MARRYING MARK . . . .

by

Violette Kimball Dunn

CHAPTER 20

An hour later, when the flood light of a late moon showed only the empty expanse of a deserted highway, Mark spoke again.

"Do you happen to remember the time Mrs. Summerville went to talk to Miss Lucy?"

"It was about twelve."

"Then they didn't have lunch together?"

"Certainly not, sir. Mrs. Summerville had a tray sent to her room. By that time, Miss Tredway must have gone."

"Could I do a bit of driving, Sir?" Chiltern offered presently. "You must be wanting a nap."

"Not yet thanks," replied Mark. Sleep was the last thing for him. He would, he told himself, go nuts if he had to sit and do nothing but think.

It was a few minutes before six when he caught sight of a lumbering shape drawn well off the road about twenty-five miles out of Allington. Tiny faint streaks of wintry dawn lay low on the horizon.

He freed a hand, and rubbed his eyes. He stopped his car about fifty yards behind the old van and shook Chiltern gently by the arm.

The man sat straight, his sober bowler hat a trifle rakishly over one eye, and regarded Mark remorsefully. "I slept, sir," he apologized.

"Oh—that's all right," whispered Mark excitedly, as if the dawn had ears. "Do you see what I see? Ahead of us?"

The Ark Ahead

Chiltern peered out and sleep immediately vanished. "That's it, sir," he cried. "There she is!" His excitement fully matched Mary's.

"Hold everything!" said Mark.

He opened the door and jumped out, sprawling full length beside the car.

Chiltern leaped after him as he got gingerly to his feet. "Are you hurt, sir? What happened?" asked the man anxiously.

"The old knees folded up. I guess I'm not an all-night driver. Get in and wait. I'll be back."

Chiltern climbed back in the car, and Mark crept stealthily up on the Ark. The lines were unmistakable, even with its new coat of blue. Was the poor little idiot camping in the back, as she had done so long ago?

He would look in the front first. If she wasn't there, he would open up the back. He swung himself to the step, opened the door, and saw her. She was slumped over the wheel, the soft fur of her coat framing her small cold face.

The most terrible fear he had ever known gripped him. He slipped into the seat beside her and lifted her in his arms. Her head fell back against him and she opened her eyes. He was almost ill with relief.

She lay in his arms and continued to look up at him. He could see sleep give way to a sort of daze and at last to the reality of his presence. She started up but he only gathered her more completely into his arms.

"What—" they cried at once.

Mark laughed. After all what did it matter what they were asking each other?

"Ladies first," he said. "Not that I care. I know all about it, dear heart—I mean, why you left—why you have to come back—"

Lucy shook her head. "How?" she asked.

"Chiltern."

"What a man!" She smiled a wry little frozen smile. "I drove all night. I wanted to get to Allington as soon as I could. A little while ago I got so sleepy I didn't dare go on. So I pulled up here. I thought I'd just shut my eyes a minute—"

"My poor little imbecile—you might have frozen. Somebody might have come along—"

"Somebody did," said Lucy.

Lucy's Troubles Happily Ended

The possibilities of her fate did not trouble her now Mark tucked a small strand of gold under Lucy's little hat and kissed her. She lay against his shoulder looking up at him. She felt that if he never were to say a word of love to her in all his life, she would know from his kiss.

"I suppose they have ministers at Allington?" he said presently.

"Ministers?"

"They marry people. I can furnish all the rest, the bride, the groom, an even the best man."

"But—Mark—"

"I have Chiltern back there in the car. From now on, Chiltern is a national institution." He heard himself talking rubbish, and didn't care. He knew now that he had never really held a girl in his arms until now.

Lucy laughed softly. Mark loved her. She knew it now. Of course there would never be another like him. She crowded closer in his arms.

"As soon as I've got you safely married," said Mark, "I'll send Chiltern home in the Ark. Valerie can stay on with Shirley for a bit. What is your choice in honey moons?"

"What honeymoons have you?" asked Lucy. She wondered if they had just discovered happiness.

"Practically all brands," he assured her. "I never knew being in love was like this."

"I did," said Lucy.

He drew her onto his knees and pulled the heavy blanket robe about them. She rested against him in fathomless content.

THE END.

