



The ORIOLE
by Booth Tarkington
Illustrations by Irwin Myers
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"THE ORGANIST."

Synopsis—Proud possessor of a printing press, and equipment, the gift of Uncle Joseph to his nephew, Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Jr., aged thirteen, the fortunate youth, with his chum, Henry Rooter, about the same age, begins the publication of a full-fledged newspaper, the North End Daily Oriole. Herbert's small cousin, Florence Atwater, being barred from any kind of participation in the enterprise, on account of her intense and natural feminine desire to "boss," is frankly annoyed, and not at all backward in saying so.

PART I—Continued.

It was, in a sense, an original poem; though, like the greater number of all literary offerings, it was so strongly inspirational that the source of its inspiration might easily become manifest to a cold-blooded reader. Nevertheless, the poetess herself, as she explained later in good faith, the words just seemed to come to her—doubtless with either genius or some form of miracle involved; for sources of inspiration are seldom recognized by inspired writers themselves. She had not long ago been party to a musical Sunday afternoon at her great-uncle Joseph Atwater's house where Mr. Clairdyce, that amiable and robust baritone, sang some of his songs over and over again, as long as the requests for them held out. Florence's poem may have begun to coagulate within her then.

THE ORGANIST

By Florence Atwater
The organist was seated at his organ in a church, In some beautiful woods of maple and birch, He was very weary while he played upon the keys, But he was a great organist and always played with ease, When the soul is weary, And the wind is dreary, I would like to be an organist seated all day at the organ, Whether my name might be Fairchild or Morgan, I would play music like a vast amen, The way it sounds in a church of men.

Florence read her poem over seven or eight times, the deepening pleasure of her expression being evidence that repetition failed to denature this work, but, on the contrary, enhanced an appreciative surprise at its singular merit. Finally she folded the sheet of paper with a delicate carelessness unusual to her, and placed it in her skirt pocket. Then she went downstairs and out into the back yard. With thoughtful and determined eyes she gazed over the fence to the intervening sky-line formed by the too-simple profile of her cousin Herbert's father's stable. Her next action was straightforward and anything but prudish; she climbed the high board fence, one after the other, until she came to a pause at the top of that whereon the two journalists had lately made themselves so odiously impressive.

Before her, if she had but taken note of them, were a lesson in history and the markings of a profound transition in human evolution. Beside the old frame stable was a little brick garage, obviously put to the daily use intended by its designer. Quite as obviously the stable was obsolete; anybody would have known from its outside that there was no horse within it. Here, visible, was the end of the pastoral age, it might be called, from the Heidelberg jawbone to Marconi. The new age begins with machines that do away with laboring animals and will proceed presently to machines doing away with laboring men, although it is true that cows may remain in vogue for some time. In spite of the fact that they are already milked by electricity, the milk itself must yet be constructed by the cow.

All this was lost upon Florence. She sat upon the fence, her gaze unfavorably, though wistfully, fixed upon a sign of no special esthetic merit above the stable door:

THE NORTH END DAILY ORIOLE, ATWATER & ROOTER OWNERS AND PROPRIETORS. SUBSCRIBE NOW 25 CENTS.

The inconsistency of the word "daily" did not trouble Florence; moreover she had found no fault with "Oriole" until the "Owners and Proprietors" had explained to her in the plainest terms known to their vocabularies that she was excluded from the enterprise. Then, indeed, she had been reciprocally explicit in regard, not only to them and certain personal characteristics of theirs which she pointed out as fundamental, but in regard to any newspaper which should deliberately call itself an "Oriole." The partners remained superior in manner, though unable to conceal a natural resentment; they had adopted "Oriole," not out of sentiment for the distant city of Baltimore, nor, indeed, on account of any orthologous interest of their own, but as a relic from an abandoned club, or secret society,

which they had previously contemplated forming, its members to be called "The Orioles" for no reason whatever. The two friends had talked of their plan at many meetings throughout the summer, and when Herbert's great-uncle, Mr. Joseph Atwater, made his nephew the unexpected present of a printing press, and a newspaper consequently took the place of the club, Herbert and Henry still entertained an affection for their former scheme and decided to perpetuate the name. They were the more sensitive to attack upon it by an ignorant outsider and girl like Florence, and her chance of ingratiating herself with them, if that could be now her intention, was not promising.

It would be inaccurate to speak of her as hoping to placate them, however; her mood was inscrutable. She descended from the fence with pronounced inelegance, and, approaching the old double doors of the "carriage-house," which were open, paused to listen. Sounds from above assured her that the editors were editing—or at least that they could be found at their place of business. Therefore, she ascended the cobwebby stairway to the loft, and made her appearance in the printing room of the North End Daily Oriole.

