Blended For Quality

"SALADA" TEA

● SERIAL STORY

BRIDE ON A BUDGET

BY JANET DORAN

Copyright. 1939, NEA Service, Inc.

Yesterday: Bart and Iris quarrel, but Iris has her dinner just the same. She tells Bart she has no money, he discovers she is in debt. Yet Iris buys a new mink coat to "feel wanted."

CHAPTER XI

Though it was Monday, and she had recklessly splurged $12 on a dinner party for her friends Saturday night, and Bart had worked at the shop all day Sunday, and Sunday night until long after she slept, Iris left the office with a clear plan in her busy mind. She had taken the mink coat at noon, and hidden it deep in one end of her clothes closet back of her last winter's coat, her raincoat, her summer sport coat, and the long, furred tweed coat to her wardrobe suit.

Now, at four-thirty, she bought a steak, bought everything for a grand feed. The way she used to do before they were married. When she was trying every wile she knew to enchant Bart and make him propose to her.

Now, she haggled over watercress—it wasn't fresh enough, it was bruised, it didn't look good. She bought four big baking potatoes, and a dozen home baked rolls at Mrs. Kemble's Home Kitchen. She bought peaches and heavy cream for whipping, and a pound of butter, and lima beans because Bart was crazy about them, stewed in a rich butter sauce.

She squandered 50 cents on Ben Whipple's taxi to take her home with all her parcels, and hurrying out of her office clothes, tied a cute printed house-coat about her slender waist and started the meal.

Supper Just Right

At six, everything was ready and waiting, even to the iron skillet smoking hot, ready for the steak the minute Bart appeared. The salad was on the ice, and shortcake, also. And in the glass coffee-maker, amber brown brew murmured contentedly.

At six-fifteen, Bart came in, tired, dispirited and silent. Iris flung him a radiant smile and started the steak. She took the potatoes out and popped cubes of butter into each yawning seam, where the scored place had burst a few minutes before. The lima beans oozed yellow butter as she poured them into the dish, and the hot rolls were just right—crisp, and not dry.

Still he didn't notice. Still he just came in, pulled his chair out and sat down and began scooping his potato out onto his plate. Iris passed him the platter of steak and he helped himself to it. By the time they reached the short cake, Iris was ready to scream. She watched him cut the cake, watched his fork travel from the plate, laden with cream topped with peaches and cake, to his mouth, and back again, and the awful silence was too much. Abruptly, she pushed away her untouched desert. Desperately, she faced him across the little table laden with the remnants of their lovely dinner.

"Bart, what is it?" she asked shakily.

"What's It To You"

Dully, he looked at her. Wearily, as if trying to brush away a burden he could not bear, he plowed tense fingers through the thick wavy brown hair. Then lighting a cigaret, he started splitting the match a dozen ways with nervous thumbnail.

"What's it to you, Iris?" he asked bluntly.

"Bart, you know anything that concerns you, concerns me, too!"

"Don't worry, I'll manage to support you in the manner you're determined to enjoy, Iris."

"Bart—please!"

"All right, you asked for it. The bank wouldn't give me any more time on my notes, so they took over my insurance as forfeit."

"Bart—why how could they? If you paid the interest and met the payments."

"I didn't pay the interest, Iris. I couldn't. And I couldn't borrow any money anywhere. Not even from loan sharks. So they took my policies."

"How . . . how much had you paid in, Bart?"

"Over a thousand on all of them. I had only four years to go on two of them, and I'd have twenty-five hundred on each."

"Bart, did you try the Finance Company that loans on furniture?"

"What good would that do, Iris? When I couldn't pay them they'd take our furniture. We'd only be that much worse off."

"Bart, if you're not making any money at the shop why do you keep on getting in deeper and deeper?"

He stared at her in frustrated annoyance.

"We've been over all this before, Iris; why bother again? I'm making enough to get by, if we economized. We can't seem to. So that's that."

"They'd no right to take all that insurance away from you, Bart! Can't you make them just take out the amount due, and give you back the rest?"

"Iris, you know nothing about business or finance, so quit bothering with this."

"Quit bothering, Bart Whittaker! The idea. When that was to be our own home, when the policies were paid up."

He glanced at her curiously. Shrugged finally, as if he gave up.

"It's a little late to think of that now, Iris. They're gone."

Evaporated Guilt

Absurdly, she began to feel guilty about the mink coat. But after she had cleared the table, and decided to eat her short-cake after all, the guilt evaporated. Though she did worry, a little, over whether she'd manage to keep the coat, now that Bart was in trouble. If she had to use any of her salary to run the house, or pay expenses with, she'd be in a bad jam all right. With all the other payments she had to make on the clothes she had been buying right along. Paying on old accounts, buying more, creating further budget appropriations.

Talking In His Sleep

That night, Iris woke up toward morning, and a cold rain was blowing in. She got up and closed the window, and turned, arrested, when Bart began muttering in his sleep.

