BOOKS

"I leave my character behind me."—Sheridan.

An Army Boy in Mexico, by Captain C. E. Kilbourne, United States Army. Illustrated. $1.25. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

Our author is esteemed in this city not only as an American novelist who delights in depicting Army life, but as a former Portland resident. He was one of the office staff in the United States Weather Bureau of this city when B. S Pague was official weather forecaster, and has a small host of devoted friends in Oregon.

Captain Kilbourne, novelist, is already favorably known as the author of these two successful stories of American Army life, "An Army Boy in Pekin" and "An Army Boy in the Philippines."

"An Army Boy in Mexico" is a story of dramatic intensity, sustained interest, and often of humor. It is a splendid picture of the Mexican peon. There is little chance in it to display patriotic sentiment, and consequently there is none this time, because Mexico is shown before the arrival of that army volcano, Villa. The period illustrated is evidently the Mexico of quite recent date, under the Diaz regime. Again, the novel is significant as being absolutely without love interest or mawkish sentiment. There isn't absolutely a single love-stricken swain in it—quite a refreshing experience.

The two dashing young heroes are Lieutenants Donald Page and Henry Kearney, presumably of the Eleventh United States Cavalry. They are at their alma mater, the Virginia Military Institute, Harper's Ferry, Va., when telegrams are received ordering them to Washington, D. C., at the office of the Adjutant-General.

Here is a picture of Page and Kearney, of 1914: "Both were beautifully set up and moved with the grace of perfectly balanced muscles. Kearney was tall and slender, with the twinkling blue eyes that go with Irish blood. Page was shorter and heavier, his face was somewhat graver in expression, and his dark eyes and hair completed the contrast. Both seemed very young for the position they filled but there was a look of self-confidence that comes only after dangers and difficulties have been met and overcome. For an American, Don Page had an unusual blemish—his ears had been pierced, the result of one of his adventures in the Philippines."

Both young men are 21 years old, and the Adjutant-General of the United States Army issues orders detailing them on a secret mission into the interior of Mexico. He speaks of the possibility of the United States interfering in Mexico to restore order, and says that it would be wise to possess data concerning roads, etc., in Mexico, than revert to our reckless campaign in Cuba, where easily three-fourths of the suffering and death were due in large measure to our ignorance of the interior, roads, etc., of that country. Page and Kearney, who speak Spanish, are asked to pay special attention to the moving of troops and the capacity of the country to support them.

Our heroes meet with an unemployed cowpuncher named Joe Knight, also known as Mormon Joe, and they hire him as guide, cook and friend. The three adventurers start off on horseback exploring Mexico, in the pretense that they were surveying for a railroad, and are surrounded by an outpost guard of Yaqui Indians. A parley ensues, and Martoc, son of Cajame, the Yaqui chief, is suspicious of the three Americans, but a visit to the headquarters of the tribe shows that the Americans, instead of being agents of the ruthless Mexican government, are friends. The Yaquis live in an irrigated valley which they have largely made habitable and productive by their own labor. It is shown that these Indians have been driven from settlement after settlement by the Mexican government, and that the Yaqui cultivated valleys have been presented to favorites or corporate interests approved of by President Diaz.

On proceeding to the nearest town, en route for their surveying expedition, our heroes found the place swarming with Mexican soldiers and rurales, apparently on the eve of a raid. The latter was directed against the Yaqui settlement which Page and his friends had just left. The raiders proposed to confiscate the property, largely for themselves and to sell the Yaqui Indians as slaves to Senor Morny, of the Hacienda Buena Vista, of Yucatan, at the rate of 100 pesos per man.

Our three Americans ride to the Yaqui settlement and warn their Indian friends of the coming raid. The Indians fight bravely against big odds and superior, up-to-date firearms, but are worsted and the survivors carried off to slavery in Yucatan. The women and children are left behind, and the chief's wife confides to Kearney that the tribe had 8000 pesos in a secret place. Bucko Hawes, who runs the blockade and sells modern rifles and ammunition to Yaquis and rebels, is found in hiding, and he and our three Americans escape the raiders by pretending to be suffering from a frightful attack of smallpox. Cajame, the Yaqui chief, had made a deal with Bucko Hawes by which Cajame was to buy a shipload of modern high-power rifles for $11,000 Mexican.

As soon as Kearney and his friends are convinced that the raiders have left with their captives they make a deal with Hawes to supply the Yaquis with rifles, etc., on a port off Yucatan.

