

APRIL ESCAPE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

SYNOPSIS

Mary Kate O'Hara is in love with Cass Keating and wants to marry him. But she also wants to help her brother Martin, a student of medicine, who has to refuse an opportunity of going to Germany because of the family poverty. Then Christopher Steynes, a friend of her employer, asks her to play the part of his wife for a day and a half in order to discourage a Russian countess who is on his trail. It means enough money to give Martin his opportunity.

Mary Kate accepts the proposition and tells her people she is going on business for her employer.

CHAPTER XIV. (Cont'd.)

"Mother, can I go round to Kelly's?" Tom muttered.

"I don't know why you'd want to work in that dirty garage nights, when you don't do your lessons," his mother objected. The boy's face grew dark.

"I hate those dam' lessons!" he said mildly.

"Cut it out," Mart directed him briefly.

"Cursin' will get you nowhere," his mother added.

Mary Kate felt a pang of pity for clumsy, dirty, solitary Tom. He always seemed out of things, somehow against the current. She wished that it was his arm that was about her, and that her head was against his chest, instead of Mart's. Tom was always hungry for popularity. Everyone loved Mart, everyone praised him.

Tom lumbered into the dining room, whence a shrill cry through which the word "pencil" made itself heard more than once, announced that he had joined the students. Cass appeared at the outside door, and Mart roused himself, and started off for his eight o'clock lecture. Mary Kate slipped into an enveloping apron and dealt so expertly with the kitchen disorder that before her caller had been ten minutes in the room she was wiping the dark red surface of the table with a damp cloth, the chairs already aligned against the walls, and the new linoleum brushed clean of crumbs.

Proceedings to wipe dishes with a soft old immaculate towel that had once been a flour bag, Mary Kate regarded Cass with the usual bits of off-ice and family gossip; her mother, tirelessly washing, as appreciative a listener as was he. She seemed to both the others more than ordinarily sweet and amusing tonight—such a tall, swift, graceful creature, so radiant, so sweet and joyous and good against this dim background of dish towels and sink, and mislaid cups and spoons.

Everything was done; the colander hung or by its one remaining handle, the heavy iron frying-pan scoured and turned upside down on the warm stove, the big yellow bowl soaked in cold water until the last grain of raw meal was gone, and rinsed in hot water to dry the easier. The mixing spoon, the teapot, were cleaned and put away, and the wooden potato masher that Pat used to play with as a doll, letting it stand tilted on its wooden base, on the kitchen floor that was his first world. All done, once more, as it must be done more than a thousand times a year, and the dish rags spread neatly on the smooth sink to dry, and the towels hung on the wooden arms over the stove.

"So you really go to Sacramento tomorrow night, Mary Kate?"

"Looks like it!"

"And are you thrilled?"

"Oh, thrilled to death!"

"What time do you go?"

"Well, I'm not sure, Cass."

"I tell her," said Mrs. O'Hara, "that she ought to take her suitcase down to the office with her tomorrow. Then in case it was a little earlier than she thought she could get away."

Mary Kate looked at her seriously.

"I'm going to do that, Mother."

"I don't think the train goes until eight," Cass said. "I'll come round here tomorrow night about six, anyway, and if you're here I can take you down!"

"Do that!" It was all so easy! Unconsciously they were all helping. "And when do you get back, Mary Kate?"

"Sunday morning."

"More househunting Sunday afternoon, huh?"

"Oh, surely!"

And how she would enjoy it, she thought, with all that money safe in the bank for Mart, and the adventure safely over, and everything straight and normal again.

The clock hands moved on, and Cass went home, and Mary Kate packed her bag and got into bed. But not to sleep.

It was a new experience, lying awake, quietly and helplessly, hour after hour. If one could not sleep, one simply could not sleep. Sleep was not a right, it was a mysterious and blessed providence, night after night. Strange things, to fall asleep. And strange things to be lying in bed, and not to fall asleep.

Toward morning, she fell off, un- easily, to dream distressfully of missing trains, strange places and faces, of dining somewhere with Christopher Steynes and a lot of other vague figures—only, most embarrassingly to be in her night-gown! They were all in formal evening attire, and Mary Kate, in her dreams, kept trying to imply that her own flimsy, peach-colored garment was perfectly orthodox.

She started up, un- rested and feverish, in the dawn, and was the first of the big family astir. The clock's hands were moving again, moving through office hours—one o'clock—two o'clock.

She was at the telephone, her heart thumping, her hands icy.

"Mother, darling, this is Mary Kate. Mother, I have to leave now, so I'll say good-by until late tomorrow—"

"Oh, are you going so early, darlin'?" There's not one of the boys home could come down and see you off—"

"Oh, that's all right! Just say good-by to everyone."

