The Seattle Daily Times

Issued Every Day Except Sunday by

Times Printing Company of Seattle.

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Subscription price 25 cents a month in Seattle and King County, elsewhere 50 cents a month. Subscription price of Seattle Daily and Sunday Times 50 cents a month in Seattle and King County, elsewhere 75 cents a month.

EASTERN OFFICES:

The S. C. Beckwith Special Agency, Tribune Building, Chicago, and Tribune Building, New York City.

TACOMA, WASH., OFFICE:

766 Commerce Street. Telephone Main 445.

CITY OFFICES:

Patrons not receiving The Times within the usual hours should telephone the following agents:

H. A. Reynolds, North 1660; 5712 Pinellas Place, Fremont, Green Lake and University.

J. V. Holton, Ballard, 5441 Ballard Avenue. Phone Ballard 930.

W. C. Spangler, 4707 California Avenue, West Seattle, Youngstown, Georgetown, South Park and South Seattle. Phone West 374.

Jay Todd, Main 6600; Beacon Hill, Rainier Heights and Rainier Valley north of York.

B. C. Dinius, 3617 Hanford Street, Rainier 336-W; Rainier Valley south of York.

The Times, Main 6600, for all other points of the city.

Calls must be made evenings before 7:30 o'clock and Sundays before 9:30 a. m.

TELEPHONES:

Business Office	Main 6600
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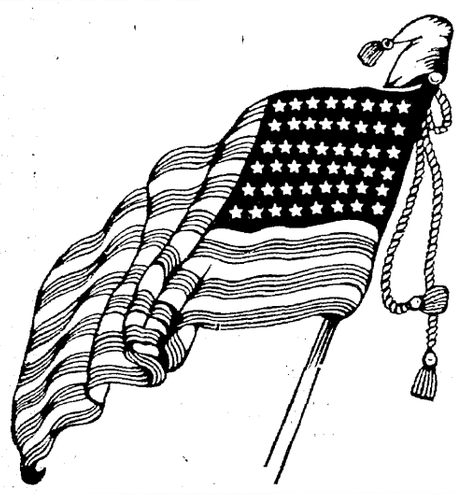
Dramatic Editor	Main 7410
News Room	Main 7410
Managing Editor	Main 7410
Editor-in-Chief	Main 529
Composing Room	Main 7410
Press Room	Main 6600

All communications for publication should be addressed "Editor The Times." Stamps must be inclosed if MSS. are to be returned.

Entered at the postoffice at Seattle, Wash., as second-class matter.

Population of Seattle, Census of 1910....237,194
Population according to the United States Census Bureau, April 27, 1914.....313,029



THE WEATHER.

Rain tonight and Thursday; light southeasterly gales.

TIDES AT SEATTLE TOMORROW.

First low water	0:07 a. m.,	5.6 ft.
First high water	6:02 a. m.,	13.2 ft.
Second low water	0.40 p. m.,	3.2 ft.
Second high water	7:05 p. m.,	12.6 ft.

The Monroe Doctrine is "catching." Japan has it.

Frisco could go some by making the Panama hat popular right now.

The Turk still swears by the Prophet—but he leans on Germany.

It seems that the road to Tipperary is no longer than that to Constantinople.

Every day brings the opening of the baseball season appreciably closer.

A month and a half hence, according to Kitchener, a war will commence in Europe.

All doubt as to Thaw's sanity is removed when he prefers New Hampshire to Matteawan.

With the signing of the University bill higher education looks up—but not much higher.

It is increasingly apparent that America this year must produce its own French wines and Smyrna figs.

Third Company, C. A. R. C., shows enough "pep" to develop splendid material for the men behind the guns.

The worst feature of fraudulent registration at Terre Haute is that the bold, bad conspirators couldn't get away with it.

Now that Italy finds German rifles in Tripolitan beer barrels it discovers something very close to casus belli.

Carranza's blockade of Progreso proves to be only paper when Uncle Sam calls on his trained men for a little expert gun-pointing.

The designation "obstinate old man" is now being applied to Carranza. This sounds like a quotation from "The Last Days of V. Huerta."

