

In the Three-Room Flat

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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"I'm sick of boarding!" Bob Drake threw himself into the big chair in the first floor front room and glowered at his room mate.

"Well—I'm not a boarding-house keeper, am I? You needn't look at me as if I had gotten the clam in the chowder tonight—I swear I didn't."

Jimmy Rogers took his pipe from the mantel and lighted it leisurely while he looked at Drake through half-closed lids. Why don't you get married—if you can?"

"Cut it out—the only girl I've seen down a year and a half ago and I'm a jolly bachelor for the rest of my days."

"I'm sorry, old man—I didn't know—"

"It's all right, only—Drake looked out into a sunlit sky—"there's no other girl for me."

"Some other fellow I suppose?"

"No," Drake laughed a short, harsh laugh, "he gave me up for a box of paints, but I would take her back—paints and all—if she'd have me. I told her at the time I never would, but—I have had eighteen months in which to think out her side of the question."

"I suppose it was the time-worn 'career or love'—to tell you the truth, Bobby, I think you are better off without a girl who goes about with the career notion in her head, temperaments and things. Jimmy was getting interested in his own argument. "Some day you will run across a nice little fluff girl who won't know a Rubens from a Gibson and she will make you as happy as a clam."

"Thanks. But the domestic kind don't make any hit with me—I would much prefer to pay a housekeeper and be—"

"By Jove! You've hit it—let's get a good housekeeper and take a furnished flat."

Jimmy was up and looking for the morning paper before Drake realized



Ruth Herself Appeared.

that he was serious. "Wonder why he never thought of that before?"

"You're a wonder, Jimmy, and I suppose you are going to spend this lovely Sunday climbing up dark, dingy apartment stairs and dragging me along." Drake's voice had a hint of eagerness in it. The scheme appealed to him and in a moment two heads were buried in the "Furnished Flat" column of a morning paper.

"This sounds good!" Jimmy cut out a paragraph and read: "Three rooms and bath artistically furnished. Elevator. Fifty dollars a month. That's short and to the point, and it is on Morningdale, just a couple of squares up. It is early, but what do you say to going right up and looking at it?"

"I'm on!" Bobby Drake jumped up and the two were soon out in the brisk April air.

With the clipping from the paper safely in hand, they rang the bell of the advertised number. The card on the door read, A. Ivery.

There was a scurrying of feet from within and a voice whispered, "You go, Alice—I may be some one to look at the apartment."

The hearts of both men gave a jump when the door opened and a slim, fluff person in a soft blue something stood before them.

"We—is that is—we saw an advertisement—" Jimmy was stammering, when the girl herself came to the rescue.

"You perhaps want to look at the apartment," she said, leading the way inside. "We don't want to leave," she began in a voice decidedly near tears, "but Miss Denning—"

"Denning? What Miss Denning?" Bobby Drake had turned so suddenly on the girl that she was startled into

answering him without a thought of his rudeness.

"Ruth Denning—she has won some big prize or something and we are going to France—"

"Where is she now?" Drake's voice was unsteady.

There was no time for answer. Ruth Denning herself appeared. She stood gripping each one in the effort to steady herself.

"Bobby—" She smiled in a way that Alice Ivery had not seen her smile even when the great Leylan prize was given her. She came forward then and met the hand which took hers as in a vise.

"Are you flat hunting?" The very foolishness of her question in so tense a moment snapped the cord and all four young persons laughed. And Jimmy so far forgot the fact that he did not know either girl that he answered glibly:

"Why, no—we are hunting mushrooms with wabbling eyes."

Alice Ivery's sly laugh rang out and she cast a demure glance at Jimmy. "Perhaps you would like to see the view from the fire escape," she said, looking pointedly at Drake and Ruth Denning, who looked as if a new world had suddenly sprung up before them. Jimmy took the hint and followed the little blue figure to a miniature kitchen, where he perched himself upon the enameled tub to enjoy the novel situation.

In the other room Bob Drake was speaking.

"Why are you renting your apartment, Ruth? Does it mean that you are—that you have failed?" The true sympathy in Bob's voice brought untold tribute to Ruth Denning. When she spoke she had gained command of herself and her steady gray eyes met his without flinching and telling no tale of her innermost feelings.

