

THE RED LOCK

A Tale of the Flatwoods

By DAVID ANDERSON
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CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

He crammed the letter into the envelope, thrust it into the pocket of his blouse and turned back across the yard; stopped, and glanced around at the woman.

"She had t' go and look after some—business," he said. "I 'low I'll ride in and he'll 'er"—he pondered a moment; went on—"and I reckon you better stay at Aunt Liza's, as she said. I'll be back t'night—sometime—but it may be late."

The woodsman probably never covered the distance to the barn as quickly as he covered it that day. The words: "If she's there," that had so puzzled the pair in the old cabin—as well as the man at the chink—flared clear as the mid-day sun. Hopkins—it was his last desperate move—a move totally unforeseen. His intentions toward the girl had been foul from the first. That he would make some attempt to rob the safe was to be expected—had been expected. But this—

He buckled on his spurs; bridled and saddled Graylock with a feverish haste that waked the mettle of the good horse. When he led him out, Mrs. Curry was waddling across the barn-lot.

In the tense moment he had forgotten that his haste must be causing her no small wonder.

"Yes, I 'low I'll ride in and find 'er," he ventured, "and bring 'er back t'night—sometime—but you better go on t' Aunt Liza's anyhow, fr fear it'll be late, and we'll come and git 'u."

He saw that the attempt at reassurance—an attempt that cost him no little—had failed. The good housekeeper's face twisted quite beyond her control; her apron went up to her eyes.

"Oh, Jack," she sobbed, "I'm plum' fluster'd. Las' night Brother Hopkins left without leavin' no word, and now Texie's gone—"

The man turned and feigned to adjust the saddle girth. A woman's tears—the big woodsman was utterly helpless. He glanced back at the heaving apron.

"Now, Mrs. Curry, don't be fluster'd. She's all right." He hesitated. "Them two facts ain't no ways—connected," he finally muttered, knowing only too well that they were. "The parson more'n likely went in after some more books, 'pears like he must 'a' gone through all them 'e had, and Texie—I'll hunt 'er up this afternoon and ride home with 'er." He gazed hard toward the village. "I don't believe, if I was you, I'd leave the house till after dark, and I wouldn't mention she's gone—only t' Aunt Liza and Uncle Nick."

The apron came down from the troubled face and the housekeeper began to dry her eyes. The woodsman turned away; stopped; turned back.

"One question—did she take 'er revolver with 'er?"

"Why, no," was the wondering answer—"why?"

"I didn't 'low she would 'a'." The words came over his shoulder as he threw the bridle rein into the hollow of his arm and strode away down the barn-lot. He flung the gate open, sprang to the saddle and Graylock was off like a bird on the wing—twenty miles of dust and flying sand—toward the dim splred gateway that led out into another world.

CHAPTER XVII

Brickbat Alley.

There are men so big, physically and otherwise, that the world naturally expects big things of them—who seem to find big things always cut out for them. Jack Warhobe was such a man—a singular mixture of romantic impulsiveness and calm, cogent reason; a dreamer; a thinker; a man of hard deeds, whose heart sometimes ran away with his head; a Sir Galahad strayed out into the Nineteenth century a thousand years behind his day.

The afternoon was half spent, and Graylock was foul with dust and sweat, when he rode across the long covered bridge over the Wabash and into the city.

Brickbat alley had a reputation all its own. He had heard that it was in the south part of town near the river, though its exact location he did not know. Riding down into that end of the city, he stopped to inquire of an old woman who happened to be standing in the narrow yard in front of a shabby ramshackle house with a furnished rooms sign in the window.

At the name—Doll Baker—the old woman bent upon him a look out of her bearded eyes that was both deep and searching.

"Ther' ain't many men runnin' around loose, like you 'pear t' be, but what knows whar Doll Baker lives. But, come t' look at 'u close, you're someway differ'nt. F'om the country, hain't 'u?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I 'lowed 'u was—'u look a differ'nt stripe f'om the likes o' them that hunts Doll Baker."

She paused and seemed to be weighing some thought before letting it fall. "And this Doll Baker lives—?" he questioned, hardly able to hold the spur from Graylock.

"Brickbat alley—that's next alley down—fourth door on 'u'r right."

"Be keerful, lad," she called, hopping like some crippled old bird out to the fence and halting him, for he was already riding away, "be keerful. I dis-like t' see any harm fall on 'u—them's bad people."

