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"SALADA" TEA

● SERIAL STORY

WANT-AD ROMANCE

BY TOM HORNER

THE STORY: Over job-seeking want ads pretty Kay Donovan meets jobless salesman Ted Andrews on a park bench. Through a want ad she is located by lawyers MacLeod, Goldberg and Flynn, friends of her inventor-father whom she sought. They inform her that he has passed away, leaving her $428.85, a factory, and a million cans of all-purpose Wondrosoap, his latest invention on which he worked with chemist Hans Stadt, now in Texas, and in which he invested all his savings. Refusing to liquidate her holdings as the lawyers advise, and determined to carry through with the sale of a product in whcih her father apparently had faith, she contacts Ted Andrews through a want ad. He becomes sales manager of the Wondrosoap Company in exchange for a fourth interest in it, is excited to find that it will clean all surfaces, including metal. They plan a teaser campaign through the want add columns.

* * *

CHAPTER IV

WANTED — 1000 CUSTOMERS for amazing new all-purpose cleaner and polisher — WONDROSOAP, the cleaner of 1000 uses. The first 1000 purchasers of this marvelous cleaner will receive one can FREE. See previous WONDROSOAP ads for list of dealers. On sale for first time TODAY!

Ted Andrews clipped the advertisement from the paper, pasted it into a black notebook. "There you are, little brainstorm. Last of a long line of brain-children. Now all you have to do is deliver."

Across the desk, Kay looked up from her list of dealers.

"You're not worried, are you, Ted?" she asked. "We've put out 10,000 cans of Wondrosoap. Surely we'll sell at least a thousand. Maybe we'll sell all 10,000."

"There are a thousand to be given away free," Ted reminded her. "Every person who gets a free one will sign for it. Then we'll pay them for testimonials, after we get started."

"That's a swell scheme," she said, nodding her head.

"Each dealer gives away one can to each of his first hundred purchasers," Ted went on. "We've 15 dealers signed up, grocery stores, drug stores, hardware stores, and one delicatessen. That's 1500 free cans if each one sells his full quota."

"They'll sell it. I've had five calls from dealers asking permission to sell it before the release date," Ted told her. "And we'll keep our promise to give away 1000 free cans. There's still plenty of soap in the warehouse —989,999 cans, to be exact," They laughed together over the figure.

* * *

Wondrosoap was a hit. Even Flynn, MacLeod and Goldberg had to admit it as they checked sales reports until late that night. Every dealer had sold his 100 free-gift customers and more, and one, the delicatessen, had sent a rush order for more stock.

Ted figured slowly on a scratch pad. "We must have sold at least 2500 cans of Wondrosoap. That's $750 clear profit for us, less the cost of the 1500 cans we gave away. And wait until those dealers start reordering! You'll have the old factory boiling full speed ahead trying to keep up with the demand."

"It's fine, Miss Donovan," MacLeod admitted. "I didn't think it could be done. I'll admit I was wrong."

"Me, too," Goldberg chimed in. "We should get out of the lawyer business and go into Wondrosoap."

"Grand, girl!" Flynn's tear-moist eyes mirrored his pride in Kay's achievement. "Now you can start your state sales campaign, and ultimately go national. The country is needing a cleaner like this. I'm going to take some home and try it on my car."

They left at last, offering to take Ted into town, but he pleaded, awkwardly, that he had more work to do, and that he didn't mind the walk or the bus ride.

Kay stood in the moonlight after the lawyers had gone. The factory chimneys cast long shadows on the ground before her. The warehouse loomed black and bulky in the background.

"You've won, Dad," she whispered. "You were right, and I've proved it. I'm so proud, proud to be Tim Donovan's daughter, proud to be the owner of Tim Donovan's factory—"

"I'm proud, too," a voice said beside her. "Proud to be partners with a wonderful girl."

He took her in his arms and she did not push away. Ted's being there, in the moonlight with her, made everything perfect. She lifted her face.

He kissed her, gently.

She broke away from him before he could kiss her again. "No more now," she said. "This is a business proposition. You're my partner, not my sweetheart. If we go falling in love, it will spoil everything. You can't mix business and romance."

