The Latch-Key

Should a Girl Marry a Man Because She Thinks He Needs Her to Prevent Himself From Getting Lost Wherever He Goes?—Humor and Romance Are Delightfully Fused in This Story.

—By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES ARCIERI

ON a misty, rainy, blowy night in November a young man stumbled out of a taxicab and into the arms of a surprised hall-boy who had stepped out of the apartment house to have a look at the weather. The young man stumbled for two very good reasons: firstly, he was encumbered with a suitcase, a violin case, and a half-open umbrella; secondly, he was short-sighted, and his glasses, filmed with mist, betrayed him at the curb.

"Is this number one hundred and twenty?" he asked the hall boy, who assured him that it was.

Upon this he paid the taxicab and relinquished the suitcase and the umbrella to the hall-boy, but clung to the violin.

"I am Mr. Stickney, he said abruptly to the pompous doorman. "My sister lives here, I think?"

"Yes, sir, sure she does. Second floor, William!"

Arrived at the second floor William flung open the door of the car, lifted out the suitcase and offered the umbrella, which Mr. Stickney seized awkwardly in a hand now encumbered with a key attached to a large tag. Blinking behind his misted glasses he tried, still grasping the umbrella, to insert the key in the lock close at his right hand, but the lock appeared to have no connection with it, and his embarrassment made a poor job of it.

"Want me to try?" William suggested, but Mr. Stickney shook his head obstinately.

"It's not that door?" he asked in his abrupt, doubtful way, wagging his head at the door to his left.

"It's this door all right—those keys is the limit! Why'n't you put down your umbrella?" William counseled.

"It's my glasses—coming in from the rain—how ridiculous!"

"Mary Isn't Here?"

BUT Mr. Stickney was determined and pushed away angrily at the crooked little slit.

"Why'n't you ring? I hear the pianner," William offered.

"For heaven's sake!" Mr. Stickney muttered irritably, flushing crimson, jerked out the key, and pushed the electric button. The piano, which, he now realized, he had been unconsciously following for some few seconds, ceased, and quick steps were heard in the apartment. The door began to open.

"I guess you're all right now," said William and slammed himself into his elevator. The door of the apartment opened a little; then a little wider. A woman's head appeared in the opening.

"Who is it?" said a woman's voice, low and a little husky.

"Hello, Mary! It's me!" Mr. Stickney replied, bumping through the opening with his violin case and ducking his head forward with the abrupt gesture of the short-sighted.

But the door held firmly against him and his violin; the head escaped his salute.

"Mary's not here. Who are you?" the husky voice demanded briefly.

He blushed again.

"Oh, good heavens, I'm sorry—I'm Will, her brother. Where is she?" he blurted nervously. "Didn't she expect me? She wrote for me to come to-night. I've got the letter here——"

He fumbled in his right-hand pocket, dropped the umbrella with a clatter, lost his hold of the violin.

"Look out for the fiddle! Here, give it to me! Gosh, but isn't that Mary for you! Oh, never mind the letter! I suppose you'd better come in," said the husky voice disgustedly. "I've got it, all right. Take the suitcase, won't you?"

He picked up the suitcase, stumbled over it, hit his head against some object and knocked off his glasses. They crashed splinteringly on the marble floor behind him.

"There!" he cried despairingly, "now they're gone, too!" and groped his way into the room.

It was all a blur to him, even when the girl turned on the lights and motioned him to a seat on the large davenport in front of the fireplace. The big Steinway Aunt Mary had given them stood out in the corner, and the gate-legged table smacked of home; but he remembered nothing else. The girl in front of him was a dark creature with bobbed hair and broad shoulders. She wore ad odd, square kind of skirt, all bright red and blue, over a short, scant skirt, like a child's. In her hand was a long black cigaret holder, from the end of which a long white cigaret sent up slow spirals of smoke. He was instantly displeased; what a girl for Mary's friend! Mary was twenty-eight—or was it thirty, now?—and, of course, she could choose her own acquaintances; but she had not been used to choose such as this.

The Rude, Dark Girl

"WILL Mary be——"

'Don't ask me," the dark girl interrupted rudely. "How should I know anything about Mary? I didn't even know she had a brother!"

