WOMAN'S HERALD

Devoted to the Household, the Fashions and the Activities of Women.

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DAILY DEPARTMENT OF THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

☞Correspondence is invited. Address all communications to the Woman's Editor of The Washington Herald.

MONDAY, AUGUST 30, 1915.

TOO MANY WINDOWS.

"Too much light—too many windows—that is one of the great faults with American interior decoration schemes," said a Washington expert on the subject the other day.

Light and sunshine make for a house that is germ proof, and no doubt for working quarters the house that is flooded with light is advantageous. But for the place where we rest and relax, the place where we enjoy each others' society, where we "eat, drink and make merry," the over-light interior misses some of the most pleasing effects of the interior decorator's art. The present-day idea seems to be to have our surroundings always light enough for the closest eye application. But when we are not working, when we are relaxing, and taking our ease, why look so intently? There are times when the "dim religious light" is far more becoming and far more effective than the light that brings out every detail.

Have you heard the new anti-suffrage song, which, with a set of anti-suffrage speeches, has been arranged for the phonographs to be used in anti-suffrage State campaigns this autumn? Here are the words of the song, called "The Anti-Suffrage Rose."

Suffragists say, happen what may,
They'll win the coming fight.
'Twixt you and me, I don't agree,
We're going to show them who's right!
Jonquils they wear, cannot compare
With the Anti-Suffrage Rose,
Token of love and a gift from above,
Loveliest flow'r that grows.

CHORUS.

Lovely Anti-Suffrage Rose,
You're the flow'r that's best of all!
You're better far, than jonquils are,
We are going to prove it in the fall.
Sweetest flow'r in all the world,
Everybody knows,
You're the chosen emblem of a noble cause!
You Anti-Suffrage Rose!

There has been a lot of discussion in New York lately at the jewelers' convention regarding the wrist watch for men. "There is some excuse for women wearing her watch on her wrist," says one jeweler, "but a man has no such excuse. He has plenty of pockets. A woman might as well wear her watch on her wrist as tucked in a bag or somewhere else about her person. I am opposed to recommending wrist watches for men. They're all right for women till she gets somewhere better to carry her watch."

One rather wonders why so much todo about the question any way. Till some one explains that the jewelers who oppose wrist watches for men are afraid the sale of these faddy pieces of jewelry would interfere with the sale of more expensive timepieces.

HOROSCOPE.

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

Monday, August 30, 1915.

Astrology finds this an evil day, for Jupiter, Uranus, and Saturn are strongly adverse. Early in the morning Mars is in benefic aspect.

The planets are held to indicate that the world is subject to influences tending toward insane theories regarding human rights, and the European war is believed to be but the expression of years in which wrong thinking has wrought final destruction to established systems of government and commerce.

Under the malign rule of Uranus and Saturn statesmen are to make mistakes that will increase the horrors of the final conflict among nations.

This is an unfortunate day for all financial transactions. Bankers should be unusually wary.

Although Mars is friendly during this configuration, there is a sign indicating the movement of troops in the United States. The stars seem to presage trouble on the borders of the country, martial rather than naval.

Warning is given that the middle of September may bring troubles of various sorts—anxiety for the President and a calamity for the people. A storm or some cataclysm of nature may cause loss of life and property.

Women are subject to a sway that is exceedingly portentous. They should prepare for extreme activity in public affairs of a humanitarian nature.

It is predicted that conscription will cause Socialists to start revolutionary measures in a European country.

Germany is under a government of the stars read as ominous. Prussia will lose thousands in the next few weeks and reverses will excite civil uprisings.

The English Parliament will be the scene of extraordinary violence among members, especially after the conjunction of Mars and Saturn in Cancer next month.

Persons whose birthdate it is should pass a quiet, uneventful year in which they attend to routine affairs. They must not travel or remove.

Children born on this day may be restless and discontented. These subjects of Virgo have Mercury as their principal ruling planet and they may experience many ups and downs in life.

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"The little Want Ads come straight from the hearts of the people. That is why they are worth reading."—Dan Sayles.

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HOUSE-WIVES DAILY ECONOMY CALENDAR

A LITTLE ICE CREAM.

Have you ever tried making two quarts of ice cream in a big freezer and then tried making a pint in a tiny one-pint freezer?

If you never have tried the little ice cream freezer, do so as soon as possible. It costs only a little over a dollar, and it is such a saver of time and labor that every household, no matter how large, should have one.

