

PETEY DINK — THE NAG MAYBE KICKED A FIELD GOAL WITH PETEY



The Seed of the Righteous

A Love Story by JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

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CHAPTER II. (Continued.)

Mr. Lindsey, I want you to make me one of your salaried officials—with power, as we say of committees, she began. "I believe my father's child can do something bigger in the world than wage earning; but I need backing. Will you give me a chance to make myself clear to you?"

The frail old hands warded her off with humorous protest. "No, no, child. If I listen you'll convince me. I heard you yesterday. Lord, you ought to be in the United States senate! And you would have been if you and your mother had only been men. What a power she would have been in the ward!" He wanted to linger and chuckle over the idea, but Sabra pushed straight on.

"Why shouldn't you be convinced?" "No, no," he sighed, lifting a hand to his breast pocket. "I'd rather do it kicking and scratching. How much do you want?"

She told him what her salary had been, scrupulous to ask no more, and then, while he considered, seized her chance to set forth to him all that her society stood for. He listened with aged indulgence, crossed by an occasional flicker of amusement. At the end he slowly nodded.

"I sort of like you, Sabra. I believe I'll do it," he said, "but I can't afford to do it. I'll do it now and then." He touched a bell, and her happy ears heard him dictate the memorandum to his secretary. When they were again alone, she took his hand in both hers.

"I thank you now," she said, "but I want you to believe that your real thanks will come from the future." His smile was subtle but not unkindly.

"Well, if there has got to be more talk in the world, you're the one to do it," he admitted.

Sabra went home to lunch, riding her good news like a pafray. The dining room door opened on a group distantly familiar in that household. Ralston, who had gone off so radiantly that morning to dwell in unbroken communion with his talent, sat remote, blank, tragic with some unexplained disappointment. His mother, who she knew not what, watched him with faithful, asking eyes. Billy's feelings had been removed early in the meal and Chloe had removed him to the kitchen, where she was comforting him with abundant jam.

"Mother—everybody!" Sabra's voice brought Chloe to the door. "I've come. I am free for my real work. I have been to see Mr. Lindsey."

"My dear!" Mrs. Gage was martial leader and tender mother in one. "What did he say?"

"You had prepared the way for me, mother, dear, so my part was comparatively easy." Sabra always distributed scrupulous credit, which was one source of her success as an organizer. "I scarcely had to explain. It was 'How much do you want?' almost the first moment."

"That was from hearing you yesterday, Sabra. You never spoke better." She nodded assent. "He thinks I have a great gift for speaking. He said that as a man I would have been a political power."

"Fine, dear. What else?"

Sabra's clear, candid gaze was turned back on the interview. "He intimated that I was convincing; that people would be awayed by me. His last words were about to do it, he said. It was very gratifying." And Sabra sat down to lunch with an aura of success shining visibly about her. Chloe lingered dejectedly in the doorway, measuring her shrinking self against her fine, brave sister. A bitter word finally broke from Ralston.

"You get your chance. Everybody but me gets a real chance, sooner or later."

Mrs. Gage seized the opening. "Wasn't the room quiet, dear?"

"Very, thank you." He tried to continue his magnanimous silence, but the grievance would out. "I should think you would have seen that there was no heat in that room, mother! Neither heat nor sun. I nearly perished. I shall have to give it up."

"But there was a fireplace," his mother cried.

"There was, but no fire in it. And

almost brought tears to his eyes. "I have never had a fair chance. Mrs. Cartaret. Or any real help. An talent has to be helped, doesn't it? Look at Wagner. My play was published, you know—the one that Southern nearly took; an old friend of the family put up the money for it. But he would not go on and really push it, he hadn't the courage to advertise effectively, so of course it didn't sell. It has always been like that. People do a little for me, and then they lose heart and drop away. No one has the big, high faith that sees it through. A querulous bitterness rises from his unhealing grievance. 'They are all quitters!' he cried."

