

APRIL ESCAPADE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

SYNOPSIS

Mary Kate and Martin are the only two working members of the Widows of the family. Martin has an opportunity to go to Germany to study medicine, but shortage of funds will not permit. Then Christopher Steynes, a friend of Mary's employer, proposes that she play the part of his wife for twenty-four hours in order to discourage the attentions of a Russian duchess. Steynes offers her the opportunity. Mary meets Steynes in a restaurant. He takes her to his house and then to a dinner, where they meet the countess, who shows her disapproval.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Cont'd.)

"I come to lunch with you tomorrow," said the Countess sternly to Mary Kate.

"You come to us for lunch tomorrow," the girl agreed.

"It will be a big party?"

Mary Kate's eyes moved to Christopher.

"How many did you ask for tomorrow, Chris?"

"I didn't hear you, dear."

"The Countess wants to know how many are coming for lunch tomorrow."

"Oh—? Oh, not many. Dozen, I guess."

"You good wife does not care?"

Madame Yarnowska said with the rallying air of one who would make trouble if she could.

"No," Mary Kate said laughingly. "I don't care!"

"Good night, Mrs. Steynes," Mrs. Ridley said abstractedly, still wondering how on earth she could have failed to play the thirteenth spade. "I don't know when I've overlooked a card like that, after all the trouble I had clearing it. You!" she kept murmuring. Mary Kate, muffled in quilted brocade and white fur, now made the circle of good nights and was out in the cool fresh dark again, with Chris, being escorted carefully down to the car.

"It's over!" she exclaimed, and they moved between silent gardens and the dim bulk of great trees, under a soft dark blue night sky, toward El Hogar.

"It reiterated just one hundred percent," Chris said. "They would not come to lunch tomorrow—the Yarnowskas, if it wasn't free food! You heard that talk about Marka marrying her cousin? That's enough. That means only one thing. They're through."

"I was frightfully nervous at first," Mary Kate confessed, huddling herself into her furs.

"But there wasn't anything to it, was there?"

"No; it's been lots of fun!"

They went into the hacienda, which smelled deliciously of wood smoke, freesia lilies, lilacs. Dim lights outlined the position of chairs and tables; a big bit of gold braid, on a hanging tapestry, winked and crawled in the glow.

"Come in here a minute; I want to speak to you," Chris said.

Mary Kate, still hunching herself luxuriously into the brocade and fur, lingered for a moment in the big drawing room.

"D'you need that coat?"

She flung it off, and stood beside him at the hearth, looking up expectantly. The firelight was pink on the rich folds of her gown; the beautiful shining waves of her flaming hair were tossed back carefully from her forehead. Her sapphire eyes were fixed on his face.

"Your mother's living, isn't she?"

"Mother? I'll say she's living!"

Mary Kate executed the inelegant phrase with a little laugh.

"Father?"

"No, my father died seven years ago. Mart was only fourteen. We were in Brooklyn then, and my mother worked in a telegraph office for a while. But then my father's brother—Uncle Miles, sent for us to come out here, and when he died he left Mother his house, and two other houses."

"Where are they?"

"O'Farrell Street."

"And did he leave her well fixed? Comfortable, you know?"

"Well, not exactly. But Mart works and I work, and the children are growing up all the time."

"How many children?"

"Oh, Tom, next to me—he's seventeen."

"And does he work?"

"No. Not yet. He wants to. He wants to work on an airplane. He wants to get into aviation." Mary Kate, safe on her own ground, answered interestedly. "But Mother wants him to finish high, so he can't really get started."

"And then who comes?"

"Well, then, my mother had a little boy named Francis, who died, and then Tess—she's thirteen, and Regina, who's eleven, and then Pat, the baby. Miles Patrick is his name, and in school they call him Miles O'Hara, but we call him Pat. Tom calls him the straight and narrow Pat, because he's so tall."

"Mart? He's paid twenty a week. He could make lots more but he's studying to be a doctor. He drives—he's a chauffeur for a doctor, late afternoons and evenings, and mornings he's at the medical college. And I make twenty-two a week—it comes out about a hundred a month, and Mother's rent is sixty each, but she can't only draw forty of that, because of taxes and insurance. Mother counts on about two hundred or two hundred or two hundred and ten a month, Mary Kate explained readily, "because

some of mine has to go for clothes and things."

"She feeds seven persons on that?"

"Oh, it isn't the food. We have lots of company, as far as that's concerned," Mary Kate said. "My mother's father," she went on seriously, "used to have a saying, 'no man was ever carried to the poorhouse on his dining room table,' and Mother believes that. She loves company! But it's the shoes," she added with a significant look, "it's shoes and plumbars, and if anyone's ill."

She looked at him expectantly. His eyes were upon her, but she knew he was not listening.

