

# Tea for every Taste

# "SALADA" TEA

## THE WITNESS CHAIR

BY REITA WEIMAN

Stanley Whittaker is found dead in his office one morning. In spite of apparent suicide, his partner Julian Trent is accused of his murder. The Teller of the story, once a newspaper woman, is a guest of the Judge at the trial. She is specially interested in the testimony of Trent's ex-wife. Trent's jealousy had been roused by Whittaker's attentions to her. She has a hard time under examination by Trent's counsel, Max Conrick, who accuses her of marrying Trent just to save Whittaker from his wife's jealousy. "I married Trent because I wanted to," she says.

Every six months Stanley Whittaker had come to him for a thorough physical examination. On last October sixteenth he had examined Mr. Whittaker and found him in the pink of condition. Dr. Egerton then testified that Mr. Whittaker was particularly careful of his condition because he had an inordinate fear of death. The slightest pain sent him hot foot to the doctor. He loved life, was determined to make his own a long and full one. Often he used to say that he expected to live way beyond the allotted three score and ten.

The day's final witnesses were Joe and Steve McCarty, brothers, who had lunched with Stanley Whittaker at the Sphinx Club on October seventeenth. Both were holders of stock in his broadcasting venture. Both had been worried about failure to see results. But Whittaker had reassured them that results had merely been postponed. They might expect things in working trim by the first of the year.

"By this time next year," he had said, apparently in excellent spirits and full of plans, "you can count on big dividends."

A snowstorm raged as we left the courthouse. It had begun shortly after lunch and grew steadily in volume all afternoon. Terrible wind piled the snow in drifts. Street cars were tied up and men and women struggled toward the nearest subway station. I started along with the rest, when a taxi stopped near the curb and a man jumped out. I jumped in. But I told the driver to wait. I was waiting for Paula de Young, who had been Whittaker's secretary, and whose great interest in the testimony was striking.

"I've been watching you" When she came down the steps I went over to her.

"Won't you let me give you a lift? I happen to have a cab. Just dumb luck."

"Thanks, I don't mind the subway." She was staring at me with frank suspicion. I knew she was asking herself what my game was. She looked terribly tired and worn, as if just to sink down and shut her eyes would be relief.

"How did you happen to pick me out of all this crowd?" she asked.

"I've been watching you in court for several days."

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**HOT OXO AHEAD!**

"Are you a newspaper woman?"  
"No. I was until six years ago but I'm a back number now. Don't be afraid that I'll try to interview you, Miss de Young."

I gave her my name. She hesitated another minute, then stepped in the cab. The driver waited for instructions and I asked: "Where shall we drop you?"

She mentioned the address in Chelsea that I had already visited. All the way there she sat silent, staring out of the snow-clouded window. When we stopped, she opened her purse.

"Please don't," I begged, "I was taking the cab anyway."

She said, "Thanks a lot," and stepped down into the drifts. But as the cabman started to close the door she asked if I'd like a cup of tea. So we went up to her apartment, a compact room with a small alcove kitchen and dinette. I told her to get out of her wet things and into a dressing gown. She disappeared into the bathroom, leaving the door partly open.

A Rush of Sympathy  
I wandered about examining the simple furniture. Except for the bed, the things had the general air of being old family stuff.

There were two oil paintings. One, that of an austere gentleman in stock and tie of the eighteenth-fifties; the other, a pink-cheeked lady in the tight basqued fashion of the same period.

Paula de Young came in knotting the cord loosely round her blue flannel robe. Pomponed blue slippers on bare feet looked frivolous and gay and strangely out of the picture. Her damp hair was slicked back like a tight burnished cap. Her face was dead white. She seemed cold although the room was stifling with the heat that floods from a radiator turned on all day.

I had a foolish longing to ask if I could help her in any way. Why, I don't know. Curiosity had nothing to do with the impulse. Perhaps it was because I had put myself in her place, coming home from the emotional strain of court and finding not a soul to talk to, no safety valve. Perhaps this was the reason why I felt a rush of sympathy, why as our eyes met, I said:

"Can't I help you?"

