

THE RED LOCK

A Tale of the Flatwoods

By DAVID ANDERSON

"SOME LOOKER"

SYNOPSIS.—On the banks of the Wabash, stand Texie Colin and Jack Warhope, young and very much in love. Texie is the only daughter of old Pap Simon, rich man and money-lender. Jack is the orphan boy of Pap Simon who had foreclosed a mortgage on the Warhope estate.

CHAPTER IV

The Room Was Deadly Still.

Buckeye was the capital of the Flatwoods. Snuggled away in a pocket of the bluffs where Eagle run breaks into the valley of the Wabash, it never woke up but once—when a rumor trickled in from somewhere that a railroad was headed that way.

Zeke Polick's general store was the largest in the place. Zeke sold everything, from onion sets to grindstones, including whisky—barrels of it, from "squirrel" to mellow old Bourbon—right from the spigot.

And now as he walked past Loge Holden slouched against the counter, he stopped and stood staring curiously at him.

Holden seemed on the point of resenting the look, when the Reverend Caleb Hopkins turned away, and with a nod passed the group around Uncle Nick and went on to the post office window at the rear of the room.

"What d' you say we ask 'im t' g' long," whispered Al Counterman to Uncle Nick as the young minister stood waiting for Zeke Polick to adjust his dirty spectacles on his thin nose.

"You da's'n't," Uncle Nick answered guardedly. "Watch me, an' y'u'll see whuther I da's't. I ain't a-feared of no parson."

"Mr. Hopkins," he called a moment later, stepping in front of the young preacher as he passed toward the door, "a passel of us fellers is goin' a-seinin' up around Alpine Island in the mornin'."

"Who are going, did you say?" "Oh, me an' Uncle Nick, thar, an' Big Jack Warhope."

"I have promised to be at the social tomorrow evening at the schoolhouse, which, I am informed, is always held in celebration of the last day of school. Do you expect to return in time for that?"

"Aw, we'll be back by noon, easy." "Let me see," pondered the preacher, not willing to compromise his dignity by appearing overanxious.

"This is Wednesday; tomorrow is Thursday—I believe I may safely allow myself this recreation. I shall be most happy to avail myself of your kind invitation."

The fisherman stood fingering his hat and staring at the door long after the minister had passed out, the twinkle gone from his puckered one eye, a puzzled look on his smoked bacon rind of a face.

"Well, I'll be derned! Wouldn't that singe y'ur whiskers! I dunno yit whuther he said 'e'd come 'r not." Uncle Nick threw his head back and fairly roared, while the postmaster rumbled up his dry countenance into a half begrudged grin.

go'n' t' Frigt 'Im, nuther, not right soon I ain't. Went off t' M'souri owin' me a dollar and thirty-four cents, and I never did git it."

"Aw, well, Zeke, don't worry none," Uncle Nick rejoined, "y'u've wormed it outen some other pore devil b' this time, more'n likely."

"Blamest feller—that Jim Rummidge," Uncle Nick went on, "Ther' werdn't nothin' but what him an' that brother Si o' his'n wus up to when they wus youngsters. Recollect one Sunday Jim tuck it into 'is head t' yoke up a couple o' calves o' man Rummidge wus calc'latin' t' save fr oxen, an' 'e coaxed Si t' play off sick with 'im so's they wouldn't haf t' go t' church. Well, the ol' folks werdn't more'n out o' sight when up jumps Jim, an' Si right after 'im, an' they breaks fr the barn-lot t' yoke up them yearlin's."

"Sh-h-h—!" warned Zeke, "hyur comes the parson."

Almost with the words, the dapper, nervously alert young, preacher entered the door. In spite of his studious air of riper years, he couldn't have been more than six or seven and twenty. The trade-mark of his calling was hung all over him. His shiny boots, elaborate frock coat, neck stock, high hat and enormous spectacles fairly shrieked schoolmaster.

And yet one could not help wondering why fate had set such a man as the Rev. Caleb Hopkins to the business of keeping school. Dissociated from all suggestion of theology and chaik, his figure was about all that could be desired in a man—height a trifle above medium; well set up; lithe and graceful—and his face—nothing short of handsome, only for a certain air of peering severity.

