

HOUSEHOLD TALKS

Henrietta D. Grauel

Wearin o' th' Green

The green of springtime is still toned down gently with the browns and grays and other sombre shades of Mother Nature out of doors. But this month we will wear the green in honor of Saint Patrick. Just why this old gentleman should be honored history is a bit hazy in telling. We used to think he drove the snakes from Ireland but just lately a sportsman proved conclusively there never were any on the Emerald Isle. Never mind, we'll use his color boldly and even dare to twine it with yellow and so set all our aesthetic nerves aquiver.

Spring is coming and golden daffodils in beds of green prove it and primroses and hyacinths in the markets seem to coax us to buy them for our future satisfaction.

There are fashions in flowers and this season roses are more popular than ever. Perhaps this is because the trouble abroad prevented the shipping of azaleas, other imported flowers and

the finest of the bulb plants that we are accustomed to see each spring.

Just shamrock or oxalis, as gardeners call it, is enough for a centerpiece for the seventeenth of March. It takes only a suggestion of color to make the lunch or dinner table bright and only a few Irish flags or favors to please your family or your guests.

A menu that will carry the color scheme might include:

Cream of Spinach
Creamed Fricassee of Chicken
Peas Mashed Potatoes Asparagus
Lettuce, Onion and Celery Salad
Pistachio Ice Cream Angle Cake
Green Taty

The green taty may be a punch made with a pint of strong green tea, a pint of orange juice, a can of shredded pineapple, one cup of sugar syrup and crushed ice to dilute pleasantly. Decorate punch bowl with shamrocks.

In all entertainments one wants three things, congeniality of guests, daintiness of service and originality of entertainment. At an informal affair like this one the guests will furnish wit and fun. If you have any doubt about this you might furnish a Blarney stone for them to kiss and so honey their tongues. It may be placed on top of a step ladder or on some elevation, for one must always climb to reach the Blarney stone.

Queen Mab, whom poets write about, was an Irish queen of ancient days, and if someone impersonates her at your party perhaps she will tell some of the touching Celt legends of other times. Then there are the lovely Irish songs and poems to be read and sung and famous Irish people to be remembered and recalled to others' memories.

The party part of seventeenth of March entertainment should be as delightful as the dinner part.

Officer—"Did you get those bruises in an accident?"
Sad Guy—"Yes; I didn't think the other fellow would fight."—New York Globe.

PARROT & CO.

HAROLD MACGRATH

Author of 'The Carpet from Bagdad', 'The Place of Honeymoons', etc.

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CONTINUED

Elsa forgot those about her, forgot her intended humiliation of the man at her side. He denied that he was an individual, but he was one, as interesting a one as she had met in a very long time. She, too, had made a blunder. Quick to form opinions, swift to judge, she found guilty with the com-

physical attractions?" Elsa inquired sarcastically.

"We are dealing with human nature, mediocrity, and not with speculation. It is in the very nature of things to distrust that which we do not understand. You say, old and without physical attractions. Beauty is of all things most drawing. We crowd about it, we crown it, we flatter it. The old and unattractive we pass by. If I had not seen you here tonight, heard you talk, saw in a kind of rebellious enchantment over your knowledge of the world and your distinguished acquaintance, I should have gone to my grave believing that my suspicions were correct. I dare say that I shall make the same mistake again."

"Did you learn among other things what Mr. Warrington had done?"
"Yes. A sordid affair. Ordinary speculations that were wasted over gaming tables."
Warrington had told her the truth. At least, the story told by others coincided with his own. But what was it that kept doubt in her mind? Why should she not be ready to believe what others believed, what the man himself had confessed? What was it to her that he looked like Arthur, that he was guilty or innocent?
"And his name?" She wondered if the colonel knew that also.
"Warrington is assumed. His real name is Paul Ellison."
"Paul Ellison." She repeated it slowly. Her voice did not seem her own. The table, the lights, the faces, all receded and became a blur.



She Nodded Pleasantly to the Colonel.

mon lot, who permit impressions instead of evidence to sway them. Here was a man.

"We have gone far afield," she said, a tacit admission that she could not refute his dissertations. This knowledge, however, was not irksome.

"Rather have we not come to the bars? Shall we set them down? In the civil and military life on this side of the world there are many situations which we perform must tolerate. But these, mind you, are settled conditions. It is upon new ones which arise that we pass judgment. I knew nothing about you, nothing whatever. So I judged you according to the rules."

Elsa leaned upon her elbows, and she smiled a little as she noted that the purple had gone from his nose and that it had resumed its accustomed rubeundity.

"I go on. A woman who travels alone, who does not present letters of introduction, who—"

"Who attends strictly to her own affairs. Go on."

Imperturbably he continued: "Who seeks the acquaintance of men who do not belong, as you Americans say."

"Not men, one man," she corrected.

"A trifling difference. Well, it arouses a disagreeable word, suspicion. For look, there have been examples. It isn't as if yours were an isolated case. There have been examples, and these we apply to such affairs as come under our notice."

"And it doesn't matter that you may be totally wrong?"

His prompt answer astonished her. "No, it does not matter in the least. Simmered down, it may be explained in a word, appearances. And I must say, to the normal mind—"

"The mediocre mind."

"To the normal and mediocre mind, appearances were against you. Observe, please, that I did not know I was wrong, that you were a remarkable young woman. My deductions were made from what I saw as an outsider. On the irrawaddy you made the acquaintance of a man who came out here a fugitive from justice. After you made his acquaintance, you sought none other, in fact, repelled any advances. This alone decided me."