"I tell you it's impossible—I'm sorry, I can't help it. I can't do it, I tell you, I can't—don't you understand? My wife's salary has nothing to do with this, this is my affair. Seventy-five a week together and we owe everybody. All right, so what? Do you want all my creditors to be cheated of their money?"

Shivering, she lay still listening, but there was no more. Though he tossed and turned a lot and groaned. Shivering, she wondered if she oughtn't take the mink coat back after all. But it was so cold in the morning, a sharp wind, and the driving rain. And remembering her heavy coat was worn, she put the anxiety out of her mind. Bart was always borrowing trouble. This was probably just another false alarm because he hadn't made $50 clear profit this week, or something like that.

They breakfasted hastily, and Bart hurried away as soon as he was finished. At noon, when she telephoned, Iris was informed he was out. And Ellen was lunching with her husband, and neither offered to invite her to join them. So she ate a solitary lunch at the soda bar around the corner. And finishing, heard the news about her husband losing his radio and washing machine agency.

"Sure, didn't you know?" Truck's over there now, taking the stuff. I heard he couldn't make a lot of dead-beats pay their weekly instalments, so the company took them over. But this will be a bad dent to the shop all right. Hurts a business when anything like that hits them."

* * *

Iris didn't answer. She walked out and went back to the office. Past Professor Kitteridge's little bungalow where the young men and girls of the senior and junior classes gathered to discuss serious things, nightly from 4.30 to 10. Past the Gamma sorority where girls often dashed out in mid-winter to set a pan of chocolate peanut butter fudge to cool in the snow; where gay lighted music blared forth during prom weekends. Where smart roadsters swooped up to tootle musical horns for the fortunate few who were dated.

It was raining, still, and a sophomore took off his raincoat to hood a junior's freshly waved coiffeur, and across from Chem Lab to Lib Arts, trooped couples, arm in arm, or fingers laced, toting armfuls of books, talking earnestly, laughing. College kids.

Iris felt almost old, hurrying past them. Nodding to one or two she knew. Knowing they thought of her as "Mrs. Whittaker, of the dean's office." Because she'd been there so long. Longer than any of the present crop had been in college. Two college terms longer. Eight years.

It was funny, too. All through each one of those eight years, she had had almost the identical same worries. Worries over some dress she wanted and thought she couldn't have. Worries after she got it, for fear she wouldn't be able to make the payments and might lose it. Worries over suits, coats, gowns, wraps. But always the same. Always budget worries.

All her married life, too. Worrying over the powder blue suit the very night Bart asked her to marry him. Then silencing her worries because of what she could do, once she had it.

That night, Bart was home ahead of her. Lying on his bed, covered with a satin puff. Ill with a severe cold. Tired, and ill, and silent. Iris tried to make him take some medicine, some aspirin, or a gargle, or something but he refused. He was all right; leave him alone. She tried to make him have a doctor.

"I don't want a doctor, and I couldn't pay one if I had him. Now get out and leave me alone, will you?"

In the kitchen, feeling rather abused and neglected, she scrambled two eggs and made coffee. There was some short-cake left, and some salad. Eating her solitary supper, Iris decided budgets weren't much fun. Not mixed with marriage they weren't. Because the budgets were to blame for all this. If Bart weren't so set on living within his old budget book restrictions, everything would be fine.

In the middle of the night, she heard Bart prowling around. And speaking to him sharply, was alarmed to discover he was walking in his sleep. His voice sounded queer and thick, and a trifle shrill, but he got back into bed again directly when she spoke to him. And right after that he had a chill. Shaking so her own bed three feet away trembled, Iris was alarmed and got up.

She got her heavy winter coat, and her spring coat, and his overcoat and piled them on his bed. She lighted the gas and boiled water and got a hot water bottle. Still he shook so his teeth trembled and he kept sneezing in awful spasms of seven or eight sneezes at a time.

At 7, when Iris awoke again, he was delirious and did not know her. Frantically, she called a doctor.

(To Be Concluded)

Expedition Searches For Lost World

Vast, mysterious, desolate pueblos — cliff dwellings of a people long since disappeared. But where? Scientist Bob Barry ppopndepred this question, decided to find out. He headed an expedition into the wilds of the American southwest, there to explore these abandoned ruins.

But were they abandoned? You will find the answer in one of the strangest adventure stories ever written, a new serial, LOST KINGDOM.

