

APRIL ESCAPEE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

SYNOPSIS.

The O'Hara family, poor but happy, is supported by Martin and Mary Kate, the two oldest children. Martin who is studying medicine at night, gets a chance to go to Germany with Dr. Van Antwerp, but turns it down because of the family. Mary Kate who wants to take the opportunity, which will mean a great deal to him, tries to plan some way to get the money which will enable Martin to go.

Mary Kate and a young chap, Cass Keating, are in love and plan to be married as soon as possible.

One night Mary Kate tells her mother of her engagement to Cass Keating, and the older woman shows disapproval. Then Martin comes in and begins a strategic attack on his mother.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued)

"The way you talk, you'd think Cass Keating was too good for Mary Kate," the woman presently said, resentfully.

"Nobody's too good for Mary Kate!" "Well, then, you're talkin' very queer, Mart."

"No, it's like this, Mother. Cass Keating is terrible popular, see? And all the girls—girls of twenty-five, older girls, girls with rich fathers, are after him, see?"

"Now I don't say Mary Kate couldn't hold him, but I do say that he's going to make money, he'll have an automobile—he'll buy a place out in St. Francis Wood or somewhere."

Mrs. O'Hara stirred the mixture in the pot, salted it, tasted it.

"And Mary Kate couldn't keep up with him?" she asked gently.

"Well, I only mean that it would put her at a disadvantage, Ma."

"Mary Kate O'Hara, is that it?" "Well, Mother, don't get on your high horse! I'm not knocking Molly. I simply say that here's a fellow that's going to make millions, like O'Grady Brothers, or Cunningham Company."

The rough, expert hands that were manipulating the blue saucepan trembled visibly. Mrs. O'Hara poured hot water into the lower casserole gently, fitted the upper one in place, pressed down the cover. She set the pan back on the stove.

"I suppose I'm surprised that you don't stand up for your sister, Mart. Her voice was level, dead.

"Mary Kate understands me!" Martin glanced at his sister, their unsmiling, faintly significant looks met in a steady stare. Then Mary Kate dropped her eyes again.

The mother sat down at the table, a strong needle, threaded with black thread, and a child's strap slipper, suddenly in her hands.

"In Mary Kate's place I wouldn't know what to think of you," said Mrs. O'Hara.

Martin was stuffing his pipe; he made no reply.

"Are the Keatings so well thought of, Mart?" the older woman demanded, surprisedly, in a forcibly restrained voice.

"Cass is," the boy said briefly.

"Is he so? It's a pity then, that he wouldn't go after one of those millionaires' daughters, Mart," Mrs. O'Hara observed drily.

"He will," Mary Kate said bitterly. "I never said anything against him by word or look, all I'd ask is that a daughter of mine would know her own mind, and be said by her mother and brother, that would love her more than a thousand men, however rich they'd be!" Mrs. O'Hara presently said, sentimentally and a little unseemly.

"That's kind of an old-country idea, Mother," Mart reminded her, pulling on his pipe.

"What's an old-country idea?" "That a girl would let her mother and brother pick her husband for her." "I don't know who'd love her more, that'd do it for her," the woman said. "You and my father, now. Did you brother pick him?"

"He did not. My brother hated the very step of Tom O'Hara in the dust!" Mrs. O'Hara admitted honestly. "But then was very different days, Mart. No, we run away, Papa and I did."

"Well, there's your clue, Mary Kate!" Mart reminded his sister cheerfully, in a silence.

"That'd be fine advice to give her!" the mother said, roused to uneasiness, carried beyond her depth.

"I'd always thought I'd have a church wedding," Mary Kate observed dispassionately. Her eyes, with a dancing flicker in them, rested for a moment upon her brother.

"If you can pin that feller down to a wedding at all, Mary Kate—" Mart began.

His mother indignantly interrupted him. "Mart, don't talk that way to your sister! It's disgusting. A body wouldn't know—" Mrs. O'Hara continued with a sharply suspicious glance at her son, "whether you liked him or not. Why would she run off like a bad girl, and be married by a Justice of the Peace in Colma or Vellejo, with her own mother and sisters and brothers all at home, lovin' her? She may be poor, but there's no shame to that, and however rich he'd be, come ten years from now, she'd be as fit to stand beside him as anyone he'd ever find, and too good for him, too, if you ask me!"

