

The Red Lock

By DAVID ANDERSON
Author of "The Blue Moon"

A Tale
of the
Flatwoods

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"MISTOOK"

SYNOPSIS—On the banks of the Wabash stand Texie Collin 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. At first Texie and Jack talk sadly of Ken Collin, the girl's missing brother. Then Jack says that in ten days his servitude will be over, that he will ride out into the big world to seek his fortune. Both know what that will mean to them. Texie and Jack talk of the red lock of "Red Collin" inherited by Ken. And Jack says he's coming back as soon as he finds gold in California. Then arrives the new preacher, Rev. Caleb Hopkins. Pap Simon introduces the villagers to the new preacher, who was a college mate of Ken. At supper at the Collin home the preacher tells how the boy killed a gambler and disappeared. His father attributes Ken's fall from grace to his red lock of hair. Then Pap Simon has a sort of stroke, brought on by reading a letter from Ken, "somewhere in New York," who curses his father on his death bed. A postscript by another hand says he is dead. At the village store and post office Loge Belden, a newcomer says he saw the new parson with his arm around Texie. Jack kicks him, shoots a pistol from his hand and makes him say he was mistaken.

CHAPTER IV—Continued.

"Yes, them's mighty fine sentiments," cut the thin edged voice of the postmaster across the silence—and the dream dissolved in the fisherman's eye—"an' I mostly agrees with 'em an' says amen to 'em, an' the new parson may be all 'is cracked up to be, but still I ain't takin' back nothin'."

Zeke's thin voice ceased, lost somewhere in the cavernous labyrinth of his sharp, inquisitive nose.

Uncle Nick prodded down the contents of his pipe with his finger and smoked a while in silence. Taking the stem from between his lips after a time, he blew the smoke away, slowly, as if to get the full taste of it, and waved the pipe across toward the postmaster—a well understood preliminary to a renewal of the argument.

At the moment Loge Belden took a gulp from his bottle of "squirrel," put the cork in, slapped it tight and slouched up along the counter.

"Say, I'd just like t' put one t' that. This evenin' as I come up the River road past this hyur Warhope homestead an' Sime Collin's house, I stopped a little bit on the bridge across Eagle run an' happened t' look over in the orch'rd 'twixt ol' Sime's an' the parsonage. Y'u know ther's a spring along the creek thar under the edge o' the hill, an' ther's a bench t' set on under the maple tree by the spring.

"Well, as I come a-past, thar set this hyur new parson an' that Texie gal on that bench, an' as near as I could make out, beln' purty well along tow'rds dark, he had 'is arm around 'er. You fellows 'r 'astin' a lot o' breath on that gal. I 'low the parson—"

The room suddenly was deadly still, with every eye turned toward the door. Belden felt the stillness; hesitated; turned—

In the open door, framed in sharp outline against the dark background of the nightfall, stood the tall form of Jack Warhope.

Belden grinned oddly; muttered a word or two; leaned against the counter and looked down at the floor.

With the reach and spring that only the woods and hills can give, Warhope walked into the room.

"I 'low y'u must 'a' been mistook about that—arm."

"Not a d—n bit."

Like lightning came the sharp smack of an open hand that fanned Belden's head back. He leaped away from the counter and struck—a good smashing swing, clean from the hip; but it didn't land.

It was apparent that Belden had a high opinion of his ability as a rough and tumble fighter, for he stepped right in and mixed it fast and furious—the whirlwind give and take of the mountains. The man he faced ducked or sidestepped or dashed aside everything Belden had, and came back with an occasional jab that was maddening.

Belden lost his temper—the mistake of many a better man—and lunged viciously. He ran into an uppercut to the chin that doubled him back over a barrel of salt. He whirled up, and his right hand clawed the butt of a pistol out of his pocket.

The pistol came out, but that was all. A heavy six-gun leaped from the woodsman's side, a bullet crashed into the pistol butt, gashed Belden's hand slightly and tore on into the salt barrel.

The woodsman stuck the six-gun back into the holster at his hip, hidden by his hunting blouse, snatched Belden by the collar and jerked him out into the middle of the floor.

"I 'low y'u must 'a' ben mistook about that arm."

Belden's small beady eyes burned

like hot copper as he wrung his hand. He cursed the pain; swallowed hard; finally muttered.

"The light wern't nohe too dern' good. I 'low I must 'a'."

The woodsman dropped the other's collar, talked a moment or so with Uncle Nick and Counterman about the seining trip next day—the matter that had brought him into the store—and passed out at the door. The crowd gathered around Belden.

Uncle Nick picked up the broken pistol and stuck it back, muttering as he examined the gashed hand.