Of course, a pint of ice cream is hardly enough for more than two persons. But why not use ice cream as a garnish? It has a very real and good place as a garnish.

In one of these small ice cream freezers a pint of ice cream can be made in fifteen minutes—and that counts the time from the moment the task is begun until the little freezer, with the ice cream all frozen, is set into the refrigerator until needed.

The ice for such a small freezer of course must be finely chopped—but so it must for a large freezer. So get an ice chopper or shaver, and chop the ice in a wooden bowl. Then mix it with a third its own measure of coarse salt, and start the freezing. Have the cylinder chilled in the refrigerator beforehand, and have all the ingredients very cold, and the process of freezing will be even shorter.

Ice cream frozen in one of these small freezers cannot be kept very long. But it needs no packing—simply a few extra pieces of ice pushed in at the top. And if the freezer is set into the refrigerator it will keep frozen for three-quarters of an hour and more.

Suppose you have the very humble dessert of baked apples for dinner. With each topped with a tablespoonful of vanilla ice cream they become a feast.

Or suppose there are some lady fingers and soft custard on hand, but no cream. Beat up an egg, add it with sugar and vanilla to some rich milk, and freeze it. Then line dessert cups with the lady fingers, add two tablespoonfuls of custard to each, and top with a spoonful of the ice cream.

With sliced peaches and baked quinces a spoonful of ice cream is delicious. And with desserts of gelatine ice cream is an improvement on whipped cream very often.

Custard, mixed with chopped nuts, and served in dessert glasses topped with ice cream, is delicious. And a big spoonful of peach ice cream in the center of half a chilled muskmelon makes it a dessert out of the ordinary.

(Copyright, 1915.)

TOMORROW'S MENU.

"Much broth is sometimes made of little meat."—Danish saying.

BREAKFAST.

Dates
Cereal and Cream
Omelet
Graham Muffins Coffee.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER.

Sliced Corned Beef
Potato Chips Brown Bread
Apple Fritters with Maple Sugar

DINNER.

Chicken Soup.
Pot Roast of Beef
Browned Potatoes
Apple Salad Squash
Peach Pudding

Stewed dates—Soak the dates overnight, adding a pint of water to a pound of dates. In the morning remove the dates, boil down the water, add a tablespoonful of orange juice, and pour over the dates.

Apple fritters—Mix a cupful of sweet milk, three eggs (beaten separately), a teaspoonful of salt, a teacupful and a half of flour, a tablespoonful of sugar, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Add the grated peel of a lemon. Peel and core apples, slice crosswise, and drop into the batter. Cook in deep fat until brown. Serve with maple sugar.

Peach pudding—Peel and quarter a quart of ripe peaches. Put them in a pudding dish and pour over them a batter made with a cupful and a half of flour, four eggs beaten light, a pint of milk, a teaspoonful of salt, and half a cupful of powdered sugar. Bake in a moderate oven for about three-quarters of an hour.

New Velvet Model Gives Slender Lines

Fur trims a costume of brown velvet, with unique cuffs and braid embroidery.

A new fall model of brown panne velvet illustrates a type of costume suitable for the woman who has passed her first youth. The lines are contrived to give a slender appearance without sacrificing the dignity which refined women seek in their apparel.

The skirt has the accepted fullness, lengthened by the tunic effect of the coat, cut a little longer in front than at the back, and attached to a fitted upper section trimmed with braid and touches of gilt thread embroidery.

About the neck is a skunk collar in boa form, while fur tops the bell cuff, set above a band of velvet. The ensemble is rich and elegant and a credit to American talent.

FROCKS FOR THE COMING SCHOOL DAYS

Republished by special arrangement with Harper's Bazar.

This Is One of the Numerous Attractive and Interesting Features of the September Harper's Bazar, Now on Sale at the News Stands.

Schooldays are almost here again. And the clothes for the girls who are conquering the three Rs and other fundamentals of an education are again foremost in the thoughts of the wise mother. Naturally she desires that her girls shall be suitably and well dressed and with the simplicity that marks good taste.

Her big girl, who has only a year or two of schooling ahead of her, is wearing a long, straight coat of light cloth when she starts out for school. There is a high muffler type of collar in black velvet, deep cuffs of the velvet and a saucy tam o' shanter of the sam fabric.

