

APRIL ESCAPE

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 him 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.

CHAPTER V

Listen, they ought to tell everyone right away, Cass thought. And listen, they ought to plan to get married right after Easter. And listen, he was going to stay on with the O'Connor Own-Your-Own-Nest Company for just two more years, and then he was going to borrow capital and start in for himself. And listen, there was no reason why they should live in town, if she would prefer Berkeley, San Mateo or any other suburb.

But no, Mary Kate wanted to be near her mother. All right then, But listen.

Every little while she gave a little wriggle of excitement and pleasure. This occurred when she thought of all the "fun" ahead—that fun of which she had lost sight in the excitement of discovering herself really upon the eve of an actual engagement.

But there would be house-hunting to do—oh, fun. And then her name would be changed of course—she would be Mary Kate Keating. Fun. And the girls in the office would all crowd around to see her ring—oh, yes, and she'd have a ring! And some day she would have a square little sturdy boy with his little tummy belted into a clean, stiff romper, and a little pink girl baby in a gray perambulator, with snowy blankets and a batiste embroidered cover, and eiderdown all round her pink cap—

"Listen, dear. You could manage on that?"

"Oh, Cass! We can have company dinners. I'll ask Ma how she fries chicken—"

"Mary Kate, don't die till some of this comes true!"

More laughter. Then presently they were off all over again.

"I said to Jim Cane, 'No, the girl with the red hair—'"

"That was at Kitty's party."

"Yes, and I hadn't wanted to go!"

"I had on an old white rag. I was sort of in mourning for Uncle Miles."

She giggled. "I remember that when I bought those slippers I told the clerk I wanted deep, deep mourning, but with a dancing heel!"

"You're a case—" Cass told her adoringly.

There was only one cloud.

"It seems selfish for us to be so happy, Cass, when poor old Mart has to give up his trip to Germany."

"D'you suppose it means so much to him?"

"Oh, Cass! With Doctor van Antwerp?"

"Well—if I get going—" Cass reminded her, anxiously.

There was a silence. Mary Kate had not heard him. Her blue eyes were animated with a sudden change of expression; she was looking into space, frowning faintly, lightly biting her scarlet lower lip.

"Oh, my goodness—" she breathed.

"What is it?" the man asked.

"Oh, heavens!" ejaculated Mary Kate, still in the same abstracted undertone.

But she would not say what it was. Instead she laughed, her face suddenly hot.

Cass kissed the fragrant, silky top of her head, and went on with his plans. "Listen, dear—"

Obediently, she listened. Or rather she tried to listen. But her thoughts were racing now, and her senses confused.

Something rather odd had occurred that very day in the office. Something that had seemed to Mary Kate quite unimportant at the time, if rather puzzling and amusing. But now

it came back to her in a different guise.

She hadn't had any special urgent need of money then. But all sorts of things had changed, even since three o'clock this afternoon.

The news of Mart's chance to go abroad, was one thing. Her engagement—she was engaged!—was another.

Gordon Rountree, her employer, rich and spoiled and fat and almost sixty, had come into her office, or rather had unexpectedly appeared in his own, for she worked in his office.

And with him had been a Mr. Christopher Steynes, a big, fair-headed, too-well-dressed person of about thirty, or maybe a little more.

These two had talked mysteriously and confidentially to Mary Kate. Mr. Rountree had done most of the talking. Mr. Steynes somewhat anxiously watching.

"We want you to do us a tremendous favor," Mr. Rountree had said half-laughingly and wholly nervous.

"It's something—ah—that you needn't—that is, you mustn't—mention to anyone, least of all your—ah—mother—"

"There's no harm in it," Christopher Steynes had put in scowlingly with an air of annoyance and reluctance and brevity. And both men had laughed, somewhat uncomfortably.

"I have to tell my mother everything," Mary Kate, suspicious that they were laughing at her, had said uncompromisingly.

"Exactly. . . . But—but not—ah—until afterwards," Gordon Rountree had said.

"Couldn't—" Mary Kate was always helpful even in bewilderment and affront. "Couldn't Miss Malloy do it for you?"

Honoraria Malloy was Father Malloy's first cousin, and fifty-two, and she kept a pretty sharp eye upon the younger girls in the office, and saw that they didn't overlook any fast days, or holy days of obligation.

Evidently not. For Mr. Rountree had said evenly, with a level look, "Miss Malloy is the lady who is attending to your insurance, Chris," and this time both men laughed.

Well, that had been about all of that. Mary Kate, accepting their confidence only to this extent, promising to respect it, had politely declined to consider the matter further.

But now, in the evening, she did consider it further. Undoubtedly these men would have been willing to pay for anything they wanted done. Probably that had been part of it. She was to do something for them, and they would pay her.

