



# The ORIOLE

by Booth Tarkington  
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## THE POETESS.

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. However, a poem she has written is accepted for insertion in the Oriole, on a strictly commercial basis—cash in advance.

## PART I—Continued.

Herbert at once withdrew a few steps, placing his hands behind him. "Listen, here," he said, "you think we got time to read a lot of writin' in your ole handwritin' that nobody can read anyhow, and then go to work and toll and mool to print it on the printin' press? I guess we got work enough printin' what we wrote for our newspaper our own selves! My goodness, Florence, I told you this isn't any child's play!"

Florence appeared to be somewhat baffled. "Well," she said, "well, you better put this poem in your ole newspaper if you want to have any one thing in it that won't make everybody sick that reads it."

"I won't do it!" Herbert said, more firmly.

"What you take us for?" his partner added, convincingly.

"All right, then," Florence responded, with apparent decisiveness. "I'll go back and tell Uncle Joseph and he'll take this printing press back."

"He will not take it back. I already did tell him how you keep pokin' around tryin' to run everything, and we just worried our lives out tryin' to keep you away. He said he bet it was a hard job; that's what Uncle Joseph said. So go on, tell him anything you want to. You don't get your ole poem in our newspaper!"

"Not if she lived to be two hundred years old!" Henry Rooter added. Then he had an afterthought. "Not unless she pays for it."

"How do you mean?" Herbert asked, puzzled.

Henry's brow had become corrugated with no little professional impressiveness. "You know what we were talkin' about this morning," he said. "How the right way to run our newspaper, we ought to have some advertisements in it and everything. Well, we want money, don't we? We could put this poem in our newspaper like an advertisement; that is, if Florence has got any money, we could."

Herbert frowned. "If her ole poem isn't too long, I guess we could. Here, let's see it, Florence." And, taking the sheet of paper in his hand, he studied the dimensions of the poem, though without pausing himself to read it. "Well, I guess, maybe we can do it," he said. "How much ought we to charge her?"

This question plunged Henry Rooter into a state of calculation, while Florence observed him with veiled anxiety; but after a time he looked up, his brow showing continued strain. "Do you keep a bank, Florence—for nickels and dimes and maybe quarters, you know?" he inquired.

It was her cousin who impulsively replied for her. "No, she don't," he said.

"Not since I was about seven years old!" Florence added sharply, though with dignity. "Do you still make mud pies in your back yard, pray?"

"Now, see here!" Henry objected. "Try and be a lady anyway for a few minutes, can't you? I got to figure out how much we got to charge you for your ole poem, don't I?"

"Well, then," Florence returned, "you better ask me some'n about that, hadn't you?"

"Well," said Henry Rooter, "have you got any money at home?"

"No, I haven't."

"Have you got any money with you?"

"Yes, I have."

"How much is it?"

"I won't tell you."

Henry frowned. "I guess we ought to make her pay about two dollars and a half," he said, turning to his partner.

earnestly, "haven't you got two dollars and a half?"

"Of course she hasn't!" his partner assured him. "She never had two dollars and a half in her life!"

"Well, then," said Henry gloomily, "what we goin' to do about it? How much you think we ought to charge her?"

Herbert's expression became non-committal. "Just let me think a minute," he said; and with his hand to his brow stepped behind the unsuspecting Florence.

"I got to think," he murmured; then with the straightforwardness of his age, he suddenly seized his damsel cousin from the rear and held her in a tight but far from affectionate embrace, pinioning her arms. She shrieked, "Murder!" and "Let me go!" and "Help! Hay-yulp!"

"Look in her pocket," Herbert shouted. "She keeps her money in her skirt pocket when she's got any. It's on the left side of her. Don't let her kick you! Look out!"

"I got it!" said the dexterous Henry, retreating and exhibiting coins. "It's one dime and two nickels—twenty cents. Has she got any more pockets?"

"No, I haven't!" Florence fiercely informed him, as Herbert released her. "And I guess you better hand that money back if you don't want to be arrested for stealing!"