Our Americans reach the plantation of Don Morny, Yucatan, and make a bogus deal with Morny's rascally manager to buy the Indian slaves for so much per head. The manager whips the Indians to make them work at excessive speed on the plantation. The Kearney-Hawes crowd secretly arms the Yaquis, who rise in revolt against the cruelty of Don Rafael Munos, the manager, and fight their way to freedom.

The story, which has special appeal for boys from 13 to 17 years of age (and even older boys) was loaned to The Oregonian for review purposes by B. S. Pague.

The Mental Health of the School Child, by J. E. Wallace Wallin, Ph. D. $2. Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.

That the physically defective child tends to become the juvenile criminal, is no longer a subject for doubt. It is widely agreed that it is more beneficial and economical to society at large to save the defective or delinquent child, than to wait until maturity to try to reform the hardened criminal adult.

Here is a book of 463 pages, with a convenient index, furnishing expert preventive advice on such subjects, a book that represents the wide experience of Dr. Wallin, professor of clinical psychology and director of psycho-educational clinic, School of Education, University of Edinburgh, Scotland, and director-elect of psycho-educational clinic, St. Louis, Mo., public schools.

Many of the papers found in this volume have been printed already, and it is a great boon to find these, and others, in this helpful book. Its central thought is: The psycho-educational clinic in relation to child welfare, with contributions to a new science of orthophrenics and orthosomatics. The book is easily the chief authority of its kind.

These sample quotations are worth attention by all parents, guardians and social workers:

Seventy-two and three-tenths per cent of 280,243 children examined in New York City in 1911 were reported as requiring treatment.

Physical defects in children are not restricted to any clime, race, environment, or social condition. The children in sunny California, no less than the children of the cold and humid North, East or West; the children of the country, no less than the children of the city; the children of the rich, no less than the children of the poor—labor under various forms of physical handicaps which are usually subject to melioration or cure.

A child abnormal in body probably cannot remain normal in mind; he will tend to become morally perverse and criminal.

CAPTAIN C. E. KILBOURNE,
of U. S. Army,
AUTHOR OF "AN "ARMY BOY IN" MEXICO"

The Drums of the 47th, by Robert J. Burdette. $1. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

Laden with finely expressed sentiment, this little volume of the record of a soldier's life in the Civil War ought to meet with pleased approval from a large audience of readers, an audience National in character. The pages are 212, and "America" rings on every page.

Never has our author, the pastor of Temple Baptist Church in Los Angeles, Cal., written more simply and eloquently. He presents war and religion, especially the sensible, wearable religion that is as potent on the red battlefield, as in the ordinary affairs of every-day life. On page 67 our author writes: "My regiment was one of the four which, with the Second Iowa battery, composed what is known as the 'Eagle Brigade,' from the fact that the Eighth Wisconsin regiment of that brigade carried a young American eagle all through the war."

Here is one sample sentence taken at random: "On every battle flag might be inscribed a paragraph of that splendid defiance of William Lloyd Garrison: 'I am in earnest. I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be seen.' That's what a flag is for. How do you carry yours, Christian? A man doesn't love anything or anybody very well, unless he is willing to die for it. Not necessarily to kill someone else, you understand. But to die yourself. To present your body, a living sacrifice."

The Search for the Spy, by Ross Kay. 60 cents. Four illustrations. Barse & Hopkins, New York City.

This story is stated to be the first volume of a new war series for boys, a series which is planned in the interest of wholesome fiction. Boys will be sure to like this yarn—boys of, say, ten years old and upward. There is plenty of excitment in the recital, and bright conversation abounds.

The scenes are laid in England, last Summer, just before the outbreak of the big war. The hero is Earl Platt, who with his twin brother, Leon, was 17 years of age. On board the steamer Gallic, bound from America to Queenstown, Ireland, en route to England, the Platt boys meet Philip Alden, to whom Earl hands a letter of introduction, written by a mutual friend, Herman Schwartz. In Chester, England, Leon leaves his brother to go to visit friends at Paris, France, and Earl sees much of Mr. Alden, who turns out to be a German.

Then the tension tightens. War is declared and Germany and Austria are opposed to the French allies. Earl discovers proof that Mr. Alden is a German spy, who is principally interested in messages he sends with carrier pigeons. Once Earl is arrested by the British army authorities, charged with being Philip Alden, German spy, but he escapes and joins in the chase after Alden.

Yosemite and Its High Sierra, by John H. Williams. Illustrated. Edition de luxe, $2.50; library edition, $1.50, and newsstand edition, $1 and extra by express or mail. John H. Williams, San Francisco and Tacoma.

A communication has been received stating that Mr. Williams' new book of artistic worth, "Yosemite and Its High Sierra," will be ready for publication, Wednesday.

