BOOKS

The Western Spirit, by William Steward Gordon. $1.20. 157 pages. Illustrated. The Methodist Book Concern, New York City.

The pleasant town of Astoria, Or., has a new Western poet as one of its citizens, Rev. William Steward Gordon, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, of that city. His address is 527 Grand avenue, Astoria. The dedication is significant of the high literary value of this book of modest poems: "To the pioneers of the Old West, who made the New West possible."

In a foreword by our author, this frank explanation is made: "Most of the verses have been written in self-defense. At the close of many a busy day they went galloping through the mind until rest was sought in writing them. You will find considerable variety in the 'menu.' If the first dish served does not suit your taste, kindly try another."

It is much to the credit of our author that he has found time, apart from his duties in preparing for the ministry, and apart also from his work as a minister of the gospel, to write such lyrical, excellent and helpful verse.

The poems number nearly 73 and are of the safe, admirable kind that can be sent anywhere without misgiving or mental reservation. The book will make an ideal Christmas present, from the West to the East or anywhere else wherever English is spoken.

In one notable poem, "The Western Spirit," a compliment is paid to this city, "as she clutches at the reins of progress at 100 miles an hour." Read this other verse:

It's the tramp of herds of cattle
And the war whoop of the battle—
It's a sort of magic microbe in the blood.
It's the patriotic passion
Running wild in Western fashion
And expanded with the wideness of the wood.

Find the democracy, tenderness, and strong action of these other selections:

O Astoria, my pride,
On Columbia's heaving tide,
With the balmy ocean breath on your breast,
May your purpose point as high
As your cedars in the sky,
While you safely guard the gateway of the West.

* * *

Methinks I see a cattle team
Crawl on the Rocky's crest,
And with its freight a wife and child
And the future of the West.

And suns they rise and suns they set,
But westward still and on,
Till the road fades into a winding trail,
And the trail itself is gone.

Through bristling forest dense and dim
They hew a path to the sea,
And blaze a way for the march of men
And the millions yet to be.

* * *

The lake is all the world to him,
The world itself a dream;
But instinct paints within his breast,
Some placid Southern stream.
And braver grown, he cleaves the zone,
In Autumn's glint and gleam,

With kindling eye and pinion strong,
At leagues on leagues he;
The mountain air is wine to him,
And wine the heaving sea;
Until the southland of his dream
Becomes reality.

* * *

I sing for the East, I sing for the West.
I sing for the Nation God had blessed;
But my horizon is the race—
Its radius great as heavenly grace.
Hurrah for the race with its rich red blood
That throbs its way to the throne of God.

* * *

I challenge the heresy hunters!
Let them make of it what they may,
But the God I worship is just,
And justice will find a way.

Two Christmas Stories, by Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

"Anne's Bridge" is a charming, sympathetic novel of pure-gold quality. It is fashioned in emotion and pure sentiment, as the sparkle of a diamond. It reflects the tear, and preaches a powerful sermon.

The hero is James Dean, Jr., a rich young man who, through an advertisement in Rod-and-Reel, secured board with an "A. Allende," to fish at a village called Anne's Bridge. Dean, with his two dogs, finds on his arrival at the shabby little railroad station that the "Allende" named in the advertisement is Miss Angelina Allende, who lives alone. She is a young woman of marvellous beauty, who apparently wished to cook for and house a boarder to secure money with which to help her support herself. She owns 3000 acres of worn-out land, for which there is no purchaser. Her father and mother are dead. Dean and she fish together, and she insists on being employed as a professional guide at $1 per day. Dean loves her, but she is repellant and bitter. Dean discovers that she served "time" at a girls' reformatory for technical "assault" of a man. What should Dean do? The story has a Christmas ending.

"Between Friends" is an artists' novel and pictures sacrifice and love. It is not so strong as "Anne's Bridge," but worth reading, all the same. The scenes hover around artistic and dissipated circles in New York. Drene, sculptor, is the principal figure in the tale. He is a man with an unhappy matrimonial past and his wife is dead. He is blase and careless of health. His artists' model is Miss Cecile White, and she works out his reformation.

The two novels are sold side by side in a green-covered paper box.

The War, Week by Week, As Seen From New York, by Edward S. Martin. $1. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York City.

There are many editorials. They are as the sands by the seashore in number and variety, and each individual editorial has crowds of supporters who swear by it.

