Outstandingly Good

"SALADA" TEA

Princess of Gratzen

LOUIS ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM

CHAPTER XIX

After a moment he set her down and led her to the armchair. He stood above her, looking soberly at her. Then he sat in a chair facing her.

"I fooled you, didn't I?"

"Not—oh, not for long."

"You mean you were fooled but you wouldn't admit it. No disgrace, you know, I've fooled even cleverer and deadlier ones than you. A whole crew of them are behind bars now because they were fooled. You just wanted to believe in me, didn't you?"

"Yes, Michel." The old eyes were fond. "You were always a devil, but I always loved you."

"Gently, darling. Don't go all soft on me now."

"I could have killed you when —when you struck your brother."

"Do you think I loved it? I had never hated my job so much as I did that night. But mark this, if I hadn't poked old Roger one. Kehl would have shot him dead. I had to do it."

"Something like that came to me afterward, when I tried to think it all out. But there were so many things—there are still so many. those little children, Pol Martin and Rosine, started it—"

"Ah, the little Morpins. I remember those cute little monkeys in St. Como, in France, during the blitz. I used to have rare fun with them."

"You used to—but they hated you! They found your picture on my dreser and the little girl knocked it down and stamped upon it one day."

"Eh! Oh, I see what you mean. they were stamping on Oberlieutenant Faber. It was Bonhomme Fricot they used to like so much. I taught them that old rondeau we used to sing when we were kids. You know—Bonsoir, Nigaud. Bonsoir, Fricot—grand song."

"How could you be Oberlieutenant Faber and Bonhomme Fricot both, Michel? They saw you go into the old man's cottage, heard shots, saw you come out—and you were laughing. That was what they hated."

"The devil! They were around the hut that day then! I have it now. You see, it was like this: The parachutist they saw go into the hut was not the one they saw come out."

"You mean that you—"

"I mean that he was going to pop me off with his Luger, so I popped him with mine. I had to get out of there anyway and that poor devil seemed to be sent right from heaven. I cut off a lot of hair and whiskers, changed outfits with him and left the hut. And yes, I guess I was smiling. I even had the Iron Cross"

"The children looked in the hut and saw Bonhmme Fricot, as they thought. lying dead. Then the planes came over and the hut caught fire—"

"And they wept for Bonhomme Fricot. I had a job to do around St. Como—hence the masquerade there. I've been some queer things in my time, duchess—"

"I can believe it." The old lady's eyes were admiring now. He was her boy Michel. He was a great man, a brave man. He did work of the greatest importance. A captain, no less. A British agent. Captain Michel Fabre. "What happened after you left St. Como, Michel? How did you land here?"

* * *

"It was all planned. I got myself captured by the British and was shipped to England. My own chiefs had been praying for just such a chance as was given to us then—my knowledge of German, Heidelberg, even the saber cut. Sapristi! It was if made to order. They put me next to Manfred Kehl. I stayed next to him all the way to Canada. Together we engineered the escape. Philibert was the nearest place we could get a car. The only time I weakened was when I knew I had to come here. I hated that. Tante Mimi. You will never know how much I loathed it. To see you all after so long, and to see the look on your faces—well, it was my job. I had to do it. In the States Kehl took me to the people we were seeking. They are now in jail. So is he."

"You're a fine boy, Michel. A splendid boy. Now—" the old lady's voice was very soft and gentle "—now why, after coming to Philibert thought, were you going away without a word to me or to anyone?"

* * *

"Well, I—" he fidgeted in his chair. His cheeks grew red. There was nothing now of Oberlieutenant Faber; he was only a boy whose cherished secret is found out. "All these explanations," he mumbled. "A lot of damned rot. I planned to write to you or— or see you later."

"Captain Faber." Madame grinned at him slyly. "You wouldn't try to fool your aunt, would you?"

Michel smiled resignedly. "I know it's no use. If you must know it anyway—I did not want to horn in on Roger's wedding. You see. I—"

"You happen to be in love with the girl he is about to marry."

The blue eyes met her dark bright stare steadily, gravely. "Yes," he said.

"And she is in love with you."

He shook his head. "Oh, no, she is not in love with me."

"But I tell you I know she—"

"I am no fool, madame. If she is in love with me, how does she happen to be going up the altar steps with Roger?"

"You were always a stubborn mule, Michell. You just said you fooled us all—"

"Not you! I didn't fool you, did I? You went on believing in me, did you not?"