BUDGET MODE IS SLENDERIZING

By Anne Adams

Calling all budgeteers . . calling all larger figures . . Pattern 4777 is designed just for you by Anne Adams! First of all, it has that practical front buttoning that is such a favorite for easy laundering and also gives you trim up-and-down lines. Then it is fitted just where you need it, through the bust and the waistline—by the bias side sections of the bodice. They are repeated in the back. The effect is even more stunning in checks or plaids. Make a short-sleeved version for work, in a brisk cotton with perhaps a contrast collar; another long-sleeved frock in wool for all-around wear. The Sewing Instructor illustrates every step in finishing this pattern quickly. Order it now and join the Sew-Your-Own Brigade!

Pattern 4777 is available in women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 takes 4⅝ 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.

"Kathleen"

Adapted from the M. G. M. picture starring Shirley Temple as the "Poor Little Rich Girl."

Beginning Next Week

It Is Smart To Be Thrifty

Wear your coat another year; if necessary have it turned and remade.

This is the tip passed on by economists of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. Canadians demand of their Government the greatest possible war effort. The co-operation of the public is needed to make this possible.

Canada needs the materials and manpower that go into civilian industries, so people on the home front are advised to learn how to manage with less.

It is not only coats that must be "made do" but everything. Clothing and household equipment should be kept on the go as long as possible, for although store stocks in some lines still appear unlimited, shortages are bound to occur.

45 Russian Women 'Man' Ocean Ship

When it comes to women in the war, 45 females who visited at an East Coast Canadian port a few weeks ago, can take the laurels for front line service.

They are in the merchant marine—members of a freighter's crew of 49 whose only males are the skipper, first mate, chief engineer and his assistant.

Ranging in age from 25 to 35 years, the feminine tars do their jobs like seasoned hands. The majority of them were Russians—wind-tanned amazons, on their second voyage across the Atlantic.

Their hair closely cropped and wearing heavy, warm jumpers, overalls and high boots, they whistled while they worked, stowing ropes, polishing hand rails, scrubbing decks and cooking the meal in the galley.

Below the decks ten other brawny girls swung coal from the bunkers to the stoke-hold to keep the engines turning.

"I have never had a better behaved crew," said the skipper. These women sailors are a credit to themselves, to their ship and to their new calling."

In times of danger at sea they had shown the coolness of veteran fighters.

"They have put the taboo on this talk of the weaker sex," he said. "Some of them are stronger in mind and body than the men in the crew."

COMMANDS SECOND DIVISION

Major General H. D. G. Crerar is here shown behind the sights of an anti-tank gun during an inspection tour at Petawawa training camp. General Crerar has recently been appointed commander of the 2nd Canadian Division overseas, succeeding Maj.-Gen. Victor W. Odlum, who becomes Canada's high commissioner to Australia. Maj.-Gen. K. Stuart succeeded Gen. Crerar as chief of general staff.

Orchardettes For The Small Estate

Many homeowners who would enjoy picking the ripe fruit in season from their own trees have room on their estates for only one tree says The Christian Science Monitor. This limits the picking to one kind of fruit. For such homeowners, says a horticultural article, there is now a tree from which they may garner various kinds of fruit. Instead of five trees with five varieties of apples, the small-yard man may have an apple "orchardette" of one tree with five types grafted on. Or, for another example, a plum-and-peach tree; esthetically, the article mentions the beauty of a plum-peach-apricot tree.

It is not suggested that the home-owner can have on his tree all kinds of fruit indigenous to the climate; but a reasonable assortment should satisfy most. Evidently, too, the orchardette has other advantages. One tree is easier than an orchard for a busy man to take care of; and there would be just about enough of each kind of fruit for the family, thus disposing of a bothersome surplus often incidental to the ownership of even one single-fruit tree.

This may seem to most home-owners too good to be true. Since they are first cousins, so to speak, could the kind horticulturists please arrange for a not-too-big tree that will have apple blossoms in Spring, roses in Summer, and red-cheeked fruit in Fall?

"No Separates"

The other day (writes a correspondent in the Liverpool Post) I saw a notice printed on a fish and chip shop window which aroused my curiosity. I read as follows: "No separates from today."

Wondering what special brand of food was being withdrawn from the public I asked a boy who was coming out of the shop with a parcel what it meant. "It means" he replied, "you have got to have your fish and chips in one piece of paper and not separated. They are short of paper."

A Great Record

Birmingham Warship Week was an unqualified success, and the fact that more than £10,000,000 was raised is an achievement that redounds to the credit of the city. It has to be remembered that in all these efforts Birmingham has consistently set itself a more and more difficult task. To obtain $10,000,000 in a week was an accomplishment that has not been previously equalled.