Mr. Williams is well and favorably known in this city, where he was several yeara ago a resident, for the appeal and intrinsic inner value of his previous books, particularly "The Mountain That Was God," and "The Guardians of the Columbia."

Mr. Williams portrays other scenes but performs a similar duty in making better known to his fellow Americans a like storied region and wonderworld of tourist appreciation, described in "Yosemite and Its High Sierra." A prospectus of the book, newly received, shows that it will win recognition not alone for the beauty of its illustrations but for the graphic and fine literary qualities of its reading matter. The new book will be in large 8vo., with eight four-color plates from paintings by Chris Jorgensen, maps, and more than 310 halftones, now for the first time presenting as a whole, the scenery of the Yosemite National Park.

Vital Issues in Christian Science, issued by the New York City Christian Science Institute. Augusta E. Stetson, C. S. D., principal. $2.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

There is a record of 405 pages of unsettled questions which arose in the year 1909, between the directors of the Mother Church, the First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Boston, Mass., and First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City, eight of its nine trustees and 16 of its practitioners. Facsimiles of excerpts and letters of Mary Baker Eddy are furnished.

The matter printed in this book refers largely to a church dispute. The Oregonian has no desire to air such at this late day.

The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail, by Ralph Conner. $1.25. George H. Doran Co., New York City.

Ralph Connor, Canadian, is one of the big, strong, clean novelists of the English-speaking race—more power to him. What he has written has enriched our language. "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail" shows our old friend, Allan Cameron, back to the Northwest Mounted Police, again in action, and never has his star shone brighter than in these 368 pages. A brave, tender story that ought to go far and do good.

Our Sentimental Garden, by Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.75. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

Famous writers are the authors of this book of rest), beautiful appeal. The garden so prettily described is in English Surrey, and the book is handsomely illustrated, eight of the illustrations being full-page in color. The garden is a cultivated one, a riot of flowers: 305 pages. Splendid for a Christmas present.

The Cuckoo Clock, by Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated. $1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

A story-book of gladness that children will love. 283 pages.

Five Pretty Calendars for 1915.

"The Impressions Calendar for 1915," consists of 52 weekly sheets, each with a quotation from some high-class author, such as Robert Herrick, John Ruskin, Robert Browning, etc. The decorations are elegant. 50 cents. Paul Elder & Co., S. F.

Four calendars for 1915 from Sully & Kleinteich, New York; each calendar 53 pages, and 50 cents cost: "The Dickens Calendar," in brown and green colors, with apt quotations on each page from the writings of Charles Dickens; "The Stevenson Calendar," in purple and green thistle decorations, with admirable quotations selected from the writings of Robert Louis Stevenson; "Kipling Calendar," in black and red, with well-chosen quotations from "the uncrowned poet laureate of the English-speaking race," Rudyard Kipling; and "The Dinner Calendar," by Fannie Mooritt Farmer, author of "The Boson Cooking School Cook Book," in blue and orange, with fruit decorations, with choice of course liners, etc., for each day, and one valuable recipe quoted at length.

JOSEPH M. QUENTIN.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Boy Emigrants, by Noah Brooks, $2, illustrated, 381 pages, a hearty, healthful story, depicting the journey of the early overland travelers to California; and Gideon's Band, by George W. Cable, a stirring, old-fashioned novel of steamboat days on the Mississippi, the tale starting action in April, 1852—first-class fiction which upholds the reputation already gained by this favorite American novelist (Scribner's, N. Y.).

The Red Ascent, by Esther W. Neill, $1, a splendid novel of the Southland (Kennedy & Louis, 47 Barclay st., N. Y.).

The King Behind the King, by Warwick Deeping, $1.25, a rousing tale of old England of the days of John of Gaunt, when men wore their swords, and fighting was a trade; and Jack Straw in Mexico, by Irving Crump, $1, an up-to-date, exciting tale of adventure in Mexico of today, showing how engineers defended a big hydroelectric power plant, some of the bad actors being Zapata rebels (McBride, Nast & Co., N. Y.).

Biblical Libraries, by Ernst Cushing Richardson, $1.25, 252 pages, a rare book being a sketch of library history from 3400 B. C., to A. D. 150, the author being librarian of Princeton University (Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J.).

The Judicial Veto, by Horace A. Davis, $1, three admirable essays showing the conviction that deciding the constitutionality of statutes is a political and not a legal function; Is Conscience an Emotion, by Hastings Rashdall, $1, three lectures on recent ethical theories, the lectures having been delivered at Leland Stanford Junior University; Around the World in Any Number of Days, by Maurice Baring, $1.25, a breezy travel book, with smart observations; and the Old Diller-Place, by Winifred Kirkland, $1, 220 pages, a story of good influence for young folks (Houghton-Mifflin, Boston).