"No, I have not failed. On the contrary, I have succeeded even beyond my greatest expectations. Didn't you hear Alice Ivery tell you—"

"I heard nothing after she had spoken your name."

"Bobby, I have won the great Leylan prize, and they are sending me to Paris for three years—" The last note ended in a sob and she was in his arms. She had kept up bravely during the long, hard competition, and now for the first time she fully realized the greatness of her achievement.

Bob Drake had learned much about Ruth and the depths of her moods during their long separation, and now he held her quietly until the heavy sobbing had ceased.

"I'm awfully silly," Ruth looked up at Drake through shining tears. "The struggle has been long and hard, Bobby, dear, and I have wanted you to be here so terribly at times."

"Dear," Drake asked, tenderly, "when do you sail?"

"I am not going—now," Ruth looked up quickly.

Bobby smiled. "Yes you are." He knew that this withdrawal of the stronger Ruth was but momentary. "You are going over to the land of art and work even harder than you have here—because you have more at stake."

"More at stake! How can I have won that I have won—you?"

"Winning is only the first step," he answered with a quizzical light in his eyes.

"Robert Drake! Do you mean to tell me that you would cease to love me if I failed at the last minute and gave up my art?"

"I mean exactly that. The girl I have always loved is not made of the stuff that gives up." He lifted her face and looked into her eyes. "You would not be that girl if you gave up."

"I have indeed won," the girl breathed softly.

"Oh, I say—excuse me!"

Jimmy Rogers had burst into the room, followed by a girl with flushed cheeks and happy eyes.

"I suppose the trip to Paris is indefinitely postponed and that Drake and I are done out of this dandy little flat."

"Neither," put in Bob, "we will take the flat and also make one trip a year to Paris."

Jimmy Rogers and Alice Ivery exchanged glances. She was the fluff, dainty girl who knew not a Rubens from a Peter Paul Rubens.

"I suppose Ruth will always need me," she sighed, "to keep house for her—"

"Not on your life," put in Jimmy, more firmly than eloquently.

"Papa's View of It."

Gladys—But he writes such beautiful poetry, papa."

Papa—Now, see here, young lady, I'm not going to let you marry any man that I've got to support."

THINKS SHE STANDS ALONE

Girl of Sixteen Years Imagines All Her Feelings, Emotions, Thoughts and Hopes Are Unique.

"There is a strange characteristic very strongly marked in the girl of sixteen—strange because it is a kind of hallucination for which there is absolutely no foundation. She is under the impression that she is experiencing feelings and emotions never experienced by any one before; that what she thinks is unique, what she feels and does unique—her ambitions, hopes, aspirations, all unique. She imagines that her mother, hopelessly without the magical ring, is an alien of the worst type."

So writes Mrs. Burton Chance in an article entitled, "Your Daughter," in the *Delinquent*. Later she adds: "The mother understands quite well all that is going on. She knows that the rampant emotions, fancied importance and but half-subdued energies in her child must all be toned down by endless kindness and disappointments

before they consent to be driven in harness and thereby reach their true proportions. She knows that upon this very exuberance, this enthusiasm, this strange hallucination itself, will grow all that will make her child a woman of strength and personal vigor in her maturity."

Scottish Students' Dress.

The Scottish university student has a code of etiquette in clothes as strict as that of Eton or Harrow. And into it the straw hat enters. On September 15, be the weather ever so bleak, the streets are full of what the small boys know as "strawhatters." On the sixteenth you will find never a one, on a student's head, that is. As for the medical student, he seldom wears a straw hat at all, or anything in its place. It is his pride to go bareheaded, as it is to wear a fancy waistcoat and turned-up trouser ends. The arts and divinity men sedately avoid these last three fashions.

Temperance

TOTAL ABSTINENCE IS BEST

Greatest Danger of Excess is at Banquets Where Champagne Flows With Freedom.

The following article is taken from the "Living Church." Although intended for the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, it is appropriate for all seasons:

It is perhaps, more difficult for some people to obey the command in today's Epistle, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess," than to observe an absolute rule of total abstinence.