The senate lobby investigators haven't much chance to reduce American newspapers to the contemptible level of the European "reptile" press.

A one-legged man voted eight times in Terre Haute, Ind. Given two legs, he probably would have been the balance of power in the election.

No. Old Subscriber, we cannot agree with you that a strict, or even liberal translation of the British phrase "mutatis mutantis," used in the note wiping American commerce off the high seas, can be made to fit yours of "Heads I win, tails you lose." We cannot approve that translation, much as it may appeal to you, for reasons that are strictly neutral.

THESE WAGES GOING UP.

RISING WAGES in the industry of building and repairing steam railway cars tends to offset the high cost of living, according to a report made recently by the federal bureau of statistics.

It is shown that full-time weekly earnings in 1913 were 5.5 per cent higher than in 1912, 6 per cent higher than in 1911, and 8.9 per cent higher than in 1910. Average wages per hour for 1913 were 6.3 per cent higher than in 1912, 6.4 higher than in 1911, and 9.9 per cent higher than in 1910. Full time working hours per week in 1913 were .7 per cent lower than in 1912, .4 per cent lower than in 1911, and 1.1 per cent lower than in 1910.

The data for 1913 were obtained from seventy-three establishments, with 42,000 employes. In that year full time hours of labor per week were less than fifty-four in quite a number of establishments, and more than sixty in a very few. The predominating full time was fifty-four hours per week, and the average about fifty-six hours.

The figures would tend to show that the employers have been compelled to cut their cloth to fit. But it is worth noting that while wages have gone up, the full time working week has not decreased materially. In other words, this industry has been earning rather more money than formerly.

With prosperous times coming on, the prospect from the standpoint of the wage-earner is much better than in 1910.

A DISQUIETING SUGGESTION.

CONGRESSMAN HUMPHREY'S STATEMENT that Congress may be forced to convene this fall to deal with serious financial problems is distinctly disquieting.

It is not going outside the facts to state that the entire country breathed a sigh of relief when the national legislature adjourned.

Desirable as Congress is and necessary as are its activities, there is a well-defined feeling in the United States that business will be improved by a long cessation of legislative activities.

There has been a marked inclination in investment quarters for months to mark time until Congress had ended its activities. This sentiment was compounded of uncertainty as to the friendliness of the membership and a certain definite hesitancy concerning the future of investigation and legislation.

Now that this doubt has been removed, observers are hopeful that industry will commence constructive work, taking up in a decisive manner the various projects long held in abeyance by its dread of further regulative enactments.

The existence of a state of war abroad, our own unpleasant relations with Mexico and the condition of the American export trade all exist as undesirable factors militating against a forward movement, under the most advantageous circumstances. To add to them the uncertainty of an early convening of Congress would unquestionably be decidedly depressing.

At the same time, the statements of Democratic and Republican leaders leave no room for doubt that the federal government confronts a deficit of formidable proportions, running probably well in excess of $100,000,000.

Preparation must be made to care for this deficit, either by increased taxation or by an issue of bonds. Such action requires Congressional attention and may involve a special session, despite the opposition that business may entertain toward such a proposition.

SLIGHT CHANCE TO ESCAPE.

THE desire of Commander Thierichens to take his cruiser out of Newport News, to resume his campaign against British and French commerce, is readily understandable.

His ship had been remarkably fortunate up to the time that it entered the American port. If it interns, its usefulness to the German admiralty will be at an end and the participation of officers and crew in the war will abruptly terminate.

At the same time, there seems to be slight chance for him to escape. To a casual observer, it would appear that he completed his cruise when he put into the neutral American port.

Even granted that he was able to place his vessel in first-class condition for another dash, it is certain that he would meet with foes the instant his vessel poked its nose outside the three-mile limit.

Aware of his position, his speed and his armament, the Allies have several warships on watch for him—and escape under such circumstances would be little short of a miracle.

One news report has it that already four fast vessels are stationed off the Virginia Capes, waiting for the Prince Eitel Friedrich to emerge. Two of these are British and two are French—and in all likelihood, each is more than a match for the German vessel in speed and armament.