"Well, she has," he answered stiffly. He felt at a great disadvantage without his glasses; and his third and last ones were packed in the middle of the suitcase. Slender, blonde and obstinate, he gave the impression of a blunt mastery of events which was in reality far from his feelings; like many, perhaps most, abrupt people, he was very shy.

"So it seems," the girl retorted with a short laugh. "You say she knew you were coming?"

"She asked me to come: there'd be nobody here, she said, but she'd be back——"

"Mary's the limit," the girl interrupted again; "she asked me too! Of course that's what makes me sore. If the burglars want to burgle, you know, they will, whether I'm here or not. At least, that's the way I look at is. Do you play the fiddle?"

"Yes," he said, "I do."

"Can you do the Greig Sonata?"

"I have worked on it."

"Want to try it over I've got it right here——"

What an extraordinary person.

"I think not, thank you," he answered.

She rose from the big Venetian chair.

"Well," she said, "I suppose I'll have to be geting along—it's a sweet little evening to start out in, isn't it? I'll have this out with Mary, some day That is, unless——you haven't got any convenient place you could go have you?"

After all, a man could hardly—— there were hotels, of course. And Mary had asked her. But this cool suggestion added a definite irritation to his embarrassed uncertainty.

"I'm afraid not," he replied, to his own amazement. "I don't know much about New York."

"Oh, well," she cut in, "don't worry. I only said that. I've plenty of places to go. Have a cigaret? These are Mary's."

"Thank you. I don't smoke them."

"Of course not," she retorted, with that odd, husky chuckle. "Well, I'll be back in a minute."

"Mr. Mary's Brother"

SHE went into another room, with a long, free step like a boy's. In a very short time she appeared in a small toque, and a rather dramatic dark velvet cape. A small suit case and an umbrella swung easily from one hand; in the other she extended a key.

"Mary seems to have a lot of these," she observed. "I heard you fussing with yours. I thought it was next door. Give her my love, and I'll tell her a few things when I see her. Good night."

He grew red and choked uncomfortably.

"There's not the slightest necessity for you to go," he blurted angrily. "I'll find some place, of course Please go back——"

"Bosh!" she interrupted shortly, "of course I'm going. There's plenty of room for us both, for that matter; but it isn't done, worse luck."

She was at the door.

"And I rather think," she went on, dropping the key into his hand, "that I can look after myself a little better than you can—Mr. Mary's Brother!"

"You'd better put the chain on the door," she shot at him as she lit herself out. "Heaven knows who Mary may not have invited, besides us."

Picking up the suit case, he walked uncertainly toward the room the girl had left. How his head ached. He'd better get his wet clothes off. It would have been nicer, much, if Mary had been there. It was two years since he had seen her. How was she playing now, he wondered—it seemed disloyal to think it, but there had always been something missing from Mary's playing. What was it? Involuntarily, he moved to the big Steinway and touched it lightly. How it sang What a tone. Mary had written something about having it rebuilt; but he had never supposed you could do that with an old piano.

He was too tired to get his glasses, better get to bed.

He found the switches and glanced into a small bedroom partly fitted for day use, evidently, for a sewing machine and a typewriter gave it a workshop air. That was like Mary.

But the large bedroom. He drew a sharp breath. Somehow he felt out of place here. The bed had no head-nor foot-board, to begin with; a big square of wine-colored velvet covered it. And the looking glasses. A great pier glass six feet tall, a sort of screen of glass in three parts at the back of the long dressing table, the two closet doors faced with beveled mirrors. There seemed few things in the room, and yet it looked very rich and full. Aunt Mary had been very generous. Or perhaps it was that the pieces were large.

He pulled some things out of his suit case and lifted the wine-colored velvet cover off the bed. When the upper sheet turned over a great embroidered M was written, wreathed in twisted vines. He felt all of a sudden that he didn't know Mary very well.

Who was Brother George?

IT was ten by Uncle William Stickney's watch when he rolled over drowsily. The delicate, powerful scent that hung about the rooms recalled everything to him swiftly. He burrowed in the suit case for his glasses, and standing before a high carved chiffonier, he attacked his thick, ash-blond hair with a pair of worn silver brushes. His eye fell on a group of framed photographs ranged before the mirror, and he scowled, for he felt there were too many—if they had been the great pianists, even—but they were not. That big fellow, now, was surely the one that sang the "Pagliacci" Prologue so wonderfully.