Suppose they had been willing to pay a hundred dollars? Oh, thrills, to come home and give Mart a hundred dollars, as a start toward Germany! Let that happen three or four times, and he need have no misgivings about leaving the family to shift for itself.

Suppose it had been five hundred? Perhaps she had been a fool to be so firm—

"An'way, Mr. Rountree had said, "Consider it, will you Miss O'Hara? I assure you you would put us deeply in your debt—"

Certainly Mr. Rountree wouldn't want her to do anything wrong. He was rather an old worldling, but his attitude toward the girls in the office was always one of deep respect and kindly aloofness.

No harm, tomorrow, to follow it up a little—

"What are you thinking about?" Cass asked.

"Oh, wouldn't you like to know!"

"Is it about a man?"

"Well, yes," Her joyous, mischievous laugh. "It is, Cass."

"Young?"

"About thirty-two, I guess."

"Handsome?"

"Let me think. Yes, very."

"Rich?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Look here, I don't let you think about young men, you know. You belong to me now."

"Oh, is that so?"

"You heard me."

"Tomorrow night, I'll tell you! Until then," Mary Kate stipulated, "I'm free to get into trouble if I like."

"Yes, but don't, darling."

"Well, I never have." Her voice fell to speculative note. "I wonder what it'd be like, to get into trouble, Cass," she mused. "To have all your world against you, to bitterly, bitterly regret something?"

Her tone arrested him, he glanced down with a little surprise at her face on his breast.

"God grant you never know, Mary Kate!"

"Amen!" said Mary Kate.

CHAPTER VI

Mrs. O'Hara and her two younger daughters returned to the kitchen at twenty minutes to ten. She beheld, with some surprise, that Mary Kate and the Keating boy were still there. She sat down, sighing heavily; her rosy, full face was spattered with rain, and her rich black hair pressed down by her bonnet. The bonnet she immediately removed, holding it in her hand and glancing at it speculatively from time to time.

"Go to bed now, girls, before you get settled down here," she said.

"Come on, Regina," said Tess. Regina had cast herself into a chair at the table, upon which she had stretched her slim arms, laying her fair head upon them.

"I'm dead!" she said, in the tone of a child who means, lightly and playfully, to be troublesome.

"Oh, come on!" Tess repeated. "Go on, Regina, and get to bed now, otherwise it's a poor reward I'd have takin' you to the movies at all," Mrs. O'Hara said briskly, but absently. One had to take this tone hourly with the children.

"I tell you I can't!" Regina protested, laughing, but not stirring.

"She wants me to turn down the bed and open the window and everything," Tess said accusingly.

"Jump up and run along, darling. It's nearly ten o'clock!"

"Come on, Regina."

And then Mary Kate. "Go on, now, Regina, stop pretending you are going to sleep there—go on, now."

"Looka the way Pat went right to bed, lovey."

"I tell you I can't, Mother!"

"Here now, enough's enough!" Mrs. O'Hara said decisively. She rose, and gripped the small girl's shoulder. "Go on up to bed now, with Tess," she commanded. Regina knew this tone. She burst into tears.

"I was only foolin', and if Pat had done it you'd all think he was funny!" she shrieked, crossing the kitchen in a single streak, like a cat, and tearing upstairs on a stream of sobbing protest, the sympathetic and virtuous Tess behind her. "I hate you all—and you are all mean," shrieked Regina from the unseen spaces beyond the kitchen.

The door swung shut; there was peace.

"That's the way she always is when she goes to the movies, Mother."

"She's tired," Mrs. O'Hara said mildly.

(To be continued.)

Wings of Britain

Wings of Britain spreading wide
Over continents and seas,
Gracious wings by Youth upheld,
Free, unfettered as the breeze.

Great on land, great on sea,
Thy Dominions near and far,
In the air on British wings,
Britain's sons and daughters are.

Sorrows may rage and winds assail
Empire's glorious, changing place,
Old things crumble, new things rise,
On traditions of our race.

Great guns wait her in the skies,
Fruits of Commerce and Arts,
Unanimity and peace,
Union of her distant parts.

In our God our ancient trust
Finds fresh favor thrice renewed,
New endeavors, born of old,
With the power of faith imbued.

Brave and strong of purpose, thou,
Or thy children's love a part,
Long-enduring, patient, tried,
Live forever in our heart.

F. V. HAKES,
Ottawa. Flight Lieutenant, R.C.A.F.

Hasty

"Conductor," demanded the imperious-looking woman, as she paused on the platform of a crowded tramcar. "I thought I told you I wanted to get off at Rasput Avenue!"

"But—" began the conductor. "Don't make excuses. I know about your car being very full, and about not being able to remember where everybody wants to get off. I've heard all that before!"

"You may be sure," interrupted the woman, "I shall report you for your impudence!" She alighted, and the car started again. Then the conductor touched his cap and called after the woman who was being left behind:

"Very sorry, madam, but Rasput Avenue is half a mile farther on!"