Those who favor a free use of wine and other stimulants when not required physically, are wont to quote St. Paul's advice to St. Timothy to drink wine for his oft infirmities; but they forget to quote many other passages from the Scriptures. It was for his "infirmities" that he was advised to take it, not for self-indulgence, or convivial and social reasons.

In Galatians St. Paul mentions among the sins of the flesh, drunkenness, adding, "They who do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

It is a fact that many, and among them church people, think too highly of exceeding the bounds of temperance; and, alas that it should be so, intemperance is not unknown even among women who are social leaders in our large cities. Solomon was a very wise man, and he says, "Be not among wine bibbers, for the drunkard and glutton shall come to poverty." After describing the appearance of an intemperate man he says that such are those "that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine."

"Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup. . . . At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

The fact that our blessed Lord's first miracle was the turning of water into wine, shows us that wine is one of his gifts to mankind; yet like so many other blessings, if abused it becomes our ruin. What a wonderful help to gaining self-control it would be if men always stopped short of what they can safely take; but for some, total abstinence is the only wise course.

In the collect for today we pray that being ready both in body and soul we cheerfully accomplish the things which God commands. If our bodies belong to his service, why should we render them unfit to do his bidding? At the altar "we present ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy and living sacrifice. Is not that often forgotten?"

Frequently there are banquets which church people attend at which wines and champagne flow freely. These are occasions upon which the greatest danger of excess is likely to arise. Does drinking to excess, even though one stops short of actual drunkenness, fit the body to appear before the altar on Sunday morning, in the still, early hour, to see and hear the priest consecrate the fruit of the vine, making it the blood of Christ, that it may become our precious drink? Who would dare present himself to drink of that cup, who had himself been a partaker of wine the night before until he had become excited and talkative beyond bounds? Soon the desire to come and drink the heavenly wine will leave him, and drinking the cup of fools, he will go down to the gates of eternal death, unless he turns and repents.

There are outwardly respectable church men who do not exercise self-control in the matter of wine drinking, and who by their example injure others, and are themselves daily deteriorating. Wilful intemperance and devoid aspirations do not go together.

Who should be the leaders in bringing about a reform? Surely they of the priesthood, who are appointed by God to set so holy and pure an example that the laity will be won to high and holy living, and learning to curb the desires of the flesh, will attain to free communion with the sacred heart of the blessed Jesus.

Sobriety in Australia.

Compared with other countries, the commonwealth of Australia is evidently temperate. The average consumption of alcoholic beverages per head of the population is 72 imperial gallons of spirits, 5 gallons of wine, and 11.19 gallons of beer, against 1 gallon of spirits, 32 of wine, and 29.59 of beer per head of the population in the United Kingdom. Public houses are rigidly controlled. Sunday closing is absolute except for bona-fide travelers. In New South Wales the week-night closing hour is 11 o'clock. Temperance sentiment, moreover, is growing, while legislation keeps almost pace with it, and the time is approaching when the commonwealth will be not merely temperate, but sober in the strictest sense of the word.

England's Drink Bill.

During the last five years England's drink bill has been steadily on the increase, notwithstanding the fact that never before have her temperance organizations been so active or aggressive as during that period. We are told that among her educated and well-to-do classes drunkenness is becoming the exception and moderation the rule, yet notwithstanding this moderation movement, and in spite of her boasted five to six million total abstainers, her Bands of Hope and other means of educating children in temperance principles, and her scientific and economic protests against the drink, etc., the bill goes on increasing.

Saloon Attracts.

"Talk was never known to keep a young man out of a liquor saloon yet," said Abraham Lincoln, when he was asked to lecture on this subject. "If there is more attraction, more warmth, more good fellowship, more liberty in the liquor saloon than there is at home, that is where some young men will go, and all the orators and special pleaders in the world cannot hinder it."

For the Dining Room.

A clever housekeeper has solved the problem of economy, at the same time increasing the attractive elements of her dining table.

Moreover, the mahogany table and chairs are put away and in their places are substituted a square table of soft wood and straw chairs, all painted green. It may not sound pretty, but the effect is charming.

The table and chairs were treated, not with paint, but with thin water stain and then rubbed with a thin oil.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS THAT WILL HELP THE HOSTESS

Vegetable Party.

