MARRYING MARK . . . .

by

Violette Kimball Dunn

CHAPTER TEN

'But no!"

"You see, it never was a success. Not really. First, there's the Ark. It wasn't much more than only fifty dollars. But has it cost ony fifty dollars. But has it cost me money since!"

"That's the way with used cars." He spoke as if he had vast experience. She looked quickly at him, but he looked back seriously.

"Most of the books were fathers," she explained. "But I hadn't counted on their taste. It's changed, you see, since father's time. I tried to get them interested in Dickens and Thackeray. But it was no use. So I had to stock up on detective stuff. It was quite expensive. Of course you can't blame them. Life must be pretty dull, specially on the farms.

"Another thing was, I really could not take much money from them. And anyway, half of them ddn't have any. It was rather sweet, the way they'd watch for the Ark, and call to each other when they saw it, and run to meet us. So what could you do?"

"Nothing but what you did, of course," agreed Mark. He couldn't quite laugh, even though he somehow wanted to.

"So we were just about to collapse when you found us. Now the Ark has gone, it makes it practically unanimous. There's a man in this town I think maybe I can sell the books to. And maybe the garage will know a junkie who will take the Ark."

"And what about you?" asked Mark.

Lucy made a small-boy grimace. "Make myself another job, that's all. I have to work, so there must be something."

"Do you like Valerie?" asked Mark suddenly. The craziest idea had crossed his mind while she had been talking. He watched her closely.

Lucy Ofered a Job

Her face softened as she half smiled across at Valerie's sleeping face. "I love her. I don't know just why. I'm not—not specially soft about people. But there's something about her—I don't know what—but it gets you. I can't see why it should when she's your daughter, and I suppose even a gold spoon hasn't been good enough for her."

"Bue you see — she's not my daughter," said Mark very quietly. He even looked a long time at Valerie first, to be sure she was still asleep. "She's my wife's by a former marriage. Of course I adopted her legally—and I don't think she could possibly be any more mine—so far as the way I feel about her—"

"She adores you," said Lucy. "I tried to think up ways to make her say 'my father.' It sounds like a coronation, or something."

He was looking at her now, though she realized he scarcely knew it. He seemed really looking at his thoughts. Marshaling them, reviewing them. Suddenly coming to a decision.

"We can offer you a job," he said. "I don't know how good a one."

Lucy jumped. It was like something falling from the ceiling into her lap. She looked at him in a slight daze. "I—what did you say?" she asked.

"It won't surprise you when you hear" said Mark. "My wife died quite suddenly two months ago. Readjustments are—well almost as difficult I find as the actual loss. One of them is about Valerie. She has had a—an unusual training—"

"We'll See Her Again"

He stopped suddenly. Lucy could see he had meant to say no more. She wished she could help him, but she could only wait. "She—well, I've decided not to send her back to school. But she must be educated. And she must have companionship. She seems to like you so tremendously — I mean, I wonder if we couldn't pool our assets. If you wouldn't tutor Valerie."

"Are you really and truly offering me a chance at it?"

"I think I am," said Mark. "Of course, I know people sometimes bind themselves to things in a first enthusiasm. I don't want you to do that. I want you to be free. You're young. Maybe you won't want to be tied down. But there'll be a home, and a decent salary, and teaching—if you want it. We can try it out, anyway, and then if we don't like it, we can call it a day, and quit."

Lucy pinched herself quietly. She probably would wake up in another minute, among the dusty books in the Ark. "But you don't know a thing about me," she said.

"We can go fifty-fifty on that."

"We can't. I've known you in the rotogravures since I was ten."

"That isn't anything against me," said Mark. He reddened slightly. The world's interest in his father's money never ceased to embarrass him. He was level-headed enough to know there was little that was personal about it. Valerie stirred, and sat up. Mark shook his head slightly, and Lucy understood that the conference was over.

"I think I went to sleep," said Valerie. She blinked her eyes free from dreams, and looked at Lucy. "What a shame! I've missed all this time with you!"