Anne Feversham, by J. C. Snaith, $1.35, a dashing Elizabethan romance, by the prince of English novelists of today (Appleton's, N. Y.).

The Bell Haven Eight, by George Barton, a school story of boating days; The Bell Haven Nine, by George Barton, a baseball story; and Remember the Alamo, by Edward S. Ellis, a novel of Mexico—three books, each 60 cents, for boys (Winston Co., Phila.).

The Crystal Rood, by Mrs. Howard Gould, $1.25, a well-written story of old-fashioned Indian days (John Lane Co., N. Y.).

The Lure and the Lore of Travel, by Carl Vrooman and Julia Scott Vrooman, $1.35, pleasant, discoursive essays of European scenes; Links of Gold, by Joseph Ware, LL. D., $1.25, a fine drama, splendidly written, with scenes around Mary Magdalene and the crucifixion of Jesus Christ; The Sharing, by Agnes Lee, $1, 85 first-class poems, written by a new poet who shows real ability to do good work; and Battles and Victories, by Charles Alexander, $1.50, the stirring life story of an American colored man who rose by his own merit to be a Lieutenant-Colonel in the United States Army, many of the incidents narrated occurring through our Civil War time. The book is well written and is really a remarkable achievement in literature (Sherman, French & Co., Boston).

Use of Ribbon Solves Many Sewing-Room Problems.

Plaid Taffeta and Serge in Combination Make Charming Frock for Morning—Collar Sets Are Dyed in Tea.

RIBBONS form an easy solution of many perplexing problems in the home sewing room. Chiffons and nets are difficult to hem evenly, for the materials are so sheer that the least unevenness in the fold of the hem gives a bunglesome look on the outer side and robs the finished frock of cachet. Instead of hemming sheer tunics and bodice draperies many first-class dressmakers edge the filmsy fabrics with inch wide, or even two-inch ribbon, satin, taffeta or messaline, according to the material used for the foundation slip. The ribbon may be stitched on as it is stitched to mourning veils, without doubling under the edge of the material. If the seam is not made too narrow there will be no danger of fraying out.

Plaid taffeta and serge used in combination make a very charming frock for the mornings. One such frock, displayed in a Fifth avenue window, has a skirt of accordion pleated pussy willow taffeta in a green, black and pale buff Scotch clan pattern, the material being used on the straight of the goods. Above this pleated skirt is a ripple tunic of navy serge in uneven length bordered with black monkey fur. The sleeveless bodice is of serge; sleeves of gay plaid. Across one shoulder in the Scotch Highlander fashion is draped a length of the plaid, which crosses the serge bodice and extends downward at the front in a sash end. Over it is drawn a sash end of the serge and the two sashes, taffeta and serge meet at the back of the hip and snap fasten together under a straight falling sash end of plaid.

Women who own handsome hand embroidered collar and cuff sets of sheer white batiste or handkerchief lawn are dipping them in a solution of weak tea or powdered ochre water to give them the delicately creamy tone that is considered now more fashionable than pure white. Creamy natural silk stockings are also more fashionable with buttoned walking and dancing boots than stockings of pure white.

Couturiers Close Places to Fight for France.

Nearly Every Noted Man Dressmaker of Paris Is at Front and Even Women Go as Nurses.

IF you are hesitating about buying a tempting frock and the saleswoman whispers, enticingly, "A genuine Paris model, madam, which we managed to procure along with a consignment of belated orders," don't be too easily convinced unless the line and style of that frock bespeak it plainly a model designed as far back as last Spring.

Very, very few, and very, oh, very expensive are the French models that come to America these days. They are not being offered at bargain prices in department stores by any means, and the chief reason is that there is scarcely anybody to make French frocks. Most of the men dressmakers in Paris went to the war as soon as the call to arms was heard, and not a few of the women dressmakers have gone into the Red Cross. The rest seem too sad and depressed to take any interest in the business of making and selling frocks.

Of the couturiers who gave up the building of fashions to fight for France, Paul Poiret was one of the first. By August 4 M. Poiret was in his uniform and on the way to the front. The Worth Bros. shipped all the costumes that they had on hand over to England and departed for the war. Doeuillet also sold out everything on hand and marched to the front. Beer closed his place the first day of the war; Bechoff David likewise.

