

The ORIOLE

By
Booth
Tarkington

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THE POEM.

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 had written is accepted for insertion in the Oriole, on a strictly commercial basis—cash in advance. Thereupon she appoints a publicity committee, of one.

PART I—Continued.

Noble looked puzzled. "Surprising to see me?" he said vaguely. "I haven't been away anywhere in particular, Florence." Then, at a thought, he brightened hopefully, "I'm glad to see you, Florence. Do you know if any of your family or relatives have heard when your Aunt Julia is coming home?"

"Aunt Julia? Why, she's out of town," said Florence. "She's visiting different people she used to know when she was away at school."

"Yes, I know," Mr. Dill returned. "She's been gone six weeks."

"Oh, I don't believe it's that long," Florence said, casually; then with more earnestness: "Mr. Dill, I was going to ask you something; it's kind of a funny question for me to ask, but—"

"Yes, she has," Noble interrupted, though not sensible that his remark was an interruption, for he had been unaware of Florence's voice in action after the word "long." "Oh, yes, she has," he said. "It was six weeks, day-before-yesterday afternoon. I saw your father downtown this morning, and he said he didn't know that any of the family had heard just when she was coming home. I thought maybe some of your relatives had a letter from her by this afternoon's mail, maybe."

"I guess not," said Florence. "Mr. Dill, there was a question I thought I'd ask you—it's kind of a funny question for me to—"

"Are you sure nobody's heard from your Aunt Julia today?" Noble insisted.

"I guess they haven't," Mr. Dill, I was going to ask you—"

"It's strange," he murmured. "I don't see how people can enjoy visits that long. I should think they'd get anxious about what might happen at home."

"Oh, grandpa's all right; he says he kind of likes to have the house nice and quiet to himself; and anyway Aunt Julia enjoys visiting," Florence assured him; "Aunt Fanny saw a newspaper from one of the places where Aunt Julia's visiting her school room-mate, that had her picture in it and called her 'the famous Northern Beauty'; it was down South somewhere. Well, Mr. Dill, I was just saying I believed I'd ask you—"

But a sectional rancor seemed to affect the young man all at once. "Oh, yes, I heard about that," he said. "Your Aunt Fanny lent my mother the newspaper. Those people in that part of the country—well—" He paused, remembering that it was only Florence he addressed; and he withheld from utterance his opinion that the Civil war ought to be fought all over again. "Your father said your grandfather hadn't heard from her for several days, and even then she hadn't said when she was coming home."

"No, I expect she didn't," said Florence. "Mr. Dill, I was going to ask you something—it's kind of a queer kind of a question for me to ask, I guess—"

she paused. However, he did not interrupt her, seeming preoccupied with gloom; whereupon Florence permitted herself a deprecatory laugh and continued: "It might be you'd answer yes, or it might be you'd answer no; but anyway I was going to ask you—it's kind of a funny question for me to ask, I expect—but do you like poetry?"

"What?"

"Well, as things have turned out lately I guess it's kind of a funny question, Mr. Dill; but do you like poetry?"

Noble's expression took on a coldness; for the word brought to his mind a thought of Newland Saunders. This was a poet of Noble's age, who wrote verses to Julia—that too-lovely, absent aunt of Florence's. "Do I like poetry?" said Noble. "No, I don't."

Florence was momentarily discouraged but at her age people usually possess an invaluable faculty which they lose later in life; and it is a pity they do lose it. At thirteen—especially the earlier months of thirteen—they are still able to set aside and dismiss from their minds almost any facts, no matter how audibly those facts have asked for recognition. Children superbly allow themselves to become deaf, so to speak, to undesirable circumstances; most frequently, of course, to undesirable circumstances in the way of parental direction; so

that fathers, mothers, nurses, or governesses, not comprehending that this mental deafness is for the time being entirely genuine, are liable to hoarseness both of throat and temper. Thirteen is an age when the fading of this gift or talent—one of the most beautiful of childhood—begins to impart its helplessness, under the mistaken stress of discipline; but Florence retained something of it. In a moment or two Noble Dill's disaffection toward poetry was altogether as if it did not exist.

