

The ORIOLE

By
**Booth
Tarkington**

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PRETTY PATTY.

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. The poem suffers somewhat from the inexperience of the youthful publishers in the "art preservative."

PART I—Continued.

For, by the time these explanations (so to call them) took place, Florence was indeed makin' a fuss. Her emotions, at first, had been happily stimulated at sight of "By Florence Atwater." A singular tenderness had risen in her—a tremulous sense as of something almost sacred coming at last into its own; and she had hurried to distribute, gratis, among relatives and friends, several copies of the Oriole, paying for them, too (though not without injurious argument) at the rate of two cents a copy. But upon returning to her own home, she became calm enough (for a moment or so) to look over the poem with attention to details. She returned hastily to the newspaper building, but would have been wiser to remain away, since all subscribers had received their copies by the time she got there; and under the circumstances little reparation was practicable.

She ended her oration—or professed to end it—by declaring that she would never have another poem in their old vile newspaper as long as she lived. "You're right about that," Henry Rooter agreed heartily. "We wouldn't let another one in it. Not for fifty dollars! Just look at all the trouble we took molling and tolling to get your ole poem printed as nice as we could, so it wouldn't ruin our newspaper, and then you comin' over here and goin' on this way, and all this and that, why, I wouldn't go through it again for a hundred dollars. We're makin' good money anyhow, with our newspaper, Florence Atwater. You needn't think we depend on you for our living!"

"That's so," his partner declared. "We knew you wouldn't be satisfied anyway, Florence. Didn't we, Henry?" "I should say we did!" "Yes, sir!" said Herbert. "Right when we were havin' the worst time tryin' to print it and make out some of the words, I said right then, we were just throwing away our time. I said, 'What's the use? That ole girl's bound to raise Cain anyhow, so what's the use wastin' a whole lot of our good time and brains like this, just to suit her? Whatever we do, she's certain to come over here and insult us.' Isn't that what I said, Henry?"

"Yes, it is; and I said then you were right, and you are right!" "Cert'ly I am," said Herbert. "Didn't I tell you she'd be just the way some of the family say she is? A good many of 'em say she'd find fault with the undertaker at her own funeral. That's just exactly what I said!"

"Oh, you did?" Florence burlisqued a polite interest. "How virry considerate of you! Then, perhaps you'll try to be a gentleman enough for one simple moment to allow me to tell you my last remarks on this subject. I've said enough—"

"Oh, have you?" Herbert interrupted with violent sarcasm. "Oh, no! Say not so! Florence, say not so!" At this, Henry Rooter loudly shouted with applause; whereupon Herbert, rather surprised at his own effectiveness, naturally repeated his mot.

"Say not so, Florence! Say not so! Say not so!" "I'll tell you one thing!" his lady cousin cried, thoroughly infuriated. "I wish to make just one last simple remark that I would care to soil myself with in your respects, Mister Herbert Illingsworth Atwater and Mister Henry Rooter!"

"Oh, say not so, Florence!" they both entreated. "Say not so! Say not so!" "I'll just simply state the simple truth," Florence announced. "In the first place you're goin' to live to see the day when you'll come and beg me on your bented knees to have me put poems or anything I want to on your ole newspaper, but I'll just laugh at you! Indeed? I'll say! So you come beggin' around me, do you? Ha, ha! I'll say—I guess it's a little too late for that! Why I wouldn't—"

"Oh, say not so, Florence! Say not so!" "Me allow you to have one of my poems? I'll say, 'Much less than that!' I'll say, 'because even if I was wearing the oldest shoes I got in the world I wouldn't take the trouble to—'"

Her conclusion was drowned out. "Oh, Florence, say not so! Say not so, Florence! Say not so!"

The hateful entreaty still murmured in her resentful ears that night, as she fell asleep; and she passed into the beginnings of a dream with her lips slightly dimpling the surface of her pillow in belated repartee. And upon waking, though it was Sunday, her first words, half slumbrous in the silence of the morning, were, "Vile things!" Her faculties became more alert, during the preparation of a toilet which was to serve not only for breakfast, but with the addition of gloves, a hat, and a blue velvet coat, for church and Sunday school as well; and she planned a hundred vengeance. That is to say, her mind did not occupy itself with plots possibly to make real; rather it dabbled among those fragmentary visions that love to overlap and displace one another in the shifty retina of the mind's eye.

