

APRIL ESCAPE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

SYNOPSIS.

Mary Kate O'Hara is in love with Cass Keating. Her brother Martin cannot go to Germany to study medicine because of lack of funds. Christopher Steynes, proprietor of the part of his wife in order to discourage a Russian countess who is on his trail. Mary decides to accept the proposition with a view to helping her brother Martin.

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

"The thing is that we ought to carry this with a rush!" young Steynes told her when they went into Gamin's beautiful shop, to buy clothes for the masquerade. "You'll have to call me Chris. Everyone calls me Chris."

"Chris," she repeated obediently, trying the sound of it. She looked about interestedly at exquisite evening bags, fans and scarfs. Her escort asked, with an experienced air, for a special saleswoman, and they went into a private show room.

"No use advertising all this!" he reminded her. But Mary Kate was too much amused and interested to care.

"If it's an eight-size it will fit me," she said to the middle-aged, handsome woman who began to show her evening frocks.

"But you'll want to try it on, Madam?"

No, Madam didn't want to try anything on. She was, however, persuaded to slip off her brown coat and put on the evening wrap.

It was a garment of white and gold brocade, patterned in little quilted squares; its great collar was of creamy fur. Mary Kate's shiny golden hair rose from it like a flame.

"This is ridiculous!" she said to Christopher Steynes.

"Stop looking at the tags, then." The evening gown was of ivory satin, patterned about its low neck, that left the wearer's shoulders bare, with shining rows of pearls, embroidered into roses.

"The pearl motif is repeated on the left side here," said the saleswoman. "Madam can see how it is interlined."

"It's beautiful," Mary Kate said respectfully. She was a little bewildered. She had never been in such a place. The lights and mirrors, the scent of subtle perfumes, the shine of lustrous fabrics confused her senses. The saleswoman impressed her, as they went smoothly to and fro.

But she showed no awkwardness. Now and then she crinkled up her blue eyes and laughed into Christopher Steynes' own, as at some secret joke. For the rest she was dignified, interested, protesting only by an occasional glance.

"If it's worth it to you—" she would say with a shrug, when the wrap and evening gown were followed by pearl buckled slippers transparent fine silk stockings as thin as fog, a white silk morning gown, smart and brief, like a tennis frock, with a knowing little striped silk jacket to accompany it.

"It's worth it to me," Chris always answered, with a businesslike nod. He was very businesslike today. This was Thursday afternoon, and he admitted frankly that he had evaded a luncheon with the Russian countess and her daughter. They had reached town at nine o'clock, and had been in touch with him at twenty minutes past nine," he said.

"I sent them flowers, d'you see? And Rountree asked them to dinner tomorrow night and I'm going to spring you on them then."

"He glanced at her sharply. "You're not nervous about it, are you?"

"Not exactly, no. But to tell you the truth," Mary Kate said with an uneasy laugh, "I'll be glad when it is over."

"Maybe you think I won't!" he said fervently. They both laughed, more naturally. "Do you know anything about bridge?" Chris asked, as they left the shop, and found themselves in the late afternoon tide on Post Street.

"Oh, yes. I play."

"Not contract?" he asked incredulously.

"Oh, yes!"

"You're perfect," he assured her. "Now, let me see where we could go to have a cup of tea—" he said, pondering. "The Palace? It's quiet there. Do you like the Palace?"

"I've never been there for tea."

"Well, come on then. Because it seems to me we ought to rehearse a little. You see we can't slip up on this, Mary," he said. "Because the minute they suspect any hokum, it gives 'em a sort of claim, do you see?"

He noted her heightened color, the dimple at the corner of her mouth.

"Mind my calling you that?"

"Oh, no! Heavens, I expect you to. Only—only what I'm doing rather scares me," the girl confessed.

Steynes made no immediate answer. He was leading the way into the Palace Hotel, down the long passage lined with smart little flower and candy and cigarette and magazine shops, and to the wide airy court where tea tables were scattered. An orchestra was playing.

