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"IDEAL FASHIONS"
by *John Deane*



Fall of the Year.
This is the morning air—
Thin and clear—
And brittle as fine glass,
The light wind tinkles as it flits
Along the dun grass.

Faint is the bluebirds' note—
Faint and sweet—
A very thread of sound,
From the tall maple tree it drifts
Softly to the ground.

Hot is the noonday sun—
Hot and still
The valley lies asleep,
In the shorn meadows the swart
crows
Solemn meeting keep.

Tall are the roving clouds—
Tall and fleet—
The squadrons of the air,
They crowd sail bravely to the breeze,
Over seas to fare.

Dim is the setting sun—
Dim and pale—
And shrouded in gray wrack,
The wise cows early from the hills
Homeward turn them back.

Swift is the gathering dusk—
Swift and shrewd
The breeze as it falls,
A house door closes, lights spring up,
For off an owl calls.
—Elizabeth Brainard Bonta.

Days Out.
On the days out—ah, those delicious
days out. For the cook's outings are
my linnings. She is happy, too. How
she works! The luncheon dishes are
whisked out of the way, the kitchen is
"redd up," and she flies to her room to
dress. I slip out, glance up the back
stairs, go to the range and poke the
fire, change the draughts, shift the
kettle a little, then hastily retreat to
the parlor, and play the piano, with
the soft pedal down, until I hear the
back door shut. Then! No more
plano for me! I can play the piano
any time.
I walk swiftly and boldly out into
the kitchen—my kitchen—my kitchen.
I perch on the table and swing my feet,
in a glory of possession. What shall
I make? I go over to the range again.
Good fire—good oven. I can make any-
thing, anything! . . . I go to the pan-
try and scan its contents. I am always
careful to have it well stocked on
these days. . . . I pick up the cook-
book and resume my perch. I am in no
special hurry. It is not yet four, and
one can do almost anything between
four and half-past six.
The telephone rings. I go, with my
thumb in the cooky recipe. . . . I
hang up the receiver with a sigh of
relief. Yes, I think—ginger cookies.
Hester and Tom will be in soon—and
they're so good when they're just out
of the oven.
The front door opens and shuts,
there is a stampede of feet up and
down stairs. Then the kitchen door
bursts open. "Oh, good! It's Sarah's
day out! Hester! Come on. It's
Sarah's day out!"
Hester arrives. "May we make the
toast?"
"May I set the table?" "What do I
smell?"
"May I stir?" "May we scrape the
bowl?"
"May we make griddle-cakes?"
It is like a frog chorus in spring.
Perhaps I try to be severe.
"Griddle-cakes? Nonsense! Who
ever heard of griddle-cakes at night?
Ginger cookies are queer enough. Be-
sides, they don't go well together."
"No matter! Who cares! We al-
ways do nice, queer things when Sarah
is out. And we can eat up all the
cookies as soon as they're done, and
then they won't intertore with the
cakes."
It makes very little difference how
it turns out, what things finally get
cooked. The important thing is, that
the cooking goes merrily on, and joy
reigns.
It is, I maintain, a joy to rejoice
in. I am heartily sorry for the people
who never do their own cooking. . . .
A busy mother who was a wonderful
cook, once said to me: "Sometimes
it hardly seems worth while to cook
things when they go fast; but then, I
think after all, they leave behind them
a memory of a jolly home table that
does last, so perhaps it pays."—From
Days Out and Other Papers, by Eliza-
beth Woodbridge.

Look Within.
Almost simultaneously there appear
in the press two expressions of opinion
which, placed side by side, are mutu-
ally explanatory. One is that of a lady
who has just returned from traveling
alone in Africa, and who says that the
Dark Continent is not nearly so wild
as some pretend; the other is that of
an English visitor to Glasgow, who
says that its manners are much worse
than they should be. Adventures are
to the adventurous; if the lady travel-
er had been of a quarrelsome nature,
if she had annoyed the rhino and riled
the buffalo, they would, in all proba-
bility, have got as wild for her as for
anybody else. And if the Sassenach
explorer found something wanting in
our manners, it may have been be-
cause there was a lack in his own. But
the probability is that he failed to un-
derstand us.—Glasgow Herald.

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address your order to Pattern Dept.,
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laide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by
return mail.

The Usual Length.
Newlywed (at table).—"You cooked
this spaghetti too long."
The N.—"I assure you it's the
usual length."

THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR R. HEEVE

CHAPTER XXVII. (Cont'd.)
"Why did the 'Scooter' leave you?"
he asked at length.
There was no answer. It was one
thing to face it with strangers but
they knew they would get away with
nothing with Kennedy. Sullenly Dick
Curtis looked away. Rae Larue was
defiant.
"They were put off," answered the
owner of the "Sea Vamp" for them.
He could not help seeing that the two
did not exactly make a hit with Ken-
nedy. "The captain said we could
hand them over to the police if we
wanted to, do anything we chose."
Kennedy leaned over toward the
couple. He was determined not to
mince matters. "You were guests at
the Gerards' that night of the rob-
bery," he said. "Your story was that
you were out at the time of the rob-
bery moving in the cars from the
stern, putting up the windows and
closing the curtains. You were cer-
tainly thoughtful and busy. Was that
all you did before the others saw you
after they had been robbed?"
"Honey!" exclaimed the woman on
the boat. "Were they at the house
that night? You know, in a way
we're friends of Mrs. Gerard." Even
in such a situation she could not for-
get being a social climber. Probably
Mrs. Gerard had spoken to her once.
There was still no answer.
"She had the hands of a lady and
the voice of a gun moll!" That's how
Easton described the girl at the radio
crime that night. "Curtis was look-
ing fixedly at the hands, then at the
face of Rae. One could imagine her
using a harsh, tough tone. In fact,
one might wonder whether it was all
affection, whether the polished
tone was not the one affected.
"You can't make me talk!" she
snapped out finally. "I don't have to
talk and I won't—not until I see a
lawyer!"
It was easy to see that the brains
in this combination were Rae's, not
Curtis'.
Kennedy was not, however, much
impressed. "But I can make your feet
tell about other things, even if your
tongue does betray a little bit more
than you realize." Kennedy had
reached into a small packet he had
taken up when we left the Radio
Shack and began unwrapping some-
thing carefully packed. "I have here
copies of the footprints left on the
beach by a man and girl who en-
gaged the kidnapping of young Dick
Gerard. I suppose you know that kid-
napping is a crime only one degree
less heinous than murder."
He moved over toward Curtis. Cur-
tis would have resisted but he caught
the eye of Easton, with me standing
behind him. Quickly Kennedy applied
the copy of the footprint to Curtis's
foot. It fitted. Then he turned to Rae.
The prints of the woman's shoes fitted
her, too!
"Why did you do it? Why did you
carry out the orders of someone else
at that radio robbery of your friends?
Why did you carry out orders for such
a crime as kidnapping? There was
no answer. "Do you want me to tell
you why? It was gambling that did
it!"
"Yes!" Rae was bitter. "We owed
a small fortune."
"Who was it gave you orders? How
was it that anyone ever got such a
hold on you?" Kennedy paused. "Who
is the Chief?"
I had thought that Rae was break-
ing down when she agreed with Ken-
nedy as to the cause of their downfall
—gambling. But it was surely a
testimonial to the terror which the
head of the Radio Gang inspired to
see the abject fear, the frightened sil-
ence that greeted Kennedy's query as
to the name of the Chief. I believe
they would rather have died than
divulge it.
Kennedy had no time now to go into
a third degree. Moreover, the owner
of the "Sea Vamp" had told us we
were on the lane taken by the "Scot-
ter." It was something we would like
to find out for ourselves in an hour
or less. He turned to the man and
woman.
"Well, you can turn these two over
to the same constable as Bookings,
who is holding the boy, Hank Hawk-
ins, one of the gang."
"Hank Hawkins!" the couple ex-
claimed.
"Yes," put in Evans, "one of the
members of the gang."
"Members of the gang!" echoed the
woman on the "Sea Vamp" showing
her consternation even beneath the
paint and powder on her face. "Why,
that's our boy!"
"I know it," Kennedy's tone as he
cut in was merciless. "I looked up
the ownership of the 'Sea Vamp' when
I heard from you first. In my opinion
you have done worse than Hank has
done. You are to blame. Parents who
shift children over to the care of ser-
vants are to blame if the children go
wrong. Why isn't he here? You are
cruising up and down the Sound, put-
ting into ports, being entertained at
house parties and giving sailing par-
ties in return. Children are in the
way in social functions. They'll be
a bitter lesson about their own, Hank
grew up as Hank is growing up if
Come on, Walter. All right, Easton.
We must be on our way. As for you,
I'd advise you to turn these prisoners
over as I suggest, and at once. Then
we can sit down and I will advise you
to the best that's in me as to the fu-
ture of Hank, or you'll have him to
turn over some day for a serious
crime. Good day!"
We left the sporty Hawkins
crouched. They had suddenly learned
a bitter lesson about their own, Hank.
Parents should make sure of their
children—but they can't do it if the
parents are not right.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
THE RESCUE.
From the side of the little cruiser of
the Hawaiian, the hydroaeroplane
"Sea Scout" rose gracefully, taking
off in a gorgeous cloud of spray.
"We'll have to hurry," urged Ken-
nedy. "There's not much day-
light left—and if they have the start
of a whole night's run out in the ocean
it will be a terrible job to locate them."
Kennedy and the rest of us swept
the sea with keen eyes for it was little
Dick Gerard's safety and freedom now
at stake and we felt we must make
good on it now or never.
Dick, in the now rapidly sinking
rowboat, was struggling as best he
could to keep it afloat. He might as
well have tried to bale it out with a
thimble as to keep the water down,
handicapped the way he was.
"He! He!" he called.
Only the cruel waves heard, and the
wind. The ocean is one of the most
beautiful creations in nature—but
also it is one of the most cruel. And
as the scientists quibble, there is no
sound if there is no ear to hear it.
Certainly out there on the edge of the
Atlantic there was no ear to hear
Dick's despairing cry.
Still, though Dick did not know it,
there were others scouring the seas
for him. Perhaps he would not have
felt encouraged, however, if he had
known.
For his absence had now been dis-
covered aboard the "Scooter." They
had heaved to, and searched. Dick
was not in the fo'c'st'le, nor in the
cabin, nor in the hold. Certainly he
was not on deck. Not a possible hid-
ing place on the scout cruiser was
left unsearched. Still no trace.
"Where's our tender?" One of the
seniors had at last hit upon the solu-
tion of the mystery.
With the glasses now the crew
searched the sea.
"What's that?" The keen-eyed skip-
per pointed to a speck on the water
barely discernible even when raised on
the crest of a wave.
All the glasses were trained on it.
"That's the little devil!" cried the
skipper. "He'll suffer for this. Come
on, now—under a jingle!"
The "Scooter" swung about and pro-
ceeded at record speed now in the di-
rection of Dick on the sinking row-
boat. It might mean safety for him,
but it also meant continued captivity.
"Uncle Craig? What's that? Isn't
that the 'Scooter'? And what's that
speck they're in such a hurry to get
to? Why, they're turning back, run-
ning this way, toward us, not away
from us!"
Kennedy seized the glasses. "Why,
it's Dick—it looks as if he was in a
rowboat, awash, out here in the o'-
cean. He must have got away from them
and they're making a desperate effort
to get him back. But how strangely
he acts. He must be bound—and
adrift in a sinking boat! Now, East-
on, show us your speed!"
Flying was no name for the manner
in which the "Sea Scout" skimmed
the air. Never before had she shown
such velocity as now with Dick almost
in our grasp.
We came as near as we dared ap-
proach, then down to the surface, and
towed closer and closer to Dick.
The rowboat had left him in the
water now, treading water to keep his
head above the surface. He could not

