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"SALADA" GREEN 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 and Iris go on their honeymoon, spend lavishly. Bart meets a lifeguard and likes him but Iris frowns on the acquaintance as beneath them.

CHAPTER X

The third week of their honeymoon vacation, Bart received a long telegraphic night letter from Britton, the new man managing the shop during his absence. It was the thing he had dreaded all along, fully expected. The budget customers were defaulting payments. During his absence, they were neglecting their contract obligations.

Bart wired Britton to send the usual formal reminders out, with polite warnings that defaults must be made up promptly.

"Warnings, forms and delinquent notices all sent first week. Wire instructions at once. Bank notes due. Signed Britton."

They went home at once, though Iris protested tearfully. They were having such fun, they'd never had such fun before, had they? And they might not have any vacation at all next year! Why did they have to go home a whole week early?

"It's only four days early, dear. Business. I have to get back at once." And he thought, 'if I default that bank payment, there'll be fines. I can't even make the interest, if they don't make up the back payments.' And his disgust over credit, its abuses and misuses mounted.

It was beautifully cool for September, and Iris decided to give a dinner party to celebrate their home-coming. She didn't have to report back for work until Monday morning, and it was only Friday. They had been home ever since late the afternoon before. And Bart had stayed at the shop gonig over things with Britton and Stevens until after midnight. He was going to work every night this week. He was, that is, until Iris sprung the dinner party without warning, Saturday night.

Company Coming

"Hurry dear," she urged nervously, "we've company coming and you'll have to change."

"Change? What for? Who ever comes here who'll mind my everyday duds?"

"The Negleys and Hammonds and Trents. We're going on to the Yacht Club after dinner. So do make yourself gorgeous, darling."

Bart turned to the bathroom, rebellion warring all over his serious young face. He had ten days overtime on the books and accounts, a week of hard work getting out special letters and correspondence on the delinquent accounts. He was tired, irritable, nervous. And of all people he knew, he cared least to see that night, the Negleys, Hammonds, and Trents. Marcia Trent was a scatterbrained, jitterbug apology for a wife, and the Hammonds were always quarreling publicly over their financial woes. Yolanda and Ho were frankly beyond the stage of worrying over their precarious financial condition, and taken altogether, they were a headache to Bart on the serenest of occasions. On top of his present worries and a deskful of work demanding his attention, they were anticlimax.

* * *

Any Money Saved?

"Iris, have you any money at all saved?" Bart asked, coming in to tie his tie while Iris completed last minute touches to her toilet. She had on a new powder blue chiffon gown purchased that very afternoon, and he grinned a little, watching her preen.

"Where would I get two dimes to save, Bart? You know I haven't. Why?"

"I'm in a bad jam; need some ready cash in a hurry, dear, that's all." He looked at the new dress then, realized he hadn't seen it before.

"New dress, Iris?"

She shook her head quickly. Put her mirror down hastily, but not in time to cover the little shop tag his quick eye detected.

"Not new," Bart said slowly. Picking up the mirror, staring at the price-tag; $19.50, marked down from $25.

"Of course its new, Bart. I didn't want to tell you because you make such a scene every time I buy so much as a pair of stockings."

"I see." He looked at the long rod running the length of the closet, packed with her lovely clothes.

"You Never Told Me"

"They're all new, Iris," he said heavily, "I . . . I should have known." Then suspicion laid cruel fingers at the throat of his reason, "Are they all paid for, Iris?"

Frightened, she shook her head.

"Not . . . quite . . . all paid for, Bart." And when he was still, letting the awful import of that sink in, "Bart don't you understand? I haven't done anything wrong, I've done no different than I've always done. I buy all my things this way. I always have. Since long before I met you. It . . . it's the only way girls who work like I do can have nice things."

"Nice things. You had to have clothes fit for a society girl, on wages that were capable of buying only a working girl's wardrobe, Iris. You . . . never told me. You didn't want me to know. All this time, you kept me from finding out."

"Bart, it isn't wrong! Just because it isn't your way, doesn't make it wrong! There can be more than one right way of doing things —there is."

"Debts, time payments, budget books. Living beyond our means —so far beyond we're paying for living three months ago in instalments, now. Running with a crowd of shallow, extravagant, spendthrift morons because you think it's smart, because you think they're smart."

