★They're So Convenient
"SALADA"
★TEA BAGS

● 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.

CHAPTER III

It was, declared the new Mrs. Bart Whittaker, just like her to be that rattled over her wedding, and the supper at the Tivoli, afterward, to completely forget about Sunday, and shops being closed. It was just their luck to face the very first day of their married life with not a thing in the pantry to cook.

"No Sunday dinner—Bart, I'm a wretched woman," Iris wailed.

"We can throw something together from odds and ends—I'm not fussy about any big dinner Sunday," said the bridegroom cheerfully. But his bride was not to be consoled.

"There are no odds and ends, oh lord and master," she stated hollowly, "looks like the young Whittakers gnaw a hotdog at a lunch-wagon. Oh well, it could be worse, Bart. I might have forgotten your breakfast bacon, and your favourite shirred eggs."

"Can you make an omelet?" he asked suddenly, inspiration lending wings to his imagination. Iris made a grimace.

"Can," she agreed, "but won't. This is the first day of our marriage Mister Whittaker, and we start out right."

Worth It For Atmosphere

They had roast chicken and fresh strawberry sherbet at the very swank little Pickwick Grill, a popular dine and dance adjunct to the old Hostler's Inn, overlooking Linwood Common in the business district. They had romaine salad and black coffee in eggshell tiny cups, and a single yellow jonquil nodding in a slender vase in the center of their tiny table.

They had music by the famous Four Horsemen Orchestra, and the check was $3.20, but Iris said it was worth it. They had atmosphere, didn't they?

On the way out, a flower vendor accosted them, and Bart never knew that Iris picked the Pickwick Grill because past experience had taught her that there was always a flower woman prowling the street in front of the old Hostler's Inn, and the Bon Ton Cafe.

"Flowers for the pretty lady?" the old woman whined. Bart made an impatient gesture but Iris' fingers tightened pleadingly on his arm.

"Darrrrling," she cooed plaintively, "isn't it too funny? I think she knew all along that you wanted me to wear violets! Remember how you insisted, yesterday? And then promised you'd buy me some to wear on my suit after?"

If Bart remembered that it had been she who did the planning on the violet issue, the day before, he said nothing. But already, in one day, he had spent as much as Iris invested in her entire week's groceries.

The First Day

Still, it was the first day of their married life. It was their very first day of being Mr. and Mrs. Bart Whittaker. You couldn't tote an adding machine and a double entry bookkeeping system around with you on that day.

They went for a walk out beyond the Lower Falls, because it was such a beautiful, warm spring day, and they had to be indoors all week, but by the time they'd reached the spot where Bart hoped to find training arbutus under the warm dry leaves, Iris discovered her feet hurt.

"It's walking so far, darling," she said plaintively, "I guess I'm just a sissy after all. Do you suppose there's a bus back to town?"

There was. And in the campus Chocolate Shop they had toasted cheese sandwiches and hot coffee and cake, and Iris decided they must see the new feature at the downtown Met.

Eating Out All Week

"It's Carole Lombard, Bart, and you know how you always like her. So gay and peppy, and such daffy stories she plays in," said Iris.

Going to sleep that night, with her blond head curved into the warm hollow of Bart's shoulder, Iris decided they'd eat out all next week, too. It was such fun, and the food was so grand. And it didn't cost much more than cooking at home did.

She even planned what she'd do with the money she saved. Money she wouldn't have to spend on groceries and meat and fruit and cream if Bart took her out to dine.

There was that jonquil yellow knitted dress she'd wanted so, and the new honey-beige kid sandals, and the little burnt orange straw hat that was scarcely more than an inverted waffle with a perky bow at one edge. It would mean budget payments for seven or eight weeks, but she was married now. And Bart would help with expenses. It would be easier now.

It was that very Monday noon that the girls in the office insisted she lunch with them, and introduce the brand-new husband. Iris tried to evade the invitation, but had to capitulate when they crowded her.

"Bart may not be able to make it," she explained uneasily.

"He'd better," Ellen Kent chuckled, "or we'll ask a proxy—someone so devastating he'll regret playing hooky."

"All right," Bart said a trifle shortly, when Iris telephoned him at the shop a few minutes later, "though I have only an hour, Iris. I have to get right back to the shop and relieve Henry so he can go to lunch."

"Henry won't die if you're a few minutes late, Bart; after all he works for you and you've some say about things, I should think."

Bart didn't answer that. He felt that women rarely understood the duties and responsibilities of a man toward his help, and attempts to explain the bond only confused the issue further.

