

Camille Steps In

BY FLORENCE BINGHAM LIVINGSTON.

PART I.

Camille sighed and opened her eyes. She had hoped to sleep late, but the pipe had awakened her, squealing for their breakfast. They were being fed now and their shrill squeals had changed to low grunts of satisfaction, but she was thoroughly wide awake.

She lay staring at the old daguerrotype enlargement at the foot of her bed. "Somebody's grandmother," she had dubbed it when she first came here. It was somebody's grandmother as a girl with a precocious, pioneer maturity in the face and with severity in the parted hair, bulging a sickly and hideously over the ears.

What a difference three or four generations have made in the age-old fact of girlhood! Camille Grant ran her fingers reassuringly through her short, discreetly curled brown hair and smiled. The smile widened as she glanced sardonically at the quilt that covered her bed—fantastic blocks of calico in maroon and green, set gayly against a background of buff and stitched with endless patience by pioneer hands.

She had been told the name of the daguerrotype girl—Mary Brampton, the grandmother of John Perley in whose house she was living.

The relationship was easy enough to believe, but what about John's son, Ward? Ward was not like his family. He had somehow skipped the gradation of ancestry and was abruptly a modern type. Camille found him interesting; otherwise she would have left before now.

From a small city she had come into this rural section of Loopville for the experience of teaching the district school, but when the term had ended she had begged to stay for a time as a boarder. Unexpectedly she liked it here, liked the broad green acres of the Perley farm. Particularly she liked Ward Perley. He liked her too. She had seen to that. And he had the possibilities of going far, she told herself with the right influence.

She heard a light swish-swish from the back yard, the laden milk pails grazing against John Perley's overalls as he walked. He always slipped an old sap yoke on his neck when he started from the barn, and suspended the pails from the hooks that hung by ropes from the ends of the wooden yoke. His work-garled hands steadied the pails gently as he walked. She heard him clump carefully up the back steps. The screen door banged behind him. She threw back the buff-and-maroon quilt and began to dress. Breakfast was going on in the kitchen, swiftly, that the men might get to the hayfield as soon as possible—John and Ward, the two men who were helping out by the day and had their meals here. They would eat large quantities. There would be potatoes and fried ham, probably eggs, soda biscuits, griddle cakes swimming in amber pools of maple syrup. Camille would not go down. She would eat an orange; nothing more till noon.

When she had heightened her lips and powdered her face lightly, she chanced in range with the daguerrotype again.

"Poor Mary, slow old-timer!" she said softly, very sure of herself.

The Perleys had finished breakfast and had come out on the back verandah. Mrs. Perley began washing milk pails at the outer sink and her voice rose above the rattling of tin.

"I mustn't. I can't go traipsing off a hundred miles in the middle of hay-feng, even for a sister's silver wedding."

"You could kind of bake up a few pies this morning, and we'd get along," John Perley put in mildly. "Go ahead," he jammed on his wide straw hat and started for the barn.

Camille smiled. Imagine living on "a few pies" in the heat of summer. The smile faded suddenly. A small ear had whirred around the apple orchard and was chugging up the back driveway.

A girl sat at the wheel, and Camille frowned as she watched through the thin muslin curtains. It was Ann Hastings, who lived very near on an adjoining farm. Although it was early, she had been down to Loopville for supplies and had brought back a few items for the Perleys.

Camille could see Ward, all at once embarrassed before this meeting. He had been about to follow his father, but came back unwilling to take the packages from Ann. She passed them over with a cool nod. From her window Camille smiled again. She knew that Ward and Ann had been playmates from childhood, always friends and then, everybody had supposed, sweethearts. But something had happened to the relation since she, Camille, had arrived.

As Ward went into the kitchen with the packages, Ann swung out of the car and approached the verandah. She was a buoyant, well-built girl, almost as tall as Ward, with an easy grace of body and a clear, poised look in her blue eyes.

The warm glow in her cheeks and the slight forward thrust of her chin gave an impression of vigor not wholly physical. Her arms, revealed by the short sleeves of her gingham dress, were strong and supple; and

she had capable hands, well shaped, not small. When Ann appeared, one thought of fresh breezes, reviving and sweet-scented.

She began talking with Mrs. Perley, and an occasional lifted word indicated that they spoke about the projected trip and that Mrs. Perley's reluctance to leave was giving way before everybody's insistence that she have the recreation and rest.

Ann started to go; then whooped with her chin high, as if she found it hard to say anything further and yet held herself to it. "You understand I'll be glad to do whatever I can to help while you're gone."

