't have but one wedding to a lifetime, and it's just this once. You . . . you can get me the violets to wear on my suit later—after the wedding if you want. I'll wear them to dinner, and you'll love them just as much."

Dent In His Budget

He gulped and tried not to show the dent this made in his careful budget. Gardenias were bad enough, but gardenias and violets too!

"You must remember a small gift for your best man, too, Bart," she reminded him, "Some nice studs, or a cigaret box, or something."

"I never thought of that, Iris." Reproachfully—as if it were quite her fault, instead of being a custom she merely reminded him of.

"I'll get them, Bart; you quit worrying," Iris admonished him.

"No! I'll get them."

"Darling," she said in tender reproach, "not letting it get you down this early? Think what I've to worry over."

"It's just that I was so sure I'd figured everything," he explained.

They were married at 4 o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, before a few friends and the dean, while the dean's wife wept sentimentally all through the solemn little ceremony in the gray stone church at the end of Sorority Row. And instead of returning home to the little apartment they had prepared, hastily, out of Iris' rooms, and an additional room, adjoining, plus the furnishings Bart brought from his rooms, there was the wedding supper at the Tivoli.

Bart was tired from a rushed hectic day at the shop, and if he thought, fleetingly, of the cozy Saturday night suppers of steak, French fried potatoes, salad and shortcake, or baked beans and fixings that was their usual Saturday night feast, he said nothing. This was his wedding day, his and Iris'.. And whatever Iris wanted, he wanted her to have.

At the supper, Johnny Kevlin, his best man, and a reporter on a small daily paper 40 miles from Linwood, had a cocktail too many and grew maudlin over Iris.

"Best pal I ever had, Iris, darlin'," he admonished her owlishly, "but a devil with the women."

Iris was startled. Of all the faults she knew men to possess, this was one she hadn't found in Bart. He seemed peculiarly immune to lovely damsels, and turned disinterested eyes to their best efforts to snag his interest.

" 'nother thing," Johnny continued solemnly, "never waste a penny in Bart's sight. Makes him ill. Can't bear to see money wasted. Noble virtue and all that, but blight on romance."

Bart wasn't listening to any of this. As she studied her new husband, the length of the table away, talking seriously with Dean Somers on the business outlook at the moment, Iris realized that Johnny had spoken a fear that was buried deep in her subconscious mind. That was why she never let him know how much she paid for anything, or how much she spent, or what she did with her money! It was the secret reason for a dozen little reticences that had sprung up between them over the months they had know each other. Secrets she was determined he should never know.

The First Small Lie

"Don't look so scared, bride," Johnny continued cheerfully, "though you're as lovely as Red Riding Hood, I'm no wolf. I was just charting your course for a happy sail over the seas of matrimony. It's the first year that counts, Iris. On it, you lay the foundation of your future, be it happiness or—misery."

"ohnny, don't!" she said sharply, and when Bart looked up, startled, and gave her a questioning look she managed a set little smile and passed it off gracefully.

"He was teasing me about something thas is—sacred," she said to Bart, not realizing that she laid the first paving stone with that small fib.

That out of that small lie were to grow a thousand more, a mighty network of happiness, destroying their faith, their trust and love. That by its very glibness, that first small lie betrayed her complete unwillingness ever to let Bart know—how completely apart were their lines of thought.

(To Be Continued)

NERVOUS RESTLESS WOMEN: Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helps calm jumpy nerves due to female functional distress. Made *especially for women. Try it!*

A TOWN DRESS

Ann Rutherford's town dress is of crinkly grey crepe, accented with brown and flesh pink. The one-piece dress, designed by Dolly Tree for the actress, has wide bands of pink and brown velvet tying at the waist with a pink jabot of mouselline de soie at the neckline. Her felt tricorn ties under her curls with matching velvet bands which end in bows of pink and brown as crown trim. Suede gloves in pink with brown open heel and toe pumps complete the ensemble.