"We want a corner table; we want to talk," he said, with an authoritative air, to the head waiter. Immediately they were established in an inconspicuous corner, behind a column and some potted palms, where they could hear the drifting crowds themselves almost unseen.

"You say that what you are doing rather scares you," Christopher Steynes said, as calmly as if there had been no interruption, when they had ordered their tea. "Now why do you say that? What is there about it to scare you?"

"Being found out, I suppose," Mary Kate answered simply.

"Well—but in what?"

"Oh, masquerading as a man's wife. Staying at his house."

"But, my dear it's all only a joke; people do all sorts of things as jokes! Look, it even happens to be the first of April, Friday. It's merely an April Fool joke. Tell them that!"

"I'll tell them nothing," Mary Kate said firmly. "My one chance is to get through this without having to tell anybody anything."

There was a grim emphasis on the last two words; she looked him unsmilingly in the eye.

"But, how'll you explain the money and the frocks?"

"I can always tell my mother and the man I'm engaged to marry that I got them second-handed somewhere," the girl explained, after a thought. "The money I want for Mart—my brother, and of course I'll tell him the truth!"

"Well, exactly! And see how little there is to this, Mary," said Christopher, leaning across the table. "Today's Thursday, isn't it? Well, nothing can happen today. I mean you go home, everything's as usual, nobody suspects anything—there's nothing to suspect. Tomorrow, with your suitcase packed with your own things, you take the five o'clock train to Burlington. Your family thinks you're going to Sacramento. He hesitated, frown. "Any of 'em planning to see you off?" he asked.

"I thought of that. So I told them my train went at eight. Then I'm going to rush out late in the afternoon, grab my suitcase, and explain to Mother that it leaves earlier. That'll prevent anyone coming to the station."

"Good girl! Then I meet you at Burlington," pursued the man in satisfaction, "and we go to El Hogar. It's the Bersinger place. Do you know it?"

"Is it the place with the picture gallery?"

"That's the place. It's small, the decor is very Spanish, with just a touch of the period of the late President Grant," the man said, lighting a cigarette. "Then," he pursued, "we proceed to Gordon Rountree's house for dinner. We are Mr. and Mrs. Jay Christopher Steynes, for the moment. We rub it into Madame Yarnowska. We invite her and Marka to luncheon the following day, preceding the polo. The polo begins at three."

"Oh, but listen. I couldn't possibly—before all that crowd—"

"Just a moment, Mary. You and I don't go to the polo, because I get a message that some dear old friends are in San Francisco and must see us. So we land the Yarnowskas at the polo field, put them in the care of friends—Gordon'll take 'em, he's coming to lunch, and he'll manage it somehow. And then I run you to—well, say a four o'clock train, you beat it home, tell your mother that you got away before you expected to, and—mah-jong!"

"In other words," he summarized it, as she regarded him dubiously, her elbows on the table, her chin on her linked fingers, "in other words you run a risk for much less than twenty-four hours."

"No, twenty-four full hours," she protested, as if the detail was important. "I leave on a five o'clock train tomorrow."

"Yes, but you're not—shall I say vulnerable, until you reach Burlington nearly an hour later. And once you're on the train, returning, on Saturday, you're safe again, aren't you?"

Bill's Little Girl
By Zona Gale

How I Came to Write This Story
The city editor of the New York Evening World once handed me a cutting from the want advertisements of that day's Morning World. "Go, and find what lies back of that," he said.

The advertisement was that one which I have included in the story of Bill. His story is rather like that of the man who had advertised.

I do not recall this man's name. I never saw him again. But I still have his photograph, with that of the little girl.

