Tea At Its Best

"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: Bart's troubles with Iris begin as she balks at cooking and saving. He realizes now that those old jokes about the "little woman" are all too true, too real!

CHAPTER VI

Contrary to Bart's belief that she was unreasonable, Iris knew only too well that her precarious position depended solely upon cool, clear reasoning. She would crash, with the deadliest certainty, into the yawning pit before her, if she yielded by so much as a fraction to the clamoring urge her emotions were inciting within her.

Loving Bart, knowing full well that he had married her with the budget idea fixed firmly in his methodical mind, she knew she was breaking faith with him. But she knew with greater certainty, that she owed $21 each and every week of her life for the coming seven months, and it was no time to look back at earlier bargains.

Bart would have to make the most of it. He'd have to get used to things as they were. Because if she didn't make the payments each week, he would learn about her debts. And if he learned about the debts there'd be a riot.

Bart loathed installment buying almost as much as he loathed the peculiar system set and made legal by the budget plan sellers. The "fines" inflicted on the account that was delinquent, the carrying charges—ten times more than any bookeeping and financing through legal channels required. The crafty method of withholding ultimatums until cost of merchandise was completed, then cracking down and taking the stuff back to resell at almost the same price over again.

"Let Me Share Responsibilities"

"I remember, once, when I was ten, they took the piano away from us," Bart told Iris, during the first weeks of their marriage when he discovered a "slip" she had run at the corner grocery for groceries for the week, and had argued vigorously against it, insisting that she promise never to do it again.

"I'll never forget how my mother cried. And how mad I was. I made up my mind then I'd never buy anything on time. Not if I went without it forever."

"But Bart, everyone runs a grocery slip when they're short. And —I hated to ask you for the money."

"What are you married to me for then, honey? If I can't share your responsibilities? Besides, that stuff was for the house, and I pay for the food and maintenance of this place."

There was more about the piano later on. There was the slow, halting story of his mother's genteel upbringing. She had been a music teacher in the four or five years preceding her marriage to his father, but it was only to help out with her clothes and spending money. The old homestead on the corner of Crandall and Burke streets was free of encumbrances, even to the time of her father's death. But his own father's long illness, after a tragic accident that left him a helpless invalid, wiped out the little family's savings, and left everything heavily mortgaged.

"I got my first job because of that piano," Bart explained soberly, "I'd been selling papers and magazines, and working afternoons down at Hogan's Stationers, and Mom was set on my going to college. But I couldn't see it. We'd never make even my tuition, let alone clothes and everything."

"But you did go, Bart?"

"After pneumonia got Mom, I decided I'd try for it. And business trade school was my best bet. I had the job playing the piano afternoons and nights at the old Bijou Theater, so it had to be something I could do outside of that."

"So you see it was a good thing your mother believed in time payment buying, Bart! If she hadn't managed to get the piano and give you lessons, where'd you be?"

"You don't understand, Iris. What I mean is, I can't bear debts because of my fear of them. It . . . it's almost a phobia. I . . . hope you never charge anything anywhere, ever. I couldn't bear it if you did."

* * *

He Must Never Know

So—Bart must never know. And nights, when Iris lay awake, thinking about the accounts she was paying on, each week, shivers raced her spine as she contemplated the awful consequences, should Bart ever learn her secret.

Only he wouldn't. She comforted herself with that belief. Bart need never know. She'd never tell him, and when they were all paid, she'd buy on a cash basis, since he was so set on it. But it was silly. People who never used budget plan buying had practically nothing. And you had to look well nowadays or you'd be out of everything.

So little by little, she lulled her fears, and since Bart never mentioned debts again, it wasn't long before she saw something else she had to have. And could only pay a small deposit down on.

It was an evening gown this time. A gorgeous, heavy, printed linen it was, with a big splashy gold and green maple leaf against an ivory background. Really enormously effective in contrast with her glowing sun-tan, shining blond hair and blue-violet eyes. But—$25!

"Marked down from $29.95, Miss . . . Mrs. Whittaker," the saleslady urged subtly, "it's really a buy. Not another gown like that in Linwood. And you can wear those linens. They look like Paris on you."