The foreign naval authorities would be able to guess, within a reasonable time, the period necessary to fix up the cruiser so that it could go to sea again and that date probably would see a number of additional warships clustered off the Virginia coast, watching for the daring German.

If unusually favored by weather conditions, the commerce destroyer might manage to elude this watchful circle, but that is decidedly questionable. The chances are that the Kaiser's ship would be merely going to its doom if it once passed outside the shelter of the three-mile limit.

JAPANESE IN BRAZIL.

THE PLAN to colonize a large number of Japanese in Brazil is reaching the point where it will speedily involve the movement of large numbers of Orientals to the South American state.

It is declared that reports on weather, soil and other conditions, compiled during two years of patient investigating, are now complete and are sufficiently favorable to induce the promoters to go forward with the rest of the scheme.

From all appearances, the Japanese have taken every reasonable precaution to ascertain conditions as they presently exist or as they will exist after the Nipponese farmers have been placed on the soil. The work already done may be an indication that the government has made sundry demands upon the projectors, with a view to safeguarding those who migrate to the new field.

The Brazil venture ranks as the most important efforts of Orientals to colonize in the New World. It is not merely an economic, but a political venture, as well. In fact, there has been an inclination to frankly admit the part that the Mikado's government is taking in the scheme and its desire to see the proposition succeed.

At the same time, it must be recognized that Brazil made the overtures for these immigrants. The South American state has, on several occasions, expressed an urgent desire to have these Orientals settle on its undeveloped lands in sufficient number to promote the country's agricultural industries.

Months ago, a first movement of such colonists resulted in the landing of a number of Japanese in Brazil. At that time, news reports were to the effect that other immigrants would speedily follow. However, later developments would indicate that the first batch was an experiment, their presence being needed, perhaps, to demonstrate the availability of the country for colonization on a considerable scale.

In any event, it seems that the southern continent is due for another problem—one of its many. The economic, political and industrial effects of a large Asiatic immigration to Brazil are problematical but there is no reason to doubt that the presence of a powerful Japanese colony would profoundly affect the future of Brazil and, probably, of all neighboring republics.

PORTLAND AND THE CELILO CANAL.

WITH something akin to a wail, The Portland Journal complains that contributions for celebrating the completion of the Celilo canal are only a few hundred dollars, instead of tens of thousands.

It believes there is a profound meaning in the proposed celebration, in that it will be an accentuation of a great event—a factor, possibly, of greater importance than would be a new transcontinental railroad. The Journal is so "het up" as to say that the new waterway will place in Portland's hands "the power to bind the great empire of the Columbia basin to her by ties that no other city can ever break." It asks:

"What would San Francisco, or Seattle, or Los Angeles do in acknowledgment of the occasion—if a Celilo canal were opening to either of them the great trunk line waterways of a Columbia?"

Undoubtedly, they would rise to the event—as Seattle will rise some of these days when the Lake Washington Canal is thrown open.

The Journal might take comfort from the fact that this is an off year for canals. Even the monumental cleft of the Isthmus of Panama is a sort of manana event, going unheralded so long that probably no fixed celebration will ever take place.

As to Celilo, it would not be surprising if a large proportion of the traffic of the Columbia basin would continue to find its way to Seattle, as a great world-port. That is precisely what has happened under the much-advertised "water-grade" rail route. The Journal is blind indeed if it does not perceive that in the present era the office of a waterway is to hold down rail rates—as the National Rivers and Harbors Congress has said aptly, "Water regulation is rail regulation." Since it is a fact that the mammoth freight carriers of today cannot enter the Columbia River—nor will such vessels ever be able to enter that stream—the all-water traffic of the Columbia basin must be restricted to vessels of relatively small tonnage. They will capture a part of the commerce. The rest of it undoubtedly will come to Puget Sound.

Of course Portland ought to celebrate. The completion of the Celilo canal, in conjunction with the locks at the Cascades, is the realization of a dream. It is really a great event; and Portland, which is between Celilo and the sea, is entitled to make considerable noise—even though the future demonstrates that the river vessels will carry their cargoes right by the Oregon metropolis on their way to the sea.

FEMININE FOIBLES — — By Annette Bradshaw

SCIENCE AND FASHION.