It had cost her an effort, but she was unflinching before the demands of neighborliness.

Mrs. Perley hesitated, for Ward was signalling to her with a heavy lowering of brows.

Camille pushed aside the muslin curtains. "Wait a minute," she called. "I'm coming right down."

They were so astonished that they stood as they were while Camille ran through the house and darted out on the verandah. She had put on a linen dress of chamois color, short and tight and straight, like a child's. She looked almost like a child herself in this clever gown and her low-heeled black pumps.

Her face was somewhat like a child's too—short from the upper lip to the chin, the small nose curving babyishly inward toward the forehead, the short brown hair flying around her ears. But there the resemblance stopped. In spite of her youth, there was a shrewd sophistication in her brown eyes, and sometimes a startling thingning of her lips.

She smiled radiantly at all three of them. "You don't have to plan about the work at all," she told them. "I'll manage it. I'd love to."

Ward's eyes had lighted as he turned his close-cropped head toward her. His look was a caress; it softened the seriousness of his high forehead and firm-muscled jaw. Camille thrilled with satisfaction.

But Mrs. Perley studied her somberly, with a distrust that she could not conceal.

"There's a lot to do," she warned.

Camille laughed, enjoying her small sensation. "Oh, I like housework. Perhaps I never told you that I took a course in domestic science. I can cook as well as anybody; and that's the main thing, isn't it?"

It really was; and this fact, combined with Camille's willingness, speedily weakened all opposition. Ann had stood silent, for she, too, had caught Ward's signals and was faintly amused over the elaborateness with which he had fended her off. She got into her car briskly and snapped on the ignition.

"Phone me if you need any help," she called pleasantly to Camille.

"Thank you, but I'm sure I can manage," Camille's reply was equally gracious.

She knew that Mrs. Perley had no faith in her practical capacity, but long before train time the older woman's attitude had changed. Camille had not before taken any part in the work, but now she plunged in with amazing deftness.

She kneaded bread, stirred up molasses cookies, filled pies, skillfully yet with a deferential reference to Mrs. Perley's lead. At half past two Ward drove his mother to the train, and Camille was left in charge.

She liked it. She liked the feeling of dominion and the warm stillness of the big old house. The kitchen was deliciously odorous from the recent baking.

In the unaccustomed quiet, Camille could catch the chattering whir of the mowing machine as John Perley turned at the end of the meadow and switched the cutter bar so that it ate into the grass toward the house. It was an agreeable sound, industry making a safe background for existence.

Camille moved about happily, putting away the washed dishes, wiping the drain boards clean, sweeping the floor. It gave her a feeling of power to have charge of the vital centre of a prosperous farm. This was what kept the farmer's wife happy in the midst of imperative activities. She toyed vaguely with the thought, like glimpsing a shape on the horizon, pleasantly distant, and undefined.

She set on the supper which Mrs. Perley had planned, and put a fresh white napkin at each of the five places. Mrs. Perley provided colored napkins for every day—not gray bungalow robes of flowers and birds, but a plain check of red and white, not easily disfigured by stains. Camille could not endure anything but white.

She brought out the second salt-and-pepper set from the sitting-room cupboard and discarded the spoon holder from which each member of the family was in the habit of selecting spoons and extra forks as he needed them.

She was rather proud of her work and therefore puzzled by the frown on John Perley's forehead as they took their seats at the table. She felt that he didn't approve of her, although he was uniformly kind. He was strong and wiry, his shoulders slightly

slumped. He grunted but he did not against his sunburned skin and there was often a twinkle in his eyes that made Camille nervous.

"Going in for style, are you?" he commented, and with a faint smile he pushed his napkin toward the center of the table. "But I won't make any woman that much work," he explained more genially.

He thought slightly of napping anyhow, although useful in times of spiced gravy or slipping pickles; and having liked his wife's ways for twenty-five years, he resented any interference with them. With one lean, sunburned hand he gathered up the silver at his place—two forks at the left, a knife and two spoons at the right—and dropped the little jangling heap beside the tumbler in front of him. Feeling better with this clearing around his plate, he immediately retrieved his knife and fork and set to work.

It went better after that. There were no innovations in the food. John Perley's brow relaxed as he saw this, and after his second cup of tea, brewed perfectly, he looked upon Camille Grant with more favor than at any time heretofore.

(To be continued.)

Heredity.

I'm no biologist; I can't explain the structure of a plant Or talk in strange and curious terms Of protoplasm and of germs, But this is plain as plain can be That boy of mine is much like me.