"Y'u ort 'a' had more sense than t' pull on him. He ain't no ways sry on talk, but he can pick hick'ry nuts with a six-gun."

CHAPTER V

Arrows of the River Gods.

The Rev. Caleb Hopkins was at the boat landing in good time next morning.

The others were already there, sitting in the long skiff, Uncle Nick in the stern, Jack Warhope and Al Counterman at the oars, the latter still holding the boat to the wharf.

In his nervous and mincing way the preacher scrambled in; Counterman shoved off; the oars dropped into the water; and, with the seine coiled up on the stern locker under the experienced care of Uncle Nick, the live box towing behind, the skiff slipped away up the river toward Alpine Island.

Alpine Island divides the Wabash into two nearly equal channels. The skiff was guided into the north channel, and had glanced along nearly to the head of the island when Counterman rested his oars with the remark that just there would be a good place to make the first haul.

The skiff was accordingly turned in to the island, and the prow drawn up on the sandy margin. Each man, Uncle Nick excepted, hurriedly undressed, stacked his clothes in the boat and drew on his rough fishing garments.

In strict justice to the truth it must be stated that only Counterman and the woodsman hurriedly undressed. The preacher was far slower and quite noticeably embarrassed over the unusual experience. The ragged boots too large, the shabby trousers too tight, the faded straw hat ridiculously unbecoming, it was the queerest wading rig ever seen along the Wabash. The others eyed it askance and winked around at one another. Even

When he swam ashore, following the seine as Uncle Nick and Counterman hauled it in, the preacher, who had come up the bar, was seated on the forward gunwale of the boat, feeling over his clothes stacked in the bow, as if eager to assure himself that they had not come to harm.

The woodsman was putting his wading clothes on again when a slight thud, as of some heavy object striking the bottom of the boat, caught his quick ear. Without turning his head—he happened to be just then squeezing the water out of his hair before putting his shirt on—he was able to catch a glimpse of the ivory butt of a six-gun protruding from a pocket of the black frock coat as it was being tucked back in the pile with the tall hat and shiny boots.

Nor was that all—with a deftness that would hardly have been expected in one of his profession, the slim fingers were feeling over the other two stacks of clothes as if making sure that the six-gun he had just tucked away was the only one in the crowd.

Still, probably such an intention was farthest from his thought. Six-gun and all, it was likely merely another of the many eccentricities of a man who had the double drawback of being a professor as well as a tenderfoot—in the eyes of the woodsman, a combination about as bad as could be made.

Uncle Nick and Counterman had just finished hauling in the seine when Jack Warhope, followed by the preacher, came down the bar and rejoined them. But the old man's prediction about losing the fish proved correct. The haul produced not a thing except a very surprised, highly indignant snapping turtle. Counterman kicked the turtle back into the water and stared ruefully at the empty seine.

"Them fish has t' be made up"—he glanced up the river—"an' thar's jist one shore place t' do it—"

"Mud haul," Uncle Nick finished.

"Eggs'ly. Hit's sich a nesty place t' fish that it ain't hardly ever fished, but they're thar."

The preacher had turned a quick look up the river; an expression of polite displeasure clouded his face—an expression which the others, busy with the seine, failed to notice. As a matter of fact, his part in the morning's sport had been next to negligible. After the mild and momentary excitement over the first haul, his interest had obviously waned.

Even the preacher's tired and studious eyes waked with the excitement, and he tugged eagerly at the brail as the bass and pickerel began to leap, glittering in the morning sun like silver arrows shot up by the river gods.

"Thar, boys, haul 'er easy," directed Counterman. "We got 'em. They cayn't gli away now. Men! hain't thar a wad uv 'em! I know'd this was a good hole."

The houseboat and the foot-print on its dusty deck.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Humor is always a poor reasoner.



Even the Preacher Himself Must Have Caught Something of the Humor of the Odd Make-up.

Infinite Variety Marks Paris Mode

Cut-Work Embroidery, Fur Favored as Trimming Features.

The winter season is on in full force in Paris, notes a fashion correspondent in the New York Tribune. The American buyers have come and gone, and the story of apparel for the next few months has been told. What women will choose out of the maze remains to be seen.

Jeanne Lanvin is adhering to the slender silhouette, with very little circular movement introduced into her models. She is enlarging the line very slightly by short capes on the backs of some of her suits and by certain flaring long coats. She also uses full side panels on dresses and features a new neckline which is high in front and low in back, with a collar across the front only and ties in the back. She lifts many of her straight-line models on one side by placing tucks over the hip and accentuates this lifted effect by the use of silver ribbon or braid between the tuck, extending it diagonally to the other side of the gown at a much lower point.

