

Salada Orange Pekoe is a blend of fresh young leaves



# APRIL ESCAPADE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

### SYNOPSIS

Mary Kate O'Hara accepted the proposition of Christopher Steynes, a friend of her boss, Gordon Rowntree, and acted as his wife at a reception given to a Russian countess and her daughter at Rowntree's home in Burlington. The countess, with the object of marrying her daughter to money, had been chasing Steyne. When the countess is introduced to "Mrs. Steynes" she is shocked; Mary Kate says that the night she and a burglar entered; Chris discloses him; she is terrified for her mother; she finds out on returning home she finds that she has fallen in love with Chris. On visiting the burglar in the hospital, Mary discovers him to be her brother, Martin. Martin had seen her enter the house and had entered to protect her. Then Martin returns home. He and Mary, Chris Steynes and Cass Keating, to whom Mary is to be married, are in the kitchen talking it over, when Mrs. O'Hara returns.

he'd ask her to marry him. She had followed him out from New York. "You didn't let yourself mixed up in that sort of thing?" the mother asked, with a stern and incredulous look at Mary Kate. "There was to be money in it," Martin pursued relentlessly. "Between us and all harm!" Mrs. O'Hara whispered. "Look here, Mr. O'Hara, you're giving your mother an entirely false idea of the whole thing," Chris interrupted impulsively. "I'll take it the way my son gives it, if you please," Mrs. O'Hara told him. And again Christopher fell silent.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.—(Cont'd.)

"Tell me what on earth is going on, Mart," demanded Mrs. O'Hara. "Mother—!" Mary Kate began impulsively. But her mother stopped her. "Leave your brother talk!" she commanded. Mary Kate subsided into silence, her whole slender figure drooping, as she sat at the kitchen table, her softly cumbered head resting on her hand. "Ma," Martin began, "this Mr. Steynes here is a friend of Mr. Rowntree's, and they asked our Mary Kate, last week, if she would marry for two days to be married to Mr. Steynes." A sharply horrified look at her daughter was Mrs. O'Hara's reception of this. Chris essayed to speak. "The reason being—" he was beginning, when Mrs. O'Hara silenced him, as she had her daughter. "Just a moment, please!" "The reason was," Martin resumed, accepting Chris' opening, "that some woman was pursuing him and hoped

"Mary Kate wanted the money for my German trip," Mart conceded before continuing. "Mart," his mother pleaded, "don't tell me she knew no better than that!" "Well, anyway," Martin went on, "she and Mr. Steynes bought clothes, and she went down there to Burlington—she didn't go to Sacramento at all." "Molly—?" her mother questioned, her head in her voice. Mary Kate made no answer; she did not raise her head. "She told us she was going to Sacramento," Martin pursued, "but she went to Burlington, and when she went to dinner at Mr. Rowntree's, she went with Mr. Steynes, here, and was introduced as his wife." "Don't say such things, Mart," Mrs. O'Hara rebuked him. "It's true. I drove the doctor home that night," the boy said, "and I saw her. His place is just opposite the Rowntree place, and I was starting for home when I saw her come out on a sort of terrace there, all dressed up."

There was absolute silence in the kitchen, except that Mrs. O'Hara drew her breath with a sort of whimpering sound.

"I went kind of crazy, I guess," Martin said. "I started to come back to the city, like I always do, leaving the doctor's car down there, and all of a sudden, something seemed to burst inside my head—"

"Oh, blessed and merciful Lord—" Mrs. O'Hara whispered. Her eyes were shut. "I came in here 'round midnight, or later," Martin said. "You called out to me, remember? Anyway, I stayed in my room upstairs until I thought you were asleep, and then I changed my clothes, and emptied my pockets, and drove myself back. I went to Rowntree's, there were still lights there, and a maid answered the door. I said that I had come to get the young lady—the red-haired young lady—that I was to call for her—and she said, 'Oh, that was Mrs. Steynes. She and Mr. Steynes went home long ago!' I went back to Burlington, and into the telephone office, and asked the girls there where Mr. Steynes lived, and they told me. I suppose they thought I was his chauffeur, or had to call for someone at his house, I don't know."

"For about an hour I walked around the place, listening and watching. And after that I began to go crazy again, thinking of my Mary Kate in there—and you, and my father, and all of us loving her so! And him with his money—"

"You know I wasn't going to kill him. But I wasn't going to let him get away with that, either—not with my Molly. And that's what got my arm, Ma. I never went to Portland any more than she went to Sacramento. Mr. Steynes here got me before I got him."