She was troubled, apologetic for the faint heartedness of benefactors, a class to which she belonged. "I wish you would tell me about the play you are at work on," she ventured. "Not unless you feel like it, of course," she added, disconcerted by the intendment of his stare. But Ralston was only making a discovery.

"Some day I shall read it to you," he declared solemnly. "It is all there is of me. I have fed myself to it, body and soul, for two years, and no one has seen a line of it. But I shall want to read it to you. Will you let me?"

She had no words to express her gratification and flushed delicately in the effort to find them. She, too, perhaps, in her big house, was lonely.

So Mrs. Gage's two geniuses were launched. As if that were not enough, at the same time this happened on a struggling Montessori class, embraced the doctrines fervently after twenty minutes of elucidation, brought in half a dozen pupils, and so "arranged" to have Billy included. And while Chloe still gazed dubiously at her new freedom, half sorry, yet excited, into her lap fell a soft armor of fine clothes, sent with Marjorie Sexton's love in a sad, black bordered note. Uncle Harry came in while these were still spread over sofa and chair, and Chloe, seated on a foot stool before them, her chin on her clasped hands, stared at them in tranced rapture. She had had every one of them on with no one home to see, and she sprang up joyfully at her uncle's trailing step.

"Oh, Uncle Harry, look what I've got," she cried. "Marjorie Sexton, you know. Her mother has just—she's gone into mourning, poor girl. She sent all these—and I have hardly seen her since school. Wasn't it too beautiful?"

Uncle Harry's dry, averted speech had never been milder: "H'm—your mother dropped in at the funeral, I suppose."

"Oh, yes," Chloe took it quite simply. "Mother's strong on funerals."

His slow nod seemed to approve. "Yes; you can't tell what they may lead to—in this world or the next." He fingered a fold of crepe as a forerunner might try over an unknown word. "How are you going to live up to all this?"

"Oh, I suppose mother will conjure up some parties. There's one tonight, Uncle Harry." She flushed a little, and her eyes forbade him to be humorous. "Alex is taking me to the theater."

Uncle Harry never looked at any one, but he seemed to feel her glance. "Yes; so he said," he admitted carefully. "Chloe was eager to explain. 'I haven't taken him all back, Uncle Harry; I mean, he hasn't found me easy! He's walking a chalk line.' She was very anxious that he should understand that. 'I don't intend to be quite the same until he really sees how wrong headed he was. He can't just smooth things over and get his own way with me.' 'Glad to hear it. Keep it up.' Uncle Harry relinquished the finery and sat down, his hands folded over the top of his umbrella, his head dropped so that his speech came sidewise. 'I've got a proposition to make to you, Chloe.'"

She would have liked to dwell longer on the gowns, but compromised by taking a brown chiffon into her arms and nursing it lovingly as she returned to her stool.

"What is it?" she asked, dipping an arm into a lace sleeve, then hastily taking it out again. "I'm listening, Uncle Harry—go on."

"Want a job?" he asked.

She laughed. "What kind?"

"Well, you see, Sabra has left me. She's going to talk for her living after this. That's all right—Sabra's a grand talker. I wouldn't bother with her. As if I could get a living on a platform and a pitcher of ice water. And Billy's been launched, I hear; learning to follow his instincts and distinguish velvet from sandpaper by the touch. Well, that's right, too. He'll need all the touch he can develop. But why don't you come down to the office and learn how to rent apartments? Nice, pleasant work—girl's work. A girl can't look at the plan of an apartment without wishing to go to housekeeping in it; and that's catching. You'd be earning a salary and getting a business training. What do you say?"

Chloe only laughed. "Oh, no, Uncle Harry. I don't want to go into business. Oh, I'm not the kind a bit." "Not that kind," he repeated musingly.

"Going out into the world kind," she explained. "I like to be at home and to go outdoors when I want to. And to take nice trips in the summer—people always ask one. I'd hate to commit myself to an office. But it was dear of you to want me," she added with belated gratitude. He seemed to fall into thought, and she surreptitiously returned to the brown chiffon, spreading its embroidered tunic over her knees for study.

"There would be the money," he spoke with an air of afterthought.