But in all of these pictures, where-in prevallingly she seemed some sort of deathly powerful Queen of Poetry, the postures assumed by the figures of Messrs. Atwater and Rooter (both in an extremity of rags) were miserably suppliant. So she soothed herself a little—but not long. Herbert in the next pew in church, and Henry in the next beyond that, were perfect compositions in smugness. They were cold, contented, aristocratic; and had an imperturbable understanding between themselves—quite perceptible to the sensitive Florence—that she was a nuisance now capably disposed of by their beautiful discovery of "Say not so!" Florence's feelings were unbecomingly to the place and occasion.

But at four o'clock that afternoon she was assuaged into a milder condition by the arrival, according to an agreement made in Sunday school, of the popular Miss Patty Fairchild.

Patty was thirteen and a half; an exquisite person with gold-dusted hair, eyes of perfect blue, and an alluring air of sweet self-consciousness. Henry Rooter and Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Jr., out gathering news, saw her entering Florence's



It Was Not Lost Upon Her, However, That Her Withdrawal Had Little Depressing Effect Upon Her Guests.

gate, and immediately forgot that they were reporters. They become silent and gradually moved toward the house of their newspaper's sole poetess.

Florence and Patty occupied themselves indoors for half an hour; then went out into the yard to study a mole's tunnel that had interested Florence recently. They followed it across the lawn at the south side of the house, discussing the habits of moles and other matters of zoology; and finally lost the track near the fence, which was here the "back fence," higher than their heads. Patty looked through a knothole to see if the tunnel was visible in the next yard, but without reporting upon her observations she turned, as if carelessly, and leaned back against the fence, covering the knothole.

"Florence," she said, in a tone softer and lovelier than she had been using heretofore—"Florence, do you know what I think?" "No. Could you see any more tracks over there?"

"Florence," said Patty—"I was just going to tell you something—only maybe I better not."

"Why not?" Florence inquired. "Go on and tell me." "No," said Patty, gently. "You might think it was silly." "No, I won't." "Yes, you might." "I promise I won't." "Well, then—oh, Florence, I'm sure you'll think it's silly!" "I promised I wouldn't." "Well—I don't think I better say it."

"Go on," Florence urged. "Patty, you got to."

"Well, then, if I got to," said Patty. "What I was going to say, Florence: Don't you think your cousin Herbert and Henry Rooter have got the nicest eyes of any boy in town?"

"Who?" Florence was staggered. "I do," Patty said in her charming voice. "I think Herbert and Henry've got the nicest eyes of any boy in town."

"You do?" Florence cried incredulously. "Yes, I really do, Florence. I think Herbert Atwater and Henry Rooter have got just the nicest eyes of any boy in town."

"Well, I never heard anything like this before!" Florence declared. "But don't you think they've got the nicest eyes of any boy in town?" Patty insisted, appealingly.

"I think," said Florence, "Their eyes are just horrible!"

"What?" "Herbert's eyes," continued Florence ardently, "are the very worst lookin' ole squinty eyes I ever saw, and that nasty little Henry Rooter's eyes—"

But Patty suddenly became fidgety; she hurried away from the fence. "Come over here, Florence," she said. "Let's go over to the other side of the yard and talk."

And it was time for her to take some such action if she wished to show any tact. Messrs. Atwater and Rooter, seated quietly together upon a box on the other side of the fence (though with their backs to the knothole) were beginning to show signs of inward disturbance. Already flushed with unexpected ineffabilities, their complexions had grown even pinker upon Florence's open-hearted expressions of opinion. Slowly they turned their heads to look sternly at the fence, upon the other side of which stood the maligner of their eyes. Not that they cared what that ole girl thought—but she oughtn't to be allowed to go around talking like this and perhaps prejudicing everybody that had a word to say for them.

"Come on over here, Florence," called Patty huskily, from the other side of the yard. "Let's talk over here."

Florence was puzzled, but consented. "What you want to talk over here for?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know," said Patty. "Let's go out in the front yard."

She led the way around the house, and a moment later uttered a cry of surprise as the firm of Atwater & Rooter, passing along the pavement, hesitated at the gate. Their celebrated eyes showed some doubt for a moment, then a brazenness; Herbert and Henry decided to come in.

