

**ACQUIRED
"YES MOM" AND
"NO MOM"**

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

THE doctor's car had just driven away from Pekar Chip ranch. This picturesque name had been bestowed by its young purchasers chiefly with an eye to the sensation it would create as a letterhead in eastern correspondence back home. Charlotte Bowman, unprofessional nurse, looked at her six feet one-half inch of patient and sighed. There was something distinctly wrong with a world where fine, upstanding young men with bright, gold-flecked green eyes and a correspondingly bright smile drove tractors on wheat ranches, said "yes, mom," and "no, mom," "you was" and "have saw" and played fast-and-loose with a knife at their meals. His manners save for a few peccadilloes at the dinner table greatly outclassed his grammar, which Mrs. Maddox, her hostess and ex-roommate at college, assured her was common in western men.

Three weeks ago Mrs. Maddox, who was a bride and new to ranch life, had rushed into her guest's room with visible excitement to announce: "We have a Greek god with green eyes for a new harvest hand."

The Greek god has been promptly dubbed "Red" by the men—not as Mrs. Maddox had remarked, because his hair was really red—only coppery. And now, a few hours ago, poor Red had been brought in from the field with a temperature of 103%.

"Typhoid, it looks like," the doctor said, as he took a drop of blood from the patient's ear to send to the city for analysis.

The sick man had been removed from the bunkhouse to the only spare room in the ranch house. Charlotte, as having the most leisure and the only speaking acquaintance with a clinical thermometer, had volunteered as nurse; a hand had been laid off from the field to administer the cold sponges prescribed by the physician.

The patient was sleeping. Charlotte rose softly and tiptoed out of her room for paper, pencil and watch. She was to keep a chart of temperature and pulse.

The heavy silver toilet articles and embroidered silk kimono flung over the foot of the bed were conspicuous touches of metropolitan elegance in the plain ranch house. As she lifted the lid of the jewel box on the dresser—one of those conceits at which the Swiss are so adept—the strains of the "Miserere" floated out faint and fairy-like in tinkling melody.

For two successive days the sick man's temperature mounted and upon the third reached 105%. Then he went out of his head and babbled of many things. And it was borne in upon the amateur nurse that delirium improved his grammar and that he called upon her frequently by her first name.

Though they had always been most confidential, Charlotte did not mention these facts to her friend. Nor had she chronicled an encounter a week earlier with this young man at the back gate.

After the evening meal in the cook car, which was situated at this time in a field they were cutting about a quarter of a mile from the house, a neighbor dropped in to call, and as his conversation turned persistently upon equine diseases Charlotte slipped out unnoticed, as she thought, to return to the house and read a book.

During the hour spent in the cook car it had rained and cleared. They dined late during harvest at Pekar Chip ranch, and when Charlotte emerged the stars were struggling with the clouds. As she was brought to a sudden halt by a puddle some eight feet long completely filling the gateway, she was debating the possibility of scaling the fence in her narrow skirt when suddenly from the shadows there loomed up a stalwart silhouette.

"No, indeed!" returned Charlotte firmly.

Before the protest was well out of her mouth she was lifted up and half across the little pond.

"Thank you, Red," she murmured with dignity tinged with condemnation.

"You're quite welcome," he replied comically. "Wait a minute, Miss Bowman. You ought not to walk about alone after dark. You're wearing quite valuable rings and a platinum wrist watch. That skinny Mexican, they call 'String Bean,' I wouldn't trust that greaser very far. Last night I noticed you walking quite a distance down the road—alone. Mr. Maddox or I will be glad to escort you anywhere you want to go."

Charlotte thanked him with increased dignity for his advice and passed on. Nevertheless she heeded the warning, especially since it was repeated the following morning by her host.

Before the report was back from the city the patient was on the mend. The afternoon it came Charlotte, sitting beside her sleeping patient, saw the doctor's car coming up the road; she arose softly with a warning finger on her lips. Silent, he held out a telegram for her to read. The analysis showed a typhoid reaction.

The physician was a bachelor past forty, far gone to embonpoint, with a sentimental pale-blue eye; and as he showed her the report a plump hand stole up and rested upon Charlotte's where it held the dispatch.