"Bart, hush! They're . . . coming. Bart, you can't spoil my dinner like this! it's an awful, stupid scene."

* * *

"Go Right Ahead"

He turned and walked out. Not tying his tie. Not taking hat, coat or anything. He walked past the Negleys coming in, and the Hammonds coming down the hall and he didn't speak to any of them. Just nodded and kept on going. Like a man in a trance, Ho said. Like a drunk, simply glazed, Yolanda shrilled.

"Bart's furious with me," Iris explained brightly, her color a bit high, and her voice shrill, "but we'll go right ahead."

They did. They went through the perfect dinner Iris had assembled with the aid of Martha Levvit, a little colored girl who cooked and cleaned by the hour. They laughed and joked and wise-cracked their way through $12 worth of wonderful dinner. Then nothing would do but Iris must come along with them to the club dance.

"A poor, deserted overtime widow like you," Yolanda shrilled mockingly, "somebody's got to cheer the neglected wife up a little."

"Yes, after all, Iris, if it was golf or a little quiet game with the boys, we could understand. But business—phooey. Whatever does it get him? Business will be just as bad, no matter what anyone does about it. And you might as well have a little fun along the way."

It was fun, too. Though Iris missed having Bart there, steady, dependable, the minute one of the others stopped dancing with her and went to look up his full time partner. Ho danced a lot with her, and he was a marvelous dancer. Only Ho believed his dancing was as good, if not better than Fred Astaire's. So it was somewhat of a strain, keeping up with his fancy innovations. It was almost like being a specialty dancer in a double team at a night club. Only much more tiring.

Then, Don Hammond got a little tight and began telling her the woes of his much frustrated, misunderstood life. By the time Marcia and John came to rescue her, Iris was convinced her evening was spoiled.

* * *

An Evening Sppiled

At 12, when she said goodby to Yolanda and Ho, outside her door Bart had not yet returned. At 12.30, she stopped trying to stay awake any longer. She did not hear him come in, quietly, shoes in one hand lest he disturb her. Or hear him undress caerfully and slip into his own bed without turning on the light.

When she awoke in the morning, he was gone, but the coffee kept hot over the low flame on the gas plate, and the remains of his hasty breakfast proved he had been home. That, and his tumbled bed and shirt, sox and lingerie dropped on the chair in the bathroom, as he had dressed.

At noon, when she telephoned the shop, Bart wasn't in. So with Ellen Kent, Iris lunched at the Chocolate Shop, having an exciting time after all, despite their lack of husbandry escort.

"I'm simply jittery with nerves, Ellen," Iris confided over her peach ice cream, "you know that fur coat sale down at Beldin's? Well there was a mink coat there, a perfect treasure of a coat . . "

"Was?" Ellen asked, laughing. Because she knew Iris so thoroughly.

"Was is right. It's mine now, Ellen. When I get it all paid for. But what's driving me into nerves is the fear Bart will find out. He'd be simply fit to be tied if he knew."

"Then why take the coat, Iris? If you know he'll be so furious."

"You don't understand, Ellen. This is a bargain—one to a lifetime kind of bargain. I simply had to have it. My winter coat is all worn out, and I'd be silly to pass up an opportunity like that. Only Bart thinks business is so bad. That is, it's good but he hates having his business all in time payments, and he thinks it's terrible."

"Maybe he's right, Iris."

"Maybe nothing. I got the coat. Wait till you see it. Only he'll know, now, because he found out about the other things I got on budget payments."

"Well if the coat is worth the worry and trouble, why bother?"

"In that coat," Iris breathed softly, "I feel like a princess or a queen. I feel—precious, Ellen. I feel rich, secure, sheltered. I feel—wanted."

(To Be Continued)

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By ANNE ADAMS

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ISSUE NO. 9—'40

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TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

MOLASSES AN ESSENTIAL FOOD

At this season of the year the wise homemaker takes a careful inventory of daily menus and a register of the various members of the family as to their reactions and requirements of the different food constituents. All find it necessary no doubt to increase the leafy vegetables and the salads. Not a few of us in this rigid climate are lacking the iron requirements. Molasses, good old-fashioned black strap, is one of the most important items in all diets for anemias of all types. It should be used at least three times a week, better still, every day in some form. I have a whole medley of things about which I should like to write you, but what could have a better reception from all members of the family than gingerbread, — that versatile cake concoction?