"Oh, we get along," said Chloe easily. "I don't care much about money. Things turn up—like these clothes. Uncle Harry, do you think I am a beast to enjoy them so when that poor girl is—in mourning?"

He rose and trailed slowly out without any answering, but that was only his way. "If you change your mind I'll take you on," he said from the door, without looking back.

"I do appreciate it," Chloe insisted, and dropped the offer out of her persistent mind into the back storage of consciousness, where it lay forgotten for many months. A moment later she jumped up and ran after him. "Tell Alex to look his grandest," she commanded. "He is not going to be let off with a business suit any longer. Tell him that Miss Clotilda Gage will be lovely in brown chiffon embroidered with gold thread in a lotus design."

Uncle Harry blinked thoughtfully at the pavement. "Yes, I'll tell him," he said with an odd effect of reluctance.

Sabra and Ralston, meeting at the front door, came in as though they had been out together, though as a matter of fact they had never volunarily done anything together in their last lives. There was no visible hostility between them; they simply seemed unacquainted. A horse and a cow, inhabiting the same stable for as many years, will pass each other with the same blank absence of recognition. At Chloe's excited summons they came in to look.

"I wouldn't confess I had Marjorie Sexton's figure for all the clothes in the city," Ralston said, holding his gaze as if it were a drawing. "Good spirits," said Ralston, came out in a bright gaily that could buffet rather roughly. Chloe shrank under it, but Sabra met it with calm fact.

"We all know that Chloe's slimmness is very pretty and graceful; she may be Marjorie Sexton's size without giving at all her effect," she explained, but dampened Chloe's gratitude by adding: "I don't think much of the Sexton taste. What a pity they are not prettier!" She went over the garments one by one, dispassionately critical—"As though they were bought things!" Chloe said to herself, her joy gone. She had seen the clothes through a rosy veil; there has been Cinderella magic in the arrival of the mysterious bundle, left by garbled old Katy. Fancy Cinderella stopping to criticize the crystal trimming of her ball gown! Perhaps Chloe herself would not have chosen the plaid suit or the saffron blouse; but she would never have spoiled the glamour by saying so. She stood by looking more than ever like the wistful Botticelli angel and made no protest. They were so tall, so sure; their way must be right. But her heart jumped up to meet her mother. Mrs. Gage was weary and dusty, a gaunt-old scarecrow to alien eyes; but her big, strong smile and kind voice seemed always to promise that everything would be made right.

"Mother, look what I've got!" Chloe cried.

"Oh, they came, did they?" She was heartily pleased. "Chloe, dear, how pretty! Let me see them all." Chloe spread out the dresses, but a wrinkle of fear was deepening between her eyes. Her mother praised them to any heart's content, but she did not seem to hear. She tried not to ask, but the question uttered itself:

"You—knew they were coming?"

"I hoped so, dear. Didn't I tell you? (Chloe, that is a handsome blouse; I do like color on a young person.) I dropped a word to Katy, the day of Mrs. Sexton's death—she was going up there. It just occurred to me that you and Marjorie were about the same size. Have you tried the suit?"

Chloe had flushed. "Oh—mother!" she breathed. Mrs. Gage, examining the gold embroidery, did not notice. Chloe was clothed in shame, and yet the other three, older and wiser than she, evidently saw no cause for wincing. Katy, no doubt, had dropped the hint tactfully as her own idea. And yet—and yet! In her room, Chloe let her finery fall in a disordered heap.

"I would rather have worn rags," she said. Then she lifted her face to her invisible comrade. "Am I a perfect fool, father? Was that just the

natural, right thing that any mother would have done?" Sereno Gage did not answer, but his peace seemed to fall on her. "Are you wishing you could shake me for criticizing my mother?" she added with the beginning of a smile.

Alex arrived late and breathless, but suitably dressed to accompany Chloe's new grandeur. It was a significant fact that Alex, strong willed as he was, strong muscled, always did what Chloe told him to. She was as unconscious of this as he was; and yet she would have been deeply shocked if her little orders had not been followed.