"This is what I was thinking," he said suddenly. "Wouldn't it be the very deuce—wouldn't it be the limit, if—"

He caught his breath and stopped. "If what?"

"I've been thinking this all evening, Christopher said. "I mean, if you and I fell in love with each other?"

He laughed nervously as he said it. Mary Kate, who had seated herself in a formal high chair of carved black wood, was the more composed of the two.

"I thought of that," she said simply. "It was a natural enough thing to think, I suppose. But—but of course—"

"Of course what?" Christopher said in an odd constrained voice, watching her.

"Well, of course, I'm engaged!" she explained, looking up with a smile.

"And my people have slightly different plans for me!" he added lightly. She did not like the tone; the rich man tone.

"I suppose so!"

"I happen to be an only son and an only grandson!" he went on.

It was not quite saying that she was not good enough for him, but the inference was unavoidable. Mary Kate ignored it.

"I mean, my dear," Chris said easily, "that if they new the whole ridiculous story, you'd now that they'd rise in a mob and slay us both!"

She continued to look dreamily into the fire, carefully indifferent. But she was furious.

"That wasn't in our agreement!" she reminded him, elaborately stifling a yawn.

"Exactly!" Chris conceded, without changing his expression. "S-sh!" he said, raising his hand, listening.

There were steps in the patio; somebody knocked twice on the door, with a heavy iron knocker.

The color drained from Mary Kate's face, leaving it terrified. She half rose from her chair, one hand clutching at her heart. The clock struck the half hour after one.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Stay just where you are," Christopher said quickly. "It's nothing—I'll see what it is."

He went across the room, opened the outer door. The apologetic round face of Don Archibald, one of the guests at the recent dinner party, appeared in the opening.

"This is a hell of a time to come in!" young Archibald said, entering. His evening clothes were rumpled and dusty, his hands and face dirty. "I'm awfully sorry, Chris—" he said.

"But what a relief!" Mary Kate exclaimed, on a long breath.

"What's happened?" Christopher asked.

The caller flung himself into a deep chair, stretched a hand gratefully for the cigarette his host extended. Mary Kate subsided, panting, into her own chair.

"I don't see how you dared open that door!" she said to Christopher.

"I knew it was some ass like this," Chris said. He and Don Archibald had been in Princeton together. They grinned amiably at each other.

"I tell you," Don said then. "I drove my own car down from San Francisco to Gordon's, do you see? And I started back about half an hour ago. Well, turning into the highway here, suddenly something gave a sort of click, and—I don't know what happened. But anyway, the steering gear's on the blink; the front wheels are at right angle, sticking out like that. I got out—I've got a flash—and at first I thought I'd go to the club. But it's as dark as pitch over there, nobody up, and I haven't any clothes, of course. They might have identified me, they might not! I was counting on hiking up to Gordy's, when I saw your light. I knew someone was up!"

"You had a fat nerve!" Chris said amiably.

"I came up here into your patio. I thought you'd hear me falling around on the chairs."

"I'd have taken a shot at you," Christopher assured him. "I have a nice little gun upstairs here."

"Hear 'em talking about burglaries tonight?" Don asked.

"There's been a kind of an epidemic" the host said, with a nod.

Mary Kate sat in a high-backed Spanish chair, feeling suddenly weary and cold. The evening had gone flat. Neither of the men was taking any particular pains to include her in the conversation; they were talking to each other, glancing only at each other. Since Don Archibald had taken

had taken the chair opposite her own, and Chris had handed him his long glass, she might just as well not have been in the room.

(To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



Who wouldn't like this snappy model that depends entirely upon its clever lines for its smartness. It's snappy in black canton crepe enlivened with white crepe bands at the neckline.

Horizontal pin tucks indicate the natural waistline and give the dress snug shaping through the waistline. Pin tucks at either shoulder add trimming note and provide a soft fulness through the bust. The pointed seaming is distinctive detail to conceal hip breadth.

It's a secret! The bodice is all in one until it joins the skirt. Only sides and shoulders to be joined after stitching the pin tucks at shoulders and it's ready to sew to the skirt.

Style No. 2825 may be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch with ½ yard 27-inch contrasting. Lightweight woadens, crepe marocain and velvet are equally attractive for this model.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Hollywood Habits

The vicars wife called on one of her husband's parishioners.

"Good morning, Mrs. Haggis!" she said gushingly. "How is your son getting on in the films at Hollywood?"

"Very well, ma'am," said the boy's mother.

"Does he ever come home and see you now?" asked the vicar's wife.

"Every summer he comes home," said Mrs. Haggis proudly. "Every single summer of the five years he's been gone."

"And I suppose he brings his wife with him each time," the other continued.

"Why, yes," supplied the fond mother. "And they were five as pretty girls as you ever laid eyes on."