When the girl with the stylish fillet meets the girl with the phone headdress.

Peter's Adventures in Matrimony

By LEONA DALRYMPLE.

The First Morning Home.

Leona Dalrymple.

I SHALL never forget Mary's pretty fever of energy that first morning in our new house. Whether or not it was the house or the trim little blue and white gown I don't know, but certainly she was as full of joyous sparkle as the sunlight which danced upon the silver on the sideboard.

I think women have a better sense of pictures than men—a better imaginative sense. I suspected my little wife that morning of doing her breakfast tasks in the most picturesque way so that she might to my masculine gaze fit better in the domestic picture.

LOVE, NOT VANITY.

"Why," I said to her with considerable amusement once, "do you stand over there by the window to measure the coffee? Isn't the sun warm?"

"Yes," said Mary absently, "very!"

"Is it," I insisted, "so that the sun will fall on your hair and make it absolutely radiant? It does, you know."

Mary gave me an odd little glance.

"Peter," she confessed, "you have a way of guessing that—well—really, it's sort of uncanny."

"You mean——"

"That I did want to look awfully nice this first morning getting your breakfast, and I knew you always said you liked to see the sunlight on a woman's hair."

"Vanity!" I jeered.

But Mary came over and put her lips to my hair with a curious little gesture of apology.

"Not vanity," she said simply, "just sorriness for everything, Peter. Everything."

"You mean—Hugh Jaynes?"

I knew by my wife's color how far we had left that episode behind us.

She caught me suddenly by the arm.

"Oh, Peter, dear," she said with a little shudder, "I must have gone insane, quite insane."

AUNT MINERVA'S ENTRANCE.

"Let's not talk about it," I suggested. But Mary had the woman's willingness to linger over subjects that hurt, turning them this way and that, talking, with exquisite cruelty, in a circle, saying the same thing over and over, so intent upon the deliberate self-pain of the post mortem that she ignored my wincing. A woman finds a certain morbid uplift in sentimental melancholy.

The coffee boiled over and I was very glad. Mary departed with a rush for the stove.

"Oh, dear, dear," she lamented, "all over the clean gas stove. I know very well Aunt Minerva would consider that very careless. Peter, I can never remember how many minutes to boil an egg. This one——"

"Has boiled about 20 minutes by the clock," I suggested. "It's likely adamantine."

Mary looked very much disturbed.

"And do you know," she said, "I'd made up my mind to do everything exactly right this morning. Get up just the minute the alarm went off and then to be brisk and sensible and not forget anything at all, and here the stove's full of coffee lakes and I've boiled a stone egg——"

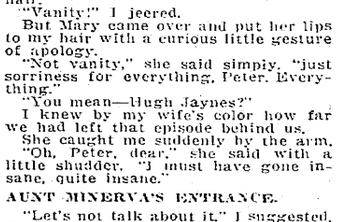
"And," I suggested mildly, "you've set the coffee pot down on that nice old wood table that was so spotless and made some dreadful rings."

Mary looked ready to cry. Then she laughed instead. Aunt Minerva stood in the doorway.

Dinner Stories

A MAN and his wife while motoring had the ill fortune one day to knock over a pedestrian, a very seedy, sad-looking individual.

Springing from her seat, the wife administered first aid to the injured.



Fortunately, the man was not hurt as badly as at first seemed to be the case. But the wife was much perturbed, as well as sympathetic.

"Poor man! Poor man!" she kept murmuring. Finally she asked: "Are you married?"

"No, mum," said the seedy looking person, "this is the worst thing that's happened to me."

Uncle Rastus was sitting in his home reading a newspaper when he suddenly glanced up and addressed Aunt Dinah.

"I hab jes read in dis yeah papah, Dinah," he remarked, "dat dem people what fly in dem flyin' machines kin do anything what a bird kin."

"Yes, sah," was the prompt rejoinder of Aunt Dinah, "dey hab jes got dat ting down so fine dat der hain't no bird what has got anyting on 'em."

"Am dat so?" reflectively returned Uncle Rastus. "Well, whenevah yo' see one ob dem flyin' machines men settin' fast asleep holdin' on to de limb ob a tree wid one foot jes yo' call me ter come an' take a look."