"Maybe we'll be seeing Lucy again," said Mark. Valerie felt the undercurrent of excitement in his voice as they left Lucy at her door.

(To be continued)

RED ATTACKER?

General Grigori M. Stern, above, Soviet hero of the Finnish war, is reported readying a Russian army of 500,000 for a big attack on the Karelian isthmus near the Russian-Finnish frontier.

V Propaganda The World Over

Three Dots and a Dash Broadcast by the B. B. C. From Spain to South America

British authorities claimed last week that 100,000,000 people in Europe listened to BBC broadcasts of the Morse dit-dit-dit-dar, the opening notes of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, various versions of V propaganda. In Gibraltar British Tommies with paint pots sloshed Vs on all cars passing into Spain. The campaign spread to South America, where Brazilian students plastered Vs on the walls of an Italian newspaper building.

Best measure of the campaign's success were the efforts of the Vaterland and its vassals to neutralize it. From the Eiffel Tower hung a V flag. Nazi propaganda photographers snapped V-stenciled trains in Prague. To good Nazis, these Vs of course stood for the unfamiliar word Viktoria.

Stores carried by a large battleship include 12,000 different classes of articles of all kinds.

Rayon's Progress In Textile Trade

Moves Into Second Position Among World's Leading Textile Products

Statistics of the world production of rayon (artificial silk) last year provide the material of much speculation. It was a record production for any year, 2,380,810,000 pounds, an increase of seven percent on the production for the previous year.

Rayon was the only one of the great textile staples (if rayon can be called a textile) which last year showed a record production.

More than that, rayon moved into second place among the big four of the textiles—cotton, rayon, wool and silk—displacing wool and being exceeded in production only by cotton. Perhaps it is not extravagant to say that rayon is coming more and more to be, in varying degrees, a universal synthetic substitute for the three standard textiles.

Economists and political philosophers may be left "for the duration" to make what they can of the fact that Germany was first last year in rayon production and Japan was second. Germany produced 825,000,000 pounds, or 35 percent, and Japan 525,000,000 pounds, or 22 percent.

TOTS' VERSATILE SAILOR OUTFIT

By Anne Adams

Even little girls "take to the sea." This Anne Adams style, Pattern 4765, has versatility and pert fresh charm. The dress buttons conveniently down the front, has smartly squared-off side skirt sections and offers three neckline versions. A collar that's squared at both front and back, pointed front revers or a collarless V-neckline. There are two sleeve styles; neat little puffs and tiny open caps, as well as a sleeveless version. The back of the dress may be cut low for suntanning. You might let the collar contrast and use gay braid trim, an embroidered star motif or ric-rac. The saucy sailor cap may match the contrast or the dress.

Pattern 4765 is available in children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, dress and cap, takes 2⅛ yards 35 inch fabric, ⅝ yard contrast and ½ yard braid.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern to for this pattern to Anne Adams, Room 425, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

Tale of an Orange

This saga of an orange was sent to me by a friend living in London: "I must tell you of the history of an orange. There were a few for sale, and we got one. We ate half each, and then the skin was used to flavor some rhubarb jam. It was then taken out of the jam, and wrapped in paper. A day or two later it was used for flavoring some stewed rhubarb. It was then removed and dried in the sun, and is now being used for candied peel in a cake. I expect you thought you knew all about economy."

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

A Medley of Conserves

All of us who like something different do delight in trying new recipes. Nothing gives us a better scope for this than the making of new conserves. I have a number of requests and I am going to combine them in this week's column with a few very special favorites.

Peach Conserve

15 large peaches
1 lemon
1 orange
1 grapefruit
1 teaspoon almond flavoring
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup blanched shredded almonds
Sugar, equal quantities for peaches

Peel and slice peaches, add orange, grapefruit and lemon. Cook for one-half hour then add the sugar and cook for 45 minutes until a marmalade consistency. Add nuts and cook 5 minutes. Pour into sterile glasses; when cool seal with paraffin. If desired ½ cup chopped maraschino cherries may be added.