It seemed to him that Graylock had never stepped so slowly. Hitching him in front of a small grocery on the street, he looked at all the other hitch-racks in sight for Brownie—but Brownie was not to be seen. Buttoning his hunting blouse about him so as to hide the six-gun, he walked into the alley.

The fourth door down on the right proved to be a large, two-story, closely-shuttered wooden structure standing almost flush with the narrow sidewalk street known as Brickbat alley. There was another building on the same lot, a business edifice of brick, fronting on the street proper and apparently occupied by a saloon, and the two were connected by a sort of covered porch. All these facts the woodsman noted in the second or two of his approach.

He knocked at the weather-stained, unpainted door. Such a long time went by that he was just on the point of knocking again, when there was a shuffling inside and approaching steps. A key rattled in the lock, the bolt clicked back, the knob turned, a woman appeared at the very narrow slit the door was allowed to open and looked out at him. She was a large woman, in good flesh, and not bad-looking.

"Is this whar Doll Baker lives?"

"Yes; won't ye come in?"

He entered. She closed the door, turned the key in the lock—a fact that he took due note of—and led the way into another room slightly better lighted. He noticed that both rooms were rather showily and expensively furnished.

"He took the chair pointed out to him. The woman, seating herself by a small table a few feet away, eyed him covertly.

"And you are—?" he questioned, as if continuing the inquiry begun at the door.

"Miss Baker—Doll Baker."

"Well, Miss Baker," he had to watch his voice to keep it orderly and even, "I've got a friend—that is, a lady friend—that come t' the city 'd'ay from the country. I come in 'd'ay myself, and I'd kinda like t' hunt 'er up and ride home with 'er. I was t' her's here."

Regarding the obvious blind of the sick brother, he said nothing, knowing it was but a trick of the very resourceful Hopkins. The terrible letter that



"What Kind of a Looking Girl Was Your Friend?" She Questioned at Last.

had prostrated the old banker seven days before was in Ken Collin's own hand and absolutely genuine. There was no sick brother.

The woman sat for near a minute, studying him out of the baffling slits of her eyes—clothing; hands; face; feet—in a way she did not think he saw.

"What kind of a looking girl was your friend?" she questioned at last.

"Medium size, fair, brown hair, brown eyes—with smiles in 'em—ano' remarkably small and purty hands and feet."

"Well, she isn't here."

The gray-green eyes of the woman watched him covertly through their narrowed lids. He caught the look, felt the caution.

"Where is she?"

"Don't ask me."

"I'm awful sorry," he replied, in tones he tried hard to make meek and doleful. "She ain't nothin' but jist a raw country girl, and I ain't nothin' but jist a raw country boy, but we're both from the same little town out here a ways and I wanted t' see 'er awful bad b'fore she left—town."

The woman still eyed him closely, though her look seemed gradually to become more curious than distrustful, until at last she appeared to throw off all suspicion.

"Well, Mr.—Country Boy," she said, with an air of frankness and a twist of her face between a grin and a smile. "I don't know one thing about your—friend, and that's straight."

"Do 'u know Prof. Caleb Hopkins?"

The question caught the woman off guard. She started.

"Never heard of him,"—she hesitated; finally added—"but you might go on through and ask Bill."

"Who's Bill?"

"Oh, friend of mine—bounces bar out front."

The man studied her. In his eyes there waked a hardness that the Flatwoods had learned to know.

"Miss—Doll Baker"—it cost him a

effort to hold his voice even and calm—"I'm right sorry t' say I'm doubtin' 'u."

"Doubting me!" A tang of hardness slid into her well-modulated tones; she flared up straight in her chair.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean t' search this house."

The woman sprang up.

"Search th' house!"

"That's wh' I'm almin' t' do," the woodsman went on evenly, rising and glancing about him.

The woman caught a small cord that dangled behind the door in reach of her hand and gave it a vicious jerk. It must have been a bell cord that led to somewhere outside, for immediately heavy steps sounded along the porch that connected the house with the saloon and a man dashed in at the door.

"Bill, you'll haf t' 'ten' t' 'im"—she jerked a half clenched hand toward the woodsman—"threatens t' raid th' 'int fr a gal he thinks is here."

So this was Bill—the "bouncer." He looked the part—broad-backed, thick set, heavy jawed, little pig eyes and short, crooked, reddish hair. He raised his arm, pointed a stubby forefinger to the door and uttered the one word: "Git."

