Quality Guaranteed

"SALADA" TEA

The Jade God

By
MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

CHAPTER FOUR

But to reach him through that crowd of fashionables, to get him away from Pam, seemed for a while impossible. Here and there Landon was greeted by friends and acquaintances. One woman asked for Teddy Banks, another—having heard that the fine looking stranger was also a cousin of Landon's—asked to have Mark brought to her house.

"He's so interesting," she said; "so unusual!"

Landon was in a white fury when he finally got Mark at the door of the smoking room. It was beyond the conservatory and the departing guests had drifted out of it. The room was empty save for the dissolving cloud of cigarette smoke. Landon beckoned to Mark.

"A word with you!" he said hoarsely, closing the door; he was pale with rage.

Mark stood easily, facing him; there was a splendid vigor about him that Landon had not seen in his poor, rough and ready suit of clothes. It could not be said that clothes made the man, but the man shone radiantly through the clothes, there was something about him—in this house-broken, scented atmosphere—splendidly, heathenishly alive. He smiled at Archie's wrath.

* * *

"You've lost," he said casually; "I'm asked to dine."

"I know it," replied Landon fiercely, "but you won't—you'll go home!"

"Better take your defeat more calmly," counselled Mark; "you're not a good sport."

Landon gasped with anger. "I've watched you," he said thickly; "you've trespassed here—you've dared too much. Now, you'll get out!"

Mark's eyes met his mockingly; for a moment their glances ground on each other like crossing steels, then he laughed.

"Listen—I've won and I'll stay; the dinner was the acid test, you know. Do you think they'd like you for trying to cheat them? If you drive me out, I'll tell them what you did—we'll go together."

Landon whitened yet more. "You've got to go," he raged; "I'll make you,—you paid imposter!"

* * *

Mark swung around in pagan fury; he seized him and shook him. Landon was big, but in the other's hands he might have been a reed. Mark threw him aside like a helpless puppy; then he slapped the money, five hundred dollars, down on the table.

"Take it, there's the price; it's infamous, unthinkable; I repudiate it! I'll stay because I'm asked; because I will! Go out there and tell your story—if she believes it Mrs. Lynn will show you the door!"

Landon knew it; he reeled unsteadily on his feet; he saw stars, his face was ghastly. He struck the money fiercely and flung it in the fire. As the flame caught it and the costly smoke went up he heard Mark's tormenting laugh.

"Tell them, you've played a mean trick on your hostess; you've done a thing no gentleman should do; a thing to damn you socially; go and tell her! You'll suffer. I'll stay," said he with sudden passion, his eyes flashing their flame at Landon. "I'll stay—and you can't put me out—the wager's won!"

* * *

Mark Grant kept his word. He stayed. In the first flush and exultation of his love for Pam he would have walked through fire to stay. But he had no such ordeal; Landon had felt his fingers on his shoulder; the cinch of them had left the young man's muscles sore. He wanted no more of that. He gnawed his rage in silence. He saw that he was trapped. If he told the truth to get Grant out, he would go out himself in disgrace. Strange to say, he had not thought of that, he had it to digest while he watched Mark's triumph at the dinner. This strange fellow; this heathen with iron fists, whoever he was, had found his tongue; he talked well. Not of travel and adventures, Landon noticed, but of life. He had a horribly lucid insight; he saw through people's motives, and he was well read. No one could question that. He had caught Burleson's interest — the great man, usually wearied and self-absorbed, listened to him with marked attention, studied him, too, Landon thought, as if he searched his memory for that face.

* * *

As for Pam, she sat next to Mark and looked up at him with wide, fascinated eyes. He was "so different," that was what all the women thought. Mrs. Lynn, who liked a new lion first at her table, smiled across at Archie Landon. Her look said plainly: "Thank you; he's delightful!" And Archie gnawed again upon the bone of his wrath. How to get him out—that was the question: Mark, knowing it, threw him, once in a while, a dare-devil look. But Mark himself was not as happy as he looked. The atmosphere of the place was like a hot-house, fragrant and warm—the glow of shaded lights—the soft voices of the women. Abruptly arose the vision of prison fare—fifteen years of it. The dare-deviltry that had made him fling defiance at Landon melted in Pam's shining glance. What right had he, an ex-convict, to sit beside her, to touch her hand, to look into her eyes? A kind of fever seized him; once or twice it was in his mind to rise and shout the truth at them. Then Burleson held him from it—one of the men who had helped send him to prison; who, no doubt, like Fosdick, believed him guilty. Covertly now he studied him; a gray face, a worn old man, grown mightily prosperous, but not happy; he had lost his wife and three sons; riches alone weighed upon him. Did he ever think of the boy he had helped send to prison? It gave Mark a kind of impish satisfaction to sit at his table, only he wanted to shout his name at him—to defy him. Then Mrs. Lynn addressed him, smilingly.

"Mr. Byram, I want to ask you about Stella Byram's wedding. Were you there by any chance?"

