

Myths of the Modocs, by Jeremiah Curtin. 33. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Oregonian readers do not require to be told that the Modoc Indians originally inhabited the valley of Lost River, Oregon, and the country adjacent to the shores of Little Klamath Lake and

Tule Lake. Such facts are well known in this region, but in the United States at large the information is informing and of new itnerest.

Mr. Curtin, in this volume of 359 pages, has made a valuable contribution to the folk lore of America, especially of the department of the large of the l clally to the department of its legends and fairy tales. These legends which make up our text have been handed down by word of mouth for generations and fairy tales. in the Modoc tribe or nation and were told to Mr. Curiin by members of the Modoc tribe on their reservation. The Modocs believed that the Modoc country in old Oregon was created specially for them and that each rock, tree, flower and animal had not only a dis-tinct personality, but is thought to be a transformation from a different ob-

The elements of fancy and romance dwell in these 60 legends. Each one is a story in itself and is graphically told. "Kumush and His Daughter," "How Sickness Came Unto the World. "How Old Age Came Into the World,"
"The Rainmaker," "War Between
Beasts and Birds," "The Stone People," "Hyuyn and Kulta's Sisters."
"The Spirit of the Tule Grass" and
others are notable among the excellently presented legends. ly presented legends.

Take the story or legend of "Ku-mush and His Daughter," as an ex-ample. Kumush is the Creator, ac-cording to Indian myths, and the word "Skoks" is translated as "Spirit." Ku-mush left Tule Lake and wandered over the earth and brought back with over the earth and brought back with him his daughter "from the edge of the world." Where he got her no one knows. She came out of the "sweatknows. She came out of the "sweat-house" with her face, hands and body painted with a red root and told her father that when she slept she dreamed

that she would die soon.
"That means your own death, You dreamed of yourself," said Kumush, He was frightened and felt/lonesome. "Father, you must not cry," she said.
"What has happened to me is your
will. You made it to be tirds way. My
spirit will leave the body and go west." As she put on her burial dress her spirit left her body. Kumush took her hand and they started, leaving their bodies behind. Kumush was not dead, but his spirit left the body. They came to a large plain, on which was a great house, the whole underground world, known only to spirits. Kumush's daughter hid him and made a mist be-

a sort of walking salion. Lorsels gets faighter in the iman made a mist because in any that no one could have counted them from the country and the first grange up in the center, and there was inany that no one could have counted them they danced a dance not of this world, and there was inany that no one could have counted them they danced a dance not of this world, and they danced a dance not of this world, and they danced a dance not of this world, and they danced a dance not of this world, and they danced a dance not of this world, and they danced a dance not of this world, and they danced a dance not of this world, and they danced a dance not of this world, and they danced a dance not of this world, and they danced a dance not of this world, and they danced a dance not of this world, and they danced a dance not of the world and they danced a dance not of this world, and they danced a dance not of the world and they danced a dark they danced with the world the world they danced they danced they danced t

bones fought him. At last he reached bones fought him. The balance of the story relates to his creation of different be

fore our Civil War. It rather pictures the social conspiracy by which penniless Dr. G

North, where devil-may-care heroes clad in furs do deeds of daring, before they are frost-bitten; where masterful young women make real men of the aforesaid heroes, and where Alaska dogs do nearly everything but talk, in "The Auction Block" Mr. Beach invades territory supposed to be sacred to Robert W. Chambers—rich, blase New York City where the normal condition of very rich young men of the imported Pittsburg type is chronic drunkenness, and where good-looking young women are the men's protectors and saviors.

Taken on this bases, "The Auction Block" as a novel, is entertaining, cynical, human and amusing. It is also, at times, neughty and blase. It introduces us to the McKnight family, every member of which is a grafter of the blackmail type, except one blessed part of it—Miss Lorelei McKnight, a young woman of marvelous beauty. In fact, she clad in furs do deeds of daring, before

it-Miss Lorelei McKnight, a young wo-man of marvelous beauty. In fact, she is so beautiful that you wonder where she gets her good looks from—considering that she comes from the evil, almost criminal McKnights.

and office hunter, is told by the politi-cal "organization" that he is a back

"GOD MADE THE COUNTRY AND MAN MADE THE TOWN"

.... COWPER



Konigeberg, Bismark's Castle, From Modern City Planning And Maintenance

a sort of walking saloon. Lorelei gets reckless, and aided by Jimmy, when Bob is drunker than usual, he and Lorelei are married. Bob's father disowns him, and Lorelei's family tries to blackmail the elder Mr. Wharton. How Lorelei, variety actress, becomes a good angel is inspiring.

