

The ORIOLE

By
BOOTH TARKINGTON

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

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(Continued from last week.)

SYNOPSIS.

PART ONE.

Proud possessor of a printing press, and equipment, the gift of Uncle Joseph to his nephew, Herbert Illingworth Atwater, Jr., a young man of the fortunate youth, with his chum, Henry Rooter, about the same age, begins the publication of a full-fledged newspaper, the North End Daily Oriole. Herbert's small cousin, Florence Atwater, being barred from any kind of editorial or business in saying so. However, a poem she has written is accepted for insertion in the Oriole, on a strictly confidential basis—such in advance. The poem suffers somewhat from the inexperience of the youthful publisher in the "art preservative." He not altogether unreasonable demand for republication of the masterpiece, with its beauty unimpaired, are scorned, and the break between Miss Atwater and the publishers of the Oriole widens.

The Sunday following the first appearance of the Oriole, Florence's particular chum, Patty Fairchild, pays her a visit. They are joined, despite Miss Atwater's openly expressed disapproval, by Master Herbert Atwater and Henry Rooter. Not at all disconcerted by the coolness of their reception, the visitors and Miss Fairchild indulge in a series of innocent Sunday games. Among them is one called "Truth," the feature of which is a contract to write a question and answer, both to be kept a profound secret. The agreement is duly carried out.

Declining emphatically to participate in any game with her cousin and Henry Rooter, Florence is piqued by Miss Fairchild's open desertion to the enemy, her erstwhile bosom friend apparently enjoying herself immensely in the company of the visitors and leaving with them.

"Me allow you to have one of my poems? I'll say, 'Much less than that! I'll say, 'because even if I was wearing the oldest shoes I got in the world I wouldn't take the trouble to—"

Her conclusion was drowned out. "Oh, Florence, say not so! Say not so, Florence! Say not so!"

The hateful empress still murmured in her resolute ears that night, as she fell asleep; and she passed into the beginnings of a dream with her lips slightly dimpling the surface of her pillow in belated repartee. And upon waking, though it was Sunday, her first words, half slumberous in the silence of the morning, were, "Vile things!" Her faculties became more alert, during the preparation of a toilet which was to serve not only for breakfast, but with the addition of gloves, a hat, and a blue velvet coat, for church and Sunday school as well; and she planned a hundred vengeance. That is to say, her mind did not occupy itself with plots possibly to make real; rather it dabbled among those fragmentary visions that love to overstep and displace one another in the shifty retina of the mind's eye.

But in all of these pictures, where in preceding days she seemed some sort of deathly powerful Queen of Poetry, the postures assumed by the figures of Messrs. Atwater and Rooter (both in an extremity of rage) were miserably suppliant. So she soothed herself a little—but not long. Herbert in the next pew in church, and Henry in the next beyond that, were perfect compositions in smugness. They were cold, contented, aristocratic; and had an imperious understanding between themselves—quite perceptible to the sensitive Florence—that she was a nuisance now capably disposed of by their beautiful discovery of "Say not so!" Florence's feelings were unbecomingly to the place and occasion.

But at four o'clock that afternoon she was assuaged into a mild condition by the arrival, according to an agreement made in Sunday school, of the popular Miss Patty Fairchild. Patty was thirteen and a half; an exquisite person with gold-studded hair, eyes of perfect blue, and an alluring air of sweet self-consciousness. Henry Rooter and Herbert Illingworth Atwater, Jr., out gathering news, saw her entering Florence's gate, and immediately forgot that they were reporters. They become silent and gradually moved toward the house of their newspaper's sole poetess.

Florence and Patty occupied themselves indoors for half an hour; then went out into the yard to study a mole's tunnel that had interested Florence recently. They followed it across the lawn at the south side of the house, discussing the habits of moles and other matters of zoology; and finally lost the track near the fence, which was here the "back fence," higher than their heads. Patty looked through a knothole to see if the tunnel was visible in the next yard, but without reporting upon her observations she turned, as if carelessly, and leaned back against the fence, covering the knothole.

"Florence," she said, in a tone softer and lovelier than she had been using heretofore—"Florence, do you know what I think?"

"No. Could you see any more tracks over there?"

"Florence," said Patty—"I was just going to tell you something—only may be I-better not."

"Why not?" Florence inquired. "Go on and tell me."