But had Bill only known what manner of man it was standing there and coolly measuring him through narrow eyes, he probably would have studied a long time before making his next move.

"The devil 'u won't," he snarled, crouching and beginning to creep and circle.

"Don't hurt 'em," the woman cautioned, "he ain't nothin' but jist a raw country Jake."

Almost with the word Bill sprang, aiming a blow that would have caved in the side of a house—only it didn't land.

The fact was instantly apparent that he was not a resourceful fighter, but placed his main reliance in his ponderous strength—even so, he was a dangerous man.

In a flash he wheeled and struck again. This time Jack parried the blow, instead of side-stepping, and shot across one in return—a light uppercut to the chin that jarred Bill's head back and drew from him a snarl and a curse. He came back with a whirlwind of jabs and swings.

Jack stepped right into the whirlwind, well knowing that others of Bill's ilk might come any moment, and sparred for an opening with such bewildering speed and cleverness that Bill raised his guard to cover his face. Jack shot across a vicious body blow. Bill dropped his left. Instantly Jack's tremendous right swung on the exposed jaw. Bill grunted, tottered, looked dazed. The right swung again on the same spot—clean from the hip—and Bill pitched against the wall like a bundle of dirty rags.

With a curse, horrible upon a woman's lips, Doll Baker ran to where he lay and bent over him.

She had hardly reached him before the woodsman was darting about the house and peeping into pantry and closets. There was no basement. He made sure of that, and sprang to the stairs. The woman tried to drag him back, he flung her off and dashed up the steps.

Every place where a girl could have been concealed was explored, but Doll Baker had told the truth—that much of it, at least. Texie was not there.

When he hurried down, Bill and the woman were both gone. He was just stepping from the stair door, wary and alert for a surprise of some sort, when there came a clatter of feet running across the porch.

He dashed through the house to the door by which he had entered. Just as he wrenched it open they rushed into the room behind him—four of them, Bill in the lead.

But, his purpose accomplished, Jack sprang outside and, with tantalizing deliberation, took his way toward the street. Bill thrust his battered face out at the door, scowled and swore, but none of the four ventured to follow, like the alley rats they were, not daring to chase their prey into the open.

Through a number of streets and side-streets in the neighborhood of Brickbat alley, Jack Warhobe searched for Brownie. He even made inquiries at all the livery and feed stables in the vicinity, but failed to find any trace of her.

A thought suddenly came to him—he frowned hard; muttered some very uncomplimentary things about himself that it hadn't occurred to him before—the old tollgate keeper ten miles out on the River road, he had been there more years than Jack had lived and knew everybody from the Flatwoods. He would know if Texie had passed.

Next moment the feet Graylock was racing toward the bridge.

Ten miles out on the River road he drew rein and dismounted by the well in front of the diminutive house of the tollgate keeper.

"Jist a mouthful fr the boss, Uncle Asbury."

"He 'p'urser'f." The old man shuffled up out of his rickety chair and limped toward the well. "Be'n lettin' 'im out, hain't 'u?"

"Some—yes."

He loosened the saddle girth; with the squeaky windlass cranked up a bucketful of water; allowed the horse to have it springing, a sup at a time.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Prima Facie.

Stranger (at gate)—"Is your mother at home?" Youngster—"Say! Do you suppose I'm movin' this yard because the grass is long?"—Life.

According to Hoyte.

Willie—"Mary, let's play mamma and papa." Mary—"All right. Got a cigarette?"—Life.

Knitted Material for Sports Wear

Outfit Is Better Suited to Country—Sweater Still Strong Favorite.

When one comes to speak of knitted clothes one notes first that, whether in the field of strictly sports models or otherwise, they have come to be accepted as indispensable. Whether the fact that clothes of knitted material disqualifies them for use in town or not is a question frequently brought up. Obviously, notes a fashion correspondent in the New York Herald, they are better suited to the country, but there are certain types which do very well for the city as well.

Although the sweater has gone through a decided change in the last six months, it probably is still the most important of the articles in knitted wools. If one does not recognize the sweater as such at first glance it is not to be wondered at. Matched to a skirt of fine plaited crepe and itself changed in line, it is quite the smartest thing that clothes for the country have to offer.

As to the silk sweater, it appears in glorified guise, heavily embroidered and with a deep fringed scarf to match. As most costumes for the country are combinations of white and color, the sweater is the thing that comes in for the color note.