"No," Paula answered, misunderstanding my offer to help her. "I'll have tea ready in just a minute."

She moved about, placing the kettle on the two-burner stove, opening a box of sugar wafers, measuring the tea. She moved restlessly, constantly, while the water boiled. She closed the little desk drawers, straightened cushions, kept busy even after the small table was set with tea-cups, napkins and silver. I admired the heavily wrought pattern of the silver teapot.

"That belonged to my great-grandfather, the gentleman over there," She pointed to a portrait on the wall.

"Dutch, wasn't he?"

"Yes. Stubborn, they tell me. We are a stubborn lot." Her lips pressed together and as she poured the boiling water over the tea, her head was bent and I could not see her eyes.

"Are any of your family in New York now?"

"I haven't any left. I've been alone ten years — since I was sixteen. My only sister died then. She was older — like a mother —"

She stopped short, evidently curbing an inclination to say more. She passed my cup and sat looking at me a little anxiously, perhaps asking herself why she had recklessly made me her guest.

"I'll go in just a few minutes," I found myself saying. "You're too tired for company."

(To Be Continued)

## Sisters Starved Despite Wealth

Refused to Spend \$10,000 In Currency and Coins

The aged sisters who suffered near-starvation in a squalid flat they had crammed with more than \$10,000 in currency and coins rested in hospital beds in Washington.

The money was discovered by representatives of the Southern Relief Society who found Miss Olivia Hale with a broken hip and her sister, Roberta, suffering from burns on the shoulder. Both women, believed to be more than ninety years old, had been injured doing housework.

Tucked In Furniture  
Money was tucked in furniture, vases and cushions. Along with the cash were laboriously sketched reproductions of cheques, long since cashed, which had been given the sisters by Scottish Rite Masons and others.

The money represented contributions made to the feeble old women for many years—and unspent. Each of the bills bore notations of the donor's name. Some of them dated back to the years immediately after the Civil War.

## Plain Cats

Malteses and Persians have silkier mittens, But Tommy and Tabby are Adequate Kittens, Whatever they lack of the glorified auras Of quaint Siameses and fluffy Angoras.

Their language is musical, pleasant and purry, Their gambols are graceful, their clothing is furry, Their eyes are appealing, their manners are gracious, Their ways are seductive, their hearts are capacious.

Oh, Tommy and Tabby, what cats could be fairer! As all would concede if your species were rarer.

A fig for proud pedigrees, printed or written! A cat is a cat and a kitten's a kitten!

—Arthur Guiterman in the New York Sun.

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## Household Science

By SUSAN FLETCHER

### VARIETY IN WINTER DESSERTS

There is no need to settle down to a diet of apple sauce or stewed prunes when it comes to working fruit into the winter diet. Dried fruits and canned fruits are always available to say nothing of oranges, grapefruit, apples and bananas. In fact you can have as many delicious fruit desserts in winter as in summer.

There is a knack however, in serving these fruits to bring out their full flavour and colour. A simple and easy way to do this is by combining fruits with jelly. It makes such a difference in the appearance and taste of ordinary fruits, and dresses them up to look like company desserts, but these desserts are simple enough to serve every day.

Here is a dessert which will take you back in memory to a golden September day—and the fragrance which filled the kitchen when you bottled spiced peaches.

### Arabian Peach Mold

3/4 cup peach juice  
1/4 cup vinegar  
1/2 cup sugar  
12 cloves  
1 stick cinnamon  
1 cup canned peaches, sliced  
1 package orange flavoured quick-setting jelly

Combine peach juice, vinegar, sugar, cloves and cinnamon and bring to boil. Add peaches and simmer 10 minutes. Remove peaches from syrup. Strain. Add enough water to syrup to make 2 cups. Dissolve jelly in warm liquid. Arrange peach slices in individual molds. Pour jelly over them. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serves 6.

