

It gives more pleasure than
you thought tea could give

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the gardens"

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, 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 wants him to take the opportunity, which will mean a great deal to him, and plans some way to get the money which will enable Martin to go. Mary Kate and a young chap, Cass Keating, plan to be married as soon as possible.

CHAPTER VI

"Aren't you two going to the dance, Mary Kate?"

"Maybe later, Ma." Mary Kate had long ago left her perch on Cass's knee. She was standing at the sink now, opening a bottle of ginger ale.

"You'd wonder where they get the silly plots they do," the older woman said dreamily. "This girl—her father was a Wall Street stockbroker, and he gave her a coming-out party. They had a sort of canal through the parlor, and colums and lanterns, and some Turkish priests or I don't know whatever they were, were rowing around in those little canoes that look like gray boats. One of these fellows was a prince, it appears, that was only a little boy at the time of the war—and he gave the girl a necklace that whoever wore it would be kidnapped by the head of this clan."

"I couldn't keep it straight, once they all got into the Chinaman's head-quarter," she added, simply. "And then, suddenly arousing herself, 'Did Tom come home?'"

"He did not," said Mary Kate, angry that she must bring that little shade of anxiety and care to her mother's forehead.

"Mart went to the library," Mrs. O'Hara stated rather than asked.

"But he said he'd be home early, Ma."

"Oh," said Mrs. O'Hara, "I never worry about that one."

The one she would worry about was evidently heavy upon her heart. Mary Kate, having distributed three half-filled glasses, changed the tone of the conversation by saying animatedly, yet a little self-consciously,

"Mother, did you see what I was doing when you came in?"

Her mother's quick, suspicious eye grew glassy.

"What were you doing, then?"

"I was sitting on Cass Keating's lap!" Mary Kate reminded her, with a jocular flash of laughter.

"Well, I wouldn't publish that in the paper," Mrs. O'Hara said darkly and disapprovingly.

"But, Mother, darling, doesn't that mean anything to you?"

Another scornful and suspicious look. Cass began to look acutely uncomfortable, and Mary Kate, flushing, reflected resentfully, that Ma always acted in this stiff, offended way when anything was sprung on her.

"In these days," the older woman began with dignity, after a short pause, "you'd not know that anything meant anything the way they go on!"

This obscure statement stung Cass Keating into sudden protest.

"Not with a girl like Mary Kate!" he said loyally.

"Mary Kate and the rest—unless she's fuller of intrigue and nonsense

than the run of them!" persist the mother sharply.

"Cass and I are engaged, Ma!" the girl burst out indignantly, with signs of tears.

Then there was a pause. Cass watched his prospective mother-in-law eagerly, expectantly, ready to meet halfway any demonstration of pleasure or affection. Mary Kate stood haughtily at the sink, her glass in her hand, her blue eyes fixed angry, yet the black silk lashes wet.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. O'Hara politely. She inclined her head with a majestic nod of recognition.

Another pause. Cass cleared his throat.

"I hope you don't mind my—my—wanting to marry Mary Kate?" he said awkwardly.

To Teresa O'Hara the moment was heavy with agony. Her little girl ripe for wifehood and motherhood—oh, no, it couldn't be true. It couldn't be true that the baby girl, who only yesterday was wearing a caped coat, and toddling along a sunny Sunday block with her little hand in her father's guiding hand, was ready to think of having a little girl baby of her own! Why, Mary Kate was barely done with the Little Catechism and the greatest common denominator! She was hardly changed from the high-school child who used to come racing into a winter kitchen with a pack of other freckled, giddy, scale-practicing and school-gossiping girls at her heels, to shout up the back stairway, "Ma, can we make candy? Ma, can I go over to Grace's?"

Sweet and pure and young and untouched, ah, it was all very well to talk of intrigue and nonsense. But this girl was really a girl, illusioned, ignorant, innocent in her dreams as little Tess might be. What did she know of wifehood, reserved, dignified Mary Kate, who had always saved her kisses for her mother and her brothers? Was she really, one of these days, to take the head of this man's table, in her inexperienced eyes and anxious, trusting, loving look of the woman who has placed her whole happiness in one man's hands? Was she competent to choose, in her giddy, happy, adored girlhood, the man whose purse and home and life—nay, whose very room she must share for all the rest of her days?

A pang of jealous anguish smote the mother, as she thought of Mary Kate, young and fragrant and bewildered in this dark boy's eager arms and she sat rigid and unfriendly and affronted, refusing to share his easy excitement and triumph.

"Well, Mother, aren't you going to say anything?" demanded Mary Kate, as proud as she.

"There's a great deal more to it than that," Mrs. O'Hara volunteered primly, after a silence in which she had merely said, "H'm!"

"More to what than what Mother?" the girl demanded impatiently.

The older woman sighed, her look opaque and unsympathetic.

"Marriage," she observed oracularly, "isn't any joke. There's trials and cares come with marriage that you'd little think."

