

# APRIL ESCAPADE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

## SYNOPSIS

The O'Hara family, poor but happy, is supported by Martin and Mary Kate, the two oldest children. Martin, who is studying medicine at night, gets a chance to go to Germany with the Van Antwerp, but turns it down because of the family. Mary Kate who wants him to take the opportunity, which will mean a great deal to him, tries to plan some way to get the money which will enable Martin to go.

## CHAPTER V.

Listen, they ought to tell everyone right away, Cass thought. And listen, they ought to plan to get married right after Easter. And listen, he was going to stay on with the O'Connor Own-Your-Own-Nest Company for just two more years, and then he was going to borrow capital and start in for himself. And listen, there was no reason why they should live in town, if she would prefer Berkeley, San Mateo or any other suburb.

But no, Mary Kate wanted to be near her mother. All right then. But listen—

Every little while she gave a little wriggle of excitement and pleasure. This occurred when she thought of all the "fun" ahead—that fun of which she had lost sight in the excitement of discovering herself really upon the eve of an actual engagement.

But there would be house-hunting to do—oh, fun. And then her name would be changed of course—she would be Mary Kate Keating. Fun. And the girls in the office would all crowd around to see her ring—oh, yes, and she'd have a ring! And some day she would have a square little sturdy boy with his little tummy belted into a clean, stiff romper, and a little pink girl baby in a gray perambulator, with snowy blankets and a batiste embroidered cover, and elderdown all round her pink cap—

"Listen, dear. You could manage on that?"

"Oh, Cass! We can have company dinners. I'll ask Ma how she fries chicken—"

"Mary Kate, don't die till some of this comes true!"

More laughter. Then presently they were off all over again.

"I said to Jim Cane, 'No, the girl with the red hair—'"

"That was at Kitty's party."

"Yes, and I hadn't wanted to go!"

"I had on an old white rag. I was sort of in mourning for Uncle Miles."

She giggled. "I remember that when I bought those slippers I told the clerk I wanted deep, deep mourning, but with a dancing heel!"

"You're a case!" Cass told her adoringly.

"There was on'y one cloud."

"It seems selfish for us to be so happy, Cass, when poor old Mart has to give up his trip to Germany."

"D'you suppose it means so much to him?"

"Oh, Cass! With Doctor van Antwerp?"

"Well—if I get going—" Cass reminded her, anxiously.

"There was a silence. Mary Kate had not heard him. Her blue eyes were animated with a sudden change of expression; she was looking into space, frowning faintly, lightly biting her scarlet lower lip.

"Oh, my goodness—" she breathed.

"What is it?" the man asked.

"Oh, heavens!" ejaculated Mary Kate, still in the same abstracted undertone.

"But she would! not say what it was. Instead she laughed, her face suddenly hot.

Cass kissed the fragrant, silky top of her head, and went on with his plans. "Listen, dear—"

Obediently, she listened. Or rather she tried to listen. But her thoughts were racing now, and her senses confused.

Something rather odd had occurred that very day in the office. Something that had seemed to Mary Kate quite unimportant at the time, if rather puzzling and amusing. But now

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## WRIGLEYS

is wrapped and sealed to keep it as good as when it leaves the factory.

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ASTER EVERY MEAL

ISSUE No. 36—30

it came back to her in a different guise.

She hadn't had any special urgent need of money 'en. But all sorts of things had changed, even since three o'clock this afternoon.

The news of Mart's chance to go abroad, was one thing. Her engagement—she was engaged!—was another.

Gordon Rountree, her employer, rich and spoiled and fat and almost sixty, had come into her office, or rather had unexpectedly appeared in his own, for she worked in his office. And with him had been a Mr. Christopher Steynes, a big, fair-headed, too-well-dressed person of about thirty, or maybe a little more.

These two had talked mysteriously and confidentially to Mary Kate. Mr. Rountree had done most of the talking, Mr. Steynes somewhat anxiously watching.

"We want you to do us a tremendous favor," Mr. Rountree had said half-laughingly and wholly nervous.

"It's something—ah—that you needn't—that is, you mustn't—mention to anyone, least of all your—ah—mother—"

"There's no harm in it," Christopher Steynes had put in scowlingly with an air of annoyance and reluctance and brevity. And both men had laughed, somewhat uncomfortably.

"I have to tell my mother everything," Mary Kate, suspicious that they were laughing at her, had said uncompromisingly.

"Exactly. . . . But—but not—ah—until afterwards," Gordon Rountree had said.

"Couldn't—" Mary Kate was always helpful even in bewilderment and affront. "Couldn't Miss Malloy do it for you?"

Honoria Malloy was Father Malloy's first cousin, and fifty-two, and she kept a pretty sharp eye upon the younger girls in the office, and saw that they didn't overlook any fast days, or holy days of obligation.

Evidently not. For Mr. Rountree had said evenly, with a level look, "Miss Malloy is the lady who is attending to your insurance, Chris," and this time both men laughed.