To look at him as he entered the door—six feet of lithe young manhood smothering under its ascetic, not to say somber, investiture—one would never have guessed that there was anything wrong with his health, and yet that was precisely what had brought him to the Flatwoods.

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college that makes preachers. I bet y'u he can spher plum' through any 'ret-metic you can hand 'im, an' they say he's posted on purt nigh ever' thing that's goin' on, 'r ever went on."

"That ain't neither hyur n'r there," argued Zeke. "That ain't no more'n his duty, an' what the taxpayers back whar 'e come from 'r payin' 'im fr."

"Duty 'r no duty," rejoined the fisherman, "it's a dern good sign."

"All the same," snapped the postmaster. "If I had a gal—which I ain't got, n'a never had—I wouldn't want 'er thrown with 'im like Sime Colin's gal is, an' she shouldn't be, nuther."

"Aw, well, Zeke," drawled Uncle Nick, "if she tuck after 'er daddy in looks, I reckon they wouldn't be no great danger."

The raucous laugh that followed from the crowd jarred the postmaster. "I don't care what y'u say," he shrilled in his high, thin voice, "Textie Colin's got good looks enough, if that's what y'u want. I dunno what Sime Colin's a-thinkin' about. It ain't like 'im, t' take in a teetotal furriner that-a-way, preacher 'r no preacher—don't keer if 'e was a classmate o' Ken's. That ain't no recommend, nohow—bein' a classmate o' Ken's—fr he wus as orn'ry as the devil makes 'em. They're bou'n' to be throwed 'gether more'n they ough' t' be."

"Ain't much more'n a kid, nuther," the blacksmith remarked, apparently thoughtfully impressed, as he searched his pockets for a match.

"Som'er's around seventeen 'r eighteen—"

The postmaster glanced across at Uncle Nick, as if for confirmation of his statement. The old man took the



They's Thousand's and Tens o' Thousand's o' Gals that Can't Be Drawed On, No Matter What Feller Comes Along.

pipe from between his lips and sat tapping the stem against his thumb nail.

"I tow y'ur not fur off," he answered meditatively to the postmaster's look, "Big Jack's twenty past, an' I've hear'n say Textie wus three years younger to a day. That would bring 'er right around seventeen 'r eighteen."

"An' s'pos'n' she is—every lick of it," the postmaster went on, "A gal ain't got none too much sense at eighteen—an' the' ain't no gal but what can be drawed on. If the right feller comes along."

"Hol' on thar, Zeke, hol' on!" Uncle Nick had been leaning back against a cracker barrel. His chair came down with a bang, and his voice rang like struck metal. "You're goin' a leetle too fur. They's thousand's an' tens o' thousand's o' gals that can't be drawed on, no matter what feller comes along."

"There's a heap more nice gals than men. Ther' never wus a bad gal but what ther' wus a bad man first. An' after it's over—she's done. All en-durin' the years t' come her heart has t' be drug in the dust, while the man—no, I won't call 'im man, an' I can't call 'im beast, fr the beasts 'r clean compared—carries 'is head as high as h'fore. I tell y'u, people hain't never looked at them things right. The man d'serves t' be judged accordin' t' the same way the gal is—only more so."

A hush fell over the group. The blacksmith sat patting his foot softly on the floor. Presently his calloused hand came down upon his knee with a sounding slap, while his eyes, dull at most times from long looking into the forge fire, lighted with the fervor of his feelings.

"Good Fr you, Uncle Nick! I agree with y'u complete. That's my kind o' preachin'—right t' the p'int."

"My sentiments to a hair," chimed in the fisherman. "I aiwys takes the girl's part an' be d-d t' the man. That's how I lost this eye. It wus when—but no matter, I hain't never b'grudged it—"

The fisherman's lone eye settled into a vacant stare at a crack in the floor; the hard lines of his face deepened. Could the others have glimpsed back of that seamed and weather-beaten mask, they might have read there the deep graven memory of a day that was dead—a dream and an awakening, a romance and a tragedy—that had driven him, as the storm drives the driftwood, with what the world calls a crime slated against him, to bury his life here with his dog and fishing gear, alone in his bachelor cabin on the river shore.

