

Make-Believe Bride

by Ruth Harley

LATEST HOUSEHOLD HINTS ILLUSTRATED

Timely pictures and articles for the thousands of women who are following the popular trend to electric cookery

FOURTH INSTALMENT
"Then you've got an appetite after all?" he declared as he started.

"Yes, this is delicious," she replied. "I guess you were right. I'm positively hungry." Something seemed to warn Maris, now that she had better draw Rod's attention to the food, rather than let him get sentimental. She felt strangely undecided about what her answer to a proposal should be.

However, she could not defer that answer indefinitely and so an hour later as dusk was falling and they strolled through Ban Cortlandt Park, once more Rod told her of his love. "Tell me you'll marry me, Maris," he begged as he caught her to his heart, and, beneath the light of the full moon, looked hungrily into her great dark eyes.

Her heart hammered furiously. She loved this man madly. She longed to throw her arms around his neck, to kiss him rapturously, and whisper, "Yes," but something told her, if she did, she must end all her dreams about Stan. If she gave Rod the promise that he wanted, he would insist on her wearing his ring, and if the gadget passed the tests as he felt sure it would, then there would be no excuse for waiting to get married.

He would get a cheap new car, and Dulcie would be discarded. Maybe, in spite of anything she could say, Rod would insist that they live in the country. Oh, so much would be involved if she whispered, "Yes." And yet her heart cried out insistently that she loved him, that by marrying him she would save herself from any heartbreaks, she might meet if she made up her mind to walk in ways that were foreign to the course of her life.

Rod's lips sought hers. For a long moment they held hers. Then as she moved in his arms, he whispered huskily, "You will, darling?" "Oh, Rod," and she gave a quivering, hysterical little laugh, "don't get so serious. Can't we just be friends, like we've always been?" "But you love me," he cried hoarsely as he caught her once more to his heart. "You know you do, Maris darling. Won't you be my wife?"

Lightly Maris placed her hands against him as she tried to slip from his arms. How she loved him! If he kissed her once more, maybe she would not have the courage to refuse his love, and yet something seemed to keep her from giving him her answer.

Again she laughed, a falsetto note in her voice. "Oh, Rod, this is so sudden," she mocked. Then suddenly serious, she added, "I don't want to think about getting married—at least not just yet."

The passion died out of Rod's voice as his arms dropped to his sides. His sea-blue eyes seemed to search to the very depth of her being as he exclaimed, "Then you don't love me any more. There is someone else?"

Beneath the fixity of his gaze, Maris' thickly lashed eyelids dropped over her dark eyes. He must not read the secret of her heart—for, even if she felt another fate might be in store for her, she could not deny her love for this man who cared for her so passionately. Better keep that secret to herself. Better let Rod languish in uncertainty—at least until she could see what the future might hold for her.

"You know I like you, Rod," she whispered, as she plucked lightly at the sleeve of his coat.

"That's not what I want, Maris. I want your love, but evidently I'm too late. Well, let's go home," and silently they went across the park.

But, as they reached the apart-

ment house where Maris lived, she whispered, "Don't get sore at me, Rod. Why can't we just be friends?"

Rod's harsh laugh cut across the still air. "That's a good one, Maris. Better tell that to your other boy friend. Well, good night. Dreams have a way of coming to an end." And before she could say another word, he had left her.

Then as she crossed the threshold of the apartment house, a sudden terror seized her. Had she driven the man she loved from her side forever? Why had she not told him there was no one else, that though she loved him, she didn't feel she wanted to get engaged—at least not just yet?

But even as she thought of what she might have done, what she might have said, a little imp inside her seemed to say, "Now you can see what's to be done with Stan. Marriage with a millionaire would be much easier than with a poor man. If Rod really loves you, he'll come back to you again. After all, a girl has the right to make things as easy for herself as she can."

Yet another voice seemed to say, "You know you love Rod, so how can you treat him so. What's got into you anyway? Stan Fayson will never look at you. Maybe he's really engaged to Rowene, and if he isn't as ready to marry he'll pick some bright deb rather than a working girl."



She and Rod had come to a parting of the ways.

But, shrugging her shoulders as she went upstairs, for the elevator was temporarily out of commission, she tried to forget about her love for Rod. She tried to banish every memory of his impassioned love-making. She was so tired of being poor, of working for a living, for she had started just after she got through business college. And, even if she married Rod, unless his gadget proved a tremendous exception, they would probably never be rich.

She would have to do all the housework—maybe even the laundry at first. Then if there were any babies—oh, the very thought of that problem made her sick. And yet, as she slipped her hand in her bag to get the key, she remembered she had thought once that it would be paradise to have a home of her own an adoring husband, and maybe two curly-headed cherubs to bring the final crown of happiness to her life.

What had come over her, she wondered, as she switched on the light. She could not understand herself. Once she had thought she would be in an ecstasy of happiness, if Rod proposed to her, and now—well, after she had stilled the tumult his kisses brought to her heart, she seemed to have lost interest in

get in free."

