Quality You'll Enjoy

"SALADA" TEA

MARRYING MARK . . . .

by

Violette Kimball Dunn

SYNOPSIS

After Mark Alexander's beautiful wife Ellen died, her whole family became interested in Valerie, Ellens' 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. Elise meets Mark at the office and drives home with him, criticizing Lucy all the way. Mark leaves her at her door and drives on, half amused, half disgusted.

CHAPTER 19

He turned in at his own gates feeling as if he had escaped from something. He found Shirley, wrapped in the white bath coat, just getting into her car. Lucy and Valerie stood together, in their swimming suits, by the running board.

Valerie cried out when she saw him, and ran to kiss him, standing carefully bowed, not to get him wet. "Oh—we missed you!" she said.

"What do you mean, missed?" he laughed. "Compared to the way I missed you, you're a rank outsider!"

"You see," she told Lucy. "I told you he wanted to be here and couldn't."

"Did I!" he said. He held out a hand each to Shirley and Lucy. It was marvelous to be back where he could breathe.

"I only pretended to come for swimming," said Shirley.

He jumped in beside Shirley now, and drove with her down to his gates. He had gathered in some mysterious way that she had something more to say to him.

Shirley drew up just this side of the lodge, shut off the engine, and sat looking at him. He looked back, his eyes full of admiration.

He found he was suddenly untroubled by whatever she was going to tell him. "I gathered there was something on your mind," he said lazily.

"Nothing important."

He relaxed more completely. Whatever it was, he was not in for another lecture on the properties.

"I didn't want to speak before Valerie, in case you didn't approve of what I was going to say."

'Wonderous wise—you, I mean," he said softly.

Shirley smiled at him. "Rather stupid, really. However — I just want to give a little party for her. And Lucy too, of course, if she cares for anything so juvenile. That girl's a wonder, by the way."

"I'm glad you think so," said Mark. He wondered if she knew how glad.

Valerie was filled with alternate shivers of delight and dread at the thought of Shirley's party. She loved to dance, and the prospect of going off alone just to be amused was stupendous. She relayed Shirley's invitation to Lucy, who wisely declined it. Lucy telephoned Shirley when Valerie was out of hearing. "You're sweet to ask me," she said, "but I think I shan't come. You'll understand how it is. I've been longing for her to know children her own age. But I didn't know just how to go about it."

"I wish you'd told me," Shirley's voice came back warmly. "I'd love to help, whenever I can. Maybe you'll have lunch with me some day soon. There are some things I might be able to tell you—"

Something in her tone made Lucy agree eagerly. "I'd love it," she said. "Call me when you want me. And do make it soon."

Valerie went off in state, driven by Catlet. She looked rather like a pale pink cloud in her flesh-colored dancing frock, with a tiny string of pearls about her throat.

Alone With Mark

It wasn't until Chiltern announced dinner that Lucy realized she was sitting down to her first meal alone with Mark. It was early September, and summer was still in the air. Lucy wore white, and her eyes were dark under the gold of her hair.

It was the purest gold Mark had ever seen. Neither platinum nor honye, but the color of an old burnished coin. It lay in smooth waves against her little head, and Mark found himself suddenly longing to touch it. The gold of Ellen's hair had been pale and exquisite, and her eyes a curious, almost purple blue. But the gold on this girl's head was like a crown.

Lucy rested him just because she had missed beauty by the merest fraction. Her skin was delicate and white, and the contrast of her eyes and hair would always set her a little apart. Taken one by one, her features were charming. Assembled, they somehow lacked the intangible quality of beauty.

"The modern spirit. I suppose you would call it," said Mrs. Banwood to Chiltern. He had just carried the big silver tray with its shinning coffee service out to the terrace, where Mark and Lucy relaxed in long chairs of split bamboo, and watched the tiny cresent of the moon.

"The world's gone on since your time and mine, if that's what you mean,' agreed Chiltern amiably.

He knew quite well that she was registering disapproval of affairs on the terrace. And he knew she dared not voice them more explicitly without encouragement from him, which she would never get. So he smiled blandly and went back to see if there was something more he could do for Mark and Lucy.

Life An Interlude

There was, for they both declined a second cup of coffee; and presently he went back to Mrs. Banwood, carrying the tray before him like a sort of shining shield.

"A beautiful night," he said sentimentally. "Sets one to thinking of all sorts of things. Youth, and summer—"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Banwood.

Mark looked across to where Lucy rested, arms behind her golden head. She looked hardly more than the wraith of a girl, for they had turned off the terrace lights, and there was only the faint gleam of the little moon, and the glimmer of low-hung innumerable stars. Scents drifted up to them with every slightest stirring of air. The almost unearthly perfume of roses, and the fragrance of late-blooming honeysuckle floated about them.

It came over Lucy with a sudden stab, that she would sometime leave all this for that drab world where there were bills to pay and work to do. Nothing that she did at present was the least like work. Life was just a sort of unbelievable interlude where beauty and kindness were like the air they breathed.

