

Loren Finds Her Ideal

By MARTHA M. WILLIAMS

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"Humph! Off on a man-hunt! I'd be ashamed—but then some folks are too shameless for anything!" Mrs. Crane ejaculated acidly, at sight of the Eaton car, with Loren at the wheel, luggage-laden, and headed for open country.

Myrtle Crane, aged twenty-seven, pursed her lips and let her eyes follow her mother's. Both were filled with speculation plus envy. Yet the Cranes had a better car, better clothes, rather more money than the Eatons—and only themselves to maintain. Equitably they ought to grudge their neighbors no whit of the mercy and modest comfort they enjoyed. But since the Eatons were ever so much more popular—Loren especially quite eclipsed Myrtle in all companies—there was perhaps some color of reason for their bitterness.

"What I wonder is—who's the game this time?" Mrs. Crane went on, her accent musing: "I asked Toby when he fetched the milk last evening where his Pa and Loren were going next time, but he grinned foolish-like, saying he didn't know. As if boys ever didn't know anything they wanted to find out."

"I'll call up Mrs. Brewer; her shop knows all that happens anywhere," Myrtle said picking up the receiver. Two minutes later she nodded to her mother, saying: "She isn't sure—but it's either Fernwood or Cross-Cut."

"That means Tommy Page or Sam



He Stood at the Door.

Wesley." The mother Crane interrupted: "They're welcome to Tommy—but I do say and always will, it's a shame about Sam. A real fine fellow ought to be let do his own court-

ing—"But how if he won't?" Myrtle questioned smiling covertly. Granny Crane still held against Myrtle's mother that Joe, her own son, had been married rather against his will.

All the summer world seemed singing to Loren—therefore she sang with fit, not loudly, but barely above breath. Now and then she all but chuckled, thinking how she had mystified gossip as to her destination. It was none of the hospitable homes where she and her half-invalid father were always so eagerly welcomed, but a small, brown house, in the foothills, with a tumbling brook hard by and a stretch of low, misty distances toward the East. Dad was not going to fish—he left all the hard work to Loren, by his own account—but to loaf under trees, listening to the singing birds and bathing his tired consciousness in the bliss of absolute rest. A conscientious judge, he got the wear of two years from each term of service.

It was Loren's doing, this running away to the wilds. She had made touch with the little, brown house through its ruling spirit, a farmer's daughter, who had with gallant blundering worked her way through two years at high school in the village. Loren had helped her, given her good food and safe shelter in return for what she could do in her free time. Now that she was married, with a home of her own, she was only too glad to welcome and cherish those who had made her less a servant than a friend.

No other house was in sight save down the far distance. But up around the brook's bend there was a sprawly building, haunted intermittently by sportsmen from March to November. They never bothered anybody, said kindly Mrs. Anna—came in ones or twos or half dozens, minded their own business, liberal as could be and ready to help at need. So the judge smiled whimsically at his daughter, saying: "No chance for any flirting—these apparently are sports rather than men. If we stay the three weeks out, I fear you'll forget how to say 'No.' That would be a calamity—eh, Anna?"—to their hostess: "You know her tricks and manners of old—her swarm of followers—and that my mind is firmly made up, not to spare her to any of them."

"Don't blame ye—nobody can," Anna laughed: "I'd know which of

you'd be worst lost without the other. But all ye, big and little, hung to her so hard and fast, anybody that wants her ought to want the whole family." "He can't have it," said the judge with a grin.

Loren shook her finger at him. "You wait! 'Til I land a millionaire," she said: "Since suffrage, it's pretty well settled women can get whatever they go after. Such a genius as I am for adaptation to poverty will surely be entitled at forty-odd to claim riches as a right."

"A million with a man attached—is that your idea of happiness?" the judge asked bowing. "Exactly," said his daughter. "But, having a liberal soul, I won't refuse him if he has two millions or even five."

And just then Fate stepped in with a man worth five millions; he stood at the door, a lost and lonely soul, bound for the fisherman's house, but stranded on the way to it. Of course, he was succored, guided, later on welcomed and cherished in spite of a bald head with grizzled fringe at the ears and a face shrewdly humorous, but deeply lined and now and then hard.

He came for three days, saw Loren, was conquered and stayed for three weeks. Long before the end of them he had declared himself, first asking the judge's leave, then authenticating himself and his standing. To Loren he said frankly: "I know you are not for sale; but maybe money may help you to endure me—it can't give me as much happiness any other way as in putting all the world's beauty round about you. Think it over well before you answer; but tell me this much now: Is there any other man?" Loren was as frank. "I'm not sure—yet—of anything," she said. "Life with you would be the fulfillment of my dream. Always I have wanted to do things, in big ways—to help without those needing it knowing whence it came, to have beauty in everything—not to make my home a fairy palace but a simple homely heaven on earth, open to sunshine and rain, to joy and sorrow, to those who laugh and those others who walk in shadow. But—love has walked and wrought with me in my paradise—he may not come, no matter how earnestly I ask him."

