Famous for quality since 1892 — the 'Salada' name assures you of a uniform blend of fine teas —

"SALADA" TEA

The War Against Mrs. Hadley

Adapted from the MGM Picture by WILLIAM McCORMICK

SYNOPSIS

The war, which she considers a personal affront, has collapsed the narrow little world of Mrs. Hadley, a Washington society matron and staunch Republican of the old school. She has lost servants in the draft; her daughter, Patricia, has married Sergeant Michael Fitzpatrick — against her mother's wishes; her son, Ted, has been shunted into active service by Elliott Fulton, oldest and closest friend of the family and even her closest friend, Cecilia Talbot, has deserted Mrs. Hadley to do war work.

CHAPTER FIVE

The cook placed the finishing touches on the huge cake, inscribed

"Happy Birthday
Theodore Hadley."

"Now why does she need a cake this size for just her and Dr. Meechman?" she grumped. "I call it downright wasteful."

"Mrs. Hadley is determined everything should be just as it always was," Bennett said disapprovingly.

"It's spooky, that's what it is," said the cook.

"As I recall the old days," Bennett reminded her coldly, "you were constantly complaining."

"What's eating him?" Millie inquired as Bennett left the servant's quarters to answer a bell.

"The old faker — he misses the old times more than either of us —but he'd be caught dead before he'd let on."

In her bedroom, Stella Hadley was reading a telegram. "Congratulations on Ted's birthday. We wish we could be with you. Love," the telegram read. It was signed "Pat and Mike."

Bennett announced Dr. Meecham. Stella rose wearily, went out into the hall. As she passed the telephone, Bennett put his hand over the receiver.

"Who is it, Bennett?" she asked the butler.

"Miss Cecilia Talbot, Madam," Bennett said almost pleadingly. "She — she wants to congratulate you."

Stella hesitated but a moment. "Tell her I'm not in," she said firmly after the slight deliberation.

Stella greeted Dr. Meecham in the drawing room.

"Any word from the birthday boy?" he asked with forced joviality.

"Yes. I had a letter from him yesterday."

"Splendid! How is he?"

"He says he's well."

Bennett appeared carrying a telephone on an extension wire.

"There's a call for you, Dr. Meecham," he said, handing the phone to the doctor.

"Hello. Yes. I'll be right over," said the doctor. He hung up and looked apologetically at Mrs. Hadley. "I'm sorry, Stella, I'll have to go."

"Can't you even stay for luncheon?"

"I'm afraid not. It's an emergency case — Mrs. Stanton, the wife of the oil magnate."

Stella sat down to luncheon that day alone.

She read and re-read the letter from Ted. Particularly that paragraph which read: "Tony Winters is in our company. I know how you feel about his mother, but Tony's a real gent — I beg pardon —gentleman — and we've become great friends. In fact, knowing him has been the swellest thing that's happened to me in the Army."

Her eyes wandered to the closing paragraph: "Don't worry about me, I'm in the pink. The only thing that bothers me is the thought that you may be lonely."

A few mornings later, Bennett answered a ring to find a messenger boy at the door.

"Telegram for Mrs. Nathaneal Hadley," the boy said, holding out a pad to be signed. "Here's your paper," he added, picking up a paper and handing it to the butler.

As Bennett went to a side table to pick up a silver tray for the telegram, he opened the paper. Suddenly, his eyes opened wide with excitement. He dropped the telegram on the table, grabbed the paper and hurried toward the living room.

"Mrs. Hadley! Mrs. Hadley!" he cried excitedly as he threw open the door of the living room. "Mrs. Hadley, it's Mr. Theodore! He's a hero! It says so in the paper!"

* * *

He handed her the paper. She tried to look at it, but her hands were shaking with excitement and her eyes refused to focus.

"I—I'm so nervous I can't," she admitted. "Read it to me, Bennett."

"'Washington boy cited for heroism!'" he read. "Theodore Hadley receives D.S.C.' That's the Distinguished Service Cross," he added proudly.

"Yes, Yes. I know. Go on! Is he all right?"

"'Corporal Theodore Hadley was cited for conspicuous bravery under fire in an official communique just received. Hadley, according to the dispatch, had been instructed to seek out the location of an enemy machine gun emplacement After the other four men in his unit had been shot down by Jap snipers, Corporal Hadley continued alone, locating the machine gun nest and wiping it out with a hand grenade, killing fifteen Jap soldiers. He returned unharmed to his company. Corporal Hadley is the son of the late Nathaneal Hadley, once owner of the Washington Chronicle, and of Mrs. Hadley, the former Stella Livingston.'"