"We're all going Dutch," Iris explained promptly, when Ellen told him they'd decided on the Tivoli, "everyone loves the Monday Italian specials they have at the Tivoli, so we thought if each one paid for her lunch we'd have something really good, and not be a burden to anyone."

When You've No Pantry

That night Bart brought home a pound and a half of steak, a cauliflower and a pineapple and suggested they eat at home.

"But of course, darling," his bride exclaimed wistfully, "you know how I love to hide away in our little nest here. Only—well I wish I'd known. There are so many things we have to have to make a really good dinner."

"Don't you buy your groceries ahead, Iris?" Bart asked bluntly. She dimpled a shy smile at him as she wriggled into the lilac satin housecoat and hauled the zipper up, patting the purple sash into position fondly.

"Mostly, things have to be bought as they're used, Bart, when you've no pantry. These small places have a cabinet and refrigerator, and it means buying as you go along. It isn't such a bad plan, really."

"It's an expensive one, Iris! Look, you save dollars, buying bargains in large lots. But you know that, naturally."

"Yes, I know, Bart. It makes me so mad. It seems as if the people with money enough to not worry over savings, get all the bargain chances while the folks who really need to economize, make it up by paying extra for small quantities of everything."

"Well, let's see what we need, honey; can't be helped."

He went to the little store around the corner and spent $2.70 on the list Iris gave him. And by the time she had the meal cooked her head was aching, and Bart had the dishes wished onto him as an after-dinner token. But he whistled cheerfully as he cleaned up the kitchen, confident that he had married the one and only wonder girl in the world, and that their future was a wide, serene road to Paradise. It took time to get things organized, and get adjusted to changes, and Iris was not used to running a home for two.

The next day her headache was exchanged for a scratchy throat, and Iris insisted she felt too punk to care about eating much of anything. They could go around the corner to the Campus Chocolate shop and have a hot vegetable soup and rolls, and she'd go straight home and to bed after.

Only the hot soup was so good. Her throat felt much better after she'd had the invigorating broth, and a lamb chop, and the regular menu followed, with Spanish Cream extra. Bart thought of the triangle of left-over steak he had planned to dine on, supplemented with a chop for Iris, and his budget book had a severe crimp in it, even without consulting the figures.

To Tired To Cook

That first week was but a forerunner of weeks to come that were to fall into the same pattern. Iris was tired after her day at the office, too tired to cook supper for them. But not too tired to dance at the Cove Inn, or the Royal Palace Arcadia, or the Blue Moon.

And after a while, Bart stopped arguing, stopped protesting. After a while, he grew to dread the menacing threat of her swift tears, and stormy sobbing if he tried to remonstrate with her, or deviate from the course she wanted their matrimonial bark to cruise on.

"Why, Bart? Money isn't everything, and we're only young once," she cried petulantly. Then, winding her warm round arms tight about his neck, "Don't you love me, darling? Don't you want your little wife to have any fun? It isn't as if you weren't the handsomest man on the dance floor, and by far the best dancer. It isn't as if I weren't half dizzy with pride over my big hubby!"

So they went. And the holes in the budget grew bigger and bigger. Until the budget became practically lace. Badly torn lace. Held together with the fragile, delicate thread of Bart's love for her, his belief that everything would come out all right. It was giddy now, but she'd get it out of her system and settle down. All girls did.

(To Be Continued)

NOVEL YOKE ON GAY HOUSEFROCK

PATTERN 4324

By ANNE ADAMS

There's a light-hearted peasant-girl look about this little housefrock, Pattern 4324. Don't you love the shape of the neck, that's encored in the yoke? A delightful effect that you may play up either by using ric-rac at the yoke, pointed sleeve bands and high, double-peaked waistline, or by making the yoke and sleeve bands in vivid contrast. The slim waist and hips are emphasized by unusual softness through the bodice and full skirt lines. Make comfortably flared sleeves if you prefer, and choose a gayly flowered print fabric for this young charmer.

Pattern 4324 is available in misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 takes 3¾ yards 35 inch fabric and 2 yards ric-rac.

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, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

BREAD AND CUSTARD DESSERTS

Of special importance just following the holiday season are the simple, nourishing desserts, for two reasons. Firstly, they are inexpensive, secondly, they are excellent food value incorporating milk and eggs as they do, thirdly, this type of dish is a much needed change from the rich foods of tradition of the Yuletide season.