"I'm sorry. I couldn't—"

"Don't be sorry, Ted. I wanted you to kiss me then. I would have been disappointed if you hadn't. But right now we've got to sell Wondrosoap. When that warehouse is empty we'll talk moonlight, if you still want to. Is it a deal?"

"It's a deal."

He was gone then, walking slowly up the road to the bus stop, his broad shoulders lost at last in the shadows.

Kay walked slowly into the office. Her lips still tingled from Ted's kiss. He had probably kissed hundreds of girls, and quickly forgotten them. Perhaps he would forget her, too.

She wondered what he would think if she had told him that she, 23 years of age, had never been kissed before.

Ted phoned early the next morning that he was sending Mary Marshall, a competent secretary, down for an interview. Mary should make an ideal companion for Kay, and she could help with the bookkeeping and office work. If Kay insisted on living out at the factory, Mary would have to stay with her.

Mary was all that Ted had promised and more. Kay liked her immediately. No two girls could have been less alike, and that was the basis of their friendship. Kay was quick-tempered, either gay or in the depths. Mary was of a more even disposition, quiet, retiring. And Ted had told the truth when he called her a competent secretary. She took over management of Kay's affairs at once.

"We'll have to change this room around. How about moving the office into the plant? There's room in the laboratory, if it were partitioned off. Then this could be our living quarters."

Kay did not resent her suggestions. She had not liked the idea of having an office take up half her living room, nor did she enjoy cooking in the tiny kitchenet off the bedroom. Mary seemed to assume that managing Kay's household would be part of her job.

They almost clashed once, but strangely, it was Kay who gave in. That was over her father's old, battered washstand. Mary wanted to get rid of it and Kay hated to part with anything that had belonged to her dad. She finally agreed that it was an eyesore, that it had no place in the room, but she felt a queer premonition when a second-hand furniture dealer paid her a dollar and hauled it away.

* * *

It was four days after Wondrosoap's introduction to the public that the trouble began.

Ted was in the newly arranged office, filling orders. The telephone rang. Kay answered.

"It's impossible!" she spoke into the phone. "I'll send Mr. Andrews over at once. Of course, we'll stand behind Wondrosoap. You can tell your customers that!"

She slammed the phone down on the hook.

"What is it, Kay?" Ted asked.

"Druggist on Sant Fe Street Says a customer brought Wondrosoap back and demanded her money. She said she tried to clean a spot out of her husband's coat and it ate a hole in the cloth."

"I don't believe it." Ted flared. "Wait until I see that woman."

Kay frowned. "Wait a minute, Ted. We tried Wondrosoap on brass and on windows and china. Where's that handkerchief you used to clean the doorknob?"

"I don't know. In the laundry, I suppose."

"I think you dropped it in the plant; we were so excited that day."

She hurried out to the warehouse. In a minute she was back. Ted read the answer in her face before she held up his handkerchief, well sprinkled with gaping holes.

"She was right, Ted. What are we going to do?"

* * *

The telephone really started ringing then. From 10 a.m. until noon, Kay, then Ted, then Mary, took turns telling dealers that money would be refunded, that damages would be made good.

The climax came when Mike Flynn drove up.

"Come out here," he called, "I want you to see my car."

Kay gasped as she caught sight of the Flynn coupe. Each fender gleamed in shining metallic lustre, without a spot of paint to mar its sheen.

"I cleaned those fenders with Wondrosoap," Flynn said. "Today I came out to get into the car. Every bit of paint is gone—disappeared completely.

"Why didn't you test that stuff before you put it on the market? You'll have a thousand lawsuits on your hands before the week is over unless you get the stuff back."

(Continued Next Week)

KING'S RING

Broad smile and engagement ring worn by Princess Alexandra of Greece, visiting in London, signalizes engagement to young King Peter of Yugoslavia, now in U. S.

TOTS' AIRY ENSEMBLE

By Anne Adams

All sugar 'n spice is this Anne Adams twosome, Pattern 4022. The scalloped bodice buttoning matches the bonnet's brim. A collar or a lower neckline; puff or cap sleeves.

Pattern 4022 is available in children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, puff sleeve dress and bonnet, 2½ yards 35-inch fabric; flare sleeve dress, 2 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.