(To Be Continued)

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ISSUE 38—1945

Peanut Handbags

Peanut hulls have become the source of a new material. Women's handbags, chair pads, wallboard, floor coverings, furniture panels, shoes, and felt hats are a few of the products that have been developed from the new material.

TABLE TALKS

Lunch Box Ideas

The school lunch box is down from the pantry shelf, neatly packed and off to school again. With lunches, the problem of the butter ration returns—everyone knows how sandwiches literally "eat up" the butter. The home economists of the Dominion Department of Agriculture suggest a few "tried and true" ways of making the most of a little.

Soften the butter but do not melt. Salad dressings, cream cheese or prepared mustard, by themselves, are good for spreading bread. To stretch butter combine it with mustard, chili sauce, catsup, chopped onion, chives, parsley or horse-radish. Jam or jelly sandwiches can be spread with cream cheese.

If milk is provided at school, why not use the thermos for a hot soup or a stew, home baked beans, spaghetti or a chowder? Grand hot dishes for cold days!

The meat shortcake recipe given below makes a dinner dish that is tasty and ration-wise. It is good cold too and carries well in the lunch box.

Meat Shortcake

3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
OR 3 1/3 cups sifted pastry flour
4 level teaspoons baking powder
2 teaspoons salt
1/3 cup fat
1¾ cups milk

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Cut in fat. Add milk to make a soft but not sticky dough. Pat half the dough in a greased pan 9 x 9 x 1½ inches. Over it spread the following meat mixture:

Meat Mixture

1½ cups ground cooked leftover meat
1 egg
¼ to ½ cup milk
1½ teaspoons salt
Few grains pepper

Combine ingredients and mix well. Spread over dough; cover with remaining dough rolled to fit pan. Bake in a hot oven, 400 F, for 45 minutes. Cut in squares and serve hot with tomato sauce or cold, with either mayonnaise or catsup. Eight servings.

Sweet Meat Sandwich Spread

1 cup ground cooked meat
¼cup marmalade or jam
2 tablespoons peanut butter
½ teaspoon cinnamon
Salt and pepper to taste

Combine ingredients thoroughly and store in a covered container. Yield: 1 cup.

Pepper and Chees Sandwich Filling

½ pound mild cheese
1 small onion
3 chopped sweet, red or green peppers
3 chopped hard-cooked eggs
½ teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons salad dressing

Grind cheese, onion and sweet red or green peppers. Add egge, salt, paprika and salad dressing. Mix well together and store in refrigerator until ready to use. Keeps several days. Yield: 2¼ cups.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

1. When taking a girl to the theater, is it permissible for a man to go out between acts to smoke?
2. Is it correct to send invitations to relatives and intimate friends who live in a distant city?
3. Is it all right for a dinner guest to rest one hand on the edge of the table?
4. Is it all right to drink an entire glass of soda, lemonade, or other refreshment, or is it better manners to leave part of it in the glass?
5. Should a woman walk on a short distance or should she wait for her escort while he is paying the taxi fare?
6. Is it obligatory that one enclose a note with a gift?

ANSWERS

1. Yes; but he should not do so more than once unless there is someone else in the party to whom she can talk. 2. Yes; invitations should be sent even if one knows that these people cannot attend the function. 3. While it isn't exactly "bad form", the only place for the hands at the table, when not in use, is in the lap. 4. One may drink all of it, but should never throw the head back in order to drain the glass. 5. She should wait with her escort. 6. It is not necessary, but a friendly note is never out of place.

The Bookshelf...