Iris bought it. She bought gold linen sandals to match, and a tiny beaten gold ornament to wear in her hair. And then faced the problem of getting her boodle home so her husband wouldn't see it.

She took the dress home the next noon, and hid it away in an older suit box. She had wracked her brain for a suitable fable to explain the dress with, and had finally decided on something that would make doubly dear the new dress. She would make Bart think it was a last year's dress. She knew he wouldn't remember; he never remembered her clothes from one season to the next. Men seldom did, she believed.

Hiding the box far back in her clothes closet, deep under a pile of other boxes, she smiled a little, planning how she would spring it on him.

A Job For A Tailor

That night, dressing to go to the weekly Saturday night dance at the Yacht Club with John and Ellen Kent, Iris pretended to find a great flaw in her pet dance dress.

"Goodness, Bart, this seam has come out! Whatever can I do? This late?"

"Needle and thread is indicated, wife," Bart answered, grinning, "or doesn't one sew an evening dress?"

"Definitely not, Bart! It's a job for a tailor, and a mighty smart one. Unless you want to buy a new dress."

Sitting down on the little gray enameled bench before the matching gray dressing table, Iris was a convincing study of a perplexed, frustrated bride. Until her faintly frowning gaze swept the closet and a puzzled, hopeful smile tugged at her mouth.

"Unless—oh, Bart, get me that pile of boxes, will you? Up there on the top shelf of the closet. In one of them I've an old linen evening gown—one I wore last year several times, but I didn't like. If it doesn't need pressing or cleaning—and I'm almost positive I had it cleaned before I put it away last summer—I'm saved."

Bart was so proud of her in the new, but allegedly "old" last year's gown. It was, he insisted, stunning. It was the best-looking thing he'd ever seen her wear. It was a knockout. She looked grand in it.

"You'll wow 'em, honey," he ended up enthusiastically.

Definitely, the $5 down had been worth it. And, but definitely, the weekly payments completing the price would be nothing. Bart's enthusastic approval of the dress more than proved how accurate her judgment had been in buying it. You had to buy a new dress now and then, to keep a man noticing you. And it didn't matter if he did think it was a last year's dress. If a man was going to be so unreasonable about buying new clothes a girl had to use strategy, didn't she?

At the dance, Bart got quite a kick out of the others thinking Iris' dress was new, too. He beamed with pride, he even bragged a little.

"Not new at all," he admonished Monica Bradon from the science department at the university, "just something Iris put away in a box last year and kept over. I'll bet she does the same thing again this year with it, too. A dress doesn't wear out in several years."

Iris avoided Monica's clear, direct glance. She avoided Ellen's mirthful brown eyes, and the hilarious grin on John's face that Bart mistook for appreciation.

Let them, she thought mutinously. They didn't have to scheme and figure 40 ways to have so much as a decent dress to wear to a dance, where there were smart summer people from New York and Boston and everywhere. They didn't have a husband who lived by a silly old budget book, and raved hours on saving two dimes a day so he'd have $2000 in 15 years. They didn't have the present and the immediate future hamstrung and made ugly and barren, just so the far future might be gilded.

"After all," Iris told herself sulkily, "who knows if we'll live that long? In this day and age you have to get what you can, while there's the chance, and never mind the far future."

And the linen gown was doubly, trebly precious now.

(To Be Continued)

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

"YOUR SUNDAY DINNER"

Many week-ends the homemaker faces the problem of what she is to have for Sunday dinner. Something nourishing, something different, with an appetizing appeal and then with a memory, that lingers.

I suggest an Old English dinner which should answer all of the above requirements. For this of course Roast Beef is the chief course. This meat is one of the easiest dishes to prepare and with the new methods of roasting, it requires little watching and no basting or searing. In selecting the roast, you will have a choice of a rib roast with the bones left in or one which has been boned or rolled. If a real large roast you may find the standing rib type preferable. It needs only one garnish and that of spiced apples or other fruit. There is no difference in flavor but the one with the bone retained will cook a little faster as the bone acts as a conductor of heat.

Sprinkle the meat with salt and pepper. Place a rolled roast fat side up on a rack in the pan. A standing rib roast needs no rack. Place roast in a slow oven (300 F). Do not add water and do not cover pan. Allow 18 to 20 minutes to the pound for a rare roast and 22 to 25 for medium and 27 to 30 per lb. for a well done.