Be A Pedestrian Of Some Caution

Everybody Ought to Obey The Ten Rules If They Would Stay Out of Accidents

For pedestrians certain rules have been developed which everyone ought to obey:

1. The safe walker does not step out carelessly from behind parked cars or obstructions.
2. He does not try to weave his way through traffic.
3. He crosses streets at right angles.
4. He uses care in getting on and off vehicles in traffic.
5. He looks left and right when crossing a street.
6. He obeys traffic signals.
7. He holds his conferences on sidewalks, not in the middle of the streets.
8. Children do not play in or on the streets.
9. The pedestrian walks toward traffic, not with it, on open highways.
10. He uses particular precautions when walking at night.

Record for Twins Set In Vancouver

Coast Woman Has Had Four Consecutive Sets Boy-Girl Babies — Medical Phenomenon

A medical phenomenon was disclosed at Vancouver early in December when it became known that Mrs. Jack Dye, 32, gave birth this autumn to her fourth consecutive set of twins.

All the twins, born in a period of five years, are alive and well.

Dr. R. Elder, who attended Mrs. Dye when her fourth set of twins was born August 31 last, said, "I can find no other case in Canada of such a record as Mrs. Dye has established."

All Normal Children

Mr. and Mrs. Dye came to Canada from Yorkshire, England, where they were married. They said that there is no history of twins being born to ancestors on either side.

Each pair of twins is composed of a boy and a girl. In each case the girl was born first. In each case doctors held little hope the boy would live but all gained strength rapidly and soon were normal children.

Exceedingly Rare Case

The newest arrivals are Edna and Edward. Frances and Frank are now a year and five months old; John and Joan two years and five months, and the next oldest are Donald and Dorothy.

Dr. Elder said he has found no record of a similar phenomenon. He said, "There are about one set of twins to every 100 births, but consecutive girl-boy twin births are exceedingly rare."

Fashion Flashes

Scarf hats are Paris' latest interest. Not snoods, though these new ones are an outgrowth of the snood. These scarfs which are waist-length ends of draped turbans, or crowns of brimmed hats (Schiaparelli does the latter), are meant to warm the throat and ears, or to keep coiffures in order.

—o—

Small black-and-white checked smooth woollens, the classic shepherd checks that women love to wear, are a revival to check seriously for spring.

—o—

Raglan shoulders of natural proportions, for resort and country wear, are another manifestation of the casual side of life in new coat styles.

—o—

A fine black wool frock has the lower part of the bodice and sleeves covered with gold sequins and crystal drops, leaving the yoke plain.

—o—

Hooded fashions are good in daytime and evening dresses, and approved also on gowns of the dinner-at-home - we-may-go-out-later type.

—o—

The bell-shaped cape in fur adds another Victorian fashion to this season's list of charming feminine styles.

Quints Using Typewriters

They Are Learning to Run Specially Constructed Machines With French Keyboard

The Dionne quints already have served notice that they intend to be "career girls."

Every day the five sisters, now in their sixth year have a workout on five specially constructed typewriters given them by James Rand United States industrialist.

Write Letters To Parents

The typewriters have a keyboard for French, complete with accents, and in addition have signs for the multiplication, addition, subtraction and division.

The five youngsters are gaining daily in proficiency. They write letters to Papa and Mama Dionne, Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, their physician-guardian, Judge J. A. Valin, member of the board of guardians and others.

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TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

"LET'S GO ORIENTAL"

After the holiday season we all feel sort of "fed up" on holiday menus and yet do not feel as if we wish to go back to routine. For those who are of this opinion I offer my recipes for Chop Suey and Chow Mein. I hope you will find these menus appetizing for your own or for party suppers.

If any of you are interested in new ideas for church suppers the Chinese supper serving Chop Suey is a novelty menu, which is always very popular. If any of you wish some suggestions on this I should be happy to give them to you if you write me your details.

CHOP SUEY

The basic ingredients of this Oriental dish are onions, celery, and the different Chinese sauces which now can be purchased at almost any grocery store. The onions and celery should be fried in peanut or olive oil, or butter will do. Chop Suey should always be served with rice. You may add chicken, pork beef in strips or shrimps, lobsters or oysters. For the finest flavor an addition of sliced water chestnuts, bamboo shoots, mushrooms or almonds toasted will satisfy any palate.