Herbert, frowning with the burden of composition, sat at a table beyond the official railing, and his partner was engaged at the press, painfully setting type. This latter person, whom Florence



Here! Didn't I and Herbert Tell You to Keep Out o' Here?"

ence for several months had named not once otherwise than as "That nasty little Henry Rooter," was of strangely clean and smooth fair-haired appearance, for his age. She looked him over.

His profile was of a symmetry he had not himself yet begun to appreciate; his dress was scrupulous and modish; and though he was short nothing outward about him explained the more sinister of Florence's two adjectives. Yet she had true occasion for it, because on the day before she began its long observance he had made her uneasy lest an orange seed she had swallowed should take root and grow up within her to a size inevitably fatal. Then, with her cousin Herbert's stern assistance, Florence had realized that her gullibility was not to be expected in anybody over seven years old, after which age such legends are supposed to be encountered with the derision of experienced people.

Her fastidiousness aroused, she decided that Henry Rooter had no business to be talking about what would happen to her insides, anyhow; and so informed him at their next meeting, adding an explanation which absolutely proved him to be no gentleman. And her opinion of him was still perfectly plain in her expression as she made her present intrusion upon his working hours. He seemed to reciprocate.

"Here! Didn't I and Herbert tell you to keep out o' here?" he demanded, even before Florence had developed the slightest form of greeting. "Look at her, Herbert! She's back again!"

"You get out o' here, Florence," said Herbert, abandoning his task with a look of pain. "How often we haf to tell you we don't want you around here when we're in our office like this?"

"For heaven's sake!" Henry Rooter thought fit to add. "Can't you quit running up and down our office stairs once in a while, long enough for us to get our newspaper work done? Can't you give us a little peace?"

to, been near their old office for four days. She stated the fact with heat, adding: "And I only came then because I knew somebody ought to see that this stable isn't ruined. It's my own uncle and aunt's stable, and I got as much right here as anybody."

"You have not!" Henry Rooter protested hotly. "This isn't, either, your ole aunt and uncle's stable."

"It isn't!"

"No, it is not! This isn't anybody's stable. It's my and Herbert's newspaper building, and I guess you haven't got the face to stand there and claim you got a right to go in a newspaper building and say you got a right there when everybody tells you to stay outside of it, I guess!"

"Oh, haven't I?"

"No, you haven't—I!" Mr. Rooter maintained bitterly. "You just walk downtown and go in one of the newspaper buildings down there and tell 'em you got a right to stay there all day long when they tell you to get out o' there! Just try it! That's all I ask!"

Florence uttered a cry of derision. "And pray, whoever told you I was bound to do everything you ask me to, Mister Henry Rooter?" And she concluded by reverting to that hostile impulse, so ancient, which in despair of touching an antagonist effectively, reflects upon his ancestors. "If you got anything you want to ask, you go ask your grandmother!"

"Here!" Herbert sprang to his feet, outraged. "You try and behave like a lady!"

"Who'll make me?" she inquired.

"You got to behave like a lady as long as you're in our newspaper building, anyway," Herbert said ominously. "If you expect to come up here after you been told five dozen times to keep out—"

"For heaven's sake!" his partner interposed. "When we go in to get our newspaper work done? She's your cousin; I should think you could get her out!"

"Well, I'm goin' to, ain't I?" Herbert protested plaintively. "I expect to get her out, don't I?"

"Oh, you do?" Miss Atwater inquired, with severe mockery. "Pray, how do you expect to accomplish it, pray?"

Herbert looked desperate, but was unable to form a reply consistent with some rules of etiquette and gallantry which he had begun to observe during the past year or so. "Now, see here, Florence," he said. "You're old enough to know when people tell you to keep out of a place, why, it means they want you to stay away from there."

Florence remained cold to this reasoning. "Oh, poot!" she said. "Now, look here!" her cousin remonstrated, and went on with his argument. "We got our newspaper work to do, and you ought to have sense enough to know newspaper work like this newspaper work we got on our hands here isn't—well, it ain't any child's play."

His partner appeared to approve of the expression, for he nodded severely and then used it himself. "No, you bet it isn't any child's play!" he said. "No, sir," Henry Rooter again agreed. "Newspaper work like this isn't any child's play at all!"

"It isn't any child's play, Florence," said Herbert. "It ain't any child's play at all, Florence. If it was just child's play or something like that, why it wouldn't matter so much your always pokin' up here, and—"

"Well," the partner interrupted, judicially. "We wouldn't want her around, even if it was child's play."

"No, we wouldn't; that's so," Herbert agreed.

"We wouldn't want you around, anyhow, Florence." Here his tone became more plaintive. "So, for mercy's sakes, can't you go on home and give us a little rest? What you want, anyhow?"

"Well, I guess it's about time you was askin' me that," she said, not unreasonably. "If you'd asked me that in the first place, instead of actin' like you'd never been taught anything, and was only fit to associate with hoodlums, perhaps my time is of some value, myself!"