No Charge Made

"I'm thinking of going to the Riviera for the season," said his wife.

"How much would it cost me?"

"Nothing, I should think," he replied off-handedly.

His wife looked puzzled.

"Nothing?" she asked.

"Yes, thinking about it won't cost you anything," he said.

The Golden Side

There is many a rest in the road of life
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land
If the querulous heart would make it.
To the soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falleth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the winter's storm prevaileth.
Better hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted,
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden fling,
And to do God's will a cheerful heart,
And hands that are ready and willing.
Than to snap the delicate, minute thread
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for tangled ends,
And it and grieve and wonder.
—Charles Mackay.

Floating Schools to be Used in England

Children who live on barges and canal-boats in England are to have a school of their own. The first float-school is almost ready for canal-boat children so that they can learn their reading, writing and arithmetic without having to be separated from their parents. Thus a wise and humane settlement has been made of the problem of educating canal-boat children, over which there has been much controversy.

This floating school, an adapted barge with accommodation for 40 children, is the gift of the Grand Union Canal Company to the Canal Boatmen's Institute at Paddington. It has been named Elsdale, in memory of a benefactor of canal boatmen.

West Drayton in Middlesex, 18 miles from Paddington, has been chosen as the mooring-place of the floating school. Many firms using the canals are removing their headquarters to this place, and as there is already a day school for boat children at Paddington children will be able to resume school at the other end of the canal voyages from London.

To most canal folk Paddington Basin is as familiar as Portsmouth is to a sailor. It is one of the chief ports of the canal system, and a large proportion of the trading fleet stops there for loading or discharging.

One generation of children will benefit from the floating school, but greater changes are impending. The Grand Union Canal Company is spending about a million pounds to substitute canal motor-boats for the barges drawn by horses. On their 240 miles of waterways between Limehouse and Birmingham the canals will be dredged and widened, and the embankments strengthened.

Speeding up the canal transport will bring immense benefits. Journeys which now take a week will be so much quicker that the boatmen will not need to live on the boats. Like engine-drivers, they will be expected to provide themselves with homes on land. Perishable goods can be carried by canal, so quickly will the journeys be. In five years or so it is believed that the canal folk, of whom there are now about 5,000 families, will become merged in the general community. For centuries they have been a distinctive class living in floating homes, but they will gradually become like everybody else, and still more of the manners and customs of Old England will vanish into the past.

A Giant Pudding

About two hundred years ago, a London toot manufacturer had a huge Christmas pudding made to advertise his speciality.

It weighed nine hundred pounds and took fourteen days to boil.

When ready it was borne through the streets, with bands playing and flags flying, to St. George's Field where a large crowd awaited the arrival of the dainty, to which they were to help themselves.

Unfortunately, the pudding never reached its destination, for a mob waylaid the procession and divided the pudding amongst their own friends.

What a Bad Boy Am I!

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner
Eating his Christmas Pie.
He put in his thumb,
Now wasn't he dumb!
Rules of hygiene to defy?

Tea must be fresh—SALADA is guaranteed to be fresh

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the gardens"

Electrical Works in Germany Stores Heat Away for Sale

A tank full of heat, collected when convenient during the night or when there is no great demand for steam boiler capacity for other purposes, and then doled out to customers during the day as heat is called for, is the latest device of the Electricity Works at Hamburg, Germany, to increase the efficiency and cheapen the cost of their service. This company not only supplies electric current to much of the city, but also furnishes heat to nearby office buildings, hotels and other structures, in the form of hot water. Demand for electric power is greatest during the day and in the evening, when motors must be operated and when electric lamps are most used. These same daytime and early evening hours also bring the greatest demands for heat, since offices and dwellings then must be kept warmer than during the night. Accordingly, like nearly all companies supplying either heat or electricity, the Hamburg works found themselves pressed both for heat and for power in the daytime, but much late equip-

ment during the latterpart of the night. To even up this condition so that others can run efficiently 24 hours a day, engineers now have built a great tank of welded steel, holding nearly 3,000 tons of water and insulated on the outside so that hot water stored in this tank cannot cool off. During the night boiler power will be used to heat water for storage in this tank. During the day the boilers will be used to run steam turbines, producing the electric power then in demand, while the heat which customers also demand at those hours will be drawn off from the storage tank in the form of hot water stored up the night before.

Little Sprig of Content

Edith is only a schoolgirl and not very wise, but she has some of the wisdom that is better than any to be got from books. So she does not spend the time fretting over things she does not have. She enjoys what she has.

"Don't you wish you were going to the party?" asked Margaret. "I would like it," said Edith, "but I'm glad I'm going to grandpa's. I always have a good time there."

"Wouldn't you like to have a new dress like Mary's?" said Jessie. "Yes, but I like mine just as well," was the answer.

