

By INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

Illustrated by HUBERT MATHIEU

Does the Modern Girl Always Know Her Own Mind?

THAT'S my diagnosis," Judge Dade concluded, looking up at the elder of his two daughters, "a great deal of efficiency deflected into a lot of little abilities. And my first remedy was work and my second, matrimony."

Patty Dade maintained her perch on the high arm of her father's chair. "I refuse to accept your diagnosis," she rejoined promptly, "and I won't take your medicine. I've lost confidence in you, Judge Dade. You're fired! Besides—"

"Don't say you can't do anything," her father interrupted. "You proved you could work hard enough—and efficiently enough during the war."

"Oh, I can work hard," Patty Dade admitted, "only father, I've no special talent. And somehow to work for mere work's sake—to take a job from some poor girl who needs it just to prove I don't have to be idle—well, it doesn't appeal to me—that's all."

"Then let's proceed to the second remedy," Judge Dade suggested. "Why don't you pick out some likely young chap and marry him?"

"I think Patty's going to be an old maid," struck in Laurian Dade pessimistically.

Laurian was writing a letter at the desk near the window. Ordinarily her pretty 17-year-old face bore a grin. Now her expression was that of conscious superiority.

"When a girl shows no ambition but to beat men at games and sports, and to be considered the bravest person in the whole place—well, I think that kind of a girl soon loses all her attraction for men."

"That will do for you, miss," her sister cut in. "I added, scathingly. 'You see, Julian, being your daughter has spoiled me for marriage. I solemnly promise you, though, when I find a man as handsome and able and entertaining as you are, I'll—but I can't find him. You're entirely responsible for my spinster state, Julian!'"

Judge Dade returned to the charge. "You're so choosy, Patty. They've been so many good lads calling here—"

"As for example," his daughter demanded.

"Well, Jack Johns," Judge Dade answered instantly.

"Patty elevated her nose. "Too highbrow!"

"I don't see what's so highbrow about your apple's too big," Laurian commented.

"Charles Le Favor,"

"Patty elevated her brows. "Too lowbrow!"

"His hands are almost clammy!" Laurian murmured.

"Dab Elliman, then,"

"Patty scowled.

"He glides," Laurian was beginning "and his shoulders—"

"Your opinion is not asked, miss," her sister silenced her. "Family too run to seed," she answered her father.

"How about Max Cady?"

"Patty sniffed. "Too young! Goodness, Julian, don't expect me to rob the cradle. I'm not so old as that!"

"Twenty-four's pretty old though," Laurian interpolated neatly.

"Very well, then," Judge Dade proceeded. "MacDuffey."

"A very nice husband for one no longer young!" Laurian approved.

Patty snorted. "Too old! I'm not robbing the grave either. Julian, I'm certainly not so young as that!"

Judge Dade did not desert from his interrogation. "How about that Greenough lad who's staying with Mrs. Lawrence?"

Patty groaned. "Father! Too distasteful!"

"I think he's something magnificent!" Laurian broke in. "All the girls are so crazy over him they can't see straight!"

Patty contemplated her sister sardonically. Inwardly she was amused, but she would not let Laurian gloat like that. Judge Dade studied his younger daughter too. And he reflected with the eternal astonishment of fathers that just as Patty had emerged from a thin-faced, unfurnished and uncounted bundle of angles to an extreme attractive beauty, Laurian was developing from a dumpy, waistless little girl to exquisite beauty. "Shall we let her rave?" Patty demanded of her father.

"When you pick Babe Greenough you overturn at a bound every eunucic storm that ever whirled into me. Haven't I always been given to understand that I was to marry a simple, upstanding, rustic gawk, a 101 per cent American, who didn't know a toddle from a standing jump, who never smoked anything stronger than sweet fern, never drank anything stronger than buttermilk, never drove anything stronger than a five-horse wagon?"

"I suppose all the rest of them go into one of these pigeon-holes," Judge Dade continued. "Harry Carter, Noel Darlington, Chuck Calther, . . ."

"Roger Satterlee, Tim Dorrance, Perk Gray, et cetera, ad infinitum, ad nauseam," Patty rounded out his sentence for him. "They're all alike. If I can't seem to see any difference, now Morton Morrison—"

"He's married," her father interrupted with a severe infliction.

"Very much so," his daughter agreed, "and to such a boob! He is interesting, though—"

"How can a married man be interesting?" Laurian demanded indignantly.