Mrs. O'Hara looked at her son for an endless moment. "And Mary Kate wasn't there at all?" she whispered. "Oh, yes, she was. She was upstairs in his room." "You liar!" Mary Kate said simply, with a look. "Allow me to say that you have gotten an entirely false idea of the whole thing," Chris interpolated authoritatively and impatiently. "This is all nonsense! Your daughter took part in a little masquerade, and except for her brother following her, and causing a lot of police interference, nothing would have come of it at all."

her tear-soaked eyes and stained, pale face toward the older woman, "do you believe me?"

Mrs. O'Hara looked at her. Then her own eyes filled, and she smiled, and opened her arms. And with a burst of bitter tears Mary Kate went into them, sitting on her mother's lap, straining her slender figure against her mother, locking her arms about the older woman's neck, and hiding her shamed face on the breast that had been her refuge from the first hour of her life.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"Why, darling girl," Mrs. O'Hara said tenderly, "have they all been har'd on you? Has Mart been har'd on you? You'd only have to tell me that you'd done nothing wrong, and however foolish you might have been, I'd never hold it against you! It was only when I thought his money had bewildered you a little, dear—"

"But, Mother, I'm no fool!" the girl said emphatically, gulping, and drying her eyes on her soaked little handkerchief. "I'm not one of those poor little ignorant fools that they send out to Saint Catherine's! I knew what I was doing, and I thought it would be—just run, and that Mart could go to Germany with Doctor van Antwerp, even if I got married. I wasn't—led astray," Mary Kate assured her mother fiercely. "I've been working in a downtown office two years. I finished high school. I know about life!"

"It seems to me that this whole thing has arisen from the fact that Mr. O'Hara here put the worst possible construction upon what his sister did," Chris said, coolly. "Martin shot him a contemptuous look, but before her son could speak, Mrs. O'Hara answered him. "It was very easy to put that same construction upon what she did, sir," she reminded him, with simple dignity. "Mart only thought what the world would think, and we have to remember the world—we live in the world. Mary Kate did very wrong—but who'd know the true good heart of her," her mother said tenderly, with a downward glance at the bright head on her breast, "if her own mother did not? She's never refused one of us any kindness she could ever do us, be it what it might! She'd see only the money her brother needed, when she'd step into trouble like this, and put her hand in the fire for any one of us, if it was only little Pat himself that ast her to!"

Mary Kate at this cried more bitterly than ever, and increased her hold upon her mother almost to the strangling point. "Mrs. O'Hara's fine, simple, tired face was deeply worried; her faded gray eyes were filled with anxiety still. But, as she had gotten their tangled affairs in hand a thousand times before, in the last hard years, so she was beginning to catch at the threads of tonight's fresh predicament. Indeed, there was to her a certain exhilaration, a certain actual stimulation in this evidence that "the creatures" so palpably needed their mother's guidance still. They were not so big, so tall, so smart, so free but what they could get themselves into trouble, God love them, and turn to her, and to nobody else, in the last pinch, to get them out."

"(To be continued.)"

### Household Deities

**Queen's Occupation**  
London—"Home duties" will be the Queen's occupation described by King George in the census which will be taken in Great Britain on Sunday, April 26, and His Majesty will describe his own occupation as "Head," according to The News-Chronicle, which says the King will fill in the same kind of form as any other household in that land. Every household in Great Britain will be required on census night—the returns, being made at night instead of in the daytime—to give full particulars concerning the various members of the household, as outlined in the blank forms. The Master of the King's Household, Sir Derek Keppel, will be responsible for the returns concerning the servants and those members of the court who may be in residence on census night.

### The Weathercock

Each painted weathercock on earth is coldly crucified at birth. A truth he realizes after he perches high above his rafter To imitate in brass or tin The rooster which he might have been. Windward he turns his steady eyes In wonder whence the storm will rise; For, though he neither flies nor crows, A weathercock is one of those Who only in the storm's hard drive Knows how it feels to be alive; For when all lines are blurred and gone Till earth and space and cloud are one, And rain, like lead, or stinging hail, Or sleet, or snow beat down the gale The weathercock believes he flies With perch and barn-roof to the skies. —Israel Newman, in the New York Sun.

"When you're dead a monument, no matter if it's a mile high, does you no good."—Luigi Pirandello.