have thought that long, each besides, it
was getting him nowhere.
"Look! They're going awry!"
Ken had eyes all over his head, it
seemed. Not only was he following
Dick in his steady fatal predicament,
but he had seen that the "Scooter"
was heading away at full speed in the
former direction out into the ocean
along the outside route, to escape.
It was ticklish business, but Easton
knew his hydroaeroplane well and
manipulated it carefully. Fortunately
it was not very rough water.
"Be careful!" urged Kennedy. Re-
member, he can't catch hold of any-
thing to save himself."
"I only hope he can keep himself
afloat," murmured Easton. "If he
can, I can save him."
He let the "Sea Scout" drift with
the wind, managing to guide it so that
he could make as gentle an approach
to Dick as possible. On we floated
guided by Easton's skillful piloting.
Kennedy and I leaned far out and
down from the wing of the "Sea
Scout" and as the pontoon floated us
along we managed to grasp Dick by
the upstretched bound wrists. To-
gether we hauled him up on the wing,
and gently over into the boat. He was
all in.
Then we all began reviving him,
while Ken whipped out his ever-
present boy scout knife and cut the
things that cruelly bound the lazo-
ered wrists of the boy.
Clipping his skin, rubbing, and
wrapping him in our extra clothing,
we soon had Dick where he was get-
ting control of himself after his
ordeal.
Laddie leaned over him and his
rough tongue began to lick the boy's
face. Dick smiled, and, though it
hurt him, patted the faithful dog's
head.
As for Ken, he had almost gone
cray as at the restoration of his pal.
(To be continued.)



Sounds Reasonable.
"Sometimes I think Jack is beneath
your level."
"Well sometimes he is. He's a min-
ing engineer."

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Recessional.
The flood ebbs—
Flowers that foamed in
About the thresholds of the year
In a spring tide,
Multicolored, palpitant,
Leaves of delicate pattern,
Grass that thrilled its whisper of green
sea
Across grey earth.

High rises the glowing crest of
autumn,
Gold-petaled, ruddy-leaved, spiky-
breathed,
Where the wave draws full,
And overturns its harvest of rich
bloom
Down the long beaches southward;
Leaving to the mother-breasted sea
The sleeping forms of rose and dahlia,
Of silk-white violets—

Until the reclaiming chime of April's
hour,
And the rush of the returning tide.
—Grace Clementine Howes.

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