Mr. Austin's Car—And Annabel.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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"Annabel," shouted the superintendent of the Clarendon Home For Orphans in his crisp, sharp tone, "you take these five children down to Mr. Frederick Austin's car—the man with the gray coat—no, behind you, the dull green car! Quick, now; we shan't get started till noon at this rate."

Annabel marshaled her quintet of excited flag carrying children and pushed them ahead of her toward the big dull green touring car.

"Is this Mr. Austin's car?" she inquired, restraining five wriggling children who just yearned to spring through the open door.

The young man who had been lounging with one hand on the steering wheel sat up at attention as Annabel's charming voice reached his ear. Every one, from the irritable, overworked superintendent to the dull witted helper in the laundry, loved Annabel's voice, and it was not remarkable that this good looking young chap in the gray coat and disfiguring goggles should think it the finest music he had ever heard. He sprang to the sidewalk and swung the children into the car and then extended a helping hand to the slender girl in her simple shirt waist suit of striped chambray, which reminded him of the deft fingered nurse who had taken care of him after his first motoring accident.

"Gee, but she is a corker! But her hair will look just like a gypsy's when we get to going some."

That was what the young man said to himself. What he said to Annabel was:

"Are you afraid to go fast? I'd like to give these kiddies the run of their life, but if we're going to do that you had best take off your hat and tie on this veil."

He whipped a long gray automobile veil from a convenient hamper.

"A guest left it in the car night before last. It looks quite new. Perhaps you would not mind"—

"Not at all," interrupted Annabel with a smile that he instantly decided matched her voice. Deftly she tucked her hat into the hamper, tied the veil under her chin in a bewitching bow and, leaning back in the big car, smiled happily at her young charges.

The young man watched the smile from behind his goggles, and when the superintendent of the asylum hurried up to make sure that these, the last of his big family, were properly cared for the young man fairly beamed on the orphanage official.

"Going to have a fine run, I imagine," he said, with a most interested inflection. The superintendent glanced back in some surprise. This annual trip to Van Orden Beach, given by the big automobile club for the orphans, was not without its thorns for the superintendent. Most of the owners of machines sent their chauffeurs, who either acted bored and disagreeable or teased the children or flirted with the young women attendants. At the genial greeting in the quiet, cultured voice the superintendent felt almost grateful.

"I hope it will be a good run and a pleasant day. I'm sure it is very kind of you club members to take a personal interest in the children."

The young man started to say something in reply, but the superintendent had to answer a call farther down the line. The young man turned on the power, with certain grim lines forming around his mouth, though behind the goggles his eyes twinkled.

Away went the long, flashing line of many colored automobiles and their burden of shouting, hurrahing children in pink and white and blue and white checked gingham.

Annabel was so grateful that she had graduated to stripes. There had been a time when to her pink or blue checks were almost synonymous with prison stripes; but, after all, she had decided, things might have been much worse with her.

At the beach the children tumbled out of the cars and made wild rushes for the surf. Most of the chauffeurs or car owners hurried back to town or ran into a popular roadhouse a mile beyond Van Orden's, but Mr. Austin had evidently started out to give his carload of orphans the time of their lives. He did not squander money, but each of the five had a ride on the merry-go-round, while Mr. Austin himself held the youngest girl on the wild looking ostrich she had chosen as her steed. And Annabel watched them from the unsightly green benches, her eyes dancing with sympathetic pleasure, and a score of fascinating brown tendrils escaping from beneath the soft gray veil. Annabel felt a bit guilty about that veil. She could have taken it off and resumed her hat directly they reached the beach, but those yards and yards of filmy chiffon felt so soft and aristocratic to her fastidious touch.

After the merry-go-round ride came a trip through the old mill, and then there were bags of peanuts to feed the monkeys, a forlorn group in a more forlorn cage. Each kiddie had a ride in the donkey carts, too, and a sack of salt water taffy. At noon lunch was served to the orphans by a caterer provided by the club, and after the children were seated Annabel found the watchful Mr. Austin at her elbow.