Alex was fond of condemning girls for the time and attention they gave to their looks; but Chloe had always noticed that when her clothes were especially becoming, his eyes had a trick of rewarding her. She watched happily for that quick lightning as she ran down the stairs, carrying her wrap that he might see all at once how fine she was. But this time the response she felt her. Alex's glance had never been more cool and detached.

"Forgive me for being late," he said. "I didn't get home from the office till some seven minutes ago."

"But your dinner?" Chloe exclaimed, stopping short.

"Oh, I took it on the run—as the fast engines water. All ready?"

The open door disclosed a taxicab. Usually they would have been merry over such an extravagance, but tonight Alex helped her in with a matter of course air that checked comment. Perhaps the clothes had put them on more formal terms; or else they were still a little shy of each other after the months of estrangement. On the way Alex entertained her, even flirted with her, expending charm as he would have on any pretty girl. He could be very astute in society, but he had no intention of taking him back on these terms. She waited until they were seated in the theater; then she interrupted him with a laugh in her uplifted face. She was never in the least a wren with Alex.

"Now, Alex, you know perfectly well that I am a grand sight, and that you will have to say so sooner or later," she assured him. "What is the sense of holding back?"

"I admit it, freely," he said at once, but his voice was purposely unenthusiastic. He had no eyes for gold embroidery or lace sleeves.

"But I thought you would enjoy it," Chloe sounded as disappointed as human voice could. "I thought you would be so proud of me."

The easy stranger was gone. Alex jerked impatiently and manhandled his program.

"I like you better in your own clothes," he said; then, seeing how hard he had struck, repented and helplessly implored her to forgive his being the stiff-necked ass he was.

"But they happen to be mine, now," said Chloe coldly, and the curtain rising, she drew as far away from him as the seats allowed, giving her entire attention to the stage. At first neither saw much of the play, but the action was amusing, and presently, when Chloe had been made to laugh, Alex took heart and laughed with her. When she turned to smile over some point, Alex's eyes held hers with an odd, new fixity that made her heart beat; but when the curtain fell on happy embraces, he was his cousinly self. He had always taken very dear care of her in crowds and streets.

(To be continued.)

BEAUTY CHATS

By EDNA KENT FORBES

Meal Baths

"Will you kindly print directions for bran or oatmeal baths, or other baths for improving the texture of the skin?" writes a correspondent from Bridgeport, Connecticut. In the same mail came a request for baths to help a rheumatic old lady, from a woman in Kentucky.

So, since our space is brief, I think I will make a list of the various beauty and medicinal baths with short directions for taking each kind.

There is, first, the oatmeal bath—essentially a bath for beauty. It whitens the skin, makes it wonderfully soft, and acts as a mild bleach. Take about four cups of uncooked oatmeal, put in a muslin bag, and put the bag in the bath water, if possible, letting the water from the faucets run over the bag. Squeeze it before getting into the bath, so the water becomes milky looking. One bagful can be used four or five times.

Bran baths are taken the same way, except that bran is used in place of the oatmeal. Many women use smaller bags of oatmeal or bran in place of the wash cloth, rubbing the meal bag over the skin.

The best bath for rheumatism is an Epsom salt bath. This requires about half a pound of the salts dissolved in the bathtub; the patient lies flat in the tub, with just enough water to cover the body, and soaks there till the heat has left the water. Sulphur baths are beneficial to the health also, and are beautifiers as well. Many a sanitarium has made its reputation upon them—and they may be taken at home, if one has the time and patience. In the simplest form, they consist of dissolving a flower of sulphur in the hot bath water, and adding some bicarbonate of soda, such as you use in making up sour milk biscuits. Sanitariums usually add a few more such ingredients and mix with mud, applying this medicated mud to the skin.

Questions and Answers

I have come to your advice column help, and have found your advice especially good, the best developer especially having

done me a great deal of good. Now I want to know of something to make me sleep well at night. I wake every couple of hours, and cannot resume sleep for quite a time. Naturally this has made me tired and hollow-eyed next day and anything but fresh and pretty.—Harriet.



