

# APRIL ESCAPADE

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

## SYNOPSIS

The O'Hara family, poor but happy, is supported by Martin and Mary Kate, the two oldest children. Martin is studying medicine at night. He gets a chance to go to Germany with Dr. Van Antwerp but turns it down because the family needs him. When he tells this to Mary Kate and Cass Keating, a young fellow in love with her, she angrily tells him he should accept the offer.

## CHAPTER IV.

"If you'd just calm down and let me explain," Martin began.

"I don't want you to explain. All I know is that you have refused an offer that any other man in medical college would simply jump at—a chance to go to Berlin with old van Antwerp—"

"Oh, shut up, you give me a pain!" said Martin rudely.

Cass, so far, had been a concerned but not alarmed witness. Now he said peacefully, with all the dignity of his twenty-seven years.

"What's the proposition, Mart?"

"Well," said Martin, eager to talk about it, in spite of himself, "Doe is going to do a year's staff work at a Berlin hospital—one of the best, I guess. He says he'd only want me about three mornings a week to take clinic notes, and of course to drive him around, week-ends, and I could do my second year's work in the rest of the time—easy."

"Speak German?" Cass asked scowling and considering.

"Oh, like a native!" Mary Jane exclaimed. Both men laughed. "Well, Mart, you have studied it for years," she added, accusatively, her cheeks reddening.

"I've had to, driving old van Antwerp around," Mart explained. "I guess I could make out," he admitted, bashfully.

"And this is a chance, is it, Mart?"

"Oh, Cass! It's being picked out of the ranks. Why I could get a scholarship easy, if I had a year in Germany with van Antwerp," Mart said.

Suddenly he chilled, fell silent. His voice, when he spoke again, was flat.

"But of course it can't be done!" he said simply.

Mary Kate's indignant, expectant eyes moved to Cass's face; Cass dared not fail her.

"How much money would it mean, Mart?"

"He'd pay all my expenses, and a small salary, too."

"No, but I mean—here?"

"Oh, yes, well, I'd say a thousand," Mart said magnificently. "It'd want Mother to draw about fifty every month—that's six hundred. And then the rest for emergencies."

Mary Kate returned to the arm of her brother's chair, and put her arm about his neck, kissing him firmly on the temple. She fixed a look of utter confidence upon Cass Keating.

"Now, listen, Mart, you're going!" she said positively. "Isn't he, Cass?" she said.

"I think he ought to," Cass decided, hesitatingly.

"Well, you'll have to take it out thinking," Martin said. Yet he was pleased by their interest.

"I could raise a thousand"—Cass mused aloud.

"Forget it!" Martin said, with an air of finality.

"Oh, but Mart—Mart—" Mary Kate cried, "it might mean your whole life!"

"It won't."

"You mightn't ever get another chance like this!"

"I will."

"I can't bear it!" she said rebelliously, out of a silence.

"There's nothing to bear," Mart said, in a tone of annoyance. "It's not the first thing we've all had to give up—look at Mother. Why, she practically sacrificed her life, cooking and slaving—"

"Yes, but that's different, Mart. When it's your children?"

"I don't see it," Mart closed his eyes and rubbed his head gently up and down against Mary Kate's shoulder, as she leaned against him.

"Cass, don't you think it's different, when it's your own children?"

"Anything I say to be used against

me?" Cass asked, with his clean flash of white teeth in a dark face.

"Oh, aren't you vile?" Mary Kate reproached him.

"Ma isn't going to know one word of this," Mart said suddenly.

"No, I suppose not." There was a silence. "Do you suppose we'll all be poor?" the girl asked then, dreamily.

"No!" the men said emphatically, together.

They all laughed. Cass, as a matter of fact, had never thought of money at all, until, of late, when he actively and anxiously wanted to marry Mary Kate O'Hara. But Martin and Mary Kate were intimately acquainted with poverty. Their mother's pressing burden had been theirs, since actual childhood.

All their friends were poor, were either shabby, ravenous, eager households of growing young persons like themselves, or quiet little threadbare widows with flat purses, middle-aged school teachers painfully anxious about a penniless old age, emaciated spinsters who carried on enterprises—boarding houses, dusty little millinery shops, music "studios."

