

APRIL ESCAPE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

SYNOPSIS

Mary Kate and Martin are the only two working members of the Widow O'Hara's family. Martin has an opportunity to go to Germany to study medicine, but shortage of funds will not permit. Then Christopher Steynes, a friend of Mary's employer, proposes that she play the part of his wife for twenty-four hours in order to discourage the attentions of a Russian duchess. Steynes offers means enough money to let Martin take his opportunity. Mary meets Steynes in Burlington. He takes her to his house and then to a dinner, where they meet the countess, who shows her disapproval.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Cont'd.)

"I come to lunch with you tomorrow," said the Countess sternly to Mary Kate.

"You come to us for lunch tomorrow," the girl agreed.

"It will be a big party?"

Mary Kate's eyes moved to Christopher.

"How many did you ask for tomorrow, Chris?"

"I didn't hear you, dear."

"The Countess wants to know how many are coming for lunch tomorrow."

"Oh—? Oh, not many. Dozen, I guess."

"Your good wife does not care?"

Madame Yarnowska said with the rallying air of one who would make trouble if she could.

"No," Mary Kate said laughingly. "I don't care!"

"Good night, Mrs. Steynes," Mrs. Ridley said abstractedly, still wondering how on earth she could have failed to play the thirteenth spade. "I don't know when I've overlooked a card like that, after all the trouble I had clearing it, too!" she kept murmuring.

Mary Kate, muffled in quilted brocade and white fur, now made the circle of good nights and was out in the cool fresh dark again, with Chris, being escorted carefully down to the car.

"It's over!" she exclaimed, and they moved between silent gardens and the dim bulk of great trees, under a soft dark blue night sky, toward El Hogar.

"It registered just one hundred per cent.," Chris said. "They would not come to lunch tomorrow—the Yarnowskas, if it wasn't free food! You heard that talk about Mrs. Marrying her cousin? That's enough. That means only one thing. They're through."

"I was frightfully nervous at first," Mary Kate confessed, huddling herself into her furs.

"But there wasn't anything to it, was there?"

"No; it's been lots of fun!"

They went into the hacienda, which smelled deliciously of wood smoke, freesia lilies, lilacs. Dim lights outlined the position of chairs and tables; a big bit of gold braid, on a hanging tapestry, winked and crawled in the glow.

"Come in here a minute; I want to speak to you," Chris said.

Mary Kate, still hunching herself luxuriously into the brocade and fur, lingered for a moment in the big drawing room.

"D'you need that coat?"

She flung it off, and stood beside him at the hearth, looking up expectantly. The firelight was pink on the rich folds of her gown; the beautiful shining waves of her flaming hair were tossed back carefully from her forehead. Her sapphire eyes were fixed on his face.

"Your mother's living, isn't she?"

"Mother? I'll say she's living!"

Mary Kate excused the inelegant phrase with a little laugh.

"Father?"

"No, my father died seven years ago. Mart was only fourteen. We were in Brooklyn then, and my mother worked in a telegraph office for a while. But then my father's brother—Uncle Miles, sent for us to come out here, and when he died he left Mother his house, and two other houses."

"Where are they?"

"O'Farrell Street."

"And did he leave her well fixed?"

"Well, not exactly. But Mart works and I work, and the children are growing up all the time."

"How many children?"

"Oh, Tom, next to me—he's seven-teen."

"And does he work?"

"No. Not yet. He wants to. He wants to work on an airplane. He wants to get into aviation." Mary Kate, safe on her own ground, answered interestedly. "But Mother wants him to finish high school, so he can't really get started."

"And then who comes?"

"Well, then, my mother had a little boy named Francis, who died, and then Tess—she's thirteen, and Regina, Miles Patrick is his name, and in school they call him Miles O'Hara, but we call him Pat. Tom calls him the straight and narrow Pat, because he's so tall."

"Mart? He's paid twenty a week. He could make lots more but he's studying to be a doctor. He drives—he's a chauffeur for a doctor, late afternoons and evenings, and mornings he's at the medical college. And I make twenty-two a week—it comes out about a hundred a month, and Mother's rents are sixty each, but she can only draw forty of that, because of taxes and insurance. Mother counts on about two hundred or two hundred and two hundred and ten a month," because Kate explained readily, "because

some of mine has to go for clothes and things."

"She feeds seven persons on that?"

"Oh, it isn't the food. We have lots of company, an air as that's concerned," Mary Kate said. "My mother's father," she went on seriously, "used to have a saying, 'no man was ever carried to the poorhouse on his dining room table,' and Mother believes that. She loves company! But it's the shoes," she added with a significant look, "it's shoes and plumbers, and if anyone's ill."

She looked at him expectantly. His eyes were upon her, but she knew he was not listening.

"This is what I was thinking," he said suddenly. "Wouldn't it be the limit, if—"

He caught his breath and stopped.

"If what?" Mary Kate asked.

"I've been thinking this all evening, Christopher said. "I mean, if you and I fell in love with each other."