A man is apt to feel put out when he is taken in.

## The ADVENTURES of CAPTAIN JIMMY and his Dog SCOTTIE

That came before: Captain Jimmy and his dog Scottie are exploring China in their plane. They call on a Chinese General to get a pass, when Scottie foolishly catches him by the foot.

There we stood before General Lu, wondering what was going to happen next. Scottie, bristling with anger and ready to fight at the drop of a hat. The interpreter scared white, or rather, scared lemon yellow—and myself anxious and worried for fear that General Lu would refuse to give us our pass to the Chinese front.



Fortunately General Lu was too great a man to bother much about dignity. Without even a word of comment on Scottie's absurd attack, he sat down and wrote quickly on a sheet of paper, to which he affixed a bright green seal. Five minutes later we left the palace with a pass that gave us freedom to go anywhere we pleased.

Early next morning we took off in our plane for Lihoo—a little town where the fighting was in full progress. Soon the country below showed the ravages of war. Buildings were wrecked by shell-fire, bridges were down at the rivers, and the ground was so rough that we almost crashed at our first landing.

Leaving our plane well back from the battle front, we took a road leading up to the lines. The air was damp and foggy, and the rumble of the guns seemed muffled under the heavy grey sky. Bullet-scarred walls stood bleak and white, and now and then a tree, with the wood torn into ribbons, showed the spite of high explosives.

Suddenly we noticed a group of soldiers, off duty, grouped around some object tied to a tree. Coming near we heard a loud and complicated din—moaning, groaning and gibbering enough to make your hair stand on end. To our horror, we found that the soldiers had caught a few of the enemy, and tied them up to a large branch by their wrists, so their feet were several inches off the ground. Of course, it must have been fearfully uncomfortable, but the soldiers only laughed and jeered.

"Come on Scottie," I said, "Let's bust up this party."

(To be continued.)



## Wealth in Europe Despite Depression

Ex-Kaiser is Richest German—Many Millionaires Still Flourish

Europe, hard-pressed by widespread industrial depression, can still display a considerable number of millionaires and multi-millionaires, according to a survey made at Geneva, although in Russia, whose Tsar and Grand Dukes were among the richest men in Europe, riches are now considered "shambal."

The exiled ex-Kaiser Wilhelm, now living in Holland, remains the richest German, and is believed to be richer than before the War, despite the effects of revolution, inflation, and industrial depression. His fortune is variously estimated at from \$37,500,000 to \$62,500,000.

While a large share of this wealth is invested in German industrial enterprises, and some of it is invested in Holland, a considerable portion is represented by the castles and estates owned by him in Germany, where he employs hundreds of persons.

In 1913 the ex-Kaiser's wealth was estimated at about \$35,000,000, and four of his subjects were admitted to be richer than he. Heading the list was Fraulein Bertha Krupp, whose fortune was \$70,000,000.

**M. Coty's Fortune**  
The Krupp fortune has largely vanished, but two steel magnates stand out among Germany's richest men. They are Herr Flick, director of fifteen enterprises, and Herr Fritz Thyssen, dominant in the Ruhr iron industry.

It is impossible to say which of these two men are the richer, and equally impossible to state the extent of their fortunes, but they are reckoned in thousands of millions of marks. Tinplate and steel are responsible for the wealth of another metal magnate, Herr Otto Wolff, who after making a fortune during the War was shrewd enough to add to it during the inflation period.

Quite a different industry is responsible for the fortune of M. Francois Coty, who takes precedence over the motor manufacturers, J.M. Andre Citroen and Renault, as the richest man in France. M. Coty made his money from scent and face powder.

Forty years ago M. Coty, as a boy of eighteen, newly arrived in France from Corsica, found in a Riviera chemist's shop a perfume of rare beauty. He obtained the recipe, took it to Paris, and hawked the perfume from door to door.

Today he is a financial and political power in the land, and is reputed to have made more than \$50,000,000 from perfumes and powder, and has given more than \$5,000,000 to charity.

**Newspapers an Scents**  
M. Coty has also big interests as a newspaper owner, being the proprietor of the "Figaro" and "L'Ami du Peuple," the last-named being the cheapest newspaper in France, selling at 15 centimes. His newspapers never carry advertisements of Coty products. He is shortly to provide Paris with 2,000 taxi-cabs, with a cheaper tariff and no tips.