What appears between the covers of this bright little book of 217 pages, consists of 21 editorials in which the causes of the present war in Europe are stated. The writing is bright and illuming. Mr. Martin thinks that Germany is clearly in the wrong in engaging in this war, and that America may yet be called to enter the conflict—as policeman.

Here is Mr. Martin's summing up: "When the French went mad and purged Europe, they had a great leader. But the Germans have no great leader. They have a sublime delusion and a magnificent machine. Their leaders, it would seem, are Von Freitschke and Nietzsche—both dead. Their Kaiser is a gallant but not a wise man; their whole leadership, spiritual and political, seems touched with madness and inevitably destined to disaster."

This book will be in demand in debating societies, as a step in the work to hear both sides of the case.

Betty's Virginia Christmas, by Molly Elliott Seawell. $1.50. Illustrated in color. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Bewitching, tender and romantic enough to please the most critical, this novel of Virginia in Christmas time, with Miss Betty Beverley as the interesting heroine, makes a bid for favor and ought to win.

Colonel Beverley, an aged veteran of the Civil War, where he fought on the side of the Confederates, lives in Holly Lodge, with his pretty granddaughter, Betty, on a piece of land saved from the financial wreck that made bleak his old age. He had sold his once valuable and large estate to a Mr. Fortescue, and calmly waited what fate had in store for him. Two old servants remain with him, Aunt Tulip and Uncle Caesar, part of the old regime befo' the war, and a castaway negro boy, Solomon, who runs away from his own people to live with the Colonel's folks.

Prince Charming arrives in the person of Philip Fortescue, a young Federal officer in the army of the United States. Lieutenant Fortescue was detailed by his superior officer for military duty in the neighborhood, and at a Christmas dance he and Miss Betty fall in love with each other. The young Lieutenant wishes her to marry him immediately, but Bettie demurs and pleads that she "can't leave granpa." The young folks quarrell. They make up again in a tearful way and the novel finishes with a pretty surprise for the old Colonel.

The story has Christmas tide all the way.

Abroad at Home, by Julian Street. Illustrated. $2.50. The Century Co., New York City.

One of the smart, gossipy gift-books of the year for a young man of experience and observation.

Mr. Street is a trained story-teller, and in these 517 pages he writes in his frankest, most cheerful style of men, women and cities of this country. His book is a review of his travel experiences from New York across country en route to San Francisco and return. Sometimes he utters surprising and even too-frank statements, but he is never dull. Wallace Morgan's pictures are boldly drawn and unusually interesting.

Mr. Street says that for some time he desired to travel over the United States—to ramble and observe and seek adventure here, at home, not as a tourist, with a short vacation and a round-trip ticket, but as a kind of privateer, with a roving commission. Some of his work appeared serially in magazines. This book, which is one long, hearty laugh, is the ultimate result of the excursion begun on such original lines.

Here are a few of Mr. Street's observations regarding various cities:

We Americans, though we are the most restless race in the world, with the possible exception of the Bedouins, almost never permit ourselves to travel, either at home or abroad, as the "tourists of Chance." We always go from one place to another with a definite purpose. We never amble. On the boat, going to Europe, we talk of leisurely trips away from the "beaten track," but we never take them. After we land we rush about obsessed by "sights," seeing with the eyes of guides and thinking the "canned" thoughts of guidebooks.

If you ask a Buffalo (N. Y.) man what is the matter with his city, he will, very likely, sit down with great solemnity and try to tell you, and even call a friend to help him, so as to be sure that nothing is overlooked. He may tell you that the city lacks one great big dominating man to lead it into action; or that there has been, until recently, lack of co-operation between the banks; or that there are ninety or a hundred thousand Poles in the city and only about the same number of people springing from what may be called "old American stock." Or he may tell you something else.

The St. Louis paradox is that she is a fashionable city without style. But that is not, in reality, the paradox, it seems. It only means that being an old, aristocratic city, with a wealthy and cosmopolitan population and an extraordinarily cultivated social life, St. Louis yet lacks municipal distinction. It is a dowdy city. It needs to be taken by the hand and led around to some municipal improvement tailor, some civic haberdasher, who will dress it like the gentleman it really is. It is, indeed, on this side—the side of cultivation—that St. Louis is most truly charming. She has an old, exclusive and delightful society, and a widespread and pleasantly unostentatious interest in esthetic things. In fact, I do not know of any American city to which St. Louis may with justice be compared, possessing a larger body of collectors, nor collections showing more individual taste.

