

SALADA GREEN Tea will give you most enjoyment

"SALADA" GREEN 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. Anstrop, but turns it down because of the family. Mary Kate, who wants him to take the opportunity because it 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. They tell Mrs. O'Hara of their engagement, and the older woman shows disapproval.

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd.)

"Cass isn't poor!"
"I'm not talking of Casimir Keating," Mrs. O'Hara said impatiently.

"I don't know why you aren't then, Mother!"

Instead of answering, the older woman began a sort of monologue, in a dreaming, sing-song voice.

"There's no love in the world—there's no happiness in the world—can get the best of poverty and sickness. The cold shuts down as if it was a hood placed between you and the very eye of God, and you creepin' under it watherin' will you ever stand up straight under the blue skies and feel the summer wind blowing over you again. Maybe the two children you have are croupy, that you wouldn't dare leave without you'd have a neighbor's child watchin' them, and the third one under your heart, and weighin' you down every step you take to market."

"How's your husband this mornin', Mrs. O'Hara?" "Well, it's still at home in bed he is. God help the poor soul, he feels the strength of a great weakness that's be upon him, and will he get back to work before Monday we don't know at all. And the both of the little ones is very allin' the mornin'." She paused, her face working.

"Well, heavens, Mother, every family has those down times!"

"Many's the day I'd go into church—" The older woman was merely thinking aloud; her fine eyes were fixed upon far space. She still held her widow's bonnet with its dangling veil in her hand. "Many's the day I'd kneel in the old Saint Elizabeth's," she remembered. "And you and Mart climb in and out of the pew, and droppin' my purse all over the floor, and there I'd kneel, thinkin' of the little nuns—safe at home in Ireland—" She paused again, shook her head.

"You have to have a vocation, to be a nun," Mary Kate said unsympathetically.

"And you ought to have a bank account to get married," her mother snapped it.

"Why don't you like Cass?" the girl demanded, on a new tack.

"Cass?" her mother asked dreamily.

"Oh, Mother, don't go off into a coma, like that! Cass Keating, that I'm engaged to!"

The fine, piercing eye pivoted about; Mrs. O'Hara looked through the fibers of her daughter's very being.

"Since when?" she demanded blankly.

"You make me crazy!" Mary Kate gritted, through set teeth. She looked into space; spoke levelly.

"Well, upon my word this is the first I've heard of that!" the older woman said freshly.

"Perhaps you want the fire department to come and tell you," the girl suggested sullenly.

"I have no objections to the young man at all, but as for you marryin' him, there'll be no talk of that until he's able to offer you something more than dishes and dainties!" Mrs. O'Hara summarized it firmly.

"Good night!" the daughter said abruptly, from the doorway.

Mrs. O'Hara made no sign, and the girl watched her for a moment irresolute. Then, apparently changing her mind about leaving the kitchen, Mary Kate walked across to one of the windows down which soft rain was still twisting and shining in the black night outside. Her mother sat on, at the table, the dingy bonnet with its dangling veil still balanced on one big hand. Her tired kind eyes were absent, filled with dreams.

The kitchen was lighted by but one light, a green-shaded lamp on the table. It was very warm. Bubbles died away in the half-finished glasses of ginger ale; rain beat gently on the roof.

There was a long silence. Then Martin came in, spattered with rain, tired and dishevelled and dirty, his eyes deep in shadowy circles.

Mary Kate went to the pantry, cut him a great double slice of bread, and buttered it lavishly, placing it before him. She also placed on the table a soup-plate of honey in which crumbs and bits of butter were lodged.

"Tea, Mart?"

"Oh, Lord, no! This is grand." His eyes went alertly from his sister's flushed, troubled face to his mother's sphinxlike one. "Didn't you go to the dance, Mary Kate?"

"If you'd seen what I saw, when I come back from the pitchers with the girls—" Mrs. O'Hara began, in a high, emotionless voice.

"Petting?" Mart surmised, with a bright, amused look for his sister.

"And kissin', and talk of marryin'," the mother completed it sternly.

"Marryin'!" Mart echoed, thunder-struck. He looked amazement at Mary Kate. "Cass Keating, hey?" he asked.

"Mother," Mary Kate said bitterly, "all but threw him out of the kitchen! I never saw anything like it! What he'll think we are is more than I'll ever know."

"It's the greatest nonsense ever was in it, and you nineteen," the older woman persisted sternly.

Martin's look moved through puzzlement to amusement, and finally became businesslike.

"What have you got against him, Ma?"

"Nothing, because nobody could have!" Mary Kate interpolated passionately.

"He wouldn't have to be a murderer for me not to want him to run off with Mary Kate," Teresa O'Hara said with dignity.

"Well, don't worry," the girl said, acidly, "for he'll never come back to this house!"

"The roof'll stay on," her mother predicted calmly.

When the unsophisticated "buggy-ride" was providing transportation thrills a quarter of a century ago, men were getting their first real smoke thrill from Wilson's Bachelor—100% Havana filler—cigar.

Buggy-rides are now a thing of the past but, today, foil wrapped to preserve freshness, Wilson's Bachelor is smoked more extensively and better liked than any other ten cent cigar.

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Martin looked uneasily at his sister, who had seated herself at the end of the table opposite him. She had planted her bare elbows on the dark red oilcloth, her chin was in her hands, her expression was angry. But down her cheeks the swift unwelcome tears were beginning to roll. Mr. O'Hara, cast one glance at her, raised her chin, continued her stony contemplation of distant spheres.

"Maybe Mother's right," Martin began craftily.

