

with. Gilroy, I fear, is something of a lady's man."

"And he called himself 'a lonely soldier'! What of the other seven?" and Miss Manners made her tone casual.

"Oh, they were well enough but they weren't like you. I just distributed them around to some genuine 'lonely soldiers.'"

"And the picture of Grace Deering? Is that—was that the starting point of your interest?"

"In a way."

Miss Manners stiffened perceptibly and reached for her hat where it had fallen on the arm of the chair beside her.

"But not in the way you think," he continued. "You see, Grace Deering happens to be my sister."

"Your sister! Are—are you joking?"

"Not at all. This sounds melodramatic but it's true. I told you that my mother had married again. Deering is her name now. Grace had that photo done when she was in some kind of amateur theatricals and the papers ran it. I recognized it at once of course."

"I ought to have looked the name up in the city directory!"

"So you should. But even so, let us hope you would have used it anyway—the photo, I mean."

"There was only her name on the card in the file. But I will apologize to her now of course."

"She's a V.A.D. in France. I don't think I even know her present address, she moves about so. There is no occasion for an apology. Had I known just where she was then you may be sure I should have asked her if she had a friend

"I thought he liked me," said Brett, wondering.

Miss Manners laughed.

"Keep your distance from me and he will. He and I are the most inseparable of old sweethearts. Perhaps in the course of the next six months he may become used to your dropping in—"

"Six months! Dropping in! Why the rascal thinks he's your major-domo I believe and would ask me if my intentions were serious I suppose, if he had a tongue to speak. . . . Listen here old boy. We three are going to be married on Saturday. Get that?"

"Saturday!" exclaimed Miss Manners, weakly.

"Saturday," repeated Brett, firmly.

And looking at his determined jaw she knew better than to contravene. This was the first decisive action of her life that she had allowed someone else to control and it seemed quite natural and altogether agreeable! As for Mr. Riley, deep down in his canine heart he had always hankered for a master and "a man about the house." So he barked happily and snuggled his rough nose into the Lieutenant's lap.

#### Little Bits of Fun

Mrs. Starr was preserving peaches in her blue-and-white kitchen, amid an array of glass jars, covers, paraffin, rubber bands, and so forth.

Margaret, aged four, watched the mysterious process quietly, until the fruit was in the jars and the covers ready, then she exclaimed ecstatically, "Oh, marmee, please let me put the garters on!"



A richly-burdened pyramid.

called Miss Manners who was fond of playing practical jokes! Not of course that it would have done me any good. But I was determined to pierce the piquant little mystery if it took me seven years."

"I suppose you thought I was ashamed of my own face. I'm not. It's a good substantial sort of face, and—"

"It's a beautiful face."

"—and I wouldn't change it for that of a Venus. It is a wonder the Captain didn't object to your using his name."

"He did. Strenuously. But I pointed out to him that if I began to use my own you would set me down as a fresh guy and have nothing to do with me. It's one thing for a lady to offer to write a lonely soldier but quite another thing for him to thrust himself forward. I just couldn't take any chances! So I secured his grudging permission on the understanding that I would enlighten you as soon as we had become friends. But needless to say I never read any more letters to him. You were mine. And Saturday nights were heavenly nights!"

When, ten minutes later, Mr. Riley came walking sedately into the room from his own particular corner where he had been luxuriating in an afternoon siesta he found them sitting on the wicker chaise longue in what the poets call "sweet proximity" and he wasn't going to have it. So with a growl of canine displeasure he thrust his own wiry-haired form between them and refused to be placated in any way by the caresses and blandishments of the Lieutenant.

#### Probable Mistake

A man entered a restaurant and ordered chicken. The chicken was evidently tough, for when the waiter came in he beheld the diner in a great state of wrath. "Waiter," he said, "this chicken is very tough."

"Very sorry, sir. That chicken was always a peculiar bird. Why, when we came to kill it we couldn't catch it, so at last we had to shoot it. It flew on the housetops, and—"

"Ah! That accounts for it; you must have shot the weather-cock by mistake."

#### He Wanted Some

A boy was taken by his father into a restaurant for dinner. As they were eating their dessert the father handed the waiter a five-pound note, which the worthy carried to the cashier's desk, returning presently with a little pile of change on a plate. The little boy's eyes grew bright. "Oh, papa," he said, "I'd like a plate of that, too!"

#### A Smile

By Grace G. Bostwick

A little thing and yet it turns the key. Of many a door to let God's sunshine in; It lifts the sufferer from his sense of pain And turns the tempted heart away from sin.

It saves the day, when, broken with the strain.

The weary one looks up and sees its birth; 'Tis such a little thing—the smile of man— And yet it sweetens all the trials of earth.

## Five out of Seven American Housewives

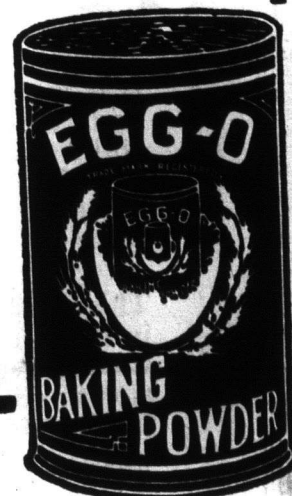
now use what are known as combination or double-acting baking powders. This style of baking powder has two actions. It acts first when cold water or milk is added in the mixing bowl. Its second action requires the heat of the oven. This strong, double leavening power is what is needed for the heavy war flours and wheat flour substitutes.

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