CHINESE CHOP SUEY

2 cups diced raw chicken
2 cups fried pork
1 large onion
1 cup celery
1 cup mushrooms
2 cups bamboo sprouts
1 cup water chestnuts
3 cups water
2 tablespoons Soy bean sauce

Cook chicken and pork in frying pan until slightly brown. Add the vegetables, cut in thin slices (lengthwise), the water and soy bean sauce. Cook until tender, serve with rice and Soy Bean sauce. Time for cooking 2 hours. Serves eight.

CHOW MEIN

Prepare egg noodle dough according to your own recipe. Cut in thin strips and fry in deep fat, as you would doughnuts and remove when crisp.

Cut a small pork chop and fry with ½ cup chopped onion until partly brown. Add Soy Bean sauce and thicken as gravy. Pour over noodles, when hot. Garnish the top with shreds of white meat of chicken and cold ham cut in tooth pick lengths. Pepper steak is made by cooked green peppers instead of celery and beef steak instead of the chicken and in combination used for Chop Suey, also adding mushrooms and water chestnuts.

For a dessert for any of these menus, individual pies made of mincemeat, apple or pumpkin is usually used. For the beverage remember the real "China" tea and of course the correct cups, not forgetting the chop sticks, all help to make these suppers a complete success.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES

This recipe seems to fit in between the holiday festivities and your Chop Suey and as it has been requested I give it here.

1 cup well seasoned cooked fowl. Use as seasoning salt, pepper, celery salt cayenne and onion juice—a little lemon added gives quite a distinctive flavor. Moisten with white sauce and cool. Parboil 1 pint of oysters; drain and cover each oyster with chicken mixture. Dip in rolled cracker crumbs and egg; fry in deep fat and drain.

Sauce

1½ tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour and gradually one-third cup of oyster liquor and two tablespoons cream. Season with salt and cayenne.

READERS, WRITE IN!

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is even ready to listen to your "pet peeves." Requests for recipes or special menus are in order. Address your letters to "Miss Sadie B. Chambers, 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto."

"Left-Behind" Club

Believed to be the first of its kind in the Dominion, the "girls' left behind club" has been organized at Fredericton, N.B., to help wives, mothers and sisters of men on active service to overcome their loneliness. Formality is taboo at its meetings, and membership is free—provided the would-be member has a loved one on active service. The club, with an initial membership of 16, plans a program of war service.

Daily Care, And Correct Diet For Good Teeth

Rules For Teeth Hygiene For Children Are Simple

Rules for teeth hygiene for children are simple; use the brush, go to the dentist every three months, keep the food still as hard as possible, and make sure the diet contains plenty of lime salts and Vitamin D.

A small teaspoon of cod-liver oil daily will supply the vitamins needed and will promote beautiful teeth and develop the sound bone structure your child needs.

Cod Liver Oil Helps

The daily diet sheet for a child of seven years recommended by a Nutrition Committee is as follows:

The protective foods are milk, eggs, meat, fish, liver or cheese, green leafy vegetables, 3½ oz., potato (and other root vegetables), cod liver oil, fruit or vegetables (as a source of vitamin C).

The supplementary energy-yielding foods are: Fat (butter if possible) cereals (calculated as bread).

BACK BUTTONING JUMPER OUTFIT

By ANNE ADAMS

This tiny "playgirl" craves to call your attention to her brand new frock—she's mighty proud of it. Anne Adams' Pattern 4314 is very simple, as you can see by the open diagram. The circular flaring skirt has no side seaming—it's cut in only one piece. And there are but three pieces to the attractively shaped bodice. Dressing takes no time at all, with that saucy buttoning all down the back. Don't miss the long or short sleeved blouse with its cute collar or rounded neckline and dainty trim. Completing the picture, bloomers and a cocky little cap are included.

Pattern 4314 is available in children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, jumper and cap, takes 1⅝ yds. 35 inch fabric; short sleeve blouse, ¾ yard contrast.

Send TWENTY CENTS (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS and STYLE NUMBER.

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