

# APRIL ESCAPADE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

## SYNOPSIS

The O'Hara family live in poverty and happiness in San Francisco. The father is dead and the family is supported by Martin and Mary Kate, the two oldest children.

## CHAPTER II

By this time the climax of the whole twenty-four hours was close upon the O'Hara's kitchen. Potatoes were hot and mealy and brown in the oven, fish was sizzled in the pan, the table was crocked but efficiently set, with sugar and spoons and rolled napkins in rings, and crackers and doughnuts and salt; the good smells of hot frying butter, tea, boiling asparagus and toast permeated the air.

"Mart, did you see that the Huntington girl give him the slip on the wedding day itself?—Hand me that scissors, Tess." Mrs. O'Hara said, dexterously removing the little tied bundles of asparagus from the boiling pot, and aligning them on a platter filled with strips of toast. She cut the wet strings, and lifted them, steaming, from the plate.

"Yes, I saw it."

"What do you know about that, Mart?"

"Mrs. O'Hara," said Tom, "to settle an argument, when do we eat?"

"We're waiting for Mary Kate."

"Mother, is Cass coming?"

"I don't know what Cass be with her or not. You might as well put his napkin on the table—Regina, look at little Pat helpin' Tess so nice, and you doin' nothin'!"

"She's comforting a tired business man," Martin apologized, kissing the back of his youngest sister's soft little blond head.

"Mart, I love you!" Regina whispered, putting her pipemaster arms in a stranglehold around his neck. "Mart," she asked, "is there any way to do fractions, except just to do them?"

"Lissen, Mart," Tom said, in his hoarse, eager, oddly-pathetic voice. "If I could get a job, how about my quitting school?"

"What kind of a job?"

"Running a truck."

"Well—" Martin commented, with the long, contented sigh of the resting, hungry man, "it seems to me a swell idea."

"Get out of my way, Baby," Mrs. O'Hara said to Pat. "Hand me that, Tess. Move your chair, Mart, and leave Tom pull out the table. Give me that spoon, dea. I wonder what- ever is keepin' Mary Kate?"

The O'Hara's dined at six. Ten minutes were still lacking the hour when Mary Kate opened the yard door, and was suddenly in the kitchen. The March world was dark now, and a wet spring wind was blowing.

Cass Keating had walked home with Mary Kate, and stood beaming behind her in the doorway. Both their faces were rosy from exercise, cool spring air, and the evening breeze.

"I was kept at the office!" Mary Kate explained, kissing her mother, sending Tess off with her hat and bag, and sitting down to pull little Pat into her lap, all with the effect of one swift, graceful motion. "Mother, have you enough dinner for Cass?" she asked.

"Don't talk like that!" Mrs. O'Hara said in real reproach. A guest in the house at supper time there mightn't be enough for him, indeed! She looked scorn at Mary Kate, and indulgent apology at Cass.

"He brought a dozen pastries hoping you'd take him in," Mary Kate said, into Pat's bright hair. Her own hair was bright flaming golden red, and silkier than the child's. She and Pat and Regina were the tall, slim, red O'Haras. The others were all black Grogans and Garveys. She looked innocently at Cass, and they both laughed in complete understanding.

"I'm dining with your mother, not you," said Cass pleasantly.

"It's wonder you wouldn't go wash your face, Mary Kate," Mrs. O'Hara said.

"Mother, is that enough salt?"

"Mother dear, we're going to a

dance, after. And since I have to dress completely after dinner—"

"Are you going over home to dress, Cass?" Mrs. O'Hara, asking the question, stirred the fish sauce with her right hand, and put out her left to touch the boiler. "Tom, fill up the kettle," she said. "Mary Kate'll need the hot water!"

"Listen, Mom, I have to have a bath—"

"Where's the dance?" Martin asked, serving the fish, at the head of the table.

"Oh, Mart! Arent you going?"

"Lermann's, is it?"

"Oh, Mart! Come!"

He was pleased by her ardor. But he shook his dark head.

"Aw—I ought to go 'round to the library, and read."

"You're always reading that old medical stuff!" Mary Kate said petulantly. But she loved him for it, none the less. Mart worked in a drugstore now, but some day he was going to be a doctor. He had earned his whole first year in medical college, he was working for his second year. Every penny he could save went toward his fund. Mart spent his Sundays and some of his evenings playing chauffeur for the old doctor who had befriended him; he found all sorts of odd jobs for himself; he had no time for dances.

