MARRYING MARK . . . .

by

Violette Kimball Dunn

CHAPTER 26

Dorothy was resting in her room when Mark and Valerie returned. She could hear them laughing in the hall below, and then on the stairs. She was by now thoroughly frightened by what she had done.

She wondered now how she could have been so weak as to leave Lucy alone. Just because a girl from nobody knew where had had the impertinence to order her out of the room! The whole thing hinged now on whether Lucy had left a note. What had she said in it? If she had told Mark the truth, things would be worse than ever. If, however, she had gone decently and said nothing, or merely "good-bye," who could connect it with Dorothy?

She put on what she considered a particularly fascinating frock, and went downstairs, trying to look as if nothing hd happened.

Mark and Valerie were waiting for her, and went in immediately to dinner. One look at them told her Lucy had gone. Valerie was very pale, and had obviously been crying. Mark was hardly himself at all. His face was very stern, and he looked years older than when he had driven away that morning.

Dinner was eaten practically in silence. They seemed driven by some inner haste, and left the table when Dorothy had barely finished her dessert. Mark beckoned her into the library, and Valerie followed. She had begun to cry once more, and Mark put his arm around her as he faced Dorothy.

Dorothy Is Questioned

"Miss Tredway has gone," he said flatly. "She left a note, but it means nothing." Dorothy drew a deep breath. "The whole thing is a mystery. Totally unlike her in every way. Of course something happened after we left this morning. I'm making it my business to find out what it was. Can you tell me anything?"

Dorothy lifted innocently injured eyes to his. "I'll do everything I can, of course. But I'm afraid it isn't much. You see, I spent most of the day in my room. I had a lot of letters to write. I saw Miss Tredway at lunch for a few moments. I'm afraid that's all."

"Of course it isn't all!" said Mark. "Naturally, I'm not questioning what you say. But there's something back of it. Have you any idea where she went? Or at what time?"

"I told you I didn't even know she was gone," said Dorothy. That, at least, was the truth, she thought virtuously.

Valerie laid her head against Mark's arm, sobbing. He had shown her Lucy's little note. In all her life, nothing had ever hurt her so much.

"It must be me—I mean, I—" she said. I'd have done anything for her —father—" She broke down completely.

Mark gave her a gentle shake, and spoke almost roughly. "Stop it, Val! Lucy will come back! You'll have to pull yourself together!"

"Your father is quite right," said Dorothy. It was probably better to take some part in it than to stand and say nothing. "There was nothing about the young woman, after all, that is worth your making yourself ill over."

Valerie raised her head. She wiped her eyes and faced her aunt. "Lucy is the most wonderful person in the world next to my father! You could not possibly understand. I am going upstairs, father. I'll do whatever you want. If you say you'll find her, you will. So everything will be all right." She turned and ran out of the room.

Dorothy gathered up her dignity. "I shall go to my room, too, if you'll excuse me," she said. "I find I may have to leave quite suddenly. Perhaps in the morning—"

If she expected any opposition to this, she was disappointed. He nodded, as if he hardly knew what she was talking about.

Mark sat down by the fire in a complete daze. He tried to reason it out. He would have staked anything on Lucy. Why had she gone?

Chilten brought in fresh cigarettes for the antique silver box. He filled it, and set it on the table within reach. Filled Mark's cup again. Made obvious, small excuses to linger in the room. Mark looked up at him suddenly. Why hadn't he thought of the man before?

Chiltern was at the doorway when Mark called. He came back and stood beside Mark's chair.

"Yes, sir?"

"I want you to forget yourself," Mark said surprisingly. "Yes. All about your station, or position, or whatever you call it. I'm in a devil of a mess, and I have a hunch you could help me out."

"Quite, sir," said Chiltern. "You mean Miss Lucy, I suppose."

"Of course I mean Miss Lucy. I leave the house this morning with everybody happy, and everything as usual. I come back at night and the place is disrupted. Miss Tredway has left, and nobody can tell me why—"

"She could hardly be expected to do anything else, sir—not after what happened this morning. Not her kind of young lady," said Chiltern.

Mark jumped to his feet. "Now we are getting somewhere. What the devil did happen? That's just what I'm trying to find out."

Mrs. Summerville went to Miss Lucy's rooms sir. I went to your rooms to look at that defective light as you told me. As I passed Miss Lucy's sitting room, I heard voices. I recognized Mrs. Summerville's. I could hardly help hearing what she said. Anybody could have. After that, I—I paused, as you might say, until she finished. Until—well, until Miss Lucy showed her the door."

(To be continued)

JUMPER ENSEMBLE IS VIVACIOUS

By Anne Adams

Going places . . . this jolly jumper ensemble with its little Scotch bonnet to match! Anne Adams designed Pattern 4846 for the active junior crowd. There's a V-necked, front-buttoned jumper, whose bib-like bodice continues as a panel in the skirt. The same effect is repeated in the back. The side sections of the skirt, which has no side seams, are cut on the bias. If you like, the jumper may be snap-fastened down the front, using buttons only for trim. The contrast blouse has a little Peter Pan collar and long or short sleeves. Add the big bow at the neck, unless you use a high round neckline on the jumper. This ensemble is finished quickly with the Sewing Instructor's help.