"Bennett, I want you to go out and get all the papers," Mrs. Hadley instructed excitedly. "Right away."

"Even — even the Washingtn Chronicle?" asked the butler, worriedly.

"I want them all," Mrs. Hadley said impatiently. "Hurry."

In the absence of Bennett, who was buying up all the newspapers available, Millie answered Mrs. Fitzpatrick's ring at the door. Mrs. Hadley came into the hall as the caller was identifying herself. For a moment she did not see Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

"How are you?" asked Michael's mother in a friendly tone.

"Won't you come in?" Stella invited her hesitantly.

They entered the living room.

"I suppose you've read the good news?" asked Mrs. Fitzpatrick happily.

"Yes—I've just read it in the papers."

"In the paper, is it?" Mrs. Fitzpatrick exclaimed, horrified. "Is nothing sacred to those gossipmongers?"

"I'm afraid I don't understand," Steplla replied in bewilderment. "I was speaking of my son."

"Young Tedd? What's happened to him?"

"He's been awarded the D.S.C.," Stella said with pride. "That's the Distinguished Service Cross."

"It's proud you should be having a hero for a son. Think of the fine stories we'll be able to tell our grandchild about his uncle."

"Grandchild?" exclaimed Stella. "Patricia's having a baby?"

"Heaven help us — I thought sure you'd have heard by now."

"No, not a word," Stella admitted bitterly.

"That isn't like Pat. No matter what may have happened between you, it's still your grandchild she's bearing."

"When — when did you hear?" Mrs. Hadley asked hesitantly.

"Just a short while back. I dropped everything to come over and compare notes with you — on how it felt to become a grandmother."

"I'm afraid I can't tell," said Stella coldly, "not having been informed officially."

As Mrs. Fitzgerald was looking at her sympathetically, Bennett appeared at the door.

"I beg yur pardon, Mrs. Hadley," he apoloziged. "In the excitement about Mr. Theodore I forgot to give you this telegram."

"I knew it!" exclaimed Mrs. Fitzpatrick jubilantly.

Stella tore open the telegram with trembling fingers. "You are going to be a Grandmother in October," she read. "We love you and miss you very much. Pat and Mike."

"I do hope Paticia will take care of herself," Stella worried.

"If he doesn't, my Michael will beat the living daylights out of her," Mrs. Fitzpatrick promised just as Bennett entered the room in a state of great consternation.

"Madam, it's the reporters," he reported almost beathlessly.

"Reporters?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hadley—six of them. They insist upon seeing you about Mr. Theodore."

"I have nothing to say to them."

"Of course you have," interrupted Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

Bennett stopped at the door. Mrs. Hadley seemed amazed.

"You're forgetting you're the mother of a hero," Mrs. Fitzpatrick reminded her.

"I don't see how my private life is any concern of the press."

"There's a war going on, Mrs. Hadley," Mrs. Fitzpatrick reminded her, "and there's hundreds of thousands of wives and mothers needing all the courage they can get. Their men can't all win the D.S.C., but they're fighting, just the same —an it's up to you to give their womenfolk a message of hope and faith." She shoved past Bennett and threw open the door. "Come in, boys!" she called.

Before Stella could utter a word of protest, into the room came five male reporters and a photogapher. Mrs. Fitzpatrick pointed to Stella.

The reporters surrounded Mrs. Hadley and started firing questions, tumbling them together. Stella flinched under the assault.

"Wait a minute," Mrs. Fitzpatrick bellowed. "How do you expect the poor woman to answer you — all jabbering at once?"

The reporters quieted down. One of them spoke.

"Mrs. Hadley," he said, "I'm Stevens—of the Chronicle."

(To be concluded)

British Sailors' Society

The World's Oldest Sailor Welfare Organization

Founded 1818—Soon After Trafalgar

Operates in over one hundred Sailor Institutes, Clubs, Havens,

ALL OVER THE SEVEN SEAS

In days like these earnestly appeals for help

Further information gladly supplied

G. M. SPEEDIE, Dominion Sec'y, 50 Alberta Avenue - Toronto

A GAY NEAT APRON

By Anne Adams

Yes, you'll want to make BOTH versions of this pretty Anne Adams apron, Pattern 4269. It's neat and well-fitting. "A" shows a scallop-edged top; "B" has straight edges; both have smooth waistbands. Use bias binding or ruffling.