COMING SOON

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

PIES OF FAVOR

Variety in pastry is just as great an asset as any other dessert. It would be interesting, if a census really could be taken to know the favorite pie. One part of the world is quite sure it is "Apple Pie", not forgetting the cheese. Then others again are sure that "Lemon Pie" satisfies the great majority as the finest that culinary art can execute for the pie kingdom. But there is still a part of the world left, whose opinion cannot be lightly discredited and these feel that "Raisin Pie" should hold the premium. Well, anyway, here are my favorites:

LEMON PIE

¾ cup granulated sugar
¼ cup Karo corn syrup.
4½ tablespoons cornstarch (level)
1½ cups boiling water
6 tablespoons lemon juice
2 teaspoons grated rind
3 eggs
1 tablespoon butter

Boil the water and place in a double boiler. Mix the cornstarch with cold water to make a smooth even paste. Add to boiling water, stirring thoroughly. Cook thoroughly for 15 minutes. Add lemon juice and rind. Beat egg yolks until creamy; add the sugar and corn syrup, mixing well. Pour over this the cornstarch and lemon mixture. Return to double boiler and cook for 5 min. Beat a few rounds with dover egg beater to insure perfect smoothness. Place in prepared pie shell. When partly cool, cover with meringue made from the egg whites beaten very stiff (to which has been added 1 tablespoon of Karo corn syrup and one tablespoon of cornstarch). Place in hot oven, watching very closely until an even light brown.

RAISIN PIE

2 cups raisins (which have been cleaned thoroughly and left soaking in hot milk.
1 cup granulated sugar
2 cups water
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons cornstarch
2 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cook raisins for ten minutes, then add the salt, sugar, lemon juice, cooking until the sugar is dissolved. Dissolve the cornstarch, mixing very thoroughly in the cold water, — add to the raisin mixture, cook for several minutes, about five till all trace of raw starch has disappeared. Pour into pastry-lined pan, then sprinkle the top with a little finely grated cheese. Cover with pastry and cook 25 minutes in oven, that is at moderate heat.

INDIVIDUAL CHICKEN PIES

18 small boiled onions.
1 cup cooked, diced carrots
1½ cups cooked peas
1½ cups cooked, diced potatoes
1½ cups diced, cooked chicken
3 cups thin, well seasoned chicken gravy or white sauce — salt
20 Christie's Milk Lunch Biscuits
½ cup butter
½ cup water

Into 6 individual baking dishes put a portion each of the vegetables, chicken, seasoning and gravy. Roll biscuits fine and mix with softened butter and water. Spread a portion on top of each dish. Bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) until top is lightly browned. 6 pies.

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."

Except for young queens, all members of a bumblebee colony perish in the autumn.

5¢

Chantecler

CIGARETTE PAPERS

NONE FINER MADE

DOUBLE AUTOMATIC BOOKLET

Active Sport Helps Figure

Achieve That Longer Look Through The Middle by Taking The Right Kind of Exercise

The woman who is determined to achieve the new "stretched look" from top of hipbones to underneath the arms decides right now to go in for an active sport or to revive her interest in one she has learned long ago but hasn't thought about in years.

If she lives in a cold climate she chooses between skiing and skating, both of which are wonderful for improving the posture and stretching the muscles of the torso.

SWIMMING AND TENNIS

If tennis and swimming are quite out of the question, she does exercises which employ similar motions.

When poison ivy grows in apple orchards there are apt to be more leafhopper pests, because the hoppers find the poison ivy a congenial host plant.

ISSUE NO. 10—'40

VITAMIN B-1 FOR PLANT GROWTH

5-inch Rose buds, Daffodils as large as a salad plate, Hyacinth blooms over 1 foot long, Snapdragons nearly 7 feet high, seedlings maturing in half the usual time, plants in full bloom and growth transplanted without root-shock or set back, and sickly plants reinvigorated into strong and healthy growth. This is only part of the story, in October issue of "Better Homes & Gardens," that has electrified the horticultural world by its description of the marvellous results obtained through scientific study of the newly discovered effects of Vitamin B-1 on plant growth.

VITAMIN B-1 GIVES NEW VIGOR TO THE WHOLE PLANT

Not a plant food or fertilizer but imparts new vigor to the roots so that the plant obtains the maximum benefit from the soil in which it is growing THUS PRODUCING THESE ASTONISHING RESULTS IN SIZE AND RATE OF GROWTH.

EASY—SAFE—ECONOMICAL FOR PLANTS INDOORS AND OUTDOORS

We supply Vitamin B-1 in a new convenient powder form, specially prepared for plant growth. No complicated weighing or measuring whatever. Using measuring spoon which we supply, just add a little powder to each gallon of water and pour on soil once a week. Package will prepare 2,000 IMPERIAL GALLONS of solution (enough to last the average gardener a whole season). With directions, $1.00 postpaid (special half package 65c postpaid). Order direct from this advertisement.

FREE—OUR BIG 1940 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK—*Better Than Ever*

DOMINION SEED HOUSE — GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO

IS IT POSSIBLE THIS NICE CRISP CEREAL CAN DO WHAT MEDICINES CAN'T?

"It was my doctor who explained to me that common constipation is due to a lack of intestinal bulk. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies this needed bulk and also the intestinal tonic vitamin B_1. If you suffer, as I did, from this common type of constipation, you'll find that this daily 'Ounce of Prevention' is a lot pleasanter and more effective than dosing yourself with harsh cathartics. Just eat it regularly, either as a cereal or in delicious muffins, and drink plenty of water." All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in London, Canada, and sold in two convenient sized packages by all grocers.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

GET YOUR OUNCE OF PREVENTION EVERY DAY