

LIGHTS OF HOME

By PHILIP KEAN

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Stephen did not mind the dark. The night was tempestuous and back of him the sea moaned. He was sure, however, that in a little while he would see the lights of home; that had always been the joy of his return. His mother had kept a candle in the window, and after a long voyage the steady flame was Stephen's welcome. A jutting rock hid the cottage until one was almost upon it, but he knew that the obstacle once passed he would see the starlike gleam. It was with a feeling of intense disappointment, therefore, when having rounded the rock, he faced blackness. Following the disappointment came fear. Why had the light gone out?

The house when he reached it showed a locked door and closed shutters, the forlornness of an uninhabited building.

Stephen sat down weakly on the front steps. He was sure that something had happened to his mother. In his voyage of two years it had not been possible to receive letters, although he had written regularly. Many things might have happened in that time—illness, death.

With a feeling of deep foreboding he rose, uncertain where to go, but with the remembrance of a former schoolmate, Little Anne Martin, who had comforted his mother in her loneliness.

He went down the path with heavy steps, then stopped short and turned as a sudden flicker of light illumined the darkness. With the light life came back into the empty house, the



From Outside the Window He called the Girl: "Little Anne!"

shutters in the sitting-room were opened, and the candle could be seen straight and tall on the table.

It was not the candle at which Stephen looked, however, but at a girl who stood behind the table, her hand shielding the flame. She was tall and fair with a blue ribbon banded around her shining curls. The room behind her had the dreary look of a place not lived in. There was no fire on the hearth, no work basket on the window ledge, or purring cat on the cushioned bench. There was an unreal air of tidiness which chilled him.

From outside the window he called the girl: "Little Anne!"

She came and looked into the darkness. "Is it Stephen," she asked, breathlessly, "at last?"

He caught her hand in his.

"Where is my mother?" he demanded.

"Oh!" she wailed, "has nobody told you?"

"No, but the room tells me," he said, heavily.

"She was very ill," the girl said, softly, "and at last she went to sleep and I promised to keep the light always in the window for you. Tonight I was late because I stopped at the wharf to watch the ship come in, never dreaming that you were on it."

She opened the door and let him in.

"It is a sad home coming," she said, "but you must let me get your supper. I bought mine in town and I will cook it here and then I won't have to eat alone."

"Alone?" he questioned.

"Father is out fishing. There's just the two of us left."

In the basket which she brought from the steps were a loaf of bread, bacon and eggs.

"There is tea left in your mother's canister," said Little Anne, "and if you will build the fire I will soon have things ready."

With the fire burning steadily in the stove, he watched her flit from room to room. Her presence rested and comforted him. In his wandering life he had felt little need for domestic joys. The little New England village had not provided enough excitement to satisfy him, and he had traveled to the end of the world seeking adventure.

He had found it, and what after all was it worth? He had a sense suddenly of utter forlornness. With his mother dead, there was no one who

loved him but Little Anne. He had a vision of what life might be if he could make himself settle down in some quiet place with this girl as his wife. Surely there would be much that was pleasant in an existence with such a woman by his side. While he was not conceited, he had little fear that he could win her. They had been friends, always, and he did not doubt that he could rouse a deeper feeling.

He voiced some of his feelings when, as they sat down at the table, he said, "I wish your face might be always opposite me, Anne."

She was pouring his tea and she smiled at him brightly. "You must stay with father and me until you go away again."

"Perhaps I shall not go away," he said.

She shook her head at him. "You could never stay in one place long," she said.

"Perhaps if there was some one to keep me," he said, significantly.

But she refused to take his meaning. "You could never settle down," she insisted.

It was not the time or the place to press his suit, but when he had been home a week he asked her to marry him, and she refused.

"The spirit of the wanderer will come upon you," she said. "Your ship sails next week, you will want to go with it, and I could never live the life that your mother lived, waiting with the candle in the window."

"I would stay with you," he said ardently. "You would hold any man." But she persisted in her refusal.

"You will want to go with your ship," she repeated; "you will grow restless, and I shall feel that I am second in your thoughts."

"I shall not want to go," he declared, but, when the time for sailing came, he found himself drawn irresistibly to the dock. The great steamer was ready for her voyage, fresh with paint; and there was about her the atmosphere of mystery which belongs to vessels that sail the tropic seas. The other end of her voyage would find her where dark-skinned people stood on white sands to welcome her. Back of them would be waving palms, where bright-hued birds made their nests—a land of indolence and allurements.