Women detained in Paris through the first weeks of the war bought up all there was in the way of available costumes; that is, those women who had ready money in gold, for the couturiers would accept nothing else and many old patrons who habitually run up bills, which are paid by check upon their arrival at home, were so angry at being refused credit that they came away from Paris without, as one American woman puts it, "a rag to wear this Winter."

MENUS OF THE WEEK

Tuesday.
Brown Soup
Lentil Loaf, Celery Sauce
Glazed Sweet Potatoes
Apple Salad
Grape Juice, Gelatine Whip
Coffee

Wednesday.
Vegetable Broth
Roast Lamb Shoulder Rolled with Savory Dressing
Potatoes Cauliflower
Lettuce Salad
Baked Apples
Coffee

Thursday.
Tomato Soup
Shepherd's Pie, Potato Crust
Minced Carrots and Onions
Lettuce Salad
Ginger Bread Pudding
Coffee

Friday.
Vegetable Cream Soup
Baked Halibut, Piquante Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Russian Salad
Apple Pie,
Coffee

Saturday.
Celery Broth
Broiled Meat Cakes with Rice
Creamed Oyster Plant
Chicory and Carrot Salad
Caramel Pudding
Coffee

Sunday.
Vegetable Broth
Casserole of Veal or Chicken
Sweet Potatoes Scalloped Celery
Lettuce and Cheese Salad
Jellied Fruits with Cream
Coffee

Monday.
Noodle Soup
Beef Short Ribs, Spanish Sauce
Potatoes
Cauliflower Salad
Apple Taploca
Coffee

PRESIDENT HONORS HERO

Texas Switchman Gets Medal for Saving Woman's Life.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—President Wilson, upon the recommendation of the Interstate Commerce Commission, awarded to W. A. Holley, a switchman, of Greenville, Tex., a medal of honor for saving a life.

Mrs. Sallie Griffith, 63 years old, became confused crossing a track in front of a rapidly-approaching train. Holley, at imminent danger of his own life, carried her out of danger.

To accompany the medal of honor, which was the 15th recommended by the Commission, the President wrote a personal letter of commendation.

Dawn O'Hara

BY Edna Ferber.

CHAPTER X (Continued)

Wildly I longed to decline, but I dared not. So I only nodded, for fear of the great lump in my throat, and taking Frau Knapf's hand I turned and fled with her. Frau Knapf was muttering:

"Du Hund! Du unverschamter Hund du!" in good Billingsgate German, and wiping her eyes with her apron. And I dressed with trembling fingers because I dared not otherwise face the brave little Austrian, the plucky little aborigine who, with the donning of the new Amerikanische gown had acquired some real Amerikanisch nerve.

CHAPTER XI.

Von Gerhard Speaks.

Of von Gerhard I had not had a glimpse since that evening of my hysterical outburst. On Christmas day there had come a box of roses so huge that I could not find vases enough to hold its contents, although I pressed into service everything from Mason jars from the kitchen to hand-painted atrocities from the parlor. After I had given posies to Frau Nirlanger, and fastened a rose in Frau Knapf's hard knob of hair, where it bobbed in ludicrous discomfort, I still had enough to fill the wash bowl. My room looked like a grand opera star's boudoir when she is expecting the newspaper reporters. I revealed in the glowing fragrance of the blossoms and felt very eastern and luxurious and popular. It had been a busy, happy, work-filled week, in which I had had to snatch odd moments for the selecting of certain wonderful toys for the Spalpeens. There had been dolls and doll clothes and a marvelous miniature kitchen for the practical and stolid Sheila, and ingenious bits of mechanism that did unbelievable things when wound up for the clever, imaginative Hans. I was not to have the joy of seeing their wide-eyed delight, but I knew that there would follow certain laboriously scrawled letters, filled with topsy-turvy capitals and crazily leaning words of thanks to the doting old auntie who had been such good fun the Summer before.

Boarding-house Christmases had become an old story. I had learned to accept them, even to those obscure and foreign parts of turkey which are seen only on boarding-house plates, and which would be recognized nowhere else as belonging to that stately bird. Christmas at Knapf's had been a happy surprise; a day of hearty good cheer and kindness. There had even been a Christmas tree, hung with stodgy German angels and Pfefferneusse and pink-frosted cakes. I found myself the gewildered recipient of gifts from everyone—from the Knapfs, and the aborigines and even from one of the crushed-looking wives. The aborigine whom they called Fritz had presented me with a huge and imposing Lebkuchen, reposing in a box with frilled border, ornamented with quaint little red-and-green German figures in sugar and labeled Nurnberg in stout letters, for it had come all the way from that kuchen-famous city. The Lebkuchen I placed on my mantel shelf as befitted so magnificent a work of art. It was quite too ebaborate and imposing to be sent the way of ordinary food, although it had a certain tantalizing, spicy scent that tempted one to break off a corner here and there.