"For the one and only Mary, from her devoted Carlos."

And why should that tall, medieval-looking man with the beard scrawl "Toujours," and an indistinct monogram across his robes? His eye fled to a third photograph, relieved to find it a plain, simple fellow in citizen's dress. One hand was in his pocket, he grinned cheerfully, and there was nothing in his face to cause Will Stickney's jaw to drop loosely or to send a wave of red over his cheeks. But it wasn't of course, the man's face; it was the extraordinary sentence written across his knees.

"To Mary, from her loving brother and good pal, George."

"George? George? What the dickens—they had no brother George, Mary and he. They had no brother at all.

A strange mounting fear grew unreasonably in him; he rushed to the gate-legged table and studied it eagerly. Facing him in the place of honor, stood an evidently enlarged snapshot of a rambling homelike farmhouse, with a well-sweep in front and a clear portrait of the "George" of the chiffonier standing by the well, a collie dog at his knee. Below, on the margin, was written: "For Mary, hoping she will never forget the old home where we were born, from George."

Will Stickney stared, scowling, at the photograph. For Mary and he had been born in K street, in Washington!

"I don't believe Mary lives here at all!" he said aloud. Before him on the table lay a tagged latch-key; it was the one the dark girl had left behind her. Stepping softly, he let himself out of the door and opened it again easily with this key. Then pulling the other one from his coat, pocket tried it; it did not fit at all. It never had fitted!

The Wrong Apartment

HE slipped back into the apartment, gathered his belongings together, and stuffed them into the suit case. Then he sternly ordered himself to press the button at the side of the elevator. William appeared promptly before him.

"I'm afraid there's been a mistake," Will Stickney began nervously. "I—I seem to have got into the wrong apartment last night.

"Whaddya mean?" said William bluntly; "they was home, wasn't they? You been there all the while?"

"It—it wasn't my sister," Stickney explained; "that is, she—she doesn't live there, I'm sure!"

"Oh," said William, staring. "Where does she live?"

"I don't know," Stickney answered simply.

"Gee!"

William shot a shrewd glance at this flushed and stammering young man.

"You wait here," he said briefly. "I'll be back."

He dropped hastily downward in his car and Stickney stood like a statue. What would happen to him now?

The elevator clanked up to his level and opened with a click. William ushered a tall lantern-jawed man into the tiny vestibule and pointed at Stickney.

"That's him," he said briefly.

"You been here all night? What's the idea?" the tall man began, but Will stopped him with a gesture, extending a palm displaying the two labeled keys.

"I wanted to go to Miss Mary Stickney's apartment," he said; "one of these keys fit there. But where does my sister live?"

William's Horrible Confusion

"HOW'D you get in?"

"She came to the door—"

"Wait up a minute. Who came to the door?"

"I don't know."

"How'd she let you in, then?"

"I don't know. She just did. She said my sister had gone away."

"She a friend of your sister's?"

A horrid confusion seized him.

"No, no!" he cried desperately, "of course not! That's not my sister—in there! She's the other one's friend! I don't know either of them!"

The tall man glanced shrewdly at William, then at the suit case on the floor.

"Miss Stickney's apartment is in there," he said in a noncommital tone; "you say you've got a key for it?"

In silence Will extended it; in silence the man fitted it and opened the door.

"You say you're her brother?" he asked.

"Of course I do."

He fished for a handful of letters from his pocket, stumbled on the telegram, and thrust it at the man, who read it slowly.

"And how do I know that you're Mr. William E. Stickney?" he demanded cunningly.

"Oh, bosh!" said Will, and pushed by him in a sudden burst of anger.

William and the tall man followed him closely; but he paid no attention to them, nosing about like a hound on the scent of home.

The lovely, shrill melody soared from his bow, flying easily above that strong, supple support she gave him.

"Who's Madame Falconer?"

THERE was the gate-legged table—but it was smaller. There were all the books. There was the Steinway; but it wasn't a full concert grand. There was the Litchfield clock, and his mothers curly-maple tea table.