Pattern 4269 is available in sizes small (32-34), medium (36-38), and large (40-42). Small size, view A, takes 2⅛ yards 35-inch fabric; view B, 1⅞ 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.

APPROPRIATE

Tank Corps Tommy sitting beneath gun muzzle in Benghazi finds Italian propaganda book accurately describes the objective of allied forces fighting in Africa.

New U.S. Battlship Largest Ever Built

The new U. S. battleship "New Jersey," launched a few days ago, is the largest ever built, with a displacement of over 50,000 tons, says The Stratford Beacon-Herald. She is taller at the bow than a five-storey building. The paint on her would cover a five-foot fence reaching from New York City to Boston. Her electric generators would be adequate to light the homes and run the factories of a city of 20,000 population. Her electric power is distributed throughout the ship by 250 miles of cables.

Bixby's Dilemma

Case Histories of a Number Of Large Advertisers

Does it pay a manufacturer or distributor to keep the name of his product before the public when demand exceeds supply?

The answer as set out in Bixby's Dilemma, a brochure released currently by the E. B. Eddy Company, Hull, Quebec, is very definitely YES.

Bixby is a go-getter who starts a business on a shoe string and by personal effort—the production of a good product and with the aid of advertising rapidly builds up a business vastly larger than any of his competitors and finally reaches the stupendous total of $2,000,000 in sales annually.

The public is always clamoring for more and yet more Bixby Products.

The end is not in sight when the world goes to war and the demand is so great for Bixby Produsts that though production is doubled and trebled it is so much greater than supply that the astute Mr. Bixby decides to cut down on advertising. He does this little thing, compliments his business acumen by the important savings effected and sits back as it were to take stock in increasing dividends.

As in all good stories there comes an end—the war is victoriously won and a shattered world staggers back into a peace time groove. Business for a period remains good but in the end collapses. Bixby in alarm reorganizes his sales force, makes new advertising connections but learns too late that the market so carefully wooed and won has been lost forever.

The case of Bixby's Dilemma prepared and released by the advertising department of the E. B. Eddy Company is quite elaborate. It is illustrated by Gluyas Williams, well known cartoonist, and as a sample of modern typography is a work of art. In a pocket at the back of the book the rulings of the Federal Government on budgetging advertising is effectively included. Copies will be mailed advertisers on request. No advertiser should fail to read and digest the lessons of this summary of the experience of many advertisers who failed to learn the lesson until too late.

Canadians Serve On All Seven Seas

Speaking officially at the opening of the Canadian Naval War Exhibition in Toronto the other day, the Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, Navy Minister, said that Canadian sailors undergo terrible hardships, are beset by dangers from above and below, are fighting the enemy and the weather simultaneously. He termed the sailors of the Empire "as deserving and valiant a breed as ever engaged in a noble task."

It was on behalf of these men shortly after Trafalgar that a few business men in Old London created the atmosphere that made it possible and desirable to launch the British Sailors' Society — an organization that will within a few weeks celebrate its 125 natal day, and which has, without a break, operated for the Men of the Sea.

* * *

Through all these years the Society has moved with the times and has built up a world-wide chain of service, by which (to use the words of His Majesty the King when Duke of York) "it touches the Sailor at every point of his life. It trains him, houses him, gives him recreation, tends him in his old age and helps his dependents. In short, it labours ceaselessly and devotedly for all that magnificent body of men upon whom the prosperity of the British Empire so largely depends."

Hostels round the coasts of the British Isles and away in the ports of the seven seas have been established—over 100 hostels, stations and agencies through which the sailor is served in the manner described by His Majesty.

* * *

It is to our hostels that many survivors of sea tragedies are brought and it is in our hostels that they find comfort, entertainment and hospitality while arrangements are made for them to be re-clothed and sent to their homes, or, in the case of Allied or Foreign seamen, to be handed into the care of their own representatives.

The Hon. Angus L. Macdonald, in honouring this the oldest Sailor Society in the world by accepting the Dominion Vice-Presidency, said:

"I am very pleased, indeed, to accept this honour and to associate myself in some small measure with the excellent work which the British Sailors' Society is doing in all parts of the World at this time.

"Perhaps never before has the lot of British sailors been a more difficult and arduous one, and the good work of the Society on their behalf so vitally necessary and so much appreciated."