Several scenes of New York City's dissipation among idle-rich are salaciously described.

Knew of the ring transaction, so they seized upon it as a means of putting me away for a time.

"On May 1 I prophesied in an address that there would be a general European conflict within five months, probably by August I. My words came true and this proved to the secret service departments of Europe that I still had sources of information about international intrigue.

"And I now say that this war hasn't

would only be for a little while. I should come to life again."

The spirits, though they were bones then heard this, and said: "We will crush the old man's heart out, with our elbows."

Kumush left Wus-kumush and went back to the eastern side of the house. In his corner was a pile of bones. Every bone in the pile rose up and tried to kill him, but the back day his daughter moved him, but the bones knew where he was, because they could see him.

Modern City Planning and Maintenance, by Frank Koester. Illustrated. \$6. Mc-Bride, Nast & Co., New York City.

"City planning determines the destinance by Frank Koester. Illustrated. \$6. Mc-Bride, Nast & Co., New York City.

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"City planning and heaven by Frank Koester. Illustrated. \$6. Mc-Bride, Nast & Co., New York City.

"City planning and Nastermines the destinance by Frank Koester. Illustrated. \$6. Mc-Bride, Nast & Co., New York City. ones knew where he was, because they ould see him.

Kumush longed to be home and he elected bones to apportion each to different tribes, but on his journey the erent tribes, but on his journey the selected bones to apportion each to dif-ferent tribes, but on his journey the bones fought him. At last he reached which should have been mine, but never has been, and now never can

story relates to his creation of different tribes of Indians. The parable of the bones and the part the latter play in creation has grewsome but dramatic philosophy and medicine, and displayed talent for languages. Actually, and the part of the principle of the creation has grewsome but dramatic philosophy and medicine, and displayed talent for languages. Actually, and the creation of the creati The Auction Block, by Rex Beach, \$1.35, to utterances that were distinct the powers that be," and he found himself banished from family and nahimself banished from family and nahimself banished from the trend is ap-No, this is not a story of slavery be- tive land. Here an Irish trend is ap-

Dr. Graves began to be a globe wanyoung women are made to "catch" rich young men and marry them mainly for the sake of wealth.

This time, Rex Beach breaks away from the sake of wealth. time, Rex Beach Breuks away the wounded foreign officers serving his usual racy stories of the loy on the Boer side was Major Freiherr on furs do deeds of daring, before are frost-bitten; where masterful nected with Dr. Graves' exile. The close friends and it

oring that she comes from the evil, almost criminal McKnights.

The story opens in the town of Vale, lew York State, where old, wheezy eter McKnight, professional politician and office hunter, is told by the politic.

Dr. Graves tells the British government much interest both for the expert and general public, and no more complete and learned exposition of the subject that it nullifies the value of the Rossyth naval base behind the bridge.

Suppose an enemy blew up the bridge.

The pictures, pagelocation of the politic and office hunter, is told by the politic.

conditions and more adequate and less expensive living quarters and food supplies. City planning is a business proposition of the first impor

"While city planning is a subject of the greatest antiquity and one the principle of which were well understood by the ancients, as is shown by stood by the ancients, as is shown by the examples of Greek and Roman towns, and one which in medieval times was equally well understood, as is proven by such German towns as Ro-tenburg. Nuremberg. Cologne, Maintz, etc., yet modern city planning, in the sense in which it is now understood, sense in which it is now understood, dates from the period immediately subsequent to the Franco-Prussian and is of purely German origin. In 1874 the United Society of German Architects and Engineers laid down certain principles of city planning and gave the first organized impetus to the practice of the art. Since that time the principles and practice of modern city planning have spread to other countries, and the art has so rapidly developed that it has now reached a definite form, and its engineering features have been reduced t

This admirable explanation of the This admirable explanation of the subject of this book is given in our author's own words. Mr. Koester, who gives his address as Hudson Terminal building, New York Cit; has written a ploneer book of the first importance, founded on his wide experience in this country and in Germany, where he has long being identified with the city-planning movement. The book has much interest both for the expert and general public, and no more complete

rk State, where old, wheezy consistence in the professional politician ce hunter, is told by the politician and thereby established an obstruction by which warships could not pass from the there are no more fat the naval base? The enemy could shell vidual page measures ten inches by number and that there are no more fat pickings for him. He, his wife, and their son Jimmy are firmly persuaded that the world owes them an easy living, and that they do not need to work to earn that living.