Edith has "the little sprig of content," which gives a rich flavor to everything.

Moscow's Huge Library

With 5,100,000 volumes on its shelves, the Lenin Library in Moscow takes its place among the world's largest collections of books. Its main reading rooms, it is said, are used by about 500,000 persons a year. There are 300,000 volumes in the military collection and 150,000 in the section devoted to the Orient.

Gt. Britain exported gold-balls worth \$306,650 to the United States last year.

Minard's Liniment for Frost Bite.



SAFE for COLDS

Prompt relief from HEADACHES, SORE THROAT, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, NEURALGIA, COLDS, ACHES and PAINS. DOES NOT HARM THE HEART.

ASPIRIN

Accept only "Aspirin" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Aspirin" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—All drug lists.

Mrs. "Jelly Roll"

The children called her Mrs. "Jelly Roll" and though their mothers were constantly insisting that they say Mrs. Jeanette Rowle she was loved by them little better than by the younger generation. Her name, whatever it was, meant a lot of discomfort to the boys and girls of the neighborhood and mortification to their parents. She had gladly been the cause of many a trip to that institution of correction, the woodshed, through her careful scrutiny of children at play. It is needless to say that her unpopularity enjoyed an undaunted security in the minds of her child "friends", but she was so unselfish in her interest in "Young America" that she would even neglect her work, rather than see Discipline withheld from the offending youth.

Today was a red-letter day with Mrs. Rowle, because at last she could go to Mrs. Brown and tell her of the misbehaviors of the latter's two little boys, ages six and eight. So, with full enthusiasm, she dropped her dish-towel and hurried to meet the young mother who was coming down the road from the store.

"Good afternoon!" she fairly shouted. "You're Mrs. Brown, I believe."

"Good afternoon," was the reply. "Yes, I'm Mrs. Brown."

"Well, I'm Mrs. Rowle." She didn't notice the faint smile that flickered over the other's face. "I've come to see what you're going to do about those two kids of yours."

"You mean my two little boys?" A dangerous look crept into the eyes of the young mother. "What of them?"

"Well, I want you to give them a sound thrashing. I caught them in your woodshed, A-smoking a cigar, and I told them I was going to have you give them a beating," and she smiled victoriously.

"Please don't try to tell me how to discipline my children," Mrs. Brown replied with dignity. "I can do that without any help."

For once, Mrs. Rowle went home thoroughly chagrined, spattering about the ingratitude of her young neighbor.

Mrs. Brown, on the other hand, was more deeply concerned with this bit of news than she had seemed. As every mother knows, the handling of such a problem is of the utmost importance. She would not punish her two small boys after the fashion suggested by her nosy neighbor, but she called them to her and explained to them the foolishness of smoking.

"Wise" and "foolish" had real meaning in their vocabularies because they had learned to try things for themselves. The cigars had not given the pleasurable sensations they had anticipated. Mrs. Brown's few well-chosen remarks about the harmful effects of tobacco were believed because Mother always told them the truth about things. It seemed to them that the use of tobacco must be like over-eating, lying in bed very late when well or sleeping with all the windows closed. The two lads were greatly impressed.

Thirteen years later Mrs. Brown was dusting in her son's bedroom when she accidentally knocked down a bundle of papers. She straightened them up, and her eyes fell on a theme, written by her eldest boy, who was a college freshman.

The title of the writing was "My Most Valuable Lesson". Imagine the feeling of happiness and satisfaction that Mrs. Brown felt, when she read an account of the above mentioned incident. Evidently, from the paper both of these boys had reaped great benefit from the watchfulness of Mrs. "Jelly Roll". But, doubtless, you will agree with me that their case was very likely the one exception that proved the rule which discounts such services as hers—issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City. These articles are appearing weekly in our columns.

Nature's Pageant

Color! At last there is color breaking through the last screen of ashen gray, infusing the tundra to the scene with dazzling fire.

The pale field-poppy of the dunes and the soft sea-green of the marine purslane send forth their fragrant invitation.

The spider has woven its lacy trap over the stiff heads of the broom.

The little white snail holds himself slowly along the twigs to complete the banquet with an even whiter flower.

The lark flutters singing in the heavens.

And all that transformation of night into day, of death into life, has taken place without my having been able to detect at any moment the transition between the phenomena that together form a pageant which always invites me and always eludes me.

—Georges Clemenceau.

Saskatchewan Fish

The first distribution of Loch Leven trout fry in the Cypress Hills waters in Saskatchewan was made in 1924, with additional distribution in each succeeding year. In the 1925 angling season some of the trout which were caught weighed as much as six pounds and measured twenty-six inches in length and thirteen inches in girth.

"I think he's the meanest creature I've ever met!" "Why?" "Well, I've made up my mind to refuse him, and I simply can't get him to propose."