How to Give First Aid In Cases of Suffocation

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG, A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

Dr. Hirshberg.

THE soul is said to sit closely and silently within the web of the human textile. From the very fibers of the flesh it spins, and, spider-like, you feel the tenderest touch and every breath of motion round about. You are positive that you are you, and nobody else, and on this certainty, the most necessary and fundamental of all certainty, you try your utmost to keep body and soul together.

There is an extraordinary stability in the attachment between the living form and the vital spirit within. The tendency to adhere is so inborn that mankind may be maltreated with quack medicines, woeful mixtures, talismans, laying on of hands, superstitions and traditions, and yet survive to praise fallaciously and spread the gospel of efficacy. That is to say, he still lives and has his being ninety times in the hundred, and wrongly ascribes it to the herbs, the potions or the unguents used.

Yet all the while it was the tenacity of the soul to stick to the trenches despite the onslaught of a triple enemy, the wrong drug, the genial doctor, and the dire disease. Luckily, the life and growth of the whole human race do not always depend upon the doctor's "doing something." Emergencies are often met in the absence of the medical police.

DO NOT DELAY.

All of these facts and a few others are emphasized by Dr. Charles A. Lauffer, the medical director of the Westinghouse Electric Company, in his researches upon shock, drowning and asphyxiation from any cause.

Suffocation may have many other origins than gas poisoning and drowning. If the blood and tissues are in any manner wanting in the air and oxygen necessary to keep life in the human fabric, whether it be from gasoline fumes in a garage, firedamp in a mine, ammonia in an ice plant, vapors from a blast furnace, water in a river, an electric shock, bad air in a bank vault, or coal gas, something must be done immediately.

There is no reason to delay until a medical man, a policeman or a hospital orderly reaches the victim. That brief interval once elapsed may bridge the gulf between life and death. Charon will lose no time in ferrying across the Styx if you wait too long to resuscitate the shocked, poisoned or drowned one.

Any one, alone, may revive a victim of asphyxiation. Water and the excretions of the windpipe and lungs can be gently and steadily expelled by squeezing the floating or lowest ribs once every five seconds with three seconds of pressure. The nearer you exert pressure upon the ends of these lowest or unattached ribs the better success you will have.

The victim must rest flat upon the ground face down. The face, forsooth, must be directed to the right or left side, with arms in a bow above the head. Never wait to move the person affected. Merely place him thus in the nearest safe spot.

Straddle the patient on bended knees. With the flat of the hands on each side of the lowest ribs—never touch the hip bones or the spine—the rescuer must exert a rhythmic pressure from the shoulders through the "heel" of both hands. Of course, the arms are held straight.

The person who applies this first aid resuscitation should exert pressure for three seconds by the watch and a release pressure of two seconds for over an hour, even if there have been no signs of reward. Infinitely longer if there is even the most discouraging signs of returning life. The heart often resumes its beating an hour before any pulse appears. Victims reported dead of electric shock and accidents have been fully restored three hours later, thanks to friends sceptical of the superior knowledge of the excellent physicians who pronounced them absolutely dead.

Answers to Health Questions.

Mrs. C. M.—Q—Is there anything that can be done for gall stones besides an operation?

A—Drink distilled and a pure carbonated water, three quarts daily, also olive oil. Eat fats, unseasoned foods, green vegetables without much starch, whey, buttermilk, and take a Bulgaria tablet after meals. Also eat fresh fruits, oatmeal, shredded wheat, cereals, carrots, salads, fish and poultry. Avoid tea, coffee, seasoned foods, solid food, constipation and inactivity. Take ox gall, ox bile or bile salts, in small quantities, under a doctor's prescription, and active exercise several hours daily.

Mrs. M. J. S.—Q—What shall I do for a pain in my heart region? I cannot lie on my right side.

2—What shall I do for eyes that are weak and watery and sometimes have dark spots before them?

A—1—These pains are not uncommon. You should have pillows on that side or train yourself to lie on your back or right side. Wear a pad of absorbent cotton.