Mr. and Mrs. McKnight train their pretty daughter, Lorelel, for no other purpose in life than to marry a rich young man, some time and somewhere. A political friend secures Mr. McKnight was a clerkship in New York City, at \$1500 a year, and the McKnights move accordingly. Mrs. McKnight has the business ability of the gang of harpies, and by her influence, etc., she secures her daughter, Lorelel, a position as a chorus girl in a dizzy variety show. Lorelei, the sound she becomes a recovery that a certain European diplomat, and I was incautious enough to seven inches. These pictures represent the addressed with a wrong initial, and after being tried as a spy and sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment he was secretly released by the British government. He was taken to New York, where he was arrested in the United States and Europe, many of them in Germany. Two pictures of Pacific Northwest interest are those of the (proposed) civic center those of the (proposed) civic center to New York, where he was arrested in Scotland through his government, and after being tried as a spy and sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment he was secretly released by the British government. He was taken to New York, where he was arrested to Scentes in the United States and Europe in Scotland through his government is seven inches. These pictures represent to seen in the United States and Europe in the Scotland through his government is something as seven inches. These pictures represent to seen in the scenes in the United States and Europe in the Scotland through his government, and after being tried as a spy and sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment he was secretly released by the Eritish government. He was taken to New York, where he was arrested in the John to picture for the pacific Northwest interest are those of the (proposed) civi besutiful, captivates New York, and at diplomat, and I was incautious enough one bound she becomes a professional beauty, a stage success, but at the same time keeps herself as pure as ice, and sent sof certain of European powers that capture agents of certain of European powers that takes care of her good name. Fier brother, Jimmy, becomes a crook. He associates with confidence men and takes care and transportation; open squares and traffic regulations; park systems; civic embellishment; building regulations and block plans; garden cities and thiseves, generally. thieves, generally.

One of Lorelet's rich young men admirers is Bob Wharton, son of the Pittsburg multi-millionaire of that had by the heels. They knew I knew too nance; street construction; sewage dismane, and Bob is mostly drunk. He is much. I laid myself open. My enemies posal; care of streets; street cleaning;

refuse disposal; water supply; gas sup-ply; electric current supply; electric street railways; valuation of public utilities; financing civic improvements; the planning of growing towns; co-operation of engineer and architect in city planning; the executive manage-ment of a city.

ment of a city.

Mr. Koester approves of the utility of commission government.

The Rise of the Working Class, by Algernon Sidney Crapsey. \$1.30. The Century. Co., New York City.

New York City.

In many respects this book is unsettling and revolutionary in its views, but its message is always clear and incisive. Its sympathetic tone, proclamation of brotherhood and catholicity of spirit for wage-earners are marked in all its 382 pages. Social changes, from savagery until the present time, are carefully noted and compared, Our author has been rector of St. Andrew's Church. Rochester, N. Y., for over twenty-five years; is now pastor of The Brotherhood, Rochester, and a lecturer on historical, religious, and sociological topics.

Several of the headings of the book

Several of the headings of the book

Pane, for it was raining. As he came up the patch they burst out of the door to meet him. From my bedroom window I saw him come prancing up the walk like a boy, with the two children clinging to his coat-tails, all very limit the present time, and yelling like Comanches.

Ten minutes later he had donned his professional dignity, entered my room, and beheld me in all my limp and pea-green beauty. I noted approvingly that he had to stoop a bit as he entered the low doorway and that the Vandyke of my phophecy was missing.

He took my hand in his own steady, reassuring clasp. Then he began to

The working man dwells in every land and wherever the working man is, there the working class party is to assert and protect his rights. For this reason the working class party is the party most bitterly opposed to war between the nations.