He laughed nervously as he said it. Mary Kate, who had seated herself in a formal high chair of carved black wood, was the more composed of the two.

"I thought of that," she said simply. "It was a natural enough thing to think, I suppose. But—but of course—"

"Of course what?" Christopher said in an odd constrained voice, watching her.

"Well, of course, I'm engaged!" she explained, looking up with a smile.

"And my people have slightly different plans for me!" he added lightly.

She did not like the tone; the rich man's tone.

"I suppose so!"

"I happen to be an only son and an only grandson!" he went on.

It was not quite saying that she was not good enough for him, but the inference was unavoidable. Mary Kate ignored it.

"I mean, my dear," Chris said suddenly, "that if they knew the whole ridiculous story, you'd now that they'd rise in a mob and slay us both!"

She continued to look dreamily into the fire, carefully indifferent. But she was furious.

"That wasn't in our agreement!" she reminded him, elaborately stiffling a yawn.

"Exactly!" Chris conceded, without changing his expression. "S-sh!" he said, raising his hand, listening.

There were steps in the patio; somebody knocked twice on the door, with a heavy iron knocker.

The color drained from Mary Kate's face, leaving it terrified. She half rose from her chair, one hand clutching at her heart. The clock struck the half hour after one.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Stay just where you are," Christopher said quickly. "It's nothing—I'll see what it is."

He went across the room, opened the outer door. The apologetic round face of Don Archibald, one of the guests at the recent dinner party, appeared in the opening.

"This is a hell of a time to come in!" young Archibald said, entering. His evening clothes were rumpled and dusty, his hands and face dirty. "I'm awfully sorry, Chris," he said.

"But what a relief!" Mary Kate exclaimed, on a long breath.

"What's happened?" Christopher asked.

The caller flung himself into a deep chair, stretched a hand gratefully for the cigarette his host extended. Mary Kate subsided, panting, into her own chair.

"I don't see how you dared open that door!" she said to Christopher.

"I knew it was some ass like this," Chris said. He and Don Archibald had been in Princeton together. They grinned amiably at each other.

"I tell you," Don said then. "I drove my own car down from San Francisco to Gordon's, do you see? And I started back about half an hour ago. Well, turning into the highway here, suddenly something gave a sort of click, and—I don't know what happened. But anyway, the steering gear's on the blink; the front wheels are at right angle, sticking out like that. I got out—I've got a flash—and at first I thought I'd go to the club. But it's as dark as pitch over there, nobody up, and I haven't any clothes, of course. They might have identified me, they might not! I was counting on hiking up to Gordy's, when I saw your light. I knew someone was up!"

"You had a fat nerve!" Chris said amiably.

"I came up here into your patio. I thought you'd hear me falling around on the chairs."

"I'd have taken a shot at you," Christopher assured him. "I have a nice little gun upstairs here."

"Fear 'em talking about burglaries tonight?" Don asked.

"There's been a kind of an epidemic" the host said, with a nod.

Mary Kate sat in a high-backed Spanish chair, feeling suddenly weary and cold. The evening had gone flat. Neither of the men was taking any particular pains to include her in the conversation; they were talking to each other, glancing only at each other. Since Don Archibald had taken

had taken the chair opposite her own, and Chris had handed him his bag glasses, she might just as well not have been in the room.

(To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

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2825]

Who wouldn't like this snappy model that depends entirely upon its clever lines for its smartness. It's snappy in black canton crepe enlivened with white crepe bands at the neckline.

Horizontal pin tucks indicate the natural waistline and give the dress snug snappiness through the waistline. Pin tucks at either shoulder add trimming note and provide a soft fullness through the bust. The pointed seam-line is distinctive detail to conceal hip breadth.

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Hollywood Habits

The vicar's wife called on one of her husband's parishioners.

"Good morning, Mrs. Haggis!" she said gushingly. "How is your son getting on in the films at Hollywood?"

"Very well, ma'am," said the boy's mother.

"Does he ever come home and see you now?" asked the vicar's wife.

"Every summer he comes home," said Mrs. Haggis proudly. "Every single summer of the five years he's been gone."

"And I suppose he brings his wife with him each time," the other continued.

"Why, yes," supplied the fond mother. "And they was five as pretty girls as you ever laid eyes on."

No Charge Made

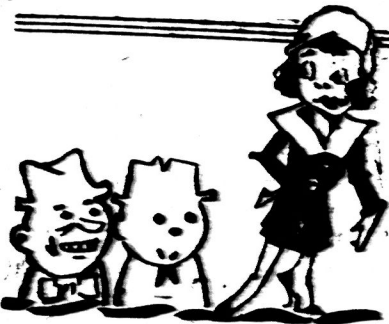
"I'm thinking of going to the Riviera for the season," said his wife. "How much would it cost me?"

"Nothing," should think," he replied off-handedly.

His wife looked puzzled.

"Nothing?" she asked.

"Yes, thinking about it won't cost you anything," he said.



The Golden Sil

There is many a road in the road of life.

If we only would stop to take it; And many a tone from the better land if the querulous heart would make it.