The girls Mary Kate knew were like herself, ambitious, spirited girls who left high school to plunge into untrained work, picking up such proficiency in stenography, bookkeeping, shorthand and kindred subjects as their opportunities afforded. The boys had all escaped early from "last year grammar" or "first year high"; they were a grubby untrained lot, ranging all the way from saints to pirates, fighting their way through ignorance, and past their own inhibitions, to presently emerge as average husbands and fathers, average citizens in a world of low averages.

Mart was an exception, of course, by reason of his having finished "high," of his unusual intelligence, and of his ambition. And Cass was another exception. One felt that Cass was going to do wonderful things—make more money anyway than Mart would. Mart—Mart rather wanted to serve the world, do something for unfortunate sick folk. But Cass expected the world to serve him, and serve him it would, soon or late. Whether he would go into politics, some day, or gamble in stocks, or take some big chance in real estate, Mary Kate never speculated. But she vaguely knew that he would do something like that, and do it well. Mart stirred in her deep admiration and loyalty. But Cass, so hands-me and poised, and scornful and sure of himself, was exciting.

Tonight marked a real turning-point in her life, and she was conscious of it as she sat here in the warm, shabby, orderly kitchen. Listening to the soft spatter and rush of the March rain, leaning against darling old Mart, who had been her prop and stay since babyhood, and smiling at Cass Keating, who was presently going to ask her to marry him, Mary Kate felt safe and happy, and beloved.

"I thought you people were going to a dance!" Mart said heavily, when to a clock over the sink said nine.

Mary Kate departed to dress, and he dragged himself to the entry, dragged on his overcoat still damp from afternoon rain, and finally stumped sleepily away, yawning and dull, for an hour in the medical library.

Cass combed his hair at the sink, and straightened his tie, and in exactly fifteen minutes a tall girl in a shabby, dark-blue taffeta dress came downstairs to join him. Mary Kate's slim body was outlined by the plainly fitting frock; her arms and her innocent white throat were bare; her hair was brushed into silky flame above her wide, babyish forehead. There was a liquid sapphire glitter in her eyes.

This was her hour. She knew it the moment she stepped into the kitchen. She trembled at the dark boy got to his feet, and came over to her and quite simply put his arms about her. Cass might be poised and scornful and sure of himself sometimes. But not now.

Now he was shaking and incoherent, and incredulous. He could not believe that any girl as wonderful as Mary Kate could really want to belong to him—live in the simple little home he could make for her—care that his coffee was hot and big chair comfortable.

"Mary Kate, you mean that we'll—we'll get married?" he kept saying, over and over again, with unsteady laughter.

"Well, believe me, Cass Keating, if you and I are going to keep house in one of those new apartments in McAllister Street, we'll be married!"

And then gales of laughter, and the whole thing to be said all over again.

"No, but you do like me, don't you, Mary Kate?"

"I think I do."

"Oh, darling, you know that you do!"

Interlude.

"No, but just tell me this, dear. You've not liked anyone this much before, have you? Just tell me that."

The dance was forgotten. They were together in the big chair that had been "Mother's rocker" ever since Mary Kate could remember anything at all; all the lights except one were out, in the kitchen. The windowpanes

looked black, and the rain crawled and twinkled on them.

Mary Kate did not have to speak much. She rested contentedly in her man's arms, her soft cheek against his. Cass did all the talking.

(To be continued.)

## What New York Is Wearing

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Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



You'll like the unusualness of new fared skirt treatment in this black and white printed crepe silk all-day frock. The snugly fitted hip yoke merges into a panel front that lengthens the silhouette.

The bodice has pin tucks which narrow the shoulders. The deep French V is also slimming.

Style No. 2515 can be had in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust.

Light navy blue crepe silk is very attractive printed in tiny white dots. Black canton crepe with white revers with bow lined with white.

Putty-beige chiffon with vestee of matching lace and absonthe green crepe silk are stunning suggestions.

## 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.

## Wife's Away

She's gone away. The house is still. The bird sits silent on his perch. It seems to me as though I were a prisoner in an empty church.

How lonesome now the hours are With no one here to call my name! But, say, old man, come up to-night, I'll guarantee a little game.

Minard's Liniment removes Warts.

## Economy Corner

### BALMORAL SCONES

One pound flour, 2 ounces butter, 2 dessert spoons baking powder, 1 egg and a teaspoon salt. Mix to a light dough with sweet milk, then roll out lightly and cut into diagonal or other shapes. Bake in a hot oven two minutes until a nice brown.