The significant fact of present-day history is the rise of the working class from the condition of degradation under which it has throughout the civilized world been compelled to live, to the social, the political and religious life of the world.

Looking After Sandy, by Margaret Turnbu \$1.25. Illustrated. Harper & Brothe New York City.

Sandy is a waif, a foundling, a whole some, interesting girl. She is the heroine of this entertaining novel, and has JOSEPH M. QUENTIN

Books Added to

Hardy—Public library; its place in flucational system, 1912.

BOOKS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES, Manley—Ein sommer in Deutschland.

Belloc-Old Road, New ed. 1911. Dick-Pageant of the Porth. 1919. Foord-Springs, streams and spas of Lon

HISTORY. re—Saint John's Wood. 1913. undy—Thucydides and the history of his 1911. stre—Napoleon's last campaign in Ger ge. 1911. Petre—Napoleon's last campaign in Ger-anny, 1812. 1912. Reade—Martyrdom of man. Ed. 16 n. d.

LITERATURE. Clarke-Miracle play in England, 1897.
Egyptian literature, 2v. 1912.
Gatos-Studies and appreciations, 1900.
Lawrence-Widowing of Mrs. Rolroyd;
rama in three acts. 1914.
Lytton-The student, New ed. 1840.
Ransome-Portraits and speculations, 191;
West-Poems of human progress, 1914.

PHILOSOPHY. acroch—Place of psychology in the train. of the teacher. 1911. ucken—Knowledge and life; tr. by W ing of the teacher. 1911.
Eucken—Knowledge and life; tr. by W.
T. Jones. 1914.
Mark — Unfolding of personality as the
chief aim in education. Ed. 2. n. d.

RELIGION. Ayre—Suggestions for a syllabus in re-igious teaching, 1811.

Bible, O. T. Job—Book of Job interpreted, by James Strahan, 1913.

MacCulloch—Religion of the ancient Celts.

SCHENCE Creevey—Harper's guide to wild flowers.
1912.
Gould—Cliff castles and cave dwellings of
Europe. 1911.
Gregory, Keller & Bishop—Physical and
commercial geography, 1916.
Pike & Tuck—Wild nature wooed and wen.

SOCIOLOGY. Cowan-Education of the women of India Thwing — Letters from a father to his daughter entering college, 1913. USEFUL ARTS.

Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia-Selling forces; prepared by R. J. Waish 1913. Follett—Table decorations and delicacies complete hand-book for the hostess, by lester Price, 1914.

Nathan—How to make money in the printing business, Ed. 2, 1909.

Roe — New standard American business, ulde, New ed. enl. 1911.

DEMOCRATS FEAR DEFEAT Voters in Fifth Oklahoma District Turn to Republicans.

TULSA. Okla.. Sept. 13.—That the First Congressional District, comprising the chief oil producing counties of Oklahoma, and embracing the lead and zinc mining belt, will return a substantial majority for John Fields, Republican candidate for Governor, and Judge J. A. Glil, Republican candidate for Governor, and Judge J. A. Glil, Republican candidate to more congress, is admitted even by Democratic politicians.

The oil country holds a grudge against the present and past state administrations for efforts made to import the control of the magazines, Never in my life have I seen so many magazines as here in the United States. But hundreds! Thousands!"

"Me!" I exploded—"A real writer leady! No more slushy Supday specials! No more tenry tales! O, my! When may I begin? Tomorrow? You know I brought my typewriter with me. I've almost forgotten where the letters are in the keyboard."

"Wait, wait: not so fast! In a month or two, perhaps. But first must come

against the present and past state administrations for efforts made to impose what are termed rulnous taxes other things—outdoors things. Also upon the oil industry. At one time an attempt was made to increase the gross "Housewoil". "Naturlich "Naturlich". face of four other kinds of taxes

Wn Olara Edna Ferber

ND Von Gerhard came. The spal-A peens watched for him, their noses flattened against the windowpane, for it was raining. As he came

lecturer on historical, religious, and sociological topics.

Several of the headings of the book are: Social evolution and revolution; the downfail of the father; the responsibility of the mother; the emannipation of the children; the "out-family" woman; the slaves of the market; working-class religion; morality, politics, philosophy; the coming age; the war against poverty, etc.