"Isn't this the funniest thing?" cried Patty. "After what I just a while ago—you know, Florence. Don't you dare to tell 'em."

"I cert'ly won't!" her hostess promised, and, turning inhospitably to the two callers, "What on earth you want 'round here?" she inquired.

Herbert chivalrously took the duty of response upon himself. "Look here; this is my own aunt and uncle's yard, isn't it? If I want to come in it, I got a perfect right to."

"I should say so," his partner said warmly. "Why, of course!" the cordial Patty agreed. "We can play some nice Sunday games, or something. Let's sit on the porch steps and think what to do."

"I just as soon," said Henry Rooter. "I got nothin' p'ticular to do." "I haven't, either," said Herbert. Thereupon, Patty sat between them on the steps. "This is perfectly grand!" she cried. "Come on, Florence, aren't you going to sit down with all the rest of us?"

"Well, pray kindly excuse me!" said Miss Atwater; and she added that she would neither sit on the same steps with Herbert Atwater and Henry Rooter, nor, even if they entreated her with accompanying genuflections, would she have anything else whatever to do with them. She withdrew to the railing of the porch at a point farthest from the steps, and, seated there, swung one foot rhythmically and sang hymns in a tone at once plaintive and liminal.

It was not lost upon her, however, that her withdrawal had little depressing effect upon her guests. They chattered gaily and Patty devised, or remembered, harmless little games which could be played by a few people as well as by many; and the three participants were so congenial and noisy and made so merry that, before long, Florence was unable to avoid the impression that, whether she liked it or not, she was giving quite a party.

"Henry Rooter—Herbert, too—they make sick—that's what they do."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

You can tell false teeth from natural ones because they are nearer perfection than real ones.

IDEAL FOR ALL-DAY DRESS; RIDING AND SPORT SUITS

All in favor of the one-piece dress say aye. Those to the contrary, no. The ayes have it! It is a unanimous vote. Never was any form of dress invented so practical, so attractive, so universally becoming, so absolutely indispensable to every woman's wardrobe.

What would the business woman, the school teacher, the woman of pursuits do without the one-piece dress? It slenderizes the figure, it imparts youth and it is so easy to slip on.

Duvetyn, tricotine and a new satin finished crepe are chosen fabrics for the making of one-piece frocks. Colors for daytime dresses, advo-

the celebrated parks and country roads are frequented by fair equestriennes, whose riding outfits have been selected with utmost care. For perfection of detail and correctness of style, riding togs are more exacting than any sort of apparel.

Since the steeplechase, to be followed by a hunt ball is the latest diversion of society, interest is centered on proper riding outfits.

There is, for instance, the skirted suit for side saddle wear, as we picture to the left. Usually these are made of broadcloth, melton and possibly covert. Black is always most stunning, and this gives preference to



One-Piece Frocks.

ated by leading designers are purple, plum, blue, henna and Indian red, also grays, taupe and tans with dark brown perhaps the most popular of all. Of course it goes without saying that black is good, but not so much solid as with flashes of brilliant color introduced.

Very interesting trimming on wool serges and tricelines is done with half-inch grosgrain ribbon the exact match to the dress. This is formed into large flowers, the ribbon folded in arrow points. Vines and leaves are then patterned with ribbon the same as one would apply braid. The ribbon

the broadcloth. The skirt is buttoned up the side, always, and the high, mannish stock may be of silk, madras or pique. With this suit the typical riding hat, as pictured, is almost invariably worn.

The other riding suit will be at once recognized by an expert of sports' togery as a Paddock model. You can always know this type by the seamed line.

Fox hunting suits are patterned exactly the same, with flaming red flannel coats and white breeches.

With these cross-saddle Paddock style suits, the stock may be high or



Riding Togs and Sport Suits.

is sewed flat at each edge with button-hole stitch, using floss or very fine black or matched chenille. Try this, if you make your own clothes, you will be delighted with results. The effect is not elaborate, but conservative, in perfect taste for a practical all-day dress.

Of the two attractive dresses here shown one is a beaded and scalloped canton crepe.

The very popular idea for wool banding imitating gray kimmer, is the feature exploited on the navy tricotine dress.

These crisp November mornings,

a shirtwaist worn with turn-over collar and bright tie.

When it comes to sport suits we have approached a fascinating subject. Among fashionable folk mid-winter outdoor sports is the big idea.