"Why Cass Keating," she went on, warning, "whose grandfather ran the 'Eleven Mile Tavern' down the Peninsula—"

"Listen, Mother—" "I'll listen to you, Mart, that ought to be makin' it easy for your sister, askin' the man to the house, and makin' him welcome, and her with all these rich girls pullin' against her! It's not right of you, Mart, and it does pierce me very cruel that it'd be her own blood-brother—"

"Now, listen, Mother! If you say so, I'll phone Cass tomorrow, and tell him that you want him to come out to dinner—"

"Give until—well, that's all right," Mrs. O'Hara said, suddenly restored to normal avenues of thinking and feeling, the old black frying pan and tender split chickens sizzling within it clear in her mind. "Do that now, Mart," she urged. "I can get me dinner in tomorrow mornin'! I'll have him send me a good order. And as for tonight," Mrs. O'Hara continued loftily, "well, I don't know that it'll do him any harm to know that we're in no hurry to get rid of Mary Kate!"

"Oh, Mother!" said Mary Kate, unable to continue the make-believe any longer, and rising to fall upon her knees at her mother's feet, push the sewing aside, and link her hands behind her mother's neck, "you do like him?"

"If you like him, Baby," the mother said gently.

"Oh, I adore you!" the girl said, laughing and crying. She jumped to her feet, ashamed of her own emotion and ran out of the kitchen.

Mrs. O'Hara looked appealingly, pathetically, at her son.

"The way you all have me bewitched," she complained, "I don't know whether you like him or not, or whether I want her to marry him, or to have you boot him out of me house!"

"Poor Ma!" was all the comfort Mart could give her, as he knocked his pipe free of ashes, folded the strip of newspaper that contained them into a careful bundle, deposited it in the garbage can under the sink, and kissed his mother's daisy-white forehead, where the rich dark hair sprang away in a smooth youthful wave. He laughed as he spoke, but his mother only looked at him darkly, half-suspecting, perhaps, that these two-clever children of hers were manipulating her again.

"The whole lot of you's a heart-scald to me," she said, gloomily. But when her first-born kissed her, she drew his dark cheek hungrily against her own. The day's work was done now; it was bedtime.

CHAPTER IX.

Her own room, which little Pat shared, adjoined the kitchen, but after she had deposited her damp coat and widow's bonnet there, and gotten into a colorless flannel nightgown, she padded softly in old felt slippers, to the deserted dining-room, that smelled of apples, dust and school books, and groped about in the neighborhood of the fireplace for the old-fashioned gas jet, on a hinged iron arm. Tom slept in this room, on an extension couch. Mart had the little slice of hall bedroom upstairs, and Tom usually undressed there, and kept his shabby wardrobe here and there, in all the household closets—sweaters in the skate and rubber closet under the stairs, neck ties on a nail in the bathroom, coat on another nail, in the downstairs passage.

His mother always opened his bed for him; she had forgotten it tonight. She went to the familiar little job with a heavy heart; where was the boy, on this rainy, unfriendly evening?

But the instant the little wavering bead of light was shining, her spirit was inundated with sudden peace. Tom had opened his own bed; his damp clothing was scattered all over the floor, his dark head deep in the sodden pillow.

His mother sank thankfully upon her knees on the littered floor beside the couch, and put her arms about him and without waking he snuggled close to her, grunted and sighed happily, in affectionate content. She kissed the thick dark waves of his hair—her good, dear, innocent boy that had been asleep in here all the time she had been so worrying about him.

"Ah, Tom you're such a darling," "Gee, I adore you, Mother."

"Don't wake up dear." But she

couldn't let him alone. "Where were you, dear?" "We were at the Alhambra—right behind you. But I got sleepy—" He had sunk fathoms deep into delicious slumber again. His final, "Gee, I love you—" died off into inarticulate murmuring.

Mrs. O'Hara began her evening prayers, her lips against the thick dark hair that smelled of rain and youth and Martin's jealously cherished "stik-tite."

Meanwhile Martin had slipped into Mary Kate's room and with the exquisite privilege of brotherhood was sitting on the edge of her bed in the dark, her warm, slim, young hands tight in his, her breathless rush of ecstatic confidences coming to him in eager whispers.

"Oh, yes, Mart. Cass and I have been—sort of—working up to it, since Christmas. But of course I wasn't sure. And then, all of a sudden tonight, we were talking about it, you know about what we'd do, and income, and budget and everything! Oh, Marty, you do like him?"

"I think he's a pip." "Oh, but do you honestly? And, Mart, he is so much older than the others—I mean he's nearly twenty-seven, you know, and I mean he's in earnest. He's marvelous. Mart, Mother! he's all right, won't she?" (To be continued.)

What New York is Wearing

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Here are lovely slenderizing lines for the mature figure. The wrapped treatment of the bodice narrows its breadth. The trim likewise has a slimming effect. The side-buttoned closing of the hip yoke has a diminishing effect. The long skirt is smartly cut scalloped at the top to meet each circular gore that widens into graceful flared hem.

Any of the new day fabrics are suitable for its development as canton-fabric crepe, wool crepe, flat crepe and crepe marocain.