The lack of rhetorical cohesion was largely counteracted by the strong expressiveness of tone and manner; at all events, Florence made perfectly clear her position as a person of worth, dealing with the lowest of all her inferiors. "She went on, not pausing:

"I thought, being as I was related to you, and all the family and everybody else goin' to haf to read your ole newspaper, anyway it'd be a good thing if what was printed in it wasn't all a disgrace to the family, because the name of our family's got mixed up with this newspaper; so here!"

Thus speaking, she took the poem from her pocket and with dignity held it forth to her cousin.

"What's that?" Herbert inquired, not moving a hand. He was but an amateur, yet already enough of an editor to have his suspicions.

"It's a poem," Florence said. "I don't know whether I exactly ought to have it in your ole newspaper or not, but on account of the family's sake I guess I better. Here, take it."

"You can have your poem in our newspaper for twenty cents, Florence."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Contrary Ladies.

Why is it that women who are inclined to be fat are also disinclined to be fat?

The man who is constantly hearing from his creditors is a man of letters

TO REMAKE FROCK

WITH SEMI-BELTED EFFECT
Addition of Cape That Matches Provides Up-to-Dateness

Fabric That Blends May Be Used, Lined With Silk in Shade Like the Dress.

Making over a last-season frock has become a popular experiment with a great many women these days. One of the best possible ways to make a simple one-piece frock of last season's vintage look like one of the 1921-22 models is to equip it with a cape that matches, or at least blends, with the costume well enough to make it seem an actual part of the year-old frock. This may be accomplished in a number of ways. Of course, best of all is the actual matching of the dress fabric and the fashioning of the smart cape to accompany it. If this is not possible, then fabric in some color that blends with the frock may be purchased, and it may be lined with silk in a shade exactly matching the dress.

Stitching a fabric in heavy silk thread or in beads to match the frock it is to accompany is often done, the plain material being transformed into a checked or striped weave, so far as appearances are concerned. Very fine silk braid is frequently used for this purpose, instead of the silk stitching.

A smart one-piece frock and matching cape is made of light tangerine colored duvetyne or velours. The frock fastens in front, little loops of the fabric serving as buttonholes and the buttons are small bullet-shaped affairs covered with black silk. A silk braid girle holds the frock in at the waistline. The cape is lined with black

WITH SEMI-BELTED EFFECT



This is a striking redingote model of French serge banded with Hungarian embroidery. One large button serves to give the dress a semi-belted effect.

FASHION NOTES

Velvet still is good for entire costumes, but it is considered smarter this season when used in combination with soft wool fabric or with silk or satin.

Nightgowns made of silk, similar to that used for men's shirts, are shown, made on very simple lines and finished with a double row of machine hemstitching.

All shimmering fabrics are not all silk, though they are known by names that convey the silk idea. Bengaline is a worsted-filled silk that has good wearing qualities and is of attractive texture.

Deep-piled woolsens for coats have such a soft and close texture that they resemble fur. Chemise resembles beaver in its deep, lustrous pile. Armida conveys a good idea of Persian lamb fur. Pannelaine is a close suggestion of otter. Wool canton has a pebbly surface, and is shown in all the new color tones.

Camisoles made with lace and embroidery trimming at the front to show in the cloth suits and dresses instead of vests are being shown in great numbers. The camisole itself is made of net, satin, crepe, edged about the top with lace and strapped over the shoulder with ribbon. The vest front in some of them is loose and long enough to hang down over the skirt.

Sets comprised of hats and scarfs are being developed by the different designers as accessories to the winter outfit. Some of them are made of fur and silk and metal fabric combinations, others are of flowers, and include muffs for evening wear. Still others are of paisley effects, or roman striped material combined into many different and clever shapes and sizes.

Beaded Lace Insets on Stockings. Beaded lace insets are used on some of the new stockings for evening.

Tomato Red Popular. Tomato red is very popular.

Sit Down the Back. Dresses made with an open slit down the back, the blouse fastened at neckline and waist only are frequently noted.

CREPE POPULAR WITH FRENCH

Fabric is in Evidence Everywhere in Paris—Used for Both Day and Evening Wear.

All smart Frenchwomen have now completed their season's wardrobe, and the couturiers are specially busy for the moment with their foreign clientele. Crepe de chine is more successful than ever. In the morning in the Bois, in the fashionable tea places which the really smart Frenchwoman frequents more as an onlooker than to dance, in restaurants, theaters, in fact everywhere, one sees crepe de chine.