"Father," Patty answered her sister obliquely. "I want to ask you one question. And don't spare me. Is it possible that at seventeen I was as silly as Laurian?"

"It always makes me wild," Laurian went smoothly on. "For a married man to ask me to dance. It's just a dance waltz. It—"

"But I'm very impartial, father," Patty went on, talking through Laurian's treble. "I've tried every kind, bachelors, husbands, widowers. If they're married, they're misanderers, and if they're single they're nothing to understand about them."

"I tell you whom I'm perfectly mad over," Laurian interrupted. "It's Arthur Raeburn!"

"Arthur Raeburn!" Patty exclaimed.

Had she been a boy, you would have said that the look she turned on Laurian was her fighting face—so black was the flood that colored it, so violent her thick scowl. "Where did you meet Arthur Raeburn?" she demanded peremptorily.

"I haven't met him yet—but he's got the most wonderful eyes—grey with long black lashes and they have the

haughty and commanding and contemptuous and kind of inscrutable too. He's been taking care of Joyce Satterlee's measles. Joyce says he commands her so, it's just too thrilling for words. Daisy Cady and Milly Darlington drive to the postoffice an hour and a half late every day so's they can meet him, making his morning call on Joyce."

"You are not to meet Arthur Raeburn, Laurian," Patty ordered crisply. "or if you find it unavoidable, you are not to invite him to the house."

"I don't see why—," Laurian was beginning indignantly, when "Because I say so," Patty came down crashingly on her. "I have never liked Arthur Raeburn," Patty continued. "I—I—I hate him. I despise him."

"I don't see why you should despise him, Patty," her father interferred justly. "He's a splendid surgeon. His record in the war proves that. And that hospital he's establishing in North Belzize is going to be a wonder. He'll be a matron and he'll be bound to meet him a lot socially."

"I despise him because he was a sissy," Patty went on relentlessly, that strange darkness still on her brow, that strange sternness still on her lips.

"Well," Laurian said, "my letter's done. How I hate to write and bleed-and-butter letter!" She arose and moved toward the door. "Then I hope I meet Arthur Raeburn in other people's houses," she flung a vast defiance over her shoulder, as she fled through the hall. "I'm simply crazy about him."

Between Patty and Judge Dade ensued a tiny interval of silence. Then his voice lowered a little. "It wasn't Monty Vieille, was it, Patty?" her father asked.

"Not of course that's what everybody thinks. And I'll admit that when we got the news of Monty's death—how long ago that seems!—the day after the funeral, I was young enough not to mind seeming to be broken-hearted. . . . Poor old Monty! . . . He was the handsomest thing in his aviator uniform that I ever saw in my life . . . No, father, I really suppose I've never been in love—that is to say honestly and truly blindly and heavily knock me down and cut me in twain in love in all my life."

"Then why do you flirt—,"

"Oh, just love of conquest—," his daughter interrupted, "and because I've nothing else to do—sometimes to discipline them—and sometimes to show fresh young flappers—or proud heads of girls—their father's own confident brides where they get off, and to keep my hand in—and to prove to myself that I haven't lost my knack—and to show knockers and crepe-hangers that I am still doing it—oh, a lot of high spiritual motives like that."

"Wretched girl! You need a Petruccio!"

"Petruccio! Don't you know, old dear, I'd have a Petruccio tamed in two minutes!"

Her father gazed at her.

"Don't underestimate Raeburn—," There came a second thunderous darkening of Patty's face. But she curbed all expression of that sinister emotion. "What are you so annoyed to get rid of me?" she demanded lightly. "You'll lose out by it, you know. Haven't I always treated you with the most improper respect? Laurian won't indulge you the way I do. You know perfectly well what she'll give you to eat; all the things she likes—messy, sweet fruit salads and sardines with nasty nuts on it—and cake that's all icing. Do you expect she'll ever feed you liver on the sly—and trips—and boiled dinner—and sardines and lowbrow truck like that?"

"If only she doesn't cook it herself," Judge Dade groaned grimly. "I may manage to survive."

"I don't know why I'm wasting all this time on you and your ideas, Julian," Patty remarked with a severe infliction, springing to her feet. "When I've got to get over to Belzize and do all my ordering this mornin' and then get into town and back by night. Don't bother about me. I've reconciled myself to being the old maid of this town. She'll stay in the exact spot on her father's head where his stiff, thick hair made a silvery whorl, and departed.