"All these things are ours," he announced triumphantly; "mine and my sister's, I mean!"

"Ah! said the tall man darkly; but he made no offer to go.

"How perfectly idiotic!" Mr Stickney declared helplessly. "Here, you come in here!"

He led the way to the bedroom, and the other two followed him in silence.

Ah, this was what one looked for in a sister's room! This bed had a foot-board and a head-board and a blue woven spread—Great-aunt Emily's.

His eye ferreted among the photographs on the old mahogany bureau.

"There! There!" he cried. "Look at that!"

He seized a silver-framed full-length presentment of a young man drawing a bow across a violin. It was two years old, but the straight, thick brows, the sweep of back-brushed hair, the obstinate mouth were unmistakably his own.

William piped up. "That's him! He brought a violin with him, too."

"Oh! He did!"

The tall man turned to his acknowledged host and handed him the key.

"It's not that I didn't believe you, see," he unbent to explain; "but in my position you can't be too careful. Just look now, if you hadn't been on the straight! Madame Falconer would have cut up something terrible!"

"Madame who?"

"Say! Didn't you know where you was? Mary Falconer, the singer? She sings in the op'ra. Didn't you ever hear of Mary Falconer?"

Mary Falconer! "The one and only Mary—!" For heaven's sake!

"Yes, indeed," the superintendent continued. "And that young lady, that friend of hers—" he paused and stared.

Are You Anybody's Brother?

"SAY!" he cried, "you turned her out! That's what she was sore about! She told the doorman that Miss Falconer's brother had come, and she had to skip! And it was you! Haw, haw, haw!"

The two officials moved off toward the door. Suddenly William paused.

"Where's his violin?" he asked.

"I must have left it in there!" the musician admitted shamefacedly.

The superintendent admitted him again and he walked once more among the alien household goods. But at this moment a violent ringing of the elevator bell called William away, and they waited for him, to be surprised at his almost instant appearance with the dark girl of the last night's adventure!

"Hello!" she greeted him abruptly, "so you weren't Mary's brother, after all! You certainly put it over all right, though! Gosh! I'd have walked out of my own flat, the way you handled things!"

"I hope you'll excuse me," he said stiffly. "It was a most embarrassing situation—I really wanted you to stay."

"You concealed it well!" she broke in. "Look here, are you anybody's brother—really?"

The superintendent smiled competently.

Oh, that's all right," he assured her, "we seen his picture, all right, in Miss Stickney's room, playing the violin to beat the band."

"Really?"

She flashed a bright, dark eye at him appraisingly, and added, "Do you like music, you two?"

"You bet you!" answered the superintendent, and William added modestly:

"I play the ukulele, myself!"

"Bravissimi!"

SHE went to the piano and threw it open.

"I came back for my music," she said carelessly; "but I'm glad I left it, now."

Slipping to the piano bench, she struck a great, rumbling chord, and Will raised his head, listening. Again it crashed out, but this time in the minor, and while the bass of it lingered and vibrated massively, she threw a handful of arpeggios into the air, and caught them in the middle of the keyboard with a bit of a Chopin prelude. He stared at her. Gracious, how that girl could play!

She gave him the violinist's A, and he slipped his instrument out of its case mechanically and tuned it. She swooped into the Grieg sonata, and he walked to the Steinway, fiddling as he went, his eye on her.

By the time they had reached the adagio, he had forgotten where he was. The lovely, shrill melody soared from his bow, flying easily above that strong, supple support she gave him; now calling him to her, now tossing him away, here embroidering his theme, there announcing it for him, now singing it with him, now answering when he called her. But always there, always making his task possible, always spreading the magic carpet on which his royal melody must walk, swaying and singing, toward its golden throne. A born accompanist.

The adagio drew together and descended to its rest. The bell tones of the great piano hummed like a melodious bee through a quiet room.

Suddenly a burst of applause broke out like tiny firecrackers behind them.

"Bravo! Bravissimi!" cried a woman's voice.

The dark girl whirled about on her seat.

"Mary! Hello, old Mary!" she cried, and Will, turning, stared.

There she was. Tall, superb, and tawny, she threw off a long, fur-collared mantle and glided to them.