Henry was unmoved. "Twenty cents," he said calculatingly. "Well, all right; it isn't much, but you can have your poem in our newspaper for twenty cents, Florence. If you don't want to pay that much, why take your ole twenty cents and go on away!"

"Yes," said Herbert. "That's as cheap as we'll do it, Florence. Take it or leave it."

"Take it or leave it," Henry Rooter agreed. "That's the way to talk to her; take it, or leave it, Florence. If you don't take it you got to leave it."

Florence was indignant, but she decided to take it. "All right," she said



"Look in Her Pocket," Herbert Shouted. "Don't Let Her Kick You!"

coldly. "I wouldn't pay another cent if I died for it."

"Well, you haven't got another cent, so that's all right," Mr. Rooter remarked; and he honorably extended an open palm, supporting the coins, toward his partner. "Here, Herbert; you can have the dime, or the two nickels, whichever you rather have. It makes no difference to me; I'd as soon have one as the other."

Herbert took the two nickels, and turned to Florence. "See here, Florence," he said, in a tone of strong complaint. "This business is all done and paid for now. What you want to hang around here any more for?"

"Yes, Florence," his partner faithfully seconded him, at once. "We haven't got any more time to waste around here today, and so what you want to stand around in the way and everything for? You ought to know yourself we don't want you."

"I'm not in the way," said Florence hotly. "Whose way am I in?"

"Well, anyhow, if you don't go," Herbert informed her, "we'll carry you downstairs and lock you out."

"I'd just like to see you!" she returned, her eyes flashing. "Just you dare to lay a finger on me again!" And she added, "Anyhow, if you did, those ole doors haven't got any locks on 'em. I'll come right straight in and walk right straight up the stairs again!"

Herbert advanced toward her. "Now you pay attention to me," he said. "You've paid for your ole poem, and we got to have some peace around here. I'm goin' straight over to your mother and ask her to come and get you."

Florence gave up. "What difference would that make, Mister Taddletale?" she inquired mockingly. "I wouldn't be here when she came, would I? I'll thank you to notice there's some value to my time, myself; and I'll just politely ask you to excuse me, pray!"

With a proud air, she crushingly departed; and returned to her own home, far from dissatisfied with what she had accomplished. Moreover, she began to expand with the realization of a new importance; and she was gratified with the effect upon her parents, at dinner that evening, when she informed them that she had written a poem which was to be published in the prospective first number of the North End Daily Oriole.

"Written a poem?" said her father. "Well, I declare! Why, that's remarkable, Florence!"

"I'm glad the boys were nice about it," said her mother. "I should have feared they couldn't appreciate it, after being so cross to you about letting you have anything to do with the printing press. They must have thought it was a very good poem."

"Where is the poem, Florence?" Mr. Atwater asked. "Let's read it and see what our little girl can do."

Unfortunately Florence had not a copy, and when she informed her father of this fact, he professed himself greatly disappointed as well as anxious for the first appearance of the Oriole, that he might felicitate himself upon the evidence of his daughter's heretofore unsuspected talent. Florence was herself anxious for the newspaper's debut, and she made her anxiety so clear to Atwater & Rooter, Owners & Proprietors, every afternoon after school, during the following week, that by Thursday further argument and repartee on their part were felt to be indeed futile, and in order to have a little peace around there they carried her downstairs. At least they defined their action as "carrying," and having deposited her in the yard, they were obliged to stand guard at the doors, which they closed and contrived to hold against her until her strength was worn out for that day.

Florence consoled herself. During the week she dropped in on all the members of "the family"—her grandfather, uncles and aunts and cousins, her great-uncles—and in each instance, after no protracted formal preliminaries, lightly remarked that she wrote poetry now; her first to appear in the forthcoming Oriole. And when Great-Aunt Carrie said, "Why, Florence, you're wonderful! I couldn't write a poem to save my life. I never could see how they do it," Florence laughed, made a deprecatory little side motion with her head, and responded: "Why, Aunt Carrie, that's nothing! It just kind of comes to you."

