

THE STORY THUS FAR

THE STORY THUS PAGE

CHAPTER VII—Continued -11-

The Towne car was waiting, and Mrs. Follette in a flurry welcomed them. "I don't see why you didn't ride over with him."

'He hadn't come, and we preferred to walk."

"What was the matter with you, Evans?"

"Nothing much, Mother. I'm sorry you were fussed." He gave her do." no further explanation.

Jane put on her slippers and went off in the great car. And then Evans said, "I'm going over to Hallam's."

"Aren't you well, my dear?" "I want to talk to him." He saw

her anxious look, and bent and kissed her. "Don't worry, Mumsie, I'm all right."

Dr. Hallam's old estate adjoined the Follette farm. The doctor was a nerve specialist, and went every morning to Washington, coming back at night to the quiet of his charming home. He was unmarried and was looked after by menservants. He had been much interested in Evans' case, and had in fact had charge of it.

The doctor was by the library fire, smoking a cigar and reading a brown book. He welcomed Evans

Mother would rather hate it. But what's a library against a life?" He seemed to fling the question to a listening universe.

The doctor laughed. "She'll be sensible if you put it up to her. And you must frivol a bit. Play around with the girls."

"I don't want any girls except Jane.'

"Little Jane Barnes. Well, she'll

"I'll say she will."

The doctor, watching him as he walked back and forth, said, "The thing to do is to map out a normal day. Make it pretty close to the program you followed before the war. You haven't happened to keep a diary, have you?"

"Yes. It's a clumsy record. Mother started me when I was a kid."

"That's what we want. Read it every night, and do some of the



"Am I? Well, I think I am. And I am going to conquer the world, Mumsie."

His exaltation lasted during the reading of the diary. It was a fat little book, and the pages were written close in his fine firm script. He found things between the leaves-a four-leaved clover Jane had sent him when he made the football team. A rose, colorless and dry. Florence Preston had given it to

him. He dropped the rose in the wastebasket. How could he ever have thought of Florence? Love wasn't a

thing of blue eyes and pale gold hair. It was a thing of fire and flame and fighting. Fighting! That was it. With your

back to the wall-and winning! For some day he meant to win

Jane. Did she think she could be in the world and not be his? And if she loved strength she should have it. He bent his head in his handshis hands clasped tensely. There was a prayer in his heart. His whole being ached with the agony

of his effort. "Oh, God, let me fight and win.

Bring me back to the full measure of a man.' Again he opened the book. Bits of

printed verse dropped out of it. Jane had sent him this, "One who never turned his back, but marched breast-forward."

He opened the book and read of Jane, and of himself as he had once been. He skipped the record of his college days, except where he found such reference as this: "Little Jane is growing up. She met me at the station and held out her hand to me. I used always to kiss her, but this time I didn't dare. She was different somehow, but some day I'll

kiss her." And this: "Jane is rather a darling. But I am beginning to believe that I like 'em fair." That was when he had a terrible crush on Florence Preston, whose coloring was blue and gold. But it hadn't lasted, and he had come back to Jane with a

He found at last the pages given over to those first days after he had been admitted to the Washington

"Sat at my desk all the morning. Great bluff. One client received with great effect of busy-ness. Had

The evening wrap which Jane wore with her old white chiffon was of a bright Madonna blue with a black fur collar. Jane, as has been said, loved clear color, and when she dyed dingy things she brought them forth lovely to the eye and

CHAPTER VIII

tremendously picturesque. Frederick's house was a place where polished floors seemed to dissolve in pools of golden light, where a grand staircase led up to balconies, where the ceilings were almost incredibly high, the vistas almost incredibly remote. Frederick, coming towards her through those pools of golden light-blonde, big and smiling, brought a swift memory of another blonde and heroic figure, not in evening clothes-but in silver

