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THAT YEAR OF FREEDOM

BY MILDRED BARBOUR

CONCERNING THE ACTION AND CHARACTERS

RANE LARRABEE, successful business man, handsome, prosperous, approaching middle age, devoted to quiet pastimes, his home and his exquisite young wife.
NAN LARRABEE, who as Nan Farraday was a promising vocal student and who, after three years of marriage, has begun to regret the career that she feels she might have had with its adventures and freedom.

GORDON FRESCOTT, a cold, calculating bachelor, supposedly a good friend of the Larrabees, secretly in love with Nan, and, **CAROLINE FRESCOTT**, his second cousin, a schemer like himself, who had wanted to marry Larrabee herself, and, on losing him to Nan, had apparently become her friend. Nan, finding her conventional life dull, tells Larrabee she wants to go away from him.

SABBATH SAMENESS. Nan never forgot that Sunday afternoon following her talk with her husband when she had told him that she was no longer happy with him. He was waiting in the car when she came downstairs dressed for the country club.

"Now let's act as if nothing had happened," he suggested as they drove away. "No use spoiling the day for our guests. I've got a glimmer of an idea about a solution to our problem, but it's still nebulous. We can talk tonight when we get home from mother's."

The Bennings were waiting for them on the club veranda, overlooking the golf course. Mrs. Bennings, plump, matronly, comfortably florid, looked at Nan enviously.

The latter, slim as a reed, was wearing a pleated ivory silk skirt that stopped well above her slim ankles, and a sweater of coral silk. A coral silk sport hat was drawn archly down over her dusky hair. Her flesh had that warm ivory pallor that needed no cosmetics even in the glare of a noonday sun and her lips, without artificial aid, were fresh and velvety as the petals of a red rose.

"You look like a little girl," Mrs. Bennings said, almost reproachfully. "It seems impossible to think of you as married and chateleine of that big house. Don't you have trouble making servants respect your orders?"

"We have a very efficient staff—the same which served Mr. Larrabee before he married me," Nan explained. "I've never attempted to interfere with the running of the house. It seems quite perfect."

"My dear, what luck!" the other sighed. "Servants in the west, where we live, are difficult to get and perfectly trifling. Why let me tell you my experience?"

She launched upon her theme with enthusiasm. Nan settled herself resignedly. She knew she would have to listen to this throughout the afternoon, for Mrs. Bennings did not play golf.

Luncheon brought an hour's relief, for Larrabee and Bennings talked, but Nan was aware that despite his apparent cheerfulness, there was a shadow in her husband's eyes which she had put there that morning. Her own eyes were wistful, partly with regret

for the hurt she gave, partly with her dreams of the untried future.

Bennings talked to her after luncheon, while Larrabee went to get the golf clubs.

"Have you been thinking over what I said about your voice, Mrs. Larrabee? I believe there's a great chance for you."

"Thank you," she replied gratefully. "As a matter of fact, I have about decided to take it."

"Good," he agreed, but his wife said reproachfully:

"Now, Ed, it isn't fair to say things like that to Mrs. Larrabee. She's perfectly happy and content living the nice life she does. Singers have terrible experiences and have to mix with all kinds of queer people."

Nan smiled slightly, laid her fingers momentarily on Bennings' arm.

"Nevertheless, thank you for your interest. Advice is sometimes psychological, you know."

At six they drove the Bennings back to town and changed quickly for dinner with Larrabee's mother. But even their haste failed to prevent their arriving tardily.

Mrs. Larrabee, Senior, glanced reproachfully at the frivolous little French clock on her mantel and remarked:

"Dinner was ready to be served ten minutes ago. I trust that it isn't completely spoiled."

"So sorry, mother dear," Nan apologized and kissed the smooth pink and white cheek of the aristocratic, little old lady. "We had guests at the club all day and only time for a quick change."

"They went to the table immediately. Nan could have told, with her eyes shut, just how everything would be. There were the usual pale yellow roses in the silver basket in the center of the table. There was the same fruit cup to start the meal, the same thick soup, the same roast chicken with onion stuffing, potatoes prepared in the same manner, the correct number of the same vegetables, the same plain salad with the same nondescript dressing, the same flavor of ice cream and the same pound cake."