A college noted for its good times among the students had this party once upon a time and the girls had loads of fun. Each girl was told to come wearing something to represent a vegetable and then they had vegetable candy boxes filled for the favors. The last thing was a contest called "Vegetables in Disguise" with twenty minutes allowed for guessing them. The programs on which the questions were written were ornamented with colored vegetable pictures cut from a seed catalogue.

A pronoun preceded and followed by a preposition. (Onion)

A painful projection. (Corn)

Hard to get out of. (Maise [maize])

What vegetable should you see a great deal, and why? (Potatoes. They have so many eyes)

A basement and a question. (Celery [cellar-why])

Every good Chairman has my first My second is to overload. (Cucumber [que-que-cumber])

A bivalve and a vegetable growth. (Oyster, plant)

Normal, and a very small piece. (Parsnip)

A small waste. (Leek [leak])

A letter. (Pea [p])

A box, a letter, and a part of the body? (Tomato [Tom-a-toe])

Yielding water, and connections? (Pumpkin)

To crush. (Squash)

A purple part of the year, and sick. (Lentil [lent-ill])

A tour on your wheel, and years. (Spinach [spin-age])

Hot stuff. (Pepper)

An English dignity, and a platter. (Radish [R. A. Dish])

A ben. (Beet plant)

Tramps. (Beets)

MADAME MERRILL.

A Novel Box Shower.

A recent bride told of a jolly shower of which she was the recipient. There was a circle of fourteen who had been together for many years, and they asked the men of the crowd, too. Each one was instructed to bring an offering of some kind of a box or an article packed in a box, all to be sent to the home of the hostess, who had everything placed in a huge dry goods box, on which she pasted hearts of all sizes and colors. It was delivered by an express man who rang the bell vigorously after all had arrived. They had loads of fun making the happy couple unpack and open the boxes; nearly every article was accompanied by an original rhyme.

sentiment, quotation or admonitions to either bride, bridegroom or both. Each article, with its effusion, was inspected before opening another. Some of the things were: a work box, collar button box, jewel box, box of napkins, box of matches, box of soap, box of stationery, and box of pins. The hostess refreshed everybody by serving her refreshments in boxes decorated with red hearts, the salted nuts were in boxes at each place and the favors were small boxes of confetti which the hostess said "would be of use later."

Canned Luncheon.

"Being twenty miles from a lemon," we had word that guests were coming and there was no alternative but to fly to our emergency closet and do our best. The result was so satisfactory that one of our city guests declared her intention of giving a "canned luncheon," the description of which follows. The hostess drew pictures of animated cans dancing across the top of the sheet and the wording was "Can you come and lunch with me on Thursday at one o'clock? If you can let me know." The envelope was sealed with a picture of a tin can of peas. At the luncheon not a thing was used that did not come in a can, a jar or a box of some kind. The candies were what are known as "Sunshine" and come in bottles. The hostess used her chafing dish, her coffee percolator and an electric toaster, so all was very modern and up-to-date. The guests had a fine time, as all was so very informal and jolly.



Many of the children's hats are edged with fur.

Puffs are gradually giving way to clusters of curls.

The small, round hat that is almost bonnet shape is decidedly the most popular chapeau for children's wear this season.

Widows will wear the double veils, but more often veils are single and seldom measure over a yard by three-quarters, and quite frequently they are smaller.

Three Pretty Designs



THE costume at the left is a practical cut for girls of ten or twelve years, and might be made in cloth or serge. It has single-breasted fronts, and fastens below the collar, which is a sailor shape. A short strap draws the fullness in at center of back. Hat of velvet swathed in silk with a large rosette at the side.

Materials required: Two and one-half yards 46 inches wide, five buttons, three yards satin for lining 42 inches wide.

The second would make up well in coarse-grained serge, and is a smart style for a little girl of eight to ten years. A panel is taken down front and emerges into a plait just below the waist; the lower part of sides and back are then plaited, and set to the

plain upper part by the belt; large buttons trim front, and the fastening is under the left side of front. Collar and cuffs of white cloth are worn. Felt hat trimmed with a striped silk bow.

Materials required: Three yards serge 48 inches wide, one-fourth yard cloth, two yards lining.