He realized that his love of Little Anne was a thing of recent growth, while, all his life, his passion for the sea had held him. Was there anything about this fair-haired girl which would keep him contented in a future of inaction?

Even as he thought of her, she came and stood beside him on the dock.

"I want you to go away, Stephen," she said, "and if, when you come back in two years, you still care for me, I will believe that you know yourself better than you do now."

It was not easy for him to go, yet he realized when he was once on his journey that it would not have been easy for him to stay. The spell of the sea was on him, and he was, before everything else, a sailor.

But he realized, as time went on, there was another spell upon him—the tropic country, the lazy life did not satisfy. He found himself buying, not as he had bought before, useless trinkets, but things which would beautify a home, a carved chest, embroideries and linens—things that a woman would like. And when he bought a ring of curious workmanship, of beaten gold with a dull blue stone, he knew that he had made up his mind. He knew, too, that he had made his last voyage.

On the return trip his heart failed him. What if Little Anne had not been true? What if her love were not waiting for him? Other men knew her charm, and other men had not sailed away and left her.

She was not on the dock when the boat came in, and fearing to face the things he dreaded he took his way to his mother's cottage. As he rounded the jutting rock he looked for the light. And it was there! Anne was waiting!

"I shall never go away again," he said, as she welcomed him.

"But won't you long for the sea? I am jealous of it."

He shook his head. "I know now that nothing has for me the charm of the lights of home. There is beauty to be found elsewhere and wonder and adventure, but these things do not count when weighed in the balance with such women as you. I have found that out, and I know my mind now, Little Anne."

Biau Gas Recent Product.

Biau gas is a recent German product akin to ordinary illuminating gas, although the proportions of the ingredients differ, and it is similarly manufactured. It is liquid under ordinary atmospheric pressure and therefore easy for transport. Hence, it is a convenient substitute for ordinary gas where this is unobtainable, and is invaluable for heating, welding, metal cutting and high-speed soldering. Its range of explosion is one-twelfth that of acetylene and one-third that of illuminating gas. The cost of production though somewhat greater than that of ordinary coal gas, is less than that of acetylene. As it contains no carbon monoxide it is not poisonous.—America.

Did Not Know Him.

Wadlighter (who has just been asked for the price of a night's lodging)—I wish those beggars would leave me alone!

McIntimate—They would if they knew you as well as I do.

Dress and Costume



THE first is a smart style for in or outdoor wear; it is made up in terra-cotta face cloth and has a plain skirt trimmed with two rows of Russia braid at about the knees and one at the top of hem.

Silk is used for the yoke which is cut in points on shoulders and at front and back; this is edged with braid and has a button sewn in each point. The chemisette is of nylon. The sleeves are cut in one with bodice; they are set to a band below elbow.

Hat of black velvet trimmed with large white wings, in the prevailing mode.

Materials required: 5 yards cloth 46 inches wide, 4 buttons, 1 dozen yards Russia braid.

TABLE LINEN FOR A BRIDE

Some Few Things Worth Remembering in Connection With the Dowry Chest.

The girl who is starting a dowry chest will be particularly interested in her table linen.

She may well choose either Dresden or Irish linen or both, as both are said to wear indefinitely. Where one buys the nappy in sets, these include cloths of two yards wide by two and a half and three yards long, and napkins of breakfast and dinner size.

If possible, buy these sets in their natural color, and bleach them in the sun. Chemicals used for whitening are likely to destroy the texture of the linen. Luncheon sets come in both Irish and Dresden woven nappy in all white.

The newest luncheon sets, however, are made from Austrian linen, and consist of a round cloth and 12 napkins. Each piece carries a damask thistle design in pale green, maize, blue or rose on a white ground.

Short Trains for Dinner Gowns.

While skirts continue to be very short in almost all day dresses, the couturieres have had to lend ear to the cry of the women who absolutely refuse to give up trains in their evening gowns. I have seen several very smart dinner dresses lately cut with short, slightly pointed trains, and I have no doubt that there will be others before the winter is over. One that was worn recently was of ochre-colored satin, but the rather vivid yellow was very much subdued by an overdress of dark aluminum-gray net. The satin underskirt had the short train I spoke of, but the tunic, of course, was short. It was gathered in a little at the top and its waist line was raised somewhat above its natural position. The bottom of the tunic dropped into points at the sides and was hemmed with a deep band of the yellow satin, which drew it in a trifle without giving it any appearance of awkwardness or constraint.—The Designer.