So Well Remembered

By JAMES HILTON

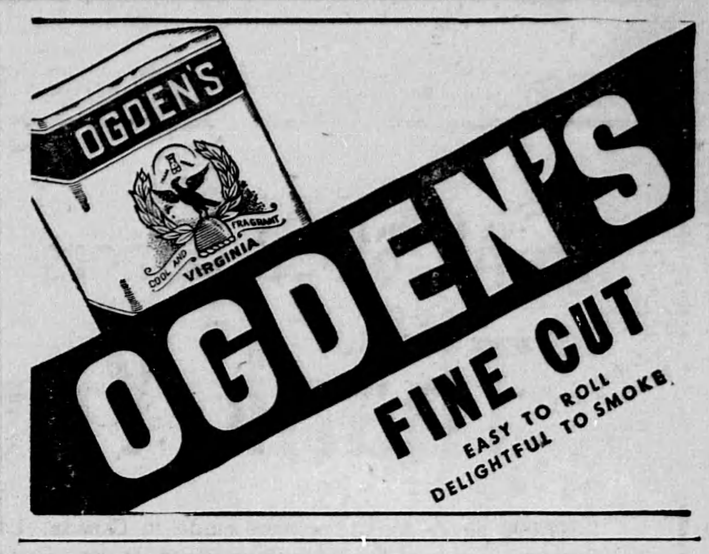
This novel, the first in four and a half years by the author of Goodbye Mr. Chips and Random Harvest, is the story of a plain man of our times. His world was not fit for heroes to live in, yet plain men often had to become heroes in it, and George Boswell was just such a man. His mistakes, his idealism, his human frailties, his courage, his warm affections and his never-failing humor make him one of the most appealing characters Mr. Hilton has drawn.

So well remembered is also the story of a remarkable woman and her sinister influence over three men, of clashing wills, and a struggle for mastery that spans a generation and is fought to a bitter end.

Livia was George Boswell's young wife, and that day so well remembered was the day on which Councillor Boswell, later to become Mayor Boswell, had the immense satisfaction of laying the foundation stone of the new housing unit that replaced some of Browdley's worse slums. That day was also the turning point in George's life, the day when he had to face the truth about Livia.

The period of the novel is both before and during the Second World War; the scene is chiefly a small industrial town in the British Midlands.

So Well Remembered . . . By James Hilton . . . The Macmillans in Canada . . . Price $2.75.



CHRONICLES of GINGER FARM

By Gwendoline P. Clarke

"The day's at the morn;
The morning's at seven;"

But the year's not at the spring and, although "God's in his heaven" one can hardly say "all's right with the world".

But it could be—it could be so very right if we poor humans didn't try to improve on the way of the Almighty.

* * *

Apropos of that it looks as if the old problem of daylight saving time versus standard time is rearing its head again, some people wanting one time, some another, with yet another group absolutely bewildered, unable to make up its mind what it wants or even which time is better for the common good.

Farmers, generally speaking, prefer standard time. Farmers cannot pick and choose the hours at which their work—especially field work—shall be done. Hay and grain cannot be taken off the field while there is a heavy dew, and with daylight saving time it is often well on into the forenoon before hay and grain can be drawn in. Thus the farmer is out of pocket because he is losing valuable time. Time which he cannot make up at the end of the day because he has to consider his hired help —there may be a show, a dance or a ball game in the offing, and there are very few farmers who ask, or expect, their help to work overtime.

* * *

A few weeks ago a certain business man had occasion to drive through the country at six a.m. He said afterwards—"I thought farmers were early risers—when I was out this morning I didn't see a sign of life anywhere."

Well, Mr. Business Man, your farmers were either out at the barn milking or just rolling out of bed ready for the day's work. They certainly wouldn't be out in the field at six a.m.—not in harvest time with daylight saving time in force.

* * *

Despite its inconvenience to farmers there has been very little grumbling—that is, since fast time was made compulsory across the entire Dominion. It has been looked upon as a war time measure and thus accepted. But with Federal restrictions lifted it will be another story. The farmer feels the importance of his work should be taken into consideration. But will it be? How many small towns, which are the centre of farming communities, will vote in favour of standard time all the year round? Very few I imagine, although to vote otherwise is very short-sighted policy. I ask you—how long would the small town business man stay on his feet if it were not for his country custom? Ask any one of them and he will tell you the farmer is his best customer. And isn't it one of the principles of good business to cater to the buying public? Wouldn't it therefore be in order if the businessmen of small-town communities got together, went to their council and said—"Look here, the war is over, Federal restrictions have been removed and we want standard time. We are out to get all the trade we can and if fast time is bad for the farmers, then it is bad for us and bad for our business."

* * *

Well, well—I was almost forgetting my most important piece of news. I had just finished this column last week when the telephone rang. It was a call from military headquarters informing our son that all his papers and documents had come through and that everything was in order for his discharge from the Canadian Army. So today Bob has gone to Toronto. He went away as a soldier. In a few days we expect he will return as a civilian. And another chapter begins for him on the road of life.

C. O. D.

The term "C.O.D.," meaning collect on delivery, originated in 1841 when a shipper asked an express company to collect payment for the goods from the consignee at the time of delivery.

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