Ask a Kansas man what is wrong with his town and he will probably attack you; and as for Los Angeles—! Such a question in Los Angeles would mean the calling out of the National Guard, the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club, and all the 'Boosters' (which is to say the entire population of the city); the declaring of martial law, a trial by summary court-martial and your immediate execution. The manner of your execution would depend upon the phrasing of your question. If you asked "Is there anything wrong with Los Angeles?" they'd probably be content with selling you a city lot and then hanging you; but if you said "What is wrong with Los Angeles?" they would burn you at the stake and pickle your remains in vitriol.

The Tabor Opera House in Denver is famous among theatrical people largely because of the man who built it. Tabor was one of Denver's most extraordinary mining millionaires. After he had struck it rich he determined to build as a monument to himself the finest opera house in the United States and "damn the expense."

While the building was under construction he was called away from the city. The story is related that on his return he went to see what progress had been made, and found mural painters at work over the proscenium arch. They were painting the portrait of a man.

"Who's that?" demanded Tabor.

"Shakespeare," the decorator informed him.

"Shakespeare—shake h—l!" responded the proprietor. "He never done nothing for Denver. Paint him out and put me there."

Cleveland's municipal group plan is one of the finest things which any city in the land has contemplated for its own beautification. In this country it was, at the time it originated, unique; and though other cities (such as Denver and San Francisco) are now at work on similar improvements, the Cleveland plan remains, I believe, the most imposing and the most complete of its kind.

When the transformation is complete Cleveland will not only have remade herself, but will have set a magnificent example to other cities. By that time she may have ceased to call herself "sixth city"—for population changes. But if a hundred other cities follow her with group plans, and whether those plans be of greater magnitude or less, it must never be forgotten that Cleveland had the appreciation and the courage to begin the movement in America, not merely on paper but in stone and marble and that, without regard to population, she therefore has a certain right today to call herself "first city."

I do not believe that any experience in life can give the ordinary man—the man who is not a real explorer of new places—the sense of actual discovery and of great achievement which he may attain by laboring up a stope and looking over it at a vast range of mountains glittering, peak upon peak, into the distance. The sensation is overwhelming. It fills a man with a strange kind of exaltation, like that which is produced by great music played by a splendid orchestra. The golden air, vibrating and shimmering, is like the tremolo of violins; the shadows in the abysses are like the deep throbbing notes of violoncellos and bass viols; while the great peaks, rising in their mighty majesty, suggest the surge and rumble of pipe organs echoing to the vault of heaven.

The German Empire's Hour of Destiny, by Colonel H. Frobenius. $1. McBride, Nast & Co., New York City.

In a consideration of the causes which led to the present international distrust between Germany and Great Britain, and which causes are now being debated on the battlefield, this book, "The German Empire's Hour of Destiny" will find favor by reason of the author's frank and courageous presentation of facts, as seen from the side of Germany. He argues that the German Empire must grow, in order to live, and that as Great Britain is the present obstacle, Germany must by military force crush Great Britain.

The book was written before the present war began, and is stated to have received the praise of the German Crown Prince. Our author makes the mistake, however, by hinting—not stating—that Great Britain would not fight. Praise is given one American author, Homer Lea, in "The Day of the Saxon," for the soundness of his military views. The opinion is expressed by our author that it will be in the Pacific Ocean that the future battles for the domination of the world will be decided between the European, Asiatic and American nations.

Hernando De Soto, by Walter Malone. $3. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

Here we have an enjoyable literary curiosity in blank verse, in which the travels and explorations of Hernando De Soto, one of the greatest of the Spanish conquerors or explorers, in subduing South America and part of this country, are related in glorious detail.

Mr. Malone thinks that De Soto is the king of pioneers and speaks of this story of his life as "an epic of civilization."

It is stated that De Soto was Governor of Cuba, and after Ponce de Leon and Narvaez, was the explorer of Florida. So far as known, he was the first white man to traverse the states of Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Missouri.

Freitschke: Selections From Lectures on Politics, by Heinrich von Treitschke. 75 cents. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York City.

"War is the only remedy for ailing nations."

So wrote the great Treitschke, the noted German college professor and philosopher, and moulder of German thought.

This book of his is the first chance—or one of the first chances—to read in English what Treitschke actually wrote on the subjects of world politics, the duties of the State, the relation of his country to others, Germany's need for expansion, Germany's ultimate triumph over all foes, his contempt for small nations, etc. The book will naturally cause great interest just now, especially among members of debating societies. 128 pages.

