

CHRISTABEL

By PEARL BELLAIRS

THE HEROINE MARRIES

Christabel's story really begins when she was twenty-two. We see her then, leaning over the book in the vestry of Kensington Church, writing her maiden name for the last time, her eyes brilliant with innocence, her arms, clasping her lilies, still thin with youth in the white satin sleeves.

She wasn't as beautiful then as she became later; only very young. She was just like any other dreamy girl you might meet, who had no been happy at home, and had taken up nursing because she wanted to "be of use in the world"; and then had met a young man, and had been carried away by her first experience of love-making, without giving much thought to the ways and means of making a home.

She needed a home, for her father had died when she was a child, and her mother had married a second, wealthier husband and had had another family, so that Christabel had always felt the odd one out.

"Now I know I have to conduct private business for clients over the phone?" he burst out, when she asked him a difficult question. So she never found out what was the matter. But the rent was overdue, Keith had no people to help him, and they had to sell the furniture to pay off his most pressing debts.

Christabel was expecting a happy event, which did not look so happy, after all, in the circumstances.

However, Keith got another job in the city with a friend. It was not so well paid as the first. They lived in a small furnished flat, and they no longer went out so much.

"We can't afford to keep pace with that crowd!" said Keith.

Christabel would not have minded being poor if Keith had not seemed to find it so intolerable. If his bitterness had not come to permeate their whole life.

But debts, poverty, lost friends, it was all nothing to her beside the fact that when the baby came it died of pneumonia when it was six weeks old. The meaning went out of everything. There was nothing left in life.

It meant nothing to her that Keith used to come in more and more often with friends "from the city" or that he liked her to try to look as though she liked their endorses and shows, and sharp dealing when her head was aching, and her eyes were weary with grief.

She could not forget the dead child. She dreamed of it every night. She knew she could have lov-

ed it in the whole-hearted way in which she had not been able to love Keith after the first illusion had gone.

It was the lack of favour in her feeling for Keith perhaps, which put her more under his thumb than anything else. She was always trying to make up for it.

If Keith said: "You look awfully tired lately! Why don't you put some of that blue shadow on your eyes that so-and-so wears?" Christabel would do so; and put black on her eyelashes and crimson on her nails, and wear over emphatic hats and frocks and try to look as sophisticated as Keith wanted to be.

Because he liked it; and because after the baby died she would have done anything to efface the real self under the make-up; a self so painfully out of its element that she only wished it buried as deep as her own dead child.

KEITH FINDS A PATRON

They had been married for three years when they came to know Henry Goring. Timid, conscientious about his work, retired from civil service to live in the block of flats next to the Milsons. His sister, a starchy old lady kept house for him, and possibly they both valued most in life was the safely-invested capital which enabled them to live in comfortable comfort.

Miss Goring didn't like Henry's friendship with the Milsons from the first.

"Thank you, but I very seldom go out at night," Miss Goring would reply coldly, when invited to go round with Henry.

Christabel tried to make friends, but she didn't realize that Miss Goring couldn't see through all the make-up like Keith. To the poor Christabel who dreamed and pined inside; whose sadness was ready to embrace the whole world, and Christabel liked him so much better than Keith's other hard-eyed friends because he was a simple soul. And if Keith said some things about himself to Henry that were not quite true, and liked to play the rising young man before Henry Goring she forgave him—where would marriage be without such forgiveness?

"He'll go far that young man," said Henry Goring.

Besides how could she have had the heart to attempt to deny anything Keith might say to make things look better? He was so depressed and embittered by no being able to get on. It would have been easier to be poor really, if Keith hadn't seemed to find it so intolerable.

He had never managed to pay off the debts of their newly-married days. A dressmaker's bill came in, for twenty-one pounds. Once in a moment of affluence Keith had made Christabel start the account and buy the things, he had said he would play in the following month, but he had never done so in all the months since.

Now when it came with a threat to sue, he was very upset; he said he would be ruined if anyone sued him just then, and suggested to Christabel that she should borrow the money from Henry Goring.

Afterwards she hardly knew how he persuaded her into it, it was so shameful and unpleasant to her. But he said he would lose his job; soiled, sulked, and finally came home that night the worse for drink which he had taken apparently, on account of the ruin to come.

Christabel wrote to Henry Goring next morning; he was staying with his sister at Bognor.

"Don't say I can't pay; just say you've over-spent my allowance and don't want me to know," said Keith.

