

# The ORIOLE



by Booth Tarkington  
Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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PART II—Continued.  
—11—

He found a use for that hand presently, and, having sighed, lifted it to press it upon his brow, but did not complete the gesture. As his hand came within the scope of his gaze, leveled on the unfathomable distance, he observed that the fingers held a sheet of printed paper; and he remembered Florence. Instead of pressing his brow he unfolded the journal she had thrust upon him. As he began to read, his eye was lusterless, his gait slack and dreary, but soon his whole demeanor changed; it cannot be said for the better.

THE NORTH END daily ORIOLE

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POEMS

My Soul by Florence Atwater

When my heart is dreary  
Then my soul is weary  
As a bird with a broken wing  
Who never again will sing  
Like the sound of a vast amen  
That comes from a church of men.

When my soul is dreary  
It could never be cheery  
But I think of my ideal  
And everything seems real  
Like the sound of the bright church bells peal.

Poems by Florence Atwater will be in the paper each and every Sat.

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NEWS OF THE CITY

Miss Florence Atwater of this City received a mark of 94 in History Examination at the conclusion of the school term last June.

Blue hair ribbons are in style again.

Miss Patty Fairchild of this City has not been doing as well in Declamation lately as formerly.

MR. Noble Dill of this City is seldom seen on the streets of the City without smoking a cigarette.

Miss Julia Atwater of this City is out of the City.

The MR. Rayfort family of this City have been presented with the present of a new Cat by Geo. the man employed by Balf & Co. This cat is perfectly beautiful.

Miss Julia Atwater of this City is visiting friends in the South. The family have had many letters from her that are read by each and all in the family.

Mr. Noble Dill of this City is in business with his Father.

From letters to the family Miss Julia Atwater of this City is enjoying her visit in the south a great deal.

Miss Patty Fairchild of the 7 A of this City, will probably not pass in Arithmetic unless some improvement takes place before Examination.

Miss Julia Atwater of this City wrote a letter to the family stating while visiting in the South she has made an engagement to be married to MR. Crum of that City. The family do not know who this MR. Crum is but it is said he is a widower though he has been divorced with a great many children.

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It may be assumed that the last of the news items was wasted on Noble Dill, and that he never knew of the neighborhood improvement believed to be imminent as a result of the final

touches to the ditch at the Mr. Henry D. Vance backyard.

PART THREE

Throughout the afternoon adult members of the Atwater family connection made futile efforts to secure all the copies of that week's edition of the North End Daily Oriole. It could not be done.

It was a trying time for "the family." Great-aunt Carrie said that she had the "worst afternoon of any of 'em," because young Newland Saunders came to her house at two and did not leave until five; all the time counting over, one by one, the hours he'd spent with Julia since she was seventeen and turned out, unfortunately, to be a Beauty. Newland had not restrained himself, Aunt Carrie said, and long before he left she wished Julia had never been born—and as for Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Junior, the only thing to do with him was to send him to some strict military school.

Florence's father telephoned to her mother from downtown at three, and said that Mr. George Plum and the ardent vocalist, Clairdyce, two of the suitors, had just left his office. They had not called in company, however, but coincidentally; and each had a copy of the North End Daily Oriole, already somewhat worn with folding and unfolding. Mr. Clairdyce's condition was one of desperate calm, Florence's father said, but Mr. Plum's agitation left him rather unrepresentable for the street, though he had finally gone forth with his hair just as he had ruffled it, and with his hat in his hand. They wished the truth, they said: Was it true or was it not true? Mr. Atwater had told them that he feared Julia was indeed engaged, though he knew nothing of her fiance's previous marriage or marriages, or of the number of his previous children. They had responded that they cared nothing about that. This man Crum's record was a matter of indifference to them. All they wanted to know was whether Julia was engaged or not—and she was!

"The odd thing to me," Mr. Atwater continued, to his wife, "is where on earth Herbert could have got his story about this Crum's being a widower, or divorced, and with all these children. Do you know if Julia's written any of the family about these things and they haven't told the rest of us?"