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"Much Ado About Knotting" was probably suggested by the putt-putting of an outboard motor boat.

Minnard's Liniment aids tired feet.

Says Reason Is Way To Eugenic Reform

Sir Arthur Keith Holds Time Ripe for Science to Aid in Improving the Race

London—Sir Arthur Keith, scientist, recently appealed for the "rationalizing of human nature" as a forerunner to eugenic reform and improvement in the quality of the race.

"The chief difficulty in the way of eugenic reformers," said Sir Arthur, "is human nature, which is dominated not by reason but by passion, feeling, emotion, prejudice and instinct." Nevertheless, he told the International Congress of Eugenic Organizations that the time was never more ripe for science to take a hand in safeguarding the quality of future generations.

"Is the generation now growing up as fit in body and mind as the generation which it will replace? Or is the evidence definite that deterioration has set in?" he asked. "It is inevitable evidence was produced that civilization is tending to exchange ability for mediocrity, then we have to discover the measures which have raised man to his present status and can be used to raise him still higher."

Sir Arthur said he approached eugenics with the eye of a prehistorian "who saw only two chapters in man's evolutionary history."

"The first," he said, began with the emergence of humanity from the pithecanthropoid stage and ended with such full-blown types of humanity as were found in Europe and South Africa toward the end of the last Ice Age. In that phase the progress of man was effected amid natural surroundings.

"Then some 10,000 years ago man's evolution proceeded under new conditions—conditions seen in cities. These conditions were no longer made by nature but by man. In the first, or natural phase, production of the race was everything; in the second, production of the race was sacrificed for the accumulation of wealth. In both phases humanity walked toward its fate with closed eyes.

"If eugenists have their way a new phase—a conscious phase—in the evolution of mankind will be initiated. If we find that the way we are living is leading us straight to physical and mental bankruptcy, we can no longer afford to be mere pawns on the chessboard of evolution. We must take a hand in the game.

"The possibilities of a eugenic reform depend on the extent to which human nature can be rationalized. There are signs which lead me to think the time is favorable. The public of all countries is more willing to listen to eugenic proposals than at any previous period.

Sufficient

A little house, a bush, a tree, A laughing child to play with me.

A task that fills the fragrant days, But leaving time for prayer and praise.

A garden bright with pink and gold, Full harvest as the years grow old.

For every day some booky gain; For twilight, music's sweet refrain.

A dozen friends with gifts of cheer, And love, more tender year by year.

With these, and Autumn at the door— What mortal man could ask for more!

—Thomas Curtis Clark, in the Chicago Tribune.

Weather, Wolves and Wireless

It has recently been suggested that wireless is to blame for the great drought in America, which has caused serious loss to farmers, and President Hoover has been asked what he intends to do about it.

Wireless seems to be a sort of "universal scapegoat." There are many people in our own country who blame it for the wet summer England experienced—in some places there was just double the usual rainfall during the holiday period.

Whether it affects the weather or not, wireless is certainly proving a boon in a number of ways, quite unconnected with entertainments. For instance, it is now used in some northern countries for hunting wolves. Microphones are suspended from fir-trees in likely areas, and whenever a pack of wolves starts howling near one of these instruments it advertises its presence to those who are listening-in, and a party of riflemen set out to deal with it.

CAUCASIAN BEES

Caucasian bees, a silver-gray variety from Russia, that make an extremely white comb honey and seldom if ever sting, have been raised with success at the New Jersey agricultural experiment station, says "Popular Mechanics Magazine." They produce as much honey as the usual Italian colonies, they swarm less frequently, and, during three years' experience with them, the bee specialist at the station has never been stung. The gray color is due to a growth of small hairs that cover the bodies, which are brown like those of other bees.

"No, we can't take a gramophone back after the customer has had it a year. Is there anything wrong with it?" "Aye—the needle's broke."

Tea must be fresh—SALADA is guaranteed to be fresh

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the gardens"

Elusive Pygmies to East Africa Deeply Interested in Whites

Boston Explorer Brings Back Relics of Livingstone and Stanley Expeditions

The elusive pygmy tribes of East Africa have disclosed one of their secrets to Col. Charles Wellington Furlong, Boston explorer, who returned home Sept. 9. It is that they are every bit as interested in the white men as the white men are interested in them.

Colonel Furlong spent 14 months in Africa, a part of which was passed in dwelling with the "little people" who call themselves "Manitibi." Gaining their confidence, Colonel Furlong was able to sleep in their dwellings, a privilege, he said, which they had accorded to no other white explorer.

"I believe the pygmies to be the most expert woodsmen of the jungle," he declared. "Many have the appearance of full-grown men. They are very primitive but not cannibalistic, very superstitious and move so quietly that you never know when one is around."