A Muff Holder.

Reverse the wires of a coat hanger, making them curve upward instead of downward. (One can get wire and press it into shape if no hanger is available.) Make a long casing of satin ribbon and slip it over the wires until it is gathered neatly, then fasten with ribbons.

This will conveniently hold the muff and keep it in shape, and the fur collar can be thrown over the other side.

Newest Letter Paper.

Some of the prettiest note paper has a very narrow border of blue, pink, gray, lavender or red, and one initial at the top set in a ring of color the exact shade as the border. Correspondence cards also are thus bordered and are very pretty.

The second would look well in serge; the skirt is made with a slanting wrapped seam down front on upper part; the lower is quite plain and is joined to the upper under a material strap.

The semi-fitting coat has the fronts arranged in two parts; the inner or side front is braided at the edge, the center fronts then wrap over one another in a slant and are continued to panel at back, this forming the lower edge of sides. Satin forms collar and revers; a bow is worn where fastening comes.

Hat of silk with a large rose at the side.

Materials required: 6 yards serge 46 inches wide, 3 buttons, 1/2 dozen yards braid, 1/2 yard satin.

SMART FOR THE AFTERNOON

Blue Eolonne the Best Material for This Exceedingly Effective Dress.

A very smart little afternoon dress in natter blue eolonne is shown here. The skirt has a panel front and a plain piece round the lower part of sides and back; this is headed by a band of embroidery, the slight fullness of the upper part being gathered to it.

The bodice is cut round at the neck, the opening continued with a deep



point in front to show a yoke of lace embroidery, and buttons with cord loops form the trimming.

The under sleeves are of lace to match the yoke.

Tagal hat to match the dress, trimmed with velvet and feathers.

Materials required for the dress: six yards 46 inches wide, one and one-half yard lace, about four and one-half yards trimming.

For Paper Patterns.

Get a large Japanese lantern, hang it in the sewing room or any other convenient place and use it to hold light paper patterns. A lantern is durable and will hold a great many patterns.

WEDDING CAKES FOR RENT

Showy Confections May Be Hired for About \$3 Each and Are Re-iced After Each Occasion.

There was something wrong with the cake, the baker said; it looked all right and it smelled all right, but his artistic sense told him it would not taste all right.

"Then fix it up with an extra coat of icing and we will keep it for a renter," said the proprietor.

"Who in the world would rent a cake?" some one asked.

"Wedding parties," said he. "They want a big cake in the center of the table for show, but a cake of that size good enough for a wedding would cost more than they can afford to pay, so they order fine cake put up in individual boxes for the guests and use the bride's cake just as an ornament. They don't buy it, they rent it. Sometimes a cake is rented a dozen different times. After each wedding it is freshened up with a new coat of icing and looks as good as new for the next occasion. A good renter fetches about \$3 a wedding."

ASK THE SALVATION ARMY

That is What Many Do When They Want Anything, Even a Bonnet for the Horse.

A teamster who needed a bonnet for his scrawny horse applied to the Salvation Army.

"Why did you go to them for such a thing as that?" someone asked.

"Because I knew they had them," he said. "I saw one of their wagons go down the street with two strings of horses' bonnets stretched from the top of the cover to the tailgate, so I hustled down and asked for one before they were all gone."

"His case is typical of hundreds of others," said an army worker. "Our collection wagons are veritable curiosity shops on wheels. Household goods and clothing comprise the bulk of the load, but it is topped off by curious odds and ends. Penurious or poverty-stricken souls keep an eye on the most conspicuous contributions and when they see anything they want they simply follow the wagon down to headquarters and ask for it."

"Con" Knew His Duty as Usher.

The congregation of a certain church is not "exclusive," but some of its members were surprised at the appointment of a new usher. They said that he might be a very good young man, but he had not belonged very long to the church, and, besides, it seemed unlikely that a street car conductor would suit the etiquette of a house of worship. But the trustees said that he had been chosen for that very reason, adding: "We need a man of that kind to deal with the end seat hog. He is a greater nuisance in the church than in the cars. Early in the service he plants himself at the aisle end of a free pew and later comers who are ushered into that pew fall all over him taking their places. It takes a man with grit to make him move along. This former conductor has the grit, and he has tact gained from experience. That is why we made him usher."