Her sister, who has just achieved the dignity of her teens, is in blue. The skirt is plaited and the coat, with its cape-like tendencies, is of a matching material. Her hat, a soft beaver, has only a puffing of the silk in the same tone to serve as trimming.

The 10-year-old is so anxious to wear her new clothes that the band of fur on the coat of kersey is no detriment. Like the coat, the little cap is banded in fur.

The younger children are wearing sensible little frocks of linen. Little Miss Eight-Year-Old is very winsome in her dress of dark brown linen with Quaker-like collar and cuffs of stiff linen. Her still younger sister has the most unusual and yet practical of pinafores fashioned from claret-colored linen. The somberness is relieved by the ruffle of white linen at the neck and outlining the sleeves. Even the baby has run out to say good-by, and her nursery dress is the quaintest of all—a scant, very short frock of flowered muslin.

FAMOUS WOMAN HER BIRTHDAY AND YOURS

August 30—Mary Shelley, Pauline Dejazet.

Pauline Virginie Dejazet, who was born in Paris, August 30, 1798, was a popular and highly gifted actress.

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, who was born just one year before the popular French actress, is famous not only as the second wife of the poet Shelley but as the author of that remarkable tale of a distorted imagination, "Frankenstein."

She was the daughter of Mary Godwin, one of the prime pioneers in the feminist movement in England—and after her step-father's (William Godwin's) second marriage to a woman of very inferior intellect the child, Mary, idealized the memory of her gifted mother. But Godwin continued to gather in his shabby household many of the leading intellects of his time in London, and Mary early developed her remarkable intellect to a high degree. At 15 she is described as a bold, precocious girl, and it was not long before she had met and grown intimate with the brilliant young poet Shelley. Then Mary and Shelley left England together in spite of the fact that the first Mrs. Shelley was still living. Her death soon after, however, left the poet free to marry Mary.

That Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley was a devoted wife cannot be denied, and that Shelley loved her with tenderness is also true, but his statement that "some of us have loved an Antigone in a previous stage of existence and can find no full content in any mortal tie" no doubt applied to his own state of mind.

(Copyright, 1915.)

DEVICE TO SAVE TARDY.

Pennsylvania Railroad's New Platform Gathers Late Comers In.

New York, Aug. 29.—The Pennsylvania Railroad has adopted a device to aid belated passengers.

The new arrangement is attached to the steps of cars and is a continuation of the trapdoor. It bridges the space between the train and platform so that there can be no conceivable reason for anyone getting his foot caught in the small opening or of any person slipping through.

The belated passenger seeing the sill out, runs, jumps on it and as the conductor gives the starting signal the contrivance gathers him up and folds him neatly into the vestibule.

CURBS DICTATORIAL TEACHERS

Chicago Mayor Says they Must Cease Political Activity.

Chicago, Aug. 29.—Political pressure either upon city or school board officials by the Chicago Teachers' Federation must be stopped, even if it means the destroying of that organization. This was the statement of Mayor Thompson. No appointments to the board of education will be made until the council reconvenes in October.

"The Teachers' Federation has been making recommendations to me as to who should be appointed as school trustees," said the mayor. "Its members have tried to control the present board. These things are not for the good of the public schools and the school children, and what isn't good for them must go."

First Dear Young Thing—Is that delightful Mr. Howler having much success in the practice of criminal law?

Second Dear Young Thing—Yes, indeed. Why, he told me the other night he had clients in several penitentiaries and nearly every jail in the State.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Combination of Satin and Fur Is Popular

A brown satin redingote costume is bordered with mouffion and has vestee of white organdie.

The costume of fur and satin will be much in evidence as the fall season approaches. In many instances the hem of the skirt or coat is fur bordered, while collar and cuffs of some soft pelt is accepted quite as a matter of course.

The sketch illustrates the redingote of dull brown satin, cut with a smooth princess back, with flaring sides and with a two-piece effect in front. The girdle is of the satin and is cut in a point to give a yoke suggestion.

Dyed mouffion contributes the border of the redingote as well as the broad collar with the open V neck. The muff is in greater contrast with the vestee of white organdie, which is gathered to give a puffed effect, quaint and old-fashioned.

FISH NOT BRAIN FOOD; OLD BELIEF WRONG

Large Amount of Phosphorus Has Little Bearing on Effect on Gray Matter.

Most of us aren't too old to remember into what a state of mental demoralization and spiritual collapse the youngster across the street threw us when he confided the awful truth about Santa Claus.

