

APRIL ESCAPADE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

APRIL ESCAPADE. Fri. Graham

Mary Kate and Martin are the only working members of the Widow O'Hara's household. Martin has an opportunity to go to Germany to study medicine but lack of funds will not permit. Christopher Steynes is being pursued by a Russian countess and her daughter and in order to discourage their attentions he proposes that Mary Kate act as his wife at a reception given to the duchess. Mary Kate accepts and meets Stephen at Burlington. The ruse works like a charm. After the reception Stephen takes Mary to his house where she is to receive the countess at dinner next day.

CHAPTER XX—(Cont'd.)

Mary turned the key in the door, and crossed the room to draw the shades at the windows. A low light was burning in a bedside lamp; one of the beds was neatly turned down, her old-fashioned peach-colored nightgown and wrapper and slippers were laid in readiness.

The room was very quiet; the single light made only a pool of rosy brightness in the soft dimness. Delicious night scents drifted in from the garden; scents of grass and drowsy flowers. Except for the distant honking of an occasional motor horn, there was no sound.

Standing in the centre of the room, stricken motionless by the power of her own thoughts, Mary Kate stood still for a long time. The farred wrap was on her arm, the petals of the ivory satin skirt settled about her, the pearls smouldered in opal colors on her ivory throat.

"You fool—" she said presently aloud. "You poor fool!"

Fool. To take a chance like this! To deliberately place herself in this situation.

Her face burned. Her breast rose and fell. She bit her lip—thinking. "Why, nobody that hated me could do a meaner thing than this to me!" Mary Kate said.

She had done it in young audacity and high spirit and confidence. It had been just masquerading, just playing, a few hours ago. Now it was different.

Some things were wrong, and some right. The definition came to her as freshly as if it had never been made before. Wrong. She was doing something very wrong.

"It would be different even if I loved Christopher Steynes," she thought. "It would have some excuse then."

Loved him? She loathed him. She loathed the smoothness, the laughter—she had once called it hideously laughter with which this undertaking had been managed.

Her side of it—her reputation and feelings—were nothing to these men, Chris, Gordon Rountree, young Archibald. They thought this a joyous sort of joke—and Christopher was going to give her a cheque for it.

Anger suffocated her. She would not touch his cheque.

Mary Kate flung up her head, and began to move rapidly about the room. She carefully hung the furred wrap in the closet, balanced the exquisite ivory gown on a padded hanger, put the pearls away in their old-fashioned case.

The plain ring—her wedding ring from the five-and-ten-cent store—she flung from the open window far into the dark garden. Let it fall into the new grass somewhere and rot away.

Her breath was coming fast, but she would not cry again; now and then she stopped, and covered her shamed face with her hands.

She had imagined that Christopher might make love to her tonight, fool that she was! She had imagined herself dignified, reserved keeping him at bay.

But she had never imagined the humiliation of his casual laughter, his desire to let his friend in on the joke, his easy trust that money would make everything right.

She would tear up his cheque before his eyes. But no, she couldn't do that. That would rob the affair of its last shred of dignity. If it were not for the money, who earthly reason had she for being here at all? She had never seen Christopher Steynes until the day when he had made his preposterous proposition.

An older woman would have seen the whole plan in its arrogance and insult. And an older woman would have quietly declined to have anything to do with it, or him. An older woman—Mother.

The thought of her mother overwhelmed her, and she felt a desperate homesickness for the shabby house in O'Farrell Street, the kitchen, the familiar voices, the purity and safety and simplicity of home.

Oh, to be back there, on the couch in the upstairs back bedroom tonight, with Tess's and Regina's slumbering forms outlined in sprawling attitudes on the flat bed, and the big cigarette sign on Geary Street flashing light and shadow across the faded walls.

"Well, there's one thing, I never can tell them this," Mary Kate decided, brushing her hair severely, washing her face and hands as if she tried to wash her very thoughts away. "I never can make a joke of this. If Cass ever heard of it—if Mother ever heard of it—"

In bed at last with the room darkened and the unfamiliar country darkness alarmingly still and black out-

side she had to reconcile herself to thought. She could not sleep.

She saw herself the next morning, gracefully trying, to decline the cheque, and her cheeks flamed with self-contempt. To get oneself into a predicament like this, and then attempt to play the gentlewoman, attempt to be dignified and haughty.

"Oh, no, thank you, Mr. Steynes," she could imagine herself saying, "it's been most amusing and I was only too glad to do it for a friend of Mr. Rountree. But I positively won't take money."

That would be ridiculous. No, her only hope was to go through it with perfect self-possession, gathering about her what remnants of pride remained to her.