So Marchmont, the man of millions, went away in doubt—not of Loren—her he trusted as completely as she loved her, but of how the scale would tip in the end. She had asked for a summer's grace—he went overseas to make certain he would not hurry her. She took up life as usual, apparently the same merry, helpful, impertinent young creature she had always been. But there were now and then gleams in her eyes toward dusk altogether strange.

Prosaiacally the gleams meant nearly always Sam Wesley. He was a fine upstanding fellow, good to look at, with a tenor voice sweet enough for the heavenly choir. Listening to it while she was all but sure she loved him. Other whistles there spread through her consciousness a blurring mist. She would not let herself think of Marchmont and all he meant—the thing in hand was to discover was she truly heart-free?

Chance decided for her by the agency of a pretty flapper, as rich as she was foolish and impressionable as wax, with whom Sam eloped upon three days' acquaintance. After one hard breath Loren felt a sense of engagement, a joy over the turn of the game. So she cabled to Marchmont: "Come home. I want you. There is not, has never been, anybody else."

DEFINITION OF "ACT OF GOD" Jurists Have Accepted Lord Mansfield's Idea of What It Shall Mean in Law.

The carnal mind of man has "sought out many inventions" about God and has proceeded to permeate human society with them, incorporating them in school books, prayer books, law books, and in other avenues by which men gain knowledge. From out of the Dark Ages came one of these "inventions," that legal phrase, "act of God," which Sir Edward Coke (1552-1634), first defined and used in 1581 as meaning storms, lightning, tempests and the like. It has in modern times been extended in meaning to include death, illness, flood and so on. The happening which is legally termed an "act of God" is, in general, allowed as an excuse for not performing an agreement entered into. Various forms of contracts, notably steamship tickets, freight receipts and some employment agreements contain this phrase, which operates as a release of liability. When the time came for Lord Mansfield (1704-1793), that great jurist, to restate the meaning of the phrase two centuries after it had originated, his definition, as then given, was that "everything is the act of God that happens by his permission, everything by his knowledge."

Surgical Operation Old. There is a process of letting air into the lungs by incision from the outside, much used in serious cases of pneumonia, and called by physicians "artificial pneumothorax." It is a very modern treatment, but Dr. A. K. Krause calls attention to the fact that Hippocrates 1,500 years ago described it in the following words: "If this affection results from a wound or, as sometimes happens, from an incision for empyema, one should attach a pipe to a bladder, fill the bladder with air, and send the air into the interior of the chest. And one should insert a solid pewter sound and push it forward. It is by this method that you will get the very best results."



STRANGE BIRDS

"I am the Peach-Faced Love Bird," said one of the birds in the zoo. And indeed he was well named. For his face was of a rosy peach color—just that color, in fact, of a luscious, delicious-looking peach.

He had green and blue feathers as his back feathers, but his face was the most exquisite color of all.

"I come from South Africa," he said, "and I am considered a very rare love bird, if not one of the very rarest. That means that there aren't many of our kind."

"We're unusual—not to be seen often."

"And I'm the South African Ground Hornbill," said another yet strange bird. "I am black in color, but I have a kind of patch—perhaps you would call it a puffed-out cravat—of a tomato-red color."

"Quite unusual it is. It is under my beak where a cravat should be, were I wearing a cravat."

"When I am in the free state I eat insects and snakes and small animals."

"You see I have a varied diet as one might say. Yes, I don't eat just one thing. I like a lot of different things to eat."

"You know my name means something. It means I like the ground, and



"Some One Look Wise."

care more for the ground than I do for the air.

"Of course, the air is around the ground, too, but I am sure you know what I mean. I like being upon the ground and I do not care about being up in the air."

"Surely that is clear."

"I," said the Concave-Casqued Hornbill, "am a cousin bird to my neighbor Ground Hornbill. I have a yellow beak and a long yellow neck, and I have black feathers with touches of buff and yellow."

"My back is certainly very long. Yes, look at it all you want to—I do not mind, in the least. While you are staring at my long beak and head, I can stare at the people with their small noses and mouths, such small ones as they have."

"The Mrs. Concave-Casqued Hornbills lay from one to two white eggs in a hollow tree. Then we plaster up the entrance with clay leaving a little wee, narrow slit through which we can feed our mates."

"The Mrs. Concave-Casqued Hornbills are imprisoned in the trees until the eggs are hatched, but that means that they will be safe and the eggs will be safe, and we make sure of feeding them."

"Anyway it is our custom. And so is it the custom of the Malayan Hornbill family. They have pink-and-buff touches—quite pretty!"