"No," said Patty, gently. "You

might think it was silly,"

"No, I won't."

"Yes, you might."

"I promise I won't."

"Well, then—oh, Florence, I'm sure you'll think it's silly!"

"I promised I wouldn't."

"Well—I don't think I better say it."

"Go on," Florence urged. "Patty, you got to."

"Well, then, if I got to," said Patty. "What I was going to say, Florence: Don't you think your cousin Herbert and Henry Rooter have got the nicest eyes of any boy in town?"

"Who?" Patty said in her charming voice. "I think Herbert and Henry've got the nicest eyes of any boy in town."

"You do?" Florence cried incredulously.

"Yes, I really do, Florence. I think Herbert Atwater and Henry Rooter have got just the nicest eyes of any boy in town."

"Well, I never heard anything like this before!" Florence declared.

"But don't you think they've got the nicest eyes of any boy in town?" Patty insisted, appealingly.

"I think," said Florence, "Their eyes are just horrible!"

"What?"

"Herbert's eyes," continued Florence ardently, "are the very worst looking ole squinty-eyes I ever saw, and that nasty little Henry Rooter's eyes—"

But Patty suddenly became fidgety; she hurried away from the fence.

"Come over here, Florence," she said. "Let's go over to the other side of the yard and talk."

And it was time for her to take some such action if she wished to show any tact. Messrs. Atwater and Rooter, seated quietly together upon a box on the other side of the fence (though with their backs to the knothole) were beginning to show signs of inward disturbance. Already flushed with unexpected ineffectualities, their complexions had grown, even pinker upon Florence's open-hearted expressions of opinion. Slowly they turned their heads to look sternly at the fence, upon the other side of which stood the maligner of their eyes. Not that they cared what that old girl thought—but she oughtn't to be allowed to go around talking like this and perhaps prejudicing everybody that had a word to say for them.

"Come on over here, Florence," called Patty huskily, from the other side of the yard. "Let's talk over here."

Florence was puzzled, but consented. "What you want to talk over here for?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know," said Patty. "Let's go out in the front yard."

She led the way around the house, and a moment later uttered a cry of surprise as she saw the firm of Atwater & Rooter, passing along the pavement, hesitated at the gate. Their celebrated eyes showed some doubt for a moment, then a brazenness; Herbert and Henry decided to come in.

"Isn't this the funniest thing?" cried Patty. "After what I just a while ago—you know, Florence. Don't you dare to tell 'em."

"I certainly won't!" her hostess promised, and, turning inhospitably to the two callers, "What on earth you want 'round here?" she inquired.

Herbert chivalrously took the duty of response upon himself. "Look here; this is my own aunt and uncle's yard, isn't it? If I want to come in it, I got a perfect right to."

"I should say so," his partner said warmly.

"Why, of course!" the cordial Patty agreed. "We can play some nice-Sunday games, or something. Let's sit on the porch steps and think what to do."

"I just as soon," said Henry Rooter. "I got nothin' p'ticular to do."

"I haven't, either," said Herbert. Thereupon, Patty sat between them on the steps. "This is perfectly grand!" she cried. "Come on, Florence, aren't you going to sit down with all the rest of us?"

"Well, pray kindly excuse me!" said Miss Atwater; and she added that she would neither sit on the same steps with Herbert Atwater and Henry Rooter, nor, even if they consented, would she have anything else whatever to do with them. She withdrew to the railing of the porch at a point farthest from the steps, and seated there, swung one foot rhythmically and sang hymns in a tone at once plaintive and inimical.

It was not lost upon her, however, that her withdrawal had little depressing effect upon her guests. They chattered gaily and Patty devised, or remembered, harmless little games which could be played by a few people as well as by many; and the three participants were so congenial and noisy and made so merry that, before long, Florence was unable to avoid the impression that, whether she liked it or not, she was giving quite a party.

At times the noted eyes of Atwater & Rooter were gentled over with the soft cast of enchantment, especially when Patty felt called upon to reprove the two with little coquetries of slaps and pushes. Noted for her sprightliness, she was never sprightlier; her pretty laughter tooted continuously and the gentlemen accompanied with dotting sounds so responsive to Florence that without being actively conscious of what she did, she embodied the phrase, "perfectly sickening." In the hymn she was crooning, and repeated it over and over to the air of "Rock of Ages."

