

APRIL ESCAPADE.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

CHAPTER I.

Th dinner symphony in the O'Hara kitchen began, on a particular March afternoon, at about four o'clock. It began, at some minute between four and five, on every separate day of every year's three hundred and sixty-five days. Teresa Elizabeth Deane O'Hara, forty-five years old, handsome, resolute, adequate, knew its every chord and organ-point, and occupied permanently the position of conductor.

Between the hours of three and eight o'clock every day she thought in terms of cookery. Mentally, she ranged her forces about her; she could talk confidentially, or even forcefully, to any one of her six children, and still have going on quite unintermittently in her mind active computations regarding raisins, lard, the cracked yellow bowl, the teapot, the cold biscuits or the necessary trip to the corner grocery.

Feeding the children had been her job since "the man" had "died on her" some seven years earlier. Confronted by all the problems of penniless widowhood, with a "posthumous" infant upon his way, and almost eight thousand meals per annum to be provided from absolutely nothing, Teresa O'Hara had been conscious of no particular consternation. Hers was the marvelous viewpoint of the child, or the philosopher. There was never more than one meal about which to worry, from Teresa O'Hara's point of view, and that was the next. Her sublime faith in a protecting fatherly power rose superior to all circumstances. If difficulties arose, Teresa told the children calmly that they were privileged to help the Lord carry His cross, a sign of friendship and favor. And when the clouds broke, she commented simply, "Sure, what have we ever done that God would hear our prayers this way!"

"The Lord," Mary Kate, who was Teresa's oldest daughter, used to summarize it simply, "has Mother, coming and going!"

Breakfast was usually a scrambled and hurried meal in the O'Hara house, and most of the children had their luncheon away from home. But supper, as Mrs. O'Hara called the evening meal, was always an event.

She loved the cooking of it. Domestic slavery was an eternal delight to her; her kitchen a kingdom, rather than a prison.

She would come in tired and laden from a trip to the market, and perhaps sit in the kitchen a minute, hatted, coated, panting, her round, kind pleasant face damp with summer heat. But after a trip to her adjoining bedroom she always returned fresh and expectant, her hat gone, her street dress changed, for a stiff, faded gingham, her hair slicked comfortably back from her white, innocent forehead, her big hands bare and free, ready for labor.

And then began the happy, familiar routine that never really became routine, even after years. Grocery packages to open, things to carry into the big pantry, things to bring forth. The faucets in the sink would roar, spoons tinkle, pans clatter. There was a round, shallow, wooden bowl in which to chop apples or cold meat, there was a little blunt axe with which to split stove wood or hack a heavy squash to pieces, there were worn egg-beaters, dingy muffin tins, iron frying pans, black and heavy, wire strainers loosened in little loops from their frames. Teresa O'Hara knew them all as an artist knows his brushes.

She never would use a dishpan; she liked a limp, old, soft, gray rag full of fine holes. But Mary Kate demanded a mop, and kept it safe up behind the alarm clock on the sink shelf, and with a pair of rubber gloves from the five-and-ten. Her mother regarded these niceties with outward scorn, occasionally being heard to observe that it was a pity so many people thought more of the preservation of their hands than of their immortal souls.

But it was to be observed that she never permitted one of the younger members of the family to touch the said gloves or mop, or to interfere in any way with the safety of these and other refinements introduced by her oldest daughter.

The kitchen was roomy, as any apartment where seven persons have most of their meals may well be; it was one of the seven rooms in an old-fashioned wooden house hideously typical of a hideous architectural era. The house was steep, narrow, shabby, its paint worn away and its wooden steps and railings splintering. Even the presence of the seven O'Haras, their humanness, their enthusiasms, their youth and beauty, could not make the stiff upstairs bedrooms, the bay-windowed parlor, the dark, unused dining room, attractive.

But, the kitchen was homelike and indeed the O'Hara's thought the whole place wonderful. The house had once belonged to Uncle Miles, and after Papa had died Uncle Miles invited the whole crowd of them to come from a crowded, dark, sunless lair in a Brooklyn tenement, and make their home with him in the free, sunshiny California?