"And they have black feathers and pale yellow beaks."

"I'm Cock-of-the-Rock, a nice name," said the next bird neighbor in the zoo. "I'm from Guiana. I have a fine crown or comb upon the top of my head of orange."

"In fact, I am all orange in color. They say that there is hardly any bird anywhere so vivid and bright in coloring as I am."

"In fact, I don't believe they know of any bird wearing a brighter suit. Isn't it handsome?"

"It is so gay and so beautiful an orange color. Yes, you would notice me anywhere."

"I often open my mouth as though I were going to say something wise, and I don't say anything at all. I hope that people will think I'm wise by my doing this. You know how some can look wise, and as though they were going to say something smart and clever and bright, and yet they never do."

"Still they give the idea they're clever because they give the idea they're always going to say something so clever and people almost imagine they have said something worth hearing."

"That is the way I want to look. And I can help myself along by being so bright in color, so gay and so brilliant in plumage."

"Outside you will see Lady Amherst Pheasant. I hear she dropped a fine feather of golden and brown and that it was given to a visitor to the zoo who is prizing it highly. Well, I don't object to that."

Teddy's Regret.

Teddy—I wish I hadn't licked Jimmy Brown this morning.

Mother—You see now how wrong it is to fight, don't you, dear?

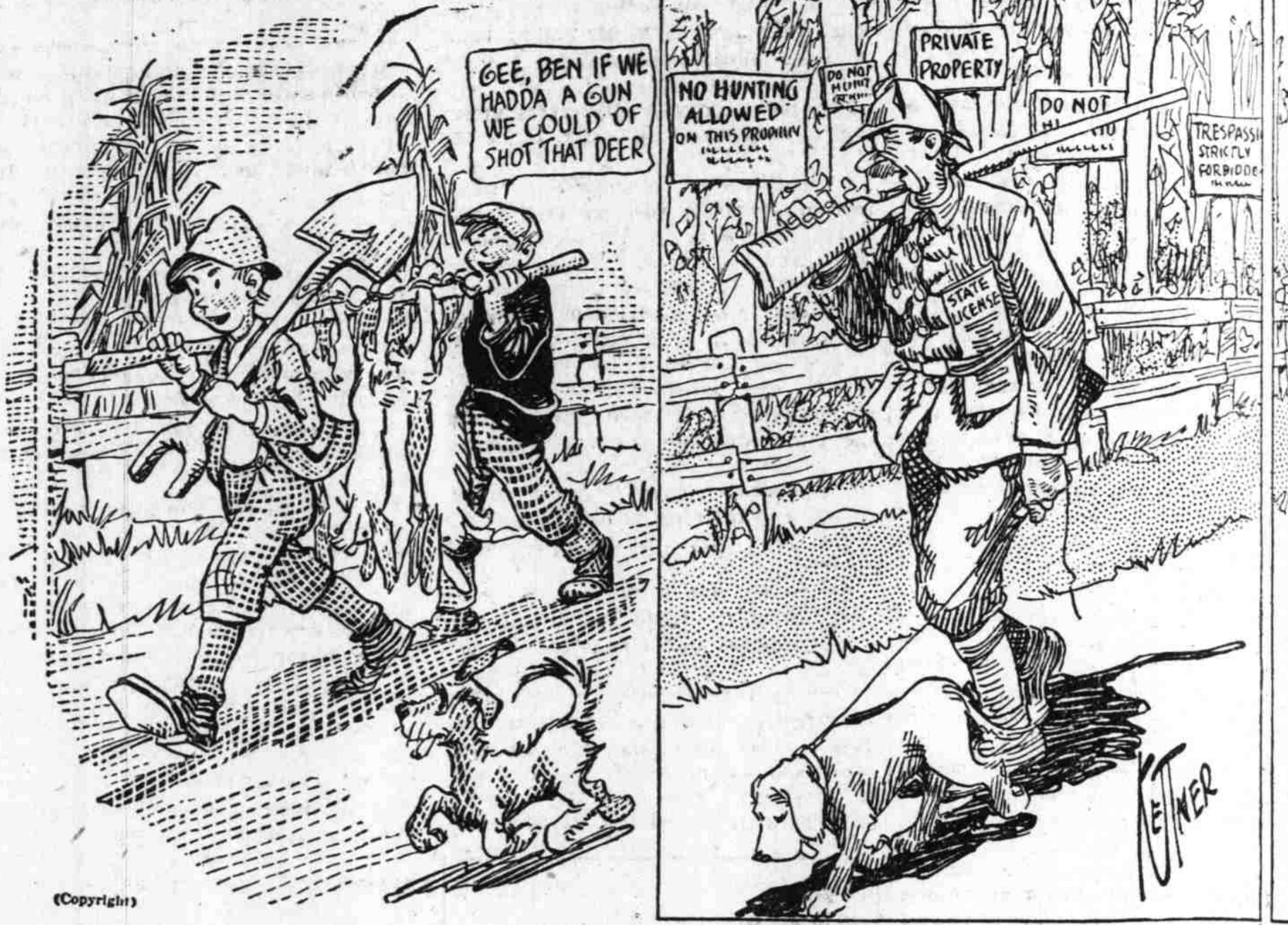
Teddy—You bet I didn't know till noon that his mother was going to give a party.