To have the perfect combination, you must serve Yorkshire pudding and horseradish with Roast Beef dinner. Then a perfect ending is the plum pudding or a simple steamed one. In case you may think it a bit too soon after Christmas for the real Plum pudding I am giving you a very simple steamed pudding, easy to make and very economical.

HORSERADISH TRIFLE

In equal measurements add whipped cream to the horseradish prepared in the usual way with finger and seasoning. Beat until light. If any of your family think they do not relish horseradish I guarantee after tasting this relish, they will be real addicts to the concoction.

Yorkshire Pudding

1 cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
2 eggs
Beef drippings

Combine flour and salt and add milk gradually, stirring to form a smooth paste. Then add eggs and beat for two minutes with an egg beater. Pour into beef drippings to a depth of about ¼ of an inch. Put in a hot oven (450) and bake for 20 to 30 minutes; decrease the heat as the baking is done. Cut into squares and serve with roast beef. The secret: be sure there is plenty of dripping.

CARROT PUDDING

1 cup each of sugar, raisins, currants, suet, grated carrot and grated potato; also ½ cup chopped dates.
1 egg
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
1½ cups flour
¼ teaspoon ginger and nutmeg

Beat the egg, add the sugar, beat well; then add the suet, grated carrot and potato; next the fruit. Mix thoroughly, adding the flour into which has been sifted the soda, salt and spices.

Turn into a buttered mould or individual ones. Steam for three hours. Serve with the following sauce:—

Vanilla Sauce

1 cup brown sugar
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup boiling water
1 tablespoon butter
½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix flour and sugar thoroughly. Add boiling water and cook until there is no taste of raw starch. Remove from fire, add butter and vanilla and 1 tablespoon of Beehive corn syrup.

I would suggest you serve as vegetables, creamed mashed potatoes and wax beans (canned if necessary).

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."

Protect Hair From Weather

Trichologist Says You Must Wear A Cap When the Thermometer's Zero, If You Want To Keep Your Hair

Wear a cap in zero weather if you want to keep your hair, is the warning by Melvin Jones, trichologist. Quite true nature gave us hair as a protective covering, but present day civilization has reduced this protection to a minimum; hence we must now protect the delicate hair-growing structure of the scalp from extremes in temperature if we wish to retain our hair. Because trichology is an exact science treating of the hair and the scalp, Mr. Jones says it is "almost incredible how little positive knowledge most people possess regarding even the most elementary care of the hair and scalp.

5,500 British postmen were attacked last year by dogs. Not all were bitten.

SLIM COTTON PRINCESS FROCK

By ANNE ADAMS

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FEMALE PAIN

Women who suffer painful, irregular periods with nervous moody spells due to functional cause, should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made especially to help weak, rundown women during such "trying times." *Try it!*

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS AND TOUGH, HANG-ON COUGHS DUE TO COLDS YIELD FASTER TO BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE

EXIT MR. CAFFEINE-NERVES!

JOE: I've got to quit this job, Jim—it's got my nerves all shot—they're so bad I can't sleep and I've been suffering a lot from indigestion lately.

MR. CAFFEINE-NERVES: *Attaboy! Let the wife go out to work for a change!*

MR. CAFFEINE-NERVES: *Look out! — Here comes the old fatherly advice!*

JIM: Maybe it's that coffee you're always drinking, Joe — giving you caffeine nerves. Why don't you try Postum for awhile! You'll see a big difference!

JOE: You were right, Jim—I switched to Postum for a month and feel like a new man—no more caffeine nerves for me! I'm sticking to Postum!

MR. CAFFEINE-NERVES: *Gangway! — Postum always chases me!*

● Many people can safely drink tea and coffee. Many others—and *all* children—should never drink them. If you are one of these, try Postum's 30-day test. Buy Postum and drink it instead of tea and coffee for *one month*. Then if you do *not feel better*, return the container top to General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario, and we'll gladly refund full purchase price, plus postage. Postum is delicious, economical, easy to prepare, and contains no caffeine.

POSTUM