It was a pretty rude awakening all right, but we know now that the initiation had to come sooner or later, and we hold no honest grudge against that youth.

Disillusionments have followed so closely on the heels of one another that we find ourselves at last more capable of being more amused than alarmed at someone skidding so hard into our old beliefs as to topple them over completely.

A doctor, who has made an exhaustive study of dietetics, says regarding ideas that have been handed down for generations like the family clock:

"It is a mistake to believe that raw or semi-raw meat is more nutritious than that which has been moderately cooked. The latter is more easily masticated, and on that account more readily digestible; and as it is drier, it actually contains a larger proportion of nutritive matter than the same meat in the raw condition."

Facts About Soups.

"Soups and extracts are popularly supposed to be very nourishing, and are frequently administered to invalids on that account. Loss of nourishing matter resulting from moderate boiling is not very great. Much of the substance extracted from meat by boiling undergoes a partial decomposition, whereby its nourishing properties are greatly reduced. Soups thickened by the admixture of quantities of flour, barley and fresh vegetables are, of course, an entirely different case. Each of these foods contains a definite nutritive value of its own.

"There is a silly notion that fish is brain food, because it contains a large amount of phosphorus. It is true that fish is good for the brain, not for the reason alleged, but because, being readily digestible, it is good for the stomach. Some foods, eggs, for instance, contain a larger proportion of phosphorus than fish does. The phosphorescent appearance that fish exhibits in the dark is no evidence of the presence of phosphorus. This appearance is due to the action of certain bacteria and is a sign of insipient decomposition.

"Many people entertain the ridiculous notion that water is fattening. Alcoholic beverages taken in large quantities have a tendency to increase the weight. This effect is not due to the water, however, but to the solids of which malt liquors and certain wines contain a considerable amount. Any healthy individual may drink as much water as he pleases.

As Regards Milk.

"Milk has been called the perfect food. This is pre-eminently true as regards infants. But for adults there is no 'perfect' food. Their requirements vary.

"And to say that there is more nourishment in skim milk than in whole milk is silly. No food is increased in nutrients by extracting a portion of it.

"Eggs are considered a highly nutritious food. As a matter of fact, eggs do not contain so large a proportion of nourishment as is sometimes supposed, compared to many other foods they are expensive. That is to say, the same amount of nourishment could be obtained from other foods at less cost."

TODAY'S FASHION NOTE.

An ideal walking or school frock for the first days of autumn. It is developed in black and white checked serge, the blouse having a shoulder yoke and panel frock. The details embody a Quaker collar of organdy and patch pockets. Average size calls for three yards 44-inch serge and one-quarter yard organdy.

Pictorial Review dress No. 6352. Sizes, 8 to 15 years. Price, 15 cents.

Pictorial Review Patterns
On Sale at
S. KANN, SONS & CO.

Aunt Chatty's Mothers' Club

Conducted by Mrs. Charity Brush

THE NEED OF OCCUPATION.

THIS is a real Mothers' Club, for the benefit of mothers everywhere who are struggling with questions of discipline, training, education, clothing, for the children. Write to Aunt Chatty of problems which are vexing you, and she will advise and help you to a solution of them. Write to her, too, of your own discoveries, of methods you have found successful in smoothing the rough paths of life for the tender, childish feet, that through the Mothers' Club your experience may be of benefit to other mothers who are still tangled in the web of perplexity you have so happily unraveled.

Co-operation is the secret of success in any business; so why not in the business of motherhood, that highest and holiest calling which always has been and always will be woman's crown of glory, no matter what other avenues of usefulness may be opened to her? Address Mrs. Charity Brush, care of this paper.

(Copyright, 1915.)

I get so many helpful letters from the members of the Mothers' Club that it is a real regret to me not to share them with all of you. If I only had the space I would print all of them. One from a grandmother in Michigan, who tells me she is 76 years of age, and as interested in her grandchildren as she ever was in her own children, is of great interest. Another from the same city calls my attention to a sad case of abuse of a child by his mother; still others ask me to give a talk on questions of real interest to all mothers. All of these that do not need immediate answers are filed away to be made the subject of club talks at the earliest possible opportunity. Among them are several that ask questions bearing in one way and another on the great topic of occupations for the children.

Do you know, mothers, I believe the secret of half our failures to rear well-developed children is because the children are reared in idleness? I really do.