Bill was thirty when his wife died, and Little Minna was four. Bill's carpenter shop was in the yard of his house, so he thought that he could keep up his home for Minna and himself. All day while he worked at his bench, she played in the yard, and when he was obliged to be absent for a few hours, the woman next door looked after her. Bill could cook a little; coffee and bacon and fried potatoes and flapjacks, and he found bananas and sardines and crackers useful. When the woman next door said this was not the diet for four-year-olds, he asked her to teach him to cook oatmeal and vegetables, and though he always burned the dishes in which he cooked these things, he cooked them every day. He swept, all but the corners, and he dusted, dabbed at every object; and he complained that after he had cleaned the windows he could not see out as well as he could before. He washed and patched Minna's little garments and mended her doll. He found a kitten for her so that she wouldn't be lonely. At night he heard her say her prayer; he either woke her up, or else he made her say them first thing next morning. He himself used to try to pray: "Lord, make me do right by her if you see me doing wrong." On Sundays he took her to church and sat listening with his head on one side, trying to understand, and giving Minna peppermints when she rustled. He stopped work for a day and took her to the Sunday school picnic. "Her mother would of," he explained. When Minna was old enough to go to kindergarten, Bill used to take her morning or afternoon, and he would call for her. Once he dressed himself in his best clothes and went to visit the school. "I think her mother would of," he told the teacher, diffidently. But he could make little of the colored paper and the designs and the games, and he did not go again. "There's some things I can't be any help to her with," he thought.

Minna was six when Bill fell ill. On a May afternoon he went to a doctor. When he came home he sat in his shop for a long time and did nothing. The sun was beaming through the window in bright squares. He was not going to get well. It might be that he had six months. He could hear Minna singing to her doll.

When she came to kiss him that night, he made an excuse, for he must never kiss her now. He held her at arm's length, looked in her eyes, said: "Minna's a big girl now. She doesn't want papa to kiss her." But her lip curled and she turned away sorrowful, so the next day Bill went to another doctor to make sure. The other doctor made him sure.

He tried to think what to do. He had a sister in Nebraska, but she was a tired woman. His wife had a brother in the city, but he was a man of many words. And little Minna—there were things known to her which he himself did not know—matters of fairies and the words of songs. He wished that he could hear of somebody who would understand her. And he had only six months.

Then the woman next door told him bluntly that he ought not to hold the child there, and him coughing as he was; and he knew that his decision was already upon him.

One whole night he thought. Then he advertised in a city paper:

A man with a few months to live would like nice people to adopt his little girl, six, blue eyes, curls. References required.

They came in a limousine, as he had hoped that they would come. Their clothes were as he had hoped. They had with them a little girl who cried: "Is this my little sister?" On which the woman in the smart frock said sharply:

"Now then, you do as mamma tells you and keep out of this or we'll leave you here and take this darling little girl away with us."

So Bill looked at this woman and said steadily that he had now other plans for his little girl. He watched the great blue car roll away. "For the land sake!" said the woman next door when she heard. "You done her right—a man in your health." And when other cars came, and he let them go, this woman told her husband that Bill ought most certainly to be reported to the authorities.

The man and woman, who walked into Bill's shop one morning, were still mourning their own little girl. The woman was not sad—only sorrowful, and the man, who was tender of her, was a carpenter. In a blooming of his hope and his dread, Bill said to them: "You're the ones." When they asked: "How long before we can have her?" Bill said: "One day more."

That day he spent in the shop. It was summer and Minna was playing in the yard. He could hear the words of her songs. He cooked their supper and while she ate, he watched. When

he had tucked her in her bed, he stood in the dark hearing her breathing. "I'm a little girl to-night—kiss me," she had said; but he shook his head. "A big girl, a big girl," he told her.

When they came for her the next morning he had her ready and her little garments were ready, washed and mended, and he had mended her doll. "Minna's never been for a visit!" he told her buoyantly. And when she ran toward him, "A big girl, a big girl," he reminded her.

He stood and watched the man and woman walking down the street with Minna between them. They had brought her a little blue parasol in case the parting should be hard. This parasol Minna held bobbing above her head, and she was so absorbed in looking up at the blue silk that she did not remember to turn and wave her hand.—The Golden Book.

High Up
Switzerland can already boast that it possesses the highest railway in Europe—the Jungfrau line, which goes up to 11,340 feet. But it isn't satisfied with this—a new railway connecting St. Moritz with the Piz Bernina is now to be built. It will attain an altitude of 13,390 feet.