She coughed, inclined her head a little to one side, in her mother's manner of politeness to callers, and, repeating her deprecatory laugh, remarked, "Well, of course it's kind of a funny question for me to ask, of course."

"What is, Florence?" Noble inquired absently.

"Well—what I was saying was that 'course it's sort of queer me askin' if you liked poetry, of course, on account of my writing poetry the way I do now."

She looked up at him with a bright readiness to respond modestly to whatever exclamation his wonder should dictate; but Noble's attention had straggled again. He failed to comprehend what she had set before him.

"Has she written your mother lately?" he asked.

Florence's expression denoted a mental condition slightly disturbed. "No," she said. "It's going to be printed in the North End Daily Oriole."

"What?"

"My poem. It's about a vast amen—anyhow that's prob'ly the best thing in it, I guess—and they're going to have it tomorrow, or else they'll have to settle with me; that's one thing certain! I'll bring one over to your house and leave it at the door for you, Mr. Dill."

Noble had but a confused notion of what she thus generally promised. However, he said, "Thank you," and nodded vaguely.

"Of course, I don't know as it's so awful good," Florence admitted insistently. "The family all seem to think

it's something pretty much; but I don't know if it is or not. Really, I don't!"

"No," said Noble, still confused. "I suppose not."

"I'm half way through another one I think myself'll be a good deal better. I'm not going as fast with it as I did with the other one, and I expect it'll be quite a ways ahead of this one." She again employed the deprecatory little laugh. "I don't know how I do it, myself. The family all think it's sort of funny; I don't know how I do it myself; but that's the way it is. They all say if they could do it they're sure they'd know how they did it; but I guess they're wrong. I presume if you can do it, why it just comes to you? Don't you presume that's the way it is, Mr. Dill?"

"I—guess so." They had reached his gate, and he stopped. "You're sure none of your family have heard anything today?" he asked anxiously.

"From Aunt Julia? I don't think they have."

He sighed, and opened the gate. "Well, good evening, Florence."

"Good evening." Her eyes followed him wistfully as he passed within the inclosure; then she turned and walked quickly toward her own home; but at the corner of the next fence she called ever her shoulder, "I'll leave it with your mother for you, if you're not home when I bring it."

"What?" he shouted, from the vicinity of his front door.

"I'll leave it with your mother."

"Leave what?"

"The poem!"

"Oh!" said Noble,



Noble Looked Puzzled. "Surprising to See Me?" He Said Vaguely.

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His mother handed him a copy of the first issue of the North End Daily Oriole, the next day when he came home to lunch. He read it without edification; there was nothing about Julia in it.

THE North End Daily Oriole
Atwater & Rooter Owners & Proprietors

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Subscriptions should be brought to the East Entrance of Atwater & Rooter Newspaper Building every afternoon 4:30 to 6:30 cents.

NEWS OF THE CITY

"The Candidates for mayor at the election are Mr. P. N. Gordon and John T. Milo. The contest is very great between these candidates."

"Holcombs, chickens get in Mr. Joseph Atwater's yard a god deal lately. He says chickens are out of place in a city of this size."

"Minnie the cook of Mr. F. L. Smith's residence goes downtown every Thursday after about three her regular day for it."

"A new ditch is being dug across the Mr. Henry D. Vance backyard. 'Tis about dug but nobody is working there now. Party Fairchild received the highest mark in declamation of the 7A at Summer School last Friday."

"Balf's grorcey wagon ran over a cat of the Mr. Rayfort family. Geo. the driver of the wagon stated he had not but was willing to take it away and burg it somewhere Geo. stated regret and claimed nothing but an accident which could not be helped and not his team that did the damage."

"Miss Colfield teacher of the 7 A at Summer School was reported on the sick list. We hope she will soon be well."

"There were several deaths in the city this week."

"MR. Fairchild father of Party Fairchild was on the sick list several days and did not go to his office but is out now."