"They are peacefully inclined. Their huts are made like beehives and covered with branches of the jungles. Spears, knives and bows and arrows are their weapons for defense and hunting."

"Their currency for trading is anything they may possess that other natives may desire. Some pygmies are only three feet tall; others four feet. Their color is brown."

"Another interesting tribe I found was the Shilluck. The men and women are very tall, in many cases measuring seven feet. They live among the swamps, known as the sudd, along the White Nile. They are warlike, dwell in huts, congregated in tribes, and are great hunters. Agriculture and cattle raising are their principal industries."

Colonel Furlong brought back from Africa relics of the Livingstone and Stanley expeditions which he believes to be the last that can possibly be found.

"Chief Godoy, son of Chief Matubi, one of Stanley's firmest friends, gave them to me," he explained. "They include a spearhead which Matubi wore when he met Stanley, a bracelet and a letter written by Lady Stanley. They will be presented to a museum later."

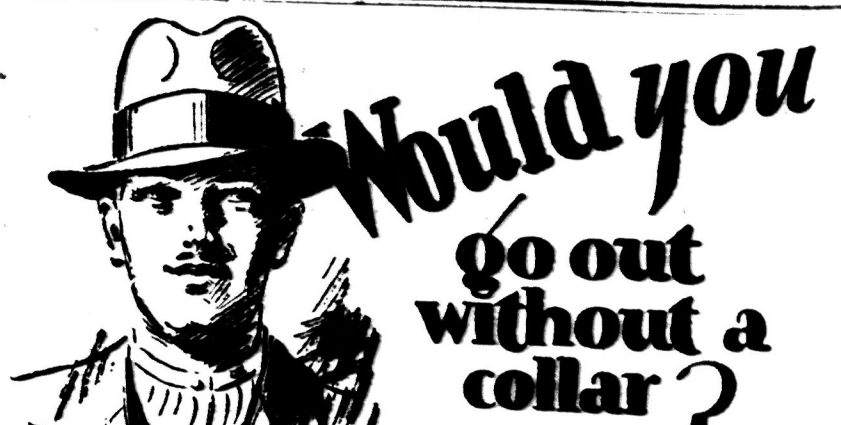
"One of the greatest finds I made was a 90-year-old native named Chengwimbi. This elderly Negro had remained loyal to David Livingstone

DEVONSHIRE CREAM

Put a large pan filled with sweet rich milk in a cool room for twenty-four hours. At the end of this time place the pan of milk on a slow fire and allow to come to the scalding point very slowly. Do not let the milk boil, but as soon as it has reached the scalding point remove from the fire. Let stand in a cool room again for twelve hours, then remove the cream, which will be sweet and firm. This is delicious on fresh apple pie served with nippy cheese.

The busy miller doesn't kick because life is just a continuous grind.

Minnard's Liniment for Foot Ailments.



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"NUGGET" SHOE POLISH

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ISSUE No. 39—'30

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Do you know you co-operate, save his time and are familiar with what she wants time of the customers will make up her mind to a shopping trip would have always know it will be in the promptly picked woman without ly to phone to gets home, and for a requiring all the to pay up a lot of the cutters, down and delivery— It possible if side of the 1924 which are from to six o'clock, attention and annoyance. If location of the store and make ly, not expecti from one end of to show you a prizes.

Some custom peach and tea, increasing its you do this, y yourself and to grocer to sell t Consider the larger size is to its contents, can use it to d

Calories

It is almost r- resolving to eat eral way. The the method is, and know how. This is not as Maintenance of work is 2000 a man at hard w at least work 25 person about 15 minutes a less a day.

Knowing the common foods of similar food will help.

Shoe of brand or 25; maffin, e file, corabrod, 2 pudding, ice crea fine on size and sugar, 100; chee mond, double de 15; cup un-wa of butter, 100; cup skimmed mil cup whole milk, cube, 100; meat 100; fat, 200; on

Fruits—apple, apple, dish bett large orange, pe Vegetables—la half cup cooked starch vegetable baked beans, d Cereals—Half 150; Preparation of In estimating foods, the fat is be counted.

In reducing, eat Your Calories and or 1200 a day as you more comit erously of vegeti filling foods of b

Beauty

Washing the having them muc the natural oils of the hands wrinkl hands in hot wa soirely necessar Instead, Wash w water and a mil with a cut leno alkali of the soap before the hands.

A hand lotion hands every mo hands are rough natural oils. If sorbed, and th sheets when you clean cotton glove gloves as much a to retain the be rubber gloves w the house, canvas rough work in the kid and fabric wh travelling, to kee and to protect th effects of sun an coming chapped.

A Man

Men and wou tastes, in room de in most other ma room will be daiu haps fussy. A m sturdy, simple, splashes of color.

A man likes a l his room. He w longings or work large comfy chair with a footstool