MARRYING MARK . . . .

by

Violette Kimball Dunn

SYNOPSIS

After Mark Alexander's beautiful wife Ellen died, her whole family became interested in Valerie, Ellen's daughter by a former marriage—and in the trust fund left Valerie. All Ellen's sisters, save Shirley, frightened Valerie by assuming she would live with them, but Mark came to the rescue and took Valerie on a long trip. On the way home, he and Valerie met Lucy Tredway, owner of a broken down traveling library. Mark hired her to tutor Lucy and brought her home. Elise, trying to make the most of the opportunity, appeared at the house on the day they returned and was startled to see Lucy there. She left in a quiet huff and has just called Valerie to see if Valerie will spend the day with her. Valerie is talking things over with Lucy.

Chapter 15

Valerie moved a little nearer. She would tell Lucy. "You see—I don't like her! Mrs. Waterford, I mean. My mother did. That is, I suppose she did. They were together a good deal—anyway, whenever I was home. Of course, that wasn't very much."

Lucy wondered if it was possible that less than ten years lay between them. She felt like Methuselah. "I often get like that," she said.

Valerie looked up. "Really?" she asked hopefully.

"Absolutely. And when I do, I turn it into a kind of game. I call it 'Making Excuses.' Not for yourself—that's not so good—but for other people. Especially when you don't like them. I think, maybe they aren't happy, or their shoes don't fit, or somebody dropped them on their heads when they were babies. You know—like that." Valerie laughed.

"That's fun," she said. "I wonder what I could think up for Elise? Would the head-dropping one do?"

"Well—first, tell my why you don't like her?"

"Do you like her?" countered Valerie.

Lucy thought furiously. "Well—how do I know? It's a little soon to tell. You see, I never laid eyes on her until last night."

"Oh," said Valerie disappointedly. "But sometimes you can tell right away. Look at father and me and you."

"I suppose that was an exception." Lucy wondered why she was fighting on Elise's side, and couldn't discover any reason except that she wished to teach Valerie tolerance.

"It's like this," Valerie explained. She drew on the bright chints of her chair with a pointed finger. "She's going from here to here, you see." She made a straight line between two points. "But she doesn't. She goes this way—" A series of curves indicated Elise's circuitous course. Lucy looked at Valerie in amazement. "And then she wants to ask you something terribly, and she doesn't. She just talks around it until you get all mixed up and tell her something you don't want to find out. So you see, she isn't a very nice person. At least, I don't think so."

"She's rather nice to look at," suggested Lucy. It was the only thing she could think of in Elise's favor.

"Not to me. It's sort of like smelling a lilac, and then a tuberose. Both of them are sweet, but the tuber-rose is shivery. Anyway, it is to me." Lucy wondered if it wasn't, somehow, a rather complete summing up. "I suppose it isn't nice, feeling this way, but what are you going to do?"

"There are the excuses I told you about."

"All right. You begin."

"Well—" said Lucy, "she's alone, isn't she? Being alone often makes people disagreeable."

"She didn't have to be," explained Valerie. "There was her husband. He was quite nice. Not very handsome or young, but nice. And she knew he wasn't very young or handsome when she married him. Then after a while, they weren't married any more. If she was lonely, why didn't she keep him?"

"I give it up," said Lucy. She had rather a feeling of being carried over her head.

She heard with relief Mark's knock on Valerie's door; and Valerie, with her young arms around him, forgot Elise and the game of making excuses. She didn't think of her again until an hour later, as she and Mark and Lucy sat swinging their bare legs over the edge of the pool after an exciting game of water ball in its green depths.

Looking Backward

Valerie, Mark, and Lucy swam every day, even when it rained. Mark, fired by their enthusiasm, was already making plans for an indoor winter pool. McTavish had left the kennels, and was never far from Valerie's heels, running frantically on his sort black legs.

Mark had come to look on himself as the father of a family, and he liked it. He thought of Lucy as almost as much of a child as Valerie. It never failed to astonish him when she spoke to him maturely. Even when he remembered the diplomas and degrees, and knew that she and Valerie kept regular school hours.

He found himself urging them not to overdo the learning business. To enjoy the summer days which were lengthening magically. He took to coming home earlier to play around the pool with them before dinner. He felt as young as they were, which astonished him a little when he stopped to think about it all.

Mark looked at the placid pattern of his days, and marveled. His life had seemingly crashed so thoroughly; and yet here it was, weaving itsef as if nothing had happened. He hardly realized how much of this was Lucy's work.

Mark found Elise and even Shirley vaguely disturbing. He was beginning to realize he had known them for years without knowing them at all. He didn't even now suspect why this was so or guess that Ellen had guarded him so subtly from every woman except herself. He had danced with them and sat beside them at dinner, and found himself looking into Ellen's eyes again before they became to him any more than figures moving across a stage.

Elise had invited herself to dinner at Wide Acres twice before Shirley showed up at all. Elise never mentioned her, and Mark almost forgot she lived only a scant ten miles away. He was ashamed to find how completely she was out of his thought, when he came home late one afternoon in June to find her sitting with Valerie and Lucy at a table under a huge gay umbrella at the edge of the pool.