2—You might wash them with a solution of warm water and boracic acid water. Your eyes should be examined. You probably need glasses.

EVERYDAY READER—Q—What can I take to regain my strength? I have had a bad chest cold for the last three months? Is raw egg and sherry wine good?

A—Raw eggs are very good to take, but wine should not be used at all. Drink lots of milk, eat eggs, and take cod liver oil without alcohol, and ten grains of iodide of potash in water after meals.

Mrs. J.—Q—I have a baby 1½ years old who gets a cold nearly every other day. He had a rattling noise in his throat all winter, and has a bad cough now. I always wrap him up well when out. What would you advise?

A—He should not be taken out while he has a cough. Give him air indoors, bundle him up and have the windows open and the sunlight in the room. Never have the room dry, and in the room have a basin of steaming water in which you should put a teaspoonful of creosote or eucalyptus oil.

CLARA MORRIS SAYS

That the True and Faithful Dog Is Man's Best Animal Friend.

Clara Morris.

IT is a cause of wonder to many that nowhere between the covers of the Bible can there be found one single kindly, or even decent, word spoken of a dog.

Always a "dog" is a term of contempt or contumely.

"Beware of dogs" is a warning against false teachers or sinners.

"A dead dog" is the vilest term applicable to an enemy.

This one "is cast to the dogs." That one's blood shall be "licked by dogs."

By law declared unclean, the dogs of Palestine, at the period of writing those sixty—er—er—something books comprising our Bible, must have been mere pariah dogs, starving, skulking and wolfish things, for the Jews to have been so ignorant of canine love, fidelity and gratitude.

"Every dog has his day." So? Then that must have been the black Friday of the whole dog race.

Then the dog—still in trouble—got mixed up with superstitions, and our poetical friend, Horace, was disturbed by meeting a black dog, and frightened sick if she were accompanied by puppies.

A dog's howling meant death. A dog baying at the moon presaged disaster, etc.

However, in early mediaeval art the dog is having his innings. We see him with St. Roch, St. Bernard and others—companion and friend.

But the growing nearness of the dog to men and women is plainly shown by his prominence in monumental art, for many and many a Crusader lies in stately effigy, feet resting on his crouching dog, eternally on guard.

Just as the lion symbolizes "courage and magnanimity," so the dog symbolizes "fidelity and affection."

Is it a survival of the old-time contempt that makes us use "dog" as a prefix to so many inferior plants, such as dog fennel, dog cabbage, the scentless dog violet, etc? Well, he has a star all to himself—Sirius—so that is "going some."

But it is in proverb and fable that the dog really strikes his gait.

"Let sleeping dogs lie."

"Barking dogs seldom bite."

"Love me, love my dog." "Old dogs don't learn new tricks."

These proverbs are many, and are familiar in every civilized language extant, I believe.

Today the dog has come into his own, the loved and trusted companion, often friend of man. His very bark gives pathetic proof of what that companionship has done for him, since no wild dog can bark. Snarl, howl, but barking dog's speech—that only came after years and years of the give and take, of loving service between man and dog as servant, playmate, friend, ever loyal. Honest to goodness, don't you at least feel "Love me, love my dog?"

Astonished.

"Say, Chimmie, what yer suppose dat guy Aladdin did when he rubbed his lamp and er palace sprung up?"

"He rubbed his lamps ter see if he wasn't dreamin', o' course.—Boston Transcript.

THEIR MARRIED LIFE

Warren Finds Helen Away and Gets Sulky.

—Copyright, 1915, by International News Service.

"WHAT time did Mrs. Curtis go out?" growled Warren, after he had hung up his coat. Nora had lingered near the dining room door to answer any questions that he might have to ask.

"She went to her bridge club, Mr. Curtis, and she told me to tell you that she would get home as soon as possible."

Warren growled out something about it being just his luck, and Nora went back to the kitchen while he settled himself in the living room with the evening paper. As luck would have it, Warren had come home early on purpose. He had some theatre tickets in his pocket and had thought they might go out to dinner. Helen was always ready to go, but to come like this and find her at her club—well, he might have remembered that this was Friday afternoon.