She was delightfully conscious of Mark, but only as an accompaniment to her thoughts. So she started when he got up and dropped down on a stool beside her chair.

"Bored?" he asked. It was a different voice from the family-circle one he used every day. She looked at him in amazement.

"Bored?" she echoed. She thought she could hardly have undertsood him.

"Well—I just wondered. There are always the village movies, you know."

"If you think I could even pretend to want movies, with all the pictures the night makes in this gorgeous garden, you must think I'm a good actor," she said.

"I think you're a bad actor. That's why I like you such a lot." It startled him to realize he could almost have said "love," even without meaning it.

(To Be Continued)

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ISSUE 43—'41

Fun and Study Amid The Blitz

A radiogram for dancing, a billiard table, a piano, a dartboard, and equipment for film shows are among the improvements which have been installed during the Summer in a public air raid shelter at Marylebone, which has accommodation for nearly 300 people.

Lectures, spelling bees and whist-drives are to be arranged for many shelterers by the Marylebone Council Shelter Welfare Council.

Small libraries and radio sets have already been installed.

SHIRTWAIST FROCK FOR JUNIORS

By Anne Adams

Junior special! This shirtwaist frock with its "peasanty" look is designed by Anne Adams and is a perfect style for back-to-school wear. Pattern 4878 will be easy for Mother to make, especially with the help of the illustrated Sewing Instructor. The skirt is made in four sections, gathered into a bias waist-band back and front. Bias, too, are the unusually shaped yoke and the cuff-bands on the short puff sleeves. Gathers below the yoke give fullness to the bodice, and a little Peter Pan collar adds a youthful air. For winter wear you can make the sleeves full-length, gathered into a narrow wristband. Make up this frock in a sprightly checked gingham or use contrast for yoke, sleevebands and collar —so gay!

Pattern 4878 is available in girls' sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 12 takes 4⅛ yards 35 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.

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TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

SWEET POTATO HELPS

For the homemaker who is aiming to put a pleasing variety into her menus the sweet potato is a spendid help. Besides serving them in the plain, but excellent, baked and boiled styles, you can do other very interesting things with them. These recipes will point the way to some of them.

CANDIED SWEET POTATOES

6 medium sized potatoes
⅓ cup melted shortening
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup brown sugar
¼ cup water

Wash and cook potatoes until tender; drain, peel, cut in halves lengthwise and arrange in a shallow greased pan. Cover with the melted fat and a syrup made by cooking brown sugar and water together for five minutes. Sprinkle with salt and bake in a slow oven 350 degrees F. for one hour, basting frequently. Potatoes should be transparent when done.

GLAZED SWEET POTATOES

6 medium sized potatoes
⅓ cup sugar
1 tablespoon butter

Wash and pare potatoes; parboil 10 minutes. Drain and cut in halves lengthwise and place in buttered baking dish. Make a syrup of sugar and water; boil three minutes and add butter. Pour one-half syrup over potatoes and bake until soft—about 15 minutes, basting twice with the remaining syrup.

SOUTHERN SWEET POTATOES

6 medium sized potatoes
2 tablespoons butter
⅓ cup thinly sliced lemon
1½ cups cold water
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups brown sugar

Slice parboiled potatoes thickly and cover each layer with sugar, lots of butter and lemon slices. Add water and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) until tender—about one hour; then brown beneath flame.

For Variations, use maple syrup instead of sugar and water:—use half and half parboiled sweet potatoes and raw sour sliced apples; replace ½ cup water with orange juice and add 4 tablespoons of grated orange rind; replace half brown sugar by molasses.

SWEET POTATO BOULETTES

6 medium sized potatoes
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
4 tablespoons melted butter
3 slices cooked bacon
Parsley

Cook potatoes until tender; rice and mash well. Add salt, pepper and 3 tablespoons melted shortening. When cool enough to handle, form into round balls 2 inches in diameter. Sprinkle with chopped bacon; brush with 1 tablespoon melted butter and brown in a moderate oven for 12 minutes. Garnish with parsley.

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.

A Hallowe'en Party At Home

By: KATHARINE BAKER

Hallowe'en is one festival which the youngsters claim for themselves. The idea of ghosts, goblins, black cats and witches wandering about doesn't seem to appeal to or even frighten adults but the kids love to scare themselves and each other on this make-believe night. Even if the older children don't take the horrors of Hallowe'en seriously, they do like to dress up in weird costumes and celebrate the occasion with a party.

Unless parents arrange some sort of a "do" at home for the children of all ages, they are likely to wander around the streets getting into various brands of mischief. So having a home party where the youngsters can be supervised, is well worth the extra time and work of arranging a party and preparing refreshments. Games for a Hallowe'en party are so standardized that they are no problem. Bobbing for apples is a "must" in the games line as is also this delicious chocolate cake in the refreshment line. It is topped with an orange frosting to harmonize with the Hallowe'en color scheme.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
1 egg, well beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
¾ cup milk

Sift flour once, me sure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well; then add chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in greased pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches, in moderate oven (325°F.) 1 hour. Cover with Orange Butter Frosting.