Peach Conserve with Pineapple

3 cups sliced peaches
¾ cup crushed pineapple
1 grapefruit
1 cup raisins
3 cups sugar
¾ cup rolled or chopped pecans

Scald and cold dip peaches, peel. Add pineapple and grapefruit, sliced thin or chopped very fine. Add the raisins and cook until mixture thickens. Add the sugar and cook until it thickens again. Add the nuts and cook for five minutes. Pour into glasses and cover with paraffin when cold.

Cantaloupe and Peach Conserve

4 cups peaches
4 cups cantaloupe
Juice and grated rind of 1 lemon and 1 orange
1 tablespoon of chopped citron peel
½ cup blanched and shredded almonds

Cook all the fruit for ½ hour. Add the sugar and cook 12 minutes, stirring constantly. Add nuts and cook 5 minutes. Pour into hot sterile glasses. When cool seal with paraffin.

Melon Jam

Choose melons which are almost ripe but not overly ripe. Peel, remove the seeds, and cut up the pulp into neat uniform pieces. Weigh the melon and for every pound of melon allow ½ lb. of sugar and 4 tablespoons water. Put sugar and water together into preserving kettle, bring to the boil, add the melon and boil steadily until the syrup answers the usual test for jelly. A drop or two of vegetable coloring makes a prettier yellow in color. This is a delightful jelly for tarts and is very economical.

Grape Conserve

4 lbs. sugar
1 lb. of seedless raisins
2 oranges (medium)
1¼ cups shelled and chopped pecans
Sugar

Wash and stem grapes. Place in kettle. Mash and cook until skins separate from pulp. Press through colander. For every cup of pulp use ¾ cup sugar. Combine, adding the raisins and oranges which have been sliced very thin. Boil until thick, stirring frequently. Then add the nuts. Pour into sterile jelly glasses and seal.

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." Send stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish a reply

London Citizens Raise Vegetables

The heart of London is now getting from its own farms hundreds of tons of meat and vegetables a year for the hospitals and other institutions of the metropolis.

London's citizens are the farmers of 4,000 acres, mostly within the Green Belt, and in the midst of the "blitz" area. They own 1,500 head of pedigree cattle, 3,000 pigs, 7,000 head of poultry and 550 sheep.

In the year of the "blitz" these farms, run by the London County Council, produced more than ever before: 360,000 eggs, 550,000 gallons of milk, 351 tons of meat, 1,668 tons of vegetables and 81 tons of fruit.

They are even "digging for victory" in London's famous parks. Two hundred acres are being worked by borough councils for food growing. Sheep graze on 600 acres.

And in the centre of London alone individual Londoners are raising food from their allotments on 450 acres.

Chemical Process Restores Writing

Signatures of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra Damaged by Fire Are Restored by New Chemical Process

Signatures of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra in a book reduced to ashes by Nazi incendiary bombs have been made legible again by a new chemical process discovered by research chemists of London's Metropolitan Police Laboratory.

The autographs were written in 1883, when the pair were Prince and Princess of Wales, in the visitors' book of the City of London College.

Razed to the ground one night by incendiary bombs, the College lost all its possessions, yet resumed work next day in loaned premises without even a sheet of notepaper.

The blackened remains of its treasured visitors' book were sent to the Police Laboratory where the page bearing the Royal signatures was treated with chloral hydrate in a 25 percent. alcoholic solution and dried at 60 degrees Centigrade. After repeating this several times, a mass of chloral hydrate crystals formed on the surface, and at this stage a similar solution, containing 10 percent. glycerine, was applied and the paper dried as before. It was then photographed, and the result was excellent.