"For heaven's sake; if you want to hold a girl's hand do it openly and above board like a man and not under cover of handing her something!"

Both whirled about. The telegram fluttered to the floor. The sick man was sitting upright in bed and the flecks of gold in his green eyes had become pinpoint spots of flame.

"You young upstart!" snorted the medical man, outraged and crimson, crossing over and trying to subdue Red with his pale-blue eye; "if you weren't sick I would knock you down."

"You old puddling, you couldn't knock a man down! If it wasn't for the presence of Miss Bowman I would get up and pound up to an even softer jelly than you already are!"

"Doctor!" interposed Charlotte, pushing him away, "Remember he is sick. . . . Red, I can take care of myself."

"I was afraid of that," remarked Red, yielding to the hand upon his chest and sinking back upon his pillow with a grin.

"Good-by, doctor," said Charlotte. "Now, Red, you must try to go to sleep."

"Yes, mom," answered the obedient Red, and closed his eyes.

Three days later the invalid was sitting up for the first time. That night the whole house was aroused at midnight by a terror-stricken scream. It came from Charlotte's room, but not from Charlotte's throat.

Mr. Maddox, who had driven to a distant ranch that morning to buy horses, had telephoned that on account of an accident to his machine he would have to remain overnight. Red, who was the only man in the house, leaped from his bed at the cry and ran to Charlotte's door.

"Are you hurt?" he called. "Open the door if you can!"

The bolt was shot back. He could see nothing, for it was a starless, moonless night; but he could hear music—the "Miserere"—weird and elfin in the blackness of the night. Listening, he became aware of another sound—a muffled accompaniment, as it were, of castanets.

"Can you strike a match?" inquired Red in a cautious whisper. "I can't see anything to hit."

A match flared in the darkness, and by its flickering light he could see Charlotte wrapped in a blanket, pale and plucky, shielding the flame with cupped palms. On the floor by the dressing table was a huddled head whose chattering teeth were furnishing the castanet obligato.

"So it's you, String Bean! I thought so. If you move I'll brain you," said Red Hawkins, threatening the cowering figure with a stick of storewood he had snatched from the kitchen woodbox as he ran through.

But the superstitious Mexican, panic-stricken, at the unearthly melody that greeted him when he lifted the jewel box's lid, made no effort at resistance or escape.

By this time half the men from the bunkhouse—all more or less armed and all attired in blankets—had gathered at Mrs. Maddox's call, and were standing just outside the bedroom door. By the wavering light of a candle held in the lady's shaking hand—her own costume a bedgilt—it looked like a midnight pow-wow of big chiefs.

Charlotte lit a lamp and the half-animate burglar was dragged off by two of the men to be tied up in the bunkhouse until morning, when he would be handed over to the law, accompanied by the mistress of the house to see that the tying was mercifully done.

"A very neat burglar alarm!" commented Red, picking up the still performing music box with one hand while with the other he drew more closely about his tall athletic pajama-clad form the counterpane he had snatched from the bed when the lamp had been lit. "They ought to be installed all over the country. We've got one on this order at home, only it's a chair and discourses sweet music when sat upon; we got it in—" He broke off abruptly and colored.

"Oh, go on," prompted Charlotte, "I've suspected for some time you were not what you seemed. In your delirium you babbled not wisely but too well. Your grammar improved immensely. You got it, as you were saying, one winter abroad when you were traveling with your father, the duke of Connaught, and sking with the prince of Wales."

"No, indeed," responded the young man, laughing. "But we did get it one summer in Geneva. My father is Senator Robert Caswell Hawkins, and his prodigal son, Robert, etc., II, on graduating from Princeton, was so irked by buckling down to work in a law office that he went gallivanting all over the Wild West seeking adventure and supporting himself any way that came to hand."

"And you don't really say 'yes mom' and 'no mom' and eat with your knife."

"No, mom, only when dining with the Romans. But," declared Robert Caswell Hawkins, Jr., determination in his tone though his teeth were chattering in the frigid night air. "I'm going back home and settle down to work like a beaver. I am going to become a substantial citizen and married man. Don't you believe, my beautiful angelic nurse, that I will?" he asked, directing a look more earnest than his words into Charlotte's eyes.