"Kissin' and goin' to dances and runnin' around to beauty parlors; that's not matrimony!" she added darkly.

Mary Kate was now furious. She spoke with icy calm.

"Nobody ever supposed it was, Mother."

"There's many that never marry at all, and maybe will be happier in the latter end," the older woman said, remotely.

The conversation hung fire. Mary Kate looked utter exasperation at Cass; her mother looked loftily into space. The young man rose to his feet.

"I'm sorry you feel I'm not the right man for Mary Kate," he said, miserably hesitant near the door.

"I didn't say that. There'll be a good deal of water runs under the bridges," Mrs. O'Hara stated distantly, "before anything would come to anything."

"Well, nothing will ever keep me from loving her," Cass said stubbornly and resentfully.

"Oh, love, is it?" Mrs. O'Hara dismissed it lightly. "It's not all love!" she repeated. "There's rent and clothes and dentists; and maybe illness."

Mary Kate made an impatient and scornful sound with her tongue and teeth.

"Tut at me if you will," her mother,

said, glancing dispassionately at her, "but I know, and you don't."

"Till take my leave," Cass suggested stonily, at the door now, with his hat and overcoat ready. His face was pale with anger, hurt and bewilderment.

CHAPTER VII

With a challenging, defiant glance for her mother, Mary Kate went to Cass and put her hands on his shoulders, and raised her face to his.

"Kiss me good night, dear," she said, gently, in the tone of a woman who makes a deliberate choice of loyalties.

Instantly, hungrily, he seized her; there was passionate gratitude in his boyish, distressed kiss.

"Listen," he began, his eyes moving over her shoulder to the stern, unrelenting face of her mother. "I didn't mean to—here's the thing—"

"Oh, don't mind Mother!" Mary Kate said wearily.

"Then you're not going to the dance?" Mrs. O'Hara asked conversationally, agreeably, in the silence.

"Not now," said Mary Kate, on a dry sob.

She went with Cass to the door, returned to the kitchen, and began certain preparations for the night. In her blue taffeta gown she stepped to the pantry, secured four empty clean milk bottles by inserting her fingers firmly into them, placed them, clattering, on the laundry tubs in a sort of passage adjoining the kitchen. She took down the alarm clock, and wound it; she brought a bag of sugar from the closet, and coasted a white river of it into the almost-empty sugar bowl.

An iron silence meanwhile spread between herself and her mother like a cold, enveloping, rising tide.

Mrs. O'Hara's glance, automatically following the movements of her daughter, became slightly apprehensive, faintly uneasy.

"What's Cass Keating makin' now?" she asked, with a trace of apology, a certain mollifying mildness in her voice.

Mary Kate had placed an evening wrap on a chair, a long while before. It was of dingy blue velvet, bordered with tarnished gold braid. It had been bought for one dollar at a rummage sale.

Now she picked it up, and over her bare shoulder, her fingers on the knob of the hall door, she glanced coldly at her mother.

"I don't know that it makes any difference, Mother, if you want all your children to be nuns!" she said distantly. Her hostile tone aroused a corresponding hostility in her mother.

"They might do worse," she suggested calmly.

"You married!" Mary Kate reminded her.

"And a poor man, too," the other woman supplemented promptly.

"Well, you and Papa were happy, and you love each other!"

"Poverty's poor food for happiness and love, Mary Kate," her mother said sadly, in a pause.

(To be continued.)

TRUST

One of the most beautiful things in the world is the trust that someone places in us. Of course, there are varying kinds of trust.

If we are trusted in our business affairs, how we thrill at the opportunity of proving that the trust is entirely justified! Perhaps there steals into us, at some untoward moment, the still, small, and cunning voice of evil—and we forget. Then our world tumbles around us. We have failed; and the iron of disappointment enters into our soul.

It happens, too, sometimes, in our private life. We are loved dearly, and with sacrifice. We feel that we shall never fall before the specious temptations that jostle us as we go a-wandering. Alas! it is the pride in us that lets down the drawbridge for the tempter to enter our castle.

We must watch our trust valiantly; and ruthlessly, or less! . . . G.H.G. in Tit-Bits.

A TEMPTING FRUIT SALAD

On summer days of glaring heat Fruit Salad is the thing to eat: Stone one pound cherries, leave them whole.

And put them in a salad bowl.

One dozen good-sized blackberries next.

(The thievish birds will be quite vexed to see them go), and then put four Bananas sliced; if liked, one more.

Oranges also should equip.

This salad, two, take out each pip And quarter them. Arranged in rings These salads can be pretty things.

Heat up some apple jelly, then Pour over all the fruit, and when This salad's served for lunch or tea Extremely popular 'twill be!

—Answers.



"Is Bangs of an optical turn?" "Is he! Why, he can laugh while he's playing solitaire!"

"Thought without action is a disease."—Dr. Will Durant.