Japan to America, edited by Naoichi Masaoka. $1.25. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

Issued under the auspices of the Japan Society of America, this symposium of papers by political leaders and representative citizens of Japan on conditions in Japan and the United states has as its text the furtherance of continued friendly relations between these two countries.

The book, of 235 pages, is valuable as a means of reference on the subject. The essays, or papers presented number 35, and are written by representative, qualified Japanese authorities who discuss the question at issue from many points of view. Professor Masaoka is a Japanese newspaper man.

JOSEPH MACQUEEN.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Lichens From the Temple, by Robert Restarig Logan, poems; and Time and Thomas Waring, by Morley Roberts, $1.35, the clever story of a fundamental transformation of character resulting from a surgical operation (Nutnam's, N. Y.).

Foreigners in Turkey, Their Juridical Status, by Professor Philip Marshall Brown, $1.25, (Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J.).

Etching, by George T. Plowman, $1.50, a valuable treatise on etching and other graphic arts, (John Lane Co., N. Y.

Self-Culture Through the Vocation, by Edward Howard Griggs, 50 cents, a presentation of the vocation as a way to culture (Huebsch, N. Y.).

Destructive and Constructive Food Mixtures, by Dr. Axel Emil Gibson, a valuable and educative book to help those who are seriously looking for light on the obscurities of diet, 136 pages, Dr. Axel Emil Gibson, Los Angeles, Cal.

May Iverson's Career, by Elizabeth Jordan, $1.25, a pleasant novel that will please growing girls. It is about grown-up May Iverson and professional life in New York (Harper's, N. Y.).

A Far Journey by Abraham Mitrie Rihbany, illustrated, $1.75, the remarkable biography of a Syrian who came to this country 20 years ago to seek his fortune and who is now an American clergyman, occupying the pulpit made famous by James Freeman Clarke (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston).

Working Girls in Evening Schools, by Mary Van Kleeck, 258 pages, illustrated, $1.50, a valuable statistical and economic study; and Care and Education of Crippled Children, by Edith Reeves, illustrated (Survey Association Inc., N. Y.)

The Curly Haired Hen, by A. Vimar, and translated by Nora K. Hills, illustrated, an admirable story-book for children (Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc., N. Y.).

The Chain Breakers, by Richard J. Talbot, $1.50, a striking, powerful novel with an appeal for social reform (The Roxborough Pub. Co., Inc., Boston.).

Wild Honey, by Cynthia Stockley, $1.35, illustrated, stories of South Africa, well told; A Syrup of the Bees, by F. W. Bain, a fanciful, skilfully told tale of India; the Law of Faith, by Joseph F. Randolph, $1.50, a religious discussion as to faith and how it leads men to God; and A Poet's Cabinet, selected by Marion Mills Miller, Litt.D., being passages, mainly poetical, from the works of George Lansing Raymond, L.H.D. (Putnam's, N. Y.)

Ape's Face, by Marion Fox, $1.25, an English novel (John Lane Co., N. Y.).

Midnight Feasts, by May E. Southworth, $1, being 202 salads and chafing dish recipes (Paul, Elder & Co., S. F.).

The Three Arrows, by Edward S. Ellis, 60 cents, a story for boys, (The John C. Winston Co., Phila.).

Fremont and '49, by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, with map and 50 illustrations, an interesting biographical study as to Fremont, and the development of our Western territory, especially of California (Putnam's, N. Y.).

Via P. & O., by Jane Stocking, $1. 257 pages, a delightful love-story, with a Shanghai end to it (Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y.).

The Man Sings, by Roscoe Gilmore Stott, $1, 53 pages, 67 first-class poems of merit (Stewart & Kidd Co., Cincinnati, O.).

Keystones of Thought, by Austin O'Malley, M. D., $1 a book of brilliant epigrams, 192 pages; and Those of His Own Household, by Rene Bazin, $1.25, an exquisite story of French Breton family life (The Devlin-Adair Co., N. Y.).

REARING GEESE FOR MART

(Continued From Page 8.)

moved immediately and immersed in cold water. This prevents the noodles from sticking together and affords more safety in handling, as breakage is liable to happen.

Fattening Process Described.

Before feeding time a quantity sufficient for the feeding is placed in a pail of warm water. This softens the outside of the noodle sufficiently to permit the goose to swallow it readily.