Gordon Rountree. Fat and soft and spoiled, and laughing himself out of everything. She hated him, too. But most of all, burying her head in the pillow, twisting suddenly over on her back, sitting up dazed and weary on the edge of the bed to pour herself icy cold water from the thermos bottle beside her—most of all she despised herself.

CHAPTER XXI.

This man had hired her, as he might have hired any poor little street walker, to play a part. Rich and idle and perfectly willing to run all sorts of risks himself, he had needed a pretty girl for a few hours, and without the slightest difficulty he had found her—had found her willing to take chances so much heavier than his own!

Well, in a few hours she would be home this secret shut forever in her own heart; she would be home again, wiser and older and sadder, and ready to forget the past, and turn only toward the future—toward being everything that Cass and Mother and Mart and the children could ever want her to be.

And meanwhile, she told herself bitterly, she had the satisfaction of knowing that everything that these spoiled young men believed of poor girls was true. They could be bought, they had no pride, they might be laughed at with perfect impunity.

"And I have a stain against my name forever!" she said aloud.

But it couldn't be quite as bad as that. Some people, Mother and Mart, if they ever found out, would surely believe her story. They would know it was only the appearance of things that was against her.

"But you didn't deliberately pack your things—and lie to me—and go down to that man's house Mary Kate," she could hear her mother say. "You knew better than that, dear. You knew that that was wrong?"

Suppose Mary refused to touch money made this way? Suppose Mart drove her out of the house—

He couldn't do that! Mother wouldn't let him.

She got out of bed, and knelt down in the dark, and prayed, her hands over her face.

"Please get me out of this. Have me safely at home, and none of them knowing—none of them angry at me. I didn't mean to do this! I thought—I only thought—"

What she had thought was already vague and far-away. She could not recall it. Her mind drifted idly, while she remained on her knees, went to and fro in a wearisome weaving without beginning or coherence or end.

The ivory dress—the spring-flushed countryside from the train—a parrot on a perch—home again and silence, and normalcy once more—the bridge game, and herself so fatuously self-satisfied with her make-believe position and her jewels—!

She was still kneeling when a faint sound stopped the blood in her heart, and brought the salt water to her mouth. Her fingers—her spine, grew cold; her very brain seemed frozen.

This for an endless second. Then her heart began pumping so violently she thought it would suffocate her. She remained absolutely motionless, not making a sound, not moving, by the faintest hundredth part, a fibre of her being.

Somebody was fumbling cautiously with her window shutter. Like a blinding flash of light she considered it. Just a latched shutter, with a bolt; a string cleverly inserted might lift the bolt, and if it were lifted, it would make just that faint scratching sound—that shadow of a sound—

Mary Kate's starting eyes were turned toward it in the dark. Her finger-tips were pressed against her cheeks, her mouth open. Outside, the black garden, and the country night. Behind her as she knelt here on the floor beside the bed, the mysterious unfamiliar passage of the dark house. Where was Chris? Had he come back? Where were the servants?

She could not move. She dared not make a rush for that locked door behind her, and stumble blindly through the dark house, screaming for help, with perhaps this murderous house-breaker's hands throttling her even while she screamed—

"I'm imagining it," her sick spirit tried to say, deep within her. "Oh, my God, save me! Oh, God, help me! Oh, get me out—"

The shutter clicked audibly; this was not imagination. Swallowing with a dry throat, only determined not to

faint, Mary Kate rose to her feet, stumbled backward toward the door—without daring to turn her back on the shutter, and put shaking hands on the key.

This without a sound. She could hear her own heart pounding; nothing more.

(To be continued)

A MORAL FOR MOTORISTS.

"She hasn't got the ten dollars bail," said a constable when a typist was charged with over-driving in Illinois, U.S.A., recently. "But she has a pretty face," replied the judge, "and that is bail enough for me."

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-sweeping, sir, I think."

"Then you must come with me, my pretty maid; Speeder go into the local clinic."

"What are you charged with, my pretty maid?"

"Driving too fast, my Lord," she wept.

"Pay out ten dollars, my pretty maid; Then in a cell you need not be kept. Where is your money, my pretty maid?"

"I haven't a cent, my Lord," she said. "Because you are comely, my pretty maid."

Your face I will take as your bail instead."

"Where have you been to, my pretty maid."

All this long time?" her employer roared.

"What of your typing, my pretty maid?"

"Nothing—because of my looks," she quoth.

"This is amazing, my pretty maid. Get to the garage right away. Cut out the typing, my pretty maid; You are my chauffeur from to-day."

"What are we doing now, my pretty maid?"

"Eighty per hour, kind sir," she cries.

"Step on the gas then, my pretty maid; Your face is my fortune," he replies.