"Tut at me if you will," her mother,

Children's Feet Need Daily Care

During hot weather children should wear sandals instead of boots or shoes. Sandals allow the air to get about the feet, thus keeping them cool and free from perspiration. Care should be taken that the sandals are not too short, otherwise they will squeeze the feet and spoil the balance of the body.

The nails of the children's feet should receive as much care as the nails on their fingers. These should be carefully pared at least once every week. Should any of them show an ingrowing tendency, cut a little V-shaped nick in the middle. This will cause the nail to close up, thus removing the growth from the skin.

Stockings made of wool or cashmere are best. Those made of cotton, or a mixture of silk and cotton, are not to be recommended, as they have a tendency to draw the feet.

The feet should be washed every evening. A little table salt may be added to the water. During summer the temperature of the water should be slightly cooler than blood heat.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern



You can't make a better choice for resort or town.

Yellow and brown are effectively combined in a floral print in sheer linen. The collar repeats the brown shade in plain linen.

A snugly fitted hip yoke emphasizes the soft, all-around blousing of the bodice.

The skirt is circular. It is shaped to fit the hip yoke with a gradual widening toward the hem that displays graceful fullness.

Style No. 2585 comes in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Red and white dotted dimity is very effective.

Yellow flat tub silk, lavender and black chiffon printed voile and turquoise blue shantung are unusually smart selections.

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.

Milk and Sunlight

Some time ago investigators in the Department of Agriculture discovered that milk exposed to sunlight acquired a cardboard taste and it had a linseed odor. They placed milk in a cool, dark place, and, even after a week, the milk showed no offensive odor or taste. After a thorough test these experts gave out the information that in order to prevent odor and disagreeable taste milk should be carefully guarded against sunlight.

In their tests the milk acquired the undesirable state within a few hours. After milk reaches the kitchen it is usually placed in the refrigerator and is thus insured a cool, dark storage place, but it may have been standing on the steps in the direct rays of sunlight for several hours.

Here are a few definitions given by some school-children: "Etc. is a sign used to make believe you know more than you do." "The equator is a menagerie lion running around the centre of the earth." "The zebra is like a horse only striped and used to illustrate the letter Z." "The vacuum is nothing shut up in a box."—Christian Observer.

Crows Not Thieves Grossly Accused

By M. Graesser, in "The Humane Pleader."

"Even when crows have been seen among the hills of sprouting corn and have been shot on the spot, I have always found the stomach contained quite as large an amount of insect remains as of corn, the cut-worm forming one of the crow's choicest articles of diet, and the question arises as to whether it is not better to let the crow have a little corn and get rid of the cut-worm than to let the cut-worm take off a lot of corn if we get rid of the crow."

This opinion is expressed by Charles W. Nash, in Bulletin 218 of the Ontario Department of Agriculture. He believes that crows are not so black as they are painted, and that though their number should be reduced it would be a mistake to exterminate them.

Scheele, a German investigator, says that no less than 78 per cent. of 375 crows examined, fed on insects. Especially noteworthy is the number of injurious insects and their larvae destroyed. 178 crows had devoured cut-worms, 133 maggots, and 92 weevils of various species, including some very injurious sorts.

Animal food is of special value to nesting crows. At that time they take eggs and attack young birds. But because this animal food includes a number of insect pests Scheele declares emphatically that the nesting crow is of special assistance to agriculture. It is a dangerous experiment to exterminate a bird or animal, for by doing so we may disturb the balance of nature.

Crows are regarded by many naturalists as belonging to the highest family of birds. They make mischievous but most interesting and amusing pets. They are so intelligent and well able to take care of themselves that they are likely to survive even if the most stringent measures are adopted against them.

"Calls the crow from the pine tree top when April air is still," writes one of our poets. If that cheerful caw were silenced something dear and familiar would be missing from the countryside.

Teacher—A stratur is a layer of anything. Can you name one, Tommy? Tommy—Yes'm—A hen!—Humane Pleader.

Minard's Liniment for Foot Ailments.

THE TONGUE The Proverbs of Many Lands Speak About It.

"The tongueless tongue, so small and weak, Can crush and kill," declares the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde," The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith, "A lengthy tongue—an early death!" Or sometimes takes this form instead, "Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed," Say the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

And Arab sages this impart, "The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung, "Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crows the whole, "Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

NO RESULT

The conversation was on the fashionable topic. It was about dieting. "Yes," said Farmer, "I've eaten beef all my life."

"But do you think it has done you any good?" she asked.

"Good?" he returned confidently. "I feel as strong as an ox."

"That's strange," she ventured, "I've been eating fish for about three months, and I can't swim a stroke."

A—"How did you find the weather while you were away?" B—"Just went outside and there it was."

PAINS

No matter how severe, you can always have immediate relief:

Aspirin always stops pain quickly. It does it without any ill effects. Harmless to the heart; harmless to anybody. But it always brings relief. Why suffer?



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