About Thanksgiving time, when the special fattening process begins, the geese are confined in dry, clean quarters in flocks of 10 to 15 in pens averaging eight to 10 feet. Geese are somewhat timid and stay when roaming at large and when the special feeding begins the feeder should use every effort to have them reconcile themselves to his presence. In one corner of the pen a smaller pen of about three by three feet is built and into this the birds are driven at feeding time. The feeder sits on a small stool alongside of the pen and reaches back and leads a goose out from the small pen. The feeder places the goose between his knees and opens the mouth with his left hand, while inserting a noodle with his right hand. A sufficient quantity of noodles are inserted to fill the gullet up to within two inches of the throat. The goose then is allowed to drink from a trough of warm water, in which may be sprinkled a little cornmeal.

A goose is never noodled until she has digested all the previous noodles from the previous feeding. At first they are fed four times a day, then the number of feedings is increased until the birds are fed every three or four hours, day and night. No unnecessary noise is permitted to frighten the birds, otherwise they will stampede.

During this period of fattening the gains made vary from 20 to 40 per cent at a feed cost varying from 10 to 20 cents a pound.

World's Most Crooked River.

London Tit Bits.

The Jordan is the world's most crooked river, wandering 213 miles to cover 60.

MENUS OF THE WEEK

Tuesday.
Lentil soup.
Beef short ribs in casserole.
Potatoes. Minced carrots.
Celery and apple salad.
Caramel junket.
Coffee.

Wednesday.
Noodle soup.
Lentil and celery loaf. Tomato sauce.
Candied sweet potatoes.
Lettuce Salad.
Open apple pie.
Coffee.

Thursday.
Clear vegetable broth.
Breaded chops. French potatoes.
Cauliflower.
Apple and celery salad.
Rice cream.
Coffee.

Friday.
Scotch barley broth.
Halibut turbans. Lemon sauce.
Potatoes.
Cabbage and pepper salad.
Raisin pie.
Coffee.

Saturday.
Split pea soup.
Corned beef with vegetables.
Potatoes.
Lettuce salad.
Jellied fruits.
Coffee.

Sunday.
Bouillon in cups.
Roast leg of lamb. Currant jelly.
Brown potatoes. Cauliflower.
Apple and celery salad.
Chocolate whip.
Coffee.

Monday.
Creoy soup.
Sliced mutton in casserole.
Potato crust. (Canned) peas.
Cabbage and nut salad.
Orange jelly.
Coffee.

Dawn O'Hara

BY Edna Ferber

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

"Name and address on this slip. Take a Greenfield car. Nice old maid has lived in nice old cottage all her life. Grandfather built it himself about a hundred years ago. Whole family was born in it, and married in it, and died in it, see? It's crammed full of spinning-wheels and mahogany and stuff that'll make your eyes stick out. See? Well, there's no one left now but the nice old maid, all alone. She had a sister who ran away with a scamp some years ago. Nice old maid has never heard of her since, but she leaves the gate ajar or the latch-string open, or a lamp in the window, or something, so that if ever she wanders back to the old home she'll know she's welcome, see?"

"Sounds like a moving picture play," I remarked.

"Wait a minute. Here's the point. The city wants to build a branch library or something on her property, and the nice old party is so pinched for money that she'll have to take their offer. So the time has come when she'll have to leave that old cottage, with its romance, and its memories, and its lamp in the window, and go to live in a cheap little flat, see? Where the old four-poster will choke up the bedroom—"

"And the parlor will be done in red and green," I put in, eagerly, "and where there will be an ingrowing sideboard in the dining-room that won't fit in with the quaint old dinner-set at all, and a kitchenette just off that, in which the great iron pots and kettles that used to hold the family dinners will be monstrously out of place—"

"You're on," said Norberg.

Half an hour later I stood before the cottage, set primly in the center of a great lot that extended for half a square on all sides. A Winter-sodden, bare enough sight it was in the gray of that March day. But it was not long before Alma Pflugel, standing in the midst of it, the March winds flapping her neat skirts about her ankles, filled it with a blaze of color. As she talked, a row of stately hollyhocks, pink, and scarlet, and saffron, reared their heads against the cottage sides. The chill March air became sweet with the scent of heliotrope, and Sweet William, and pansies, and bridal wreath. The naked twigs of the rose bushes flowered into wondrous bloom so that they bent to the ground with their weight of crimson and yellow glory. The bare brick paths were overrun with the green of growing things. Gray mounds of dirt grew vivid with the fire of poppies. Even the rain-soaked wood of the pea-frames miraculously was hidden in a hedge of green, over which ran rior the butterfly beauty of the lavender, and pink, and cerise blossoms. Oh, she did marvelous things that dull March day, did plain German Alma Pflugel! And still more marvelous were the things that were to come.