This miracle of brotherly generosity still glided the O'Farrell street house in San Francisco with glory. They never forgot it. The warm loving richness of the O'Hara's young prayers were still poured over the memory of hard little, tight little, shrewd little old Uncle Miles. A quarrelsome, dyspeptic, suspicious character throughout all the fifty-seven years of selfish, lonely life, Uncle Miles blossomed after death into a loved and admirable, if slightly eccentric, family tradition, and his anniversaries were kept as faithfully as Papa's own.

The children usually appeared, in the pleasant afternoon kitchen, in the order of their ages. This on a certain wet March afternoon brought seven-year-old Pat home first; Pat who was blond and silent and mysteriously sweet, and adored by them all. Pat sat at the end of the kitchen table, and vouchsafed to his mother occasional shy, cryptic comments upon school, companions, and life in general.

While Pat was eating his bread and honey, Tess and Regina usually came in, flushed and jaded and a little cross, from the walk home from the Sisters' School. Regina was pale, brown-eyed, slim and proud; Tess, dark, vivid and emotional like her mother. They were always sent upstairs to wash their faces and change their dresses, and they usually waddled and protested. But in the end they came down serene and comfortable, and while Regina, the younger, always made a great stir about study to evade domestic duties, Tess entered eagerly into dinner preparations. Tess would be heard begging her mother in an aside to repeat the formula for gingerbread: "Sour milk, Mother? And is that enough butter, Mother?"

Then Tom, seventeen, filthy, irresponsible, too big for his clothes, a born tease, a bad student, would come lumbering home. With Tom's arrival the symphony began to accelerate and deepen, voices were raised now, the sounds of running faucets, singing kettles, slamming doors, egg-beaters and meat-choppers formed an undertone to the laughter, protest, whining, shouting of the young O'Haras.

Tom was the family "heart-scar." Sometimes his mother was too sharp with him, sometimes she spoiled him; it appeared to be impossible to be merely just to Tom. He sprawled all over everything, he disorganized and demoralized everything, he pinched Regina even while he was comforting Pat for having tripped him up. He was a potential criminal, he was a potential saint, and in her secret heart his mother loved him, feared for him, puzzled over him and prayed for him more than she did all the other five together. Tom, at seventeen, was "finishing High."

After Tom, Martin came in. Mary Kate, nineteen, should have been next, for Martin was almost twenty-two, the oldest, and the mainstay of the whole shipshape, crazy, joyous brood. He was a little smaller than Tom, and as handsome as his father had been, and with the Irish beauty of a clean white skin stained pure red on the high cheek bones, blue eyes in circles of soot, a broad forehead truly expressing candor, innocence, intelligence, and a finely-shaped head covered with rich black waves of heavy, satiny hair.

Mart was everything to them all, father, brother, son, confidante, confessor, idol. They were all proud of him, his integrity, his wisdom, his record at school and in business. Mrs. O'Hara was "said my Mart" in everything she did. He was full of fun, he liked the girls, he was popularity's self, but his mother always came first, with Mart, and after her the needs and claims of the children.

Reserved, little, straight-backed Regina got into his lap tonight, when he took the kitchen rocker, and while he talked to his mother he brushed the child's contented fair head occasionally with his lips.

(To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

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Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



An intriguing little frock with youthful basque bodice and snugly fitted hips. It is tub silk in flattering water-green coloring. The capelet collar is of plain crepe silk in matching tone.

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"Buddha" yellow shantung is smart. Aquamarine blue linen with collar of sheer linen with edge finished with picot is very feminine and chic. Printed pique, printed dimity, printed handkerchief lawn and men's striped cotton shirting are practical and smart.

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.

Little Eyes and Little Ears
Little eyes that seem to see
Everything that's round about;
Little mind that seems to be
Bound to ferret wisdom out;
Little ears that seem to hold
Every curious word we say.
For a child just eight years old
You've a most surprising way.

Must you carry all you've heard
Back and forth where'er you go?
Does an unfamiliar word
Start the wish in you to know
All about it, that you pry
Into hidden meanings deep?
Do you never shut an eye
Only when you fall asleep?

You astound us now and then
By the things you do and say,
And we often wonder when
Fell such wisdom in your way.
But the mother says to me,
It is plain, beyond a doubt,
We must very carefully be
When that busy mind's about.