(To be continued)

Mothers Were Good Guessers

The New York Times Gives Some Homey Hints About Vitamins

As for the vitamins, it has been pointed out more than once in this column how strongly science endorses human experience. The vitamins are not found in petroleum or clay or prussic acid or other substances alien to the human dietary. Vitamins occur in milk, meat, wheat, corn, rice, rye, barley, oats, oranges bananas and yams. Long before the human mother knew about vitamins ages before she knew any letters of the alphabet to name the vitamins, she knew that milk and fruit juice were good for her baby. That is why it is so comforting to hear that a study of 250 Wisconsin children between the ages of 1 and 3 has shown that milk and fruit juice are an ideal infant food.

In Lighter Vein

To the Editor of The New York Times:

How worried I am about my breakfast cereal! Formerly, I would choose a product of wheat or oats or corn, feeling that what would fatten a hog or strengthen a horse was good for me. Now I find that Cereal A is especially made for children who play hard, Cereal B is for nursing mothers and Cereal C is what makes champions.

I am not a child, a nursing mother or an invalid, and I think it smacks too much of vulgar professionalism to be a champion.

I have just bought a pound of rice and am looking for old-fashioned oatmeal in bulk and will hope to find some packaged cereal free from thiamin or vitamin B or tin whistles and silverware.

Kicker.

It's Just An Old Indian Custom

Parents distracted by fretful infants may find relief in an old Piute Indian custom — that of strapping the baby to a primitive "cradle board."

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cushing of San Francisco (they're just white folk) did that with son Jeffrey just as soon as they took him from the hospital at the age of two weeks. Six weeks later they declared the experiment an unqualified success.

The Cushings believe that a great advantage of the cradle board is that it causes the child to grow up with a straight back. You seldom see a stoop-shouldered Piute they point out.

This cradle board made for them by an 87-year-old warrior at Wadsworth, Nevada consists of a willow frame covered with elkhide.

ISSUE 39—'41

SLENDERIZING AFTERNOON FROCK

By Anne Adams

Do you know you can actually look ten pounds slimmer if you choose the right dress? Anne Adams has designed Pattern 4732 especially with this in mind for those important afternoons when you want to look your very best! Notice how fullness over the bosom is achieved by three tucks on each shoulder and gathering above the waist. The tucks are repeated on the new, three-quarter sleeves, and may be accented with buttons to match those down the bodice. Short sleeves are optional. A front-curved waistband gives you trim lines, and the panelled skirt flares gently. This frock gives you a very slender silhouette, especially if you make it in printed crepe.

Pattern 4732 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39 inch fabric.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern to Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Celery as an Eye Opener

One of the most valuable foods from a dietetic standpoint is that of celery, rich in vitamins and indispensable in flavor. At no time of the year is the choice so splendid as now.

Celery Sauce

24 ripe tomatoes
2 heads celery
8 large onions
2 red peppers
2 tablespoons salt
1 pint vinegar
1 lb. brown sugar.

Wash and prepare vegetables and chop fine. Add half the quantity of vinegar first, brown sugar and salt. Boil slowly until tender, about 1½ hours. Put in sterilized jars and seal while hot.

Creamed Celery

1 large bunch celery
1½ tablespoons shortening
3 tablespoons flour
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¾ cup celery stock
¾ cup milk.

Wash thoroughly and cut in ½ inch lengths. Boil in salted water 60 minutes or until tender. Drain and set aside ¼ cup stock. Melt the shortening, add flour, salt and pepper. Add milk and celery stock and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Add celery and heat thoroughly. The creamed celery may be put in a baking dish, sprinkled with crumbs and grated cheese, and baked 20 minutes in a moderate oven.

Cream of Celery Soup

Cut into small pieces the tops and stalks of 1 small bunch of celery. Place in a saucepan with 5 cups of cold water, ½ teaspoon salt and pepper and a few slices of onion. Cook until celery is tender. Press through a sieve and use 2½ cups strained liquid. Add to hot white sauce and serve hot.

White Sauce

2 tabespoons shortening
4 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 cups milk.

Melt shortening, add flour, salt and pepper. Mix well. Add milk slowly. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly to avoid lumping. Keep hot over boiling water until ready to combine with vegetable mixture.

Fruit Filling (Request)

¾ cup finely chopped figs
½ cup finelly chopped dates
¼ cup finely chopped raisins
½ cup sugar
½ cup boiling water.

Mix figs, dates and raisins. Add sugar and lemon juice and cook over hot water until thick.

Spread while hot between layers of cake.

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

The first airplane driven by a motor using charcoal instead of liquid fuels made a successful flight in Italy recently.

Busy Inventors Are Successful

Since the war began, in September, 1939, over 50,000 inventions have been submitted to the British Ministry of Supply. Each month there have been more than 1,000, and in most months the total has been higher than for the whole of any year in the pre-war period when inventions were sent direct to the War Office. It is found that about one in every 400 of the inventions is useful and worth developing.

U.S. Technicians To North Ireland

The United States technicians who are employed by the British Government on defense facilities in Ulster were reinforced last night by the arrival of 150 more Americans.

There now are about 950 Americans thus engaged in Northern Ireland.