Odd Wireless Telephone.

Writing from German Africa, a tourist says: "We found here in the dense forest, among people who know nothing of modern scientific discoveries, a good and practical wireless telephone. The natives have for the purposes of ceremony, peaceful and warlike, drums of various dimensions made of wood, and these, when beaten, emit sounds of about an octave in range. Aside from the ceremonies the drums are used also as a means of communication. We had a proof of it one day. Our caravan was ready to start when our head servant stopped suddenly in his work, listened intently and then gave unmistakable signs of pleasure. We learned later that the indistinct sounds conveyed to him the news that a boy had been born to his brother in a neighboring village."

No Such Goats Now.

They must have had some pretty savage goats in Connecticut a hundred years ago. Under an old law if a boy was driving a goat along a highway and they met a traveler and the goat jumped on to the traveler and threw him down and bit him and otherwise harmed him, that boy could be sent to jail for three months and his father sued for damages.

The goat has improved in temper since those days. If one is being driven along now and meets a traveler he simply winks and passes on and "he boy is safe."

The Cost.

Seymour—I don't believe that Wallman has a single enemy among all his neighbors; every one of them speaks of him as if he were the best man in the world.

Ashley—Well, I guess that's right; but Wallman has to pay pretty high for their good opinion; every year he has to invest in a new lawnmower.

A Terrible Creature.

"Father," said the small boy, "is there any animal more terrible than a lion?"

"Yes, my son; a cow. If she isn't kicking you in the neck or pursuing you over the pasture to hook you, she's trying to send germs around to your house in the milk."

CAP and BELLS



MAN MAKES AWFUL MISTAKES

Did Not Recognize Cook on Street Car, Allowing Her to Stand—Wife Afraid of Criticism.

"Why didn't you get up and give her your seat or permit me to give her mine?" said a woman to her husband.

They had just got off a car. The woman's face expressed great anxiety of mind.

"Why should we give her a seat?" the husband asked. "Just because she was so richly dressed, I suppose," he added.

"Is it possible that you did not know her?" the wife exclaimed.

"Of course; I am not supposed to know every well-dressed woman who comes along."

"Oh, James, she is our cook, and I'm afraid she will treasure up against us our lack of courtesy."

"Why didn't you tell me?" the husband exclaimed.

The woman did not reply, but, trembling violently, leaned heavily upon his arm.

According.

Mistress (to prospective servant)—And what wages have you been getting?

Servant—Well, you see, ma'am, wages vary according to what you do. Mistress—You mean that the more you do the more wages you would expect?

Servant—Oh, no, ma'am. That's what you might think, ma'am, but my brother is a student of political economy and he said it's just the other way: The more you do, the less you get. And so, ma'am, if I take charge of the whole house and do the washing, I get \$3 a week. If I just cook and help with the upstairs, I get \$5. If I do nothing but the cooking I get \$7. —Lippincott's.

Real Considerate.

The aeroplane was stranded in the top of the apple tree.

"Help! Help!" shouted the air pilot. "Can't you see I am up here in the top of your apple tree?"

The old farmer blew a quid of tobacco at a wide-eyed grasshopper and chuckled softly:

"I see yeou, bub," he drawled, "an' I was just wondering."

"Wondering what?"

"How much yeou would charge to pick them thar apples, being as yeou are so close to them. The hired man has the rheumatism an' can't climb a ladder."

AWFUL HOT.



She—Do you believe in the theory that the sun is losing its heat and eventually will be burned out.

He—Sure. The sun is losing its heat and we are getting it.

Beyond the Styx.

"I believe you were called the father of your country," remarked the shade of Bonaparte. "Did you like the title?"

"I did," answered the shade of Washington, "but between you and me, I'd hate to be even a stepfather to some of the cities therein today."

Proof of Her Ability.

The One—I can't understand why you imagine she has wonderful conversational powers, when, as a matter of fact, she talks extremely little.

The Other—That's just it. She shows remarkable discretion in the selection of things to be left unsaid.

Just Asking.

Bobby—I say, dad—

Dad—What is it now? Can't you let me have a minute's peace?

Bobby—I only wanted to ask you if a near-sighted man could have a far-away look in his eyes.—London Skeet