She was whistling when she left the big shadowy library. And she was whistling later when she re-appeared on the covered bridge. She had her hands which by means of a terraced, formal garden, broken by pools and fountains, sloped in velvety gradations to the sea. She did not look at the sea, however. She looked at the sky. The whistling died down, for her eyes were full of tears. Suddenly her arm came high in a lovely little gesture as she threw a kiss up into the deserted empyrean.

It was true that in his aviator's uniform, Monty Vieille had been the handsomest thing she had ever seen. It was true, too, that her heart had been lightly touched by his debonair comess. It was true also—she had known it even then—that she was weak, that she would always be the controlling spirit and that in consequence she was not really in love. That thrown kiss was a remorseful recognition of this condition.

Five minutes later, however, in her trim little roadster, she had become dry-eyed and serene. The road wound out of the big Dade place into the wide macadam main road of Ringfinger, where correct estates, sumptuously architected and faultlessly groomed, threw curtains of gauzy green away from the widening vistas of dazzling peacock sea or drew them together into gradually thickening, carefully forested stretches of wood. Reaching the mainland, the road merged with a dirt highway, meticulously rustic. This ran to the quiet, exclusive town of Belzize.

Lying back in her seat, her shapely hands resting lightly on the wheel, Patty seemed to avert the car by a kind of mental wireless—the whole she dreamed back over her girlhood and childhood.

Julian Dade's wife died when Patricia was seven. And ever since her seventeenth year Patricia had been her father's housekeeper. The daughter of a judge, nationally famous, she lived in a grandly beautiful house on the Point, she achieved without effort an enviable social position.

Patty was the type of girl of which every community boasts at least one. Whenever Patty's little roadster chugged up to the postoffice at Belzize, conversation temporarily stopped in the groups gathered there; heads slowly pivoted; eyes furtively slipped in her direction. Followed comment on her dress, her hair, her complexion. Equally when Patty served at tennis, drove at golf, dived at swimming—started to dance—something about her attracted the gaze, arrested it; held it close prisoner.

As a child, she had been the daredevil of her group. As child and girl, her courage had been the wonder of her set. And as a woman—mothers complained that she was the first to import the astounding new fashions in clothes and dancing that trailed the armistice. These had not proved popular; but only because Patty herself tired of them.

And all the time she had been undisciplined—belle, the older generation called her; vamp her contemporaries put it. Vamp, she was, steady and consistent, showing no quarter to her admirers and perceiving—her detractors said—no difference between them.

It seemed true that everything masculine—single, engaged, married, widowed—was grist to Patty's vamping mill; prep-boys, college-youths, young, middle-aged and elderly businessmen, senile, retired gentlemen, professional men, artists and—yes—artists. Even the tradespeople, Belzize natives complained indignantly, saved their choicest cuts and freshest vegetables for Patty.

And it seemed true that she vamped only to reject; that she was as heartless as she was reckless and as carefree as she was both.

But Patty was really a very discontented girl. Often she was a very unhappy one. At this moment, for instance, she was profoundly so. One of the phrases Judge Dade had used kept flitting through her mind. "A great deal of efficiency deflected into a lot of little abilities." Her father was right and she knew it. She had proved that to herself. Everybody said, "How hard Patty Dade worked in the war!" Nobody but herself, however, knew how hard she really did work—and nobody had the faintest suspicion why. In another thing, her father was right and she knew it. For her the solution was marriage. Oh, if only out of the puerilities and frivolities to which she had reduced—and debased—love, the man, her man, would emerge! She had never found him—never. Monty came the nearest. But Monty—she could curl her lip, and did curl him—as close as a shaving about her little finger. Poor Monty!

The tears blurred her eyes and for an interval, she let them hang on her lashes. Then a distant black blot invaded the tears—she winked them back. A fiver was approaching from the direction of Belzize. It contained only the driver—a man—young—a stranger—no, familiar—Arthur Raeburn! Laurian was right. He was attractive.

The machinery of Patty's vamping mill began to function instantaneously. She slowed up gradually, signalled with a pretty gesture for Arthur Raeburn to stop. The fiver came to a stand beside her roadster; but its driver did not shut off the gas. "How do you do, Dr. Raeburn," Patty opened the conversation with her most charming accent. "When did you get back?"

"How do you do, Miss Dade. I've been back—oh let me see—four or five months, five to be accurate."