Let me tell you of a little experience I had myself which set me to thinking about that. My eldest daughter was very ill and I went to her home in the South to care for her two children while she was recovering from a serious operation for appendicitis. The elder child, a boy, is a wonderful creature—very quick and intelligent, with a brain for correlating facts that is remarkable in a child of his years—6 he was at the time.

His mother has had difficulty in understanding him and he has been to her a very troublesome child. He is restless and noisy, hard to control and very obstinate. He insisted on riding his bicycle in his mother's room, and when I remonstrated that it was too noisy for her, he would throw himself on her bed and wail vigorously. I found he was annoying her by his naughtiness and retarding her recovery, and so I set my wits to work to devise some way to keep him quiet.

I found that the poor child had really nothing to do all day long; there were no children of his own age in the neighborhood and his little sister was too young to be a companion for him. After careful consideration, I laid out a plan for each day that I determined, so long as I was in control, he should adhere to. There were papers to be picked up in the morning from the living-room floor where his daddy threw them the night before when he was through reading them; there was an inclosed back porch, used as a play room, that somebody had to keep in order. Why not this child? I asked myself.

And so, laying out a schedule for him, without telling him beforehand, I had something for him to do whenever I saw the restless spirit manifesting itself. When other occupations failed I set him to digging in the back yard. I bought a small shovel and a rake that he could handle easily and told him we should want to plant some grass in the yard in the spring and that I thought it would be a pleasant surprise for his mother to find the ground all ready for the grass when she was able to get out of bed.

I kept him busy every day with some work I knew would interest him, and he did it with enthusiasm. The little fellow worked until he was tired, day after day, digging up the yard. I don't think my son-in-law fully approved of the effect upon the yard, but the child was happy, and, best of all, he did not retard his mother's recovery by disobedience and naughtiness.

That experience gave me the material for this talk to our Mothers' Club. I have wondered since how many of you have tried this plan with your little ones. I believe in the gospel of work, as I have told you many times before; I do not think it hurts children to have regular duties and I am sure much of the restlessness and naughtiness that distresses us is due to idleness. Children are not so very different from grown folks, you know; and you all know how tired you get in a little while when you have nothing to do.

Make this a subject for individual study, dear mothers, and fill your child's time with useful occupations. The old adage isn't out of fashion yet—Satan still "finds some mischief for idle hands to do."

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. B. D. writes: "I was interested in your talk on teaching girls housekeeping, but I do not see how I am going to do it. We keep two servants and they do not like to have my daughters interfere with their routine. Please advise me."

When my girls were small I made a practice of letting one maid go during the summer vacation, and then it was understood that the work was to be divided between the maid that remained and by two daughters. Each one had to do some one part of the daily work as regularly as if she were not a daughter of the house, and her allowance was based on the performance of her work during the summer.

Mrs. E. R. T. writes: "Two or three times lately my 4-months-old baby has broken out as if he had measles and has seemed sick. Could he have had measles that many times in a short time or is the trouble due to some other cause?"

I am more inclined to think the rash is due to indigestion or perhaps to teething rather than to measles. Watch his food and see that his digestion is good. If the trouble is due to teething, you will soon notice that his gums are swollen and inflamed. I do not think you need be alarmed, but watch his general health that no trouble may result.

DAILY SHORT STORY

A CITY BIRD.

By IZOLA FORRESTER.

Gardner used to think, those first few months in New York, that a boarding-house was the lonesomest hole man ever stole into and hid himself from the outer world. He had a hall bedroom at Miss Meloney's, on Lexington avenue just above Gramercy Park. It was convenient to his work over on Broadway and he rather liked this old end of the town best. But there didn't seem to be one congenial soul until Laura Edwards came.

She was about 19, he figured, that first night when they met at dinner. He watched the gaslight fall on her bowed head. Her hair was chestnut and caught the light in its mesh of golden brown. Her eyes, too, were brown, and very friendly—almost too friendly and comradely in their appeal, he thought—and he wanted to protect her, vaguely.

Hobart and the rest made a straight set for her. Hobart offered to play the piano for her, and Tucker told her of his recent set of Kipling, three down, balance monthly. Wally James asked her if she liked the movies. And she parried them all with a smile and looked over at the silent Gardiner.