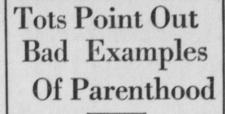
armor-"Nun sei bedankt, mein lieber Schwan," Lohengrin! That was "A fat Lohengrin," she amended,

maliciously. Unaware of this devastating esti-

mate, Frederick welcomed her with the air of a Cophetua. He was unconscious of his attitude of condescension. He was much attracted, but he knew, of course, that his interest in her would be a great thing

for the little girl. And he was interested. A queer thing had happened to him-a thing which clashed with all his theories, broke down the logic of his previous arguments. He had fallen in love with little Jane Barnes, at first sight if you please—like a crude boy. And he wanted her for his wife. It was an almost unbelievable situation. There had been so many women he might have married. Lovelier women than Jane, wittier, more distinguished, richer-of more assured social standing. He could have had the pick of them, yet not one of them had he wanted. Here was little Jane Barnes, bobbed hair. boyish, slender, quaint in her cheap clothes, and he could see no one else at the head of his table, no one else by his side in the big car, no one else to share the glamorous days of honeymoon, and the life which was to follow.

And so when young Baldwin had telephoned of Edith's plans, there had leaped into Towne's mind the realization of his opportunity. He would see Jane among his household gods. And he would see her alone. He had sent Briggs in time to have her there before the others arrived. And now Fate had played further into his hands. "I've had another message from Edith," he told her; "we'll have to eat dinner without them. The fog caught them south us. of Alexandria, and they went into a ditch. They will eat at the nearest hotel while the car is being fixed up." "Baldy's car always breaks at



YOUNG INSTRUCTORS may aid dad and mother. Often children's keen observations may point out unrecognized faults in parents. Efforts at fair government always appreciated.

By HILDA RICHMOND

SEVEN mothers were busily sewing in the living-room, while outside under the open windows their children played noisily. There had been a call for children's garments for a large family whose home had been destroyed by fire. The sewing machines raced and needles flashed. Presently the children, exhausted from a wild game, sat down on the grass to rest, and their shrill young voices carried into the living-room at a time when the sewing machines happened to be silent.

"My mother never, never would do such a thing!" were the first words that were heard. "If I had been bad like Jimmy, she would have called me home, and if I'd had to be punished nobody would have seen it."

"Mine, too," agreed three more young critics.

"I'm glad my mother doesn't do things like that," spoke up a very earnest young voice. "And another thing she never does is to make me sit still when there's company."

"No," interrupted another, "if I come in with my hands and face washed clean and shake hands, then my mother tells me I may be excused to go and play."

"That's the way my mother does. Ruth's mother makes her sit still the whole time and it's awful hard." "Ruth would be as careful as any-

body, when there is company, not to get noisy if her mother would-" "Yes, my goodness! It's hard to

sit still for an hour and have nothing to play with, and that's what Ruth's mother wants her to do. I heard her scolding about it."

"Well, I'm glad my mother is not like Bob's. Bob never gets a chance to choose about anything. His mother decides where he shall go and what he shall do, whether it's important or not."

"My mother lets me have my say about most things." "So does mine." This last was in

chorus. Long before this, all conversation

in the living-room had ceased, and

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sense of refreshment.

bar, and had hung out his shingle.

heartily. "I was wondering when you would turn up again." He showed the title of his book, "Boswell. There was a man. As great as the man he wrote about, and we are just beginning to find it out." "Rare edition?" Evans sat down.

"Yes. Got it at Lowdermilk's yesterday."

"We've oodles of old books on our shelves. Ought to sell them, I suppose.'

"I wouldn't sell one of mine." Hallam was emphatic. "I'd rather murder a baby."

Evans flamed suddenly. "I'd sell mine, if I could get the things I want."

"I don't want anything as much as I want my books."

"I do. I want life as I used to live it." The doctor sat up and looked at

"You mean before the war?" him. "Yes."

"Good."

"I'm tired of being half a man. If there's any way out of it, I want you to tell me."

The doctor's eyes were bright with interest. He knew the first symptoms of recovery in such cases. The neurasthenic quality of Evans' trouble had robbed him of initiative. His waking-up was a promising sign.

"The thing to do, of course, is to get to work. Why don't you open an office?"

"A fat chance I'd have of getting clients."