"Anyhow," put in Al, his rakish eye dancing at Uncle Nick's remark, "if he wus ugly enough t' tree the devil up a thorn bush, I don't low it'd he'p 'is preachin' none. An' I reckon he shore must be some preacher, 'r he wouldn't be where 'e is—teachin' in a

"I low y'u must 'a been mis-look about that—arm."

Dainty Things for Christmas

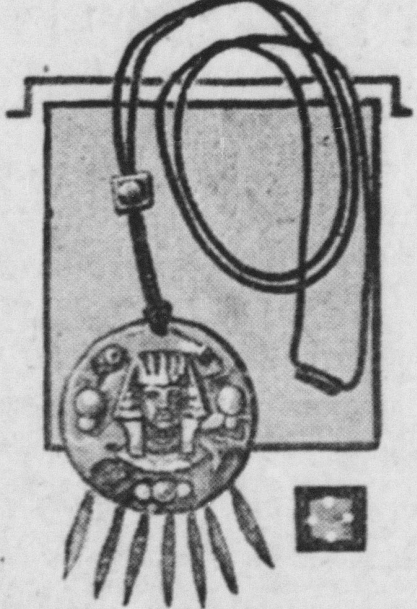
RIBBON AND LACE CAPS



At Christmas time breakfast caps blossom out in gay colors, insuring the new year a cheerful start. Here are two in the latest modes. Ribbons and laces will, as usual, set off numberless dear faces during the coming year.

The cap at the top made of shirred colored net, narrow satin ribbon, lace edging and tiny ribbon flowers. Wide point-de-sprit, with flowers at the front and ribbon ties, accomplish the other pretty headpiece.

SEALING-WAX NOVELTIES



The furore for things Egyptian brought in a whole new line of ornaments and costume jewelry that will make novel and welcome Christmas gifts. The talisman pictured is fashioned of sealing wax and glass pendants and hangs from a black silk cord. It is the size of a silver dollar and the Sphinx head and globules are painted on, with sealing-wax paints in any colors desired.

THINGS MADE OF RIBBON



Ribbons are the most adaptable of all materials for making Christmas gifts. A little container for a powder puff, and a pair of bedroom slippers appear in the illustration, both made of gay ribbons. The container is merely an envelope of satin ribbon, decorated with sealing wax flowers, and it fastens with a snap fastener.

MAKE NICE PRESENT



A soft, narrow comforter and pillow to match, made of sateen (or other material) and bound with fancy braid or ribbon, is a lovely gift, especially for old people. Black sateen with cream figure applied in very hand

Flaring Lines in Knee Length Coat

Fashionable Garment Takes Place of Long Type and Short Jacket

Significant changes have taken place in the lines of coats, especially in the knee-length coat and dress. While a cursory examination of the new styles might lead one to believe that last season's frock is still modeled by slight changes in the waistline, this is simply a deception. The New York Tribune, there is a subtle widening of the line from the knee, and it is like the proverbial inch in a man's stature when one attempts to reconcile it to last year's clothes.

The waistline, too, has moved to a new salient, and, since waistlines are one of fashion's significant marks, this makes a striking difference. The line of the hips, while this season the waistline occupies a much lower position and really becomes a hobble around the legs or is absent altogether.

Another type of suit that is popular among the new fashions is the three-quarter length coat and dress. The three-quarter length coat returns to favor after so long a time that the flappers will not remember them at all in any measure of popularity. The knee-length coat lends itself admirably to the new flaring lines and is a refreshing change from the long coat and the eternal short jacket of other seasons. Coats of this type are usually cut flaring and are trimmed with fur—as is almost every garment in Paris.

These suits are often embroidered in the fashionable Chinese and Persian motifs. The dress in the combina-



Emphasizing Extreme Godet, Developed in Black Velvet, Bands of Cross Fox.

tion is generally simple in cut, very often beltless and extravagant-circular effect is very much used in these suits, although there are a goodly number of straight-line tailors as well, without a suggestion of ruffle or godet. Coats have changed as much as frocks, and the coats we wore last spring have a different appearance that marks in tell-tale manner their age. Coats have no waistline, except in a minority of cases, and the coats that tied on one side are to be seen no more. The flares are everywhere, and very frequently coats show flaring fur bands around the bottom.