On the afternoon of Christmas day I sat down to thank Dr. von Gerhard for the flowers as prettily as might be. Also I asked his pardon, a thing not hard to do with the perfume of his roses filling the room.

"For you," I wrote, "who are so wise in the ways of those tricky things called nerves, must know that it was only a mild hysteria that made me say those most unladylike things. I have written Norah all about it. She has replied, advising me to stick to the good-fellow role but not to dress the part. So when next you see me I shall be a perfectly safe and sane comrade in petticoats. And I promise you—no more outbursts."

So it happened that on the afternoon of New Year's day Von Gerhard and I gravely wished one another many happy and impossible things for the coming year, looking fairly and squarely into each other's eyes as we did so.

"So," said Von Gerhard, as one who is satisfied. "The nerfs are steady today. What do you say to a brisk walk along the lake shore to put us in a New Year frame of mind, and then a supper downtown somewhere, with a toast to Max and Norah?"

"You've saved my life. Sit down here in the parlor and gaze at the crepe-paper oranges while I powder my nose and get into some street clothes. I have such a story to tell you! It has made me quite contented with my lot."

The story was that of the Nirlangers; and as we struggled against a brisk lake breeze I told it, and partly because of the breeze and partly because of the story, there were tears in my eyes when I had finished. Von Gerhard stared at me aghast.

"But you are—crying!" he marveled, watching a tear slide down my nose.

"I'm not," I retorted. "Anyway, I know it. I think I may blubber if I choose to, mayn't I, as well as other women?"

"Blubber?" repeated Von Gerhard, he of the careful and cautious English. "But most certainly, if you wish. I had thought that newspaper women did not indulge in the luxury of tears."

"They don't—often. Haven't the time. If a woman reporter were to burst into tears every time she saw something to weep over she'd be going about with a red nose and puffy eyelids half the time. Scarcely a day passes that does not bring her face to face with human suffering in some form. Not only must she see these things, but she must write of them so that those who read can also see them. And just because she does not wail and tear her hair and faint she popularly is supposed to be a flinty, cigarette-smoking creature who rampages up and down the land seeking whom she may rend with her pen and gazing, dry-eyed, upon scenes of horrid bloodshed."

"And yet the little domestic tragedy of the Nirlangers can bring tears to your eyes?"

"Oh, that was quite different. The case of the Nirlangers had nothing to do with Dawn O'Hara, the newspaper reporter. It was just plain Dawn O'Hara, woman, who witnessed that little tragedy. Mein Himmel! Are all German husbands like that?"

"Not all. I have a very good friend named Max—"

"O, Max! Max is an angel husband. Fancy Max and Norah waxing tragic on the subject of a gown! Now you—"

"I? Come, you are sworn to good-fellowship. As one comrade to another tell me, what sort of husband do you think I should make, eh? The boorish Nirlanger sort, or the charming Max variety. Come, tell me—you who always have seemed so—so damnably able to take care of yourself." His eyes were twinkling in the maddening way they had.

I looked out across the lake to where a line of white-caps was piling up formidably only to break in futile wrath against the solid wall of the shore. And there came over me an equally futile wrath; that savage, unreasoning instinct in women which prompts them to hurt those whom they love.

"Oh, you!" I began, with Von Gerhard's amused eyes laughing down upon me. "I should say that you would be more in the Nirlanger style, in your large, immovable, German-sure way. Not that you would stoop to wrangle about money or gowns, but that you would control those things. Your wife will be a placid, blond, rather plump German fraulein, of excellent family and no imagination. Men of your type always select negative wives. Twenty years ago she would have run to bring you your Zeitung and your slippers. She would be that kind, if Zeitung-and-slipper husbands were still in existence. You will be fond of her, in a patronizing sort of way, and she will never know the difference between that and being loved, not having a great deal of imagination, as I have said before. And you will go on becoming more and more famous, and she will grow plumper and more placid, and less and less understanding of what those komisch medical journals have to say so often about her husband who is always discovering things. And you will live happily ever after—"

A hand gripped my shoulder. I looked up, startled, into the two blue eyes blazing down into mine. Von Gerhard's face was a painful red. I think that the hand on my shoulder even shook me a little, there on that bleak and deserted lake drive. I tried to wrench my shoulder free with a jerk.

"You are hurting me!" I cried.