Minard's Liniment a household friend.

Champion



English game and champion cock valued at \$5,000, exhibited by Felix Leach, racehouse trainer, at poultry congress in London, where many Canadian fowl were also on exhibit.

Contentment

I seek for peace among the hills,
The peace that follows after pain,
To lie upon the grass and feel
The cooling touch of summer rain.

I seek for love among the hills,
The love of earth, and wind, and sky,
To find among the quietness
The happiness that passed me by.

I seek for solitude, alone,
And to the hills I send my prayer,
That I may ease my aching heart,
That I may find contentment there.

—Marjorie Allen,
In The Woman's Journal.

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A narrow belt with jeweled buckle accents the natural waistline.

The cape collar with knotted trimming piece is interesting.

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No other Orange Pekoe can equal this in flavour

"SATADA"
ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
TEA
"Fresh from the gardens"

The Old House Dreams

By Emma Belle Miles

Ringed with my crumbling fences,
gaunt, forsaken,
Far from the busy ways,
Wrapped in a tangled web of briar and broken

I dream away the days,
Stripped to the sunlight, bare from sill to rafter,
An empty shell I seem,
Home but for lizards, void of song or laughter;

Where are my darlings who were born and played here?
Alas, they are all flown,
Age had not claimed me if but one had stayed here,

I had held fast my own,
You bonny lass, you daughters sweet and comely!

Led by your dreams to roam,
You give no thought now to the rambling, homely,
Dun house ye once called home.

Yet when between the sodden, broken timbers
Drips the moon's radiance thin,
My little dream-child wanders through the chambers,
Playing awhile unseen.

Awhile yet I may feel his light feet leaving
Warm impress on my stair;
Deep in the night's heart I may hear his breathing,
And know that he is there.

Till the great chimney, naked to the weather,
Alone points to the sky,
We shall go down these last long years together,

The little child and I,
Of all my loves the passing years bereft me,

Fa'sundered from my side;
This one alone I keep—the one babe left me,
The little boy that died.

Human Physiognomy Changing

As every one knows, more spectacles and eyeglasses are worn now than ever before. We are told that the waiting rooms of oculists are crowded to the doors. And a learned anatomist has been giving us the reason.

He says that during the past twenty-five years, since automobiles became common there has been a marked change in the human physiognomy. The bridge of our noses is widening, our eyes are moving round to the sides of our heads. And this evolutionary process is due to the effort to look sideways in both directions while crossing a street.

The necessity of keeping an eye on aerial traffic further complicates matters. Lets think about something else!

Superior Canadian Tobacco

Canadian farmers, consequent upon research work done by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, are now producing practically all the fine tobacco required by Canadian manufacturers, observes Dr. E. S. Archibald, Director of Dominion Experimental Farms, who adds that the quality is better than that of the imported leaf.

Inhale Minard's Linime for Asthma.

Bad Boys Products Of the Best Homes

Radios, Automobiles and Telephones Produce "Problem Pupils"

The bad boy, it has generally been believed, is the product more of the poorer sections than of the more prosperous. But, according to the findings of an Indiana investigator, as presented in School and Society, a parent who lives in the best street of the town—or who enters even the "desirable middle-class" section—handicaps his child unfairly.

Boys and girls least likely to become "problem pupils" were found to live in an "inferior" residential section. Moreover, their homes, collectively, had fewer pianos, radio sets, automobiles, telephones, and encyclopedias than the homes of "problem pupils." As the New York Sun summarizes the findings:

"The ingenious investigator, desiring to obtain some objective data on the home environment of 'problem pupils,' examined the part of the town in which each lived, dividing the place, for his purposes, into four residential sectors—elite, desirable middle class, inferior, and undesirable."

"For purposes of comparison, he examined also the backgrounds of an equal number of 'ideal' pupils. There were 'ideal' and 'problem' cases in each residential section, but he drew his conclusions from the balance struck between the two groups."

"Thus, children living in the inferior section of the town constituted 50 per cent. of the 'problem' cases, and provided 8 per cent. of the 'ideal' cases. In the 'better' residential sections, on the other hand, the 'problem' pupils outnumbered their 'ideal' schoolmates."

"Could anything be more conclusive, especially when, all in all, the records of 250 children were examined?"

"But to be convincing, the investigator should have compared his 'ideal' and 'problem' pupils with normal children; for, somehow, the 'ideal' youngster seems a problem in himself."

"Most parents prefer their boy to show some—not some many—of the symptoms of healthy perverseness. Then they know all's well."

ACHES

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NUGGET

SHOE POLISH

The NUGGET TIN opens with a twist!

On a sudden impulse up to the box-office and odd seat at the side circle. It afforded him a view of the stage seen by giving an unobscured view of the stalls below.

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AFTER EVERY MEAL

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