Window Shades Should Be Given Consideration

Lace on shades is not usually desirable. There are very few houses indeed which, from the exterior view, are not positively marred by the use of lace on shades. It makes a great incongruity that a trained eye finds very disagreeable. This is particularly true of lace edgings; it is also true, although in a lesser degree, of lace insertion. Once in a life's journey we see a house that has all the appearance of "lavender and old lace." Here lace on shades might be acceptable.

Holland striped cloth is one of the newest introductions among materials used for shades. They are very pleasing in appearance and are also prepared in such a manner as to withstand the effects of weathering. They are, therefore, safe to use at windows that are left open with the shade pulled down. Except in white houses, white shades are usually an eyesore from the outside.

On neither shades nor drapes should large figures be used unless the size of the room warrants it. Another general rule to keep in mind when dressing windows is that the windows should be so arranged that they may take on a double character. They are relatively bright during the day; at night they should be in accord with the feeling that the outside world has gone to sleep. They should give one the feeling of protection, of homeyness. These effects may be most easily attained by the use of double curtain rods. On the inside one is hung the materials that are light in weight and color; on the outside—the one next to the room—the heavier and darker colored drapes

Why Rolled Brown Velvet Ribbon Used for Hat



This chic little hat is of rolled brown velvet ribbon with a fantasy of blue and blue wooden beads.

Quaint Party Frocks Chic for Little Girls

Quaint charm is the keynote of party frocks designed for the very small person and in the varied modes one finds that every age and every type of childhood has been studied and frocks created that, while adorably simple, nevertheless emphasize the individuality of each tiny wearer.

There are straight, slim frocks for the child just outgrowing the chubbiness of babyhood and frilly little gowns to adorn the plump little person of three years and between these two a wide range adapted to all ages and all types.

Never have youthful clothes been more delightful, from the most practical of jersey play frocks with collars and cuffs of plaid or Roman striped ribbon, to those brief little affairs of taffeta or crepe de chine which appear on the momentous occasion of a birthday party.

Pastel colored taffeta and crepe are used for these little frocks, with many frills of the material itself or lace as trimming.

Use Warm Water and Ammonia for Windows

Windows are best cleaned with warm water containing ammonia. But if the glass has become very dirty a paste made of whiting and water, rubbed on and allowed to dry before being removed with a soft cloth, will be found effective. Windows should never be cleaned when the sun shines upon them, or they will dry streaky. A cloth fixed upon a stick is sometimes useful when cleaning windows.

There are several preparations made to prevent the steaming of windows, but few of them are successful. The real remedy is better ventilation.

Window glass is either sheet or plate, the latter being the more expensive. Plate glass is much thicker than sheet glass, and consequently heavier. Heavy windows are somewhat troublesome, but the great advantage of plate glass is, apart from the better appearance, that it deadens sound from outside. A room fitted with plate glass windows is always much quieter than one in which the windows are of sheet glass.

Again in Style

Mother of pearl is a lovely, old-fashioned thing coming back again into style. It is now most frequently today in the form of spangles, with which various costumes are decorated. It makes beautiful bracelets also.

Wooden Spoon Mirror for Dressing Table

The foundation for a dressing table set is made of a large wooden spoon, having a long handle. This spoon is placed on the back of a rectangular mirror and held in place with glue, then carefully covered with interlaced orchid shaded ribbon, while the spoon handle is carefully wrapped with the same ribbon which is tied in an ornamental bow and glued near the handle. A number of ribbon roses decorate the mirror in conspicuous places. A tube of the best liquid glue should be used in making these articles so there will be no cause to fear discoloration of the fabrics. The glue is applied sparingly and allowed to set before attaching the materials.

Front Door Fasteners

Do not have an ordinary fastener put on your front door unless your front door is ordinary. There is a wide variety of iron, brass and nickel knobs and handles on the market that it will pay you to examine. They are not cheap but more than they pay you will find them worth while in giving character to the entrance to your home.

THEODORE DAVIS ROAL, Esq. In this issue will be found the advertisement of the Maternity Hospital, conducted by Mrs. J. E. Koon. Among the twelve births in this institution...