For day-time wear, it is usually black, and in style, the most successful models are the simple straight chemise line either trimmed with a double fastening effect on each side of the bodice, or sometimes trimmed with plaited flounces; the sleeves are short, and long black gloves are still

Wool Veils Like Silk. There are wool veils of finest thread—much like a thread of silk. Some of these gossamer fabrics convey a hint of luster, while others have a soft and down look that is quite new and fetching. That new "bead cloud" must not be forgotten—that huge square of almost invisible net bound with ribbon, and for an inch above flecked with tiniest beads, a little strip of silver or gold or sparkling coal dust defining the big square, and when the veil is worn it flutters a vivid sheen at the border with every movement. This is a cloud-veil all right—in this case there is a meaning that hits in a name.

Colored Linens. Flat colors in table linens are found in some of the smart shops. One particularly good-looking luncheon set was of vivid pink with hemstitched ends.

Gray-Haired Women. A blue dotted veil is becoming to the gray-haired, blue-eyed woman.

The Kitchen Cabinet

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It matters little where I was born, or if my parents were rich or poor, or whether I live an honest man or woman and hold my integrity firm in my clutch, I tell you, my brother, as plain as I can—it matters much—Emerson.

SAVORY DISHES.

Calves' hearts are tender and delicious, cut in slices and fried in a little butter. They should be cooked until well browned and served with the gravy which may be thickened or not.

Braised Liver.—Wash two pounds of fresh liver and flour well, seasoning with salt and pepper and a little lemon juice. Lay in a casserole; add two sliced onions and six carrots shredded lengthwise, a bay leaf, a sprinkling of parsley and a pint of boiling water. Place thin slices of bacon over all; cover tightly and bake for one hour and a half; then remove the cover, baste and brown ten minutes. Serve with tomatoes or chili sauce.

Fried Peppers With Cheese.—Choose large green peppers and blanch them in the oven until they peel easily. Remove the seeds and veins and wrap each pepper around a piece of cheese. Fry in good sweet lard or butter, or better, olive oil. Prepare a sweet sauce of browned butter, flour, a flavor of garlic, to pour over the peppers when ready to serve.

Baked Mexican Chicken.—Steam two young chickens for 20 minutes, then cut up as for fricassee. Strain a can of tomatoes; mix with a can of corn; add one green pepper chopped, a little parsley, cayenne pepper and paprika. Put the chicken into this mixture; thicken with bread crumbs and bake with pieces of butter over the top, for half an hour.

Ripe Pear Salad.—Cut pears in halves and scoop out the core with a potato scoop, leaving a good-sized, perfectly round cavity. Make cream cheese balls, season them well before rolling, and dust with paprika. Fill the cavity with the ball, arrange on lettuce and serve with a French dressing prepared with some of the pear juice if possible. Canned pears may be used for this recipe.

Muskmelons may be served the same way, using just the melon or a combination of melon and banana.

Miracles are good, but to relieve a brother, to draw a friend from the depths of misery, to pardon the virtues of an enemy, these are greater miracles.

EVERYDAY GOOD THINGS.

A tender well-seasoned and cooked tongue is one of the most tasty of meats.

Beef Tongue en Casserole.—Choose a tongue which has been slightly corned, remove all the rough portions, rub with flour to which has been added a dash of ginger and allspice. Fry a few slices of salt pork, then add a sliced onion and the tongue, tying it into shape. Flour it lightly on all sides. Make a cupful of gravy, adding the juice of a lemon, three tablespoonsful of shredded almonds, and a half cupful of seeded raisins. Put the tongue in a round casserole, pour over the gravy and bake one-half hour in a moderate oven. Untie the tongue, turn out on a platter and serve with the gravy over it.

Rhubarb is delicious baked. Take a cupful of sugar to a pint of finely cut rhubarb. Bake in an earthen dish until jellylike in consistency.

Fruit juices which lack the thickening quality called pectin, may be supplied with it by using the white pith of an orange peel. Remove all the rind and cut it in strips, cover with cold water and let stand for an hour or two to remove all the pectin and boil up again. There will be sufficient pectin in half an orange rind to thicken several glasses of jelly.

Iced Cocoa.—Put two heaping teaspoonfuls of cocoa into a double boiler, add half of a pint of boiling water and cook five minutes; add one-half pint of milk, beat thoroughly and take from the fire. At serving time fill the glasses one-third full of chipped ice, add a teaspoonful of powdered sugar, fill the glass two-thirds full of cocoa and top with whipped cream.

Oatmeal Cookies.—Take two cupfuls of browned and ground oatmeal, two cupfuls of flour, one egg, one-half cupful of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one-half cupful of shortening and a cupful of sugar; add raisins and nuts and drop from a teaspoon on a well-greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven until firm to the touch.

Punch a la Naples.—Take two pounds of rhubarb, two cupfuls of water, one small bay leaf, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of orange juice, one-half cupful of pineapple juice, one-fourth of a cupful of lemon juice, one-fourth cupful of ginger sirup. Dilute to taste just before serving with sparkling water. By using a pint bottle of sparkling water occasionaly the punch will keep its snappy taste.

Nellie Maxwell