"Nan had eaten this same meal for successive Sunday evenings ever since her marriage. She managed it gallantly, though her taste preferred a light, gay supper with hors d'oeuvres, and a well-seasoned something in a chafing dish for the piece de resistance, with a salad, savory and biting, and perhaps a rum, omelette for dessert. New combinations each time, new people to share them."

They excused themselves shortly after coffee, despite their hostess' surprise and resentment.

"I played a lot of golf today, mother, and I'm rather tired," Larrabee explained. "These spring days sap one's pep. I'm going to turn in early."

At home, he said to Nan: "It's James' night off, so I'll have to put the car away myself. Wait for me in the library, please. I want to talk to you."

(To be Continued)

A WHIG MAN ABROAD

Getting Into The States.

ARTICLE NO. 1.

Getting into the United States is beset with the same difficulties as getting in heaven. There is a not unfriendly but firm and beagled Saint Peter to pass, and one's past life counts very materially for or against the chances of admission. As the ferry steamer draws near port one feels a certain anxiety rising in the hearts of all the candidates for entrance. This anxiety is something which puzzles the American immigration authorities. Why should people whose records are in good order have any fears regarding their admission? But outside the United States there is a very general belief that permission to enter depends more on the attitude of the examining official than on clearly defined law, and this belief, wrong as it may be, introduces a very grave factor of uncertainty in the average mind. The group which gathers in the waiting room of the immigration shed, antechamber to the republican party gates, is in spite of itself nervous and on edge.

The little door into the immigration office opens with startling suddenness and St. Peter himself, clean shaven and wearing the blue uniform of the U. S. Immigration Service, peers over his glasses at the leading candidate.

"Come in."

There is something awful in that simple command. It is not the voice of an official and underling. It is the authentic accent of the United States summoning the applicant to give account of himself. It is the trump of the angel Gabriel.

The door closes upon them. There is an antiphonal murmur of voices, brief questions, lengthy answers. What heart-searchings are going on there, what balancing of good and evil. The listeners shift uneasily from one foot to the other and invent plausible answers to impossible questions. The more nervous take to blowing noses and mopping brows.

The brass door knob whirls. "Next!" How differently that word can sound under different circumstances. In the barber-shop it is the welcome release from idle waiting. Bobbing is finished; haircutting can now begin. But here the word is charged with menace. In a flash one recalls a scene from a play of the French Revolution in which one by one the condemned aristocrats were summoned forth to the guillotine.

"Next!"

What is happening to those who pass through that door of mystery? Only one comes back murmuring something about head-tax and searching his pockets for the necessary amount. What of the others? Have they passed free into Elysian fields or are they being kept penned, awaiting re-shipment to Canada? "Next!"

And now one is face to face with the door. Something very like argument is in progress on the other side. Perhaps this is an off day for the official, and one will be ejected simply because his morning slice of pie has failed to rest lightly on the august digestive apparatus. The door flies open, one edges through, braced for anything.

After all the preparation the ordeal is laughably simple. An examination of a letter of introduction and the request for a signature and it is all over.

At the station the Canadians gather together to exchange experiences.

"What did you say to him?"

"Oh, I had to tell him the truth. I'd rather pay my eight dollars and have done with it."

"Huh! The truth is too valuable to waste on immigration inspectors. I told him I was born in Canada. It saved me a end of trouble."

So the gossip goes back and forward. A noticeable change has come over the Canadians. On the boat they paid little attention to each other. But now they feel themselves strangers in a foreign land and talk together freely or exchange friendly smiles. The ticket agent charges them a discount of one cent on the dollar for their money, which is probably a rank steal but little enough in comparison with other days when the discount amounted to twenty cents.

There is a wait of two hours and more till train time, but the delay is relieved from tedium by the opportunity for admiring a sign in the station waiting room. For the convenience of travellers the railway has furnished a tap and wash basin. Above this fitting is a large sign pencilled in blue "DON'T SPIT IN THIS WASH BASIN." There is something in this engaging and necessary frankness which would be impossible in any country but the land of the free and the home of the brave. The evidence that the sign has been flagrantly disobeyed makes it all the more a thing of beauty and a joy forever. One returns again and again to admire and wonder.