"I hadn't heard," Patty lied with a delicate malice. "Then sweetly, "Were you in the war?"

"Not in the line. I was in the Red Cross."

"Oh, that must have been so much more interesting—," she paused—"and safe."

Apparently, however, Dr. Raeburn did not get her intention. His absent grey eyes, set first under black lashes then a deep frown, were studying the distance, and his expression—it was polite—no, civil, was the word—was absent too, and faintly touched—could it be possible—with impatience.

"Yes, it was interesting," he vouchsafed, a preoccupied tone. His fingers moved furtively in the wheel.

"What are you doing now?" was Patty's next thrust.

"Oh, I'm interested in a hospital over in North Belzize."

"I hadn't heard of it," Patty thrust again. "Is it a secret?"

"It's rather small. And his smile was a jag of light breaking through the tanned cream of his complexion.

"Not deliberately so," he replied. Then, "You must pardon me," he said with a courteous firmness, "but I must go on. I have a patient at the Point."

And before the outraged Patty could peep even a good-bye, the fiver was making for the horizon.

The rencontre had, however, accomplished one good. Even if it threatened to effect many ills, it had burned up Patty's melancholy.

In the whole course of her life, there had been but one person whom she hated—Arthur Raeburn. It was curious too that she should pick him to hate! for Arthur Raeburn's sphere revolved in a different system from hers.

It was curious about Arthur Raeburn. Jeered at by the boys avoided by the girls, until he lived in a virtual ostracism, Arthur had on the whole turned out the most brilliant

one among them. His record in the war—he had said that he was not in the line. But, as Patty perfectly well knew, he might just as well have been in the line. He had been surgeon in a hot sector on the American front. The town rippled with stories of his coolness under bombardment. Now, he was not only an established local celebrity, but had the entire charge of a richly-endowed, perfectly-equipped new hospital which was to open in a week or two.

determined to be true to her hate; to see that he suffered.

Sometimes just before the middle of the afternoon, Patty left the chaircar of a train which had brought her from the city of Carfax and changed into the dinky two-coached, jerk-water train which trundled passengers over 10 miles of marsh to Belzize. The other half dozen passengers made at once for the front car; but the ex-

alone. A man sat there. Apparently he had followed her into the car—strange she had not noticed him. The head disappeared again—he was very much occupied arranging something. She leaned down over her seat end—he was packing together more than one man's burden of bags, suitcases, boxes. The head came up. It was Arthur Raeburn.

Patty thought herself tired, but the vamping machine began to stir vigorously. She took out the little mirror

from her bag. Yes, she looked as crisp as when she started. She touched a powder pad to her nose. Her lips were just starting the first syllable of a beguiling "Doctor Raeburn" when—

A jerk that threw her backward against her own seat—a crash—the huge smash of metal on rocks—a hideous grinding of wood—a jar—the hissing of steam—

Complete stillness of an instant.

periened Patty took a seat well back in the second car, as far as she could get from the engine.

The car was hot; Patty almost dozed, thinking of many uncorrelated things.

Something brought her idle drifting gaze back to the car—a movement up near the front—the phenomenon of a head rising suddenly above a seat back. She was not

Then screams of terror—cries for help turned swiftly to yells of agony. Arthur Raeburn had leaped alertly halfway down the car, was becoming for the first time aware of her.

"You're perfectly safe, Miss Dade," he informed her instantly. "Wait!" He seemed suddenly a long way off. But Laurian's adjective came into that daze. Yes, his eyes were commanding. The sinister quiet of the world did not last. Out of the emergency rooms, quiet, smooth, low walls, Patty huddled in her seat and clamped her hands over her eyes. Raeburn passed her; jumped out of the car.

He returned in a moment; seized her arm. "Come!" he commanded again. "The train's jumped the track at the bridge. You're all right! Everything is all right." Patty felt this to be professional optimism and resented it; yet she clung to it. She clung to him, too, as gently he drew her by the back entrance out of the car and onto the road.

The engine had not only jumped the track but it had jumped the bridge. It lay sprawled below across the toy canon of the Micanoc. On its side-half resting on the bank, lashed and smashed—lay the first car. Their own car, partially off the track had been pushed back onto the bridge by the violent uncoupling which freed it from its fellow.