Oh, there's much in life to learn,
Little eyes and little ears.
Time shall teach you in your turn
All the reasons for our fears.
And for you I make this prayer:
Through the years which are to be
That but lovely things and fair
Will you ever hear and see.

—Edgar A. Guest.



"When there's a lot of kick about dancing it never comes from the bald-headed row."

Spends Ten Months On Cannibal Isle

Woman Anthropologist Visits Savage Tribe Alone

New York.—A simple civilization where divorces are granted merely by a refund of the dowry, where women have already gained equality with through magic spells and where no men, where courting is accomplished in any sort of a deity exists, was described by Dr. Hortense Powdermaker, who has just returned to this country after a ten-months' stay among the formerly cannibalistic Melanesians.

Dr. Powdermaker, a graduate of Goucher College and a Ph.D. from the University of London, single-handedly constituted the first anthropological expedition to study the people on the island of New Ireland, a long, narrow strip of land off Australia in the mandated territory of New Guinea and a part of the Bismarck Archipelago.

Cannibalism has completely died out among the Melanesians, Dr. Powdermaker discovered, as a result of the discontinuance of tribal warfare ordered by white officials of the territory. The middle-aged and the old can still remember the cannibalistic days, however, and still smack their lips when recalling the dear old days when human flesh was a delicacy never to be forgotten.

The natives never ate anyone except their enemies, Dr. Powdermaker said, explaining that she became so friendly with them after she had picked up a few words of their language that she is quite certain the thought of devouring her never entered their heads.

Paint Hair White
Dr. Powdermaker landed in the little village in the south of New Ireland in April, 1923, being met at the landing by the entire village population of 270 inhabitants. They stared at her constantly, and the only way she at first made friends was by fondling the babies.

A thatched-roof two-room house with a floor off the ground—a Melanesian luxury of no small proportions—was built for her and there with the aid of two servants and a \$50 supply of tobacco with which she regaled the natives, she maintained one of the most important establishments of the surrounding territory.

A simple wash dress of bright red and white made her the cynosure of all eyes at the high feasts. A native woman casually announced one day that she had adopted her and sent her a gift. The women paint their coal black hair white for ordinary wear, but on special occasions change it to blue and red.

A young gallant about town will paint a yellow ring around his left eye, and the women will gladly wear decorations in their hair, but not on their bodies. A simple loin-cloth constitutes their only wearing apparel.

There are many number of taboos, one of the most interesting being that no man is allowed, by tribal tradition, to speak to his mother-in-law, mention her name in public or enter a room which she occupies. If he does so, even inadvertently, he loses his social prestige and is disgraced for life.

Both polygamy and polyandry are practiced in the same village and tribe but not in the same family. While the old men of the village have the supreme say in political affairs, society is matrilineal and matrilocal. The lover asks the mother of his sweetheart for the hand of her daughter and pays her for his wife. He also goes to her house, rather than bringing the bride to his. The wife obtains a divorce by paying back the money.

Currency a Mystery
The local currency is one of the island's mysteries. It consists of disc-shaped shells strung on a special cord a yard long. Five of the units will buy a wife. The currency is made on another island and has been in circulation for about 1,000 years. How it came to be so popular is a mystery. The only culture of the people consists of carving and dancing. Their music is also very melodious, although their instruments are primitive.

They worship no god or goddess and do not bow down before moon, sun or fire. They believe in the ghosts and spirits of the departed, however, but say no prayers for them. If they have a religion, Dr. Powdermaker said, it is their magic. Their morality does not coincide with ours, but they keep theirs with more strictness.

Out of His Element
A wealthy Irishman was proud of the opportunity to "show off" on the occasion of a visit to London of one of his compatriots. To dazzle him he invited him to dine at a fashionable restaurant.

"Now, me bhoy," he said, "just you follow my lead, and I'll order everything of the best."
Seated at table the host led off with—"Waiter, a couple of cocktails."
His friend gave himself away, however, when he whispered, audibly, "Waiter, if ye don't mind, I'd rather have a wing."

Knavery
Cunning leads to knavery; but it is but a step from one to another, and that very slippery; lying only makes the difference; add that to cunning and it is knavery.—Locke.

