

The ORIOLE

By Booth Tarkington

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PART III—Continued.

"You needn't bother about that Julia. I'll look after it."

"How?"

"I could sit on the porch till it came," he said. "I'd tell 'em you wanted 'em to leave it." He paused painfully. "I could wait out on the porch with it, to see that it was safe, until you came back tomorrow morning."

She looked full at him, and he plaintively endured the examination.

"Noble!" She had undoubtedly a moment's shame that any creature should come to such a pass for her sake. "What lovely nonsense!" she said; and sat upon a stool before the crackling fire. "Do sit down, Noble—unless your dinner will be waiting for you at home?"

"No," he murmured. "They never wait for me. Don't you want me to look after your trunk?"

"Not by sitting up all night with it on the porch," she said. "I'm going out; I don't want to see any of the family tonight."

"I thought you said you were hungry."

"I am; but there's enough in the pantry. I looked."

"Well, if you don't want to see any of 'em," he suggested, "and they know your father's away and think the house is empty, they're liable to notice the lights and come in—and then you'd have to see 'em!"

"No; you can't see the lights of this room from the street, and I lit the lamp at the other end of the hall. The light near the front door," Julia added, "I put out."

"You did?"

"I can't see any of 'em to-night," she said resolutely. "Besides, I want to find out what you meant in the taxicab before I do anything else."

"What I meant in the taxicab?" he echoed. "Oh, Julia, Julia!"

She frowned, first at the fire, then, turning her head, at Noble. "You seem to feel quite reproachful about something," she observed.

"No, I don't. I don't feel reproachful, Julia. I don't know what I feel, but I don't feel reproachful."

She smiled faintly. "Don't you? Well, there's something perhaps you do feel, and that's hungry. Will you stay to dinner with me—if I go and get it?"

"What?"

"You can have dinner with me—if you want to—and stay till ten o'clock—if you want to? Wait!" she said, and jumped up and ran out of the room.

She came back and called softly to him from the doorway, half an hour later; and he followed her to the dining-room. "It isn't much of a dinner, Noble," she said a little tremulously; being for once (though strictly as a cook) genuinely apologetic—but the scram-



Julia's Eyes Grew Dangerous—The Little Fiends!

bled eggs, cold lamb, salad and coffee were quite as "much of a dinner" as Noble wanted. To him everything on the table was hallowed, yet shredded through and through with an excruciating melancholy.

"Now we'll talk," said Julia, when she had brought him back to the fire again, and they were seated before it. "Don't you want to smoke?" He shook his head dismally, having no heart for what she proposed. "Well, then," she said briskly, but a little ruefully, "let's get to the bottom of things. Just what did you mean you had 'in black and white' in your pocket?"

Slowly Noble drew forth the historic copy of the North End Daily Oriole; and with face averted, placed it in her extended hand.

"What in the world!" she exclaimed, unfolding it; and then as its title and statement of ownership came into view, "Oh, yes! I see! Aunt Carrie

wrote me that Uncle Joseph had given Herbert a printing press. I suppose Herbert's the editor?"

"And that Rooter boy," Noble said sadly. "I think maybe your little niece, Florence, has something to do with it, too."

"Something to do with it? She usually has all to do with anything she gets hold of! But what's it got to do with me?"

"You'll see!" he prophesied accurately.

She began to read, laughing at some of the items as she went along; then she suddenly became rigid, holding the small journal before her in a transfixed hand.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh, oh!"

"That's—that's what—I meant," Noble explained.

Julia's eyes grew dangerous. "The little fiends!" she cried. "Oh, really, this is a long-suffering family, but it's time these outrages were stopped!"

She jumped up. "Isn't it frightful?" she demanded of Noble.

"Yes, it is," he said, with a dismal fervor. "Nobody knows that better than I do, Julia!"

"I mean this!" she cried, extending the Oriole toward him with a fine sweep of gesture. "I mean this dreadful story about poor Mr. Crum!"

"But it's true, though," he said. "That's what hurts me, Julia!"

"Noble Dill!"

"Julia!"

"Do you dare to say you believed it?"

He sprang up. "It isn't true?"

"Not one word of it! I told you Mr. Crum is only twenty-six. He's not been out of college more than three or four years, and it's the most terrible slander to say he's ever been married at all!"

Noble dropped back into his chair of misery. "I thought you meant it wasn't true."

"I've just told you there isn't one word of it—"

"But you're engaged—to him," Noble gulped. "You're engaged to him, Julia!"

She appeared not to hear him. "I suppose it can be lived down," she said. "To think of Uncle Joseph putting such a thing into the hands of those awful children!"

"But, Julia, you are engaged—"

"Noble!" she said sharply.