On the bank below, face down—blue-shirted arms and overalls legs in a strange crumple—lay one human thing, the second car. Not far off, another human thing was stirring in a feeble uncorrelated way. As through a dizzying numbness Patty stared, a door of that prostrate car in the end which lay over the bank opened feebly. A uniformed man appeared in the aperture and with a nightmare-looked slowness threw it wide—pushed before him.

"Oh don't leave me," Patty breathed as Arthur Raeburn darted from her side back to the car.

"Come!" he called peremptorily. "Come at once! I need you!"

He sped her back to their car—to his seat. "Take that bag and that suitcase—and, here, this box. Yes, you can carry it—and this." And as she whimpered, "Yes, you can, I tell you! This one's the last." He loaded himself up. "By heaven, this is luck. I brought all this stuff down by hand—Now, follow me! Stop that crying!"

She managed to inhibit her sobs. She followed him blindly. He managed under his burden to give her three fingers of assistance off the steep embankment.

"I can't!" she sobbed. "I can't!"

"Shut up, you little fool!" he called crisply. "Of course you can! Wait until I get down." He started his own bundles over the sandy incline. They slid with a clatter of stones to the bottom. He took hers, one at a time, dropped them down.

Out of the chorus of groans that came from below, a masculine voice disengaged itself, called with a raucous hoarseness. "For mercy's sake, kill me somebody. I can't stand this. Can't anybody get a doctor?"

Instantly Raeburn answered the voice. "The doctor's here, my lady. You're all right. Keep a stiff upper lip! I'll be with you in an instant." He turned to Patty. "Come here!" he ordered.

But involuntarily Patty had given a glance in the direction of the voice. Six strange folded things—brought out of the car apparently by the conductor himself in a bloodied collapse beside them, was trying feebly to move an arm. It made an unnatural angle from the elbow. An enormous gray void came swooping down upon Patty.

"Sit down, you fool, and slide!" Raeburn called.

She followed him from one to the other as he made his first examination, followed him, for she did not dare to be alone; followed him with averted eyes for she dared not look at what he touched. He said things to her; things that at first she clung to.

"Two hours before we can get help—no roads across the marsh—the six train—lucky I brought supplies for the hospital—other splints—gauze—"

She knew now that he was turning over that first strange human huddle.

"The engineer's dead, poor fellow!" and then, "You jumped!" to the second one, "You're the freeman!"

"Yes, but I got it! Look, my leg's broke and torn. To think I went through the Argonne to have—Doctor, I won't lose my leg, will I?"

"Sure not. That's nothing—clean break! We'll have that all fixed up in no time, my boy. I've got splints and bandages with me."

He approached the groaning, bloody line that the conductor had rescued. "Lucky, too, you're with me!" Raeburn was now saying to Patty. "I'll need you, and well. Well, conductor, you did a good job getting six out of the car with that broken arm."

The conductor apparently understood, but he did not speak, his glazed eyes vaguely followed Raeburn's movements. One by one, Raeburn looked over the six who lay silent or moaned in increasing agony. Patty kept her face turned the other way.

"Go back to the car, Miss Dade, and get me some water from the tank!" Dr. Raeburn ordered next in his crisp tone of command, handing her a metal drinking cup, "and don't spill it!"

Patty obeyed.

He ran to the foot of the embankment, brought down some of his bags and cases, ran swiftly back. When Patty returned they were all opened. One showed a file of ether cans; another, plump pounds of sterilized gauze; a third, a collection of splints. In a small leather case she recognized a single object—a morphine needle. She felt rather than saw that he had brought him. Raeburn worked swiftly, laid things with expertness and calmness, laying things where they would be readiest to his hand. All the time he was saying, "Just one moment and your case is painful but not serious. You're all right, my man, nothing broken."

Soaking in her grey numbness, Patty was conscious, nevertheless, of a prickling, scurrying terror that parched her tongue and wrought growing weakness in the hinges of her knees. It seemed to her that she had been there ages and yet her reason, still mechanically functioning, told her that not 15 minutes had passed since

that first crash. Two hours! If she could only get at the morphine.

"Now, Miss Dade," Dr. Raeburn said, "I'll have to ask you to hold this tourniquet."

"I can't," Patty whispered, "I can't." And then at the look in his face she broke into whimpers. "I can't stand the sight of blood, and you know it." And then, "I won't, I tell you! I won't, I won't! I'm going to faint!"

But she did not faint. For before her weakness had melted in a preliminary swoon, Dr. Raeburn reached out and slapped her in the face.