These thoughtful paragraphs in the book are noted:

Evolution means changes in structure; revolution means changes in structure; revolution means changes in environment.

The invention of labor-saving machinery, and line of my face.

Vandyke of my phophecy may be assuring clasp. Then he began to talk. Half an hour speed away while we discussed New York—books—music—theaters—everything and anything but Dawn O'Hara. I learned later that as we chatted he was getting his story, bit by bit, from every twitch of the eyelids, from every gesture of the hands that had grown too thin to wear the hateful ring; from every motion of the lips; from the color of my nails; from each convulsive muscle; from every shadow, and wrinkle and curve and line of my face.

These thoughtful paragraphs in the book are noted:

Evolution means changes in structure; revolution means change in environment.

The invention of labor-saving machinery; with its employment of the superhuman powers of steam and electricity, which has trainsferred from the home to the factory the brewing and the baking, the spinning and the weaving, the cutting and the saving and the weaving, the cutting and the saving and the weaving of garments, has destroyed the family as an economic unit.

The out-family woman today is a sexual manage, a vast social waste, and a danager Quite the most interesting and startling phonomenon of present-day history is the militant suffragette movement in England.

The revolt of woman against the crampling, corrupting conditions of her life has increased in magnitude and violence until today it is the most important, significant and the most dangerous of all the revolutionary forces that are threatening the present order.

It is only by the resistance of the working class that society can be saved.

Over-preduction is the chronic disease of modern industry.

Production for sale instead of for consumption is the grant of this disease.

Our great masters of industry are doing for the commercial world what the great the life has and left centurial tenutry in the 15th and 18th centurial the 15th and 18th centurial the present and the growing religion of the future.

The working man dwells in every land and wherever the working class is, and cannot help being, the vital religion of the working class party is the party month the strain of the working class is, and cannot help being, the vital religion of the working class party is the party month the strain of the sort man and wherever the working class is, and cannot help being, the vital religion of the working class party is the party month the strain of the working class are party is the savet month of the control of the working class are party is the present and the growing religion of the working class party is the party month t

the whole day long, forcing egg mix-tures down my unwilling throat. She bullies me. I daren't put out my hand suddenly without knocking over liquid refreshment in some form, but certainrefreshment in some form, but certaining the compelled to live, to the social, the political and religious life of the world.

Personality Plus, by Edna Ferber. \$1. Illustrated. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York City.

"You can laugh, eh? Well, that iss miling one. "Sure," answered I, made more flip-

pant by his solemnity. "Surely I can laugh. For what else was my father Irish? Dad used to say that a sense of humor was like a shillaly—an iligent thing to have around handy, especially when the joke's on you."

The ghost of a twinkle appeared again in the corners of the German blue eyes. Some flend of rudeness

seized me.
"Laugh!" I commanded.

Dr. Ernst von Gerhard stiffened.
"Pardon?" inquired he, as one who is
sure that he has misunderstood.
"Laugh!" I snapped again. "Ill dare
you to do it. I'll double dare you! You dassen't!"

But he did. After a moment's bewildered surprise he threw back his
handsome blond head and gave vent
to a great, deep, infectious roar of
mirth that brought the spalpeens tumbling up the stairs in defiance of their
mother's strict instructions.

After that we got along beautifully.
He turned out to be quite human, beneath the outer crust of reserve. He
continued his examination only after

ed his examination only after bribing the spalpeens shamefully, so that even their rapacious demands were satisfied, and they trotted off

contentelly. There followed a process which re-uced me to a giggling heap but which Von Gerhard carried out ceremonious ly. It consisted of certain raps at my knees, and shins, and elbows, and fingers, and certain commands to "look at my finger! Look at the wall! Look at my finger! Look at the wall!"
"So!" said Von Gerhard at last, in a tone of finality. I sank my battered frame into the nearest chair, "Thisthis newspaper work—it must cease. He dismissed it with a wave of the

"Certainly," I said, with elaborate sarcasm. "How should you advise me to earn my living in the future? In the stories they paint dinner cards, don't they? or bake angel cake?"
"Are you then never serious?" asked

Von Gerhard, in disapproval, "Never," said I. "An old, worn-out worked-out newspaper reporter, with worked-out newspaper reporter, with a husband in the madhouse, can't afford to be serious for a minute, because if she were she'd go mad, too, with the hopelessness of it all." And I buried my face in my hands.