"We aren't going to stay very late," Cass suggested persuasively.

"Finish this up and leave me wash the dish!" Mrs. O'Hara said, of a tapioca pudding. Cass accepted it gladly.

The windows were heavily beaded with steam. Outside they could hear the wind crying; and the irresolute spatter of spring rain.

"You don't have to do that, Mary Kate," said her mother.

"I'm just starting them." She had buttoned a big apron over her dress; she was at the dishpan. "Come on, bring me everything. Come on, Regina!" she urged. "Bring me everything. Hurry up, Regina."

Tom had come down from upstairs. He paused near her.

"I took the fifty cents you owed me, Mary Kate!" he said in a low tone.

"Oh, all right!" But she didn't feel that it was quite all right. Tom was a big, hulking creature but, after all he was only seventeen, he was much too young to be always dawdling along Fillmore street at night drifting in and out of moving picture houses, and cigar stores, and candy stores. He ought to be studying—of course, this was Friday night—

"Go with the girls and me to a pitcher, Tom?" his mother, who had been watching him without seeming in the least aware of him, said carelessly.

His surly, half-still and half-wistful face brightened. But as Regina and Tess both said instantly, "I sit next to Mother!" and little Pat added a loud "No, I sit next to Mother!" his expression darkened again.

"It won't be late," he said gruffly, ungraciously.

"I wish—" his mother began irresolutely, and stopped.

"If anyone asks you, I don't think much of Petey Kern!" Mary Kate said.

Tom's ugliest look came into his face.

"You don't have to run with him!" he reminded her lightly and levelly, with a faint emphasis on the first word.

"I'm thankful for that!" Mary Kate said promptly.

"Now stop it the both of you!" Mrs. O'Hara directed them sharply.

"Petey Kern's a lot older than you are, Tom," Cass said, unable to leave Mary Kate undefended. Tom gave him a resentful look as he left the kitchen, pulling on his cap as he went.

There was an instant's blank pause, and Mary Kate glanced swiftly, apprehensively at her mother. But Mrs. O'Hara was buttoning on Pat's coat with expert, motherly fingers, jerking it into snugness around his neck, ending operations with a kiss on the fresh little fair face she framed in both her big hands. Then she went to put on her own coat, the heavy black coat with the dragged strip of fur at the collar, and her widow's bonnet with its dingy veil.

Returning to the kitchen she found everything in order; Mary Kate had drawn the table back against the wall, the sink was empty and spotless, the chairs in line.

A little bustle of departure, a discussion of keys and hours and lights and loc's set in. Mary Kate said:

"Aw, sit down here, Ma, and let me love you!"

Mrs. O'Hara obediently taking the rocker, her nineteen-year-old daughter climbed into her lap; Mary Kate looked her arms about her mother's neck and pressed her transparent ivory and apricot cheek against the older woman's still firm and rosy face.

"Oh, Ma, you're darling!" said Mary Kate, looking sideways at Cass Keating, with a smile that challenged him to criticize his performance. "Do you know you're a saint, Ma?" she asked, arranging the disordered bonnet with great nicety.

"I know I'm nothin' of the kind—look out the door, Regina, and see if it rainin'" the mother said patiently.

"Let mother go; they want to get in before the crowd," Martin suggest-

ed, from the luxury of a pipe and the evening newspaper, beside the stove. Cass was watching his girl, with great approval. He had been orphaned as a little boy; he loved all this evidence of family affection, the scrambled meals at the O'Hara's house were his idea of felicity, with the children supplying amusement, the comfort of the fine older brother everyone's charge, the loving, busy, scolding mother superintending everything, and his glorious red-headed, white-skinned, tall girl making them laugh, making them serious, entertaining them, criticizing them, generally bedeviling and enslaving them all.

(To be continued.)

## What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON  
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern.



A darling printed handkerchief lawn in yellow and green colouring reflects the newest idea of Paris in basque bodice with peplum trim.

The collar and cuffs are of crisp white organdie.

The circular skirt is gathered to the bodice which creates a soft rippling fullness.

Style No. 2519 can be had in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. For the 8-year miss 2 1/4 yards of 39-inch material with 1/4 yard of 35-inch contrasting and 1 1/4 yards of lace with 3/4 yard of 1-inch ribbon is sufficient to copy it exactly.