"Now I tell you what let's do!"

"What's a dry-dock?"

Studs—A physician who won't give out prescriptions.—Business Envelopes.

Cookedness never pays in the long run. Look at the corkscrew.—Burlington News.



It Was Not Lost Upon Her, However, That Her Withdrawal Had Little Depressing Effect Upon Her Guests.

"Ghosts," and other tests of intellect. "Let's play 'Truth.' We'll each take a paper and a pencil, and then each of us asks the other one some question, and we haf to write down the answer and sign your name and fold it up so nobody can see it except that one, and we haf to keep it a secret and never tell as long as we live."

"All right," said Henry Rooter. "I'll be the one to ask you a question, Patty."

"No," Herbert said promptly. "I ought to be the one to ask Patty."

"Why ought you?" Henry demanded. "Why ought you?"

"Lissen!" Patty cried. "I know the way we'll do. I'll ask each of you a question—we haf to whisper it—and each one of you'll ask me one, and then we'll write it. That'll be simply grand!" she clapped her hands; then checked herself. "Oh, I guess we can't, either. We haven't got any paper and pencils unless—"

Here she seemed to recall her hostess. "Oh, Florence, dear! Run in the house and get us some paper and pencils."

Florence gave no sign other than to increase the loudness of her voice as she sang, "Perf'ly sick-kin-ning, cief for me, let me perf'ly sick-kin-ning!"

"We got plenty," said Herbert, as he and Henry produced pencils and their professional notebooks, and supplied their fair friend and themselves with material for "Truth." "Come on, Patty, whisper me whatever you want to."

"No; I ought to have her whisper me first," Henry Rooter objected. "I'll write the answer to any question; I don't care what it's about."

"Well, it's got to be the truth, you know," Patty warned them. "We all haf to write down just exactly the truth on our word of honor and sign our name. Promise?"

"All right," said Patty. "Now I'll whisper Henry a question first, and then you can whisper yours to me first, Herbert."

This seemed to fill all needs happily, and the whispering and writing began, and continued with a coziness little to the taste of the piously singing Florence. She altered all previous opinions of her friend Patty, and when the latter finally closed the session on the steps and announced that she must go home, the hostess declined to accompany her into the house to help her find where she had left her hat and wrap.

"I haven't the least idea where I took 'em off," Patty declared in the aloof manner. "If you won't come with me, Florence, s'pose you just call in the front door and tell your mother to get 'em for me."

"Oh, there's somewhere in there," said Florence coldly, not ceasing to swing her foot and not turning her head. "You can find 'em by yourself, I presume, or if you can't I'll have our maid throw 'em out in the yard, or somepin tomorrow."

"Well, thank you," Miss Fairchild rejoined, as she entered the house. The two boys stood waiting, having in mind to go with Patty as far as her own gate. "That's a pretty way to speak to company!" Herbert addressed his cousin with heavily marked severity. "Next time you do anything like that I'll march straight in the house and inform your mother of the fact."

Florence still swung her foot and looked dreamily away. She sang to the air of "Rock of Ages":

"Henry Rooter—Herbert, too—they make me sick—that's what they do!"

However, they were only too well prepared with their annihilating response.

"Oh, say not so! Florence, say not so! Florence, say not so!"

They even sent this same odious refrain back to her from the street, as they departed with their lovely companion; and, so tenuous is feminine loyalty, sometimes, under these stresses, Miss Fairchild mingled her sweet, tantalizing young soprano with their changing and cackling falsetto.

"Say not so, Florence! Oh, say not so! Say not so!"

(Continued Next Week.)

Professor in engineering class—What's a dry-dock?

Studs—A physician who won't give out prescriptions.—Business Envelopes.

Cookedness never pays in the long run. Look at the corkscrew.—Burlington News.

The KITCHEN CABINET

"Soup makes the soldier," said Napoleon I, but Napoleon III wisely suggested that "a soldier could not be made on soup made out of nothing."

SUMMER FOODS.

Have a good bed of spinach to use as long as the family enjoy it, then can what is left for winter, adding a few carrots, a stalk of celery and an onion for flavor. This mixture is especially good for small children just beginning to eat vegetables.