Pattern 4846 is available in girls' sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 10, jumper and cap, takes 1¾ yards 54 inch fabric and blouse, 1½ 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. W, Toronto. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

Most of the 26 students of the College of Art in Dundee, Scotland, preparing maps for R.A.F. fliers are women.

STOP BABY'S SNIFFLES

Don't let baby suffer from head cold one unnecessary moment. Relieve, without delay, that sniffling and sneezing . . . the sore, irritated nostrils . . . choked-up passages that make breathing difficult and painful. Mentholatum brings quick relief *or money back.*

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ISSUE 50—'41

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BORN WITH 2 TEETH

Beverly Ann Saxton shows cameraman at Cleveland hospital the two lower teeth that came into this world right along with her. Beverly was 11 days old when this picture was made.

Follow The Rules In Making Cake

By: KATHARINE BAKER

How often have we apologized for a cake failure by saying we had "bad luck" with it? There's really nothing magic in making a perfect cake and with the proper care little will be left to chance. First, of course, we select good ingredients, accurate measurement is essential to the success of your cake and careful mixing of equal importance. Then quite often the oven gets the blame for spoiling the best of batters so it's impossible to over-emphasize the necessity of using the temperatures and baking periods called for in the recipes.

With these suggestions and the following recipe you can make a cake that will be a triumph. It will prove a treat for the whole family and it's economical too.

Orange Layer Cake

2½ cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
Grated rind of 1 lemon
⅔ cup butter or other shortening
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons water
¼ teaspoon salt
Grated rind of 1 orange
1½ cups sugar
3 eggs, unbeaten
5 tablespoons orange juice

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Add lemon and orange rind to butter, and cream thoroughly; add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition. Add flour, alternately with combined fruit juice and water, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) 20 minutes. Spread Orange Butter Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

Orange Butter Frosting

Grated rind of 1 orange
2 teaspoons lemon juice
3 tablespoons butter
Grated rind of ½ lemon
1 egg yolk
3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
¼ cup orange juice
¼ teaspoon salt

Add orange and lemon rind to orange juice and allow to stand 10 minutes. Strain. Combine lemon juice, egg yolk, salt, butter and confectioners' 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.

British Blockade Affecting Germany

An official of the Ministry of Economic Warfare said that Germany is so short of wool that German sailors have been discovered wearing pants of artificial silk, paper and fur.

He said there is "definite evidence" that the British blockade is having an effect on Germany and "the fact that the German army and navy is affected makes us begin to be optimistic.

He said other effects of "the two years steady, unrelenting pressure" were that 40 per cent. was cut from German clothes rations and last month the cheese ration was cut in half.

Mrs. Leroy's Female Pills

For painful and delayed periods

Extra Strength, $4.00

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Toronto

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Holiday Small Cakes

The recipes I should like to give you on this subject are legion. However for the space we shall endeavour to give you what we think you will like best.

The small cake has become a staple article in almost any collection of goodies, and it has become a social leader in this era with its lovely hospitality. This sweet little morsel can always appear with grace before the unexpected visitor. It is splendid with fruit, custard or frozen desserts, and will aways "fill the bill" admirably for an evening lunch preceded by the inevitable sandwich.

I am giving these favorites to help fill the cookie jar or for the hidden box, to be ready for the jolly times before and after the arrival of Santa Claus.

Short Bread

1 cup butter
½ cup light brown sugar (rolled very fine)
2 cups flour

Cream butter until very light. Gradually blend in the sugar. Beat until light and fluffy. Measure flour and sift three times. Turn mixture on a lightly floured board, mixing in the flour (kneading until the mixture is covered with cracks). Place in a pan ungreased. Cut according to your preference, either in squares or with fancy cookie cutters, decorating the top with nuts or cherries. Red and green cherries help your Christmas color scheme.

Fruit Macaroons

2 egg whites
⅛ teaspoon salt
⅜ cup fruit sugar
½ teaspoon almond extract
1 cup shredded cocoanut (very fine)
½ cup chopped filberts
¼ cup candied cherries (chopped)
¼ cup chopped dates.

Beat whites of eggs very stiff but not dry and add the salt. Beat the sugar in very slowly, beating after each addition until very stiff. Add flavoring, cocoanut, nuts and fruits. Drop with a teaspoon on a floured pan preferably dusted with cornstarch. Bake in a slow oven until a light brown.

Butterscotch Dreams

½ cup butter
1 cup brown sugar
1 egg
⅞ cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ cup rolled pecans
1 teaspoon vanilla

Melt butter. Mix in the brown sugar and cool until almost lukewarm. Add the egg slightly beaten; mix thoroughly. Sift the required amount of flour, salt, baking powder, three times. Combine the mixtures well. Add nuts and vanilla. Bake in moderate oven in greased pan 10 x 10 inches.