For the dress shown in the third picture, chocolate brown herringbone serge is used; it is for a girl of eight to ten years, and is arranged in three flat plaits down back and front; a belt of light cloth is taken under the plaits at waist, it is also used to edge the collar and cuffs. White felt hat trimmed with black velvet ribbon.

Materials required: Three yards serge 48 inches wide, one-fourth yard light cloth.

To Avoid Puckering. Puckering is caused by holding the right elbow close to the side in sewing. The needle, of course, continues to slant, and one-half of the stitch becomes wider than the other half. Naturally, if this be by only one thread in a long seam, a pucker must ensue.

But if the elbow be brought slightly forward and the hand held so that the inside of the palm faces the sewer, the needle will point straight and both halves of the stitch will be of the same size.

For the Dining Room. A clever housekeeper has solved the problem of economy, at the same time increasing the attractive elements of her dining table.

Moreover, the mahogany table and chairs are put away and in their places are substituted a square table of soft wood and straw chairs, all painted green. It may not sound pretty, but the effect is charming.

The table and chairs were treated, not with paint, but with thin water stain and then rubbed with a thin oil.

This causes the grain to show, making the top not a flat color, but varying from a dark to gray green, sometimes even showing purple lights.

In the center of the table stands a natural color terra cotta urn. Sometimes there is fresh green in this, as ferns, bay or even box, but flowers are never used.

Four old silver candlesticks form corners in the decoration scheme, and, placed between each candle, is a stem of green bay, fern or box laid flat, this forming a connecting band of green, as they were.

The Bow Knit Tie. The fickle male sex demanded something new this winter in the line of knitted neckwear. Dame Fashion arose to the occasion in presenting the bow knit tie. This smart neckwear, which is more commonly gotten out in the attractive French knit, is the acme of stylish nattiness, to use a street phrase, but one fittingly expressive. This unique neckpiece is comparatively unknown as yet, and is only sold by the most exclusive haberdashers.

King of Samoa Temperate. The king of Samoa is determined that his subjects shall be sober. He has issued the following order: "No spirituous, vinous, or fermented liquors or intoxicating drinks whatever shall be sold, given or offered to be bought or bartered by Samoan or Pacific Islander resident in Samoa."

The consumption of alcohol in France has been trebled within thirty years and as much as 26,000,000 gallons have been manufactured out of potatoes to the French market.

Christ in Office of King

By Rev. Robert McHugh Morris
Pastor of First Presbyterian Church
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TEXT—For thus shall he richly supplied unto you an entrance into the eternal kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.—II Peter 1, 11.

The risen Savior executes three offices. He is our prophet revealing to us by his word and apirit the will of God for our salvation. He is our priest, offering up of himself a sacrifice to satisfy divine justice and reconcile us to God, and in making continual intercession for us. He is our king. In his kindly office he subdues us to himself; he rules and defends us; he restrains and conquers all his and our enemies.

That we may search ourselves and see first if we are citizens of his kingdom, and second, how loyal we are to that kingdom, let us note what are the conditions of citizenship. We shall find these conditions by references which originate in the king as he stands in his relation to us, and in this manner he able to show what is our religion toward him.

The first phrase which we are taught as setting forth the manner of Christ's execution of the office of kingship toward us is that he subdues us to himself. We talk much of Christ subduing the world. We pray, sometimes half-heartedly and sometimes with great meaning, that his kingdom may come, that his will may be done in earth as it is in heaven. We conjure before our mind's eye the law-breakers, the flagrant sinners of the world. We draw melodramatic pictures of the thief, the drunkard, the rascal, the murderer being subdued to the will of Christ.

There is something about the midnight mission which appeals to our dramatic sense. We love to dwell upon the rescuing of the perishing; we love to sing about throwing out the life-line; we love to talk about the gospel being preached in all foreign lands. We swell with pride when we hear how Korea is coming to Christ, how China and Japan are being enlightened by his light. We are ready to shout and say, "that is good, fine, let it go on. The time will soon come when the earth is as full of the knowledge of the Lord as waters cover the seas."