In a straight slipover sweater the color is dark blue embroidered with a border and a few large disks of white, yellow and green, and the scarf is attached to the back at the wide bateau neck line. This scarf is very wide and hanging over the shoulders at the front, reaches well below the bottom of the sweater. The skirt, a box plaited model, has a binding of yellow around the bottom, a fashion in which many skirts, particularly

Most successful among these is the blouse which extends over the hips in usual fashion, but cut into vest points at the front and provided with pockets or at least one for the ubiquitous watch fob. Noteworthy in a group of these models seen recently was one with trimming in scroll embroidery done in black floss on the white satin, the pockets covered with the design and a panel of it in the front where it would be effective with a suit or coat.

Costume blouses are frequently of black satin with trimming motifs of Chinese inspiration lending color to the general effect of the Oriental cut. These are in evidence in the collections in Paris and are perhaps the newest thing that the display of spring blouses has to offer. Blues and pinks are enriched with motifs in silver and gold among the lighter color schemes. Paris also offers some of the shorter flared pointed blouse. In black satin richly embroidered.

Georgette blouses have manners of their own in trimming and decoration suitable to the fragile or rather sheer fabric, for in reality georgette is extremely durable. Fine tucks and the use of plaatings are both part of the designer's way of treating them. In a blouse of salmon pink georgette, for instance, one finds a deep, oblong inset of fine tucks outlined with fagoting and a band of embroidery at the bottom of the tucks, which are perpendicular in direction. With so much elaboration above the hip pockets are simple slits with a narrow, straight edge of embroidery.



Knitted Suit of Gray Wool With Border Design About Dress, and Cape in Blue and White.

sports models, are finished. A white sweater suit of similar design has a separate scarf and the embroidery is done in a very vivid color scheme, blues and reds predominating.

A checked design in the weave as well as in the color is used for a suit with slipover coat, slashed at the throat and bound in white. A wide collar and large cuffs are also in white. A scarf of the same material makes this a very practical suit for the street or country.

White Satin Blouses Now Bidding for Favor

Now that black satin has come into especial favor for dresses and some are shown with the white vests, it seems opportune for the advent of the white satin blouse. Undoubtedly it will have many uses in the wardrobe.

Models for Young Ladies Are Chic and Snappy

This season's styles are particularly happy in their models for misses. The designs are chic and snappy, the materials charming and comfortable, the colors refreshingly pretty. There have been seasons when the young woman just out, or she that was just to make her debut, was either overelaborate or stupidly childish and unattractive in her dress.

The tendency of fond parents to bestow all at once the ornaments a girl may require one at a time, or to keep her as long as possible in the junior class, has transgressed, at times, the rules of taste and fine proportion in the fashions designed for young women. But these rules have become standardized and are now representing the best talents of the leading artists of Paris.

There is an obvious compensating joy in their creating, and most interesting, engaging things are shown in the new models; things lovely and expressive of youth in their design and colors. Many of the new ideas intended for young women are equally good for women at large, and there is no monopoly on the palette of colors from which they are developed.

Shoulder Cape to Match New With Sports Apparel

If one is addicted to the use of ruffles, there is one of the very newest models in sports clothes which comes with a shoulder cape to match. Both dress and cape are in soft white wool, knitted in broad bands, to give the effect of plaits. The dress, a plain chemise model, is fastened at one side

Rich Cape and Frock for Dainty Little Miss



This darling frock for little sister is designed in radium silk of soft old gold color, trimmed with white and accompanied by winsome little cape that matches.

Checked or Striped Hosiery for Spring

The plaids, block checks, square and diamond shape—and ribbed effects seen in the woolen stockings that have been so fashionable are being duplicated in the lighter weight wool and silk stockings for spring.

Colored socks are the rage, the sand color, tau, flesh, beige, gray and brown being the most popular. The most conspicuous styles are checked or striped in darker tones or contrasting colors, and the drop-stitch rib is the newest weave.

The orchid, flesh and seashell, two-tone and others of the more delicate shades in chiffon silk stockings are very smart for dress occasions and will be much in demand later in the season with lightweight frocks.

Desk Accessories

The busy woman with much correspondence to care for will rejoice in the new accessories for her desk. Large envelopes of colored leather are plainly stamped in gold, "Paid," "Unpaid," "Answered," "Unanswered," etc. Each envelope is made of a different colored leather, such as rose, blue or tan, so that the search for the missing letter or unpaid bill is greatly facilitated.

