

Make-Believe Bride

by Ruth Harley



SIXTH INSTALMENT

She crumpled the note and put it in the wastebasket. They wouldn't likely be home for at least a couple of hours.

She'd just make a cup of coffee and have some cake, for probably Patsy was going to give them a swell supper. Swiftly she remembered how disappointed Pat had been that Rod had missed the duck dinner.

Maybe she had planned this surprise for him. Pat was always thinking about other folks and doing nice things for them. Well, she would be disappointed once more.

For a moment Maris wondered how Rod was making out, but only for a moment, because she suddenly realized that one of her favorite features was almost due on the radio, and turning the dial, she flung herself down in a comfortable chair, waiting for the coffee to "perk."

Then came the musical motif that signified the approach of the feature and a moment later she was completely transported to other realms. It was not until the players had been on the air for about half an hour that she remembered the coffee. Jumping from the chair, she darted into the kitchen just in time to salvage half a cup, and with that and a piece of cake, she returned once more to the living room to listen to the end of the play.

But she was hardly seated till the door opened and Patsy and Johnny entered.

"Home so soon?" questioned Maris as she greeted them. "Didn't you go to the movies after all?"

"Yep," answered Pat, "but it was a rotten picture. Where's Rod? Hasn't he come over yet?"

"No he left for Cleveland today!"

"He did?" cried Patsy. "What's up—got a new job?"

"No, he's got a chance to demonstrate his radio gadget."

"Say, that's great," remarked Jimmy. "Good old Rod; I sure hope he makes a hit with it."

"So do I," exclaimed Pat. "But I suppose that's all mean he'll want to marry you right away and take you to the country," she added, looking at Maris as though she expected her to confirm her suggestion.

Maris smiled, but made no remark.

Then, noting the coffee cup on the table, Pat said, "You haven't looked in the ice-box, have you?"

"Of course not, although I'm starving," answered Maris.

"But I thought you'd have a bite before you came home tonight—you usually do that on my night off."

"Oh, it's all right, Pat. I worked late at the office."

"You did?" questioned Pat.

"Yes," replied Maris, almost too eagerly. "I had to see about some stuff in connection with the exposition—at least Fayson's part in it. And say, Rowene Quirk was in the morning, all dressed up in the wedding gown she is going to wear at the show."

"I don't believe she's any prettier than you," remarked Jimmy.

"All right, folks, let's eat," Pat said. "You can come and help me, Maris, and Jimmy can get us some good music and not these blood-and-thunder dramas you're so crazy about."

"It's too bad Rod couldn't be here," declared Patsy, opening the ice-box and revealing a sumptuous meal of cold spiced tongue, with vegetable salad and a delicious frozen dessert. "I just hope this trip will bring him some luck. Don't you feel excited about it? Is he go-

ing to call you up?"

"I don't suppose so."

"What do you mean, Maris? You're surely not keeping up that silly fight with him, about Dulcie? You must be crazy if you'd let a thing like that come between you—or—" Suddenly Patsy stood stock still in the middle of the kitchen floor. You haven't thrown him over for the chance that one day Stan may talk to you? Her eyes seemed to pierce the girl beside her.

"Don't worry, Pats, and work yourself up into a state. I'm not worth it, really. Only you may be interested in knowing that I've a date with Stan tomorrow."

"A date with Stan?" Patsy repeated incredulously. "Oh, Maris, do you know what you're doing?"

"There Pat, don't get all 'het up.' It's only to tell him something about an announcement for the exposition. Guess he wants my reactions to it." Laughing lightly, Maris shattered the tension of the moment.

"Well, I'm glad, though you had me worried for a minute."

"That's silly. Stan's engaged to Rowene Quirk, so he hasn't any eyes for other girls." (At least not just now, thought Maris to herself.)

"If only I'd her money, what stunning clothes I'd have!"

"He's really engaged to her?" demanded Pat.

"Yes; one of the girls saw the announcement in the papers, so not one of us girls will have a look-in-

glanced again at the couple, she wouldn't make a mess of her life by letting her heart rule her. What did marrying for love do for anyone? A cynical smile curled at her lips. Now she was glad she had not let herself be carried away by her emotions. She must keep them under control. Whatever came of love matches that folks raved about, but disillusion when the couples came day up against the practicalities of life? But suddenly all her calculated plans received a jar when Jimmy said "I guess Rod will be a rich man one of these days. One of the engineers down at our place was talking about his gadget. He thinks it will revolutionize radio reception."