The room was very still for a me ment. Then the great Von Gerhard came over and took my hands gently from my face, "I-I do beg your pardon," he said. He looked strangely boyish and uncomfortable as he said

"Forgive you?" Yes, indeed," I as-

Surely these years of newspaper work stretched prone upon the ground, blink have given you a great knowledge of ing sleeplly up at the sun and the cohave given you a great knowledge of ing sleepily up at the sun and the co-human nature. Then, too, there is your balt sky, feeling my very hair grow gift of humor. Surely that is a com-bination which should make your work waves acceptable to the magazines. Never in over

housework." I echoed feebly.
"Naturlich, A little dusting, a little scrubbing, a little sweeping, a little cooking. The finest kind of indoor exercise. Later you may write a little—but very little. Run and play out of doors with the children. When I see Normally Tulsa County is 700 Demoratic, but it is believed Fields will ave a plurality of at least 300. Washington County is expected to Ifne up for Fields by at least 500 plurality. Pawnee and Miami lean strongly to Fields, and the Democratic majority in Craig. Rogers, Mayes and Delaware counties will be materially reduced, and in one county of this group at least may be wiped out.

Here the county of this group at least to you. The counties will be materially reduced, and the panty is notice, and the housework. If she gives notice, Norah will be lost to you. But Frieda did not give notice. After I had helped her clean the kitchen and the pantry I noticed an expression of this group at least to you. The counties will be lost to you. The counties will be lost to you. The county of this group at least to you. The county of this group at least to you. The county of this group at least to you. The county of this group at least to you. The county of this group at least to you. The county of this group at least to you. The county of this group at least to you. The county of this group at least to you. The county of this group at least to you. The county of this group at least to you. The county of this group at least to you. The county of this group at least to you. The county of this group at least to you. The county of this group at least to you. The county of this group at least to you. The county of this group at least to you. The county of this group at least to you. The county of the patrice of



delve into the sticky mysteries of a new kind of cake.

Max says that for a poor working girl who hasn't time to cultivate the domestic graces, my cakes are a distance.

Wreck at 28! And what have you to show for it? Nothing! You're a useless pulp, like a lemon that has been squeezed dry. Von Gerhard was right. There must be no more newspaper work domestic graces, my cakes are a distinct triumph. Sis sniffs at that, and mutters something about cups of raisins and nuts and citron hiding a multitude of batter sins. She never allows the spalpeens to eat my cakes, and on my baking days they are usually sent from the table howling. Norah declares, severely, that she is going to hide the Green Cook Book. The Green Cook Book is a German one. Norah bought it in deference to Max's love of German cookery. It is called Aunt Julchen's cook book, and the author, between hints as to flour and butter, gets delightfully chummy with her pubil. Her cakes are proud, rich cakes. pll. Her cakes are proud, rich cakes.

She orders grandly:

"Now throw in the yelks of 12 eggs, one-fourth of a pound of almonds, two pounds of raisins, a pound of citron, a pound of orange-peel."

there at the back of your ear, and your hat's on crooked. Oh, you are be-ginning to look your old self, Dawn

dear!"

At which doubtful compliment I retort, recklessly: "Pooh! What's a puff more or less, in a worthy cause? And if you think my cheeks are pink now, lust wait until your mighty Von Gerhard comes again. By that time they shall be so red and bursting that Frieda's, on wash day, will look anemic by comparison. Say, Norah, how red are German red cheeks, anyway?"

CHAPTER III. Good as New.

So Spring danced away, and Summer sauntered in. My pillows looked less and less tempting. The wine of the northern air imparted a cocky assur ance. One blue-and-gold day followed the other, and I spent hours togethe out of doors in the sunshine, lying full length on the warm, sweet ground, to length on the warm, sweet ground, to To be sure, I was sufficiently discree to choose the lawn at the rear of the house. There I drank in the atmosphere, as per doctor's instructions, while the genial sun warmed the watery blood in my veins and burned the skin off the

end of my nose.