"No," said Mrs. Atwater. "I'm sure she hasn't. Every letter she's written to any of us has passed all through the family, and I know I've seen every one of 'em. She's never said anything about him at all, except that he was a lawyer. I'm sure I can't imagine where Herbert got his awful information; I never thought he was the kind of boy to just make up unpleasant things."

Florence, sitting quietly in a chair nearby, with a copy of "Sesame and Lilies" in her lap, listened to her mother's side of this conversation with an expression of impersonal interest; and if she could have realized how completely her parents had forgotten (naturally enough) the details of their first rambling discussion of Julia's engagement, she might have felt a little alarm as she showed.

"Well," said Mr. Atwater, "I'm glad it isn't our branch of the family that's responsible. That's a comfort, anyhow, especially as people are reading copies of Herbert's manifesto all up and down the town, my clerk says. He tells me that over at the Cole company, where young Murdock Hawes is cashier, they only got hold of one copy, but typewrote it and multigraphed it, and some of 'em have already learned it by heart to recite to poor young Hawes. He's the one who sent Julia the three five-pound boxes of chocolates all at the same time, you remember."

"Yes," Mrs. Atwater sighed. "Poor thing!"

"Florence is out among the family, I suppose?" he inquired.

"No; she's right here. She's just started to read Ruskin this afternoon. She says she's going to begin and read all of him straight through. That's very nice, don't you think?"

He seemed to muse before replying. "I think that's very nice, at her age especially," Mrs. Atwater urged. "Don't you?"

"Ye-es! Oh, yes! At least, I suppose so. Ah—you don't think—of course she hasn't had anything at all to do with this?"

"Well, I don't see how she could. You know Aunt Fanny told us how Herbert declared before them all, only last Sunday night, that Florence should never have one thing to do with his printing-press, and said they wouldn't even let her come near it."

"Yes, that's a fact. I'm glad Herbert made it so clear that she can't be implicated. I suppose the family are all pretty well down on Uncle Joseph?"

"Uncle Joseph is being greatly blamed," said Mrs. Atwater primly. "He really ought to have known better than to put such an instrument into the hands of a boy of that age. Of course it simply encouraged him to print all kinds of things. We none of us think Uncle Joseph ever dreamed that Herbert would publish anything like this, and of course Uncle Joseph says himself he never dreamed such a thing; he's said so time and time again, all afternoon. But of course he's greatly blamed."

"I suppose there've been quite a good many of 'em over there blaming him?" her husband inquired.

"Yes—until he telephoned to a garage and hired a car and went for a drive. He said he had plenty of money with him and didn't know when he'd be back."

"Serves him right," said Mr. Atwater. "Does anybody know where Herbert is?"

"Not yet."

"Well—" and he returned to a former theme. "I am glad we aren't implicated. Florence is right there with you, is she?"

"Yes," she said. "She's right here, reading. You aren't worried about her, are you?" she added.

"Oh, no; I'm sure it's all right. I only thought—"

"Only thought what?"

"Well, it did strike me as curious," said Mr. Atwater; "especially after Aunt Fanny's telling us how Herbert declared Florence could never have a single thing to do with his paper again—"

"Well?"

"Well, here's her poem right at the top of it, and a very friendly item about her history mark of last June."



"Well," said Mr. Atwater, "I'm Glad It Isn't Our Branch of the Family That's Responsible."

It doesn't seem like Herbert to be so complimentary to Florence, all of a sudden. Just struck me as rather curious; that's all."

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Atwater, "it does seem a little odd—when you think of it."

"Have you asked Florence if she had anything to do with getting out this week's Oriole?"

"Why, no; it never occurred to me, especially after what Aunt Fanny told us," said Mrs. Atwater. "I'll ask her now."

But she was obliged to postpone the intended question. "Sesame and Lilies" lay sweetly in the chair that Florence had occupied, but Florence herself had gone somewhere else.