When Weather Cold The Dessert Is Hot

By KATHARINE BAKER

It just wouldn't be fall without rich and flavorsome steamed puddings for dessert occasionally. In fact, steamed puddings are so popular that many kitchens boast a complete steaming outfit. If you haven't one however, don't let that stop you from serving hot puddings. A deep saucepan may be used, provided it has a tight cover. In the bottom of the saucepan place a rack on which to stand the molds. Old baking powder or coffee cans make excellent molds because of their tight-fitting covers. These should be thoroughly greased, filled one-half to two-thirds full of pudding mixture and placed on the rack. Have boiling water halfway up around molds. The saucepan should then be tightly covered. There should be enough water to last throughout the first hour of steaming. Later, if any has to be added, it should be boiling water. The water should boil the entire time.

Here is the recipe for the grandest steamed pudding you ever tasted. Serve it hot with Sunshine Foamy Sauce or the traditional hard sauce if you prefer.

STEAMED CHOCOLATE PUDDING

2 cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon salt
⅓ cup butter or other shortening
½ cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
3 squares unsweetened chocolate melted
1 cup milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and cream together thoroughly. Add egg and chocolate, beating until smooth. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating well after each addition. Turn into greased mold, filling 2/3 full, cover tightly and steam 2 hours. Serve hot with Sunshine Foamy Sauce. Garnish with whipped cream, if desired. Serves 10.

SUNSHINE FOAMY SAUCE

¼ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg yolk, unbeaten
Dash of salt
1 egg white, unbeaten
¼ cup cream, whipped
½ teaspoon vanilla.

Sift sugar. Add ½ of sugar to egg yolk and beat until light. Add salt to egg white and beat until foamy throughout. Add remaining sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, beating after each addition until sugar is blended then beat until stiff. Combine egg yolk and egg white mixtures. Fold in whipped cream and vanilla. Makes 1⅓ cups sauce.

BATS FOR BRITISH

New York tenement youngsters made these cricket bats and more as Christmas presents for British refugee children now in this country. Nick Rinaldi, 10, thinks it's a swell idea.

ISSUE 52—'41

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Happy New Year To All! H For Happiness V For Victory For 1942

NEW YEAR'S DINNER MENU

Cranberry Juice Cocktail
Roast Goose Savoury Dressing
Apple Rings
Creamy Mashed Potatoes
Giblet Gravy
Turnip Puff
Mock Mincemeat Pie
Divinity Fudge Salted Almonds
Beverage of Choice

CRANBERRY JUICE COCKTAIL

4 cups cranberries
4 cups water
2 cups granulated sugar

Wash and pick over cranberries, then cook in water until all the skins pop open—about 10 minutes. Strain through a cloth. Bring the juice to boiling point, add sugar and boil two minutes. Serve cold. A little lemon juice may be added, or this cranberry juice may be poured over grapefruit sections, which have been prepared for sherbet glasses.

TURNIP PUFF

1 pint cooked mashed turnip well drained
1 egg slightly beaten
2 tablespoons butter
¼ cup top milk
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Add egg and other ingredients to turnips and mix well. Place in buttered casserole and bake 30 minutes at 375 degrees F.

APPLE RINGS

Core unpeeled red apples and cut in slices about ½ inch thick. Cook in thin sugar syrup 4 to 5 minutes. Drain and cool. Place a cube of cranberry jelly on each slice and top with half a walnut.

Serve with the roast goose.

MOCK MINCEMEAT PIE

1½ cups seeded raisins
4 medium-sized tart apples
Grated rind of 1 orange
Juice of 1 orange
½ cup cider or any fruit juice
¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
2½ tablespoons finely rolled cracker crumbs

Cut the raisins into pieces. Pare core and slice apples. Combine raisins and apples. Add orange rind, orange juice and fruit juice. Cover in saucepan and simmer until apples are soft.

Stir and add sugar, spices and cracker crumbs, blending well. Sufficient for one. Nine inch pie shell. Bake with double crust as ordinary mincemeat pie.

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

Doctors Prescribe Embroidery Work

English doctors are prescribing embroidery for soldiers with nervous trouble.

Knitting, explains Lady Smith-Dorrien, head of the Royal School of Needlework, is not enough to take the mind off worry.

Many women have written to her complaining that they have knitted and knitted until they can knit no longer, and asking her for the best work to take up the entire attention.

To all of them Lady Smith-Dorrien recommends fine embroidery, intricate and difficult work, which wholly occupies the mind.

The same principle is now being applied to the new methods in Britain's wartime hospitals. Mere amusement is not enough: the patient must be given an occupation that is difficult. Thus the needle, so long employed for putting something into him, is now being used, and with excellent results, in getting his worries out.