When on a chair he flings his hat I'm sure no stranger taught him that. Those dressing tactics, oh, so slow, Which irritate his mother so, Were not acquired; but yesterday I used to dawdle just that way!

I see him living o'er and o'er So much that I was scolded for. That maddening indifference To the little things he ought to do Should be corrected, but I know I did, as he does, long ago.

That love of laughter and of mirth Came with him on his day of birth. In many a fault and many a whim I see myself reborn in him. And it's unfair to scold a lad For merely being like his dad.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Britain Appoints Woman Broadcasting Governor.

Mrs. Ethel Snowden, wife of Philip Snowden, former Laborite Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been appointed one of the governors of the broadcast organization which the government is taking over from the private British Broadcasting Company from January 1 for a consideration of \$3,100,000. Mrs. Snowden is one of Great Britain's leading feminists. She also is an author of note and an effective public speaker.

Her new post carries a salary of \$3,500 a year and among the other governors are Sir John Nairne, a director of the Bank of England, and some other prominent persons, with the Earl of Clarendon as chairman.

Ship Clouds.

Across a sea of crystal glint Float ships from out the Orient; Ships of ruby with frosted gems in-laid, Ships, with sails of pearl and pure white jade. That open up like topaz fairy fans, Reflecting gay cretresses of sunset glints. That look like fans of Chinese chintz.

—Florence S. Mathis.

The Coincidence.

"Where are you going?" a young woman asked a shipmate, the second day out.

"Across the ocean," replied the other.

"That's a coincidence! So am I."

Minard's Liniment for chapped hands.

In High Regions.

Great things are done when men and mountains meet; These are not done by jostling in the street.

—William Blake.



A CHARMING FROCK EASILY MADE.

Gracefully dignified is the attractive frock shown here with the bodice closing at the left side in surplice effect and joined to a skirt over which is a set-on lace tunic having plaits in the left side and a cascade at the right. The back is in one piece and side seam and tied in a chic bow at the surplice front and wrist-bands in sizes 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Size 40 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch material; 1 1/2 yards lace floating 23 inches wide, and 1 1/2 yards trimming. 20 cents.

Every woman's desire is to achieve that smart different appearance which draws favorable comment from the observing public. The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are originated in the heart of the style centres and will help you to acquire that much desired air of individuality. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

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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 Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

British Invention of Non-Inflammable Film is Announced.

A noninflammable film for the cinema industry is now claimed to have been achieved by H. J. Mallabar, after 12 years' experimentation, to overcome difficulties which hitherto have barred its use. Success in this direction has often been published before, but tensile strength has always been lacking and the film has had a tendency toward brittleness.

Mr. Mallabar's film is said to increase in flexibility with age and use. C. F. Cross, an authority on cellulose, reports that the new film base in mechanical properties, purity, color, pliability and resistance to frictional wear and tear, equals the standard film in every respect. Ignition tests showed the film to be fireproof, contact with flame causing only charring at the spot heated.

It Will Delight You "SALADA" TEA

Perfectly balanced—superb in flavour.

"Snowflakes"

Winter, that brisk dame, to-day Came to clean our smoky town. Dusted off the sootier gray, Swept our steps and highways down, And bustled on her way.

With a rag of snowcloth, she Remedied our small world here In three blustery minutes. See How the air is polished clear! How our streets shine magically!

I should like to visit her In her northern home. I'm told The house is set in leagues of fir. The grounds are lustrous to behold. The sky is jeweled, and her good air.

Old Man Winter (so they say) Sits at the window of the north. Plucking goose-down night and day For summer pillows. Some foats forth Glistening or softly gray.

To clothe the hillside, ledge andlea In sapphire light, and smooth the streams To exquisite serenity That whosoever looks on, dreams Their white unworded poetry.

—Tsantio (Iroquois for Beaver).

British School Officials Advise Parents.

When compulsory education began, the work of the school attendance officer was to exercise the powers of the law in building up a new social custom—that of regular attendance at the publicly provided schools. To-day his task is entirely different, as was made plain, both by the wide extent of the subjects covered at the recent conference of the Association of Attendance Superintendents and by a paper which was read by H. Bentley (supervisor of attendance and employment for Buckinghamshire). Mr. Bentley gave a summary of the duties of the new type of official. He is expected to collect the weekly contribution of parents toward the maintenance of children in residential and special schools. He must know all about local industries and be able to advise parents in connection with the future employment of their children; he must have full knowledge of the bylaws relating to juvenile employment, and must invoke the aid of the law to insure that no child shall be exploited by too early or too arduous employment in industry or street trading.