Cheruit, who is responsible for the present vogue of the ruffle, is featuring the circular movement extensively in her collection. She does it in novel ways. She places deep circular collars on some of her coats and trims them with spokes of fur so that they resemble wheels. She cuts the sides of her hip-length tailored jackets very circularly from the fitted waist por-

—"Hung up, by thunder," growled Counterman, scraping the sweat from his grimy forehead with a grimier forefinger. "Snag 'r somethin' about forty yards out thar—right whar the bottom's out, too, as the feller says."

Jack walked up the bank a short distance to where the boat was beached.

Stripped to the skin, a figure that might have been a model for those master sculptors who conferred immortality upon the gods of classic Greece, he was just slipping into the water when Uncle Nick came up the bank.

"You'll find the lead line fast on somethin'—a snag more'n likely," he directed. "Jist 'list it off. Tain't no trick—but we've lost our fish."

Warhope glanced back over his shoulder and nodded. The next moment he was plowing through the stream with strokes so powerful it seemed his great shoulders fairly scorned the water and spurned it out of the way. But the task ahead proved harder than the light remark of his old friend had indicated. It was only after he had three times dived to the bottom of Alpine hole that he was able to locate the snag and release the seine.

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Walking Suit Shows Plaid in Limelight



A very natty walking or sports suit is this black and white plaid with platinum fox collar. The hat is felt cut out to reveal the metal cloth underneath.

Velvets, as in all the other collections, are a marked feature, and green is the paramount color—apple and emerald greens for formal wear and dark green in coats and daytime dresses. The Chanel neckline is new. She has many little hand collars that stand up in back and are brought around to be tied loosely in front.

Shoe Buckles, Colors, Materials and Shapes

From the most elaborate of shoe buckles, the Parisienne has turned now to the most conservative. Many of the new dress shoes have the finest motifs in brilliants instead of a buckle or other ornament.

Bronze shoes, which remain in style, are not worn with bronze hose. A peculiar shade of fawn, with more of a rose cast to it than ordinarily, is the proper color for the stockings.

A distinctive shoe is of brown satin with suede trimmings of a lighter tone. It is made to fit trimly around the ankle by means of brown satin elastic gorings.

Shoes have become rather pointed again. Dress shoes invariably have long, narrow toes although the heels need not be very high. Even sports shoes incline toward a narrower toe.

King Tut Influence Is Powerful in Fashions

The straight, narrow, unbelted silhouette still is popular and there seems every reason to believe that it will come triumphantly through the winter. Tut-Ankh-Amen remains a potent influence in English dress, both in line and decoration. Many gowns which Englishwomen will wear are vividly embroidered, some of the embroideries taking the weird Egyptian form, while others are even more flamboyant.

For the Boudoir.

Dainty antique furnishings are the proper thing for the boudoir now. The Parisienne is going in for small dresser mirrors elaborately mounted in little frames, for graceful old flags and for hand mirrors of ancient shape and decoration.

Use Care in Buying Materials for Shades

Many attractive window shades are made of the same material that is used elsewhere in the room, such as cretonne and chintz. These may be obtained both waterproof and sunfast. Materials used for this purpose must be chosen with much consideration in relation to their colors. Before choosing your colors put them to an actual sunlight test. Yellow, lavender and old rose usually give the best light effects. Observing the disastrous effects on the skin of the green glass light shades that are used so extensively on automobiles will show you the inadvisability of choosing green for your windows, however beautiful their color may be for wall and furniture decoration.

Shades used on arched windows may be hung in several different ways. They may be hung at the bottom of the window, and, if so desired, hidden by a box covering; they may be hung at the top where the arch line joins the vertical one; they may, if one has no wish to preserve the curved lines of the top of the arch, be hung above this. In the first and second cases where the shade does not cover the curved section of the window, a piece of material like that of the shade is usually tacked over the exposed surface and made to meet the line of the shade so well that there is no unpleasant effect. Occasionally we find shades hung double at the top—one to pull upward over the arch, the other to pull down.

Very large arched or studio windows are sometimes covered with Austrian drapes, such as used at large windows in banks and other business houses. If such drapes are considered for use be sure that their peculiar line formation does not interfere with the general character of your hall or room.

Collar, Revers, Bertha, Are in Fashion Picture

Quantities of narrow valenciennes is used in little full ruffles, and another detail of the gowns to be noted is the simulation of a collar, revers, bertha or eton, shaped as it may be and always indicated by lace ruffles or embroidery. A lengthening of line brought about by full-length insertions of lace, or pin tucks and the like, is another often repeated note.