"You might," was the noncommittal answer. "Go on back to bed! Your teeth are beginning to chatter. Weak as you are from the fever, you might catch your death of cold in this icy air."

Stooping suddenly, he kissed her and vanished.

"Yes, mom," called back the docile Red.

**Community
Building**

**Essential Points in
Locating House Line**

Following the signing of the contract for the construction of the house, the activity in the field begins. The location of the house on the lot must be accurately determined. Otherwise the builder might construct the house too near the lot lines, or even on the neighboring property.

A surveyor has established the corners of the property and marked them with wood stakes or stone markers. Working from these established points, the corners of the house can now be located and temporarily marked by stakes. As soon as the excavation is started stakes at the actual corners would be disturbed, so the lines of the house are permanently marked by boards set several feet back from the house lines. The cords from which the mason plumbs for his work are stretched between these batter boards.

Trees and shrubs are very valuable, and the house should be so placed as to disturb as few of these as possible. Trees which are close to the work will be in danger of damage to the bark during delivery of material and handling of same. Therefore, all trees should be adequately boxed to prevent damage which might cause harm.—Exchange.

**Force of Advertising
Must Be Recognized**

The rural business man can use advertising with as great success as the town and city business man. He has found that it is successful when he holds his semi-annual or annual farm auction. Why should it not be equally as helpful during other seasons of the year? Modern business methods will help solve modern farm problems. Advertising used with the same discretion and same faith and understanding which towns and city business men exhibit in advertising their goods, could be made of inestimable value to the rural business man who have the courage to take up a new idea and give it a trial. Why shouldn't farm selling move forward just as farm production methods have changed vastly in the last decade? Advertising, judiciously used, is the answer. The automobile and good roads make delivery or farm gate sales profitable and quick. All that remains is to convey the message to the consumer.—Rushville (Ind.) Republican.

Planting the Front Yard

Generally speaking, where the front ground is of a fair size, one can plant something along the walks to discourage pedestrians inclined to take short cuts. A row of Japanese barberry is suitable in this place. There is usually room for a tree or two in the middle of the grounds. Get good varieties for this—something that will not start shedding its leaves all over the lawn in the middle of summer. Birch, maple or elm are suitable. Along the walks rose barberry or clumps of other low shrubbery may be planted. Verandas may be screened with dutchman's pipe, virginia creeper, clematis or other vines, with the steps leading to the same flanked with shrubbery or flowers. Tall shrubs may be used here and at the corners or under windows. The tall spiraea, nonspreading lilacs, mock-orange or forsythia will be found suitable. Before planting consult a good catalogue and select the material which will be the proper height when mature, and will not all bloom at the same time.

Color Aids Construction

Color in architecture has helped to stimulate construction and is partly responsible for the large amount of building in the past few years, in the opinion of Maj. F. S. Laurence, president of the North American Society of Arts. The abandonment of the drab notes in building, for the more cheerful hues, is but one phase of a widespread demand for color, which has swept America and affected scores of industries, says Major Laurence.

Keep Trees Straight

Make sure that all trees which are planted are kept straight. It may be necessary to stake them or use guy wires. Such wires should be attached to the trees by screw eyes or circling the tree with a piece of rubber hose. Wire or rope should never be drawn tight around the bark as this cuts off the flow of sap and kills the tree.

Excellent Initiative

A bill providing that each city of more than 10,000 inhabitants shall organize a general plan for the growth and improvement of every city in the state, has been introduced in the legislature of the state of Sao Paulo, Brazil.

One of His Specialties

The man who does more talking than anybody else in this neighborhood about the duties of good citizenship succeeded in lying out of jury service yesterday.—Ohio State Journal.

New Window Adjusters

New adjusters for easement windows pass under inside screens, so that the inconvenience of opening screens in order to get at the windows is eliminated.