"Won't you come over to the Occidental with me? I think you'll find the cooking rather better than this."

Annabel walked away with him as in a daze. The Occidental! Why, that was where Mrs. Ashton, one of the richest patrons of the home, always spent her summers. It must be a very smart place. And what if she, the humble assistant governess from the home, should meet its rich patron face to face? Well, she would take the chance. And soon she forgot her fear in listening to the order for lunch. He seemed to know just the things she had always wanted to taste. And how polite the waiters were! Annabel touched her hair anxiously as the many young women with carefully marceled coiffures passed her table, little dreaming, she, how they envied her the saucy tendrils ... her piquant face.

Mr. Austin's gray car was the last to leave the beach that night, and the shadows were falling over the big city when it drew up before the orphanage. The tired superintendent came hurrying forward.

"I was afraid something happened. The others got in an hour ago."

"Just a little trouble with the sparker, and I was afraid to push the machine, but the kiddies all fell asleep and are finely rested."

"Good night, good night! Thanks!" shouted the children as they reluctantly left the car. Mr. Austin stood hat in hand.

"Aren't you going to say good night, too, Miss Annabel?" he asked and held out his hand cordially. She never knew whether her fingers touched his or not. She only heard him say, "May I see you again some time?" and then she shook her head and turned swiftly toward the orphanage door.

She understood now! He had mistaken her for one of the lady patronesses or a settlement worker. He did not dream that all her childhood had been spent as one of these very orphans and that she had been retained on small pay as a governess.

She had read in books about girls who had suddenly met twentieth century Prince Charmings, and she had thought how wonderful such an experience must be, but today it was anything but wonderful. She was sorry she had not told him the truth. She was sorry—no, she was not sorry about the lunch nor the long, searching glances she had encountered across the table nor the sweet, slow trip home, with the sleeping children piled into the big seats behind them. But she must never, never see him again!

The orphans from the Clarendon Home were enjoying their second and last big picnic of the season, this time at the city park. They had had a May queen, though it was August, duly crowning her and showering her with small attentions. They had much ice cream and lemonade, and now the long afternoon was drawing to a drowsy finish. Annabel had helped to clean up the lunch tables, had settled half a dozen childish disputes and was beginning to feel a bit flushed and tired when around the curve of the graveled road flashed a big, dull green car containing a single figure clad in a long gray coat. The car stopped; the figure leaned forward, then sprang to the ground.

"I just saw it—about the picnic—in the afternoon papers. Please come for a little run. You look as if you had been working too hard."

Annabel's lips set in firm lines. She answered quickly:

"Yes; you see I must work for my living. I am one of the helpers at the home, and I was an orphan there once. Maybe you thought"—

"I knew—at the beach. But that isn't what I came to tell you. Please come."

Mechanically she stepped into the car and sat down beside him. Then he knew all the time!

The car moved off slowly. The superintendent rose from the bench where he had been resting for the first time since early morning and, shading his eyes with his hand, watched it out of sight. Then he smiled oddly and sat down again.

The man in the car had something to say, and he drew his breath sharply before he spoke.

"You misunderstood. So did the superintendent, but I told him the truth before I asked you to ride with me again. You thought I was Mr. Austin, but I'm only his chauffeur and have charge of his car while he is in Europe. I take his mother out occasionally, but most of the time there is nothing to do. It's no disgrace to be a chauffeur, but I am sorry I did not tell you the first day. I want to make and sell automobiles some day, and that is why I started as Mr. Austin's chauffeur. When he comes back I'm going into the factory where this machine was made—and"— He stopped abruptly at sight of the girl's radiant face.

"Oh, I'm so glad—you—you are not Mr. Austin!"

Light came to the young man.

"Well, I'm glad—that you are glad," he said simply. "May I bring my mother to call on you some evening?"

"At the orphanage?" she asked falteringly.

"At the orphanage," he answered firmly. "Why, of course. I told her all about you after that day at the beach!"

The hand that was not on the steering wheel closed firmly over hers, and Annabel saw the woods and the lake through a wonderful mist that was half tears, half golden sunshine.