"I think they'd come."

The doctor smoked for a time in silence, then he said, "Decide on something hard to do, and do it. Do it if you feel you are going to die in the attempt."

There was something inspiring to Evans in the idea. Hard things. That was it. He poured out the story of the past few days. The awful scene with Rusty. Tonight in the fog under the pines. "Wanted more than anything to drop myself in the river."

He was walking the floor, back and forth, limping to one edge of the rug, then limping to the other. Then Jane came. Little Jane Barnes. You know her, and she told me-where to get off-said I wascaptain of my soul-" He stopped in front of the doctor, and smiled whimsically. "Are any of us captains of our souls, doctor?"

"I'll be darned if I know." The doctor was intensely serious. "Willpower has a lot to do with things. The trouble is when your will won't work-"

"Mine seems to be working on one cylinder." Again Evans was pacing the rug. "But that idea of an office appeals to me. It will take a bit of money, though. And it is rather a problem to know where to get it."

"Sell some of the old books. I'll buy them."

Light leaped into Evans' eyes. "It would be one way, wouldn't it? are."

And he was interested.

things the next day that you did then. You will find you can stick closer than you think. And it will give you a working plan."

Evans sat down and discussed the idea. It was late when he rose to leave.

"It will be slow," was Hallam's final admonition, "but I believe you can do it. And when things go wrong, just honk and I'll lend you some gas," his big laugh boomed out, as they stood in the door together. "Nasty night." "I have a lantern." Evans picked

it up from the porch.

When Evans reached home his mother called from upstairs, thought you were never coming." "Hallam and I had a lot to talk

about."

He came running up, and entering her room found her propped up on her pillows.

"Mother," said Evans, and stood looking down at her, "Hallam wants me to sell some of the old books and use the money to open an of-

fice." "What kind of office?"

"Law. In town."

"But are you well enough, Evans?"

"He says that I am. He says that I must think that I am well, Mother." "But_"

"Dearest, don't spoil it with doubts. It's my life, Mother."

There was a look on his face which she had not seen since his return. Uplifted, eager. A light in his eyes, like the light which had

shone in the eyes of a boy. She found it difficult to speak. "My dear, the books are yours. Do

as you think best." He leaned over and kissed her, lifting her a bit. There was energy as well as affection in the quick caress. She drew herself away laugh-

ing, breathless. "How strong you

lunch with a lot of fellows-pancakes and sausages-ate an armful. Tea with three debutantes at the Shoreham-peaches. Dance at the Oakleys' in Georgetown. Corking time. One deadly moment when the butler took my overcoat. Poor people ought not to dance where there are butlers."

Autumn came: "Jane and I went today to gather fox grapes. Mother is making jelly and so is Jane. The vines were a great tangle. Shut in among them we seemed a thousand miles away from the world. Jane made herself a wreath of grape leaves, and looked like a nymph of the woods. I told her so and she gazed at me with those great gray eyes of hers and said, 'Evans, when the gods were young they must have lived like this-with grapes for their food, and the birds to sing for them, and the little wild things of the wood for company. It would be heaven-ly, wouldn't it?' She's a queer kid. Life with her wouldn't be humdrum. She's so intensely herself."

"We talked a bit about the war. I told her I should go if France needed me. I am not going to wait until this country gets into it. We owe a debt to France . . ."

He stopped there, and closed the book. He did not care to read farther. Oh, his debt to France had been paid. And after that day with Jane among the tangled vines things had moved faster-and faster. He didn't want to think of it .

psychological moments," said Jane. 'If it hadn't broken down on the bridge, he wouldn't have found your niece. "And I wouldn't have known you"

"Who -he was smiling at her. would ever have believed that so much hung on so little." And now Waldron, the butler, an-

nounced dinner-and Jane entering the dining-room felt dwarfed by the Gargantuan tables, the high-backed ecclesiastical chairs, the tall silver candlesticks with their orange can-

dles. "Your color," Towne told her. "You see I remembered your knitting-"