But of these things we knew nothing as the door was opened and Alma Pflugel and I gazed curiously at one another. Surprise was writ large on her honest face as I disclosed my errand. It was plain that the ways of newspaper reporters were foreign to the life of this plain German woman, but she bade me enter with a sweet graciousness of manner.

Wondering, but silent, she led the way down the dim narrow hallway to the sitting-room beyond. And there I saw that Norberg had known whereof he spoke.

A stout, red-faced stove glowed cheerfully in one corner of the room. Back of the stove a sleepy cat opened one indolent eye, yawned shamelessly, and rose to investigate, as is the way of cats. The windows were aglow with the sturdy potted plants that flower-loving German women coax into bloom. The low-ceilinged room twinkled and shone as the polished surfaces of tables and chairs reflected the rosy glow from the plethoric stove. I sank into the depths of a huge rocker that must have been built for Grosspapa Pflugel's generous curves. Alma Pflugel, in a chair opposite, politely waited for this new process of interviewing to begin, but relaxed in the embrace of that great armchair I suddenly realized that I was very tired and hungry, and talk-weary, and that here was a great peace. The prima donna, with her French, and her paint, and her pearls, and the prize-fighter with his slang, and his cauliflower ear, and his diamonds, seemed creatures of another planet. My eyes closed. A delicious sensation of warmth and drowsy contentment stole over me.

"Do listen to the purring of that cat!" I murmured. "Oh, newspapers have no place in this. This is peace and rest."

Alma Pflugel leaned forward in her chair. "You—you like it?"

"Like it!" This is home. I feel as though my mother were here in this room, seated in one of those deep chairs, with a bit of sewing in her hand; so near that I could touch her cheek with my fingers."

Alma Pflugel rose from her chair and came over to me. She timidly placed her hand on my arm. "Ah, I am so glad you are like that. You do not laugh at the low ceilings, and the sunken floors, and the old-fashioned rooms. You do not raise your eyes in horror and say: 'No conveniences; And why don't you try striped wall paper? It would make those dreadful ceilings seem higher.' How nice you are to understand like that!"

My hand crept over to cover her own that lay on my arm. "Indeed, indeed I do understand," I whispered. Which, as the veriest cub reporter can testify, is no way to begin an interview.

A hundred happy memories filled the little low room as Alma Pflugel showed me her treasures. The cat purred in great content, and the stove cast a rosy glow over the scene as the simple woman told the story of each precious relic, from the battered candle-dipper on the shelf to the great mahogany folding table, and sewing stand and carved bed. Then there was the old horn lantern that Jacob Pflugel had used a century before, and in one corner of the sitting-room stood Grossmutter Pflugel's spinning-wheel. Behind cupboard doors were ranged the carefully preserved blue-and-white china dishes, and on the shelf below stood the clumsy earthen set that Grosspapa Pflugel himself had modeled for his young bride in those days of long ago. In the linen chest there still lay, in neat, fragrant folds piles of the linen that had been spun on that time-yellowed spinning wheel. And because of the tragedy in the honest face bent over these dear treasures, and because she tried so bravely to hide her tears, I knew in my heart that this could never be a newspaper story.

"So," said Alma Pflugel at last, and rose and walked slowly to the window and stood looking out at the wind-swept garden. That window, with its many tiny panes, once had looked out across a wilderness, with an Indian camp not far away. Grossmutter Pflugel had sat at that window many a bitter Winter night, with her baby in her arms, watching and waiting for the young husband who was urging his ox-team across the ice of Lake Michigan in the teeth of a raging blizzard.

The little, low-ceilinged room was very still. I looked at Alma Pflugel standing there at the window in her neat blue gown, and something about the face and figure—or was it the pose of the sorrowful head? — seemed strangely familiar. Somewhere in my mind the resemblance haunted me. Resemblance to—what? Whom?