It was as if a gentle slap; it brought the blood in a purple flooding up to her very fingers. But with it came to Patty so blood-red, blood-blind a sense of outrage that her mind cleared. Instinctively she swung at him. Dr. Raeburn sidestepped neatly enough and swung back with a blow on the shoulder that rattled her teeth. He followed this with another. Choking, Patty abandoned technique, struck wildly. His answer was to seize her by the shoulders, and shake her till hat, veil, hairpins flew.

"Now, will you hold that tourniquet?" he demanded, "or have I got to kick you?"

When Judge Dade was able finally to get ungarbled news of the accident it was to the effect that his daughter had been on the wrecked train, but that she was uninjured, and had gone with Dr. Raeburn to the new hospital in North Belzize. Laurian, who had cried without cessation since the accident, reverted to flapping and went to a dance. Judge Dade motored to the hospital. There he was informed that Miss Dade, accompanied by Dr. Raeburn, had just left. Nevertheless, Judge Dade reached home before his daughter. He turned on the reading lamp; established himself in his comfortable leather chair to read. Time passed. A fiver turned into the drive. It stopped; emitted a female figure.

In a moment the door to the library opened softly. Patty glided in. Her stained gown hung in tatters. Her hair was stacked carelessly. Her manner was as strange as her appearance, and her movements even stranger—so strange indeed that they held Judge Dade crystallized, standing.

She came closer, sat down on a chair arm and contemplated her father. Then it was that he saw that she had achieved a stary comeliness.

"I'm engaged to be married, father," she said.

Judge Dade looked at her speechless.

"To Arthur Raeburn."

And she went on in a tone little and dreamy, very like her little girl voice; as though she could not quite command her speech.

"When I was a little girl, Dab Elliman's dog attacked Fredricka Garmen's cat. It was tearing it to pieces. There was nobody around but Arthur Raeburn. He saved it—all alone. I could not help him because—because I could not move—I have always got faint at the sight of blood. I started to faint and then he slapped me in the face. That made me mad and I flew at him and we had a fight."

"She dropped a little pill of soft laughter.

"I always know after that that he was no sissy or 'frail-cat.' But I hated him because he discovered my secret—that terror of blood. I was terribly ashamed of that—oh, terribly. I used to say dreadful things about Arthur—I'm responsible for the way the children treated him."

"Why, do you know, father. I got the chance—I never told you this—to go to France to nurse. But I would not accept it because I was afraid of blood. That's why I worked so hard here—I felt such a slacker not going—and how hard I did work! You don't know. Nobody knows but Arthur."

She started to lose herself in dreams. Her father cleared his throat preliminary to speaking. But suddenly she went on.

"There was nobody to help Arthur in the accident today but me. Everybody else was injured. And he had to have assistance. I refused to give it—some of them were bleeding awfully. They were covered with blood—oh, father—I thought I could not even look at them, much less touch them. But he said I must help him. Then I refused a second time and he slapped my face just as he did when I was a child. Then he swung at me twice. He shook me—good and hard. He threatened to kick me. And I—I helped him. I'm mad as the mischief, but I was afraid not to. I was more afraid of him than the blood. I held tourniquets and after he had painted the wounds with iodine, I bathed them with water and green soap—I held splints—I kept one poor creature etherized—oh, I did it all. They were covered with blood—the time I watched him work—and after a while I forgot about them—watching him. I fell in love with him—oh, violently—terribly—eternally—"

Her father produced a grunt and then dropped back into a secondary stage of paralysis.

"He was marvelous," Patty went on in her dreamy thread of voice. "I have never seen anything like his tenderness and his skill—his beautiful, heavenly tenderness, his magic, undreamable, unimaginable skill—I couldn't—I just couldn't leave him. I went with him and then the hospital. I think he saw I had fallen in love with him—anyway, he proposed to me—he said he'd always been in love with me. And as for me—," She shivered. "Why, I—I simply—I—"

Judge Dade spoke. "Yes, I see how it is."

"I'm going up now and bathe and dress. He's coming for me in an hour and we're going to ride—in that crazy fiver. I told him I'd get to see him again tonight. I didn't know when I ordered that Michélette dress, why I ordered it—that ducky one, I mean, with the flame-colored taffeta and the black lace flounce. But I know now—the black was to dazzle Arthur."

"I suppose," her father said plaintively. "If he asks you to leave me to Laurian's tender mercies and the sherbet with nuts on it, you'll go."