He found out that she worked some place up town, probably in an office. She left the house around 7:30 and came back about 6. Even Miss Meloney knew no more than this. Gardiner wished she would find out more, but there was a certain point that even her curiosity could not get by in Miss Edwards' manner.

"I'm thinking she's from the Middle West," Kinney, the little highlander said, one night out on the front steps. "She's spoken to me of Dayton, Ohio, very often. Tenderly like, too."

"She's a way of the South about her at times," Hobart declared with a sigh. "Like a rose, like a rose."

Gardiner rose uneasily. He hated to have her discussed by them. She was so much apart, so wonderful to him. The very mystery that lay around her he loved. She was his princess in disguise, graciously lingering among them for a little while. Privately he rather thought she might be waiting for a legacy to be divided. Or she might be a private secretary to some person of importance. Nothing commonplace could ever be associated in thought with her.

So he approached his hour of fate with fear. He loved her, and he meant to tell her so. That, at least, was a man's right. He was earning $25 a week now, and a commission on sales besides. Back home in Rhode Island there was a good little farm where his mother lived. That was his, too, if he cared to run it. But he knew, some way, Laura would never care for the country. She was a city bird, born to preen on stone pedestals. Still, he would tell her.

It was Saturday night. The city lay under the first spell of early fall. There was a haze in the twilight, a tender coolness and hint of autumn. He had asked her that evening to go up through the park with him and she had consented. They had taken a Fifth avenue bus up, and sat up on top. To Gardiner it was a night of enchantment and he said little. It was enough to be with her. Now and then she turned her head and smiled at him.

"I've always loved this ride, haven't you?" she asked.

"I always knew I should with the right girl," he answered bravely, and she laughed at him softly, unreboukingly. The stars seemed to dip and pat him on the head for his pluck.

It was after 10 when they returned. The front steps were deserted. There was a settee placed on the little grass plot under the lone catalpa tree, and they sat out there talking in low voices, talking commonplaces, yet with every nerve tingling, every glance conveying messages their lips belied. And all at once Gardiner blurted out:

"We'll never be the same after tonight, will we?"

She smiled up at him wistfully.

"Why?"

"Because we've found out. Aren't you sure I love you? Oh, I didn't mean to spring it like that, Laura." He reached for her hands anxiously. "Don't go in yet. I had to tell you. I've been awfully lonesome here until you came——"

She nodded her head.

"I was lonely, too," she said softly, "but I'm used to it. I've lived around in boarding-houses for two years now, and it's horrid where I work. I'm a retoucher on photographic plates, and that means work in a dark room by a red light all day. I hate the dark. Some time I'm going to live outdoors right in the sunlight and daylight all the time."

"Where are your folks?" he asked. "I thought you were just here for a little while."

"Dead mostly, I guess. I've got a married sister out in Dayton, Ohio. After my mother died I went to work here. I can make pretty good pay at it, but I hate it, just hate it. It's awful when you hate the work you have to do."

Gardiner sat nearer, his arm lying back of her along the settee. And some way words came at last to him—words to tell her what he would like to do to make life easier for her. She wasn't a visiting princess any longer—she was just a sweet, everyday mate and pal who might be wife some day to him.

They could get a little apartment—four rooms would be enough to start with. He had a couple of hundred saved already and could get more from the home nest-egg. Perhaps some time they'd go back to the farm. It was near the town and the trolley ran close by. She might like it.

"I'd love it," Laura said passionately. "I'm just starved for daylight, Tom. That's your name, isn't it? I heard one of the boys call you Tom."

"Say it again," said Gardiner contentedly. "I like to hear you."

The front door opened cautiously and Miss Meloney peered out, saw who was there and hesitated.

"Have you the time, Mr. Gardiner?" she asked.

"Little past 10," answered Tom genially. "We had to stay out a little later than usual, Miss Meloney. Hope you don't mind. It's very important."

"Oh, that's all right," the little old lady said hastily. It's a lovely night—kinder cool, though. Hadn't you better have something around you, Miss Edwards?"

"She has, thanks," called up Tom, and there was silence, a grateful, happy silence. Presently Laura whispered:

"I love boarding-houses; don't you, Tom?"

Tom smiled up at the brownstone front, at the little brass strip announcing "Rooms with or Without Board," at the familiar cat beating around the lilac bushes, and he felt a wave of thankfulness toward it all sweep over him. It had brought them together some way, some how, out of the flotsam and jetsam of life's tides.

"You bet I do, honey girl," he replied.

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