Baked Spinach.—Wash two pounds of spinach and cook without adding more water. Drain when tender, chop the pulp of two hard-cooked eggs and mix with the spinach; season well with salt and pepper. Line a deep buttered baking dish with the spinach, dot with bits of butter or cubes of salt pork. Beat three eggs lightly, add four tablespoonsful of milk, three-fourths of a cupful of grated cheese, the chopped egg whites, one-fourth teaspoonful of mustard and paprika to taste. Pour into the spinach, mold and bake till the custard sets.

Molded Salmon.—Take two cupfuls of cold boiled salmon or a can of salmon, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one egg yolk, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, paprika and mustard to taste, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two-thirds of a cupful of milk, one-fourth of a cupful of vinegar, one tablespoonful of gelatin softened in one-fourth cupful of cold water. Mix the dry ingredients, beat in the butter and milk, add vinegar. Cook in a double boiler, stirring until the mixture thickens. Add the gelatin, then the salmon, mix well and pour into molds. Serve on a bed of lettuce with any desired dressing.

Wilted Cucumbers With Sour Cream.—For those who can enjoy a cucumber without crispness this is a tasty dish. Slice cucumbers and put into salted water until wilted. Rinse in fresh, cold water and dry on a cloth. Season with salt and pepper and serve with thick sour cream poured over them.

Stuffed Peppers.—Parboil shapely green peppers, cut off the stem ends and scoop out the pulp and seeds. Fill the shells with seasoned crumbs, sausage or any chopped cold meat. Bake until well done, basting with melted butter. Serve on toast.

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has recently expressed his desire that the Red Cross should continue and extend these "humanizing services." Other items of the appropriation for veterans' relief are proportionately increased. An additional appropriation of \$400,000 has been made for Red Cross work in connection with regular Army and Navy hospitals and with the regular Army and Navy.

For disaster relief, the Red Cross has set aside for the current twelve months an appropriation of \$543,976, virtually doubling the appropriation for the same purpose for the fiscal year 1920-1921.

More than \$2,000,000 is provided for service and assistance to the 3,600 Red Cross chapters by the national organization.

Helping Destitute Children

Other items of the domestic budget include \$498,546 for miscellaneous activities, including contributions restricted for special purposes and \$768,800 for management. Each of these items represents large reductions over similar appropriations of the previous year.

From a fund of \$10,000,000, \$5,000,000 of which was contributed through the European Relief Council campaign and \$5,000,000 allotted by the Red Cross for child welfare work in Europe, there remains \$8,765,108 still available, of which it is estimated that \$6,000,000 will be required for this work during the current year.

For Red Cross participation in the joint effort to relieve famine conditions in Russia, for final work in the China famine, for Junior Red Cross and other overseas activities including the closing of the old general relief program in Europe \$4,978,000 is made available.

In announcing the national budget, the Red Cross makes it clear that the figures do not include chapter expenditures or place any cash estimate on the invaluable service of volunteers in chapters.

CARRYING ON SERVICE FOR DISABLED VETERANS OF THE WORLD WAR THAT IS COSTING \$10,000,000 A YEAR, THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IS HELPING FULFILL THIS NATION'S OBLIGATION TO ITS DEFENDERS. HELP THE RED CROSS CONTINUE THIS WORK BY ANSWERING THE ANNUAL ROLL CALL NOVEMBER 11-24, 1921.

Sandy expressed satisfaction over the fact that Toronto street car tickets can now be bought at four for 25 cents, whereas formerly they were six for the same amount.

"Why are you so pleased, Sandy? It hardly seems reasonable."

"Well, now I need only to walk four times to save a quarter, while before I had to walk six times."

It Is Not Easy.

To apologize,
To begin over,
To be unselfish,
To take advice,
To admit error,
To face a sneer,
To be charitable,
To keep on trying,
To be considerate,
To avoid mistakes,
To endure success,

To keep out-of the rut,
To think and then act,
To forgive and forget,
To make the best of little,
To subdue an unruly temper,
To maintain a high standard,
To shoulder a deserved blame,
To recognize the silver lining—
But it always pays.—(Ohio Educational Monthly.)

Patronize our advertisers.

Monuments = Markers

Perhaps you have wished something appropriate to mark the final resting place of your dear one.

If you have, the news that the Mt. Scott Granite Works (Harry J. Reinhard, Proprietor) is discontinuing business should make you realize that it would be to your advantage to call at the shop, just south of Powell Valley Road, on 82d street, and see Mr. Reinhard.