Well, that had been about all of that. Mary Kate, accepting their confidence only to this extent, promising to respect it, had politely declined to consider the matter further.

But now, in the evening, she did consider it further. Undoubtedly these men would have been willing to pay for anything they wanted done. Probably that had been part of it. She was to do something for them, and they would pay her.

Suppose they had been willing to pay a hundred dollars? Oh, thrills, to come home and give Mart a hundred dollars, as a start toward Germany! Let that happen, three or four times, and he need have no misgivings about leaving the family to shift for itself.

Suppose it had been five hundred? Perhaps she had been a fool to be so firm—

Anyway, Mr. Rountree had said, "Consider it, will you Miss O'Hara? I assure you you would put us deeply in your debt."

Certainly. Mr. Rountree wouldn't want her to do anything wrong. He was rather an old worldling, but his attitude toward the girls in the office was always one of deep respect and kindly aloofness.

No harm, tomorrow, to follow it up a little—

"What are you thinking about?" Cass asked.

"Oh, wouldn't you like to know!"

"Is it about a man?"

"Well, yes." Her joyous, mischievous laugh. "It is, Cass."

"Young?"

"About thirty-two, I guess."

"Handsome?"

"Let me think. Yes, very."

"Rich?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Look here, I don't let you think about young men, you know. You belong to me now."

"Oh, is that so?"

"You heard me."

"Tomorrow night, I'll tell you! Until then," Mary Kate stipulated, "I'm free to get into trouble if I like."

"Yes, but don't, darling."

"Well, I never have." Her voice fell to speculative note. "I wonder what it'd be like, to get into trouble, Cass," she mused. "To have all your world against you, to bitterly, bitterly regret something?"

Her tone arrested him, he glanced down with a little surprise at her face on his breast.

"God grant you never know, Mary Kate!"

"Amen!" said Mary Kate.

## CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. O'Hara and her two younger daughters returned to the kitchen at twenty minutes to ten. She beheld, with some surprise, that Mary Kate and the Keating boy were still there.

She sat down, sighing heavily; her rosy, full face was spattered with rain, and her rich black hair pressed down by her bonnet. The bonnet she immediately removed, holding it in her hand and glancing at it speculatively from time to time.

"Go to bed now, girls, before you get settled down here," she said.

## Contentment

I seek for peace among the hills,  
The peace that follows after pain,  
To lie upon the grass and feel  
The cooling touch of summer rain.

## Contentment

I seek for love among the hills,  
The love of earth, and wind, and sky,  
To find among the quietness  
The happiness that passed me by.

I seek for solitude, alone,  
And to the hills I send my prayer,  
That I may ease my aching heart,  
That I may find contentment there.

—Marjorie Allen,  
in The Woman's Journal.

## What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

The Old House Dreams  
By Emma Belle Miles

Ringed with my crumbling fences,  
gaunt, forsaken,  
Far from the busy ways,  
Wrapped in a tangled web of briar  
and bracken

I dream away the days,  
Stripped to the sunlight, bare from  
sill to rafter.

An empty shell I seem,  
Home but for lizards, void of song or  
laughter;

And yet I hold my dream.

Where are my darlings who were born  
and played here?

Alas, they are all flown.

Age had not claimed me if but one  
had stayed here,

I had held fast my own.

You bonny lass, you daughters sweet  
and comely!

Led by your dreams to roam,  
You give no thought now to the ram-  
bling, homely,

Dun house ye once called home.

Yet when between the sodden, broken  
timbers

Drips the moon's radiance thin,  
My little dream-child wanders through  
the chambers,

Playing awhile unseen.

Awfully yet I may feel his light feet  
leaving

Warm impress on my stair;

Deep in the night's heart I may hear  
his breathing,

And know that he is there.

Till the great chimney, naked to the  
weather,

Alone points to the sky.

We shall go down these last long  
years together,

The little child and I.

Of all my loves the passing years  
beret me,

Far-sundered from my side;

This one alone I keep—the one babe  
left me.

The little boy that died.

## Human Physiogony Changing

As every one knows, more spectacles and eyeglasses are worn now than ever before. We are told that the waiting rooms of oculists are crowded to the doors. And a learned anatomist has been giving us the reason. He says that during the past twenty-five years, since automobiles became common there has been a marked change in the human physiogony. The bride of our noses is widening, our eyes are moving round to the sides of our heads. And this evolutionary process is due to the effort to look sideways in both directions while crossing a street. The necessity of keeping an eye on aerial traffic further complicates matters. Lets think about something else!

## Superior Canadian Tobacco

Canadian farmers, consequent upon research work done by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, are now producing practically all the fine tobacco required by Canadian manufacturers, observes Dr. E. S. Archibald, Director of Dominion Experimental Farms, who adds that the quality is better than that of the imported leaf.

American families which devote all their time, energy and money to keeping up with the Joneses ought to sympathize with the golf professionals.

Inhale Minard's Linime for Asthma.

Minard's Linime a household friend.