Colors and the Mind.

There are good and evil effects even in colors, not only in the inartistic arrangement of them to the trained eye of an artist, but in plain everyday red and blue and green, to say nothing of others. According to Medical Talk For the Home, if a person were confined in a room with purple walls, with no color but purple around him, by the end of a month he would be a raving madman. Scarlet has even worse effects. Blue is very depressing; hence "the blues." Green is quite soothing, and yellow also has good effects on the vision and spirits of most people.

Novel Effects In Lamps.

As a contrast to the favored styles in bric-a-brac and lamps of the "art nouveau" type is another style, of which ornateness is the chief characteristic. These are small lamps in white china, with all sorts of fancy trimming in gold leaf or crystals. One of the new lamps looks like a small flowerpot, with its gold branched and many leafed plant growing out from it. The light is in the center of this foliage of gold.

Other small lamps in this style have white china bases ornamented in gold leaf and shades made of small crystals. Some for the boudoir resemble candlesticks and have a curtain at one side, which is made of innumerable small stones, the tiny white translucent pebbles which are found in the sand at the seashore. These pebbles are made into shades for the lamps as well as into curtains.

A third group shows peculiar ornamentation of sprays of leaves made of gold leaf, which stand out from the lamp, each leaf and each stem. They are said not to be perishable and are easily cleaned.

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Gleaming Eyes In the Blackness Give a Flavor of the Wilds.

The average grownup who visits the zoo thinks it rather a dull sort of show, for the fact that the animals are captive robs them of all the romance that would attach to them in their native forests.

But let the blase sightseer obtain permission to visit the zoo at midnight, and his impressions will be very different. Darkness hides the bars and the boards, and the eyes of some wakeful creature gleam maliciously at you. For the moment you imagine that you are in the wilds, on equal terms with the creatures around.

Poised on the swings and platforms at the top of their cages sleep the monkeys, instinct surviving the loss of freedom, for in the forests they had to sleep thus to avoid the beasts of prey.

Here rests a lioness, prone upon her back, her legs rigid in the air ... paws hanging limply down. There reclines her lord, asleep upon his side, his paws turned in and his general pose not unlike that of a dog.

The more cunning and more cowardly of the animals do not seem to sleep at all, for as soon as they hear our approaching footsteps they give us their greeting with snarls and malevolent glowerings and watch us suspiciously till we depart.—Pearson's.

THE IDEAL MISTRESS.

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The first requisite for an ideal dining room is a mistress with ideals. She wants to make the room where her family meets together three times a day the dearest spot on earth to them. It is the place of physical growth. It must be as well the room where sweet temper and loving service and joyous hospitality will minister to ethical growth. The best room in the house, the morning sunshine, the open fire, the picture window, are ideal, and every woman would have them for her dining room if she could.

But if we cannot realize our ideals we can, as Kate Wiggin says, "idealize our reals." If we cannot have hothouse roses, we may have a bit of green for our table. We can give of our best to this room devoted to the family growth, and we can keep out of it all that offends. "Cross words," sour looks, family troubles, fault finding, petty gossip and, if possible, all traces of weariness must be religiously excluded.

There is a tiny dining room in a certain town house where the sunshine never comes, and there is no fire in sight, and the only view from the window is of a dead brick wall, but the smiling face and cordial graciousness of the woman at the head of the table remind you of sunshine and open fires and beautiful pictures and rare flowers and everything that helps to make an ideal dining room.

It means hard work for a woman to make her dining room always attractive. It means constant thought and care for the likes and dislikes of her family. It means putting under her own preferences. It means often making the best of poor material. It means a perpetual struggle to make things or the want of things subservient to the highest needs of the family, but it is worth all it costs.

Make the room itself as pretty and as attractive as the purse will permit. Make it interesting with growing plants; bring to it all grace of manner, the brightest stories and the merriest jests, the breeziness of outdoors and outside interests, and permeate it with the thought that "the life is more than meat." And the ideal dining will become a reality.

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