OUT OF THE GOLDEN PACK

BY IDA M. EVANS.

PART II.

Lettice was at the dinner table; white shouldered, satin clad, in beaded evening slippers. For some reason she was a little pessimistic.

And then, between dinner and the first act of the play which followed, his pulse beat faster. Why? As he helped Lettice into the Wellman car and his hand touched her bare elbow, her loose evening coat sleeve having fallen back, a lovely color ran up her delicate profile.

In view of what was to come months later it was of some significance that, at the end of the second act that night, a messenger boy from Hammond Wettles himself slipped a summons to Stephen. Wettles, the breakfast food king who could not direct his own products, was chronically threatened with appendicitis, but shied from the necessary operation like an old horse from a high fence.

Stephen obeyed the summons, although Lettice smiled "Must you?" and Dan Wellman snorted, "Dog's life you lead, Steve."

But because that last disappointed lift of Lettice's eyes stayed with him, giving rise to a certain reflection on his part, Stphen was somewhat absent-minded with an old pain-gripped man. Afterward he blamed himself. Had he been more insistent Wettles might have yielded then on a long mooted point and saved himself and Stephen much trouble.

"I'm afraid of the knife," said Wettles ill-humoredly. "And it's my own business."

"Yours," agreed Stephen.

"Then why urge——"

"It's my business to urge," said Stephen curtly.

Old Hammond Wettles heard, grunted, sighed gloomily, and promised to bear his own condition in mind after a business trip to New York.

He went to New York. A diphtheria epidemic quarreled for stage space with the year's influenza. A boiler explosion in a factory sickeningly marked one week. Hammond Wettles wrote that he would return presently —"and, mind, no saw but yours, Bentlewin, if saw it must be." Stephen, who was grimly devoid of vanity, disapprovingly reflected that Wettles better act faster and be less particular as to the saw's wielder, and then forgot Wettles. He dined several times with the Wellmans, which meant with Lettice Towne, and he dined once at the Towne table itself, and he played golf twice out north where Lettice happened to be playing.

Lettice played golf—on nice days, when it was not too warm or too cold, she said.

He denied to himself that Lettice Towne had come to regard him with a fleeting, plaintive wonder in her lovely dark blue eyes. He would not admit to himself that very often he had been greatly tempted to answer that question in a way to satisfy her —and himself for a while at least. He stuck to a slowly formed, austere resolution. Perhaps because in those early childish years Cora Bentlewin had printed austerely on a small, clean, receptive mind. Perhaps he was a little morbid. He deliberately "dropped" Lettice from his thoughts. And then——

Afterward—to be exact, while Lettice Towne's delicate white silk dress was trailing in that clay and her tulle scarf lay tramped in its mire—Stephen Bentlewin tried, and failed, to divide the blame in three equal portions, like thirds of a red apple: himself, accident, and Lettice the sharers.

Accident, Lettice's responsibility, his own negligence——

He had been grossly negligent. Criminally negligent, he could not quite admit; even if he had departed in silly schoolboy-like greed for a holiday, from his long fixed professional habit of keeping, in perfect repair, his own car or an excellent hired substitute.

His car was undergoing repair that Saturday afternoon when, just at the close of office hour, Dan Wellman breezed into his private consultation room. Dan was all invitation.

"Come along, Steve. Call it a day. These rains have made the turf springy as a hair mattress. And there'll be creamed home-grown peas for dinner."

Every year the Wellmans played at raising their own vegetables on two expensively fertilized acres, with a luxurious twelve-room cottage, near the golf links of a far north shore country club.

Stephen Bentlewin accepted the invitation almost without a word. It was welcome.

He had been hard driven for a good many weeks, his night and day calls stepping on each other's heels.

At Dan's imperative invitation he thought of his own car. He seldom rode in another man's. But he saw no great wisdom in waiting an hour or two on repair work. His spare hours were too few, and daylight waits on no mechanic. He saw no good reason for not hopping into Dan's six-thousand-dollar roadster. Now that it was proffered to him, he felt eager to get at his golf, in a place which he knew would be good and green.

And Lettice Towne undoubtedly would be one of the smiling, appreciative guests at the Wellman dinner. For all the cold and careful resolution which undermined his feeling for her, the prospect of seeing her was not unpleasant.

Without ado, he accompanied Dan out the door, pausing to give a direction or two to the office girl, then down in an express elevator.

The sun was bright, and just inclining toward descent of day, as they rolled north over the great new bridge and took the lovely skirting road of the lake. With the first swift rush of north shore air against his face, Stephen shook off some of the accumulated fatigue of weeks.

He shook off more as Dan drove into the low club garage. To the immediate west of the garage the smooth rolling turf had caught something fresher and more emerald than usual from the recent rains. Like a mirroring lake, it allured.

Over it was a scattering of concentrated men and of women in gay sport sweaters and white footgear. Lettice Towne was one of them, in a soft blue silk sweater and flat heeled white shoes, which made her seem smaller and younger. For all her modern training, the color rose in her face, too, at sight of Stephen Bentlewin.