"Then you were decided?" To say that this blunt exposition was not bitter to her taste, that it did not act like acid upon her pride, would not be true. She was hurt, but she did not let the hurt befog her sense of justice. From his point of view the colonel was in no fault. "Let me tell you how very wrong you were indeed."

"Doubtless," he hastily interposed, "you enveloped the man in a cloud of romance."

"On the contrary, I spoke to him and sought his companionship because he was nothing more nor less than a ghost."

"Ah! Is it possible that you knew him in former times?"

"No. But he was so like the man at home; so identical in features and build to the man I expected to go home to marry."

"My dear young lady, you are right. Mediocrity is without imagination, stupid, and makes the world a dull place indeed. What woman in your place would have acted otherwise? Instead of one apology I offer a thousand."

"I accept each and all of them. More, I believe that you and I could get on capitally. I can very well imagine the soldier you used to be. I am going to ask you what you know about Mr. Warrington."

"This, that he is not a fit companion for a young woman like yourself; that a detracting rumor follows hard upon his heels wherever he goes. I learned something about him in Rangoon. He is known to the riff-raff as Parrot & Co., and I don't know what else. All of us on shipboard learned his previous history. And not from respectable quarters, either."

"If I had been elderly and without

CHAPTER XV.

A Bit of a Lark.

Mallow gave Craig one of his favorite cigars. The gambler turned it over and inspected the carnelian label, realizing that this was expected of him. Mallow smiled complacently. They might smoke as good as that at the government house, but he rather doubted it. Trust a Britisher to know a good pipe-charge; but his selection of cigars was seldom to be depended upon.

"Don't see many of these out here," was Craig's comment, and he tucked away the cigar in a vest pocket.

"They cost me forty-three cents apiece, without duty." The vulgarian's pleasure lies not in the article itself so much as in the price paid for it. On the plantation Mallow smoked Burma cheroots because he really preferred them. There, he drank rye whisky, consorted with his employees, gambled with them and was not above cheating when he had them drunk enough. Away from home, however, he was the man of money; he bought vintage wines when he could, wore silks, jingled the sovereigns whenever he thought someone might listen, bullied the servants, all with the childish belief that he was following the footsteps of aristocracy, hoodwinking no one, not even his kind. "I'm worth a quarter of a million," he went on. "Luck and plugging did it. One of these fine days I'm going to sell out and take a whack at that gay Paris. There's the place to spend your pile. You can't get your money's worth any place else."

Paris, Craig's thought flew back to the prosperous days when he was plying his trade between New York and Cherbourg, on the Atlantic liners, the annual fortnight in Paris and the Grand Prix. He had had his diamonds, then, and his wallet of yellow-backs; and when he had called for vintage wines and choice Havannas it had been for genuine love of them. In his heart he despised Mallow. He knew himself to be a rogue, but Mallow without money would have been a bold predatory scoundrel. Craig knew also that he himself was at soul too cowardly to be more than despicably bad. He envied Mallow's absolute fearlessness, his frank brutality, his strength upon which dissipation had as yet left no mark; and Mallow was easily forty-five.

"When you go to Paris, I'd like to go along."

"You've never let on why they sent you hiking out here," Mallow suggested.

"One of my habits is keeping my mouth shut."

"Regarding your own affairs, yes. But you're willing enough to talk when it comes to giving away the other chap."

"You can play that hand as well as I can." Craig scowled toward the dining room doors.

"Ha! There they come," said Mallow, as a group of men and women is sued into the cafe veranda. "By gad! she is a beauty, and no mistake. And will you look at our friend, the colonel, toddling behind her?"

"If you could get a good look at her when she's angry, you'd change your tune."

Mallow sneaked audibly. "Most wom-

en are tame, and that's why I've fought shy of the yoke. Yonder's the sort for me. The man who marries her will have his work cut out. It'll take a year or two to find out who's boss; and if she wins, lord help the man!"

Craig eyed the group which was now seated. Two Chamenen were serving coffee and cordials. Mallow was right; beautiful was the word. He poured out for himself a stiff peg and drank it with very little soda.

"Haven't seen the crowd anywhere, have you?"

"No, nor want to. Leave him alone."

"Afraid of him, eh?"

"I'm truthful enough to say that I'm damned afraid of him. Don't mistake me. I'd like to see him flat, beaten, down and out for good. I'd like to see him lose that windfall, every cent of it. But I don't want to get in his way just now."

"Rot! Don't you worry; no beach comber like that can stand up long in front of me. He threatened on board that he was going to collect that fifty pounds. He hasn't been very spry about it."

"I should like to be with you when you meet."

Mallow grinned. "Not above seeing a pal get walloped, eh? Well, you get a ringside ticket. It'll be worth it."

"I don't want to see you get licked," denied Craig irritably. "All I ask is that you shelve some of your cock sureness. I'm not so dead broke that I must swallow all of it. I've warned you that he is a strong man. He used to be one of the best college athletes in America."

TO BE CONTINUED

"Not Like Us"
Mrs. Anderson's husband is Scotch. Mrs. Anderson is an American woman, and she has in her employ as black a cook as ever descended from Ham. One day the cook said to her mistress: "Yo' husband he ain't no 'Merican, is he?"
"Oh, no, Phoebe; he is a Scotchman," replied Mrs. Anderson.
"Well," said the cook, "I could see he wasn't like us, missus."—New York Post.

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