"Father," his daughter declared, "if he asks me to fly to Mars, I'll go!"



Patty was the type of girl of which every community boasts at least one—belle, the older generation called her; vamp her contemporaries put it.

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, ETC.

By O. O. MINTYRE.

The most pleasurable thing about a journey away from home is the last lap back. Of course, there are always annoyances such as people who do not know you have been away. And possible the neglect of some one to change the goldfish water.

There are times when I am obsessed with the idea that another week in New York will result in a hurry-up call of elephants to give me knee-jerk tests, hallucination tryouts and all the other little fandangoes they apply to the nutty.

When New York begins to pall I found that I sing louder in the bath, mumble to myself on the streets and become interested in politics. I know then there is only one thing to do—ship the toothbrush into the vest pocket, put out the cat, sprinkle the geraniums and catch a chin-choo.

Leaving New York becomes a sort of Roman holiday. I pity all my friends who are chained to desks, desks, desks and phones. I pity the other trials of our superior civilization. I begin to believe the tomyrot about New York being such a mad scramble that we forget the higher thing in life.



But it's my home town—and I like it.

It is a Gay Life. I am thrilled by contact with fellow travelers. There is romance about depot attendants, train reporters and everybody else who is swinging out of the accustomed sphere. You feel all belong to the same club.

This goes on for several weeks. New scenes. New faces. You enjoy the one traveling man from Omaha tells in the smoking room about Trotsky and the deaf and dumb waiter. You gaze out the train window and listen to the song of the train wheels. This is the life. Here today—gone tomorrow.

Why did we ever cling to such a prosaic life when just around the corner is adventure? There are the reactions as we thunder into strange countries. Almost all travelers begin to dream of spending the rest of their days globe trotting.

We awaken in the morning fairly dripping sympathy for those we left behind. Poor old Web is sweating over a cartoon. So is Frank. Arthur has to have the next chapter of his novel done in five days. Ray has to edit his magazines. And here you are whizzing through strange lands—through some town you never saw before.

Then comes the Change. Time means nothing. It seems an ideal existence. The days may run into weeks and then comes the first touch of longing for home. You wonder why you haven't heard from so-and-so. You begin to fret because you didn't call up Steve before you left. And wherever you are you begin to feel sorry for people who live there. What a miserable existence they must lead! They don't know Rube, Vernie and all the rest of the good old gang. You seem to feel whatever town you are in it is not your right. The traffic policemen appear stupid. Hotel clerks don't call you by name. The hotel maids have a way of showing you they will be glad when you're gone.

You can't find your favorite brand of cigars or cigarettes without walking several blocks. People look funny. The world is askew. You are beginning to be homesick—and there is no misery in the world that is any way compares to the longing for home.

No matter whether you live in a tumbled shack across the railroad tracks or in the finest palace in a state metropolis—you have a longing for home. Homesickness is one malady drugs cannot reach.

and some reference to the time when he goes home. That is uppermost in his mind.

People who are dissatisfied with things as they are should go on a long journey.

Home will take on a new meaning. I never met a fellow countryman marooned in a strange land who did not have one leading topic of conversation—that was the time when he could start back home.

It is small wonder that in the cabarets of New York you see men and women wax sentimental when some singer in a cracked voice warbles of the little gray home in the west, or the light 'tho' shines in the cabin up over the hill. It is not so much mawkish sentimentality as we might believe. They're homesick.

A friend on a train coming east told me of a man who spends 10 months of the year away from home. He is forced to go to Alaska and live among the dreary waste places. Time drags. The lonely nights are spent dreaming of those far away.

So when he starts back home he takes a vow that he will never leave again. He consoles himself with this thought. Yet his heavy interests in the Yukon makes the sacrifice too heavy. He is forced to return. He must do this for his family and children.

In Song and Story

My friend asked him what gave him the greatest pleasure in his exile. He replied that it was putting a record entitled "Home Sweet Home" on his phonograph.

So I'm glad to be back in New York. I like to josh it now and then. And there are times when it seems absolutely unbearable. Still it is home. There is a thrill in the roar of traffic. I have been on the train for more than three weeks and I rather enjoy stepping upon by prominent clothing manufacturers.

Times Square looks mighty friendly. There is something exhilarating in the friendly greeting of my barber. The subway guards seem to be my own people—although most of them were born in Russia. It is my home town—and I love it. I don't expect to leave it again—for several weeks.