Although Lettice had merely motored out to the Wellmans for the day, she had had foresight enough to bring along evening wear. In a soft white silk dress, she sat next Stephen Bentlewin at dinner. It was a filmy, delicate silk. Her arms were bare and powdered. Her slippers were satin and never manufactured for walking purposes. Her stockings were white cobwebs.

Later when the cottageful went across to the clubrooms, for the evening dance, she wore a tulle scarf as well. It was silvery tulle, with infinitesimal beads forming a feathery design. Expensive-looking, but neither a useful nor a durable article. Merely one of the soft, useless, lovely trifles which civilization exhibits pathetically to mark wistful humanity's rise from savage red and yellow beads.

His pulse was not slow as he and she entered the club doors, lighted and streaming music. He was not a facile dancer. He had learned the art too late in life, with hardly enough zeal. But he knew that he was going through a turn or two with Lettice. That would top a pleasant day. He continued unmoved, however, in some secret recess of his being.

And then, even as she put a hand on his arm and the orchestra finished with the preliminary strumming of a fox-trot, he was summoned to the telephone. The telegram was repeated over the wire to him as it had been received by his office assistant in town:

Aboard Flier:

Hammond Wettles stricken on way home. Immediate operation imperative. Have ambulance meet train 11.30 p.m. You yourself requested to operate. Telegraph reply Flier, Toledo.

Physician on Train.

When he had had his assistant in Chicago repeat the telegram and in return had telephoned orders for a reply to be made and the ambulance attended to, the turn of Stephen Bentlewin's heel was professionally eager and obedient. An animation, too, different from that induced by a green turf had taken possession of his face. That, to correspond, a certain animation had withdrawn from Lettice Towne's face at his side, is irrelevant to Hammond Wettle's plight.

Stephen looked about for Dan Wellman, or a club steward. "Where can I get a taxi, Dan? Or a hired car? No, not yours—at the garage——"

Two or three men, besides his host, were cordially ready to supply Stephen's lack. They pressed forward in a group as they heard. But Lettice Towne, gracefully, deftly took precedence of all. Smilingly, with a curious little fixed glint in her eyes, she waved them back.

"I'm driving back to town to-night. Truly! I promised to get home. And I can just as well go now. Please!"

Stephen was slightly annoyed. His mind and attention had thrust ahead to Wettles and hospital, and he would have preferred not having any one to talk to him on the drive back to town.

"I'd like to start instantly," he said. "And make good time——"

"I'll get my coat in a second. Dan, have the car brought out of the garage, please."

(To be concluded.)

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One of the Best.

Miss Booklover—"One should be up-to-date! what are the six best sellers at present, Mr. Toper?"

Mr. Toper—"The six best cellars? I really can't say; but mine's one of them, I'll bet!"

Labor Savers I Use.

First comes my kitchen cabinet, standing five feet from and in front of the stove and containing everything that is needed for baking. I can prepare anything for the oven without taking a step till the cake or pies or biscuit are ready to slip into the oven.

Next comes my built-in woodbox that can be filled from the shed and forms a seat in my kitchen beside the firebox end of the stove.

With my five babies, all under five and one-third years of age, the bathroom on the first floor is a blessing. Two springs piped into a concrete reservoir supply the house and barn. The hot water tank is connected with my range.

And my laundry tubs! Such backache and time savers as they are. Mine are in the kitchen and covered as a table when not in use for washing. With no tubs to lift and empty, washing does not seem like washing. I had rather be without my hand-power washer than the tubs.

My husband had acetylene lights put in, so all the time I once used cleaning and filling oil lamps is now used for other work. With the outfit is the hot plate which makes summer cooking more comfortable.

I have an ironing board on a standard and a gasoline iron so I can iron when and where I choose.

One year I spent almost a day pitting cherries but never again! I bought a pitter and an apple parer. They not only do better and much quicker work but my five-year-old boy can operate them as well as I. Doing every bit of my own work, sewing for all of us even to the making of the children's coats, I must plan to save every minute I can so as to have a little time for reading and other things I enjoy.

By using my bread-mixer, it takes seven minutes to knead bread and have it set to rise.

I must also mention my mop wringer, dust mop and sweeper.

Winter used to mean spending a goodly share of each day carrying "chunks" from the woodshed to keep two heaters going. Now we have a pipeless furnace, all wood for it in the cellar and a much warmer house. —Mrs. L. L. S.

Women 100,000 Years Ago.

What were women like a hundred thousand years ago?

A number of French professors have been trying to find out, and some very interesting results have followed their search. They say that in the days when people lived in caves Woman was the most important of the two sexes. Men were only tolerated for the sake of the food and skins they provided. Women ruled everything, and almost every art and science we have to-day is due to the work of the women of thousands of years ago.

Women taught men how to defeat famine by snaring animals and storing them for times when food would be unobtainable. Women taught men how to get skins to clothe themselves in the winter. Women, in fact, saved the human race from being destroyed.