Color on the Deck.

The sky, a pale, pale blue, seemed to have in its depths a faint rose, as if somewhere far off behind it a vivid dawn were shining. Perhaps some distant sunrise was being faintly reflected. The white posts that ranged the length of the deck rail caught the elusive tint and became some of them, almost a delicate lavender rose. Others remained pure white and as the boat rose and fell, shadows shifted over them, giving soft blurs of gray, or leaving them brilliantly white. Patches of sunlight sprinkled the floorboards, turning their dullness into gold. Where the sun touched the tan and maroon base, it became a brilliant orange with a line of velvety red. The sail cloth sheathing fired by the sun turned creamy, and here and there through the indigo of the ocean showed. The glass encasing the electric light bulbs took on opalescent tones. A basket by a steamer chair showed touches of green and purple.

One by one, passengers appeared, a woman in a bright blue dress; another in a red hat and with a green book. (Had it been a green hat and a red book, might one call her literary?) A child flashed by in vivid red.

The deck was no longer somber, its hidden beauties had revealed themselves.

"Immortals" of France Ban Cemetery Eulogies.

Henceforth all good things said about French "immortals" must be uttered while they are still in mortal form and not over their graves. This mode was established by the present group of "immortals" themselves, breaking a century-old tradition of eulogies and panegyrics at the burial of distinguished men.

At a meeting of the Academy of Inscriptions and Literature a note was signed by the members which read: "Out of consideration for the health of my survivors, I want no speeches at my funeral."

Academy circles have long discussed the subject of speeches in damp cemeteries and their effect on the health of men of advanced age. The funeral this week of Henri Cochin and Jean Richepin in the midst of the influenza epidemic decided the Academicians to overturn a precedent to protect their own health at such rites.

A Chinese Lady's Day.

My Dear one, The hours of one day are as the each other as are twin blossoms from the pear-tree. There is no news to tell thee. The mornings are passed in the duties that come to all women who have the care of a household, and the afternoons I am on the terrace with thy sister.

Mah-ti and I take our embroidery and sit upon the terrace, where we pass long hours watching the people in the valley below. The faint blue smoke curls from a thousand dwellings, and we try to imagine the lives of those who dwell beneath the roof-trees. We see the peasants in their rice-fields; watch them dragging the rich mud from the bottoms of the canal for fertilizing; hear the shrill whistle of the duck man as, with long bamboo, he drives the great flock of ducks homeward or sends them over the fields to search for insects. We see the wedding procession far below, and can but faintly follow the great covered chair of the bride and the train or servants carrying the possessions of the new home.

The summer wanes and the autumn is upon us with all its mists and shadows of purple and grey. The camphor trees look from the distance like great balls of fire, and the eucalyptus tree, in its dress of brilliant yellow, is a gaily painted court lady. From "My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard," by Elizabeth Cooper.

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Epidemic Depletes Oaks of English Countryside.

The mysterious epidemic which has attacked and is rapidly depleting the oaks for which England is famous is engaging the attention of research workers on the Forestry Commission. It is feared that in another twenty years the magnificent oaks planted in the seventeenth century will be completely wiped out, so great has been the depletion during the war and since with the rover moth, is held responsible for the disease which has spread over the southern countries and killed some of the noblest of the British oaks. Other forces are also at work threatening the most characteristic tree of the English countryside.

Iron, stone, brick, concrete and cheaper wood have so far displaced oak as building material, and the oak tree takes so long to come to maturity that private enterprise cannot plant oaks as a commercial proposition.

The only oaks now being grown to replenish the national supply are those planted by the Forestry Commission.

Courtesan Locks Baby in Cage for Air and Safety

A Mayfair variation on the Creeche idea has been developed by the Countess de la Warr, whose young husband is one of the few Labor representatives in the House of Lords. The courtesan, who lives in a small flat in the Mews in Westminster, has had constructed a galvanized iron wire cage into which a perambulator containing her baby is wheeled, and the cage is securely padlocked. "The baby can obtain plenty of fresh air without the nurse having to watch her constantly," the countess told reporters, "and I think the idea is one which working mothers might well adopt."

For Colds—Minard's Liniment.



Eskimos of the Mackenzie River District, 200 miles within the Arctic Circle. They are very generous to the work of England in Canada. The Indians and Eskimos of the district, donated \$14.75 from each family to the Church of the Church Missionary Society.

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