### Grapefruit Mounds

1 package lime flavoured quick-setting jelly powder.  
1 pint warm water  
Dash of salt  
2 grapefruits, sections free from membrane.

Dissolve jelly in warm water. Add salt. Turn into individual molds. Chill until firm. Cut grapefruit sections lengthwise in slices. Arrange grapefruit slices on place and unmold jelly on them. Serves 8.

Here are two practical and delicious orange and jelly desserts.

4 oranges, free from membrane and cut in pieces  
1 cup sugar  
1 package orange jelly powder  
1 1/2 cups warm water

Combine oranges and sugar and let stand 10 minutes. Dissolve jelly in warm water, pour over oranges, and chill. Stir occasionally while cooling. Serve in sherbet glasses. Serves 8.

### Orange Blocks with Pineapple

1 package orange jelly powder  
1 1/2 cups warm water  
1/2 cup canned pineapple juice  
1 cup canned sliced pineapple, diced.

Dissolve jelly in warm water. Add pineapple juice. Turn into loaf pan. Chill until firm. Cut in cubes. File in sherbet glasses with pineapple.

### Bababa Fluff

1 package strawberry jelly powder  
1 cup warm water  
1 cup cold water  
3/4 teaspoon salt  
3 bananas, crushed  
1 cup canned crushed pineapple  
9 marshmallows, finely cut

Dissolve jelly in warm water; add cold water and salt. Chill until cold and syrup. Place in bowl of cracked ice or ice water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Fold in bananas, pineapple and marshmallows. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve with whipped cream or fruit sauce, if desired. Serves 10.

Here is an unusual winter pie made with dried apricots.

### Golden Apricot Meringue Pie

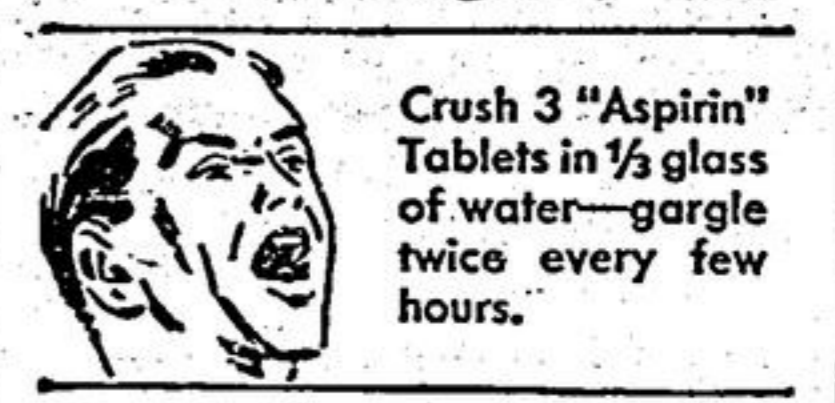
1/2 pound dried apricots, cooked and drained  
1/3 cup sugar  
1 package orange jelly powder  
2 cups warm apricot juice and water  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1 baked 9-inch pie shell

Combine apricots and sugar. Dissolve jelly in warm apricot juice and water. Add salt. Pour over apricots, stirring occasionally as mixture cools. Chill. When slightly thickened, turn into cold pie shell. Chill until firm. Cover with Three-Minute Meringue and sprinkle with coconut, if desired.

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## Telephone Girls Lauded by Shaw

George Bernard Shaw rated telephone operators above actors and actresses this week in diction and enunciation.

"There are dramatic schools all over the place; and yet today all professions speak better English for public purposes than the dramatic profession," the playwright said in a message to the annual meeting of the Association of Teachers of Speech.

In addition to the "wonderful telephone girls," Shaw listed the clergy, politicians and lawyers as being superior.

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## Spanish Women's Great Courage

Wife of American Volunteer Returns From Nine Months on Aragon Front, Full of Praise For Loyalist Army.