This also served as her explanation when some of her school friends expressed their admiration, after being told the news in confidence; though to the teachers she said, smiling ruefully, as in remembrance of midnight oil, "It does take work, of course!"

When opportunity offered, upon the street, she joined people she knew—and even rather distant acquaintances—and walked with them a little way, and with unaffected directness led the conversation to the subject of poetry, including her own contribution to that art. Altogether, if Florence was not in a fair way to become a poetic celebrity it was not her own fault but entirely that of the North End Daily Oriole, which was to make its appearance on Saturday, but failed to do so, on account of too much enthusiasm on the part of Atwater & Rooter in manipulating the printing press. It broke, had to be repaired; and Florence, her nerves upset by the accident, demanded her money back. This was impossible, and the postponement proved to be an episode; moreover it gave time to let more people know of the treat that was coming.

Among these was Noble Dill, Florence's ideal. Until the Friday following her disappointment she had found no opportunity to acquaint this being with the news; and but for an encounter, partly due to chance, he might not have heard of it. Mr. Dill was twenty-two, but that was his only perceptible distinction. He was kind, usually, and not unpleasant in appearance or attire; yet he had neither beauty nor that look of power which is said to joggle women from their natural poise. He was the most every-day young man in all the town; and Florence's selection of him to be her ideal still awaits a precise explanation. Nevertheless, it had happened; and a sentimental enrichment of color in her cheeks was the result of her catching sight of him, as she was on the point of opening and entering her own front door that Friday afternoon on her return from school. He was passing the house, walking somewhat dreamily.

Florence stepped into the sheltering vestibule, peeping round it with earnest eyes to watch him as he went by; obviously he had taken no note of her. Satisfied of this, she waited until he was at a little distance, then ran lightly to the gate, hurried after him, and joined him.

"Why, Mr. Dill!" she exclaimed, in her mother's most polished manner. "How surprising to see you! I presume, as we both happen to be walking in the same direction, we might just as well keep together."

Mr. Noble Dill inquires about Aunt Julia.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why does a man usually have to shuffle off this mortal coil before he cuts much of a figure in history?

## FURS IN DEMAND

American Peltry Is Thrilling in Expression of Style.

Broadtail and Caracul Are the Strong Favorites to Keep Out the Chilly Blasts.

American furs are the beautiful creations of the age. They are so sumptuous, so luxurious and so thrilling in their expression of style. We are seeing lovely things made of American broadtail, that pressed lamb's skin in gray and taupe shades. There are short coats of this and wraps and long coats, each with its own beauty and style. One designer made a sport suit of broadtail that will open the purse strings of many a smart woman this season. It has a skirt made straight and rather short and tightly fitted—this all of fur, and lined throughout with satin in the same shade of gray, so that it will slip on and off and around one's figure with the greatest of ease. Then there is a short and fitted coat made naively just as though it were made of tweed or some such ordinary material. It is the prettiest thing in the way of a suit that the American woman, always a lover of suits, has seen in a long, long while.

Then there are all sorts of lavishly expensive furs that the dealers are selling quite casually as though hard times had never been mentioned above a whisper. They would keep out the chilly blasts of Iceland, so warm and thick and so unsparring of width are they. The most popular fur of the mo-



Coat of American Broadtail Trimmed With Brown Fox.

ment is caracul, and this can be in any of the lighter, grayer shades or it can be in black, but always it is excellent in style as the law is written this season.

New Shades From Old.

When white window shades become soiled they can be easily renewed and freshened by a new coat of flat white paint. Take them down and unroll them and stretch them against a flat surface of wall or board. Give each side a coat of the paint, and when dry a darker shade of green or brown, whichever is preferred, can be put on one side, thus giving a practically new, double faced curtain.

Delicious Sweetmeats.

Malaga grapes are nice dipped in melted fondant, set aside to harden and then dipped in melted chocolate.

## GLOVES ARE IN MANY COLORS

Handcoverings for Fall and Winter Include Kid, Dogskin, Calfskin and Variety of Silks.