She had gone for a long, long ramble; and pedestrians who encountered her, and took note of her expression, were interested; and, as they went on their way, several of them interrupted the course of their meditations to say to themselves that she was the most thoughtful-looking young girl they had ever seen. There was a touch of wistfulness about her, too; as of one whose benevolence must renounce all hope of comprehension and reward.

Florence, in fact, had about reached the conclusion that far from the likelihood of her receiving praise for her thoughtful circulation of the news concerning her aunt Julia, there was a strong probability that dire results, wordy and otherwise, would ensue. Hence her extreme thoughtfulness.

Among those who observed her unusual expression was a gentleman of great dimensions disposed in a closed automobile that labored through mud-holes in an unpaved outskirts of the

town. He rapped upon the glass in front of him, to get the driver's attention, and a moment later the car drew up beside Florence, as she stood in deep reverie at the intersection of two roads.

Uncle Joseph opened the door and took his cigar from his mouth. "Get in, Florence," he said. "I'll take you for a ride." She started violently; whereupon he restored the cigar to his mouth, puffed upon it, breathing heavily the while, as was his wont; and added: "I'm not going home. I'm out for a nice long ride. Get in."  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COLD IN HIGHEST ALTITUDES

Why Volume of Heat Decreases as One Leaves the Immediate Surface of the Earth.

You would have thought that the nearer you get to the sun, the warmer the temperature becomes, wouldn't you? But this is by no means the case, for it is much colder closer to the sun when the latter is shining its brightest than it is on the earth.

This is proved by the fact that the highest mountains, even in tropical countries, are perpetually snow-capped. Were the air there even of the same temperature as that of the plains beneath, the snow would soon disappear.

You know, too, that the higher an airman flies the more warmly clad he must be if he is not to suffer from cold.

The reason for this strange phenomenon is that the rays of sunshine pierce through the upper layers of the atmosphere, which offer very little resistance to them. The earth, on the other hand, being more solid, cannot be penetrated so easily, with the result that we get the full effect of the warmth, both as the rays strike the earth and as they rebound from it.

Where America Leads.

According to a writer in the Chicago Sunday Tribune, the United States leads the universe in: Libraries, jails, universities, blind pigs, newspapers, payroll robberies, automobiles, bank deposits, Bibles, profiteers, sneak thieves, divorces, movies, bulldogs, patent medicines, silk stockings, labor unions, scented soap, safety razors, safes, safe-blowers, lawyers, mechanical pianos, mahogany furniture, diamonds, imitation diamonds, murders, acquittals, continuances, elections, laws, law-breakers, railroads, freight rates, souvenir postal cards, telegrams, billiard tables, opinions, cabarets, peroxide, safety matches, dark alleys, taxicabs, office-holders, descendants of Irish kings, delinquent messenger boys, skyscrapers, bunco steers, pie, counterfeit money, promissory notes, collectors, vaudeville actors, horseshoe pins on soft shirts under bow ties, patent leather shoes, electric lights, watermelons, foreign missionaries, millionaires, Elks, business women, handbooks, radiators, home made beer, and good guys.

The Were-Wolf Legend.

Were-wolf is a man transformed into a wolf. The belief in the transformation of men into wolves or other beasts of prey has been very widely diffused, and in many of the rural districts of France the "loup-garou" is still an object of dread. A man who is thus transformed, or transforms himself, was believed to become possessed of all the powers and appetites of a wolf in addition to his own, and to have a remarkable appetite for human flesh. In the fifteenth century the belief in were-wolves was, throughout the continent of Europe, as general as the belief in witches, which it had then come to resemble in many respects. In Great Britain, where wolves had early been exterminated, the were-wolf was only known by rumors coming from abroad.

Important Archeological Finds.

According to cable advices to the Greek legation at Washington, newspaper correspondents with the Greek troops commented on important archeological discoveries made by the Greeks in their march through Asia Minor. Many of the tombs dating from the Greek and Roman epochs had been demolished by the Turks, it was stated, who used the stones for construction work. In the ancient cemetery near Kutalia columns of blue marble were discovered, which were part of a great building dating from the Roman period. The army brought home many tablets and inscriptions plucked up on the march.