(To Be Continued)

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A NEW DAY DAWNS

This little Dutch lad stands before shattered house in his liberated home town in Holland. An infant when Nazis invaded country in 1940, boy has known only oppression and war, but he smiles as new day dawns for Holland.

Mittens for all the children, in no time at all! They're knitted on two needles in a straight piece. Well-fitting, in sport yarn.

Make gay stripes out of scrap wool. Very easy to knit. Pattern 579 contains directions for mittens in sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10.

Send twenty cents in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to Wilson Needlecraft, Dept., Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly pattern number yo,ur name and address.

"What a Christmas Present"! - His Wife

"Holy Smokes!" yelled Sgt. Joseph Waldt, "What a Christmas present."

The "present" was his wife from Baltimore, Md. She walked into his hospital room and it was the first time he had seen her in three years.

Mrs. Waldt was a gift from a group of Tulsa people who had earned Joe's story. The sergeant had been wounded in France and sent to an Oklahoma Army hospital to convalesce. His wife missed him in New York and she was a working woman of modest means so she couldn't follow him to Oklahoma. So Tulsans got his wife a plane reservation, a hotel room and sent her a stack of $10 bills for expenses. A delegation met her at the airport pinned a gardenia on her and took her to Joe.

Individual Devil's Food Puddings

¼ cup sugar	1 cup flour
¼ cup milk	½ teaspoon soda
2 squares, unsweetened chocolate (2 oz.)	½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup shortening	½ cup milk
½ cup sugar	½ cup All-Bran
1 egg	½ teaspoon vanilla extract
	1 cup whipping cream

Combine ¼ cup sugar, ¼ cup milk and chocolate and cook, stirring occasionally until thick. Cool. Blend shortening sugar and egg; beat until light and fuffy. Add chocolate mixture. Sift flour with soda and salt; add to first mixture alternately with ½ up milk. Add All-Bran and vanilla. Pour into star or any fancy shaped molds, or shallow greased baking pan and bake in a moderate oven (300 F.) about 40 minutes. Cut into squares, serve with whipped cream, if desired.

Helps Check Colds Quickly

You can often check a cold quickly if you follow these instructions.

Just as soon as you feel the cold coming on and experience headache, pains in the back or limbs, soreness through the body, take a Paradol tablet, a good big drink of hot lemonade or ginger tea and go to bed.

The Paradol affords almost immediate relief from the pains and aches and helps you to get off to sleep. The dose may be repeated, if necessary, according to the directions. If there is soreness of the throat, gargle with two Paradol tablets dissolved in water. Just try Paradol the next time you have a cold and we believe that you will be well pleased. Paradol does not disappoint.

Dr. Chase's Paradol

CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

Well now, have you got all those "thank you" letters written; the tree and all the Christmas decorations taken down, and your New Year resolutions made? If you have then you have done better than I—but then it is only New Year's eve with me so I have hardly had a chance yet.

* * *

But I have been thinking about the new year and how best we can make use of it. Don't you think we often let these winter months slip by without making as much use of them as we might? May and June, with all the work that early summer brings, is right with us before we can turn around, and it sometimes finds us with jobs that could very easily have been done on cold winter dyas. What about those housedresses and aprons, those school dresses for the kiddies, and the light-weight underwear that maybe we didn't have time to mend before it was put away. It is a great time too, for housecleaning drawers, cupboards and closets, isn't it? And of course, some of you will do just as I do—put things away so carefully you never find them again!

And then there are letters to write; and maybe there are friends we have neglected . . . the new year is a grand time to check up on our sins of omission—and perhaps clear up a few misunderstandings. There are times when the best of us give, or take offence, when no offence was ever intended. I had an instance of this just recently. A few months ago when I was in Toronto I phoned a friend with whom I correspond—not frequently but enough to keep us in touch with one another. She answered my phone call that day and her voice just about froze me. "Well," I thought, "so that's that!" But at Christmas time I got a letter—my friend had been in a bad way for months—nervous breakdown, I imagine, and she said "It is taking me quite awhile to gather up the broken threads—especially those of friendship—will you write and let us renew our friendship even if we cannot see each other very often."

That letter has already been answered but had my friend not written how easily we could have drifted further and still further apart.

* * *

Life is too short for misunderstandings; too fleeting for us to bear a grudge for fancied wrongs. In our friendships, in our family circle, and in our social life, couldn't we learn to be a little more tolerant? We cannot all think alike—it would be a dull world if we did—but we can at least recognise the other person's right to differ from us without getting peeved about it. So, in this new year, wouldn't it be a good idea to think, not so much about what it may hold in store for us but rather of what we have in store for it. The former is beyond our control; the latter is something else again.

Incidentally we might learn to accept present conditions with a good grace. Do you know I heard of one person who sent an order to a mail-order house for over one hundred dollars worth of goods. The order when filled amounted to a little over seven-fifty!

AWAITING ORDERS

Like thousands of our boys on the western front, this alert soldier awaits orders before moving tank further forward.

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