"Well, you are engaged—"

Julia drew herself up. "Different people mean different things by that word," she said with severity, like an annoyed instructress. "There are any number of shades of meaning to words; and if I used the word you mention in writing home to the family, I may have used a certain shade and they may have thought I intended another."

"But, Julia—"

"Mr. Crum is a charming young man," she continued, with the same primness. "I liked him very much. I liked him very much indeed. I liked him very, very much. I liked him very—"

"I understand," he interrupted. "Don't say it any more, Julia."

"No; you don't understand. At first I liked him very much—in fact I still do, of course—I'm sure he's one of the best and most attractive young men in the world. I think he's a man any girl ought to be happy with, if he were only to be considered by himself. I don't deny that I liked him very much indeed, and I don't deny that for several days after he—after he proposed to me—I don't deny I thought something serious might possibly come of it. But at that time, Noble, I hadn't—hadn't really thought of what it meant to give up living here at home, with all the family and everything—and friends—friends like you, Noble. I hadn't thought what it would mean to me to give all this up. And besides, there was something very important. At the time I wrote that letter mentioning poor Mr. Crum to the family, Noble, I hadn't—I hadn't—"

She paused, in some distress. "I hadn't—"

"You hadn't what?" he cried.

"I hadn't met his mother!"

Noble leaped to his feet. "Julia! You aren't—you aren't engaged?"

"I am not," she answered decisively.

"If I ever was, in the slightest, I certainly am not now."

Poor Noble was transfixed. He struggled; making half-formed gestures, speaking half-made words.

"Julia—Julia—" He choked. "Julia, promise me something! Julia—promise to promise me something."

"I will," she said quickly. "What do you want me to do?"

"Give me your word," he said, still radiantly struggling. "Give me your word—your word and sacred promise, Julia—you'll never be engaged to anybody at all!"

At six minutes after four o'clock of the second afternoon following Julia's return, Noble Dill closed his own gate behind him as he set forth upon the four-minute walk that would bring him to Julia's. He wore a bit of indoor geranium in the buttonhole of his new light overcoat.

Passing the foot of an alley which debouched upon the street, he was aware of a commotion, of missiles hurled and voices clashed.

Castling a glance that way, Noble

could see but one person; a boy of thirteen or fourteen who looked through a crack in a board fence, steadfastly keeping an eye-to-this aperture, and as continuously calling through it, holding his head to one level for this purpose, but at the same time dancing—and dancing tauntingly, it was conveyed—with the other parts of his body. His voice was now sweet, now piercing, and again far too dulcet with the overkindness of burlesque; and if, as it seemed, he was unburdening his spleen, his spleen was a powerful one, and gorged. He appeared to be in a torment of tormenting; and his success was proved by the pounding of bricks, and rocks of size, upon the other side of the fence.

"Oh, drolling!" he wailed, his tone poisonously amorous. "Oh, drolling Henery! Oo's dot de mos' booful eyes in a dray bid nasty world, Henery!"



The Taunter Screamed in Astonishment.

Oh, has I dot booful eyes, drolling Patsy-watty? Yes, I has! I has dot pretty eyes!" His voice rose to an unbearably piercing climax. "Oh, what prettiest eyes I dot! Me and Henery! Atwater! Oh, my booful—"

But even as he reached this apex, the head, shoulders and arms of Herbert Atwater rose momentarily above the fence across the alley, behind the tormentor. Herbert's expression was implacably resentful, and so was the gesture with which he hurled an object at the comedian pre-occupied with the opposite fence. This object upon reaching its goal, as it did with more a splash than a thud, was revealed as a tomato, presumably in a useless state. The taunter screamed in astonishment, and after looking vainly for an assailant, began necessarily to remove his collar, as Noble went on his way.

How blindly we walk our ways! As Noble flourished down the street there appeared a wan face at a prison window and the large eyes looked out upon him wistfully. But Noble went on, as unwitting that he had to do with this prison as he was that he had to do with Master Torbin's, tomato.

The face at the window was not like Charlotte Corday's, nor was the window barred, though the prisoner knew solace in wondering if she did not suggest that famous picture. For all purposes, except during school hours, the room was certainly a cell; and the term of imprisonment was set at three days. Florence had finally been obliged to face questions awaiting her; and it would have been better for her had she used less imagination in answering them.

Yet she was not wholly depressed as her eyes followed the disappearing figure of Noble Dill from over the fence of the yard whence she had ventured for a better view of Noble, thereby risking a heavier sentence.