"Ben Kriso the chauffeur of the Mr. R. G. Atwater family washes their car on Monday. In using the hose he turned water over the fence accidentally and hit Lonnie the was Woman in back of Mrs. Bruffs who cuffed him some low names. Ben told her if she had been a man he would strike her but soon the disturbance was at an end. There is a good deal more of other news which will be printed in our next NO."

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or Mor
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Such, as is sometimes said, was the first issue, complete, of the North End Daily Oriole. Florence was not immediately critical of some distortions of meaning in the body of her poem, due partly to Atwater & Rooter's natural lack of experience in a new and exacting trade; partly to their enviable unconsciousness of any necessity for proofreading; and somewhat to their haste in getting through the final, and least interesting stage of their undertaking, Florence's poem being, in fact, so far as the printers were concerned, mere hack work and anti-climax.

And as they later declared, under fire, anybody that could make out more than three words in five of her old handwriting was welcome to do it. Besides, what did it matter if a little bit was left out at the end of one or two of the lines? They couldn't be expected to run the lines out over their margin, could they? And they never knew anything crazier than makin' all this fuss because: What if some of it wasn't printed just exactly right, who in the world was going to notice it, and what was the difference of just a few words different in her old poem, anyhow?

"We knew you wouldn't be satisfied anyway, Florence."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REDINGOTE IN FASHION AGAIN; BEAUTY OF MODERN BLOUSE

WELCOME the good news! Redingotes are in style again. Just what is a redingote? Ask grandma, she knows. It was a treasured garment in the wardrobe of her youthful days.

The dictionary defines the redingote as "A long coat—an open dress." This is a very satisfactory word picture. For confirmation, behold the frock in the accompanying illustration. Here is a Twentieth century redingote in all the glory of up-to-the-moment interpretation of sleeve, cut-out embroidery and correct length.

The "open-dress" idea is having a pronounced vogue this season. It brings with it an endless trend of charming possibilities in the way of "revealing yet concealing" adorable

girlie us," to find words to convey the glories of the modern blouse. Borrowing the language of an old English chronicle of the early Sixteenth century, we would describe the modern blouse as "Some of cloth, silk, velvet, taffeta and such like. . . . Some short, reaching to the girdlestead or waist, some to the knees. Then they are guarded with velvet-guards, or else faced with costly lace, either of gold or silver; some embroidered with pearl." All this, and more is true of the blouse of today.

An ideal fashion has come to pass that of keeping the skirt and suit coat classically simple, reserving wealth of color, of embellishment, of extraordinary handcraft for the under blouse



COMES NOW THE REDINGOTE.

underslips which may be changed at random suiting the color and amount of elaboration to the occasion.

A one-piece frock in a redingote, is recommended not only as an investment in beauty, but of economy as well. For instance, the handsome navy-blue tricotine redingote, which is pictured here, is worn over a beige-colored charmeuse slip. Vision the same with a petticoat and vestee of oriental red with Persian designs embroidered in Paisley colorings interspersed with antique gold threads.

The cut-out work bordering each side of the redingote plays its part in displaying the under color to advantage.

A heavy black satin underslip would not be amiss with such a redingote, for practical day-time wear.

Speaking in general of the latest style tendencies, the frock of autumn, 1921, origination records sleeves which

Thus the woman of fashion goes demurely on her way, conservative in dress to a degree, to all outward appearance, when en route to matinee afternoon tea or club. However, arrived at her destination, behold a revelation! From under her tailored coat emerges a gorgeous affair of beads, of embroidery and brocade.

The peasant note is introduced in accented form. Manufacturers are employing direct the women of Vienna and Bulgarian countries to embroider for them.

The tunic blouse is the latest development. This reaches to the knees and below. It can scarcely be identified from a one-piece dress, and it is worn over a simple slip.

The georgette blouse matched in color to the skirt is always practical and indispensable to the carefully-selected wardrobe. Our illustrations



THE FASCINATING BLOUSE.

are nothing less than sensational in their remarkable lines and superlative embellishment.

Madame Fashion takes the liberty of almost ignoring the rest of the dress, as far as trimming is concerned, while she lavishes all her gifts of wondrous embroidery and gorgeous coloring on the sleeve.