BACON—ALL DRESSED UP



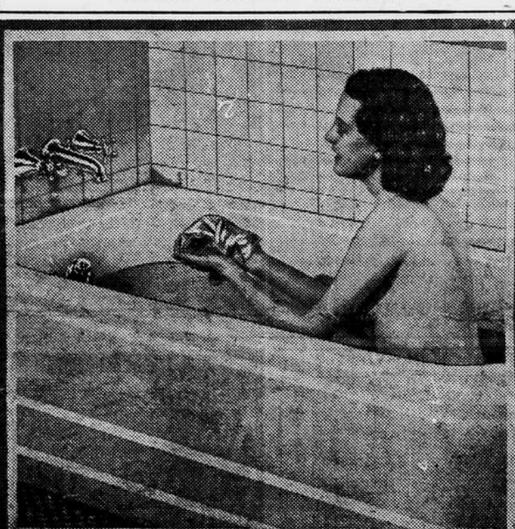
HERE is a new way to broil bacon: Dip the bacon in cream and then roll in flour. Place on smokeless broiler pan of the new automatic electric range and place broiler pan in second notch from the top of oven. Turn switch to Broil. Turn Temperature Control as far as it can be turned. Leave oven door, slightly ajar. Broil, turning once, until bacon is crisp and brown. The "Miracle" broiler broils the bacon to a crisp uniform brownness. Smoking and burning is eliminated due to the unique construction of the broiler pan.

"MIRACLE" BROILED SANDWICHES



BAKED Bean Sandwiches, made with canned or left-over baked beans, cheese and bacon provide a bountiful supper or luncheon "snack" as well as a "food find" for the busy homemaker. They are broiled—large quantities of them—in the roomy smokeless broiler pan of the modern electric range. The direct controlled electric heat rays broil these sandwiches to a uniform brownness. And should some of the fat from the bacon tumble off the sandwiches during the broiling, it will collect in the covered broiler pan where it cannot smoke or burn.

BEAUTIFUL BUT—SMART!



BEAUTY is as beauty does—and this beauty, photographed un conventionally by our intrepid newshawk, has learned her lesson well. A tubful of soothing hot water daily, plenty of soapy lather with her favorite soap and perfect relaxation is her formula for all-over complexion beauty. More and more women are depending upon the cleansing, restful qualities of hot water to preserve the beauty of their skins, and are guaranteeing an unending supply of hot water at all hours of the day and night with the modern automatic electric hot water service. Heating water by electricity is one of the latest and more valuable gifts of electricity to the home.

SIMPLIFIED STEAMED PUDDINGS



STEAMED puddings are now in—unusual ones too, such as steamed coffee pudding and steamed upside down pudding. No longer need you get out the steamer, tote boiling water and worry around "keeping up the fire" when you steam puddings. Just place the pudding in the thrift cooker unit of your modern electric range. No watching or attention is necessary. The regulated heat keeps up the temperature and the initial cup and a third of water placed in the cooker needs no replenishing. Boston brown bread and delicious steamed puddings can now appear on the menu often without causing any complications in the kitchen.

Try CARDUI For Functional Monthly Pains

Women from the teen age to the change of life have found Cardui genuinely helpful for the relief of functional monthly pains due to lack of just the right strength from the food they eat. Mrs. Crit Haynes, of Essex, Mo., writes: "I used Cardui when a girl for cramps and found it very beneficial. I have recently taken Cardui during the change of life. I was very nervous, had head and back pains and was in a general run-down condition. Cardui has helped me greatly." Thousands of women testify Cardui benefited them. If it does not benefit you, consult a physician.

THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS



"I'd say they should, seeing that Fayson's is having one of the biggest booths on the floor."

"Well, you know what that's for—so Stanley's girl can have enough room to show off the bridal gown made of Fayson's finest crepe," Milly said.

"Why shouldn't she?" asked Maris. "Fayson's can surely afford to spend something to put over a lovely material like that. Besides, it won't cost them a thing for models. That's a pretty smart idea of Stan's—sore of keeping it all in the family."

"Yes, someone said she was going to use the bridal gown at her own marriage," announced Milly as she started her work.

"But is she really engaged to Stan?" asked Maris, suddenly tense as she waited for Milly's answer.

"Sure, I read it in the Herald's society columns—gave all the pedigree of the young man—but I reckon Rowene didn't have any worth-

while ancestors—it only told about the playgrounds her dad had given to all the little burbs up-state."

"Well, when you're rich you don't need ancestors to hold you up. Gold does it well enough and lets you get in where you never could if you were poor and honest."

A moment later, Maris seated herself at her machine and the steady, clickety-click of her typewriter joined the chorus of the nineteen or twenty others that were in the correspondence room.

When twelve o'clock came, Maris gave a sigh of relief. Her back was aching and her fingers were positively tired for she'd been working furiously to get her list finished. She had not even had time to glance in the direction of Stan's office, as Miss Riggs had told the girls that the envelopes must be addressed just so—no shoddy work would be accepted. Not that she ever got that at any time, for the Fayson stenographers were a picked bunch.

But now, as Maris rose from her desk and involuntarily stretched her stiff muscles, her eyes sought Stan's office. Her eyes flashed as she whispered to Milly, "Look!"

Milly raised her head from her machine, and her eyes followed the direction Maris indicated. Then she rose quickly. "Let's go past Stan's office to the cloak room and get a better view," she whispered.

"All right," said Maris, picking up the box of envelopes and putting them on Miss Riggs' table. A sudden excitement had brought the color to her cheeks.

"Gee, Rowene's prettier than I thought," remarked Milly as they walked along the corridor and glanced through the glass-sided office where Rowene, dressed in the exposition bridal gown was parading before Stan and his father, as well as a select group of the salesmen.

"Better get the photographers over right now," the old man said.

(Continued next week)

—READ THE WATCHMAN—

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