"But I can't say that! He'll think I'm deceiving you!"

"What does that matter? I don't care what you say, so long as you don't tell him I can't pay. The important thing is never to let people know that you're hard up!"

"There was another dead-lock. Finally he swore he would pay back the money out of his next commission, and she gave way.

Henry sent her the money immediately; it was not so bad after she had seen him again, for he was just his old, kind self, and one couldn't resent being grateful to him.

"I'm thinking of buying a house," said Henry Goring to the Milsons, about a month later. "Paying rent for a flat is like throwing money down the drain. My sister and I think that if we bought a house that was likely to increase in value, we'd be getting much more for our money."

And it must have been a week after that, Keith said to Christabel:

"I'll be able to give you that twenty-one pounds for Henry in a day or two."

It had been worrying her, and she was very much relieved; she had been collecting it out of the house-keeping, but that was so slow. She hardly believed him, but sure enough, in three days' time, he gave her the twenty-one pounds in notes, and she was able to give them to Henry.

She felt bad, thanking him as though Keith knew nothing about it.

The next thing was that Keith asked her casually: "I wonder if Henry has done anything about getting a house?"

"I don't think so, Keith. I asked him the other day, and he said no."

"I know of a house in Baling. You can tell him I can put him on to a good thing if he still wants one."

"Couldn't you—?"

"No; it's much easier for you to mention it to him. I'll be getting a commission from West, the chap who owns it, if I sell it for him. You can so easily say to Henry: 'If you want to buy a house why not let Keith find one for you?'"

"Of course not."

"That was how she came to mention the house in Baling to Henry Goring."

(To be Continued)

BEUF STEW

3 1-2 lbs. chuck or rump, 1-2 onion, 3-4 cup turnip and 1-4 cup carrot, cut into dice, 2 tablespoons beef drippings, 2 potatoes, salt and pepper, 1-4 cup flour. Wipe meat remove all small pieces of bone and cut into pieces. Put larger bones, pieces of gristle, etc. into kettle and cover with cold water. Dredge rest of meat with flour, pepper and salt, and brown in

DUMPLINGS

Dumplings help out considerably on any stew, beef or lamb, and may be made with or without eggs at the moment. (1) 1-2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-2 cup cold water, 1 egg. Beat egg well, add salt and water and stir this into flour until you have a smooth

KINGSTON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

On Feb. 2nd, eight members and one visitor met at the home of Mrs. Tyrus Holmes for their monthly meeting. The meeting opened by singing the Ode and repeating the creed in unison. Roll Call was answered by a Valentine verse. The paper on Public Health was filled in by Mrs. May Willis. A letter of

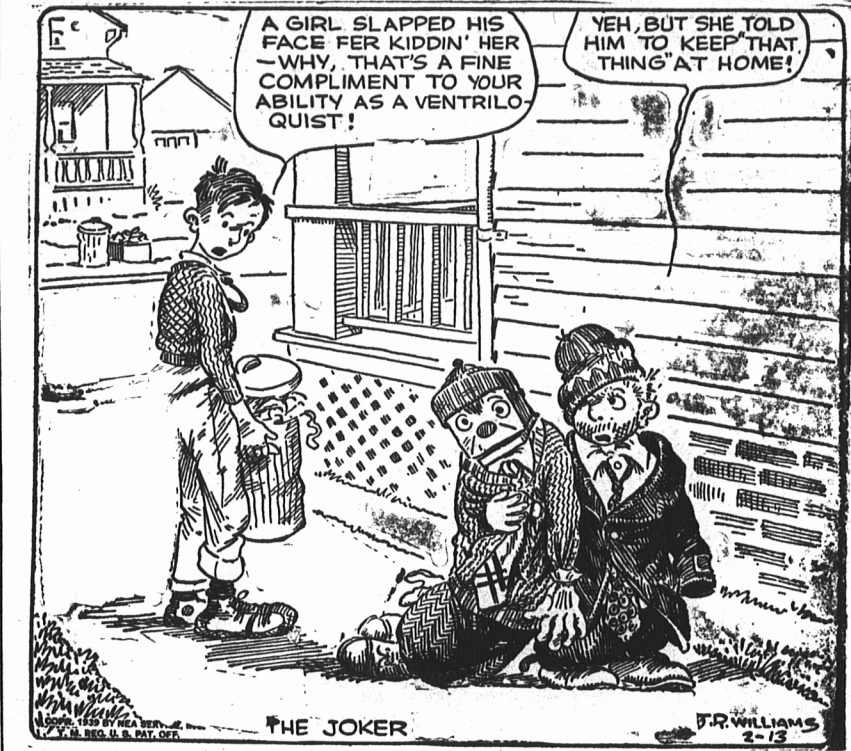
thanks was read from Miss Bess at the Protestant Orphanage, also from three members who presented fruit. A program, A Boy's Place in the Home, was read by Mrs. Albert Clow. Programs for the evening readings by Mrs. Albert Clow, Mrs. M. McSwain, Miss Vera Klum, a demonstration on how to make a contest was put on by Jean Gordon and won by Mrs. Albert Clow. Mrs. MacSwain, Mary Clow 58 cents for candle, \$1.00 from Mrs. Albert Clow for social evening at her home. Collection amounted to 40 cents, bill of 40 cents was paid. Mrs. M. McSwain kindly invited the members for their next meeting, and call to be answered with the name of a garden flower and describe it. Meeting closed by singing God Save the King, after which a delicious lunch was served and a social time spent.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