**A Rich Prince**  
Hungary's richest man is Prince Paul Esterhazy, who owns one acre of every sixty in the country, or 300,000 acres. The Prince, apart from his fondness for the piano, has no other hobby than looking after his estate. The most up-to-date methods of rationalization have been applied and his sugar factories and dairy farms are models.

Land, 140,000 acres of it, is the basis of the fortune of eighty-year-old Prince Tassilo Festetics. Although during the Bela Kun Communist regime his entire wealth was confiscated, and he left Hungary as a third class passenger, his holdings have now been restored.

Wealth in Poland is also derived from the land, and Count Alfred Potocki, owner of the magnificent castle of Lanet in the Carpathians, and well-known in England as a polo player, possesses the biggest slice of it. Reliable estimates of his fortune cannot be obtained, but he is rich enough to have spent more than \$250,000 on a single big game expedition in Africa.

Prince Radziwill, who is father-in-law to Count Potocki's son Joseph now at the Polish Embassy in London, is the second wealthiest man in Poland.

**A Lucky Escape**  
Lithuania's richest man is Richard Tillmanns, a German who emigrated from Westphalia and started a screw and nail factory, and eventually dominated the iron market in Russia, of which Lithuania was then a part. The separation of Lithuania from Russia saved his fortune from confiscation by the Bolsheviks, writes a British United Press correspondent.

Second in Lithuania comes Isser Ber Wolf, the eighty-two-year-old "beer king," and enthusiastic Zionist and philanthropist. Third, perhaps, comes Leon Solovetck, who dominates the extensive timber and grain trade of the country.

It's very unlucky to lose \$13 on a Friday, the 13th.

# IMPORTANT



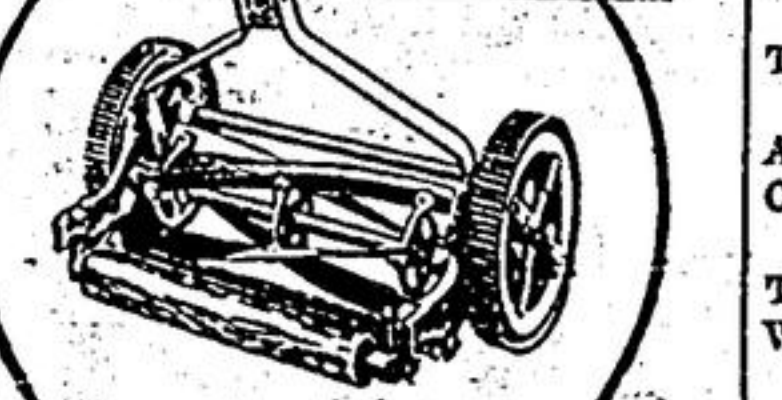
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### Freedom

Let me be free always, As a swift stream is, As a wild bird In heedless, maddened flight. Let me lift up mine eyes To the boundless sky, To the tall trees, And to all things That are free. And let me hear Notes of music unrestrained, The melody of spring rain, And the carefree laughter Of children. Let me be untrammelled And know no bonds— The Song of Life It all too quickly sung. —By Thomas Edwin Jefferson, in the N.Y. Herald-Tribune.

### of Moon Visible in London

London—There was a total eclipse of the moon visible in London on April 2nd. As a matter of fact, the moon was eclipsed twice—once by the earth's shadow and again by one of those thick fogs which have made this a notable winter even in London.

"It's a wicked thing for a woman to concentrate all her interest in her children." —Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

### British Would Build Brazilian Port

Sao Paulo, Brazil—British capitalists are negotiating with the Federal Provincial Government and Sao Paulo State officials to construct a harbor in San Sebastian, a tiny coastal point north of Santos and near Rio Janeiro. The company has large orange groves near by.

### SAVED IMPORTED DRESS

"After a little wearing, a lovely green voile—an imported dress—lost color so completely that it was not wearable. A friend who had admired it asked me why I wasn't wearing it any more. On hearing the reason, she advised dyeing it and recommended Diamond Dyes. To make a long story short, it turned out beautifully. I have a lovely new dress that really cost just 15c—the price of one package of Diamond Dyes.

"I have since used Diamond Dyes for both tinting and dyeing. They do either equally well. I am not an expert dyer but I never have a failure with Diamond Dyes. They seem to be made so they always go on smoothly and evenly. They never spot, streak or run; and friends never know the things I dye with Diamond Dyes are redyed at all!" —Mrs. R. F. Quebec.

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for all the Family . . .



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