There is a declaration in the shows of new autumn and winter gloves—the kinds of groups and single pairs give evidence that there is a cooling in the wearing of gloves just as there is a system in adaptation of costumes to social occasions and to practical uses. That the great majority of glove buyers do not exactly carry out the glove creed does not disprove the intention for specific uses in hand garbing.

Gloves for street wear retain the old kid skins, dressed and undressed, the former varied in dull lustered surfaces and others with a sprightly sheen in the finish. Dogskins are soft with a dull sheen—and now for a surprise in the announcement that calf-skin is fashioned into smart street gloves of standard grades, dressed and undressed! The skin has been valued for driving gloves and for hard out-of-door uses—and now the skin is tanned into a refined texture and appears in gloves for dress-up use.

Silk gloves are shown in profusion—they are to be a good deal used for evening wear, at the opera, theater, afternoon teas, and with the street costume. This fabric glove is so calming to the hand, so easily adjusted, that it steadily grows in favor.

The new silk gloves for street wear are double, with long wrists, and are heavily stitched on the back. They are shown in black, white, and in colors to match new fabrics. One pair is a reddish purple, a new fuchsia tone, and the back has three rows of

## DASH AND COMFORT COMBINED



To make this a most attractive costume navy diagonal serge is trimmed with rows of cardinal red silk stitching.

## GALOSHES AGAIN FOR WINTER

Flip-Flop Footwear Scheduled for Another Season According to the Shoe Store Men.

The sight of dainty misses and mistresses flip-flopping along the street, their trim ankles hidden in the ungraceful depths of old-fashioned galoshes, which startled the sophisticated man-of-the-world and made grandpa, in town for the day, start reminiscing about "the days back there when I went a-sparkin'" when they were worn last winter, is about to be perpetuated in the wintry days to come, if the predictions of shoe retailers are correct.

The fad struck many cities late last winter, arriving on the wings of the "ponies" with musical shows from the East, and was immediately taken up by faddists. Stage-door Johns and boys about town smiled when Polly of the chorus stepped out with her feet hidden in the bulky articles but when the town young woman decided to take up the fad, and walk along the street with the unbuckled foot-garments, the men who believed themselves immune from shock, stared open-mouthed and asked "What next?"

The fad spread until the steady flip-flop of young women shoppers became a part of the daily grind of human existence. For some reason the faddists decided that the buckles on the galoshes were merely ornaments not meant to be put to practical use, and the tops of the boots were left to the mercy of the wind, flopping this way and that as the wearer strode along.

And now, shoe retailers say, the fad is to be perpetuated. Last year, shoe dealers were unprepared. How could they read what was in a woman's mind? Their stock of galoshes was practically nil and when the great onslaught came they could not meet it. They were soon sold out and were unable to procure more before the advent of warm weather.

But now, they declare huge stocks of the ungraceful things have been ordered. The shoe retailers admit it's a gamble.

## FASHIONS IN BRIEF

A great deal of hand embroidery is seen on children's frocks.

Many of the new hats of velvet fairly sweep the shoulders at each side.

Long coats are certainly in high favor among the designers, especially in the dressy or more elaborate suits.

Little shirred capes that extend all around the figure or serve merely as overgrown sleeve caps are frequently used in children's apparel.

Very Frenchy is the little miss who wears a silk duvetyn coat, long of waist and short of skirt, with bands of ribbon embroidery about the wrist cuffs that close tightly and upon the skirt and waist.

A negligee that resembles a coat and a model suitable for maid or matron has deep cuffs, wide pockets and a collar that extends way down to the hem, softly quilted, and it grows in such dainty shades as tea-rose pink and orchid.

Advice to the Stout Woman.

The woman who is at all inclined to be stout or to have hips that curve must be well corseted or else shun the tight bodice.

## The KITCHEN CABINET

Copyright, 1921, Western Newspaper Union. "Think not so much of what thou hast not as of what thou hast; but of the things thou hast, select the best and then reflect how eagerly they would have been sought if thou hadst them not."