A quiver of pain passed over the face that I had thought so calmly unemotional. "You talk of hurts! You who set out deliberately and maliciously to make me suffer! How dare you then talk to me like this? You stab with a hundred knives—you, who know how—"

"I'm sorry." I put in contritely. "Please don't be so dreadful about it. After all, you asked me, didn't you? Perhaps I've hurt your vanity. There, I didn't mean that, either. Oh, dear, let's talk about something impersonal. We get along wretchedly of late."

The angry red ebbed from Von Gerhard's face. The blaze of wrath in his eyes gave way to a deeper, brighter light that held me fascinated, and there came to his lips a smile of rare sweetness. The hand that had grasped my shoulder slipped down, down, until it met my hand and gripped it.

"Na, 's ist schon recht, Kindchen. Those that we most care for we would hurt always. When I have told you of my love for you, although already you know it, then you will tell me. Hush! Do not deny this thing. There shall be no more lies between us. There shall be only the truth, and no more about plump, blonde German wives who run with Zeitung and slippers. After all, it is no secret. Three months ago I told Norah. It was not news to her. But she trusted me."

I felt my face to be as white and as tense as his own. "Norah—knows!"

"It is better to speak of these things. Then there need be no shifting of the eyes, no evasive words, no tricks, no subterfuge."

We had faced about and were retracing our steps, past the rows of peculiarly home-like houses that line Milwaukee's magnificent lake shore. Windows were hung with holiday scarlet and holly, and here and there a face was visible at a window, looking out at the man and woman walking swiftly along the wind-swept heights that rose far above the lake.

A wretched revolt seized me as I gazed at the substantial comfort of these normal, happy homes.

"Why did you tell me? What good can taht do? At least we were make-believe friends before. Suppose I were to tell you that I care, ther, what?"

"I do not ask you to tell me," Von Gerhard replied, quietly.

"You need not. You know. You knew long, long ago. You know I love the big quietness of you, and your sureness, and the German way you have of twisting your sentences about, and the steady grip of your great firm hands, and the rareness of your laugh, and the simplicity of you. Why I love the very cleanliness of your ruddy skin, and the way your hair grows away from your forehead, and your walk, and your voice and—Oh, what is the use of it all?"

"Just this, Dawn. The light of day sweetens all things. We have dragged this thing out into the sunlight, where if it grows it will grow sanely and healthily. It was but an ugly, distorted, unsightly thing, sending out pale, unhealthy shoots in the dark, unwholesome cellars of our inner consciences. Norah's knowing was the cleanest, sweetest thing about it."

"How wonderfully you understand her, and how right you are! Her knowing seems to make it as it should be, doesn't it? I am braver already for the knowledge of it. It shall make no difference between us?"

"There is no difference, Dawn," said he.

"No. It is only in the story books that they sigh, and groan and utter silly nonsense. We are not like that. Perhaps, after a bit, you will meet someone you care for greatly—not plump or blond, or German, perhaps, but still—"

"Doch you are flippant?"

"I must say those things to keep the tears back. You would not have me wailing here in the street. Tell me just one thing, and there shall be no more fluttering breaths and languishing looks. Tell me, when did you begin to care?"

We had reached Knapf's doorstep. The short Winter day was already drawing to its close. In the half-light Von Gerrhard's eyes glowed luminous.

"Since the day I first met you at Norah's," he said, simply.

I stared at him, aghast, my ever-present sense of humor struggling to the surface. "Not—not on that day when you came into the room where I sat in the chair by the window, with a flowered quilt humped about my shoulders! And a fever-sore twisting my mouth! And my complexion the color of cheese, and my hair plastered back from my forehead, and my eyes like boiled onions!"

"Thank God for your gift of laughter," Von Gerhard said, and took my hand in his for one brief moment before he turned and walked away.

Quite prosaically I opened the big front door at Knapfs' to find Herr Knapf standing in the hallway with his:

"Nabben', Frau Orme."

And there was the sane and soothing scent of Wienerschnitzel and spluttering things in the air. And I ran upstairs to my room and turned on all the lights and looked at the starry-eyed creature in the mirror. Then I took the biggest, newest photograph of Norah from the mantel and looked at her for a long, long minute, while she looked back at me in her brave true way.

"Thank you, dear," I said to her. "Thank you. Would you think me stagey and silly if I were to kiss you, just once, on your beautiful trusting eyes?"

A telephone bell tinkled downstairs and Herr Knapf stationed himself at the foot of the stairs and roared my name.

When I had picked up the receiver: "This is Ernst," said the voice at the other end of the wire. "I have just remembered that I had asked you downtown for supper."

"I would rather thank God fasting," I replied, very softly, and hung the receiver on its hook.

CHAPTER XII.

Bennie the Consoler.