At present there are only six railways in the world which go higher than the Jungfrau line. When the Piz Bernina is built there will be only four railways in the world to beat it in altitude.

The Peruvian Central Railway is the present holder of the world's record. At one point it reaches 15,865 feet—just thirty-one feet more than

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DIAMOND DYES are easy to use; go on smoothly and evenly; NEW. Never a trace of that re-dyed look when Diamond Dyes are used. Just true, even, new colors that hold their own through the hardest wear and washing.

Diamond Dyes owe their superiority to the abundance of pure anilines they contain. Cost more to make. Surely, But you pay no more for them. All drug stores—15c.

Diamond Dyes
Highest Quality for 50 Years

HEAD
HURT?
WORK won't wait for a headache to wear off. Don't look for sympathy at such times, but get some Aspirin. It never fails.

Don't be a chronic sufferer from headaches, or any other pain. See a doctor and get at the cause. Meantime, don't play martyr. There's always quick comfort in Aspirin. It never does any harm. Isn't it foolish to suffer any needless pain? It may be only a simple headache, or it may be neuralgia or neuritis. Rheumatism. Lumbago. Aspirin is still the sensible thing to take. There is hardly any ache or pain these tablets can't relieve; they are a great comfort to women who suffer periodically; they are

always to be relied on for breaking up colds.
Buy the box that says Aspirin and has Genuine printed in red. Genuine Aspirin tablets do not depress the heart. All druggists.

ASPIRIN

What New York
Is Wearing
BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON
Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

A clever black crepe dress with slenderizing lines.

The wrapped bodice is opened at the neckline to show a pastel pink open-eyelet embroidered batiste vestee. An applied band of the batiste trims the neckline and is carried down either side of the bodice. The tiny bows of the crepe are lined with the pink batiste.

Style No. 2658 may be copied exactly at a great saving in cost. It is easily made. It comes in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust.

Bordeaux red flat crepe is a charming idea for this unusual model.

Printed crepe silk, transparent velvet and chiffon will make up smartly. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards 39-inch material skirt cut on crosswise thread or 4 3/4 yards 39-inch skirt cut on lengthwise thread, with 1/4 yard 22-inch all-over lace for vestee and bows and 1 1/4 yard 1 1/4-inch lace banding.

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.

Helping Hands
When the heart is heavy, when the soul is sad,
When we lose a treasure that was all we had,
There is not a trouble someone hasn't known—
Let us look a little farther than our own.

When the heart is weary with the mind's review,
When a dream is shattered nothing can renew,
There are other dreamers who have had a loss—
Let us see the stranger, help him with his cross.

When the heart is heavy, when the sky is grey,
When the thoughts of midnight cloud the brightest day,
Surely then, if ever, we may understand—
Let us lift another with a helping hand.

—Douglas Malloch.

Minard's Liniment aids tired feet.

SALADA quality will always
be the finest you can buy

"SALADA"
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"Fresh from the gardens"

is attained by the runner-up, the Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Railway at its highest point.

But Switzerland holds a world's record in the matter of electrification that no other country can challenge. Counting lines of all gauges, Switzerland has electrified 4,334 kilometers of railway, or 88.1 per cent. of its total track.

Minard's Liniment has a hundred uses.
Vicar's Wife: "Ah, Mrs. Miles, one-half of the world is ignorant of how the other half lives." Cottager: "Not in this village, ma'am."

A: "You'd believe anything a fool told you." B: "Not always; but sometimes you are quite convincing."

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at so small a cost.

It is a wonderful help in work
and play—keeps you
cool, calm and
contented.

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ISSUE No. 43—30

**HEAD
HURT?**

WORK won't wait for a headache to wear off. Don't look for sympathy at such times, but get some Aspirin. It never fails.

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always to be relied on for breaking up colds.
Buy the box that says Aspirin and has Genuine printed in red. Genuine Aspirin tablets do not depress the heart. All druggists.

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