"And God bless you, dearie. Have a nice time!"

And so to hang up the office receiver, feeling like a murderer, and pick up one's bag, and button the brown coat, and pull down the little brown hat.

Four-twenty. It would take only ten minutes to get to the train. Forty-one minutes as well be going.

Mary Kate had traveled little. The big station excited her.

"Burlingame?"

"Track three."

That was all there was to it. She looked from the train windows upon a world of spring. Her heart danced. At this time tomorrow she would be safe at home, ready for confession and absolution, and Mart should have his trip to Germany.

And, anyway, there was nothing wrong in all this. It was all a joke. It was all fun.

CHAPTER XV.

After all there was nothing so terrifying about it. There was nothing alarming about riding quietly, interestedly, down to the San Mateo neighborhood, looking out of the car windows with all the pleasure of the stranger; there was no reason why a tall girl in a belted brown coat and fur hat shouldn't go up quite naturally when the conductor said "Burlingame!" and join the moving line in the aisle.

And on the platform was Christopher Steynes, quite brisk and business-like, taking her suitcase away from her, glancing at her in satisfaction.

"Everything serene?"

"Oh, yes, so far!"

He laughed at the rather uncertain tone; Mary Kate had to laugh herself. The reassuring afternoon sun was shining, and down here on the sweet green country everything smelled sweet.

She got into the car, put her feet up in front of her, settled herself in pleasant expectancy.

"Not so bad, eh?" Christopher Steynes said, taking his own seat beside her, leaning across her to try the right-hand door, and putting his gloved hands on the wheel.

"So far!" she admitted again, with an easier laugh.

Their way lay across the highway, streaming with cars that flashed and hummed endlessly, in the long afternoon shade and sun, and up through great brick gates toward the foothills.

"That's the club," Chris told her, indicating it with a jerk of his fair, uncovered head. "Know that place?"

"That's the Belcher place."

"I don't know any of them!" She studied the beautiful gardens, the shining windows and low roofs with obvious approval.

"Is this us?" she asked interestedly, when he turned in at a certain oak-guarded garden gate.

"This is us."

"Isn't it darling!"

"It's small. But it's one of the show places of the Peninsula."

Mary Kate thought it might well be. Her heart beat high for sheer pleasure in its beauty as she descended from the car, and followed her host,

through a grilled gate in a creamy wall, into the patio.

It was a Spanish house, quite new, but cleverly simulating age. The crudeness of peasant laborers might have put it together in some village on the hills near old Toledo, three hundred years before. There was a fascinating simplicity, a certain clumsiness and irregularity about its adobe walls, and the angles of its collapsing roof-line, of fading pink tiles. No two of the windows were alike in size or position, some had heavy shutters of weather-beaten green-gray planks; some were narrow, with twisted iron bars protecting them.

In the wide, tropically scented patio, at the end of this drowsy spring day, water was splashing sleepily in an old stone fountain, under whose wide lily pads little red fish shot to and fro. A great banana palm opposite the gate-way, flung tremendous fans of delicate green against the adobe wall. Front of the left of the entrance a narrow cloister, outlined in slender white-painted poles, ran back to a hooded doorway, underfoot moss sprouted green between the irregular, tin-tipped tiles. Doves were walking on the low roof, twisting their trimly groomed little white and gray bodies, pouring their heart-breaking chord of sorrow into the peaceful air.

(To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

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The coat frock is unsurpassed for street travel and spectator sports for autumn.

It is smartest in tweed of light-weight ture in black and white, red and white, hunter's green or brown and yellow mixture.

The vestee may be of silk pique, plain tweed in harmonizing tone or of self-fabric.

Note the tab arrangement of the front plaited panel, the flat slimness of the hips and the button trimmed applied band at the front of the dress that lends height to the figure.

It may be made for a small expenditure.

Style No. 2732 comes in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Crepe woolsens, canton crepe, jersey and flat crepe silk also suitable for this model.

Size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards 39-inch material with 1/2 yard 18-inch contrasting.

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.

For Dry Skin—Minard's Liniment.

Lieutenant—"When is a man entitled to be buried with military honors?" Recruit—"When he is dead, sir."

The dairymaid slowly milked the goat. And, putting, she paused to mutter—

"I wish you'd kindly turn to milk."

And the animal turned to butt her!