**Suitable for Day
and Evening Wear**

**Three Tiers of Accordion
Plaiting an Attractive
Feature of Outfit.**

This charming frock is the answer to a woman's age-old question, "What shall I wear today?" It is one of the few gowns that can be worn on nearly all occasions, as Myrna Loy, featured "movie" actress, found out when she left hurriedly on a weekend trip, neglecting to take many things with her. Miss Loy can be seen wearing this very frock in a forthcoming picture called, "State Street Sadie."

The skirt, made of silver gray canton crepe, has three tiers of accordion plaiting, and the blouse, attached to the skirt, is a delicate cream lace with tiny sleeves. The eton effect blouse may or may not be worn with the outfit. A milan straw hat and gray kid shoes complete this very smart ensemble.

To say that a gown can be worn on nearly all occasions is what most people think an exaggeration, but this dress has really that attribute. With the jacket and the milan hat it is distinctly a lovely afternoon dress, in place at the most formal teas. If you wear a small felt sports hat and low-heeled shoes with the outfit, there is no reason why it should not go as a sports dress. In fact, you would say it is a sports dress with the proper hat and shoes. In the evening it can be worn as a dinner frock by remov-



Jacket and Milan Hat Are Important Additions to Ensemble.

ing the jacket, or even as a summer evening dress. High-heeled silver pumps and an extreme coiffure would, of course, have to replace the sports shoes and hat. To make this dress at home inexpensively, the lace blouse may be replaced by a flowered chiffon that contrasts well with the gray skirt and jacket. Inasmuch as the dress has no trimming, the making of it should present small difficulty.

**Transparent Velvets on
Fall and Winter Card**

During the approaching fall and winter seasons, preparations for which are now being made, velvets are to take a step forward.

Again transparent velvets touch the high note. Surface printing in pastel colors, portraying flowers, is one example of the designs. Field flowers in two shades of a given color appear in a variety of soft tones with blues, browns, greens, dull reds and olives in the front rank.

Gold in pin stripes and in bayadere formations are presented and are often seen in connection with black, since the black and gold combination has an appeal in luxurious fabrics. Nevertheless, chiffon velvets are confidently offered in unobtrusive patterns. Brocades, too, are presented, especially in two tones of a given color.

Field flowers in outline only, scarcely noticeable, are shown in black on colored grounds, unobtrusively dark, and stems with leaves in outline only again show the scope of designs manufactured for luxurious costumes for rich women.

Pin-head checks in retiring colors are expected to gain in popularity.

**Belts Important Item
in This Season's Dress**

Belts are an important item in this season's dress. They are made of suede, lacquered leather, reptile skin, metal, ribbon and dress goods. Most of them are narrow, some but an inch wide, and those for sports suits have buckles of leather or metal. The belts of stitched cloth or silk or ribbon are worn with fine jeweled buckles. Crystal, enamel and all of the odd buckles of antique and artistic value are very much in vogue. Serpentine belts of silver and gilt are worn with soft gowns, and some flexible gilt chains, very fine and delicate, are shown with a jewel-studded ball on each end to be fastened with one loop.

**Practical Summer Play
Suits for Youngsters**



Pantalettes and Ship Ahoy are practical summer play suits, according to the Woman's Home Companion. Each suit is made in two pieces and the blouse is a pull-over to which the trousers are buttoned. The patch pocket of Pantalettes overflows with luscious embroidered strawberries and blossoms while Ship Ahoy wears on his a most practical brigantine. Pantalettes also wears a cunning little shade hat made of her dress material. Long trousers invest chubby legs with quaint charm and also protect little knees from scratches and scrapes that often follow tumbles. Pantalettes would be picturesque in lemon-yellow cotton bound with white and embroidered in pink and green. Ship Ahoy might be blue denim with the simulated sailor collar in white stitching and the brigantine could be romantically colorful or white.

**New Color Card Guide
Board, as Name Indicates**

One of the cornerstones of fashions for next season has been laid. The standard color card is a guide board, as the name indicates. Hosiery will be dyed to match certain shades on that card; felt hats will be blended with the most popular color in favor for coats; small articles, such as thousands of bolts of wools, velvets, silks and cottons, will be dyed by this guide for full colors. Shoes also will take their hues from that source. The card is assembled by the color card association.