"I'm crazy about brilliant wools," said Jane; "some day I am going to open a shop and sell them." But he knew that she would not open a shop. "You were like some lovely bird-an oriole, perhaps, with your orange and black.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Hackney Is Descendant of the Norfolk Trotter

Prior to the end of the Eighteenth | as compared with our standard-bred century the use of wheeled vehicles | roadsters. was not general. Says Johnstone in

writing of the origin of hackneys: 'Roads were few and bad. Therefore people relied mostly on horseback and walking for transportation. At this time (about 1800) there was in the eastern part of England a breed of saddle horse called the Norfolk trotter. The hackney of today is a descendant of this strain. The Norfolk trotter had fast gaits conformation this conclusion would not be drawn. His head is too coarse, neck short and thick, and he has no height."

The hackneys of today have these same qualities, with the exception of much nicer heads, writes Capt. Maxwell Corpening in the Chicago Tribune. Originally they were saddle horses, but now are used mostly for driving-principally in shows. Great stress is placed upon their manner of going. Much time is devoted by trainers to achieving an exaggerated high foot action. Their success in achieving this is remarkable considering the breed's heavy forehand and relatively thick, chubby body. Because of this up-anddown motion the hackney is not fast | use.'

The process of refining the breed came into prominence with the advent of better roads and the introduction of wheeled vehicles. So long as he was used for saddle purposes coarseness was tolerated. With the development of snappy little vehicles, smooth roads, and the exaggerated hackney way of going. fashionable folk began to take notice. Hackney classes with femiand good endurance, yet from his nine drivers became social events. In seeking to maintain the pace American sportsmen began import-

ing these cocky little performers, until now no horse show is complete without them. The common reference to "road

hack" in designating a saddle class is a derivation of hackney. Likewise the term hack in describing a vehicle.

Whitewash Coal for Queen

Victoria, Queen of England from 1837 to 1901, was unaware of many ceremonial gestures made in her nonor, one of which, says Collier's Weekly, was the whitewashing of the coal for the engine of her private train "to make it fit for royal

the mothers were listening breathlessly. "I'm afraid they will begin on our faults if they continue this open forum," said one mother.

Children Ask Fair Government.

"Let them," said another. "It is doing us good to be praised, and the hearing of our faults will not hurt

"Bless their little hearts," said a third, "I never dreamed they were such keen observers. And aren't they loval to us!"

"And they are right," said the hostess. "I think it is a shame the way Mrs. Lottey comes out with a switch in her hand to hunt her children. She won't injure their bodies with that little stick, but I'm afraid she may injure her opportunity to gain their confidence, with her cast-iron methods of government."

"I'll tell you what let's do," said another mother suddenly, wishing to prevent further criticism of their neighbor. "Let's give our darling instructors a little treat. I have some ice cream in the refrigerator, and it will only take a minute to bring it over."

"Good! I baked fresh cookies this morning, and they will go nicely with the ice cream," said another. The children were astonished at the feast suddenly spread before them as they sat on the grass, but they were not too astonished to do their part with their hearty young appetites.

"Such a surprise!"

"Why didn't you tell us?" "May we call to Bob and his sis-

ter to come over?" "I'll say this is swell!"

Chattering and eating, and drinking quantities of pink lemonade, the children continued their picnic until the last drop and crumb were consumed, while the mothers, sewing silently, thanked God in their hearts that their little children saw and appreciated their loving efforts at fair government, and they humbly asked for more light, more patience and more skill.

National Kindergarten Association (WNU Service.)

Ultraviolet Meat Storage

Longer storage of meat and other food without spoiling or changes of color is made possible by the use of ultraviolet radiation combined with other more usual food preservation practices, Professor Arthur W. Ewell of the Worcester Polytechnic institute told the American Society of Refrigerating Engineers at a recent meeting, according to Science Service. The germ-killing effect of the radiation, now being set to work for bacterial purposes in a dozen different fields ranging from sterilizing the air in hospital operating rooms to the packing industry, can be attributed to its power of forming ozone from the oxygen in the air, Professor Ewell declared.

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