CHOCOLATE BREAD PUDDING

1 cup dry bread crumbs
1 square of chocolate (unsweetened) shaved
2 cups of milk scalded
1 tablespoon butter
1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 egg well beaten

Mix crumbs with shaved chocolate and add to scalded milk in saucepan. Stir over low heat until chocolate melts. Add butter and cool slightly. Add the remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pour into buttered casserole and bake one hour in oven 375. Test with silver knife to see if it comes out clean (which is the best test for all custards). Serve hot with sweetened whipped cream, sprinkled with chocolate shot.

BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING

Combine two tablespoons of butter and three-fourths cup of brown sugar in the top of a double boiler and cook over direct heat, until well blended, about one minute. Add two cups milk and place over hot water to scald. Add slowly two well-beaten eggs and season with a pinch of salt and ½ teaspoon of vanilla. Arrange one and one-half of buttered bread cubes in a greased baking dish and add the custard mixture. Have oven 350 degrees, baking until firm in the centre. Cover with a meringue made of two egg whites, one-fourth cup of brown sugar and vanilla to flavor. Return to oven to brown.

CREAM PIE

This simple basic pie is one which should be cultivated in every family. It lends itself to many interesting variations. Mix one third cup flour and two-thirds cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add two cups scalded milk, stirring constantly. Cook over hot water, stirring until thick about 15 minutes. Add two tablespoons butter. Pour mixture over three beaten egg yolks, stirring constantly. Cook two minutes longer. Cool and add ½ teaspoon of vanilla extract.

VARIATIONS FOR CREAM PIE

Fill a baked shell with alternate layers of cream filling and sliced bananas and top with whipped cream. Or this: Increase the sugar to one cup, and add two squares of bitter chocolate to the scalded milk to melt; top the dessert with whipped cream and chocolate shot.

If a butterscotch flavor is desired, substitute one cup of brown sugar for the granulated in the basic recipe. Or still another surprise: Serve a date dessert by adding ¼ lb chopped fruit and one teaspoon grated lemon rind to the milk mixture before thickening. And still again, add one cup shredded cocoanut to the filling and sprinkle an additional half cup over the meringue before browning, for another dessert.

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."

Hunter Borrows Wife's Corsets

The new streamlined corsets are lacing canine figures now.

A Fulton, Mo., sportsman tried adhesive tape to protect stitches in the side of his wounded hunting dog but when that failed to stick he borrowed a corset from his wife.

Laced in, little could be seen of the dog except his head and tail. Results of the hunt, 10 birds.

Scholarship

and cash awards for meritorious musical compositions offered to Canadians of either sex under 22 years of age. The Contest closes March 1, 1940; entry forms and detailed information may be secured from The Canadian Performing Right Society, Limited Royal Bank Building, Toronto.

Achievements of Canadian Women During Year 1939

Review of Events During Past Year Contains Interesting Data in Feminine Accomplishments

Smiling Queen Elizabeth whose graciousness and charm won millions of hearts and left cherished memories in the mountains, plains, woodlands, cities and towns of the Dominion, earned an outstanding place in the achievements of women in Canada in the past year.

Lady Tweedsmuir, wife of Canada's present Governor-General, in turn is pulling the weight of her exceptional abilities in leadership of Canadian women in the present stress of war.

In War Service

From coast to coast more than 200,000 women rallied to the call for service through the channels of the Voluntary Registration of Canadian Women under the chairmanship of Miss Margaret Hyndman, K.C., of Toronto.

In The Air

Canadian women took to the air also in 1939. Twenty trim just-over-five-foot girls donned navy blue uniforms and became stewardesses at the inauguration of a trans-Canada air line schedule. In another angle from the air, Mrs. Erna Watson of Montreal distinguished herself by keeping pilot Captain Anderson afloat until rescued when the flying boat Cavalier fell into the sea en route from New York to Bermuda in January.

In Literature

A Toronto woman and a Montrealer now living in Toronto, upheld the feminine place in literary fields. Gwethalyn Graham was awarded one of the Governor-General's prizes for her novel "Swiss Sonata." Joyce Marshall formerly of Montreal, won the Canadian Women's Press Club award for her short story "And the Hilltop Was Elizabeth."

Two Canadians, well known in welfare and nursing circles, Miss Charlotte Whitton, O.B.E., and Miss Edith Kathleen Russell, were called to King's College, Halifax, to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Law.