Now friends, that's all objective and external. It's all good; but the first thing anyone should see to when he prays that God's will be done in earth as it is done in heaven is that he himself be subdued to Christ. There are church members who will work for others and give money to missions (and both these things they should do) but who unfortunately stop just at that point and do not permit themselves to be subdued.

The first question for you and me to say is, "Has Christ subdued us unto himself?" Do you know there was and is a profound psychological and spiritual reason or meaning behind the "mourner's bench" of our Methodist brethren. We like the phrase, "mourner's bench." There may be better ones. Perhaps the idea would be better expressed if we said, "the self-abnegating bench," the places where men are willing to say, "I surrender myself." Not "I surrender five hours a week to the work of the church;" not "I surrender one hundred dollars a year to carry on his work;" not "I surrender a nominal allegiance to the kingdom, and am glad that the kingdom is spreading;" not that I surrender my name to the roll of some church and consent to let my greatness reflect credit and glory upon the church of Christ. But that I surrender myself, that I surrender my will which is the same as saying that I am subdued.

Brethren, the first condition of entrance into this kingdom is not registering our names on the church rolls, or on the charity lists, or on the workers' tablets, good though these things may be; but the first element is being subdued to the king.

The second thing is that when we are subdued he rules and defends us. Now the rulership of Christ is not a hard rule. He is not a despicable and unfeeling tyrant. "My yoke," he said, "is easy and my burden is light." It is necessary for us to bear the burden, the yoke must needs be worn. But the burden cannot crush us and the yoke does not gall when we are subdued to his will.

If we are subdued his ruling will seem mild and gentle. It will not be arbitrary; it will not be merely that he might crush us beyond all hope of insurance. He does not restrain from traitorous acts so much by threats of dire punishment as by showing us the pain it will cause his heart.

We all want the defense of the government. We walk these streets at night with a feeling of greater or less security, because we feel that the government of the city, through its police, is defending us.

So it is in this kingdom of Christ. It is only while we are under the rulership of the king that he can defend us.

Now the third and last thing involving in this execution of the office of kingship is that Christ restrains and conquers all his enemies, who are our enemies as well. Notice how this comes merging quietly out of our last thought. For to revert to our illustration: While we are loyal citizens of the city, the lawbreakers are the common enemy of the city and of ourselves. But when we have outlawed ourselves then we have become an enemy to the city.

William O. Bishop Dies.

William O. Bishop, one of the city's well-known manufacturers and prominent in financial and Masonic circles, died at the age of 67. Mr. Bishop was a veteran of the Civil War and for years was a member of the Old City Grays.

New Masonic Temple.

Harrisburg Masons are preparing for a brilliant event at the opening of the new Masonic Temple, opposite the Capitol, which, it is expected, will be completed within a short time. The building will cost over \$150,000. It is expected to hold the celebration on January 24, and among those to attend will be Grand Master G. W. Guthrie, Past Grand Master George B. Orlandy, Lieutenant Governor John M. Reynolds and Judge S. J. McCarrell.

Bows to Rate Mandate.

The State Railroad Commission Thursday achieved a victory in an important case, the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company having informed it that it would issue new rates and not make a contest of the authority of the commission in what is known as the Copley Cement Company complaint. The commission had asked the Attorney General to proceed to the courts and everything was ready for a test.

STATE CAPITAL NEWS

Harrisburg Correspondence.
Large Savings Deposits.

Philadelphia's 62 trust companies are shown to have assets of \$214,736,755.31, according to the annual report by State Banking Commissioner William H. Smith, on the trust companies, State banks and savings banks in the State.

The report gives a great variety of statistics and shows that Philadelphia has four less trust companies than Allegheny county, but that the assets of the Allegheny companies are only \$185,378,575.35. The six State banks of Philadelphia have assets of \$4,506,104.94, and the seven savings banks have \$164,422,294.99.

Mr. Smith's statistics for the State show a vast control of money by the three classes of institutions. There are 289 trust companies, 139 banks and 11 savings banks.

The 289 trust companies show a gain in resources of over \$12,000,000, the resources in 1910 being \$685,149,582.01, as compared with \$672,933,658.09 in 1909. The 139 State chartered banks show resources of \$175,949,393.99 in 1909, against \$185,911,762.90