The courage of the Spanish women is one of the principal factors in the loyalist government's stubborn defence against the insurgent armies of General Francisco Franco. Mrs. Roger Merriman, American wife of the chief of staff of the Fifteenth International Brigade—better known as the Abraham Lincoln Brigade—told the United Press when she returned to New York after spending nine months with her husband on the Aragon front.

"It is a well known fact," she said, "that it is the women who have held Madrid—by their sheer courage and determination not to give up their homes to the rebels."

They're Too Enlightened  
And it is the women too, she added, who share and fully understand the modern ideology which loyalist Spain is defending. "I have talked with cultivated women and then with chamber maids and little girls in villages. They all laugh at returning to old customs, at the idea that woman is man's servant."

Spanish women are too enlightened, they have suffered too much in the last year and a half and have borne the burden of defending their homes and providing for the men at the front with too much courage now to give up their freedom of thought and action without a tremendous struggle.

Leader Is a Symbol  
"La Pasionaria" (Dolores Ibarruri), whom she met in Albacete while her husband's brigade was in training there, is "the symbol of what Spanish women have become and are to become." Recalling her impression of this daughter of Asturian miners who has now become one of the great leaders of loyalist Spain, Mrs. Merriman said: "I was amazed by her very earnest personality, by her great dignity. At first it might be said that she led the people mainly by emotion, as a sort of twentieth century Joan d'Arc. But now her intellectual powers are recognized. She has an amazingly clear grasp of every situation in which she takes part."

Work Behind the Lines  
As an example of the type of work Spanish women are doing today behind the lines, Mrs. Merriman mentioned the national organization called "Mujeres anti-fascistas" (Anti-Fascist Women), with whom she worked for a short time in Barcelona. This organization runs schools where women are trained to go into war industries, so that more men can go to the front. Moreover, it has now almost completely taken over the work of providing homes, food and clothing for women and children evacuated from war-torn areas. "These women are doing marvelous work," Mrs. Merriman said.

## How Vitamin "C" Was Discovered

When Nobel Prize Winner Analyzed Overseasoned Dish Served to Him By His Wife.

When Prof. Albert von Szent-Gyorgyi's wife served him a dish he couldn't eat, he analyzed it and discovered something he had been seeking a long time—an economical method of producing ascorbic acid, vitamin "C" to the uninitiated.

The dish, Albert Szekely of Szeged, Hungary's second largest city, disclosed in an interview at Montreal last week, was highly flavored with paprika, too, highly flavored, in fact. Szekely, president of the Hungarian Paprika Export Company, was there with Canadian and United States orders for 7,000,000 pounds of the spice.

Announced isolation in 1934  
"Prof. von Szent-Gyorgyi of the University of Szeged," explained Szekely, "first outlined his identification and isolation of vitamin 'C' before the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Aberdeen in 1934."

"The professor had noticed the relation between the scurvy-preventing propensities of vegetables and fruits on the one hand and the adrenal glands of man and animals on the other.

Followed Trail to Chicago  
"He followed this trail to the Chicago, slaughterhouses and there with the help of the Josiah Macy Jr. Foundation he spent a year working on tons of adrenal glands of cattle. But he managed to produce only a minute quantity of pure vitamin 'C' and, discouraged, he returned to Hungary."

"One day his wife served him a dish so highly flavored with the spice (paprika), he could not eat it. He took it to his laboratory instead and from it produced, of all things, vitamin 'C'. What is more, its production from 'capsicum anuum' (Hungarian paprika) is cheap and efficient. It can be readily administered intravenously and is useful in curing puerperal hemorrhages, nephritis, certain non-infectious forms of haemophilia, pyorrhea and Addison's disease."

Prof. von Szent-Gyorgyi won the 1937 Nobel prize for physiology and medicine.

The earth has one satellite, the moon; Jupiter has nine and Saturn 10.

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