Noble passed from her sight, but nevertheless continued his radiant progress down Julia's street. Life stretched before him, serene, ineffably fragrant, unending. He saw it as a flower-strewn sequence of calls on Julia, walks with Julia, talks with Julia by the library fire. Old Mr. Atwater was to be away four days longer, and Julia, that great-hearted bride-not-to-be had given him her promise and sacred word.

Blushing, indeed divinely, she had promised him, upon her sacred word, never, so long as she lived, to be engaged to anybody at all.

(THE END.)

Author and Reader.

An author who sets his reader on sounding the depths of his own thoughts serves him best, and at the same time teaches the modesty of authorship.—A. Bronson Alcott.

One hundred lakes in the Tyrol Alps have subsided and disappeared within the last century.

New Lace Shawls

Models From Paris to Replace Silk for Summer.

Foundation is Brussels Net and Sometimes a Net With Fine Thread but Coarse Mesh.

That lace shawls in exquisite coloring are likely to replace the now popular silk ones for summer wear seems evident from models brought over from Paris. The foundation for these shawls is Brussels net, and sometimes a net with a fine thread but coarse mesh that reminds one of veilings. This is black with color introduced through embroidery.

One model is a large square, embroidered with a wide border of Paisley design and coloring. The net is black, while the warm blues, yellows, and especially rose of the silks are repeated in the silk fringe about six inches long.

Several of the shawls are shaped similar to a half moon because, it is said, this type drapes more gracefully than the square or oblong. A model of this kind comes in black net with black silk fringe. The body of the shawl is braided in a running design as a border, and with scrolls and plumes. White wooden beads are used to emphasize the scrolls.

Gauze fans with painted birds, butterflies and flowers compose an interesting part of one collection. The colorings are very soft, quite different from those of the vivid feather fans recently used. In dull blues, greens and yellows, they are designed

BLOUSED WAIST; FULL SKIRT



The smartness of the bloused waist and full skirt are shown by this coat model. The collar and cuffs are of gray wolf.

BUTTONS ARE USED AS TRIMMING

Demand is Heavy for New Idea in Decoration for Gowns; Wonderful Effects Obtained.

In recent years we have heard and seen little of buttons. Their use has been confined to utilitarian purposes. Now, observing a fashion writer, makers are exploring them as trimming. Wonderful effects can be obtained through buttons, and when the attention of the fashionably dressed is turned toward them a great demand is created which gives designers in this field an incentive to work out new effects.

No doubt, the recent vogue for enamelled novelties is accountable for the beautiful enamelled buttons that ornament many of the new model gowns. Entire girdles are made of buttons that are either painted or enamelled.

For suits velours de laine, serge, broadcloth and gabardine are favorite

materials. Maroon or chestnut brown is exceedingly popular. Of course, there is the sober black suit, but this often is enlivened by a bit of color in the form of embroidery or narrow trimming bands of a contrasting bright colored material. Dark blue, gray and beige are close seconds to brown. Waistlines of suit coats are long and sleeves are wide. Monkey fur still plays its part—and an important part it is, too—as a trimming for suits as well as other garments.

HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES

In making fish cakes have potatoes dry.

Always save scraps of soap; put in a jar and fill with water.

Use baking powder can perforated at top for chopping potatoes for hash.

To remove fat from hot soup, pour it through a cloth that has been rinsed in cold water, and the fat will remain in the cloth.

Use paper for cleaning bottoms of cooking kettles with cleanser and soap. This saves time, soap, water and the labor of washing cloth.

Keep a piece of sandpaper near the kitchen sink. You will find it very handy to clean pots and pans. But do not use it on aluminum utensils. The steel wool should be used for this ware.

To clean white felt hats and make them look like new, take the soft inner part of a stale loaf of white bread and rub all over the hat. It does the work perfectly and takes very little time.

GIVE LIFE TO PLAIN FROCK



All-over open embroidered net combined with val lace makes this collar and cuff set a dressy feature of an otherwise plain frock.

with an eye to harmonizing with light summer frocks.

One model shows three birds painted on satin and applied. The entire fan is in various shades of gray, while two others are the same design in blue and dull orange respectively. A pheasant in soft browns, a peacock, a dragonfly in deep blue make motifs for other designs.

A few of the fans are embroidered lightly in silk of the same color as the gauze. These use spangles sparingly. One Dresden model is charming with its delicately carved and painted ivory sticks, its painted garlands of tiny flowers and applique of two-toned narrow ribbon.

NEW SATIN EVENING WRAPS

Softest and Most Clinging Materials Are Used This Season for Dress Occasions.