### SOME GOOD EATINGS.

Buttermilk and sour milk have both been used as a specific for prolonging life, renewing the tissues and preserving beauty. Buttermilk has been recommended by physicians for people troubled with liver trouble, gout or rheumatism.

Buttermilk is often retained by stomachs which cannot digest milk. A glass of cold or hot buttermilk, according to the season or temperature, with a sandwich, makes a most satisfying luncheon. For those who are fond of buttermilk soup this recipe will be enjoyed:

**Buttermilk Soup.**—Heat a quart of buttermilk until nearly boiling; do not let it boil or it will curdle. Pour over three well beaten eggs, season with salt and sugar and serve with a grating of nutmeg on top of each soup plate.

**Buttermilk Ginger Bread.**—Take one cupful of molasses, one well-beaten egg, two-thirds of a cupful of buttermilk, a third of a cupful of melted butter or shortening, two teaspoonfuls of soda, spices to taste and one tablespoonful of ginger; add flour to make a batter which drops like a veil from the spoon.

Buttermilk may be used in bread, just scalding the buttermilk and using it as any other liquid.

For dumplings a cupful of buttermilk in place of sweet milk and use baking powder as usual; the result is a fine tasty dumpling.

**Egg and Potato Dish.**—Try out two slices of fat salt pork cut in cubes; in this brown a cupful of bread cubes and an equal quantity of cold boiled potatoes. When all are well browned, add two eggs slightly beaten. Heat slowly, stirring constantly until the eggs are cooked. Season with salt and pepper and garnish with parsley.

**Coconut Soup.**—Grate the meat of one fresh coconut or the dry coconut may be used if the sugar is soaked out of it. Cook a tablespoonful of butter, add a tablespoonful of flour and a teaspoonful of curry powder. Add a quart of milk and water, a pint of each, and the coconut. Simmer a few minutes, add salt, pepper and a cupful of cooked peas.

**Cheese Omelet.**—Beat two eggs slightly, add one-half teaspoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste and a tablespoonful of cheese grated. Add a tablespoonful of butter to the omelet pan and when hot pour in the mixture. Cook until firm, sprinkle with cheese and serve with graham bread sandwiches.

The things that are really for thee, gravitate to thee. He that finds God a sweet, enveloping thought to him, never counts his company.—Emerson.

### FOR THE INVALID.

If a member of the family becomes ill, it is often a problem just what to prepare to tempt the appetite and to reduce the recipe to proportions for one person.

Many times it is possible to prepare enough of any dish for the entire family, but when small amounts are to be served the following suggestions may be of service:

**Potato Soup for One.**—Scald two-thirds of a cupful of milk to which one-sixth of a slice of onion has been added. Remove the onion after the milk is scalded and pour the milk over one-quarter of a cupful of finely mashed potato. Melt one-half tablespoonful of butter, stir in one-half tablespoonful of flour, one salt spoonful of salt, a few grains of celery salt and white pepper. Add to the milk and potato mixture and cook until smooth. Strain and serve very hot, sprinkled with minced parsley. A teaspoonful of tomato catsup adds zest to this soup. Add just before serving.

**Cream of Pea Soup.**—Take one-third of a cupful of green peas—freshly cooked or canned will do; one-quarter of a cupful of water, one-quarter of a tablespoonful of butter, three-quarters of a tablespoonful of flour, two-thirds of a cupful of milk, one salt spoonful of salt, a few grains of white pepper. Add the water to the peas and simmer ten minutes. Rub through a sieve and thicken with the butter and flour cooked together. Add milk and seasonings. Strain into a hot cup and serve with croutons of bread.

**Beef Balls.**—Take a piece of round steak from the top of the round, cut in strips and scrape with the grain of the meat, using a sharp teaspoon. Form the meat into balls, sprinkle with salt and cook in a hot frying pan, shaking them over the heat until well-seared. Arrange on buttered toast and garnish with parsley or water cress.

When egg is added to any soup, beat it well, mix with a little of the hot soup, then stir it in, using care that the soup is never overheated after the egg is added as it curdles and spoils the appearance of the soup.

Nellie Maxwell