The suit worn by the seated figure is heavy cloth, and carries out two new-style ideas, viz: hats to match the suit, also the vogue for black and white.

Julia Bottomley

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THE KITCHEN CABINET

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It costs a lot to live these days, more than in days of yore; But when we come to think of it, it's worth a good deal more.

GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE.

A few pieces of nicely smoked trout added to a potato salad give a flavor that is especially appetizing.



Sweet Potatoes, Southern Style.—Cook the potatoes in their skins until soft. Cut them, after peeling, in rather thick slices and lay them in a greased baking dish, sprinkling with sugar and adding butter to each layer. Bake half an hour in a slow oven and serve from baking dish. Placing a marshmallow on top of each slice and letting it puff and brown, makes a more attractive dish.

Chestnut Dessert.—Take a pound of chestnuts, cut a slit across the top of each, then drop them into boiling water to cover, boil for five minutes, then peel them. Put two cupfuls of hot water into a pan, add one cupful of sugar and the thinly pared peeling from a lemon; bring to the boiling point and add the nuts and cook until tender. Take them out of the strup, pound them and rub through a sieve. Whip one cupful of cream, add one-half teaspoonful of lemon extract, a little red coloring, the chestnut puree and enough of the strup to sweeten. Heap in a pretty dish and serve with wafers.

Corn Pudding.—Open a can of corn and let it air an hour before using. Beat three eggs, add a pint of rich milk, the corn, one tablespoonful of melted butter, salt, pepper, and one-half teaspoonful of mustard with three teaspoonfuls of Worcestershire sauce. Cook until the mixture is firm.

Sponge Bananas.—Cover the bottom of a baking dish with small sponge cakes, cover with a layer of bananas, sprinkle with sugar and the juice of a lemon, add chopped nuts, or coconut and bake fifteen minutes. Serve with a custard or thick cream.

Coffee Custard, Parisian.—Cook four tablespoonfuls of coffee in a pint of milk five minutes, strain through a jelly bag; add the yolks of four eggs beaten, a cupful of sugar and cook until smooth and thick. Cool, add one-third of an ounce of softened gelatin and a pint of whipped cream. Stir and stand in a cold place for an hour before serving.

Let us sometimes live—be it only for an hour, and though we must lay all else aside—to make others smile.—Charles Wagner.

VEGETABLES.

Usually two or three vegetables with the meat course is considered enough. With the



variety from which to choose there is no limit. Squash, turnip, carrot, cabbage, cauliflower, eggplant, celery, sweet and Irish

potato, beets and vegetable oysters are some of the many to be found in almost any market.

Hubbard squash is usually considered one of the dinner vegetables. Sweet potato is a good substitute.

Squash may be baked in the shell, then scraped from the shell and mashed with butter, salt and pepper for seasoning. This is one of the vegetables which requires butter in large quantities for seasoning. The squash may be peeled and steamed until tender, then dried out in the oven somewhat before washing and seasoning.

A most delicious way of serving sweet potatoes is to parboil them until partly done. Peel and slice, arrange the slices in a baking dish; spread with butter and sprinkle thickly with sugar, bake until the sugar is well melted and just before taking from the oven place a marshmallow on each slice; serve when the marshmallow is well browned.

Beets are never better than when baked until tender, peeled and chopped, adding plenty of butter and a dash of vinegar if liked. Some prefer olive oil instead of butter with a dash of lemon juice and cayenne and salt.

Stuffed Eggplant.—Take two good-sized eggplants and boil until tender. Remove from the fire and cool. Into a wooden bowl put two good-sized onions, peppers and a few sprigs of parsley, four cloves of garlic, four or five ripe tomatoes all chopped fine. Add two cupfuls of cracker crumbs, mix well. Scoop out the center of the eggplant, being careful not to break the outside. Put this into the bowl with the seasoning and salt and butter; fill the shells with the stuffing and sprinkle buttered crumbs over the top with grated cheese. Brown in the oven. Serve from the shells.

Pumpkin and mince pies are the usual desserts. In most families there is a cherished recipe for mince-meat, which is never equaled by any other ever eaten. Pumpkin, to be good, should be well cooked and brown, then the pie will have a rich flavor and color.

Cauliflower is a dainty vegetable served in a drawn butter sauce, in a cream sauce or escalloped.

Nellie Maxwell