He finished his paper and threw it down. The little French clock on the mantlepiece chimed 6 o'clock and he, in a rage, walked to the telephone and was about to give a number when he realized that he had no idea where the club met.

"Nora," he called, and as Nora appeared in the doorway he turned and growled out:

"Where did Mrs. Curtis go today, do you know?"

"Yes, Mr. Curtis," said Nora calmly. "She went to Mrs. Dalton's."

Warren considered before calling up Mrs. Dalton's number. He had never liked the woman, probably because he had an idea that she knew entirely too much. She was president of the Current Events Club and was rather a brainy woman. Helen had always manifested a great admiration for her, but Warren had pronounced her conceited. Furthermore, he had never liked her husband and as he was not inclined to be generous Mrs. Dalton had never gone up in his estimation for this reason.

However, that was no adequate reason for hesitating about calling Helen up. He pulled his watch out and exclaimed at the time. Ten minutes wasted. Nora was moving around in the dining room arranging things for dinner and she stopped to see if Mr. Curtis was telephoning.

"Mrs. Curtis said that she would not want any dinner, sir," she ventured timidly. "So if you want yours everything is ready."

Warren did not answer, but took up the receiver impatiently.

"Hello, give me Schuyler 24670," he said, not waiting for anything more. And then, as central connected him, "Hello, is this Mrs. Dalton's? I want to speak to Mrs. Curtis, please?"

He waited for a moment, and then someone took up the receiver and spoke sweetly.

MRS. DALTON COMES TO THE TELEPHONE.

"What is it you wish, please?" It was Mrs. Dalton, and Warren asked again if he might speak to Mrs. Curtis. There was a babel of voices going on in the same room, and Mrs. Dalton said sweetly:

"Oh, Mrs. Curtis? My maid could not understand you, there is such a racket. Is this Mr. Curtis? How do you do? Just a minute and I will see if Mrs. Curtis has gone. I think she has."

There was a moment's interval, then: "Mrs. Curtis has just gone. I told her you wanted to speak to her and she said she would be home immediately and it would be more satisfactory to see her in person."

Warren thanked her and hung up the receiver with a snap and went into the dining room. Nora began to wait on him silently and it was a quarter of seven before the bell rang and Nora hastened to open the door.

Helen hurried in looking very flushed and sweet.

"What did you want, dear?" she said hurrying to the dining room and bending to drop a kiss on the top of his head.

Warren was very busy buttering a piece of bread, and Helen dropped into a chair opposite without knowing that he was in a temper. Then he looked up and she started.

"Dear, you knew Friday was my bridge day, and as this was the first meeting we had a lot of things to talk over and arrange after we had stopped playing."

"Yes, I see you did." Nora came in at this moment.

"Will you have something to eat, Mrs. Curtis?" she asked as she passed Helen's chair.

"Yes, Nora, you might bring me a cup of coffee."

Nora left the room and Warren went on eating sullenly.

"I wanted to go out to dinner tonight and I got home early on purpose. I didn't expect that your bridge club extended so far into the evening."

For the first time Warren raised his head and looked across at Helen.

She was wearing a little hat made of flowers, and it was most becoming to her.

"When did you get that hat?" he inquired.

"I made it," she confessed proudly. "And do you know, dear, not a soul suspected. Even Louise raved over it."

"I have seats for that play you wanted to see," he said testily.

"I'm so glad, Warren. You're a dear."

Warren finished his pie and drank his coffee. The room was filled with lily of the valley perfume that Helen was very fond of and somehow he felt somewhat mollified. He had never seen a hat more becoming to Helen than the one she was wearing, and then with a stab of remembrance he thought of the bridge club and the fact that he would probably have to eat alone every Friday night. He was about to resume his injured attitude when Helen called to him from the butler's pantry.

"Warren, do come out and watch pussy. It's too dear for anything." Warren pushed his chair away from the pantry and went out into the kitchen. He had determined not to act agreeably, but the sight of pussy playing with a ball of worsted made him smile.

"Wouldn't Winifred be delighted if she saw this?" said Helen turning a smiling face to him as he stood beside her.

"Not very much doubt of it," he said jovially. "Come on now, we don't want to be late for the show."