"Pas mal, ca!" she said. "I'm sorry to put you out, child, but they called me back for 'Butterfly' to-morrow afternoon. We came up in the back elevator—I see why, now!"

Stickney Thrills

THE superintendent rose; William scuttled to his feet; Stickney flushed and thrilled. All three fluttered like moths about a candle.

The tawny goddess smiled comprehendingly.

"All right," she said; "we'll run through a little 'Butterfly,' child, now you're here. Wolff's coming as soon as he can get here. Can your boy play 'Butterfly?'"

"Y-yes, please!" said Stickney.

There was no score; nobody asked for one. The dark girl dashed off a familiar prelude, and the soprano dived from it as from a spring-board. Will leaped after her, caught her as she rose, and they swam off together through the sugary foam of the aria. He felt a giant, inspired to invent the thing, if he hadn't known it.

Higher and higher she climbed; her voice was like steel and honey. She stirred love and death together in her strong throat and poured it out for them from her wonderful lips. She towered to her final height, hung there, as a rocket hangs in the dark sky—and the clear, high note burst gently in a shower of flame. It was over.

"There!" she said; "and they say I have no voice, really! All I say is—is that acting or singing?"

"Oh!" said Stickney, and gulped.

"Mary!" said the dark girl.

"Gee!" said William.

"Well, run along now," said the goddess practically. 'Louise has to unpack. I'll leave you a couple of seats for the rehearsal child, if you want. Mother's coming. I suppose you'll be doing this on your ukulele, William, but for heaven's sake, don't practice in the court, will you? Good-by."

They dispersed, like a well drilled mob on the stage.

Will Stickney hesitated a moment, his violin under his arm.

"Won't you let me—mayn't I——" he babbled.

"I know," she said, looking kindly at him, "I know. Thanks just as much. You play like an artist. Good luck to you! Good-by," and she patted his shoulder gently.

He felt a tug at his sleeve.

"Come on! Come on!" hissed a voice and he followed the dark girl out of the room.

They stood alone in the vestibule. She carried his violin case and her cape in one arm, with the other hand she pointed to his door.

"Aren't you going in?" she inquired dryly, as he stood gazing emptily before him.

"Why, I—I—"

His voice came in a husky whisper. He had turned very white. She glanced swiftly at him.

"Where's your key?" she said abruptly. "Give it to me—quick!"

Explanations

AUTOMATICALLY he felt in his pocket and produced it; she opened the door and pushed him gently in.

"Here," she said, "I'll help you, just lean on me."

"Nonsense," he began weakly, "I'm all——"

But he barely reached the comfortable old sofa; and fell on the floor beside it, his head resting on the seat. From a great distance came a voice calling out something about his breakfast, his breakfast, his breakfast!

He made a great effort and whispered:

"Lunch-time, yesterday!"

He had no idea of the time that might have passed; but all at once he began to take long, hungry breaths. A delicious fragrance filled the air. Ah, coffee! Coffee it was, and it was coming closer and closer; it was beside him on the floor; she was kneeling by him, pressing back his shoulders.

"Stop! Don't you move. You might go off again."

When he had had coffee, two eggs, and three rolls he rose masterfully and sat on the sofa.

"You must think I'm a useless sort of fool," he said; "but I forgot about dinner last night, when it rained so, and the sonata, and everything—and then that 'Butterfly'—oh, heavens!"

"I know," she said soothingly, "I know. You can't help it. Do you mind if I cook myself an egg? It's one o'clock."

"Oh, my gracious!" he cried and would have got up to attend on her, but that she swore she would go unless he sat still.

Presently she returned with another tray and ate her eggs and rolls and coffee, chatting most companionably while he lay back in a drowsy content and watched her.

"I found these cookies," she said with a chuckle, "and I'd have taken 'em if it was the last act! I haven't seen scalloped sugar cookies like these since I was down in Maine last!"

"Oh," he cried, "were you ever in Maine?"

"Born there," she nodded; "so was Mary, you know."

"So was my mother," he said; "we always went there summers. Was that where Miss Falconer and her brother were born?"

"Brother!" she repeated scornfully. "Mary never had a brother, I believe! You mean that crazy picture, I suppose? That's George Frascogni's idea of a joke!"

"A joke!"