Women were accepted in many roles heretofore confined to men. From the Maritimes Molly Kool of Alma, N.B., became Canada's first woman master mariner. Dr. Jessie Gray, of Toronto, was the first woman to receive the degree of Master of Surgery. Elsie Gregory MacGill, first woman in Canada to receive a master's degree in aeronautical engineering, has become the first woman to design, build and test her own airplane.

Dr. Mary Wong, daughter of a Chinese restaurateur, of London, Ont., was appointed to the staff of the Medical Research, Banting Institute, University of Toronto.

Politeness In Hand-shake

Firm But Not Tight, and Never Fishy, Not Pumphandle

Pump-handle handshakes are even worse than "fishy" handshakes; pump-handles are often painful.

The polite hand-shaker will grasp a hand firmly, but not too tightly. He won't shake up and down; he won't squeeze so hard that finger rings cut the person whose hand he is shaking, says the Associated Press.

It's a woman's place to offer her hand to a man. That is especially true if she is being hostess in her own home. Most men, however, are so used to shaking hands they are likely to take it for granted they should shake hands with women.

Four persons shouldn't shake hands all at once—in wheel-fashion. That has nothing to do with superstition; it simply saves everybody from feeling awkward.

When two men and two women meet, it usually works out to everybody's advantage if the men shake hands and the women greet each other verbally and with a nod or a smile.

Letter Mailed In Last War Returns

Emma Williams, of Spokane, Wash., one day last week opened her mail box, took out a letter, then wept softly. It was one she had mailed 21 years ago to her brother, Oscar Birkland, soldier with the American army in France. He died several months after returning home. Clues to its journeys mostly were undecipherable. There was a purple notation "wounded 10 - 18 Tours," several illegible red ink marks and Miss Williams' return address. "He must have been in a hospital when the letter got to France," she said, "and they didn't find him. I don't even remember what's in the letter. I'd like to know—in a way. But I'm never going to open it."

The Horse Seems To Like Him

Robert Montgomery is the well-dressed horseman as he gives his horse its daily workout on the bridle paths near his home.

Fashion Evolves Through Ages

Development of Clothes Traced From 1100 B.C. to Present Day — Byzantine Empire Once Style Centre

The evolution of clothing from early days down to the beginning of modern times last week was sketched by Miss Ruth Dingle, of the drama department of McGill University, Montreal.

Ahe First Petticoats

The only example of women that wore as a regular piece of apparel a bifurcated garment, before 1870, the lecturer said, was in the Minoan period, and down to 1100 B.C. The first "petticoats" were worn by Egyptian women, late Egyptian art indicating a thick petticoat under a stiff transparent dress. The German lady added to costume a brassiere and continued the waist with a "zone."

From the fifth to the twelfth century the Byzantine Empire, the centre of the civilized world, was the seat of all that was original in fashion and culture. Costume design took salient features of the culture of both East and West, the "mingling of the emotional color of the East with the intellectual line and form of the West."

Learning From Orient

Miss Dingle traced various influences that affected dress for both men and women in European countries. In the Plantagenet period, the crusades and other travels further familiarized the English with Eastern cultures and affected the dress of the times. Gorgeous fabrics and profuse embroidery made garments highly decorative. In the fourteenth century women's dress showed the "princess" line, fitted at the waist and with wide, gored skirts and long fitted sleeves with cuff over the hand. At this time plucked eyebrows became "the fashion." The reign of Henry VIII showed unparalleled magnificence in dress both for men and women. The women added to their array of garments the hoop or the "farthingale" as it was called in England. It was a wide stiff petticoat mounted on hoops of iron, wood or whalebone. The time of Elizabeth Tudor was the "age of the ruff, of perfume and wigs, of padded sleeves, spreading farthingale, peaked bodice — of every artifice that human nature could devise."

Girls, Wear More In Cold Weather

And Have Long Life — Woman of 105 Celebrates 105th Birthday at Her Home in Morewood, Ontario

A little white-haired woman who lived under the reigns of six British sovereigns looked back on 105 years of life last month and opined that girls could do with more respect for cold weather.

"If they dressed warmly, the way I do, girls would be healthier and live a good deal longer," said Mrs. May Jane Bogart, of Morewood, Ontario, who was celebrating her 105th birthday anniversary.

Mrs. Bogart came to Canada in 1845 as a little girl when her parents moved from Fermanagh County, Eire. She has yet to suffer a serious illness, another point in her argument for more winter garments for Canadian womanhood.

Mrs. Bogart can recall many incidents during the sailboat trip of seven weeks and four days across the Atlantic Ocean 94 years ago.

"MIDDLE AGE" WOMEN

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