GINGERBREAD

2 eggs
1 cup molasses
1 cup sour milk
1 cup brown sugar
2 cups flour (scant)
½ cup butter
2 teaspoons ginger
2 teaspoons soda
2 teaspoons cinnamon

Cream the butter and sugar, being sure that the sugar has no lumps. Add beaten eggs and beat well together. Have sifted the flour with spices. Add the soda to the sour milk to which add the molasses (mixing well the sour milk and soda first). Add this last mixture to butter and sugar; mix well, adding gradually the flour. Place in well-greased pan, 8" x 11". It is best to have at least two layers of oiled paper well oiled or greased fitting neatly to all corners of the pan. Bake in a very moderate oven for 45 minutes. If baking too quickly on the top, cover with paper.

Perhaps no icing is as popular as the plain sweetened whip cream. This makes a perfect dessert. My next favorite is the following:

1 cup of cream cheese
2 tablespoons icing sugar (all level measurements)
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
3 tablespoons orange juice
1 tablespoon grated candied ginger

ROLLED GINGER COOKIES

1 cup butter
¾ cup lard
1½ cup molasses
1 egg
2 teaspoons ginger
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon allspice
5 cups flour
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup boiling water
4 teaspoons baking soda

Cream shortening and sugar together. Add molasses and egg and beat well. Sift 2 cups of flour and spices and mix into creamed mixture. Add the boiling water and next, one more cup of flour. Mix thoroughly, and stand in a cool place for 30 minutes. Next sift the remaining two cups of flour with the soda and salt. Add to the mixture and place in refrigerator or a very cold place for 1 hour. Part of the dough may be kept over night in the cold place, if you do not wish to make all the cookies at one time. Roll out small portions of the dough at once, about ¾ inch thick, using as little flour as possible. Do not roll these cookies thin as ordinary ginger cakes or snaps. Cook on greased pan or cooky sheets in a very moderate oven. Cover with paper if inclined to burn. When cool, frost with your favorite cookie icing. Place in an earthen container. These will keep for a long time. This makes about 40 cookies.

FIG PUDDING

1-3 cup shortening
¾ cup sugar
1 egg
¼ cup Kellogg's All-Bran
2-3 cup milk
1 teaspoon Vanilla extract
1 cup flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
12 canned figs

Blend shortening and sugar thoroughly; add egg and beat until it is light and fluffy. Soak All-Bran in milk; add flavoring. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together and add to first mixture alternately with All-Bran and milk. Put one drained fig in bottom of each greased muffin pan and fill 2-3 full with batter. Bake in moderate oven (357 degrees F.) about 25 minutes. Serve hot with fig sauce.

Yield: 12 servings (3 inches in diameter).

FIG SAUCE

1 cup fig sirup
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1-8 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons lemon juice

Add fig sirup gradually to cornstarch, stirring until smooth. Add salt and cook until thick and clear. Stir in lemon juice and serve hot over pudding.

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."

Brains Won't Slim

The brain and bone-marrow in the human body are the only parts not affected by lack of food. Starvation, or slimming diets, may reduce the weight of every part of the body except these two.

THE GREATER NORGE FOR 1940

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Light Pillows Claimed Best

Quality of Feathers Usually Highest

When a good home manager is checking her stock of pillow slips, she should inspect the pillows as well. Not even a glossy new slip can rejuvenate a pillow that is gone limp and flabby with age. Putting fifteen-year-old pillows in brand new cases is like slip-covering a broken chair.

In buying new pillows, keep in mind that the lightest ones are the best because they contain a maximum of feathers. Goose and duck feathers make the best filling not only because they are lighter than chicken or turkey feathers, but also because they are naturally springy and resilient.

SOFT AND FIRM

The softness or firmness of a pillow is determined by the mixture of feathers used. Down (which is the soft undercoating that grows beneath feathers of water fowl) makes the softest, lightest and the most luxurious pillows. Many people, however, find all down pillows too soft. Down mixed in varying amounts with waterfowl feathers will give light pillows that have enough firmness to suit the average taste.

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