In a corner of Frau Nirlanger's bedroom, sheltered from draughts and glaring light, is a little wooden bed, painted blue and ornamented with stout red roses that are faded by time and much abuse. Every evening at 8 o'clock three anxious-browed women hold low-spoken conclave about the quaint old bed, while its occupant sleeps and smiles as he sleeps, and clasps to his breast a chewed-looking woolly dog. For a new joy has come to the sad little Frau Nirlanger, and I, quite by accident, was the cause of bringing it to her. The queer little blue bed, with its faded roses, was brought down from the attic by Frau Knapf, for she is on of the three foster mothers of the small occupant of the bed. The occupant of the bed is named Bennie, and a corporation formed for the purpose of bringing him up in the way he should go is composed of: Dawn O'Hara Orme, President and Distracted Guardian; Mrs. Konrad Nirlanger, Cuddler-in-chief and Authority on the Subject of Bennie's Bed-time; Mr. Blackie Griffith, Good Angel, and General Cut-up and Monitor of'n Bennie's Neckties and Toys; Dr. Ernst von Gerhard, Chief Medical Adviser, and Sweller of the Exchequer, with the Privilege of Selecting All Candies. Members of the corporation meet with great frequency evenings and Sundays, much to the detriment or a certain Book-in-the-making with which Dawn O'Hara Orme was wont to struggle o'evenings.

Bennie has been one of those little tragedies that find their way into Juvenile court. Bennie's story was common enough, but Bennie himself had been different. Ten minutes after his first appearance in the courtroom everyone, from the big, bald judge to the newest probation officer, had fallen in love with him. Somehow, you wanted to smooth the hair from his forehead, tip his pale little face upward and very gently kiss the smooth, white brow. Which alone was enough to distinguish Bennie, for Juvenile court children, as a rule, are distinctly not kissable.

(To Be Continued)

Cork slabs compressed from a thickness of 14 inches to half an inch, are being tried out for flooring in railroad cars.

WOMEN VOLUNTEERS.

In stress and trouble the women of a nation are always to be counted upon. In Servia the women went to the front with muskets in their hands; they were as strong and brave as the men on the firing line. In this country few of our women escape the weakening troubles peculiar to their sex.

For every disease or ailment of a womanly character, no matter how recent or how long standing, the one sure, reliable remedy of proved merit is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It is prepared from nature's roots and herbs and does not contain a particle of alcohol or any narcotic. It's not a secret prescription for its ingredients are printed on the wrapper.

Women are earnestly advised to take it for irregular or painful periods, backache, headache, displacement, catarrhal condition, hot flashes, sallow complexion and nervousness.

For girls about to enter womanhood, women about to become mothers and for the changing days of middle age Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription should always be on hand.

Write Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for free 138-page book on woman's diseases. Every woman should have one.

NO CHARGE FOR THIS GRAND HOME MEDICAL BOOK

Every home should have one. Every man and woman who isn't afraid to read a book so plainly written that anyone can understand it should write today for a revised copy of the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser to Dr Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

This is a large cloth bound book of 1008 pages; 8 inches long; 1¾ inches thick; brimful of knowledge not found in ordinary books, sent postpaid to any reader who will send this clipping with 20 cents.—Adv.

A Smooth, White Skin That Defies Weather

During the coming months of biting winds and intense cold, you who would keen your skins smooth, white and velvety, should turn your attention to mercolized wax. Nothing else will so effectively remove a chapped, roughened or discolored surface. By gradually absorbing the weather-beaten cuticle, the complexion is kept in perfect condition, and even the beauty of expression appears more pronounced. If your skin be blotchy, pimply, freckled, coarse, sallow or over-red, why not shed it? One ounce of ordinary mercolized wax, to be had at any druggist's, will completely transform the most unsightly complexion in less than a fortnight. Use the wax nightly, like cold cream, washing it off mornings.

If weather, age or poor health has marred your face with wrinkles, here's good news. You can quickly remove every line by using a harmless, refreshing face lotion prepared by dissolving 1 oz. powdered saxolite in ½ pt. witch hazel. The firmer, smoother skin, the more youthful appearance, even after one application, will astonish you.—Adv.

GIRLS! GIRLS! YOU MUST TRY THIS! DOUBLES BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR

For 25 Cents You Can Make Your Hair Lustrous, Fluffy and Abundant.

Immedinte?—Yes! Certain?—that's the joy of it. Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a Danderine hair cleanse. Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. A delightful surprise awaits those whose hair has been neglected or is scraggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Besides beautifying the hair, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair, and lots of it, surely get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and just try it. —Adv.