To the soul that is full of hope, And whose beautiful trust ne'er failth,

The grass is green and the flowers are bright, Though the winter's storm prevailth.

Better hope, though the clouds hang low, And to keep the eyes still lifted, For the sweet blue sky will soon peer through.

When the ominous clouds are rifted, There was never a night without a day,

Or an evening without a morning, And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,

Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,

Which we pass in our idle pleasure, That is richer far than the jewelled crown.

Or the miser's hoarded treasure, It may be the love of a little child, Or a mother's prayer to heaven, Or only a beggar's grateful thanks For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life A bright and golden filling, And to do God's will a cheerful heart, And hands that are ready and willing,

Than to snap the delicate, minute thread Of our curious lives asunder, And then blame heaven for tangled ends, And it and grieve and wonder. —Charles Mackay.

Floating Schools to be Used in England

Children who live on barges and canal-boats in England are to have a school of their own. The first float-school is almost ready for canal-boat children so that they can learn their reading, writing and arithmetic without having to be separated from their parents.

Thus a wise and humane settlement has been made of the problem of educating canal-boat children, over which there has been much controversy.

This floating school, an adapted barge with accommodation for 40 children, is the gift of the Grand Union Canal Company to the Canal Boatmen's Institute at Paddington. It has been named Elsdale, in memory of a benefactor of canal boatmen.

West Drayton in Middlesex, 18 miles from Paddington, has been chosen as the mooring-place of the floating school. Many firms using the canals are removing their headquarters to this place, and as there is already a day school for boat children at Paddington children will be able to resume school at the other end of the canal voyages from London.

To most canal folk Paddington Basin is as familiar as Portsmouth is to a sailor. It is one of the chief ports of the canal system, and a large proportion of the trading fleet stops there for loading or discharging.

One generation of children will benefit from the floating school, but greater changes are impending. The Grand Union Canal Company is spending about a million pounds to substitute canal motor-boats for the barges drawn by horses. On their 240 miles of waterways between Limehouse and Birmingham the canals will be dredged and widened, and the embankments strengthened.

Speeding up the canal transport will bring immense benefits. Journeys which now take a week will be so much quicker that the boatmen will not need to live on the boats. Like engine-drivers, they will be expected to provide themselves with homes on land. Perishable goods can be carried by canal, so quickly will the journey be. In five years or so it is believed that the canal folk, of whom there are now about 5,000 families, will become merged in the general community. For centuries they have been a distinctive class living in floating homes, but they will gradually become like everybody else, and still more of the manners and customs of Old England will vanish into the past.

Moscow's Huge Library

With 5,100,000 volumes on its shelves, the Lenin Library in Moscow takes its place among the world's largest collections of books. Its main reading room, it is said, are used by about 500,000 persons a year. There are 300,000 volumes in the military collection and 150,000 in the section devoted to the Orient.

Gt. Britain exported golf-balls worth \$306,650 to the United States last year.

A Giant Pudding

About two hundred years ago, a London tooth manufacturer had a huge Christmas pudding made to advertise his speciality.

It weighed nine hundred pounds and took fourteen days to boil.

When ready it was borne through the streets, with bands playing and flags flying, to St. George's Field where a large crowd awaited the arrival of the dainty, to which they were to help themselves.

Unfortunately, the pudding never reached its destination, for a mob waylaid the procession and divided the pudding amongst their own friends.

What a Bad Boy Am I!

Little Jack Horner Sat in the corner Eating his Christmas Pie. He put in his thumb, Now wasn't he dumb! Rules of hygiene to defy?

Minard's Liniment aids Sore Feet.

ISSUE No. 49-30

Tea must be fresh—SALADA is guaranteed to be fresh

"SALADA" TEA

Fresh from the gardens

Electrical Works in Germany Stores Heat Away for Sale

By E. E. REE, Ph. D.

A tank full of heat, collected when convenient during the night or when there is no great demand for steam boiler capacity for other purposes and then doled out to customers during the day as heat is called for, is the latest device of the Electricity Works at Hamburg, Germany, to increase the efficiency and cheapen the cost of their service. This company not only supplies electric current to much of the city, but also furnishes heat to nearby office buildings, hotels and other structures, in the form of hot water. Demand for electric power is greatest during the day and in the evening, when motors must be operated and when electric lamps are most used. These same daytime and early evening hours also bring the greatest demands for heat, since of fices and dwellings then must be kept warmer than during the night. Accordingly, like nearly all companies supplying either heat or electricity, the Hamburg works found themselves pressed both for heat and for power in the daytime, but much idle equip-

ment during the latterpart of the night. To even up this condition so that boilers can run efficiently 24 hours a day, engineers now have built a great tank of welded steel, holding nearly 3,000 tons of water and insulated on the outside so that hot water stored in this tank cannot cool off. During the night boiler power will be used to heat water for storage in this tank. During the day the boilers will be used to run steam turbines, producing the electric power then in demand, while the heat which customers also demand at those hours will be drawn off from the storage tank in the form of hot water stored up the night before.

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