"Sure!" she nodded. "Mary bought that farm one summer, down on Long Island, and George had the photograph taken. He'll be up here any minute, now, I suppose," she went; "he's singing 'Sharpless,' of course."

"Let's try that piano," she said presently.

"Yes," he muttered. He felt comfortable, so well fed, so sleepy.

She played a bit of Bach, a bit Schumann, and then swung gently into the Chopin "Berceuse"; he smiled like a sleepy child and drew his legs up on the big sofa. The lovely rippling, rocking thing went on and on; the stream of melody flowed over him and sweetly drowned him as he fell asleep.

Like a Dream

WHEN he woke he was alone. He sat up and noticed a steamer rug spread over him and saw a bit of paper pinned to it.

"If you wake up before six, come down to the restaurant around the corner from the Metropolitan—it has a green sign—and I'll be there about six-thirty. I had to leave. Mary has given me two passes for the rehearsal."

His spirits flew up like quicksilver. It was just six. He brushed and washed hastily, and went whistling out of the house, the latch-key in his pocket. She was there, in the warm bright little eating-house that smelled of onion soup.

After that it was all a dream to Will Stickney. The vast, dim, empty cavern; the brilliant stage; the patient, pleasant, wrinkled woman who was Mrs. Falconer; the gorgeous sweeps of melody, and close to him, sighing and smiling with him, the dark, glowing girl.

Oddly enough, the fact that Cio-Cio San wore a severely tailored suit, that her attendants knelt and bowed and fluttered their fans in every variety of blouse and skirt, that her old uncle cursed her in a correct dinner coat, and that Lieutenant Pinkerton appeared in golf stockings and knickerbockers, but added the last edge of piquant relish to this dream-like feast.

When the great, broad melody of her wonderful extrance swept her down the bridge, to them, he saw her as she really was, all sunset tinted silks, and crimson flowers above each little ear. She walked, swaying, balancing, offering, retreating — beauty triumphant on the bough of youth, The stream of her clear voice poured out as if there were no bottom to the reservoirs of youth and hope and passionate joy that filled her. And all the eager violins begged happiness for her—because she was so soon to die!

They taught him, then and there, those sweet and terrible violins, that the other side of Love is Death, or love—or the lover—must die. So that Art, being the wiser, always kills the lover; but Life kills love.

These two, lost in the shadow of the great, dark house, knew this suddenly, made very early wise by music, and leaned to each other with wet cheeks and trembling young chins. Her strong brown hands caught his, that were so cold, and held them comfortingly.

"You're the Limit!"

AND then, moved by one impulse, they rose and walked out together, and left the fairyland beyond the orchestra to end in its own sweet, charming sorrow, without them! They knew that end; but they could not bear to witness it.

She led him to a door and they stood, suddenly, in the street. As he turned and strode off to the right, she laughed softly and faced him about in the other direction.

"I don't believe you'll ever be able to take care of yourself," she said, "do you—honest?"

He stopped, took off his misted glasses, and scrubbed them with the handkerchief she thrust into his searching hand.

"No," he answered shortly, "I don't—now. But you will be, won't you? Aren't you going to—after this?"

She looked straight in his eyes.

"Good heavens!" she said. "You don't even know what my name is?"

"Well," he answered doggedly, replacing his glasses and drawing her hand through his arm, "what is your name?"

"It's Naomi," she said quietly, "Naomi Lestrange. And I stay in Mary's flat, when she asks me, but—but there's no reason why I shouldn't stay in your sister's. You might want to know."

"I knew, anyhow," he told her.

She made a queer, grunting noise, like a sulky boy.

"A lot you know!" she said, and they walked on.

She turned, finally, into a quiet brown street.

"Here's where I live," she said; "but I don't know whether I can trust you to get home alone! Get on that car over there and ask for a fifty-ninth street transfer. Do you know where you are, then?"

He laughed shakily.

"It'll be all right," he said, holding her hands obstinately.

"Gosh! I wish I thought so!" she replied. "Will you call me up when you get there? It's in the book, Miss Naomi Lestrange. That's my aunt's name, too. It's her house. Will you call me—sure?"

"All right. I will. She's your aunt?"