### STUFFED CABBAGE

One head cabbage (2 or 2½ lbs.), 1 lb. sausage meat, 1 cup freshly-boiled rice or 1½ cups bread crumbs, moistened with milk. Separate leaves of cabbage and boil until tender; boil the heart whole, spread the heart all over the sausage meat and rice or crumbs mixed together; place leaves all around this and tie up. Bake until tender, basting occasionally. Serve hot, sliced.

Two tablespoons gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Let stand 5 minutes. Dissolve 1 cup sugar in ¼ cup hot water and dissolve gelatin in it. Add 1 can shredded pineapple and ½ pint whipped cream. Stir all together and set away to cool.

### WEBSTER CAKE

Three-quarters cup melted butter, 2 cups sugar, 3 eggs (save out 2 whites for icing), 1½ cups milk. Beat with an egg beater for one minute. Add three and one-half cups flour, one teaspoon soda, one and a half teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon clove and nutmeg. Beat.

PEPPERS STUFFED WITH CORN AND HAM

Slice lengthwise as many peppers as needed. Remove the ribs and seeds and parboil in salted water. Fill with following mixture: Combine 6 tablespoons of minced ham with 8 tablespoons of minced corn; add 9 tablespoons melted butter and 3 of milk. Season to taste. Put into shallow pan, cover tops with bread crumbs, cover bottom of pan with soup stock, gravy or bouillon cubes. Bake for 25 minutes.

## Olive Oil Hints

Olive oil will prevent brass articles from becoming tarnished in damp weather. Apply a thin film after the brass has been polished.

Add a little olive oil to the last rinsing water when washing flannels. This prevents the material becoming hard and felted.

Use a little olive oil for brightening ebony. Apply with a warm flannel, rubbing the oil well into the material.

Mixed with an equal quantity of lime water, olive oil makes a soothing application for a burn. A little of this mixture should always be kept handy.

There will be no danger of silver becoming tarnished in storage if a thin film of olive oil is smeared over it. When the silver is required for use, wash in a warm, soapy lather and dry thoroughly.

Olive oil is an excellent skin food. Rub a little into the hands and face at bedtime, then wash in the usual way.

## Her Duty

Jones had occasion to reprimand his wife.

"I think, dear," he said soothingly, "that you're a little occasionally."

She immediately became indignant. "Well, I think it's a wife's duty," was her response.

"Wife's duty?" he echoed, wondering what was coming.

"Yes; to speak well of her husband occasionally," came the reply.

It is hard to understand a sex that is too proud to do housework at \$15 a week but will marry and do it for nothing.

## Open India House



King and Queen, as they appeared, returning from ceremony, when the former opened India House, Aldwych, recently. Their majesties were received upon arrival by Sir Atul Chatterjee, High Commissioner for India.

A blend of green tea that surpasses all other blends

# "SALADA" GREEN TEA

Fresh from the gardens

## Damp, Musty Houses Cause Asthma Molds Responsible For Ringworm

Tracing of a case of asthma, which persisted for nine years, to the patient's sensitivity to a common mold has furnished the medical profession with a clue that the disease may be caused by molds which flourish in certain type of soil. This was brought out in the recent report to the American Medical Association of the research work of Dr. H. S. Bernton, of the Georgetown University School of Medicine.

Another earlier American case of asthma which was traced to a mold more than a year ago was said to be authentic, although the mold was of a different type. Dr. Bernton has been testing asthmatic patients for sensitivity to molds for the last seven years, and he believes that various types of them may be considered important causative factors in this disease. The new work makes it seem likely that a number of cases of asthma which have so far proved non-reactors to specific irritants tried out as causes may be cleared up in further studies along the new lines.

### Damp, Old Houses Dangerous

The young woman who proved to have contracted this disease through six years' residence in a damp and musty house, where the molds had been prevalent, apparently had her nose and throat tissues sensitized to the specific mold during this long period. In Europe a number of physicians have made researches that seem to prove that a large proportion of asthmatic patients are sensitive to molds of different kinds. As this disease is more prevalent in the Old World and people live in older houses there than in this country, it seems as if there is a definite connection between the circumstances. At any rate, Dr. Bernton points out that people who might be sensitive to molds would be brought into closer contact with them there than in this country.

"Thatched roofs, the close proximity of domestic and food animals to human dwellings, animal food and excrement, offer fertile sites for the development of molds," he says.