All my life I had envied the loungers in the parks—those silent, inert figures that lie under the trees all the long Summer day, their shabby hats over their faces, their hands clasped above their heads, legs sprawled in uncouth It. "I was thinking only of your good. We do that, sometimes, forgetting that circumstances may make our wishes impossible of execution. So. You will between the leaves and, like a good between the leaves and, like a good between the leaves and like a good betw and wrinkled garments with flickering sured him. And we shook hands gravely. "But that doesn't help matters
much, after all, does it?"
"Yes, it helps. For now we understand one another, is it not so? You
say you can only write for a living.
Then why not write here at home?

Now I was revelling in that very joy.

and health returning in warm, electric waves. I even dared to cross one leg over the other and to swing the pen-dant member with nonchalant air, first taking a cautious survey of the neighboring back windows to see if anyone peeked. Doubtless they did, behind those ruffled curtains, but I grew splendidly indifferent.

didly indifferent.

Even the crawling things—and there were myriads of them—added to the enjoyment of my ease. With my ear so joyment of my ease. With my ear so close to the ground the grass seemed fairly to buzz with them. Everywhere there were crazily busy ants, and I patently a sluggard and therefore one of those for whom the ancient warning was intended, considered them lazily. How they plunged about, weaving in and out, rushing here and there, helter-skelter. Ike bargain-hunting women darting wildly from counter to counter

of the O'Haras, and famed in her day for a caustic tongue and a venomed pen. Dad and mother—what a pair of children they had been! The very dis-similarity of their natures had been a bond between them. Dad, light-hearted, whimsical, care-free, improvident; mother, gravely sweet, anxious-browed, trying to teach economy to the hand-some Irish husband who, descendant of

pounds of raisins, a pound of citron, a pound of orange-peel."

As if that were not enough, there follow minor instructions as to trifles like ounces of walnut meats, pounds of confectioner's sugar, and pints of very rich cream. When cold, to be frosted with an icing made up of more eggs, more nuts, more cream, more everything.

The children have appointed themselves official lickers and scrapers of the spoons and icing pans, also official guides on their auntie's waiks. They regard their Aunt Dawn as a quite ridiculous but altogether delightful old thing.

And Norah—biess her! looks up when I come in from a romp with the spalpeens and says: "Your cheeks are pink! Actually! And you're losing a puff there at the back of your ear, and

would put my cheek where the hollow place is, and murnur: "Never mind, Dawnie dearie, mother thinks you are beautiful just the same." Of such bleased stuff are mothers made. At this stage of the memory game b

would bury my face in the warm grass and thank my God for having taken mother before Peter Orme came into my life. And then I would fall asleep there on the soft, sweet grass, with my head snuggled in my arms, and the ants wriggling, unchided, into my cars.

On the last of these sylvan occasions awoke, not with a graceful start, like the storybook ladies, but with a grunt. Sis was digging me in the ribs with-her toe. I looked up to see her stand-ing over me, a foaming tumbler of something in her hand. I felt that it "Get up," said she, "you lazy scrib-bler, and drink this."

I sat up, eyeing her severely and pleking grass and ants out of my hair "D' you mean to tell me that you woke me out of that babe-like slumber to make me drink that goo? What is it, anyway? I'll bet it's another egg-nogg." "Egg-nogg it is; and swallow it right away, because there are guests see you." I emerged from the first dip into the

vellow mixture and fixed on her as stern and terrible a look as anyone can se mouth is encircled by a mustache "Guests!" I roared, "not for me! Don't

on dare to say that they came to

"Did too," insists Norah, with firmness, "they came especially to see you.

Asked for you, right from the jump."

I finished the egy-nogg in four gulps, eturned the empty tumbler with an air of decision, and sank upon the grass, "Tell 'em I rave. Tell 'em that I'm anconscious, and that for weeks I have recognised no one, not even my dear sister. Say that in my present nerve-shattered condition I.—"That wouldn't satisfy them." Norah

calmly interrupts, "they know you're crazy because they saw you out here. rom their second-story back windows. That's why they came. So you may as well get up and face them. I promised them I'd bring you in. You can't go on forever refusing to see people, and you

know the Whalens are—"
"Whalens!" I gasped, "How many of them? Not—not the entire fiendish "All three. I left them champing

with impatience."
(To be Continued.)

"I suppose the straw vote will go out of fashion now," said the Kansas man-Why?" "Women who vote won't be satisfied o use straws. They'll want to use

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