Mends Lace Curtains

To mend fine lace curtains starch a piece of mesh as near like the curtains as possible. Cut the starched patch one inch larger each way than the place to be mended and with a warm iron press it over the hole. If done carefully it will be difficult to detect the hole.

Simple in Design

Many of the new evening capes are sumptuous in material and colors, but extremely simple in design. They fall in straight, voluminous folds, and are gathered into a somewhat narrow fur collar.

A Colorful Season

In an effort to outdo their most brilliant of seasons, the designers are making gowns which graduate in shade from orange to primrose yellow or from cerise to mother of pearl.

HOME HINTS AND DIET

By INEZ SEARLES WILLSON
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WASHING WOOLENS

One of the properties of wool which makes it valuable as a textile fiber also makes woolen cloth difficult to launder. This is the property of felting or shrinking. Wool has a short fiber, or staple, as it is technically called. This fiber is covered with minute scales, and under certain conditions of heat, moisture and pressure these tiny scales are locked together and the fabric is shrunk. If wool did not possess this felting quality, it would be impossible to spin the short fibers into yarn, and what is our most valuable fiber would be practically worthless.

Because heat, moisture and pressure cause wool to shrink and because all three of these enter into the laundering process it is necessary to give them due consideration.

First, the temperature of the water in which blankets or other woolens are washed must never be high, never more than tepid. Not only is wool shrunk by high temperature but by a change in temperature as well. This means that the rinse water must be neither hotter nor colder than the wash water, and it also means that woolens should not be dried by the stove or over the radiator, nor should they be hung out in the freezing weather. Therefore, in so far as possible keep the washing, rinsing and drying temperatures equal.

Second, pressure applied, when the woolens are wet, causes a locking of the scales or shrinking. In other words do not rub nor wring blankets.

The following has been found a very satisfactory way of washing them: Dissolve one bar of good laundry soap or the equivalent of soap flakes may be used. Add four tablespoonfuls of borax and a half-cupful of household ammonia. This is sufficient for washing one pair of blankets.

Put this solution in enough water, lukewarm, to cover the articles to be washed and allow them to remain in the water several hours. It is sometimes convenient to put the blankets to soak over night. They may then be rinsed in the morning and be put to dry during the day.

If there are resistant, dirty spots, rub them gently with the hands. Never, under any circumstances, use a washboard.

The same amounts of borax and ammonia should be added to the rinse water and the blankets are left in this for two or three hours.

Drain off the water, or gently squeeze out as much as possible. Hang up the blankets without wringing in some place where they may drip.

Not only does heat cause wool to shrink, but it causes it to become yellow and board-like.

Baby flannels, which must be washed almost daily, are especially apt to be yellowed and shrunken, and particularly so when they are dried hurriedly before the open oven door or over the radiator, as they so frequently are.

The life of the garment is lengthened and the appearance is maintained if the factors which affect it in laundering are borne in mind and these simple rules observed.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Dishes or cooking utensils, soiled by egg, may be washed much more easily if soaked in cold water.

Dishes soiled by sugar and starchy substances may be washed much more easily if soaked in hot water.

A rug, the edges of which insist upon curling up, may be made to lie flat by placing a wet Turkish towel over the edge in question and weighting it down. A good way to weight it is to put the ironing-board over the towel and then place several heavy articles on top of the board. Allow it to dry.

A piece of oiled paper placed over the dish holding unused egg yolks will keep them from getting dry.

Put stale bread through the food chopper and keep the crumbs in a jar or crock, covered with a clean muslin cloth. If kept in a container with a lid the crumbs will mold.

Save the small pieces of soap and use them to make soap jelly, which, kept in a mason jar, is ready for shampooing. A box in the bathroom will prove a reminder to gather up the bits left from the bar.

A finger cut from an old glove, put over the end of the curtain rod, will make it much easier to run the curtains onto the rod.

Rinse off the lemon squeezer immediately upon using it and it will not collect that white deposit so impossible to remove.

From Holland comes the Edam cheese, which is round and dyed red on the outside. In Holland, it is often served in slices, especially when fresh. In America, a slice is usually cut from the top and the inside scooped out as needed. It is not often used in cooking in this country, but an extremely thrifty person will fill the shell with rice or macaroni which has been seasoned and bake it, thereby getting the last bit of good from her Edam cheese.

Parmesan cheese is a very hard cheese known in its own country, Italy, as Grana because of the granular appearance it has when broken. If properly made, it will keep for years.