"That would suit you all right, Maris, wouldn't it?" questioned Patsy.

"Yes, of course," answered Maris, "but no one knows yet. It may only be a pipe dream."

"You don't sound very enthusiastic over Rod's ideas," remarked Jimmy.

"Oh, maybe I've heard so much about this wonderful gadget that I'm not going to believe in its wonderful future. Guess I'm from Missouri, and need to be shown." There was a note of boredom in Maris' voice as she answered.

"Just wait till Rod comes back from Cleveland. Probably the engine of the train he comes in on will be flying flags. I've a hunch he's going to make good with it all right," announced Patsy.



Rowene Quirk was in that morning all dressed up in the wedding gown she is going to wear at the show

though it's a darn shame, for rich husbands can't be picked up at every crossroads."

"It's better so," commented Patsy, and for a moment Maris felt furious at her. Even if she was perfectly content with Jimmy Doyle and his future, other girls had dreams of really raising themselves through their marriages to important men.

"Stan Fayson," remarked Patsy, "would probably turn some working girl's head with his attentions and wealth, and then she'd find herself left high and dry when he got tired of her. Well, I guess we're ready to start. Come on, Jimmy."

"All right, sweetheart," he answered as he came into the dining room and put his arm about Patsy.

Maris caught the look of affection that passed between them. Somehow it annoyed her. Patsy was a jewel of a girl, but how could she be satisfied with Jimmy? Yet she seemed to adore him. Somehow that very fact seemed to make her feel like throwing Rod permanently into the discard. Maris felt with her beauty she should surely do better in the marriage market than marry a man who merely had a job—even if she loved him.

Well, she thought, now, as she

Everyday Cooking Miracles

BY VIRGINIA FRANCIS

Director Hopkins Electric Cookery Institute

"Dear as remembered kisses . . ." says Tennyson in his poem, "The Princess." He is speaking, however, about a different kind from those we are going to talk about. The kisses we have in mind follow his next line "and sweet as those . . ."—but stop there. They are, in truth, known more commonly as



The low controlled heat of the electric oven insures the perfect baking of delicious and crunchy meringues.

meringues. If your mother used to make these delicacies, they are to you, no doubt, as the poet says "dear as remembered kisses . . . and sweet as those!"

Perhaps we'd better stop right now to make a distinction between kisses—the kind of which we're speaking—and meringues. The smaller shapes are those known as kisses. They are very often sprinkled with chopped nuts, grated chocolate or candied fruit and served as tea wafers or confections.

The meringues, which are usually made larger, are commonly known as meringue rings—you know those hard, crunchy meringue "nests" which are so good when filled with ice cream, fresh fruit or whipped cream. Haven't you always wanted to try them? Well, here are the rules—true and simple. Contrary to many beliefs, meringues really are easy to make.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

The Spread of Christianity.
Lesson for September 27th.
Matt. 13:24-33.
Golden Text: Acts 14:27.

This is a review lesson. We have been studying the birth and early growth of the missionary movement. Naturally we turn our thoughts to our own day and inquire concerning the spread of Christianity in the twentieth century. Is the missionary enterprise we ask, forging ahead in the spirit of its founders of the apostolic age? A full answer is given in "Re-Thinking Missions," the report of the recent laymen's foreign missions inquiry. "If the future way of the mission is to be—as it can be—the exacting way of the best, its welcome abroad will be secure."

There can be no question that Christianity in the future will be increasingly international. Our world is rapidly shrinking. The old barriers of space and time are disappearing. Think of what the radio and aviation are doing to bring the nations closer! All parts of the world today are in intimate touch with one another. Therefore we are compelled to abandon the old-time distinction between home and foreign missions. The field is now one. It is apparent that the missionary enterprise is one organism, all parts of it inter-related so that the witness for Christ in one area sets in motion forces which damage for the better spiritual atmosphere in all other areas.

But there is a stronger reason for the cultivation of a world view. Not only are we compelled to be world citizens by the revolutionary forces of applied science, but we are forced to think in terms of mankind as a whole by the example of Christ.

And let us bear in mind that missions, in all their branches, are well established. There are 52,000 missionaries today, 23,000 Roman Catholic and 29,000 Protestant scattered in all five continents, and in most of the islands of the sea, with about ten million Christians under their charge. The work they are doing is of immense significance.

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