OUR COMIC SECTION

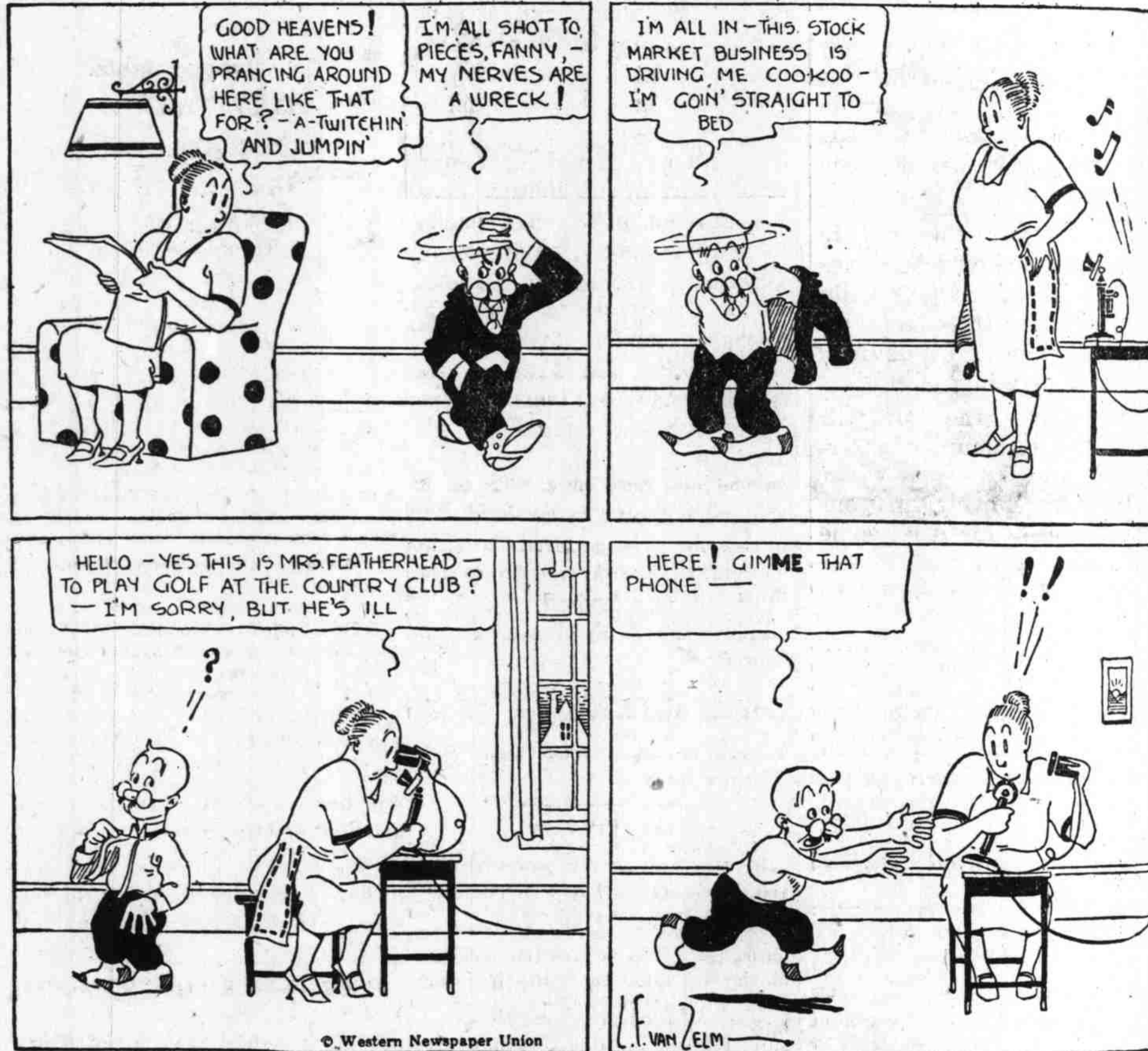
R'member

HOW YOU USED TO GO OUT WITH A STICK AND A SPADE AND GET ALL THE RABBITS YOU COULD CARRY — AND

NOW YOU HAVE A HARD TIME TO FIND A PLACE TO HUNT



Oh, You Little Golf Baw!



The Epic of the Boss 'n His Trick Necktie