GOOD EATING NEWS

To keep your best foot forward all day long, be sure to start every day in 1943 with a good breakfast. For special palate appeal and extra vim and vigor serve delicious Hot All-Bran Victory Muffins for breakfast these cold winter mornings. They will help keep your family's disposition on the sunny-side up, too. Stir the muffins up in a jiffy by this recipe:

All-Bran Victory Muffins

3	tablespoons shortening	1	cup bran cereal
⅓	cup corn syrup	1	cup flour
1	egg	2	teaspoons baking powder
⅓	cup milk	½	teaspoon salt

Blend shortening and syrup; add egg and beat until creamy. Add milk and bran cereal; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift dry ingredients together; add to first mixture, stirring only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 25 minutes.

Yield: 10 muffins (2¼ inches in diameter.)

Note: When sour milk or buttermilk is used instead of sweet milk, reduce baking powder to 1 teaspoon and add ¼ teaspoon soda.

Listen To THE SHADOW

EVERY WEEK ON STATIONS LISTED BELOW

CFRB	Toronto	Tues.	9 p.m.
CKCO	Ottawa	Tues.	8 p.m.
CFPL	London	Tues.	8 p.m.
CKWS	Kingston	Wed.	8 p.m.
CHEX	Peterboro	Tues.	8 p.m.
CKCR	Kitchener	Thurs.	8 p.m.
CKNX	Wingham	Wed.	8 p.m.
CFCF	Montreal	Fri.	8.30 p.m.

presented by THE 'blue coal' DEALERS OF CANADA

TABLE TALKS

Nutrition is in the limelight today. Working men as well as their families need nutritious foods to supply the necessary fuel for strenuous war times. Balanced diets are in order. Vitamins must be secured. Necessary minerals are required regularly. Here are several recipes that will blend with your own nutrition program:

Creamed Limas

2 cups cooked, dried Limas
1 cupful cream (or milk)
2 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1 bouillon cube
½ cupful boiling water
Additional seasoning to taste

Melt butter, add flour, stir until smooth, then add milk and bouillon cube and cook, stirring constantly, until thick. Add Limas and re-heat.

Barbecued Spare Ribs

½ lb. spare ribs for each person to be served
½ cup lemon juice
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 clove garlic
½ cup warm water
1 onion, chopped
1 teaspoon chili powder
1 can thick tomato soup or stewed tomatoes
1 crushed bay leaf

Broil spare ribs until a golden brown. Make a sauce of other ingredients by placing shortening in saucepan and adding onion and garlic. When onion is tender, add lemon juice to which chili powder has been added. Then add soup and water. Crush bay leaf and add and simmer until all ingredients are thoroughly cooked together. Serve the sauce hot over the spare ribs.

Orange Rennet-Custard

1 package orange rennet powder
1 pint milk, not canned
½ cup puffed rice
5 tablespoons brown sugar

Make rennet-custards according to directions on package. Chill. When ready to serve, sprinkle 1 tablespoon puffed rice and a little brown sugar on each dessert.

Magic Angel Food Cake

Slice day-old white bread, ¾ inch thick. Trim off crusts. Cut into strips ¾ x 2 inches. Spread strips on all sides with sweetened condensed milk, covering well. Then roll in dry shredded coconut, broken fine. Brown under low flame, or toast on fork over coals. The result is magically like angel food cake, coconut frosted — but it doesn't make any demands on your sugar quota.

Room for More

London's champion space-conserver is declared to be a bus conductor who, when he saw five persons sitting in a seat designed for five, said: "Room for another there—you're all much too comfortable."

'BLUE COAL' IS THE COAL YOU CAN DEPEND ON

The need for a coal you can depend on is especially important in these times. And 'blue coal' is just that. It is a solid, even-burning coal that not only gives you greater heating satisfaction and comfort but reduces fuel cost as well.

Now is the time to start enjoying the best heating value money can buy. Phone your nearest 'blue coal' dealer today. He will tell you how easy it is to get greater comfort and save money, too,—the 'blue coal' way.

SPEAKERS DREAD LOSS OF VOICE

Fight off hoarseness with use of Lymoids

"Hoarseness is a speaker's worst enemy," writes a Montreal announcer. "Now I dread it no longer because LYMOIDS have taught me how easy it is to get relief."

Carry a handy size box of LYMOIDS. At the first sign of throat irritation, tickle or coughing, dissolve LYMOIDS in the mouth. Their soothing, medicinal oils will quickly relieve your distress and embarrassment. L.S.-3

Most stores sell LYMOIDS in handy size 10c and 25c. boxes. If unobtainable, send 10c in stamps or coin, to LYMOIDS, 119 Pearl Street, Toronto.

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