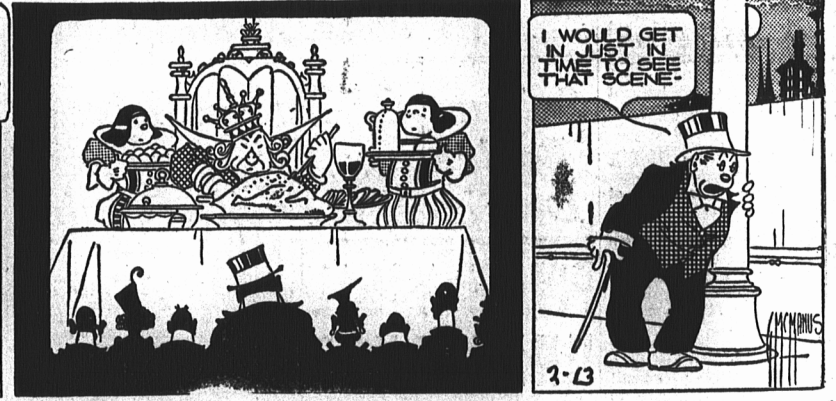
OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



Thimble Theatre, Starring POPEYE — Now Showing — "One Good Turn Deserves Another" — Tomorrow — "Quick, Watson, The Spinach Juice"



TIPPIE and "CAP" STUBS

By Edwina



TILLIE THE TOILER — RECIPE FOR PEP.

By Westover



The SNAPSHOT GUILD

TABLE-TOP PICTURES



Toy soldiers, some cotton batting—and you have a war picture in winter. Making table-top pictures is easy, and fun.

IF YOU want to give your imagination free rein on something—just try taking table-top pictures during a few of the long winter evenings.

With a few simple materials that can be picked up around almost any house, you can create all sorts of picture situations—in either comic or serious vein. Spread out a piece of plain, dark carpet, and you have an attractive grassy lawn. Put a doll house on it, add a few toy trees and a driveway made out of sand or salt—and you have a handsome country estate. Slip a few wads of crumpled paper under the carpet, smoothing it down neatly—and you have hills and valleys. A toy automobile on the drive, a few toy cows or horses scattered about—and you have a complete rural scene.

It's as simple as that.

For table-top pictures, any kind of camera can be used. If yours is a fixed-focus camera, or one that focuses only to five or six feet, slip a portrait attachment on the lens—this enables you to take close-ups. The camera should be placed on a firm support, and the lens closed down to a small opening. This makes both near and far objects sharper. Time exposures should be made, using either ordinary electric bulbs or, preferably, regular amateur photo bulbs.

Table-top pictures offer a wide choice of subject matter. You can take a couple of model airplanes, hang them on dark threads, and picture an aerial combat. Or, you can use toy soldiers and cannon from the dime store, and stage a war on the living-room floor. A woolly white blanket, or cotton batting, provides snow for a winter scene. A sheet of black cardboard is a fine background for a night scene. A mirror, laid out flat, makes a sheet of ice. Brown sugar or salt can be used for a sandy beach. Tiny twigs suggest bare trees. Transparent wrapping material, properly crumpled, resembles stormy water. Place a ship model on a sheet of this—and you have a storm at sea.

Clearly, in "table-tops" there are marvelous chances for pictures. The sky is the limit—and there's no end to the fun you can have. Try a few now, and you'll see.

John van Gulder