

MAIN STREET

The Story of Carol Kennicott

BY SINCLAIR LEWIS

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(Continued From Saturday)

Mrs. Bogart was calling upon Carol, protected by Aunt Bessie Small. "Have you heard about this awful woman that's supposed to have come here to do dressmaking—a Mrs. Pettifault—awful peroxide blonde?"

Mrs. Bogart. "They say there's some of the awfulest gossips on at her house—mere boys and old gray-headed rips sneaking in these evenings and drinking liquor and every kind of goings-on. We women can't never realize the carnal thoughts in the hearts of men. I tell you, even tho' I been acquainted with Will Kennicott almost since he was a mere boy, seems like, I wouldn't trust even him! Who knows what designin' women might tempt him! Especially a doctor, with women rushin' in to see him! His office and all! You know I never hint around, but haven't you got that?"

Carol was furious. "I don't pretend that Will has no faults. But one thing I do know: He's as simple-hearted about what you call 'goings-on' as a babe. And if he ever gives such a sad dog as to look at another woman, I certainly hope he'll have spirit enough to do the tempter, and not be coaxed into it, as in your depressing picture!"

"Why, what a wicked thing to say, Carrie!" from Aunt Bessie.

"No, I mean it! Oh, of course, I don't mean it! But—I know every thought in his head so well that he couldn't hide anything even if he wanted to. Now this morning—He was out late, last night; he had to go see Mrs. Perry, who is ailing, and then fix a man's hand, and this morning he was so quiet and thoughtful at breakfast and—"

She leaned forward, breathed dramatically to the two perched harpies. "What do you suppose he was thinking of?"

"That?" trembled Mrs. Bogart. "Whether the French need a doctor, probably! There, there! Don't mind my naughtiness. I have some fresh-made raisin cookies for you."

CHAPTER XXVI

Carol's liveliest interest was in her walks with the baby. Hugh wanted to know what the boxelder tree said, and what the Ford garage said, and what the big cloud said, and what the sun, with a feeling that she was not in the least making up stories, but discovering the souls of things. They had an especial fondness for the hitching-post in front of the mill. It was a brown post, stout and agreeable; the smooth log of it held the sunlight, while its neck, grooved by hitching-straps, tickled one's fingers. Carol had never been awake to the earth except as a show of changing color and great satisfying masses; she had lived in people and in people about having ideas; but Hugh's question made her attentive to the comings of sparrows, robins, blue jays, yellowhammers; she remained her share in the arching flight of swallows, and added to it a soliloquy about their nests and family habits.

She forgot her seasons of boredom. She said to Hugh, "We're two irreputable old minstrels roaming round the world, and he echoed, "Roamin' round—roamin' round."

The high adventure, the secret place to which they both fled joyfully, was the house of Miles and of Olaf Bjornstam.

Kennicott steadily disapproved of the Bjornstams, she protested. "What do you want to talk to that man for?" He hinted that a former "Suede hired girl" was low company for the son of Dr. Will Kennicott. She did not explain. She did quite understand it herself, and she did not know that in the Bjornstams she found her friends, her club, her sympathy, and her ration of blessed oblivion. For a time the gossip of Anita Haydock and the Jolly Sevens had been a refuge from the dreary Aunt Bessie, but the relief had not continued. The young matron made her nervous. They talked so loud, always so loud. They filled a room with clacking cackles; their jests and gags they repeated five times over. Unconsciously, she had discovered the Jolly Sevens, Guy Pollock, Vida, and every one

While he had worked on the addition Miles had talked frankly to Carol. He admitted now that so long as he stayed in Gopher Prairie he would remain a pariah. Be's Lutheran friends were as much offended by his agnostic gibes as the merchants by his radicalism. "And I can't seem to keep my mouth shut. I think I'm being a bad lamb, and not springing any theories wilder than 'cat spells cat,' but when folks have gone, I realize I've been stepping on their pet religious corns. Oh, the mill foreman keeps dropping in, and that Danish shoemaker, and one fellow from Elder's factory, and a few Svenskas, but you know Be; big

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

by Olive Roberts Barton



There was a queer little doorway thru which Brownies were passing and carrying great sacks on their little bent shoulders.

Pim Pim led Nancy and Nick thru the glittering, shining chambers of the Land of Underneath, explaining things to them as they went. There was a queer little doorway thru which Brownies were passing and carrying great sacks on their little bent shoulders. Pim Pim said that was the underground way to all the gardens in the world, and that the Brownies had never seen so many glow worms or fire flies or glimmering beetles in their lives, each one of them doing his best to light up the crystal caverns of the Brownies.

After while they passed another door, and thru this one, too, Brownies were hurrying and carrying strange burdens. "That," pointed

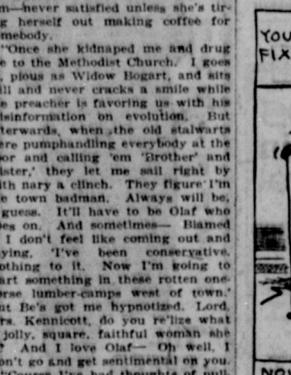
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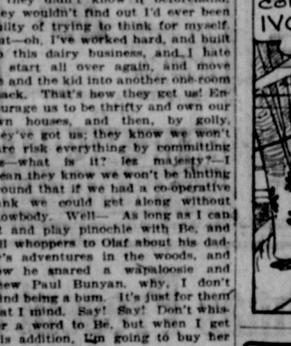
DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