There is one series of models which verges on the novelty type because of the touch of black. This enters in hemstitching, piping, point d'esprit edging, an embroidered monogram, and details of like character. There are also numerous gowns all in black georgette with the customary black lace trimming.

Cleaning Hints.

Wet mops may be washed in hot soapuds and rinsed in clear hot water. They should be dried quickly. Dry mops may be oiled or oiled ones renewed by pouring a few drops of lubricating oil or any good floor oil into an old dish and setting the mop on this for a day or two; or the mop may be sprinkled with a little oil and allowed to stand till the oil spreads.

Worn on the Wrist.

Amber, lapis-lazuli and jade have rather gone out for necklaces, but they are still beautiful, and many chic women are twisting them around their wrists for a bracelet.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

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It is not work that divides masses from classes, and sets worker against employer, nor is it money; it is lack of understanding.—Dallas Sharp.

MEATS OF VARIOUS KINDS

A savory dish of meat is usually the substantial and most enjoyed dish on the menu. Here are a few ways to vary the common meats:

Spare Rib With Sauer Kraut.—Select a good rib with enough meat on it to furnish the family amply. Roll it around a quart or two of sauer kraut, season the spare ribs and bake in a moderate oven for three or four hours. Serve on a hot platter with the spare rib on top of the kraut.

Deviled Steak.—Take one flank steak. Fry one large onion thinly sliced in two tablespoonsful of butter. Remove the onion when it is brown. Cut the steak into pieces two inches wide and three inches long. dredge with flour and fry in butter. Remove the steak from the frying pan, add to the butter one teaspoonful each of salt and mustard, three tablespoonsful of vinegar and a tablespoonful of flour. Add two cupsful of hot water, return the steak to the pan, cover closely and simmer until the steak is very tender. Dish on a hot platter, pour the gravy over it and garnish with fried potatoes.

Veal Loaf.—Take three pounds of lean veal and one-half pound of uncooked ham, chop both very fine, add one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of pepper, three soda crackers rolled fine, then add three beaten eggs, three tablespoonsful of cream and two tablespoonsful of boiling water. Mix all together very thoroughly. Grease a bread pan and press the veal mixture well into it. Cover and bake for an hour in a moderate oven. Uncover and brown, baking another half hour.

Pork Chops With Fried Apples.—Place thick pork chops in a frying pan, add enough water to just cover the bottom of the pan. Cook uncovered, turning often, then when the water is evaporated fry brown, seasoning well. In a tablespoonful of fat fry thick slices of unpeeled, cored apple. Sprinkle with salt and sugar and cook until well browned on both sides. Serve in overlapping slices around the chops.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own.
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known.
To which time will but make thee more dear.
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets.
But as truly loves on to its close.
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned on the rose.
—Thomas Moore

SMALL CAKES AND COOKIES

A nice fruit cup-cake to be baked in small gem pans, is the following:

Fruit Cakes.—Take three well-beaten eggs, one and one-half cupsful of sugar creamed with one cupful of shortening, two cupsful of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half cupful of hot water in which the soda is dissolved; one cupful of coconut, one pound of dates cut fine, one teaspoonful of salt, lemon or vanilla for flavoring with one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Bake in small gem pans; this makes about forty. Cover with icing if desired. They are good to the last one, and may be frosted the day of serving.

White Cookies.—One cupful of shortening is added to two cupsful of sugar and well blended; then add two beaten eggs, one teaspoonful each of soda and baking powder added to four cupsful of sifted flour, one cupful of sour milk, nutmeg and salt to taste. Mix, chill, roll out thin and bake in a hot oven. Sprinkle with sugar before baking.

Filled Cookies.—Cream one-half cupful of shortening with one cupful of sugar, add one-half cupful of milk, two and one-half cupsful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one teaspoonful of soda; flavor with any desired flavoring. Mix and roll out, cut with a good-sized cookie cutter. On one place a spoonful of the filling and cover with another cookie. Bake in a moderate oven.

Almond Macaroons.—Take one pound of sweet almonds blanched and pounded, two pounds of powdered sugar, the whites of seven eggs beaten stiff, two tablespoonfuls of rose water or rose extract. Mix as usual, adding the sugar to the egg, then the nuts and flavoring. Drop on buttered paper by spoonfuls and bake in a moderate oven.

Filling.—Take one-half cupful of chopped figs or dates and one-half cupful of raisins, one-half cupful of sugar, lemon juice and grated rind and enough water to make half a cupful, one tablespoonful of flour; cook until thick, then add a generous tablespoonful of butter. Beat and cool before using.

Nellie Maxwell