ORANGE BUTTER FROSTING

Grated rind of 1 orange
Grated rind of 1 lemon
¼ cup orange juice
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 egg yolk
¼ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons butter
3 cups sifted confectioner's sugar

Add orange and lemon rind to orange juice and allow to stand 10 minutes. Strain. Combine lemon juice, egg yolk, salt, butter, and confectioner's sugar. Add orange juice until of right consistency to spread. Beat until smooth and spread on cake. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers.

• Ask your grocer for Calumet. Try it and see how *double-action* permits you to use less and still get better results.

Notice, too, how the Calumet tin opens at a slight twist of the wrist—yet never spills, even when full. Under the lid is a handy device to level each spoonful as you use it.

CALUMET IS PRICED SURPRISINGLY LOW

Labor Training Shows Increase

Canada, dipping deep into its reserves of labor to man increasingly busy factories, also has extended labor-training programs to an extent unknown in the past, Labor Department officials said.

War emergency training program reports that 33,003 persons took training from April 1 to Aug. 3. The 93 schools and training centres reported 10,063 were actually in training on Aug. 1.

Large numbers of those in the lower age groups of the classes are young men who have been rejected for enlistment. Selection officers have instructions to avoid admitting to classes men of military age except those rejected.

The Hired Man Is On Way Out

These college economists are always up to some startling discovery. Now, out of Michigan State College, comes the surmise that the hired man, once the back-bone of the nation's farms, is on the way out. The reasons are given as mechanized equipment, the draft and the luring away of farm help by higher wages in the cities.

If the time ever comes when there are no more hired men on our farms it will be too bad. The hired man, at his best, was a bucolic Admirable Crichton. He was a hostler, farrier, milker, veterinarian, horticulturist, poultry-man, sheep shearer, woodchopper, obstetrician for ewes, plowman, dietitian and full of advice and opinions (some of them sensible, on all of earth's problems.

A Draftee's Prayer

Grant this, O God, that I might be
Of service to my land,
And that I serve it for a year
With heart, and head, and hand.
And ere the year has gone, I pray
The folks back home will see
That I'm a better citizen
Than the one I used to be.
And may the time come, Lord, when I
Can show my Uncle Sam,
Not what I was, or want to be
But what I really am.
I want to be the best Draftee
Fort Jackson ever knew
And if I am, I won't forget
To give my thanks to You.
Now, Lord, since you're a busy man,
I'll stop and call again;
You won't forget to answer this,
My Prayer, O Lord—Amen.

SCOUTING . . .

To the end of September some 1500 British sailors had spent "shore leave" at the rest camp maintained for them by the Scouts of Halifax.

* * *

Like the Boy Scout organizations of other countries overrun by the invading Nazis, the Scouts of Norway have now been banned.

In addition to their many other wartime activities on the home front the Boy Scouts of Britain during the past summer held organized wild fruit picking expeditions, at the request of the Government. Canadian boys may be surprised to know there were sufficient kinds and quantities of wild fruit in Britain to make such expeditions worth while. The list given includes blackberries, bilberries, rowanberries, crab apples and sloes. All were used for the making of jam.

* * *

One of Britain's blitz heroes decorated by His Majesty the King with the British Empire Medal was Scoutmaster Douglas Vosper of Plymouth, for his part in the gallant work done by his Boy Scout Trailer Pump Crew during a sustained Nazi raid on the port. The Boy Scout Bronze Cross also was awarded Scoutmaster Vosper, and posthumously to Troop Leader Donald Cummins. The Silver Cross was awarded Scouts Sidney Cummins and Bernard Doidge of the pump crew.

Scoutmaster Vosper, failing to pass the medical test for the Forces, joined the Auxiliary Fire Service with some of his Scouts, and directed his Scout Crew on the night in question until one was killed and two so badly injured that they collapsed from loss of blood.

The Scoutmaster took his boys to a first aid post, and returned to the scene and carried on until his hose was torn to shreds by bomb splinters. He then joined other firemen. He worked throughout the night and well into the next day, only desisting when his heart failed, and he collapsed.

Australia Has Enough Bauxite

Since local deposits have been found adequate for all its needs, Australia has ceased importing bauxite.

"Too much coffee and tea gave Mrs. Brown the best case of caffeine-nerves I ever saw. Poor sleep for weeks — her temper flared like a skyrocket. I was proud of the way she made life miserable for everybody till some meddler got her to switch to Postum. Naturally that was the end of the end of me."

T. N. Coffee Nerves

If you are troubled with sleeplessness, have headaches, and upset nerves, you may be one of the many people who should never drink coffee or tea. Don't be a victim of caffeine-nerves! Postum *contains no caffeine*—is delicious and costs less per cup. Made instantly in the cup with no waste. Order Postum today.

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