EVERETT TRUE



BY CONDO

It Depends on Who Laughs at the Table



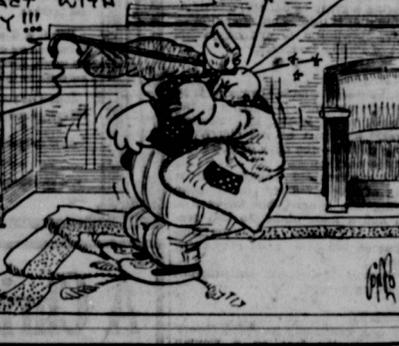
BY BLOSSER



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



BY AHERN



CLYDE JACOBS FINISHED HIS HUNTING TRIP IN THE BUTCHER SHOP

Confessions of a Movie Star

CHAPTER XXII—COME INTO MY DRESSING ROOM

Rose Montillon took me in hand and taught me all she knew about makeup, and it is more than the other know altogether.

"And she raved because she hadn't saved me from the jealous cats. 'I say you, dearie, and I meant to wash your face, but Henry came along with one of his tales of woe and I had to listen to it. You were on the set when I got rid of him. But I guess I can show you a few make-up stunts the others haven't caught on to.'"

She was true to her promise, and for that I am always nice to Mrs. Henry Larkin.

But I often wonder why Mrs. Nandy never lets Rose stay three minutes alone with me. It's a great relief, one way, to have Polly Anderson stick around. When I'm alone with Rose she invariably brings up McMaster's name. She fairly raves about his generosity. But when Mrs. Nandy is among those present Rose never mentions him.

Daily Rose contributed a bit of excitement to the routine of my dressing room.

I've read a good deal of nonsense about the marvelous dressing rooms

of the famous movie stars. I've seen pages of art which seemed to prove that a studio dressing room is an artistic combination of drawing room, reception room, dining room, lounge and kitchen. I've glimpsed small parts in several studios, but I never came across any such elegance and conveniences as that.

I've discovered that most dressing rooms are as simple as my own. Which looks like a private room in a modern hospital. It's a spacious room, well opening from a cement hall. It's high and narrow, fire-proof and sanitary, with huge windows.

The dressing table's gay cruetone cover introduces a dash of color. A day-bed is pillowed, invites me to relax and rest between scenes. There are two comfortable chairs—and no more—because it would never do to encourage visitors when I should be recuperating.

Neither is a star's dressing room a place for a reception or a tea. There is nothing but a dressing table, a chair, a stool, a washbasin, a mirror, a chair, a stool, a washbasin, a mirror, a chair, a stool, a washbasin, a mirror.

back for what you done," Miles whispered to Carol.

"Yes, But I'll be back here tomorrow. Go with you to the funeral," she said laboriously.

When the time for the funeral came, Carol was in bed, collapsed. She assumed that neighbors would go. They had not told her that word of Miles' return to Yida had spread thru town, a cyclonic fury.

It was only by chance that, leaning on her elbow in bed, she glanced thru the window and saw the funeral of Be and Olaf. There was no music, no carriages. There was only Miles Bjornstam, in his black wedding-suit, walking quite alone, head down, behind the shabby hearse that bore the bodies of his wife and baby.

An hour after, Hugh came into her room crying, and when she said as cheerily as she could, "What is it, dear?" he besought, "Mummy, I want to go play with Olaf."

That afternoon Juanita Haydock dropped in to brighten Carol. She said, "Too bad about this Be that was your hired girl. But I don't waste any sympathy on that man of hers. Everybody says he drank too much, and treated his family awful, and that's how they got sick."

(Continued Tomorrow)

Star Seattle Story Book

By Mabel Cleland

Page 532 FORTY YEARS AGO (Chapter 4)

How Mr. Jones laughed as he recalled the scene of that hunting scrape 40 years ago.

"Now the funniest thing of all is yet to come," he said, still chuckling over his memories.

"There were with two perfectly good guns which we knew how to use, and both of us were experienced hunters and knew each other from many such trips together, but we were so absolutely dazed by the deer leap over our heads that we had for the time lost our wits, I think."

"As I told you, Bob knocked me down and took my gun away from me and shot the deer, but—the deer was far out from shore."

"This fact, however, meant nothing to Bob; he was after that deer which we had failed to head off at our appointed stations, and paying no attention to the boat which was right beside him, he plunged into the icy water and went after the deer."

"Yes, he got the deer, and we got safely home and had our deer-meat for Thanksgiving as we planned, but it was an unusual experience for Puget Sound boys, the storm, and our own befuddlement and all."

"Were you very little boys or pretty big like Davie?" Peggy asked.

"Why, bless your heart, child," Mr. Jones laughed, "I wasn't little at all. I was teaching a Seattle school."

"By the way, that is one of the oldest schools in the city and it is still standing. It has other frame buildings about it now, but you can see it any day if you drive past Sixth and Main st."

"There is one school a year older than that one still standing on the corner of Third ave. and Vine st. There were nine teachers in Seattle when I began to teach."

"I recall one little story you might like to hear connected with that Main st. school."

(To Be Continued)

All week, from eight each morning till midnight, Carol felt them bathed them, smoothed sheets, took temperatures. Miles refused to let her cook. Terrified, pallid, noiseless in stocking feet, he did the kitchen work and the sweeping, his big red hands awkwardly careful. Kennicott came in three times a day, unchangingly tender and hopeful in the sick-room, evenly polite to Miles.

Carol understood how great was her love for her friends. It bore her thru; it made her arm steady and tireless to bathe them. What exhausted her was the sight of Be and Olaf turned into flaccid invalids, uncomfortably flushed after taking