You can be confident that its quality never varies

"SALADA" TEA

Fresh from the gardens

Pilot To Be Guided By Artificial Sky When Flying in Foggy Weather

An instrument to "restore the sky" when it is hidden by darkness, fog or rain has been developed by Captain William C. Ocker, of the U.S. Army Air Corps. The flight integrator, as the apparatus is known, was designed to overcome the tendency of pilots to rely upon their flight instinct rather than upon instruments in blind flying.

Learning to fly in clear skies, the pilot comes to depend on the sky and the horizon to give him a check on his flight position in relation to his course and to the earth. Instinctively he depends more on the sky line and the horizon than he does on objects on the ground. When a condition arises where he must fly blind, according to Captain Ocker, he prefers to believe that he knows by flight instinct where the horizon is rather than to follow the readings of his instruments.

Captain Ocker's device consists of a moving screen depicting a sky dotted by clouds which is actuated by an electrically driven gyroscope. In front of the screen horizon is a miniature airplane which banks in the same manner as the ship in which the instrument is installed.

This enables the pilot to compare his position with relation to sky and earth. When the plane skids in making a bank or turn the screen moves the same as the sky would appear to move were it visible. The device differs from other instruments of its kind, such as the Sperry horizon,

through the employment of the artificial clouds as degree markers. For every fifteen degrees of a turn a cloud comes into sight on the screen.

For the instruction of pilots during early training the whirling chair, or orientator, will be used in conjunction with the Ocker invention. A blindfolded pilot seated in the chair is whirled six times in eighteen seconds. Then the chair is stopped suddenly. Observation has shown that the subject experiences a reflex sensation of being turned in the opposite direction when the chair is stopped, and this feeling continues for sixteen seconds.

In performing this experiment with the flight integrator the subject is inclosed in a hood, but, by being able to compare his position with moving objects in the instrument, is able to tell in which direction the chair is being whirled. The reflex sensation under such conditions lasts only five seconds.

It is in bumpy weather where even the best pilots suddenly may lose their relation to the horizon that the flight integrator is expected to be of the greatest value. Except in bumpy weather it is easy for an experienced pilot to keep a level flight position. There is no trick in flying straight and level. It is a common thing for an Army flyer to put his head under the cowl and attempt to keep his ship in position without looking at either the sky or the ground.

Wakefield Stops Speedboat Racing

Due to Segrave's Death Lord Wakefield Withdraws Backing

London.—Owing to grief over the death of Sir Henry Segrave last month, Lord Wakefield, owner of the speedboat in which the speed king was killed and backer of many other record-seeking ventures on land and in the air, has decided never again to sponsor an attempt to break speed records.

Lord Wakefield was owner of the Miss England II in which Segrave and P. V. C. Halliwell, mechanic, were killed. Sir Henry was Lord Wakefield's personal friend, and at the launching of the boat on Lake Windermere shortly before the tragedy the owner of the boat was present, that being the first time he had ever personally assisted at the launching of any craft with his money.

When the craft was raised and found suitable for further use Lord Wakefield decided to keep the boat idle for twelve months out of respect for Segrave's memory. At the end of that time it is to be turned over to any pilot chosen by the Marine Motoring Association but without Lord Wakefield's backing.

In addition to financing the Segrave speed trials, both here and in America, Lord Wakefield backed or assisted in the backing of many other famous ventures, among them the Schneider Trophy, Sir Alan Cobham's air cruises and Miss Amy Johnson's Australian flight. "The newspapers call him 'the godfather of British aviation.' It was largely owing to the assistance given by him to motor-ing and aviation that he was raised to the peerage recently.

For Blisters — Minard's Liniment.

"Do you ever have to hurry to catch your morning train, Mr. Ballantyne?" "Well, it's fairly even, you know. Either I'm standing on the platform when the train puffs in or I puff in while the train stands at the platform."

Summer COLDS

Almost everybody knows how Aspirin tablets break up a cold—but why not prevent it? Take a tablet or two when you first feel the cold coming on. Spare yourself the discomfort of a summer cold. Read the proven directions in every package for headaches, pain, etc.



The World Is Too Much With Us

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste
Our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune.

It moves us not—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

—William Wordsworth



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ISSUE No. 32—30

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Outdoor
A cozy porch, a bit
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