Some preliminary shudders and bumps suggest that the train may start before long. Two giggling schoolgirls come aboard and make noisy comments. "I don't care," announces one, looking defiantly at the foreigners, "this is our train." The Canucks quail before them. As the train moves through fields some Canadian farmers on board make surprised and critical comment on the state of cultivation of the fields they pass. In their home district, hardly twenty miles away, they would merely judge what sort of farmer the owner was by the state of his fields. But the international boundary dominates them; they are in a foreign country where everything is different. After passing a few stony, upland fields they join in a round condemnation of American agricultural methods. Presently they fail to match Canadian coins, not with the object of winning so much as in the hope of losing the last remnants of this unwanted coinage.

The train thumps and wriggles along and threads the drab outskirts of the city. Suddenly on a turn one catches sight of a tall building with the stars and stripes floating high above it. It vanishes in an instant but leaves one slightly breathless. In that audacious building, thrusting like Babel towards the sky, yet itself the servant and support of the striped republican banner, one has seen the United States.

(To be continued.)

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(To be continued.)

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B.B.B. has been on the market for the past 46 years and is recognized by all who have used it to be without an equal as a remedy for headaches; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Children and sappers are better seen than heard.

Wonder Spots of the Empire

THE HOT SPRINGS OF NEW ZEALAND

It would be difficult to find a portion of the Empire that presents more contrasts than New Zealand. Semi-tropical in the north, much of the coast line presenting suitable soil for the maintaining of agriculture and the growth of valuable forests; and behind a rugged backbone of lofty mountains that are ever capped with the eternal snow. Certain of these mountains are actively volcanic, and it is from that energy that the famous hot springs draw their heat and perform their remarkable activities.

The better known of the hot springs are in the north island, toward the southern portion of the province of Auckland. Long before the advent of the European, the Maori had discovered the healing virtues of these waters and the New Zealand government has opened health stations and sanatoriums at various springs.

The charm of the New Zealand hot springs centres about the remarkable variation they present. There are numerous pools with a temperature from warm to boiling. There are geysers, solfatarae, fumaroles and mud volcanoes which include many of the steam jets. Many of these centres of thermal hydraulic activity have formed fantastic settings for themselves by the slow deposit of siliceous material upon the ground or neighboring rocks.

The mud pools and boiling springs appear to be directly connected to the heated interior of the earth for periods of great antiquity, but the geysers are intimately associated with volcanic action. In 1880 the New Zealand geysers ceased their activity and did not perform for six years. The Tarawera eruption of 1886 formed seven gigantic new geysers and water, steam, mud and stones were hurled to a height of almost one thousand feet. This violent action lasted a few hours and at the present time the water is thrown to about forty feet. These waters have been found to possess curative powers for diseases of the larynx and skin eruptions.

Architecture of temple unearthed near Cairo, Egypt, is said to be comparable with that of ancient Greece. Farm servant in Permanence, Ireland, who killed his employer, was left \$250 by the latter's will.

Singer With Meteoric Career Cooks In Double-Quick Time



A LARGE audience was gathered at Carnegie Hall to hear a world-famous singer at a concert of the Schola Cantorum. Out in the wings word was flashed that the singer was ill and could not appear.

In place of the celebrity the managers substituted a young Italian-American soprano of whom the audience had never heard—Dusolina Giannini. So enthusiastic was her reception, however, that she was able to step from the studio onto the concert stage at a fee of \$1,000 a performance.

Miss Giannini is meteor-like in other ways, too. Whenever she undertakes anything she accomplishes it in double-quick time. Even in cooking—one of her favorite means of recreation—her slender fingers move quickly, deftly and surely. She has achieved a reputation among her friends for her Twenty-Minute Cheese Biscuits. This is her recipe:

Twenty Minute Cheese Biscuits.
1 cup Flour
2 teps. baking powder
1/2 tsp. Salt
1 teps. Crisco
1/2 cup Milk
1/2 cup grated Cheese
Sift dry ingredients. Work in Crisco. Add liquid gradually, then cheese, working in with a fork. Roll out to 1/8 inch in thickness. Cut into small round circles with a cookie cutter. Bake in groups of three (like a clover leaf) in a hot oven 400° until well browned on top.
Make 1 1/2 dozen clover leaf biscuits.
Note—Our readers may obtain free a new 20-page cook book by addressing the National Household Service, 562 Fifth Avenue, New York City.