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"SALADA" TEA

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 are anxious to adopt Valerie—all, save Shirley—but Mark will have none of it. Mark hires Lucy Tredway to tutor Valerie and keeps Lucy in the house, much to Elise's dismay. As Mark comes out of his office, he is surprised to see Elise pull up in her car.

CHAPTER 17

Elise emerged, cool in pastel chiffons, under a huge hat. Her dark, rather heavy eyes were veiled as they rested on him. They made him vaguely uncomfortable. This was his frequent reaction to Elise these days.

He wished ridiculously that he could take a running jump into his car and be off waving his hat as he went. Instead he found himself telling how charming she looked, and how even midsummer became her.

She laid her hand on his arm, and looked up at his reproachfuly. "Don't go conventional, darling," she said. Mark decided he would never get used to "darling" as the current output in salutations. "I'm quite sure what your opinion is of women who pursue men to their offices. But how else am I to see you? And I truly must. Will you drive me home? Oh, Harmon, just take the car back. I shan't be needing it again until tonight."

Mark almost put out a protesting hand, as the man touched his cap and drove off. Elise was moving flowingly toward his roadster, and there was nothing to do but follow her.

"I don't think you'll be very happy," he said, opening the door. "Picture hats and chiffons don't mix specially well with roadsters."

Mark Has a Caller

She tucked her flowing skirts around her and leaned back with a wistful sigh. "But I adore roadsters. And you have the top up, so I shan't be too terribly windblown. Don't stand there staring at me, silly. Aren't you getting in?"

Mark brought his thoughts back with an effort. "I just remembered—A telephone call. Excuse me a second. I'll be with you—"

He was half way up the walk before she could answer. He felt childishly defrauded as he called his house from the superintendent's office. He had hardly realized how he counted on the hour in the pool with Valerie and Lucy. He was glad when he heard Chiltern's voice. Sometimes if Valerie happened to be passing when the telephone rang she answered, just in case it might be Mark.

"Please tell Miss Tredway and Miss Valerie I've been detained, and to have their swim without me" he said. "And Chiltern—I say—tell them I'm terribly sorry, will you?"

"Yes sir," said Chiltern. "Will you be coming home for dinner?"

"Yes," said Mark, loudly. He felt his voice would banish the faint fear that seized him at the question.

"I see, sir," said Chiltern. "Thank you."

Mark almost suspected he really did see. He would not have put it past the man!

He said "Thank you," and went back to Elise. He got in beside her and started his car. The wind lifted the light brim of Elise's enormous hat, and she caught it closer.

She could hardly imagine a man with a chauffeur and three closed cars driving himself to work in a two-year-old roadster, like any laborer. It was difficult to look out from under a shadowy brim with lustrous eyes, when that brim surged and billowed in playful leaps that kept both her hands at her head.

Finally, as a stronger gust tilted it coyly over one ear, she took the thing off entirely, anchoring it firmly on her knees, and thanking heaven for a hair net. She was struggling with a rage that included even Mark, although reason told her he had nothing to do with it. The last straw was when she looked up and found him laughing. Men seldom laughed with, and never at, Elise.

"Sorry—but you should have seen yourself," said Mark. "I mean, the way you looked when we started, and the way you looked after a couple of bouts with the breeze."

Elise managed a kind of smile. "It must have been terribly funny," she agreed.

"I suppose you're wondering why I've carried you off," she said. She had almost mastered her temper.

Is Someone Talking?

Mark was not quite so successful at hiding his couriosity over the whole proceeding. "Of course—it was sweet of you—" he began.

"I simply had to see you. And it's practically impossible to get you to myself even for a minute. Of course I simply adore Valerie, as you know. And Miss Treadle is—well of course she's quite—stimulating—if you know what I mean."

Mark nodded. He didn't in the least know.

She hurried on without waiting for an answer. "You see, I can't beg, lure, or even abduct you to my apartment. I can't think what you're afraid of—"

"Perhaps it isn't exactly fear," he explained. "Maybe I'm catering a trifle to the tongues of men—to say nothing of women. Silly rot, I know. And even if one doesn't go in for sterotyped mourning, it does curtail social activities a bit."

"You're just talking off the top of your mind," said Elise, sadly. "Keeping me on the outside. Just as if we hadn't been friends for ages.. It isn't fair—when I miss Ellen so anyway—"

Mark was horrified, after the fashion of men, to see her loose one hand from the still struggling hat and wipe her eyes on a gay bit of chiffon.

"I—Im frightfully sorry. Im probably a clumsy brute—" He laid his hand over hers on the big hat, and held it closely.

Elise looked up at him from undampened lashes. She even smiled plaintively.