Changed in Transit.

A teacher asked her pupils to suggest a song to be sung by the class and a patriotic little fellow in the rear called for "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." His voice was so weak that the teacher could not understand and a youngster near him sang out: "He wants 'His Country 'Tis of Him.'"—Boston Transcript.

Keep Them All Busy.

Half the world is busy devising remedies for this and that, while the other half is busy inventing antidotes for the remedies.—Nashville Tennessean.

## The Kitchen Cabinet

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No man is big enough to do a lot of things and do them well enough to last. When you take him and spread him over a lot of surface, he makes a layer too thin to form any impression. But if you take him and hammer him with the sledge of a mighty purpose, even if there is not more than enough of him to fill a bean-shooter, he will make an impression when he strikes.—D. L. Moody.

A DESSERT FOR EVERY DAY

Here is a dessert for each working day, and on Sunday ice cream and



cake or a pie of some kind, which may be prepared on Saturday, may be served. On the busiest day try:

Fifteen Minute Pudding.—Make a batter, using one

cupful of flour, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder and enough good milk or fresh buttermilk to make a drop batter. Butter custard cups and drop in a teaspoonful of the batter, then add two tablespoonfuls of canned cherries, juice and all. Add another tablespoonful of batter and fill all the cups about half or two-thirds full. Set in a pan, surround with boiling water and cover closely. Boil for fifteen minutes without uncovering. Be sure there is enough water but not enough to boil over into the cups. Serve with cream and sugar.

Lemon Meringue.—Take one pint of milk, three ounces of sugar, one cupful of fine bread crumbs, two eggs, the juice and rind of a lemon. Mix all ingredients and cook slowly until well set, baking in a deep pie plate. Set away to cool, cover with a meringue and serve cold.

Edinburgh Pudding.—Take one-half pound of oatmeal, one cupful of thick cooked custard flavored with vanilla, one and one-half pints of water, one-quarter of a cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt and two ounces of coconut. Cook the oatmeal, salt and water until well cooked. Cool, turn in the custard and pour into molds. Serve when molded, sprinkled with coconut and sugar, with cream.

Snow Jelly.—Make jellies of pineapple, raspberry and lemon. Arrange in layers the lemon, then raspberry and when the pineapple is thickening whip it until frothy, pile this on top of the raspberry jelly. Chill before serving.

The difference between a precious stone and a common stone is not an essential difference—not a difference of substance, but arrangement of the particles—the crystallization. In substance the coal and the diamond are one, but in form and effect how widely they differ. The pearl contains nothing that is not found in the coarsest oyster shell. Two men have the same thoughts; they use about the same words in expressing them; yet with one the product is real literature, with the other it is a platitude.—John Burroughs.

SEASONABLE IDEAS

Cakes and cookies will be more delicious if they are allowed to age for a while before using.

Spice Cookies.—Cream one-third of a cupful of butter, add one-half cupful of sugar, one well-beaten egg and one cupful of molasses, in which has been dissolved one teaspoonful of soda.

Then add three and one-half cupfuls of flour, a little cinnamon, clove and nutmeg and one-half to a whole cupful of chopped raisins. A few chopped nuts make an improvement. When well mixed drop by teaspoonfuls on buttered sheets and sprinkle with sugar.

Cranberry Cake.—Cream one-half cupful of butter and one and one-half cupfuls of light brown sugar, add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs. Have ready and sifted two cupfuls of flour, a teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg and one-half teaspoonful of cloves; add to the sugar and butter. Fold in one and one-half cupfuls of cranberries that have been cooked, put through a ricer and sweetened slightly, then the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in two layers and ice, using some of the strained juice of the cranberry for flavor and color.

Honey Doughnuts.—Doughnuts made of honey and sour milk or cream will keep moist a long time. Take two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of honey, one cupful of sour milk; if sour cream is used take half the butter, one teaspoonful of soda, three cupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Fry in deep, hot fat.

Nellie Maxwell