"That's right, sis' against me!" his sister said hotly.

The boy leaned back in his chair; her hard eyes met his. Only for the fraction of a second their looks crossed then Mary Kate continued her interrupted staring into space. But her tears were dried by magic.

"Now you hear your brother!" Mrs. O'Hara said, gratified.

"Here's what I think, Ma," Martin said, gulping down flat ginger ale. "Mary Kate'd be a fool to marry a fellow like Cass Keating."

"Well, now you see," his mother said nodding, with a shrewd triumphant glance for the girl.

"Even if he was in love with her—" Martin pursued.

Mary Kate was regarding him with a placidity that secretly surprised her mother. But then the child had always taken everything from Mart!

"A fellow like that doesn't know his own mind," Mart added.

"Well, now you see?" Mrs. O'Hara put in a kindly, triumphant aside for Mary Kate.

"He'd break her heart," the boy continued.

"He would, Mart. He would that!" "What do you like about him, Mary Kate?"

Mary Kate deigned no reply. She was sitting at the end of the kitchen table her elbows on the red oilcloth, her chin copped in her palms. She cast a glance of bored, magnificent disdain at her interlocutors.

"I like him," Mart confessed cordially, "taking an enormous mouthful of bread and honey. 'But not for Mary Kate.'"

"Well!" Mrs. O'Hara said, in satisfaction.

"Settle it between you," Mary Kate urged them. And her look at her brother was a little puzzled, and a little reproachful.

"He's making good, he's going to be rich," Mart went on, with enthusiasm, "and it'd be a constant reproach to her that we'd hold him down."

His mother's complacent, dreaming expression suddenly altered; a slightly disturbed expression clouded her fine eyes.

"How would we hold him down, Mart?"

"Well, a man doesn't marry his wife's family, Mother."

"How do you mean he doesn't marry his wife's family? Who wants him to marry his wife's family?"

"I mean that what with the children to raise and educate, and me with years of schooling ahead—and Tom to settle in something—"

Mrs. O'Hara's eyes came about at her son with a flash of white, like a horse's eye.

"You mean I'd settle down and be a bur'n on him, is that it?" she demanded mildly—too mildly.

"Oh, not a burden, exactly," Martin apologized politely, perfunctorily.

There was another silence; during which Mary Kate, her eyes deep in thought, her mouth occasionally twitching slightly, looked straight ahead of her, and Mrs. O'Hara mixed a cereal in a blue saucer-pan.

(To be continued.)

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Why does that pitcher make all those funny motions before he throws the ball?

Wants to impress the manager of the club with the fact that he is earning his salary.

Inhale Minard's Linime for Asthma.

Homesickness—And a Cure!



It's your mother, Mary!" exclaimed Hazel Wright, Mary's room mate in the college dormitory. "Mother!" cried Mary Strong who had thrown herself on the bed in a fit of homesickness. As she poured out her heart to her mother and from the very sound of her parent's voices gathered strength to overcome that homesickness which only those who have experienced it can appreciate. Right Wright wondered how anyone could do without a telephone even as she herself expressed it "It it that the line cut." Distance makes no difference and the cost nowadays for out-of-town calls is surprisingly low.

"THRILLING" . . . 25 YEARS AGO

When the unsophisticated "buggy-ride" was providing transportation thrills a quarter of a century ago, men were getting their first real smoke thrill from Wilson's Bachelor—100% Havana filler—cigar. Buggy-rides are now a thing of the past but, today, foil wrapped to preserve freshness, Wilson's Bachelor is smoked more extensively and better liked than any other ten cent cigar.



WILSON'S BACHELOR Cigar

Still most for the money

individually foil wrapped
10¢ each in pocket packs of five

To-day

Lay down your pen, and set aside your book—
Time will come soon enough for those.
Now music sways the brook,
Youth tints the rose.

Now winds pipe merrily on ready reeds,
And silvered crystal cups the skies;
Pale lilies tell their beads
To dragonflies.

The sun is sweet and heady with content,
And idles through a shadowed way—
Leave books to time unspent—
Give me to-day!

—Susan Maitland, in the New York Evening Post.

There's practically nothing left for Admiral Byrd to hunt for now, unless he drops a collar button.

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A LONG WAY TO GO

Weary Willie's financial position was very shaky, and when he met a kind old lady in the park he decided to tell her his story.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, "I've asked for money, and begged for money, and even cried for money."

"Have you ever thought of working for it, my man?" she asked.

"No, not then, ma'am," said Willie. "You see, it's like this, I'm going through the alphabet, and I ain't got to 'W' yet."

Minard's Liniment for Foot Ailments.

The most powerful lighthouse in Britain is at St. Catherine's Point, Isle of Wight (fifteen million candle power).

Glasgow is banning all street collections after the end of this year.

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FLAVOR

Full of long lasting delicious flavor and made of pure chiclet and other ingredients of the highest quality

WRIGLEY'S

comes to you in perfect condition. All of its goodness is sealed tight in the clean wax wrapped packages.

The days work goes much easier with WRIGLEY'S to sustain and refresh.

3 HANDY PACKS 5

A LOT FOR A NICKEL

AFTER EVERY MEAL

ISSUE No. 38—'30



WHO would let their hair go this way?

Your pride prompts you to keep your hair well groomed . . . then for the same reason smarten your dull, unpolished shoes regularly with a glossy "Nugget" shine—waterproofs the shoes as it polishes.

"NUGGET" SHOE POLISH

The NUGGET TIN opens with a twist!