"No, darling," she sighed. "It's just that you don't always think. Of course, I know you can't go dashing around to parties. Amusing yourself like that. But surely nobody could criticize you for coming to see me! As a matter of fact, it's criticism that made me hunt you up. It's terribly hard to tell you. You are so—so sort of sweet, Mark. But when others are involved—"

Mark asked a surreptitious question of his wrist watch. He was appalled to find only half an hour had passed since Elise met him. It seemed to him that he had been shut up here with her for weeks.

"I'm afraid I don't understand," he told her. "I suppost it's stupid of me. Do you mean somebody we know is talking about somebody? They generally are, aren't they? Who is it this time, and what are they saying?"

Scientists Find Potato Rot Cure

Drying Process to Prevent Soft Rot in Potatoes Will Save Millions of Dollars Annually

The Armour Research Foundation at the Illinois Institute of Technology announced its scientists had perfected a drying process to prevent bacterial soft rot in potatoes which it said would save millions of dollars annually for the potato growing industry.

The announcement followed a 14-month investigation which showed that the outside skin, through heat treatment, underwent an increase in the number of cells that formed a barrier preventing entrance of soft-rot bacteria. At the same time, the drying process itself killed a certain number of bacteria but did not actually sterilize the potato.

The process itself was developed from a primary pattern used by a group of Florida growers who employed a type of dryer which basically was a conveyor belt running through a hot-air blast. The announcement said they noted that the rot had almost totally disappeared.

The Foundation's experimental dryer is 20 feet long. Two 10-parallel wooden chambers through which air current circulate are connected at one end for the exchange of air blasts, the other end serving as an exhaust through a window. Foundation scientists said the process could be adopted cheaply and effectively for wide use.

Britain Wants Forestry Men

Expert forestry men from Canada are doing so splendid a job in Great Britain that the authorities there would be very pleased to see a lot more of them over there, Sir James Calder, adviser on wood supplies to the British Ministry of Shipping said recently.

Sir James, who is on his way home after visits to Washington and Ottawa, pointed out that the production of lumber in Great Britain was 50 times greater than in peace times and that all available skilled help had been exhausted. He told of there being 1,500 women being used for felling trees and "snedding."

With reference to reforestation work, Sir James told of one huge tract of land which had been planted with young trees and the efforts of the Germans to set it on fire. So far they had failed.

He pointed out that there are great stands of timber as yet untouched in Britain and yet ships were forced to carry timber to Britain. If the amount of timber imported into Britain could be curtailed, the space available could be used for the shipment of food. One way of increasing the production of lumber in Britain would be by getting sawyers and lumberjacks from this country.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

A Happy Thanksgiving to All

Yes, we have many things for which to be thankful: for our homes, our churches, our grand Dominion and noble Empire.

Perhaps in your simple and homelike Thanksgiving celebration you may enjoy using this menu:

THANKSGIVING DINNER
Tomato Juice Cocktail
Roast Chicken, Southern Dressing
Riced Potatoes
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Giblet Gravy
Glazed Onions
Sweet Pepper Salad
Pumpkin Pie
Beverage of Choice

Southern Dressing

2 cups moistened bread crumbs
⅓ cup melted butter
1 cup canned corn
1 cup chopped celery
½ cup chopped ripe olives
½ cup chopped stuffed olives
1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
1 small onion, minced
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper

Mix thoroughly and stuff fowl.

Glazed Onions

2 dozen small white onions
2 tablespoons butter
6 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons water

Peel the onions and cook in salted, boiling water until tender. Drain. Melt the butter, add sugar and water. Add onions, simmer to brown and glaze.

Sweet Pepper Salad

4 green sweet peppers
2 onions
½ lb. cheese
6 slices ripe tomatoes

Put onions, cheese and peppers through the meat chopper. Season and mix with dressing. Serve on slices of tomato placed on shredded lettuce.

Candied Sweet Potatoes

8 medium sized potatoes
1 cup brown sugar
½ cup boiling water
2 tablespoons butter
Salt and pepper
Thin orange slices

Scrub potatoes and parboil for 10 minutes. Drain, pare and cut in lengthwise halves or slices. Stir sugar, water and butter over low heat until sugar dissolves. Arrange a layer of the potatoes in a greased baking dish and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add a few pieces of thinly sliced orange. Repeat layers of potatoes, seasonings and orange until potatoes are all used. Pour in sugar syrup. Bake in a moderate oven until potatoes are tender and surface is brown and glazed.

Pumpkin Pie

1½ cups strained mashed pumpkin
¾ cup brown sugar
2 eggs well beaten
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
⅛ teaspoon cloves
2 cups milk

Mix ingredients in order given. Turn into pie plate lined with rich pastry and bake in hot oven for 1 hour. Reduce the heat after first fifteen minutes.

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