Perfect Buttonholes

The secret of making a perfect buttonhole lies chiefly in preparing the ground work.

First, determine the size of the buttonhole and, with a colored thread, mark its position and length. Then around this colored thread, about one-eighth of an inch from it, put a row of small, close stitches the same color as the goods.

Second, put a piece of cardboard under the spot marked for the buttonhole and cut into the goods with the edge of a safety razor blade, keeping the cut within the stitches and on the colored thread. The buttonhole is now ready to be worked. Twist should be used and the stitches kept straight and close.

In binding a buttonhole, mark with a colored thread the position and the length of the buttonhole; put a small square of the binding material over the spot and mark it also in the same way; next machine-stitch carefully all around the colored thread, keeping about one-eighth of an inch from it; then cut through, keeping within the stitching, and push the binding material into the opening; Now slip-stitch it into position along the sewing line on the right side of the garment. Finish it neatly on the wrong side by turning in the raw edges and pressing it.

TO AVOID WASTE

You will be surprised how much you can reduce your gas bill just by turning off the gas before instead of after removing the cooking utensils.

Matches are cheaper than gas, so do not leave a burner lighted because you expect to use it again in a few minutes.

After the food being cooked reaches the boiling point turn the gas or electricity down to where it will keep just at that stage. It will surprise you how low it need be.

THE OCEAN OF TIME

No wave on the great ocean of time, when once it has floated past us, can be recalled. All we can do is to watch the new form and motion of the next, and launch upon it to try, in the manner our best judgment may suggest, our strength and skill.—Gladstone.

Minard's Liniment aids Sore Feet.

Bad Housing Is Blamed For Youthful Crimes

Wrong Social Atmosphere in Rural Communities Still Exists Says J. J. Kelso in Address

Wrong social conditions is a prolific source of youthful delinquency, said J. J. Kelso in an address at an American Conference recently. He referred particularly to the bad housing conditions that still exist in many country districts. Municipalities should take hold of the problems and aid poor families to get into sanitary, comfortable homes, so that children can be properly trained for citizenship. Through lack of funds it was difficult to organize social welfare work, much of this service being concentrated in cities. He suggested a Juvenile Court Judge personally visiting rural districts largely in an educational capacity and also a travelling psychiatric clinic to deal promptly with backward children who were likely to join the criminal class unless adequately cared for. Volunteer workers should also be enlisted as they could give valuable assistance in befriending young people. He mentioned a number of cases where timely assistance of a friendly character had diverted wayward youths into channels of service and usefulness.

For Winter Cheer

The sun room may be furnished as a porch or a room. Painted furniture in bright colors, wicker, grass and stick-willow are all popular. A couch, glider, hammock, chaise-longue or deck chair is pleasant. A table, rockers and a place for reading matter should be included. A plant stand, goldfish and a tea-wagon are individual possibilities.

Rugs especially designed for the sun room are fiber and some are lacquered. Sometimes they are in blocks of alternate fiber and black, or green and white. They come in oval and octagonal shapes as well as in some very new designs shaped like flower-pots and Chinese lanterns! This is to give the beguiling outdoor aspect—no matter how chill the weather.

For this reason, flowered cretonne as the final touch of cheer in the sun room. Draperies, upholstery or at least cushions, are an inexpensive way of creating summer in winter. Gleaming oilcloth, too, in the new variety of colors is useful for seats, foot-stools, table tops and cushions.—From "The Christian Science Monitor."

An Appeal

By a Chained Dog

Dear Master, while you're snug in there,

A-doing in a big armchair With cosy slippers, pipe and book, Perhaps into the fire you'll look, And see upon some glowing log

The rugged likeness of a dog. Reminding you that I'm outside; That in my kennel, open wide To bleak nor-easter, rain and snow, In intervals of sentry-go

I'm keeping guard to see that none Disturbs your peace, or spoils your fun.

Perhaps, as well (please, do you mind?) The form in ember glow outlined Will call to mind me day last week When you avowed you'd stop that leak

In kennel roof, and mend the floor— The puddle just before my door (If you'll forgive the liberty!) Is good for ducks, but not for me.

—From "Animal Life."

FEATHER PUDDING.

To make this delicious pudding take one cupful of white sugar, one cupful of flour, and two teaspoonsful of baking powder.

Mix thoroughly and add three well-beaten eggs.

Beat all together and put into a greased pudding basin; cover tightly and steam for one hour. Serve hot, with a rich sauce or cream and sugar.

This pudding, if the directions are carefully followed, should be golden in hue and very light; suitable when only a light sweet is required.

"There never was more money than there is to-day."—Roger W. Babson.