"The card contains 192 colors, a most comprehensive collection of staple colors," said Mrs. Margaret Rorke, managing director of the association. "It represents the fruition of 13 years of wide experience and study of the color needs of America. The beauty and variety of the shades provides a lexicon of commercial colors which will be used in all branches of art, industry and trade. Every costume designer, every color specialist and every student of industrial art will consult it."

"Now that color is taking so important a place in our house decoration (table linen, towels, sheets, pillows, rugs, glassware and china, even ice boxes and pans are being produced in vivid colors); now that the color mode in gowns, slippers, hosiery, hats and various dainty accessories is occupying so prominent a place in fashion, a color chart such as that issued by our association is really of the greatest value to the consumer, the dealer and the manufacturer," Mrs. Rorke continued. "No housewife wants a riot of color—that is, if we are to have an abundance of colored objects, draperies and clothes we want the various tints to harmonize."

"The colors are grouped in distinct color families, all of which are arranged in harmonious relationship. Some of these families contain as many as eight tints and shades of one hue. Seventy-four colors from past season cards have been incorporated in the standard card because, by their popularity, they have now taken their place in the rank of staples."

**Sleeves Go to Extremes
to Prove They Are Smart**

Sleeves sometimes go to extremes to prove their smartness. There are many interesting phases of new sleeves and diverse ways in which fullness is handled.

Coat sleeves, wide at the elbow, taper toward the wrist. This of beige kasha has bands of tucked self material. Jenny uses a full sleeve on a black satin afternoon coat that is very modern in feeling.

Fur-trimmed cuffs such as tiers of short-haired furs and the bracelet cuff of fluffy fur are very much in vogue.

Dress sleeves are not forgotten in the movement toward greater elaboration. On sheer chiffon and lace afternoon frocks, sleeves, tight fitted to just above the elbow, join a long full ruffle or flounce sometimes circular and often gathered. The flat puffed sleeve between elbow and wrist, left open with a tight cuff, is at its best on a street dress of heavy crepe.



A LITTLE AMBIGUOUS

"I don't know whether to use this testimonial or not," mused the ad writer.

"What's the matter with it?" demanded the advertising manager.

"Well, explained the boss, "the man writes: 'I used to have three bald spots on the top of my head, but since using a bottle of your hair-restorer I have only one!'—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Tools for Garden

Holly—Do you think you need only a rake, a hoe and a garden fork for gardening?

Toily—Why? what else?

Holly—One jar of paris green, one package of hellebore, one carton of London purple, one phial of strychnine, one cake of whale oil soap, one box of insect powder, one tube of borax, one—

OUT OF THE GUTTER



"He must be of low origin—a man of the streets."
"How so?"
"His voice is so guttural."

Mastery of Language

"His parents think he has a literary career before him."

"Is he solving any great social problems?"

"Not yet. But he is a wonder at cross-word puzzles."—Washington Star.

Wonderful System

Knicker—How, in the name of the seven wonders of the world, do you manage to hang on so long to the same cook?

Becker—She's a golf fiend, and my wife and she play every day to see whose day off it is.

Every Time

Mrs. Shrill—And do you think the sexes will ever be on equal terms, John?

Mr. Shrill—Oh, no; woman will always have a few thousand words on man, Jane.

GET DOWN TO GET UP



Clerk—I want to get up in business, sir, very much.

Boss—Then you'll have to get down to business better than you do.

Satisfied

Cowboy—What made the horse kick you?

Tenderfoot—I may be green, but I'm not fool enough to go back and ask him.—Boston Post.

Love With a Wallop

Mother—Why, Bobby, I'm ashamed of you—to be fighting with your little cousin. I thought you loved Stephen.

Bobby—Why, of course, I love him, 'cause he's my cousin, but I don't like him one bit.—Boston Transcript.

Botanical Pest

"We have ampelopsis vitifera creeping all over our house."

"That's the worst part of those old houses; you are bound to get something like that."

Suspicious

"When you went to the lawyer I recommended did you tell him that I sent you?"

"Yes."
"What did he say?"
"He wanted payment in advance."

Just a Monologue

"When you have an argument at your house, does your wife take part?"

"No, she takes all of it"—Pathfinder Magazine.