### Expert With Sixteen Molds

Dr. Bernton has had the co-operation of Dr. Charles Thom, specialist of the United States Department of Agriculture, in his work. Dr. Thom has supplied him with sixteen types of molds, which he has used in his tests on his patients, in the searches he has made for their particular kind of irritant.

The molds referred to are the lowest forms of plant life. They are parasites upon dead or living plant and animal matter. They do not manufacture their own food as do the other green types of plants. They are microscopic in size and cause a number of other diseases in animals and humans alike. One of these diseases is the ringworm, which is an infection of the skin. Many people think that this disease is caused by a real worm. This is not so. It is an infection that grows in the skin in the form of a circle which somewhat resembles a worm curled up under the skin. Some of the diseases caused by molds are of an extremely dangerous nature if they attack the internal organs of beasts or men.

### Molds Can Be Eliminated

Work along the lines of Dr. Bernton's may prove to reveal a wealth of very important material in connection with a better understanding of some of these diseases, and it may uncover some facts regarding other diseases not now known to be caused by molds. At least this and other researches along these lines are important because they show that human beings should be protected from the molds by living in clean, airy houses where there are no decayed materials for them to use as foods in their growth.

## Many Plants Named as Suitable To Cover Bare Spots on Lawns

New Brunswick, N.J.—A. C. McLean, of the New Jersey Agricultural Extension Service, recently gave a list of plants which can be cultivated to cover the bare spots often seen in lawns at this season.

For bare areas which are shaded he describes the Japanese spurge (Pachysandra terminalis) as one of the best. Good ground covers for similar areas are the bugle (Ajuga reptans), the sweet woodruff (Asperula odorata) and creeping jenny (Lysimachia nummularia).

"Any of these plants grow well in shady spots, provided the trees do not take all the moisture," Mr. McLean said. "When tree roots are close to

the surface it is advisable to dig up the soil and destroy the roots. This root pruning will not materially hurt the trees, and the ground covers will have a better chance to grow and become established. They can then more successfully compete with the trees for moisture and plant food.

"For dry, sunny spots where the soil is poor dwarf phlox (Subulata), the thymus, and sedums are among the best ground covers. A good time for planting any of these ground covers, either in the sun or shade, is from September until November. They are hardy and if planted as suggested they will become established and ready to make a good growth in the spring."

### CURSE OF GOITRE

Babies born of goitrous mothers are likely to come into the world dead. If they survive, they may be deaf-mutes, imbeciles, or even idiots. The "cretins," more numerous in Switzerland than anywhere else, but not uncommon in Savoie and other parts of Europe, are the most dreadfully afflicted of human beings. Inheriting goitre from their mothers, they never grow up; their bones do not develop, and their minds remain totally blank.

If the curse of goitre is to be removed, medical men are agreed, the need of iodine for man and for farm animals must be recognized, and provision made for regular supplies of it. What is first required, however, is a widespread education on the subject.

### Hong Kong Prefers Canadian Apples

Ottawa.—A new market for Canadian apples in Hong Kong has been reported to the Department of Trade and Commerce by Paul Sykes, Canadian trade commissioner. The bulk of this trade is controlled by the United States, but last year apples from Canada were received into the market favorably. Preference was shown to those from British Columbia.

"I'm very tired," said the lady at the head of the supper table one Sunday evening. "You should not be," said her minister, who had been asked in to the evening meal; you haven't preached two sermons to-day." "No," said the lady, absent-mindedly, "but I listened to them."

"It is the things that are of no use that really make up one's life," Stanley Baldwin.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

### FOUR THINGS

Four things a man must learn to do if he would make his record true: To think without confusion clearly; To love his fellow-men sincerely; To act from honest motives purely; To trust in God and heaven securely.

—Van Dyke.

### An Apology

Beautiful Snow, some months ago I cursed thee deep and cursed thee low.

Beautiful Snow, wert thou here to-day, Ah, many the beautiful word I'd say.

Flying your own light two-seater aeroplane including garage, running costs, and maintenance, costs \$5,000 a year, allowing for 150 hours in the air, according to one expert.

## HEADACHE?

Why suffer when relief is prompt and harmless:



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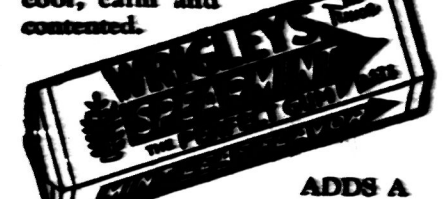
## PLEASURE

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