Green tea with the finest flavour in all the world

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

"Fresh from the gardens"

Bacteriologist To Be Appointed

Cheesemakers Welcome Announcement of Intended Appointment

Belleville—The third annual Central Ontario Cheesemakers' Convention met here recently, with nearly 250 cheesemakers, patrons present.

Welcome news was brought when J. B. Fairbairn, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Toronto, announced that the Government had decided to appoint a bacteriologist, who will associate himself exclusively with the cheese and dairy industry, tracing trouble to its cause, determining the cause of rancidity and bad flavors. Cheesemakers for some time have felt the need of a bacteriologist, and have asked that one be appointed.

"We have tried," said Mr. Fairbairn, "to stimulate the minds of the people a greater desire for farm products. The per capita consumption of cheese in Canada is decidedly too low. We must create in the mind of the average consumer a desire for cheese at least a year old—good cheese, not the leathery, fresh cheese that is sold in such large quantities in the stores. You have increased the percentage of first-class cheese in this district by 4 or 5 per cent, and there is no reason why the cheese should not sell."

Production Figures

"There are several conditions in the cheese industry that will have to be solved," said the Deputy Minister. "The total value of dairy products in 1929 was \$142,000,000; in 1928 it was \$144,000,000, and in 1927 \$135,000,000. Production of creamery butter in 1929 was 174,000,000 pounds. This was an increase over 1928 of nearly 7,000,000 pounds. In only three years of the history of the industry has there been greater production than in 1929. But the quantity of cheese produced in 1929 was 118,000,000 pounds, a decrease in production of about 25,000,000 pounds, the speaker pointed out.

Production and valuation were the lowest since 1900. A loss in money of \$9,000,000 was represented.

"The largest decrease in exportation was noted in cheese," said Mr. Fairbairn. Cheese imported into the Old Country has increased during the last three years by about 30 per cent. The purchasing power of the people in the Old Land has not declined, but Canada's exports have."

According to recent reports R. D. Shutt of the Ontario Agricultural College may receive the appointment as bacteriologist.

Business As Usual

Harry Lauder told this to Lord Aberdeen, former Governor-General of Canada, who includes it in his book of Scottish stories, "Tell Me Another":

A visiting artist who was down on the program of a village concert to sing "The Village Blacksmith" was resting at his hotel when a caller was announced.

"I understand, sir," said the caller, "that you are going to sing 'The Village Blacksmith' at the concert to-night."

"That is so," replied the singer. "Well," said the caller, "I just came to say that I am the village blacksmith, and I would take it very kindly if you could introduce into the song a few words which would let the folks know that I also repair bicycles."

Three Paris traffic policemen have started out on an unusual mission. They are to introduce the fine art of directing motor traffic into Addis Abeba, capital of Abyssinia. This city, it appears, has at least 2000 automobiles and will probably have more in the near future, so there is actually a traffic problem to be solved.

One Paris newspaper laughingly suggests that these three Policemen may become even more proficient than their colleagues in the capital of France, after they have had to cope with handling not only the 2000 automobiles of Addis Abeba, but also any elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, lions or hyenas which may happen upon the scene in the Abyssinian city. Two of the "agents" went to Abyssinia on the same steamer which carried Marshal Franchet d'Esperey as representative of the French Republic at the coronation of Ras Tafari as Emperor of Abyssinia. They had been preceded by one of their colleagues who went ahead, it may be, as a scout.

When a man doesn't feel well he always says he has been working too hard.

Traffic Policemen Depart For Abyssinian Capitol

Minard's Liniment for Frost Bites.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Finished With Every Pattern



What about a tunic frock—such a smart addition to one's wardrobe. Today's model is a crepe woolen in rust-red shade. The white wool lace collar and sleeve trim give it quite a smart finished effect.

It achieves a slim hipline through the curved seaming of the circular godets at either side of the tunic. Style No. 2834 may be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust.

This model is lovely in black tulle, parent velvet with ecru lace trim. It may also be made with the short flared sleeves as in the miniature view.

Wool jersey in scarlet red with white pique is youthfully smart. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 54-inch and 1/2 yard 35-inch all-over lace and 2 yards 35-inch lining.

Our large Fashion Book shows how to dress up to the minute at very little expense. It contains most attractive Paris designs for adults and children, embroidery, Xmas suggestions, etc.

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.

GABBY GERTIE



"It takes a kid brother to complete the infernal triangle."

IMPULSE

Were we merely the creatures of outward impulses, what would be of joy but so many glaciers, which the seeming smile of happiness at sunrise is only a flinging back of the rays they appear to be greeting from frozen and impassive heads.

Everytime a man tries to show off something is bound to go wrong.