Oatmeal baths are good for the skin; they make it soft and white.

Reply—Sleep can be controlled by the will. Make up your mind that you are going to enjoy a long night of perfect rest, then drive out all but pleasant thoughts as you lie in bed. Drink a glass of hot milk, with a few dry crackers, or a cup of hot chocolate with crackers, just before retiring. This will draw the blood from the head and make your brain less active. Perhaps if you read a pleasant and light book a while before going to bed it would help you.

elbow again.

The comedy was all love, love, love. Sentiment flowed like a colored tide over the footlights up through the house. Men and women drew closer together, imperceptibly downstairs, frankly in the gallery. Chloe, who had quarreled and made up, realized only that she was quite exquisitely gay and that life was good. Once, when she turned to smile over some point, Alex's eyes held hers with an odd, new fixity that made her heart beat; but when the curtain fell on happy embraces, he was his cousinly self. He had always taken very dear care of her in crowds and streets.

(To be continued.)

CHARITON.

Mayor H. G. Larimer attended the meeting of the associated advertising men of the state at Cedar Rapids last week and had a place on the program. He was elected vice president of the association. He has been invited to address the Ad club at Omaha at a meeting to be held soon.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Kelsey of Cedar township departed this week on their western trip, expecting to stop in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and Wyoming, thence to Oregon and California where they will spend the winter.

Mrs. Sue Warren of Clarington, Texas, has returned home after a visit with her brother S. A. Riddle and family.

Miss Alma Adams of Stanberry, Mo. has returned home after a pleasant visit with her brother A. J. Adams and family. Mrs. Adams' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Farnk Zents of Albany, Mo. have also been guests at their home.

Mrs. Eva Larimer left yesterday for an extended visit in Traer with her sister Mrs. Roy McComas.

Miss Elsie Howe who is teaching in the public schools at Lohrville, is home for a short visit. The schools there have been closed until Dec. 1 on account of several cases of infantile paralysis in that city.

Dr. J. A. Bown, H. J. Engebretsen and Sam Goldwater have returned from a few weeks' camping and hunting trip in Appanoose county.

Rev. Wm. Story has returned from a visit with his sons William who is attending the state university at Champaign, Ill., and Prof. E. M. Story of the same institution, and his daughter who is teaching in the high school at Danville.

Mrs. Sanford Rea of Albia is spending a few days with her mother Mrs. Anna Rea and old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Crowl of Des Moines are visiting in this city with his mother Mrs. Dot Crowl and other relatives and friends.

Charles Drake of Cedar township is spending the week at the home of his brother-in-law John Hollingshead.

Mrs. L. L. Guernsey is enjoying a visit from her father W. M. Parr of Clearfield.

Horrold Aith and Mrs. Arnes Matheny were united in marriage Wednesday evening at their newly furnished home on South Eleventh street.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

BY LEE PAPE

Scene, the middle of the Atlantick ocean in a boat.

Christopher Columbus: Waves, waves, nothing but waves. Waves to the right of us, waves to the left of us, volleyed and thundered. Waves, waves, everywhere and not a drop of land. Good it be that I have made a mistake?

1st Sailor: Captain Columbus, wat do you say we go back?

Columbus: Die daw!

Second Sailor: Captain Columbus, the world is level.

Columbus: You lie, villain, its round.

2nd Sailor: No sir, its level.

Columbus: On the level, its round.

3rd Sailor: Joke!

1st Sailor: Wat do you say we go back?

Columbus: Aint you ded yet, dawg? Do you want me to put you in irons? Wats going to become of America if we dont discover it?

2nd Sailor: We shoold worry about America. How do we know there is eny sutch plase? It aint in the joggriffy books yet.

Columbus: If you never go any plase that aint in the joggriffy books, youll never get to hevvin.

Good sitch look at all the waves.

3rd Sailor: Thats all there is to look at.

1st Sailor: Wat do you say we go back?

Columbus: Overboard dawg! (He gives him sutch a hard kick in the