It is equally attractive made sleeveless as shown in the small back view.

It adapts itself to all the new summer fabrics.

It's ever so smart in pale blue pique, made sleeveless.

Sprigged dimity, organdie, tub silk, printed voile and printed batiste appropriate.

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.

## Worn Out

The comedian was put on the stage to warm up the audience.

For five minutes he cracked his jokes, but not a murmur of applause did he receive.

At last he decided to give the audience his final and best joke. He told it! But once again it was received in a stony silence.

"I suppose," he ventured as he was about to leave the stage, "you'll laugh at that joke next year."

"No," said a voice from the gallery, "but we did last year."—Answers.



"Probably the reason men don't like an ice girl is because she melts in a warm embrace."

Have Minard's Liniment on your shelf.

## Lightning Effects Instant Recovery

A simple little treatment like a stroke of lightning may make the deaf hear, cure paralysis or anaemia, or cut off a lame leg neatly at just the right place to fit on a wooden or cork one.

But it is so tantalizing—doctors can not prescribe thunderbolts.

That is the regret of Dr. Robert T. Morris who writes on this entertaining topic in The Medical Review of Reviews (New York). Curious cures are of many kinds, he says. Some may be simply unexpected results of unusual treatment; others are peculiar effects of treatment on a basis that is quite understandable; still others are due to healers who represent speculative propaganda. Writes Dr. Morris:

"Concerning the first group of cures—unexpected results of unusual treatment—we may note a number of results following lightning-stroke. A good many persons have been struck by lightning, and those who were not killed have shown peculiar after-effects—some of them being curative of illness. Tilius records a case of a deaf man struck by lightning, whose hearing returned immediately afterwards.

"A man in Cartet County, North Carolina, with paralysis of facial muscles, and unable to close his eyelids, was cured by a stroke of lightning.

"In the Sycando case, of Cracow, a young man who had a painful stiff right knee was riding in a wagon which was struck by lightning, and the leg was cut off at just the right place to allow him to wear a false leg, subsequently. The leg was found at the roadside, a few days later.

"Le Conte describes a case of a Negro suffering from anemia, apparently of the pernicious and sometimes incurable type, who promptly returned to a normal condition of health after being struck by lightning.

"This same author refers to an elderly woman, decrepit as a result of years, who returned to a peculiarly normal condition of young womanhood, following a lightning stroke. I know of some who would take that chance.

"An ambulance-surgeon told me of a hurry call to a case of kink in the bowel, which, doctors all know, represents an extremely serious condition, with impending disaster. On the way to the hospital, the bumping of the ambulance unknicked the bowel, the patient was cured, and walked back to her home the same day.

"Unfortunately, none of these kinds of cure may be prescribed by physicians in regular practice. We would like to know of treatment that would take hold like lightning.

"In our second group, we have peculiar effects of treatment on a basis that is understandable. For example, we find, sometimes, that when a proper adjustment of glasses has been made for a patient suffering from eyestrain, a chronic dyspepsia is promptly cured.

"Cocain or nitrate of silver, having the effect of desensitizing a certain tiny spot in the nose, will sometimes completely cure certain disturbances of function belonging to women.

"A child whose lungs have been examined repeatedly in a search for an explanation for persistent cough, may be instantly cured when the doctor finds that the child has pushed a bean into its ear—the bean being removed.

"A rheumatism involving the knee-joints may promptly disappear upon discovery and treatment of an infected tooth-root, and no end of mysterious illnesses disappear upon removal of infected tonsils.

"A number of forms of insanity have become cleared up when proper attention is given to treatment of some of the 'closed glands,' as they are called—the thyroid gland, for example.

"Somebody who was deaf discovered that hearing had been temporarily regained after a rapid descent in an airplane accident, and for a while a great many other persons then subjected themselves to this dangerous and expensive treatment, until it was found that the same rapid change in pressure might be accomplished in simpler ways by ear-specialists."

The third group—the so-called cures conducted by healers—Dr. Morris believes to be based upon "capitalization of optimism." The pessimist with the same ills must remain uncured, he says, as a penalty for an ungracious attitude. "What is known as 'a state of mind' will account for so many illnesses that a change may bring about a cure. We must except, of course, actual organic diseases and infections, but even these may be distinctly benefited at times."