"Beaufighter's" Power Disclosed

Powerful British "Beaufighter," with Range of 15,000 Miles Is Practically a Flying Panzer

The Ministry of Aircraft Production has disclosed that the Royal Air Force's Bristol Beaufighter carries the exceptionally powerful armament of four cannon in the fuselage and six machine guns in the wings.

Other details released for the first time:

It is an all-metal mid-wing monoplane with a nominal top speed of more than 330 miles an hour at 14,000 feet, carrying a load of 7,200 pounds, including oil and armament.

It is powered by two Bristol Hercules 14 cylinder 111 engines developing 1,400 horsepower for the take-off. It has a nominal range of 1,500 miles, carries a crew of two and is "designed and equipped as a formidable long-range day and night fighter."

It has an all-over weight of 21,000 pounds, wing span of 57 feet 10 inches and length of 41 feet four inches.

One of its features is two hatches in the underside of the fuselage which when released, create a dead air region for the crew's emergency parachute exit.

Overwork Kills Three Goldfish

The last of three "working" goldfish is dead.

A large industrial plant in New York found that it took a man seven hours a week to keep algae from the sides of a measuring bowl filled with water. The firm put the goldfish to work and the algae disappeared.

But after five months of algae diet the first goldfish turned brown and succumbed. The second was caught in a drainage pipe, sprained its back, and succumbed.

The last one declined and died—of loneliness.

Falcons Called For Army Duty

Birds in United States to be Trained to Attack Parachutists and Homing Pigeons

Falcons are on the way to the United States Army's Signal Corps headquarters for a tryout as the newest weapon against carrier pigeons and parachute troops.

Lieut. Thomas MacClure is 46 and springs from a long line of Scottish falconers, and as a result has been assigned to direct the experiment.

"I know I can bring them down," MacClure said with a soft highland brogue as he explained the anti-parachutist plans. Details are secret but circular knives will be strapped to the chests of MacClure's "first pursuit squadron" with the intent that they will rip descending parachutists and cause them to collapse in mid-air.

Falcons, among the fastest birds in the world, can dive at 300 miles an hour. They attack by rolling over on their backs and slashing out a drumbeat assault with their feet. They will fight thus when released to harry an opponent's carrier pigeons.

The main objective of these experiments, the Lieutenant pointed out, is to attack pigeons released by opposition forces that have penetrated a front line and seek to notify their headquarters.

"We can tell by seeing a pigeon in mid-air whether it's one of ours," MacClure said.

If the sighted pigeon is an unidentified stranger, the Lieutenant related, front-line falconers will release a flock of pursuers trained to capture the messenger and return with it.

The species chosen for the experiments is the Peregrine falcon, native throughout the country. Most of the untamed fighters are to be caught in the heart of New York. Within a few days MacClure will swing out by rope from atop some of New York's tallest buildings to set his traps, made of net and baited with live pigeons, on likely ledges.

Between 200 and 300 birds are to be used, and the men will be trained to handle a dozen birds at a time. The falcons, which stand about two feet high and have an average wing spread of 44 inches, can be turned into first-class pursuers in three weeks.

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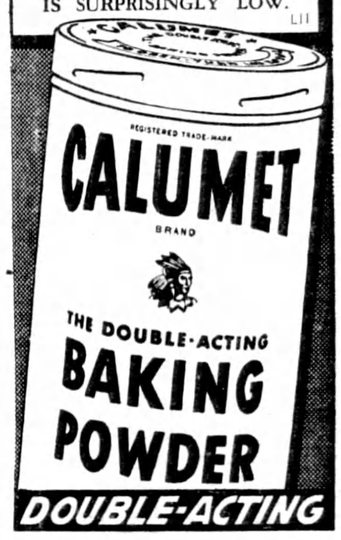

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Ask any old timer how to get the greatest satisfaction from rolling your own and he'll tell you to tie up to Ogden's — the light green package that is your green light to the best smoke of your life! For Ogden's isn't "just another fine cut". It's different, gorgeously different — a distinctive blend of choicer, riper tobaccos. Try it today.

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