Stork Very Busy In United States

Census bureau officials say the United States is experiencing the greatest boom in baby production since 1921.

Latest statistics show that the stork is making a new delivery every 14 seconds.

At that rate the stork is moving faster than the undertaker, who makes a call every 23 seconds.

Provisional estimates show that approximately 2,500,000 babies will be born this year of a population of approximately 132,000,000. That represents about 187 babies for every 10,000 persons this year.

In 1937 the birth rate was 171 babies to every 10,000 persons. In 1938 it was 176, and in 1940, 179.

Both the First Great War and the present crisis are partially responsible for the latest upswing in the birth rate, said Dr. Philip Hauser, the census bureau's assistant chief statistician for population.

"The large crop of babies born after the boys got back from the World War have now become old enough to have babies of their own," Dr. Hauser says. "And they are having them."

Bees Rationed

France's 75,000,000 honey bees have been put on food rations.

The Government has assigned 75 tons of sugar for the use of agriculturists in feeding their bees until the spring flowers bloom.

Authorities, fearing that farmers might appropriate the sugar to their own use, have reserved the right to see that the bees do not go hungry.

All English Mothers Now To Be Put On Diet Developed In Ontario

Expert Has Eyes Opened by System at Hospital For Sick Children

INFANT DEATHS CUT

During his recent visit to Canada, Sir Wilson Jameson, chief medical officer of the British Ministry of Health, stated that immediately upon his return to England he would be putting all expectant mothers in Britain on the diet which has been worked out by The Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto.

Sir Wilson said that he had learned much in the few days of his visit to Canada about "things which I hope to take back and put into immediate operation."

"Here is one example of what I mean, having to do with the all-important subject of nutrition, which will, I am confident, assist us to win the war. Work has been going on here, in which, by perfectly simple adjustments in the diet of expectant mothers, you have reduced what we have hitherto considered to be unmanageable deaths of infants under one month of age.

"The work has been done here through your magnificent children's hospital. I'm going to put it into effect at home. I'm going to go back and do it at once. I'm sure that this extremely valuable work being done in Toronto will be of great help to us. We've done what we could but we didn't think of this."

Some idea of the immense value and wide scope of the work of The Hospital for Sick Children may be formed by considering the fact that during the past year alone, over 9,000 sick and crippled children were given treatment in the Public Wards, while the Out-Patient Department handled over 73,000 visits from suffering little ones.

Unlike most other hospitals, this great Institution has no large group of Private Ward beds from which to draw extra revenue which can be applied to Public Ward service. At present 414 of the 434 beds are in the Public Wards.

In these Public Wards, over 80 doctors give their services without charge. The time donated free by this group of doctors, which includes many of Canada's leading child specialists, has been estimated on a conservative basis to be worth at least $200,000.00 per year, if fees were charged. Their skill, acquired through many years of active work with the most difficult type of "problem" cases, cannot be measured in dollars and cents—it is priceless.

The Hospital for Sick Children is operated for but one main purpose—to give the children of those in humble circumstances the same chance for health and happiness as the children of parents who can afford the full cost of hospital care and medical attention.

And, to be effective, medical treatment and hospital care must be given at the time when it is most needed. There can be no second chance for many neglected children. Chronic disease, life-long disfigurement, deformity made permanent, and DEATH—these are the undeserved penalties which neglect inflicts on such little ones.

That is why, regardless of race, creed or financial circumstances, children from every part of Ontario are given medical and hospital treatment up to—and often beyond—the normal capacity of The Hospital for Sick Children.

Operating costs are among the lowest in North America for institutions of similar type—so low that this Hospital's efficient operating method has been cited as an example on many occasions when hospitalization costs have been under discussion.

In The Hospital for Sick Children less than five per cent. of the patients are in private wards. These are the only ones able to pay the full cost of their care. This means that 414 of the 434 beds are in Public Wards where the cost per patient is approximately $1.25 per day more than the combined income from parents (or their municipalities) plus the Government grant.

That is why each year at Christmas time, the Hospital appeals to the charity of generous citizens and business firms for donations to meet its unavoidable deficit. This year, over $92,000.00 must be raised.

No help is received from the Toronto Federation for Community Service as patients are taken from all over the province.

Gifts should be mailed to the Appeal Secretary, The Hospital for Sick Children, 67 College street, Toronto.

There is dire necessity behind this appeal for help—little children depend on it for their chance for health.