ISSUE 28—'42

House Flies And The Garbage Can

Many Diseases are Carried by this Prolific Pest

Now is the time to kill the house fly. One authority has estimated that a pair of flies beginning operations in April may be the progenitors, if all were to live, of sufficient flies to cover the earth 47 feet deep by August, says Stratford Beacon-Herald.

One of the most prolific breeding places of the flies in cities is garbage. Fermenting and neglected garbage furnishes an excellent medium for fly breeding. To prevent such breeding, every household should have a sufficient number of garbage cans to take care of the daily output. They should be tightly covered and at short intervals they should be thoroughly cleaned with hot water and lye, says G. Allan Mail, of the Dominion Entomological Laboratory, Kamloops, B.C.

* * *

Instead of piling garbage in dumps where rats, flies and other insects multiply, municipalities should, of course, incinerate waste materials that have no salvage value.

Heaps of decaying onions, other vegetables, grass clippings and fruits as well as decaying straw and weeds will also breed flies. Such breeding places should be sprayed with oil or burned.

The chief importance of the house fly is as a carrier of disease. Not only do its hairy legs pick up disease germs, but its filthy feeding habits result in contamination of everything it touches. Typhoid fever, eye diseases, parasitic worms, Summer complaint and tuberculosis are some of the diseases carried by house flies.

* * *

The proper protection and disposal of garbage is a primary control measure. All windows and doors should be screened. Fly traps, sticky papers and fly poisons all have their place. A very satisfactory poisoned bait is made of two or three teaspoonsful of formaldehyde to a pint of milk and water mixed half-and-half. A small piece of bread or a small sponge is placed on a saucer and saturated with a mixture, leaving a little liquid in the saucer. Exposed out of reach of children or pets, this bait will kill many flies.

Present Was Put To Very Good Use

Finance Minister J. L. Ilsley picked the following letter from Gordon Hammond, Kessler, Alta., out of his voluminous mail bag, as the one he would remember when the task of financing Canada's war effort appeared temporarily as too much of a burden:

"The wife and I were so pleased to get your letter of appreciation for the money sent. Being a vet-tran of the last war and too old, and I lost my right eye twelve years ago, I yet felt I wanted to do something to help. I was so sorry I could not buy a $50 bond sometime back but I did not thresh one bushel of grain last year on account of being dried out—so you understand what a kick we got towards the end of March when we were given a surprise silver wedding anniversary party and a 30 silver collection was handed to us. So we came to the conclusion this was much the best way to make use of this nice present."

Hammond bought War Savings Certificates with his wedding anniversary gift.

Asks Non-Residents To Leave Hawaii

Warning that the United States victory over the Japanese in the Battle of Midway "has given many people a false sense of security", Lieut.-Gen. Delos Emmons last week urged all non-residents to leave the Hawaiian Islands as soon as possible.

Although American air and naval forces early this month routed the largest fleet Japan ever sent across the international dateline in what may have been an attempted invasion of the U.S. west coast, it is dangerous to assume the enemy will not return, said Gen. Emmons, commander of the Hawaiian Department, U.S. Army.

Runner In Libya Wins Against Odds

A South African soldier, racing through heavy fire in Libya with a message for the Army in the front lines, was heard quoting odds on his chances of getting through. "6 to 4, 6 to 4, even, even, 10 to 1, 20 to 1—I've made it," panted the runner, who in peace time was a bookmaker's clerk.

TABLE TALKS

By SADIE B. CHAMBERS

Just a Sprig of Mint

This is the season when mint is plentiful and the wise cook puts it to all the uses possible.

Now, that fresh peas are on the market did you ever try this, — place a small sprig of mint (crush the leaves) to cook with them?

If you are making sandwiches particularly lamb ones do you know the trick of adding very finely minced mint leaves to the spread?

Here are a few other ideas for your mint hoarding,—

Mint Jelly

1 cup vinegar
1½ cups water
Green coloring
6½ cups sugar
1 bottle pectin
1 to 3 teaspoons spearmint extract or
1 cup minced firmly packed mint leaves

Measure vinegar and water into large preserving pan; mix; add enough coloring to give the desired shade and stir until dissolved. Add sugar and bring to a boil over hottest fire and at once add pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for 1½ minutes. Remove from fire and add one to three teaspoons spearmint extract or 1 cup mint. Let stand 1 minute; skim and pour quickly. Seal hot jelly at once with paraffin. If the fresh mint leaves are used add 1 cup chopped leaves to the vinegar before boiling. Remove the leaves when skimming the jelly.