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Economy Corner

Sliced Tomato Pickle

This requires 1 peck of green tomatoes. Wash and slice the tomatoes and place in a large crock. Sprinkle each layer lightly with salt, add no water, and let stand over night. Then drain and put in a large kettle. Add 2 teaspoons of ground cloves, 2 tablespoons of cinnamon and 2 cups of sugar. Cover with vinegar, bring to a boil, then let simmer for 10 minutes. They should be bottled and sealed at once.

Pepper Sauce

Take 10 green peppers, 2 red peppers and 1 head of cabbage. Remove the seeds from the peppers (although we do not as we like the seed-warmth) and put all through the food chopper. We also add 2 small bunches of celery. Sprinkle with 1/2 cup of salt and let stand 10 minutes. Drain and add 1/4 cup of sugar and cover with vinegar. Add 1 teaspoon of tumeric while cooking and cook 25 minutes. They can be immediately bottled while hot.

Nine-Day Pickles

You add 1 pint of salt to 4 quarts of water, and to this brine you put in as many large, whole cucumbers as the crock will hold and the brine will cover. After 3 days you drain the brine and soak the cucumbers in plain, clear water. Then 3 days later you drain the cucumbers again and slice them into slices about 1 inch thick. Now for each 7 pounds of cucumbers use 3 pounds of brown sugar, 1 pint of vinegar, 1 ounce each of cinnamon, allspice and celery seed. Boil your sugar and vinegar to form a sirup; add your spices, and pour over the drained cucumbers in the crock. Then do not touch them until the proverbial "nine days" have expired.

Corn Cake

Three-fourths cup cornmeal, 1 cup flour, 1/4 cup sugar, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 egg well beaten, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons melted fat (I used butter). Mix and sift dry ingredients; add egg, well beaten, milk and melted fat. Beat. Bake in a shallow, greased pan in a hot (450 degs.) oven 20 minutes or more. One cup sour milk may be used in place of sweet milk, using 1/2 teaspoon soda and only 2 teaspoons baking powder.

Date Pie

Stone package of dates. Cook until soft in water enough to cover them. Beat two egg yolks with two tablespoons sugar, one level tablespoon flour, pinch of salt; add one cup whole milk and stir into dates. Cook until thick in double boiler, stirring constantly so it won't curdle. Flavor with lemon. Cool and turn into baked pie crust. Use cream or egg whites.

Ebony Cake

Cream together 1/2 cup shortening and 1 1/2 cups brown sugar, and then add 2 squares chocolate, which have been melted. Sift together 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon and 1/4 teaspoon salt. Add this alternately to the first mixture with 5-8 cup of cold, strong, black coffee. Then drop in 2 eggs, one at a time, beating each one in well. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, for about 35 to 40 minutes. Cool in the pan, then turn out, and spread with either a white or chocolate frosting.



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late frosting and sprinkle the top thickly with finely chopped nut meats.

Pralines

One and seven-eighths cups powdered sugar, 1 cup maple syrup, 1/2 cup cream, 2 cups pecan or other nut meats in small pieces. Boil sugar, syrup and cream until, when tried in cold water, a soft ball is formed. Remove from fire and beat until of a creamy consistency; add nuts to this and drop from tip of spoon in small piles on buttered paper, or mixture may be poured into buttered pan, and cut into squares, using sharp knife.

Fudge Supreme

Two cups sugar, 1/2 cup milk, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 2 heaping teaspoons cornstarch, 2 tablespoons cocoa, butter size of a nutmeg. Let all melt slowly. Count from the time it starts to bubble all over and boil hard 2 minutes, stirring all the time. Remove from fire, add 1 teaspoon vanilla and beat until thick, about 2 minutes. Add 1/2 cup chopped walnuts and pour into small-sized buttered bread tin. This gives you all squares and the right thickness. Mark when set and

cut when cold. This is an old stand-by and never fails.

Use Minard's Liniment for Toothache.



Colored Voter: "No indeed, Boss, I ain't never done sold my vote yet." Politician—"Well, I thought maybe—"

Colored Voter—"But I'll give you the address of mah landlord an' yo' kin fix up nex' months' rent ef yo' chooses."

Forceful Freddie—"I mean to marry your daughter, sir, and what's more, I'm going to do it. Do you follow me?" Proud Parent—"Yes, as far as the door."

PUBLIC NOTICE

TO EMPLOYERS OF LABOR

Attention having been directed to the scarcity of work in this City at the present time, employers of labor are asked to try and help to relieve the situation by engaging only bona fide residents of Toronto on any available work.

NON-RESIDENTS

Notice is hereby given that no assistance or relief will be given to non-residents of the City of Toronto on account of their being out of employment.

Mayor's Office, Toronto, October 24th, 1930.

BERT S. WEMP, Mayor.

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Good and Good for You

ISSUE No. 45-'30

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