"Sure, she's my aunt!" she answered bluntly. "Did you think because I smoked I couldn't have an aunt? You're the limit sometimes—honest, you are!"

"I suppose I am," he admitted, and sighed. "Good night dear!"

She stood above him on the steps and as he lifted his face to her she leaned down and kissed him swiftly and softly.

"I guess you will!" she said; "be sure to call me up!"

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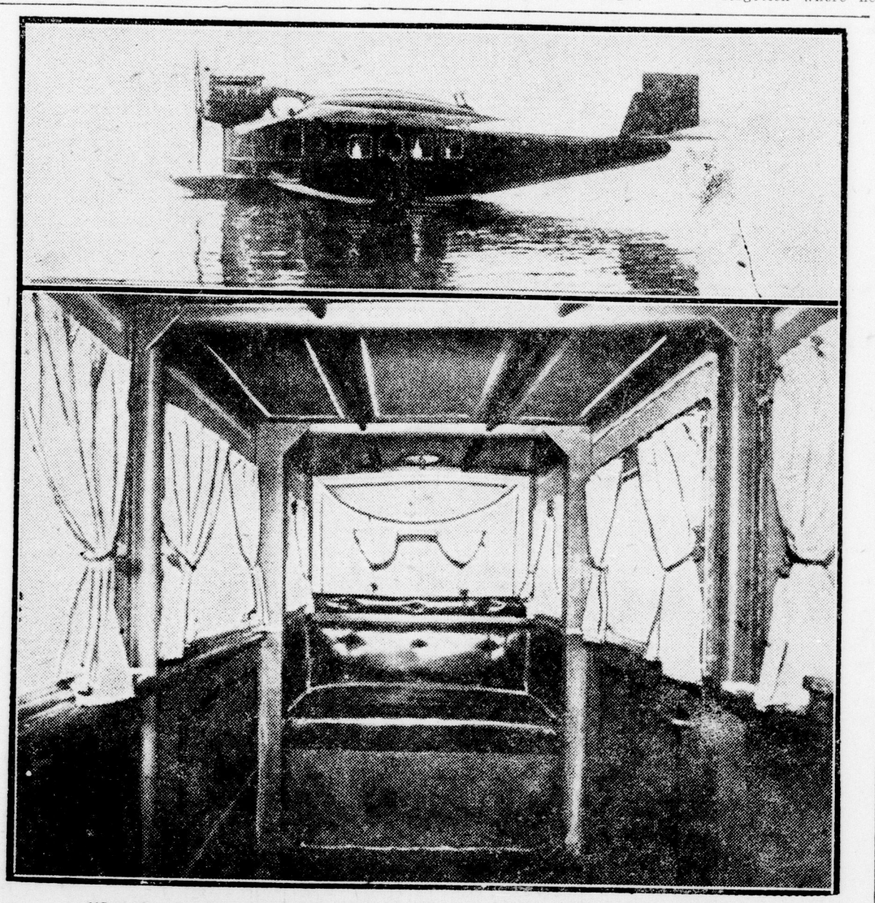

"Ice-Snow-Aquaplane" Areial Limousine to Fly to North Pole

TWO views—interior and exterior—of the three all-metal Dornier monoplanes which are being completed now for the flight to the North Pole, which will be attempted next summer by Capt. Roald Amundsen—the famous discoverer of the South Pole. Note the unique bottom on the outside of the plane, designed to permit take-off or landing on either ice, snow or water, and the complete appointments of the interior, as snug, comfortable and complete as a small yacht's cabin. The engines are especially designed to withstand the lowest temperatures.

Non-Sectarian Affair

A LOCAL celebrity's presence in the chair at an entertainment was desired, and two of the organizers waited upon him with a deferential request. The required promise was duly obtained.

"You may rely upon me," said the big man. "Friday, the twenty-eighth, in the parish room. It's quite a non-sectarian affair, I suppose?"

"Bless your 'eart, sir," came the reply, "the place was only lime-washed last week. You won't find nothing of the kind on the premises."

When to Applaud

"HOW is your daughter getting on with her music?"

"Splendidly," answered Mrs. Richly; "she can go to a classical concert and tell exactly where to applaud without watching the rest of the audience."—Pearson's Weekly.