## Champion



English game and champion cock valued at \$5,000, exhibited by Felix Leach, racehouse trainer, poultry congress in London, where many Canadian fowls were also on exhibit.

## No other Orange Pekoe can equal this in flavour



'Fresh from the gardens'

## Bad Boys Products Of the Best Homes

Radios, Automobiles and Telephones Produce "Problem Pupils"

The bad boy, it has generally been believed, is the product more of the poorer sections than of the more prosperous. But, according to the findings of an Indiana investigator, as presented in School and Society, a parent who lives in the best street of the town—or who enters even the "desirable middle-class" section—handicaps his child unfairly.

Boys and girls least likely to become "problem pupils" were found to live in an "inferior" residential section. Moreover, their homes, collectively, had fewer pianos, radio sets, automobiles, telephones, and encyclopedias than the homes of "problem pupils." As the New York Sun summarizes the findings:

"The ingenious investigator, desiring to obtain some objective data on the home environment of 'problem pupils,' examined the part of the town in which each lived, dividing the place, for his purposes, into four residential sectors—elite, desirable middle class, inferior, and undesirable.

"For purposes of comparison, he examined also the backgrounds of an equal number of 'ideal' pupils. There were 'ideal' and 'problem' cases in each residential section, but he drew his conclusions from the balance struck between the two groups.

"Thus, children living in the inferior section of the town constituted 50 per cent of the 'problem' cases, and provided 68 per cent of the 'ideal' cases. In the 'better' residential sections, on the other hand, the 'problem' pupils outnumbered their 'ideal' schoolmates.

"Could anything be more conclusive, especially when, all in all, the records of 250 children were examined?

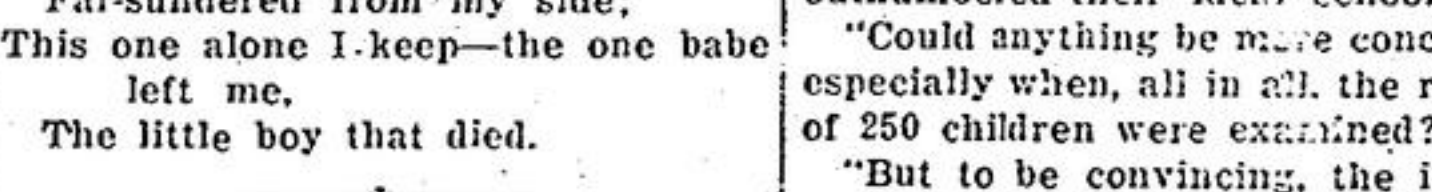
"But to be convincing, the investigator should have compared his 'ideal' and 'problem' pupils with normal children; for, somehow, the 'ideal' youngster seems a problem in himself.

"Most parents prefer their boy to show some—not some many—of the symptoms of healthy perverseness. Then they know all's well."

And then Sylvia remembered one point on which they could agree and tactfully brought that forward. "I admit, though, that it is a little difficult at times to allow the children to present their side of the case and at the same time keep them from taking advantage of this liberty. They are tempted to begin to argue and tease to gain their point, but right there I set my foot down, and they soon stop, for that, they know, is not playing fair with me."—Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City. These articles are appearing weekly in our columns.

## ACHES

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La Cloche Island Yields Treasure

Indian Skeleton 500 to 1,000 Years Old Unearthed Near Georgian Bay

La Cloche Island, Georgian Bay, Ont.—An Indian chief buried with all his treasures 500 to 1000 years ago has been found by archeologists of the McDonald-Warren Foundation expedition exploring ancient graves in this area. The skeleton will be removed to the Warren Foundation at Three Oaks, Michigan, together with the treasure taken from the grave.

Dr. George R. Fox, archeologist, who headed the party of scientists that came here from Chicago last month, unearthed the skeleton after days of labor, aided by a crew of excavators.

"That the Indian was of an era of civilization unknown to the white man is the belief of Dr. Fox, and Dr. Alvin Leforge, Chicago, because of the bear tooth necklace, a shell necklace, stone heads and arrow and spear heads which did not bear any markings except those of the Indian tribes which inhabited this section before the coming of the French and English explorers.

The absence of glass beads, silver ornaments, cloth, iron implements and other trinkets is considered further proof the Indian was of an age long before this land was trod by whites. The Indian had been honored, the archeologists believe, by his bear tooth necklace indicating his fearlessness of wild or savage animals.

## Double Numbers

The haggard-looking man got into conversation with the happy, carefree bachelor on their train journey to the North. "Yes," said the former, "I'm the father of six daughters." "Then you and your wife have six months to feed," replied the bachelor. Haggard face shook his head. "No; we have twelve," he returned. "They are all married."

## Would you be inconsistent as this?

Scraggly, unshaven beards are like dull, unpolished shoes . . . both are entirely out of keeping with your pride of personal appearance . . . so keep your shoes at all times smart with "Nugget" which waterproofs the shoes as it polishes.

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The NUGGET TIN opens with a twist!



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