Mint Crush

To one small bunch of fresh mint add ½ cup sugar and ¼ cup cold water. Crush leaves and allow to stand for about one hour. Strain and add to 1 pint ginger ale, one cup grape juice and juice of three lemons. Pour over crushed ice and garnish with fresh mint leaves.

Mint Sauce

¼ cup mint leaves
¼ cup water
¼ cup vinegar
2 tablespoons sugar

Mix water, vinegar and sugar. Stir until the sugar is dissolved. Pour over mint and let stand at back of range for about 30 minutes.

Mint Chutney

Mint
Seeded raisins
Salt
Red Pepper
Vinegar

Wash some mint thoroughly and shake well to get rid of the water. Strip off the leaves and put 1½ cups through the chopping machine and an equal quantity of raisins. Add ½ teaspoon salt, pinch red pepper and 3 tablespoons vinegar and pound until smooth. Place in small jars and seal.

Mint and Rhubarb Conserve

1 quart chopped mint
1½ quarts rhubarb
1 quart sugar

Wash and dry the rhubarb and cut into small pieces, then put into a preserving pan with sugar and mint. Cook until thick and place in small jars. Cover with paraffin.

Miss Chambers welcomes personal letters from interested readers. She is pleased to receive suggestions on topics for her column, and is vn 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.

Firefighters Go To Help Britain

First group of Canadian firefighters to volunteer for work in Britain sailed from an East Canadian port on a rain-choked, blustery morning in June. Their safe arrival in Britain was announced last week.

Unlike the proverbial firemen on a trip, these "knights of the hook and ladder" were surprisingly quiet and reticent. They refused to divulge their names or any other information, saying it would have to come from Ottawa.

About one hundred strong, they wore the blue dress uniform common to firemen everywhere and on their shoulders red tabs that read "Firefighters for Britain". Officers were differentiated by silver braid on their peaked caps.

They looked very business-like as they filed aboard the transport, carrying their gear. One did go so far as to say he was "glad" to be going overseas, while another volnteered the information that all were "pleased we are being allowed to do what we are trained to do".

Varnish Screens

You can't get copper window screens? Try varnishing your old ones to make them do one more year. By that time we'll probably have plastic screens. A chemical product called "saran" is entering the field.

United Nations Prayer

God of the free, we pledge our hearts and lives today to the cause of all free mankind.

Grant us victory over the tyrants who would enslave all free men and nations. Grant us faith and understanding to cherish all those who fight for freedom as if they were our brothers. Grant us brotherhood in hope and union, not only for the space of this bitter war, but for the days to come which shall and must unite all the children of earth.

Our earth is but a small star in the great universe. Yet of it we can make, if we choose, a planet unvexed by war, untroubled by hunger or fear, undivided by senseless distinctions of race, color or theory. Grant us that courage and foreseeing to begin this task today that our children and our children's children may be proud of the name of man.

The spirit of man has awakened and the soul of man has gone forth. Grant us the wisdom and the vision to comprehend the greatness of man's spirit, that suffers and endures so hugely for a goal beyond his own brief span. Grant us honor for our dead who died in the faith, redemption and security for all captive lands and peoples. Grant us patience with the deluded and pity for the betrayed. And grant us the skill and the valor that shall cleanse the world of oppression and the old base doctrine that the strong must eat the weak because they are strong.

Yet most of all grant us brotherhood, not only for this day, but for all our years—a brotherhood not of words, but of acts and deeds. We are all of us children of earth—grant us that simple knowledge. If our brothers are oppressed, then we are oppressed. If they hunger, we hunger. If their freedom is taken away, our freedom is not secure. Grant us a common faith that man shall know bread and peace—that he shall know justice and righteousness, freedom and security, an equal opportunity and an equal chance to do his best, not only in our own lands, but throughout the world. And in that faith let us march toward the clean world our hands can make. Amen.