"Oh, wad some power the gittle

show such a one with clever trimming variations in the way of Van Dyke points outlined with beads. This sort of blouse is invariably worn over a plain self-colored camisole.

Julie Bottomley
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The Kitchen Cabinet

Failure is, in a sense, the highway to success, inasmuch as every discovery of what is false leads us to seek earnestly after what is true, and every fresh experience points out some form of error which we shall afterward carefully avoid.

SEASONABLE FOODS.

The Chinese cabbage or celery cabbage is a tender white vegetable which lends itself nicely to salad combinations.

Luncheon Salad.—Shred in matchlike strips some tender celery cabbage, add to these tart, ripe, good-flavored apples, also cut in strips, and enough fresh red, sweet pepper to add a note of color as well as flavor, with one-fourth cupful of black walnut meats. Mix lightly with mayonnaise dressing and serve with cheese sandwiches.

Custard Nut Pie.—Prepare a custard pie as usual, using a pint of milk with three eggs, sugar and salt to taste, with nutmeg to season, then add just over the top as it goes into the oven a cupful of black walnut meats cut in coarse bits. The meats will brown and make a delicious crust over the top.

Neapolitan Macaroni.—Mix two cupfuls of cooked macaroni or spaghetti with one cupful of medium thick white sauce in which one-half cupful of grated cheese has been melted. Spread this in the bottom of a deep, glass pie plate well buttered. Lay over the top uniform-sized, ripe tomatoes cut in halves, pressing them slightly into the macaroni. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, dried buttered crumbs and cheese. Bake in a hot oven until the tomatoes are soft but not broken and the top a rich golden brown.

Vegetarian Mince Meat.—Take eight medium-sized apples, one-half cupful each of almonds and walnut meats, one-fourth cupful of fried figs, one-eighth cupful of citron, one-half cupful of currants; one teaspoonful of salt, two cupfuls of brown sugar, the juice of two lemons, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoonful each of mace and cloves and one cupful of sweet elder or fruit juice. Chop the apples and nuts, put the dried fruit through the meat grinder, mix all the ingredients and cook one hour or until the apples are soft. This recipe makes enough for three pies. Seal and keep for some time in glass jars.

Not to the swift the race; not to the strong the fight;
Not to the righteous perfect grace;
Not to the wise the light;
But often faltering feet come surest to the goal;
And they who walk in darkness meet the sunrise of the soul.
A thousand times by night the Syrian hosts have died;
A thousand times the vanquished right hath risen glorified.
—Henry Van Dyke.

A WORD TO THE COOK.

There is vastly more responsibility resting upon the person who is wife, mother and cook, than the salaried cook however well equipped and efficient she may be and able to shoulder responsibility.

We are told by those who study household efficiency that we should have a well-defined plan for the meals of the day, for a week ahead, if possible. But we have all had many experiences where well-laid plans "gang aft aglee," so it is well with good plans to be able to stretch them to meet any emergency.

It is important that the family be fed on well-balanced meals; this may not be done at every meal but if the day's meals balance the results are as good. The food should be so provided that there is never an over abundance of any one food principle, like starchy foods, meats or sweets. Meals should be prepared in regard to the people served. Children and old people need easily digested food, often served more frequently than to those in the prime of life. An office worker cannot digest food that is needed, relished and well digested by a man working in the open. An invalid needs food of especial preparation and attractiveness.

Do you strive to save your strength as well as time and material in the preparation of food? For example, if making a white sauce for cream toast, save out a cupful or make a little extra for the next day's dish of macaroni or escalloped potatoes. Prepare enough pastry for three pies and put the mixture in the ice chest. It is better if well chilled.

In many homes the bread is mixed at night when a strong arm of son or husband may do the hard mixing, and in the morning it takes but a few moments to make it into loaves and set to rise.

Some cooks who are clever at saving time have the salt and pepper mixed in a shaker and one turn of the wrist does the seasoning. This same method may be used with sugar and cinnamon when one uses it often for coffee cakes and cinnamon rolls. Put the mixture into a small flour sifter for convenience in using.

Nellie Maxwell