Since she was not strong enough to kill her enemies or provide food and clothing, woman had to use her wits and employ cunning instead of force. Every labor-saving device we have to-day is descended from the early invention of a woman.

Altogether it seems that woman a thousand years ago ruled man in almost exactly the same manner that she does to-day!

Music the Best Antidote for Waywardness.

During the adolescent age the boys' and girls' tastes seem to be forming, and in many cases it is at this point that it rests with the parents whether the boys shall become interested in the higher pursuits or in pool, cigarettes, etc. Music is the best antidote for waywardness that I know. An-

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

other thing which, being a mother, appeals to me is the fact that music seems to be one of the best grounds upon which a mother and her son can keep in touch with each other.

Many of the mothers play a little piano—it may be a very little—but each orchestra member was required to purchase the piano parts to all orchestra music and to practice his parts with the piano outside of school hours, thus becoming familiar with the general orchestra score. Many of the boys met frequently in small groups—perhaps three or four—at a home of some mother who played the piano. With an interested teacher to play the accompaniments, the school piano was also utilized for practice purposes.

While the school orchestra does not eradicate the "gang" spirit that seems to be born in all boys, yet it directs it into safe and sane channels. My orchestra boys are "gangsters." Love of music seems to draw them together, just as love of adventure or of mischief prompts the formation of other "gangs." If there is a fine concert or an opera company or some other especially good attraction in town, you will find the majority of my boys there, usually on the front seats, and they are just as interested and well-behaved as the girls, who will be there, too.

None of the orchestra boys smoke. Most of the girls and boys excel in their studies.

A Certain Woman.

One might be with her year on year,
and yet
Find always something new in her
each day,
As a familiar landscape has a way
Of changing so that one may quite
forget
How well one knows each hill and
rivulet;
Her sudden vagaries are challenging
As are the fragrant breezes of the
spring,
And from her smiles one learns love's
alphabet.
In fact, she is so many different folk,
One never weames of her comradeship;
Nor may a final judgment e'er invoke,
So varied the opinions she lets slip,
And always, through what mood or
phase she goes,
One catches poetry within her prose.
—Charlotte Becker.

Raisin Fluff.

Two cups of sugar; half cup water; one stiffly beaten egg white; half cup chopped raisins; half cup of walnut meats; quarter teaspoon of vanilla.

Boil sugar and water until it threads when dropped from the tip of a spoon. Pour on beaten egg white and beat until it holds its shape. Add raisins, nuts, salt and vanilla. Mix well. Drop from a teaspoon on paraffin paper and set aside until cold.

A Dense Population.

A school-teacher asked her class in what part of the world the most ignorant people were to be found. A small boy volunteered quickly, "In London, England."

The teacher was amazed, and questioned the lad as to where he had obtained such information.

"Well," he replied, "the geography says that's where the population is most dense."

Johnny Scores.

Johnny hated his early bedtime. In the course of one of the nightly arguments his mother told him how all the little chicks went to sleep with the sun. For the moment he was silent, then he piped up: "But the old hen goes to bed with them, you know, mama!"

The extra half hour was conceded.

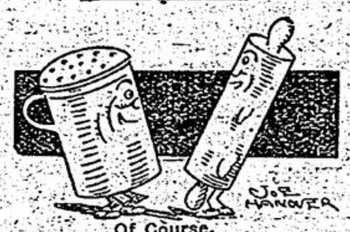
The Eternal Cause.

"What's the matter, little girl?"

"Two boys were fightin' and I got struck by a stone."

"That's it; the innocent bystander always gets hurt."

"But I don't know as I was an innocent bystander. I was what they was fightin' about."



Of Course.

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Rolling Pin—"Well, I gather a little dough now and then!"

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Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

She wrote him a note which read: "Dear John—Meet me at the trysting place at 6.30 this evening; without fale." And John answered: "In that lexicon of youth which fate has reserved for a bright manhood there is no such word as 'fale'."

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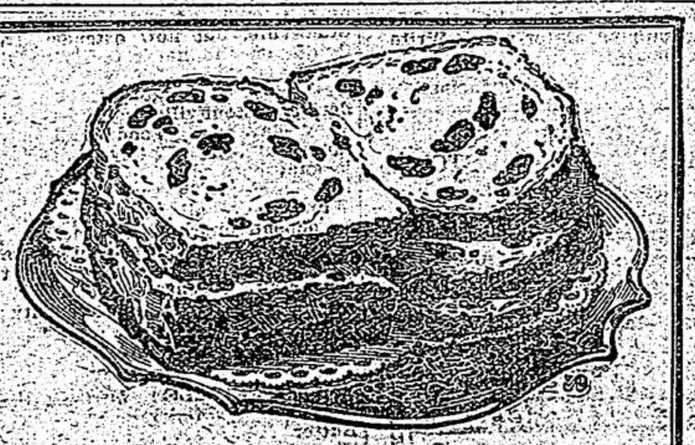

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