"Would you like to see my garden?" asked Alma Pflugel, turning from the window. For a moment I stared in wonderment. But the honest, kindly face was unsmiling. "These things that I have shown you, I can take with me when I—go. But there," and she pointed out over the bare, wind-swept lot, "there is something that I cannot take. My flowers! You see that mound over there, covered so snug and warm with burlap and sacking? There my tulips and hyacintha sleep. In a few weeks, when the covering is whisked off—ah, you shall see! Then one can be quite sure that the Spring is here. Who can look at a great bed of red and pink and lavender and yellow tulips and hyacinths, and doubt it? Come."

With a quick gesture she threw a shawl over her head and beckoned me. Together we stepped out into the chill of the raw March afternoon. She stood a moment, silent, gazing over the sodden earth. Then she flitted swiftly down the narrow path, and halted before a queer little structure of brick, covered with the skeleton of a creeping vine. Stooping, Alma Pflugel pulled open the rusty iron door and smiled up at me.

"This was my grandmother's oven. All her bread she baked in this little brick stove. Black bread it was, with a great thick crust, and a bitter taste. But it was sweet, too. I have never tasted any so good. I like to think of Grossmutter, when she was a bride, baking her first batch of bread in this oven that Grossvater built for her. And because the old oven was so very difficult to manage, and because she was such a young thing—only 16!—I like to think that her first loaves were perhaps not so successful, and that Grosspapa joked about them, and that the little bride wept, so that the young husband had to kiss away the tears."

She shut the rusty, sagging door very slowly and gently. "No doubt the workmen who will come to prepare the ground for the new library will laugh and joke among themselves when they see the oven, and they will kick it with their heels, and wonder what the old brick mound could have been."

There was a little twisted smile on her face as she rose—a smile that brought a hot mist of tears to my eyes. There was tragedy itself in that spare, homely figure standing there in the garden, the wind twining her skirts about her.

"You should but see the children peering over the fence to see my flowers in the Summer," she said. The blue eyes wore a wistful, far-away look. "All the children know my garden. It blooms from April to October. There I have my sweet peas; and here my roses—thousands of them! Some are as red as a drop of blood, and some as white as a bridal wreath. When they are blossoming it makes the heart ache, it is so beautiful."

She had quite forgotten me now. For her the garden was all abloom once more. It was as though the Spirit of the Flowers had touched the naked twigs with fairy fingers, waking them into glowing life for her who never again was to shower her love and care upon them.

"These are my poppies. Did you ever come out in the morning to find a hundred poppy faces smiling at you, and swaying and glistening and rippling in the breeze? There they are, scarlet and pink, side by side as only God can place them. And near the poppies I planted my pansies, because each is a lesson to the other. I call my pansies little children with happy faces. See how this great purple one winks his yellow eye, and laughs!"

Her gray shawl had slipped back from her face and lay about her shoulders, and the wind had tossed her hair into a soft fluff about her head.

"We used to come out here in the early morning, my little Schwester and I, to see which rose had unfolded its petals overnight, or whether this great peony that had held its white head so high only yesterday, was humbled to the ground in a heap of ragged leaves. Oh, in the morning she loved it best. And so every Summer I have made the garden bloom again, so that when she comes back she will see flowers greet her.

"All the way up the path to the door she will walk in an aisle of fragrance, and when she turns the handle of the old door she will find it unlocked, Summer and Winter, day and night, so that she has only to turn the knob and enter."

She stopped abruptly. The light died out of her face. She glanced at me, half defiantly, half timidly, as one who is not quite sure of what she has said. At that I went over to her and took her work-worn hands in mine, and smiled down into the faded blue eyes grown dim with tears and watching.

"Perhaps—who knows?—the little sister may come yet. I feel it. She will walk up the little path, and try the handle of the door, and it will turn beneath her fingers, and she will enter."

With my arm about her we walked down the path toward the old-fashioned arbor, bare now except for the tendrils that twined about the lattice. The arbor was fitted with a wooden floor, and there were rustic chairs and a table. I could picture the sisters sitting there with their sewing during the long, peaceful Summer afternoons. Alma Pflugel would be wearing one of her neat gingham gowns, very starched and stiff, with perhaps a snowy apron edged with a border of heavy crochet done by the wrinkled fingers of Grossmutter Pflugel. On the rustic table there would be a bowl of flowers, and a pot of delicious Kaffee, and a plate of German Kaffeekuchen, and through the leafy doorway the scent of the wonderful garden would come stealing.