Some of the evening wraps for the season are made of the softest and most clinging materials. One, for instance, was of dark blue crepe. It was fashioned in cape effect and had large revers of pure white ermine. On the lower part of the cape and at the sides were placed shaped panels of the ermine fur. Another wrap was of opera satin to which was attached at the shoulders an overmantle of lace, headed by cord and frill of the lace. The lace was threaded with steel-colored metal threads. A second mantle was of raspberry-colored silk and trimmed with gray fox and garlands of roses. Evening frocks are of gorgeous silks and laces. One exceedingly pretty model was of apricot silk, trimmed with gold lace. Another was of white satin over a silver lace skirt, which was caught up with a bouquet of blue and cherry-colored roses.

Capes of Full Length.

Any number of black, full length, fur-collared capes are being worn. These are generally of one of the pile fabrics like duvetyne, and black caracul is the favored pelt for the choker collar, though some mole has been used for this purpose. No one length is favored for these sport capes. Another was full length, showing only about an inch of the plaid skirt chosen to accompany the plain colored cape.

LAND GROWS RICH

Wonderful Development of Canada in Forty Years.

Four Decades Ago Little Considered, Today One of the Greatest Granaries and Dairying Centers.

The recent announcement that the sale of the first section of Canadian Pacific land was sold forty years ago, and when you read that the first carload of wheat was shipped from Winnipeg forty years ago, the changes that have taken place since then are matters of reminiscence, but yet of interest. What forty years ago was an unknown quantity, barren because but little production was attempted, is today one of the greatest granaries in the world. Then there was scarcely any farm live stock in the West. Dairying was not engaged in at all. Today there are 6,968,317 farm animals on the prairies, of which 881,899 are milk cows; and dairying is only second in importance to grain growing, in the West.

Forty years ago the shipment of one carload of grain was a notable exploit.

Today, Canada ranks as the second largest wheat-producing country in the world, with 329,185,300 bushels, 90 per cent of which was grown in the three prairie provinces, of which the province of Saskatchewan produced more than half. The Dominion is today the second largest producer of oats, with 539,710,000 bushels, of which 60 per cent was grown between Winnipeg and the Rocky mountains; and the fifth largest producer of barley with 63,311,000 bushels, of which the prairies yielded 65 per cent.

Forty years ago scarcely any of the rich soil had been brought under cultivation. The farm machinery of the time was crude; there were no competent advisers; government experimental farms were a blessing that came years later.

Yet these hardy pioneers stuck it out, and in forty years numbers of them are enjoying their declining days in the communities they wrested from the wilderness, prosperous, contented, with their children's families gathered about them or seeking their own fortunes still further westward or northward. They have seen civilization step in to the West and the wilderness swept out. Today are thriving cities and towns where bleaching buffalo bones marked the ox trails of forty years ago. Today are mighty freight trains, each with its thousand-ton cargo of wheat or merchandise, roaring down the roads where the old carts creaked. Today are schools within walking distance of every farmhouse, churches within driving distance of every home. Today are telephones and every modern convenience linking communities over vast distances by the common bond of the spoken word.

Forty years ago the Rockies were practically an impenetrable barrier, the Pacific coast being reached from the east by ships sailing round Cape Horn. The province of Manitoba had a population of 62,290, compared with 613,008 in 1921. Winnipeg was then a frontier town with 7,987 people, and Brandon, which was regarded as a far-flung outpost of the West, boasted of a few hundred in population. In 1891 it only had 3,778. Such places as Calgary and Edmonton were mere trading posts in the Northwest territories. Buffalo roamed the prairie in their native state.

Today on these plains are to be seen herds of cattle, bands of horses and droves of sheep, from any of which can easily be selected stock that can carry off premiums, sweepstakes and championships in competition with the best in any other part of the world.—Advertisement.

Ratio of a Prophet.

Jonah considered the conference.

"For myself," he announced, "I am willing to scrap one whaleback."

For That Cough!

Good Advice for Men or Women

Big Laurel, Va.—"I had a bad cough, had nearly run into consumption, and I also had feminine trouble. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cough and two of the 'Favorite Prescription' for the trouble peculiar to women, and was entirely cured. It has been more than a year since and there has been no sign of the diseases reappearing. I find Dr. Pierce's medicines are just what they are claimed to be. I am thankful for what they have done for me and I wish others may be benefited by their use."—Mrs. Tryphena E. Addington.

When you have a bad cough obtain Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery from your nearest druggist and be relieved.

If you are a woman suffering with chronic weakness peculiar to your sex you can be benefited by 'Favorite Prescription.' Tablets or liquid.

Rheumacide
GET AT THE JOINTS FROM THE INSIDE

Have you RHEUMATISM Lumbago or Gout?

Take RHEUMACIDE to remove the toxins and drive the poison from the system.

"RHEUMACIDE OF THE INSIDE"
PUTS CIRCULATION ON THE OUTSIDE"

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