## Gatineau River

When Champlain in his ascent of the Ottawa River in 1613 reached what is now the site of the capital of the Dominion on June 4 he noticed a tributary coming from the north.

The river was the Gatineau. Champlain gives no name to it and as far as the Geographic Board of Canada is aware the first record of any name for the river does not occur till 1783.

In that year Lieut. David Jones made a report to Governor Haldimand in which he mentions coming "to the River Lettine (Gatineau) and from thence about a league to Shoadear (Chaudiere) Falls."

Supplying London with water calls for about 7,222 miles of pipes.

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# "SALADA" TEA

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## Economy Corner

### Sour Cream Cake

Break two eggs into a cup, fill cup with sour cream. Add 1 cup sugar (scent), 1 1/2 cups flour, sifted at least twice, with 1/2 teaspoon soda and 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar. Add a pinch of salt and flavor. I usually use one teaspoon vanilla and 1/2 teaspoon almond extract. Bake in laker cake tins.

### Raspberry Whip

1 1/2 cups raspberries, 1 cup powdered sugar, white 1 egg. Put ingredients in bowl and beat until stiff enough to hold shape (about 30 minutes is required). Pile lightly on dish, chill, surround with lady fingers and serve with boiled custard. Strawberries or loganberries may be used instead of raspberries.

## Indian Pipes

Enriched with shadow,  
Death has found  
A spectral meadow  
In this dim ground.

And here he grows  
In the dust of night,  
Like a ghostly rose  
This saprophyte.

Though I like this tillage  
Of fields of men,  
I'd rather pillage  
These fields now when

As from sepulchres  
That have burst apart,  
At the feet of the firs  
These strange things start.

And with what cost  
And struggle beneath;  
In the darkness lost;  
From the hands of death  
They spring, almost  
With luminous breath.

—Kenneth Slade Ailing.

## National Map of Canada

The area of Canada is calculated to be 3,684,723 square miles, an area greater than that of Europe. Of this area only a small fraction has been adequately mapped. The Topographical Survey, Department of the Interior, is engaged in mapping portions of the country and is issuing as rapidly as possible sheets of the National Topographic Map of Canada. During 1926 four such sheets were published, nine in 1927, eleven in 1928, and seventeen in 1929.

## For Blisters — Minard's Liniment.

### Infant Soldiers

Teacher: "History states, 'From time to time the age limits were extended until at last it was said that the enemy was robbing the cradle to get soldiers for his armies.'"

Pupil: "Oh, I know what kind of soldiers they were. They called them the infantry!"

She (Sotto voce): "Georgie, dear, it's a burglar!" He: "Sh-h, don't move. Maybe he can get that window up; it's the one we haven't been able to open since the painters left."

# SCIATICA?

Here is a never-failing form of relief from sciatic pain:



Take Aspirin tablets and you'll avoid needless suffering from sciatica—lumbago—and similar excruciating pains. They do relieve; they don't do any harm. Just make sure it is genuine.

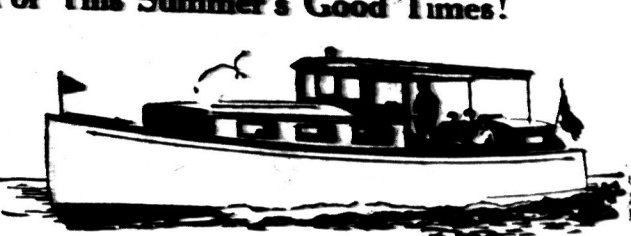
# ASPIRIN

TRADE MARK REG.

## Plan Now For This Summer's Good Times!

HUNTING, fishing, picnicing, swimming and cruising on lake, river, sound or bay add to the zest of living, happiness, contentment and enjoyment of Cruisabouts owners.

This double cabin Cruisabout, 22' long, 3' 10" wide and 2' 4" draft is a completely equipped summer home and is priced at \$4,135 at factory. Sleeps six, four in forward cabin and two in stern cabin. Excellent design, perfect balance and staunch, quality construction make Cruisabouts sound and seaworthy for any water. 6-cylinder, 60-h.p. Gray Marine motor gives cruising speed of thirteen miles. Write for a catalogue.



# Richardson 1930 Cruisabouts

Sales and Service by  
T. B. F. BENSON, N.A.  
372 Bay Street Toronto, Ont.

## Pros and Cons

By Samuel Far

School

As one travels through the streets, both good and bad can be found.

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