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.

British Babies Must Sacrifice

Touching Highlight on Food Rationing Told by The Stratford Beacon-Herald

Even the little babies of Britain share in wartime sacrifices. A touching highlight on food rationing in the Motherland is furnished in an advertisement inserted in Old Country newspapers by the British Ministry of Food. The advertisement calls upon the housewives of the United Kingdom to observe the instructions broadcast each morning—the "Kitchen Front Broadcast," as it is significantly called.

There are many severe restrictions under the rationing system, and many suggestions for overcoming the effects of the lack of former foods. It will suffice, we think, to quote only three extracts from the official advertisement. Read them:

"Instead of orange juice, give baby swede or turnip juice, sweetened, of course. To do him the same amount of good as orange juice, Baby needs three times the quantity of either of these vegetable juices.

"Make stale bread into rusks or cut in cubes, bake it until golden brown, and use in the same way as breakfast cereal.

"Rinse out milk bottles with a little cold water; use the milky liquid in cooking, because every drop of milk is valuable and should not be wasted."

Defying danger and death, the people of the British Isles make the most of their rationed foods. Turnip juice for their babies . . . stale bread for cereals . . . milk bottle rinsings for cooking. Brave, cheerful Britons, you shame complacent Canadians!

Why Sugar-Coat The War News ?

The Question Is Asked And Answered By The Peterborough Examiner

Why do Canadian newspapers play up only the bright side of the war news; why do they tell of these small offensives the Russians are launching when we all know that the Germans are continually pushing them back, some weeks possibly more than others, until things in Russia today are certainly very black for the Allies? Yes, this was the question asked a member of the Examiner the other day.

We were rather stumped for the minute for we had rather thought that we had tried to steer a course on a pretty even keel and we have known times, that when we did reveal the defeats and reverses suffered by the Russians in our headlines, that readers have nearly burned the telephone wires up the next day just telling us what they thought of the Examiner and the way it was handling the war news from Russia. Their remarks were certainly not very complimentary towards us, especially when a metropolitan paper had played up a Russian success where only a front of a few miles had been involved while the general front is hundreds and hundreds of miles long.

Just What Hitler Wants

Experience has taught us that Canadians do not like to hear unfavorable news, they just want to keep on in their old ways, having all the pleasure they can find and they never want to be told that the Empire is in danger, they just like to continue in their own selfish way. Newspapers are published to be read, and the manner of treating the news while it often goes against the grain of editors they know what their readers are wanting. In the despatches from Russia every day, if you take twelve headline writers, six could play up totally different stories in the way the public wants it and from the same despatches another six could play up advances made by the Germans.

Yes, the readers want sugar-coated news, not knowing that all this is just what Hitler wants, for has he not written in Mein Kampf: "It will be my duty to fight the next war in such a terrible manner that my enemies cannot endure it. Every nation will imagine that it alone will escape. I shall not even need to destroy them one by one. Selfishness and lack of foresight will prevent each one fighting until it is too late."

3 American Girls Test The Censors

They Played a Prank and Received a Stern Warning Received a Stern Warning From the R.C.M.P.

When three American girls on a cycling visit to Canada decided to test the efficiency of the War Measures Act, they were like the man with a gun who didn't know it was loaded.

From Bridgewater, N. S., they mailed two postcards to friends in the United States. One card read:

Having wonderful time! Met Heinrich at the Green Lantern. The country is beautiful. Plans O.K. Two days behind schedule but whizzing along. Gottfried is safe in Yarmouth. We met him here Saturday. The third division sails next week.

Aufwiedersehn, K2.

The censor intercepted the postcards and referred the matter to the R.C.M. Police. The girls were later detained at the Boston-Yarmouth boat wharf, Yarmouth. All three were employees of Harvard Univesity, Cambridge, Mass. They were questioned separately, and their stories, frankly told, coincided on all points; that they had meant no harm; that Heinrich and Gottfried were imaginary — only names; that they had assumed the suspicious parts of the writing would be scratched out and the cards delivered to their destinations; that it was all just a joke.

The visitors received a stern warning and were permitted to leave.

DOUBLE-ACTING

CUTS BAKING COSTS 3 WAYS

• Calumet is one of the world's largest-selling baking powders *because it gives such fine results,* due to its double action.

It leavens during mixing — continues to leaven in the oven. Easy-opening, won't-spill container, with handy measuring device under the lid. AND THE PRICE IS SURPRISINGLY LOW. L21

DOUBLE-ACTING

ANOTHER HULL RIDES PACIFIC

Another corvette slides smoothly down the launching ways from a shipyard on the Pacific. Both cargo ships and the smaller vessels of war are being turned out at a steady pace by British Columbia's humming yards.