I thought of the cheap little flat, with the ugly sideboard and the bit of weedy yard in the rear, and the alley beyond that, and the red and green wall paper in the parlor. The next moment, to my horror, Alma Pflugel had dropped to her knees before the table in the damp little arbor, her face in her hands, her spare shoulders shaking.

"Ich kann's nicht thun!" she moaned. "Ich kann nicht! Ach, kleine schwester, wo bist du denn! Nachts und morgens bete ich, aber doch kommst du nicht!"

A great dry sob shook her. Her hand went to her breast, to her throat, to her lips, with an odd, stifled gesture.

"Do that again!" I cried, and shook Alma Pflugel sharply by the shoulder. "Do that again!"

Her startled blue eyes looked into mine. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"That—that gesture. I've seen it—somewhere—that trick of pressing the hand to the breast, to the throat, to the lips—Oh!"

Suddenly I knew. I lifted the drooping head and rumpled its neat braids and laughted down into the startled face.

"She's here!" I shouted, and started a dance of triumph on the shaky floor of the old arbor. "I know her. From the moment I saw you the resemblance haunted me." And then as Alma Pflugel continued to stare, while the stunned bewilderment grew in her eyes, "Why, I have one-fourth interest in your own nephew this very minute. And his name is Bennie!"

Whereupon Alma Pflugel fainted quietly away in the chilly little grape arbor, with her head on my shoulder.

I called myself savage names as I chafed her hands and did all the foolish, futile things that distracted humans think of at such times, wondering, meanwhile, if I had been quite mad to discern a resemblance between this simple, clear-eyed gentle German woman and the battered, ragged, swaying figure that had stood at the Judge's bench.

Suddenly Alma Pflugel opened her eyes. Recognition dawned in them slowly. Then, with a jerk, she sat upright, her trembling hands clinging to me.

"Where is she? Take me to her. Ach, you are sure—sure?"

"Lordy, I hope so! Come, you must let me help you into the house. And where is the nearest telephone? Never mind; I'll find one."

When I had succeeded in finding the nearest drug store I spent a wild 10 minutes telephoning the surpised little probation officer, then Frau Nirlanger, and finally Blackie, for no particular reason. I shrieked my story over the wire in disconnected, incoherent sentences. Then I rushed back to the little cottage, where Alma Pflugel and I waited with what patience we could summon.

Blackie was the first to arrive. He required few explanations. That is one of the nicest things about Blackie. He understands by leaps and bounds, while others crawl to comprehension. But when Frau Nirlanger came, with Bennie in tow, there were tears and exclamations, followed by a little stricken silence on the part of Frau Nirlanger when she saw Bennie snatched to the breast of this weeping woman. So it was that in the midst of the confusion we did not hear the approach of the probation officer and her charge. They came up the path to the door, and there the little sister turned the knob, and it yielded under her fingers and the old door swung open; and so she entered the house quite as Alma Pflugel had planned she should, except that the roses were not blooming along the edge of the sunken brick walk.

She entered the room in silence and no one could have recognized in this pretty, fragile creature the pitiful wreck of the juvenile court. And when Alma Pflugel saw the face of the little sister—the poor, marred, stricken face—her own face became terrible in its agony. She put Bennie down very gently, rose and took the shaking little figure in her strong arms and held it as though never to let it go again. There were little broken words of love and pity. She called her "Lammchen" and "little one," and so Frau Nirlanger and Blackie and I stole away, after a whispered consultation with the little probation officer.

Blackie had come in his red runabout, and now he tucked us into it, feigning a deep disgust.

"I'd like to know where I enter into this little drayma," he growled. "Ain't I got nothin' t' do but run around town unitin' long lost sisters an' orphans?"

"Now, Blackie, you know you would never have forgiven me if I had left you out of this. Besides, you must hustle around and see that they need not move out of that dear little cottage. Now don't say a word! You'll never have a greater chance to act the fairy godmother."

Frau Nirlanger's hand sought mine and I squeezed it in silent sympathy. Poor little Frau Nirlanger, the happiness of another had brought her only sorrow. And she had kissed Bennie goodby with the knowledge that the little blue-painted bed, with its faded red roses, would again stand empty in the gloom of the Knapf attic.

Norberg glanced up qickly as I entered the city room. "Get something good on that south side story?" he asked.

"Why, no," I answered. "You were mistaken about that. The—the nice old maid is not going to move, after all."

(To Be Continued.)

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